Library Legislative Assembly
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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

SEVENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C, SATURDAY MAY 27th, 1899

A Carload

of those Excellent

HEINTZMAN PIANOS

Including one of their Magnificent

..Baby Grands..

ARE ON EXHIBITION AND FOR SALE AT

M. W. Waitt & Co.'s

60 Government St., Victoria.

☛ Don't fail to get our Terms and Prices before selecting a piano.

For a Good Spring Medicine

Try a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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

Finest quality of Stationery, School Supplies. TRY

A. H. Peacey.

FIDELITY.

Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather round, when sickness falls on the heart, when the world is dark and cheerless—is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you—who has studied your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. They only deny its worth and power who have never loved a friend, or labored to make one happy. The good and the kind, the affectionate and the virtuous, see and feel the heavenly principle.

THE SAVINGS BANKS

The savings banks returns show an excess of withdrawals for the last month, and the Vancouver World seeks to dull any political point there may be in this by attributing it to the opportunities of investment due to prosperity under the Liberal regime. It is always unwise to attempt to generalize from insufficient data. The fact that money is going rapidly into savings banks may prove that the people are prosperous or it may show that the opportunities for using it to better advantage are few. So withdrawals in excess of deposits may mean that the people are living on their savings or it may only mean a change of investments It is much the same with a country as with an individual, the amount of cash lying to his credit in a bank may be no test whatever of the condition of his business Most of us think it a rather bad sign when the banks have more money than they can profitably use. It is not the heaping up of capital that makes a country prosperous, but its circulation among the people. Therefore unless we can find out why so many people are withdrawing their money from the savings banks, any conclusion we may reach as to its significance touching the general prosperity of the country must be forced and unsatisfactory, in fact little more than a guess. If the withdrawal continued for any length of time to be largely in excess of the deposits, it would be fair to assume that it was due to the necessities of the people, just as a long continued surplus of deposits would indicate an increasing thriftness, But no conclusion worth drawing can be based upon a return for a single brief period.—The Colonist.

Petty Criticisms of the Preacher.

No atmosphere is so injurious to the hearer, and none so trying to the preacher, as petty criticisms and malicious interpretation. People ought to hear in a large and generous spirit, remembering that the preacher is a man of like frailties with themselves, and remembering that no man ought to be judged except on the length and breadth of his teaching. It is possible that one day he may be dull—it a matter of the weather; it is possible another day that he may not be sweet-tempered—it is a matter of digestion; the hearers ought to make great allowances for one who has to work with the double instrument of a fickle mind and imperfect body. Hearers should remember that no man ever can be equal except he travel on the plane of dreary common-place.—Ian Maclaren.

List of Prize Winners

on Wednesday May 24th.

Football Match.—Won by the side captained by R. H. Robertson.

Throwing the Hammer.—H. Cameron 1st, ; Geo. McLeod 2d.

Broad Jump.—T. White 1st; T. Hudson 2d.

Putting the Shot.—T Hudson 1st; G. McLeod 2d.

Running Broad Jump.—T. White 1st; T. Hudson 2d.

Boys' Race (under 16).—Parkin 1st; Geo. Walker 2d.

Running High Jump.—W. Pearcy 1st; T. Hudson 2d.

Girls' Race (under 16).—M. Hayman 1st; M. Struthers 2d.

Obstacle Race.—T. Hudson 1st; W. Pearcy 2d.

Girls' Race (under 12).—McKnight 1st; K. Dowdall 2d.

Boys' and Girls' Race (under 8).—J. Brown 1st; M. Dowdall 2d.

Boys' Race (under 12).—Jas. White 1st; And. Thomson 2d.

Novice Bicycle Race.—S. Grieve 1st; Jno. Gibson 2d.

One Hundred Yds. Foot Race.—T. Hudson 1st; T. White 2d.

Boys' Bicycle Race.—L. Piket 1st; L. Anderton 2d.

¼ Mile Foot Race.—T. White 1st; H. Walker 2d.

One Mile Bicycle Race (Amateur).—Geo. Gibson 1st; S. Grieve 2d.

Hurdle Race.—J. Roe 1st; T White 2d.

Boys' Sack Race.—J. Anderson 1st; A. Thomson 2d.

Old Man's Race.—McLean 1st; R. Coe 4d.

Three Mile Lap Bicycle Race.—S. Grieve 1st; G. Gibson 2d.

One Mile Bicycle Race.—H. Pearcy 1st; C. McDonald 2d.

Ladies' Race.—Mrs. R. H. Robertson 1st; Mrs. Jno. White 2d.

Girls Bicycle Race.—B. Vass 1st; E. Vass 2d.

Three Legged Race.—Pearcey and McDonald 1st; Hudson and Pearcey 2d.

Five Mile Bicycle Race (Handicap).—L. Picket 1st; Geo. Gibson 2d.

Human Wheelbarrow Race.—Pearcey and Pearcy 1st; McDonald and White 2d.

Vaulting.—Abe McLaughlin 1st; T. Hudson 2d.

One-Hundred-and-Fifty Foot Race.—F. Ramsay 1st; A. Julian 2d.

The horse race was won by Mr. Geo. Rowe's "Irish Girl," with Mr. T. Reeses's horse a good second.

The Special purse of $23.00 was won by Stewart Torrance's "General."

The only events that did not come off was the Man's Sack Race, and the Tug of War.

THE DELINEATOR.

The June number is called the Early Summer Number and combines an immence amount of authoritative and applicable advice as to what it is newet and most beautiful in the world of Fashion—including special illustrations of Bridal Costumes—with a profusion of sparkling Literary features, Social, Household and Departmental hints and suggestions and Fancy Work detail.

Committee for Flower Show are requested to meet at News office 2 p.m. to-day.

FIGHTING IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Liner Ashore.

What They Each Said.

FROM ALBERNI.

Alberni, May 25th.—W. S. Harrison, manager of Harvey mines on Granite Creek, came up last evening and reported that at about 70 feet level 120 feet in tunnel the mother lode was struck showing about two feet of rick galena. The claim assays as high as $5,580 and on several occasions the assays have gone from $400 to $2000. This is undoubtedly the Klondike of Vancouver Island.

GOT OFF THE EARTH.

Nanaimo, 25th.—The Danube which went ashore Sunday was floated yesterday. She was not damaged and proceeded north. Quarter-master at the wheel at the time of the accident said the trouble was mitigated because of the high tide which prevented the steamer from settling firmly. The combined efforts of the Tees and Maude pulled her off.

FROM THE CAPE.

Johannesburg, S. A., May 25th.—The Volkes-raad today depar ed from the order of the day to discuss Kruger's franchise. A resolution was adopted instructing the government to publish the franchise proposal and submit it to be read next year. Kruger denied that he was yielding to threats and said he would never agree to a general extension of franchises as demanded.

THE FIGHT.

Nanaimo, 25th.—The Fitzsimmons-Jefferies fight is to come off on the night of June 9th instead of afternoon. The dispatch stating that the fight was to come off last evening was incorrect.

FROM NANAIMO.

Nanaimo, 25th.—Yesterday's celebration was a red letter day for Nanaimo. Fully 10,000 people either took part or witnessed the best and most attractive event ever held here.

DEATH.

Nanaimo, May 25th.—Wm. Ford of Hornby Island died at the Nanaimo Hospital yesterday. Funeral will take place Friday.

FROM MANILLA.

Washington, May 26.—Following from Manilla: On the 23rd the third infantry returning to Balluag were attacked morning, noon and night by large force of rebels, two killed 13 wounded; enemy repulsed leaving sixteen killed and large number wounded and prisoners. Yesterday enemy appeared in vicinity of San Fernandino and were attacked by Americans, who suffered slight losses. Enemy driven through swamps leaving 50 killed, 38 wounded, 28 prisoners and 50 rifles captured.

FROM OTTAWA.

Ottawa, May 26.—House of Commons resumed business to-day. Bordon said papers re Deadman's Island were brought down speedily as possible. He resented statement there was anything wrong with rental for lease of Island. While Government was to get $500 a year for seven acres, the Conservatives had leased 260 acres of public domain for one dollar per annum annum and he had been informed that they had been prepared to lease Deadman's Island to a private party for a dollar a year.

Mr. McInnes will call attention to the destruction of oyster beds at Oyster Bay.

LINER ASHORE.

Falmouth, Eng. May 25.—The American liner Paris, which went ashore near here last Tuesday is still hard and fast. All efforts to float her so far have been without avail.

ESCAPED.

Victoria, May 26.—Word has been received that Lieniga, who shot Fred Baur at Atlin, escaped from jail on May 12th and had not been captured when the last mail left there.

WHAT THEY SAID.

Vancouver, May 25.—A Colonist phonograph was placed in the Vancouver Cabinet of the B. C. Government recently, and was taken out this morning. It registered the following thrilling conversation taken part in by the ministers mentioned: Cotton—"I tell you gentlemen the enforcement of this eight hour law is a rich step and may be followed with bad results. What do you think Mr. Semlin?" Semlin—"I will not say anything just now." Martin—"You're too squeemish. You must not overlook the fact that just at present labor vote is the balance of power in this province, and we must cultivate it. Isn't that so Mr. Semlin?" Semlin—"I haven't given the matter consideration." Hume—"I think with Cotton that the Government may go too far and lose more votes than it will gain. I wish Semlin would say how it strikes him." Semlin—"I'm not prepared to say anything at present." Hume—"I'm in a position to know that a great number of miners would sooner work ten hours than have their pay reduced." McKechnie—I'm for enforcing the law and don't care who knows it or that I speak for labor organizations in Nanaimo." Martin—"What is the use wasting time. We've got to take the decision of the unions, no matter what the opinions of individual miners may be. I wish Semlin would express himself one way or the other." Semlin—"I have nothing to say." Martin—"Well the eight hour law goes, and go it does."

THE S.O.CO.

Seattle, 26.—Standard Oil Co. having acquired old Russian tetle and mineral land grant from U.S. Govt., to coal lands at Cook's Inlet, Alaska, are preparing to develow coal fields of vast extent. Co. have deposited $100,000 for development.

COOL FOR THEM.

London, May 26.—At general meeting of the Institute of Mining Engineers the address of Presdt. Longder was devoted to a review of the question of exhaustion of British coal and iron. He said that evidence all pointed to probability that in 50 years we shall practically be depending on the U. S. for cheap coal, iron and steel and our sons will find an alliance with U.S for coaling our navy imperative

GOT THE NETS BUT NOT THE THIEF

Vancouver, May 26.—Chief Leslie, who with help of Seattle detectives recovered $1000 worth of nets stolen from the Malcolm and Windsor Canneries has returned from the Sound. The thieves were not captured. They left some of the nets in a loft and sold others to a saloon man.

I Have Received

BY DIRECT IMPORTATION, A CHOICE SELECTION OF

English and Scotch Suitings.

Call and Examine.

P. Dunne

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

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

Eagerly he listened, while the old woman told him how very fast Cora was recovering now; how they had got Miss Arthur and Percy back into the house; and how careful both Cora and Lucian were to treat them politely Madeline had not confided to Hagar the story of Olive, and the old woman knew no more of Edward Percy than that he was, as she termed it, "a handsome hypocrite."

Clarence questioned Hagar closely Had they made any attempt to find the one who took the papers?

"No," Hagar replied; "they had said that Celine Leroque had stolen money and jewels, but they had not said one word about any papers!"

Last of all, she told him how, fearing that Henry was becoming too restive, and fearing, also, the effect of too much of the Professor's medicine upon the somewhat enfeebled system of the prisoner, she had made known to Henry the fact that she was working in the cause of his young lady On learning this, and having it proved to his satisfaction, for he was at first inclined to be skeptical, he had been much delighted, and had since carried out the orders of Madeline as transmitted through Hagar

Their conversation lasted a full hour, and then, having learned all that could be learned from that source, and having delivered all of the messages sent by Madeline, he bade the old woman a kind good-night, and retraced his steps across the field and back to the village

When the train halted at Bellair, Jarvis seated himself in the smoking-car, feeling quite satisfied. When the train moved on, he lighted a very black cigar, and began to contemplate the situation.

"Well, how do we stand now?"

As the voice of Clarence Vaughan fell upon his ear, Jarvis bounded from his seat like an india rubber ball and stared wildly at the young man who had dropped down into the seat beside him as if from the ceiling.

"Well, you are a rum one," said he, at last "Might I ask where you came from?"

"From the ladies' car"

"Oh!" with the air of having made a discovery. "So you ride out of the city in a smoking-car for the purpose of riding back in the ladies' carriage?"

Clarence looked again, settled himself comfortably in his seat and took out his cigar case "Not exactly," proceeding to light a weed. "I am on pretty much the same business that you are, to-night." Then, taking a big puff, "I have been to Bellair, like yourself."

"The deuce you have!"

"Yes; how did your business prosper?"

Jarvis eyed him sharply "Perhaps you know already."

"Perhaps I do You have not got to look for stolen diamonds, have you?"

Jarvis laughed derisively.

"Or stolen money?" pursued Clarence

Jarvis shrugged his shoulders.

"Or stolen—papers?"

Jarvis began to look foxy.

"Or a runaway young woman?"

Jarvis thought furiously for a moment; then turning square upon his interlocutor, said, significantly "So there are stolen papers?"

Clarence smiled, but said nothing.

"And," pursued Jarvis, "when one loses one's papers, say deeds, or a—marriage certificate, one naturally thinks of hunting the records for proofs that such papers existed"

"And that is your work?"

Jarvis nodded

"Take you out of the city?"

"Only a few miles"

Clarence reflected for a time, and then said: "You can do your work, but report all discoveries to me."

Jarvis assented, and they continued to talk of the matter in hand until the city was reached. Then, having made an appointment for the coming day, and agreed to let the work of shadowing the gambler or, rather, his business, remain a "private spec" to Jarvis, they separated.

Thoroughly wearied, Clarence sought his bachelor apartments and the repose he so much needed.

Early the next day he was up, and after paying a visit to his patient, he turned his steps, or the steps of his horse, in the direction of the villa.

He found Madeline sitting up, feeling much better, and looking altogether lovely. Drawing their chairs near together in front of the crackling grate fire, the three discussed the result of the journey to Bellair, Having first related the news imparted by Hagar, Dr Vaughan turned to Madeline and asked:—

"What is your theory, sister mine, in regard to this change at Oakley? Why have they turned about and taken up Miss Arthur and her fiance with such sudden affection. Have you guessed?"

The girl smiled up at him as she replied: "Certainly; have you not?"

"You incorrigible little lawyer! Yes, but give us yours first"

"Why," said Madeline with a light laugh, "I suppose they have been suspecting the wrong party. They think that I was an emissary of Mr Percy's"

"Undoubtedly that is the truth," assented Clarence.

"And," added Madeline, "believing the documents in his possession, it is easy to understand that they prefer having the gentleman under the same roof with themselves"

"True; now, the question that interests us is, how long will it be before they find out their mistake?"

"I think," said the girl, reflectively, "that their game will be covert, not open, attack, from the fact that they have kept the loss of the papers so carefully from the servants. If this is true, they will move cautiously, and aim to convince the man that they do not suspect him"

Clarence nodded

"You see the necessity for action, do you not?" Madeline said, after a silence "I must make my next move within a few days"

"I don't fancy that we need fear any new developments that will be dangerous to our cause just yet"

Then he told them of his meeting with his detective, and its results, adding: "You see Jarvis can withhold his reports to suit our convenience and you can grow strong feeling secure."

Meantime Jarvis set about his task of record hunting. He was energetic and resolute as a sleuth hound on the scent; so he soon made one or two discoveries

One day, very cleverly gotten up as a dapper lawyer, he dropped in at the office of Messrs Lord & Myers, bankers Mr Lord was an old man with a shrewd, twinkling eye; and as the sham lawyer had selected his time wisely, he found the old banker alone

They were closeted in close converse for nearly half an hour, at the end of which time, the dapper lawyer took his departure, looking rather downcast; and Mr Lord, with his little eyes brighter than ever, sat down and penned a letter to his friend and brother banker, Mr Allyne, of Baltimore

CHAPTER XXXVI

MR. LORD'S LETTER.

The friendship that had sprung up between Claire Keith and Mrs Ralston, grew and strengthened as the days went by

Claire's enthusiasm had overflowed in more than one letter to Olive. The oft-repeated wish that her new friend and her much-loved sister might meet, had at last drawn from that somewhat preoccupied sister a very cordial invitation to bring Mrs Ralston to New York

When this inivtation came, Claire, feeling that it was now time to unfold to her friend the sad pages of Olive's history, sought her for that purpose But as tshe deemed that the time had not ye come for telling anyone of the hoped-for lifting of the cloud, especially as to do so she must tell, too, of Madeline, she refrained from mentioning the names of the actors in that miserable drama

Mrs Ralston was deeply interested in the story of Olive's sorrow; and having heard it, she felt a stronger desire than before to see this beautiful, sad-hearted sister, who was so beloved by Claire Bending down she kissed the fair face, flushed with the excitement Claire always felt when recounting her sister's wrongs, and those of Philip Girard, and said, tenderly

"Thank your sister in my name, my darling And tell her that I will certainly avail myself of her kind invitation, at some future time"

Claire's eyes danced eagerly "Oh, I wish we could go now—at least, soon"

Fate chose to grant Claire's desire in a most unexpected manner, for while they were still sitting, talking, in the semi-twilight, the library door opened and a servant announced Mr Allyne, to see Mrs Ralston At once Mrs Keith and her daughter arose to leave the room But Mrs Ralston said, earnestly—

"Pray, do not go; there can be no need for a private interview."

And as at that moment Mr. Allyne himself appeared on the threshold, the ladies all advanced to welcome him, and, this ceremony being over resumed their seats.

"I have received a letter from Mr. Lord" said Mr. Allyne after some moments of general conversation "Read it and then tell me your opinion of its contents"

The lady took the letter, looking somewhat anxious As she read the look of apprehension deepened When at last she dropped the letter her hands were trembling visibly and her face was pale and agitated For a moment she sat in silence, her eyes full of fear and her hands working nervously Then she seemed to recover herself by a powerful effort of will Taking up the letter, she placed it in the hand of Mrs Keith saying: "Read it, dear friend"

Mrs Keith took the letter and read:—

"New York Dec. 7th

"Wm Allyne, Esq.,

"Dear Sir—A man assuming to be a lawyer called on me this afternoon and requested information regarding our friend Mrs Ralston. If I am not much mistaken he is in reality a detective—I think I remember him in the Mallory case—and is, doubtless, looking up evidence in regard to the lady's second and most unfortunate marriage, either at the instigation of her vagabond husband or some of his supposed heirs

"If you know the present address of Mrs R, it would be well to communicate with her, as some of her old servants are now in this city, at service, and this fellow might ferret out something through them.

"Having no authority to act in the matter, I could do no more than baffle this man's inquiries so far as I was concerned, much as I desire to serve the lady when I know the way

"One thing: the fellow evidently believes in the story of her death.

"Yours, etc

"J M LORD"

The three, Mrs Ralston Claire and Mr Allyne listened in silence while Mr Keith read this letter When at last she raised her eyes Mrs Ralston said:—

"I must go to New York immediately Mrs Keith, and do pray allow Claire to accompany me; I must accept of the hospitality of Mrs Girard and I cannot go alone"

Mrs Keith looked grave for a moment Then she said: "Mr Allyne, is it necessary that Mrs. Ralston should go at once?"

"I think it advisable," replied Mr. Allyne. "Once in New York, Lord can receive Mrs. Ralston's instructions, and act for her. In cases like these I don't think it is best to trust to correspondence."

"And, oh! don't let us delay a moment! Once there, I can keep my old servants, who are all true friends, from inadvertently betraying me. And I can trust Mr. Lord to find out who is the instigator of this search," said Mrs. Ralston, eagerly. "Mr. Allyne, when can we start; how soon?"

"Not earlier than to-morrow morning."

"Claire, can you be ready on such short notice?" asked the now anxious lady.

"I? Oh, yes, indeed!" laughed the girl. "I could be ready in an hour. I do detest waiting—don't you, Mrs. Ralston?"

"Very much, just now," said that lady, making an effort to smile; "forgive me, dear friends, but I am really unstrung. The thought of being hunted by that man is too horrible, after these years of peace."

"Then don't think of it, dear Mrs. Ralston," cooed Claire. "You will be safe in the the seclusion of my sister's villa. And you can set things straight soon, when we have arrived. There can't be much to fear, can there, Mr. Allyne?"

"Nothing very formidable," said the banker, rising to take his leave. "Pray, don't exaggerate the trouble, Mrs. Ralston. Prompt attention, such as Lord will give the matter, will make all safe. Besides, he is not hunting you; the man thinks you dead."

"True; I had forgotten," said the lady, looking somewhat reassured. "Claire, we will pack to-night, and then try and be content until it is time to go."

"Meantime, I will telegraph to Lord and let him know that you will come, and when," said Mr. Allyne, taking up his hat to depart.

The morning of their departure dawned clear and bright. Claire was in extravagant spirits, while even Mrs. Ralston sedemed to catch the infectious cheeriness of the day, and her companion's mood.

When they were about to enter the carriage that was to take them to the depot, a letter was put into the hand of Miss Keith. She flung back her veil and leaning back among the cushions perused it in attentive silence. Having finished, she looked up with a little frown upon her brow, and exclaimed:—

"How very provoking!"

Mrs Ralston looked alarmed "Is your sister ill?"

"Oh, no; it's Madeline"

"The young girl I have heard you speak of?"

"Yes."

"Is she ill?"

"No; she got well, just to avoid me; she is gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes; or will be, when we arrive Why how stupid I am not to explain! Madeline Payne has been with Olive nearly a week She has been sick, but is better, and will leave to-day"

Claire had said but little concerning Madeline, fearing lest in her enthusiasm she should say too much. But she had revolved many plans for bringing about a meeting between Mrs. Ralston and her "brave girl."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"I HAVE COME BACK TO MY OWN."

Quite the pleasantest of all the rooms that had been so sumptuously fitted up, when "Mrs. Torrance" came to Oakley, a bride, was the back drawing-room. At least it was pleasantest in winter. Its large windows faced south and west, and all of the winter sunshine fell upon them, glowing through crimson curtains, and helping the piled-up anthracite in the grate to bathe the room in a ruddiness of crimson and golden bronze.

On this particular December day, the air was crisp and cold, and full of floating particles of hoar frost, while the winter sun shone bright and clear. Outside one felt that it was an exceedingly cold sun. But viewed from within, it looked inviting enough, and one felt inspired to dash out into the frosty air and try if they could not walk a la hippogriffe, without touching their feet to the ground.

Some such thought was floating through the mind of Mrs. John Arthur, who was progressing in her convalescence very rapidly now, and who had, on this day, made her second descent to the drawing-rooms.

She had donned, for the first time since her illness, a dinner-dress of rosy silk, its sweeping train and elbow sleeves enriched with flounces of black lace. As there was, at present, no need to play the invalid—herself and Davlin being the sole occupants of the room—she was sweeping up and down its length like a caged lioness.

By and by she swerved from her course, and coming to the grate, put a daintilyshod foot upon the bronze fender. Resting one hand on a chair, and looking down upon Davlin, who was lounging before the fire in full dinner costume, she said, abruptly:—

"How very interesting all this is!"

Davlin made no sign that he heard.

"Do you know how long we have been playing this little game, sir?"

The man smiled, in a cool way, so exasperating always to her, and lifting one hand, began to tell off the months on his fingers.

"Let me see, ball opened in June, did it not?"

She nodded impatiently.

"June!" He was thinking of his June flirting with Madeline Payne, and involuntarily glanced at the windows from whence could be seen the very trees under which they had wandered, himself and that fair dead girl, in early June. "Yes, the last of June—I remember,"—reflectively.

"And pray, from what event does your memory date?" exclaimed Cora, with strong sarcasm

He glanced up quickly "Why, Ma Belle, from your introduction to the hills and vales of Bellair, and the master of Oakley"

"Oh, I thought it was from the time you received your pistol wound"

Davlin smiled "Yes, that scratch was given in June; but I don't date from trifles, Co"

"Oh! Well, I fancy it was not the fault of the hand that aimed the bullet, or rather of the heart, that you got a 'mere scratch' I never believed in your card-table explanation of that affair, sir"

"Well, don't call me to account for your want of faith"

(To Be Continued.)

The Robert SIMPSON Co. Limited

JANUARY WHITE GOODS SELLING

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

Ladies' Gown, good cotton, made on yoke of insertion and tucks, embroidered collar and cuffs, insertion placquet edged with embroidery..... .95

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

TABLE LINENS

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

FINE BLEACHED DAMASKS

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

TAB NAPKINS

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

WHITE COTTONS

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

FACTORY COTTONS

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

SHEETINGS

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

PLAIN SHEETING

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

MEN'S CLOTHING.

Men's Fine all-Wool Frieze Ulsters, in brown and black, good heavy fancy check tweed linings, good ja[illegible] and trimmings, high storm collar, tab for throat and belt on back, size 36 to 44 in. 4.00

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

Address mail orders or request for catalogue exactly as below.

The Robert SIMPSON Co. Limited

SECTION 52. TORONTO.

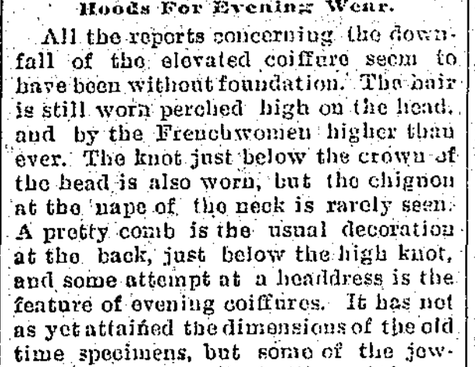
LATEST HAIRDRESSING, ETC.

New Coiffures and Becoming Little Hoods For Evening Wear.

All the reports concerning the downfall of the elevated coiffure seem to have been without foundation. The hair is still worn perched high on the head, and by the Frenchwomen higher than ever. The knot just below the crown of the head is also worn, but the chignon at the nape of the neck is rarely seen. A pretty comb is the usual decoration at the back, just below the high knot, and some attempt at a headdress is the feature of evening coiffures. It has not as yet attained the dimensions of the old time specimens, but some of the jeweled aigrets now look like miniature shrubs.

There are jeweled wings in black, white and colors, lace wings with white aigrets, and various arrangements of flowers with loops and ends of ribbon drawn in shell shape and towering seven inches high. A crescent of violets around the high knot, the widest part at the top, is very pretty, with a bow and ends of white or violet colored ribbon at one side. Dandelion blossoms gone to seed are another decoration fastened in the hair with a little bow of velvet.

Pompons made of ribbon to match the costume are another variety of hair ornament, and jeweled butterflies, which are to be had in all colors and prices between $1.50 and $15, are an exquisite hair ornament.



FASHIONABLE COIFFURES.

The mode of hairdressing which makes the head look as round as possible is very desirable, and the double knot just below the crown will often accomplish this. It goes without saying that the hair is waved all around in wide loose waves. The foregoing styles, with illustrations, of hairdressing are given in the New York Sun, from which the foregoing items are also gleaned.

Hoods for evening wear have made their appearance in the shops. They are made of quaintly flowered silk and lined with satin, turning back from the face after the manner of an old time sunbonnet.

Some of the new evening wraps are supplemented by a hood lined with white or some delicate shade and worn as a head covering. It may be frilled with lace to make a pretty frame for the face or cut with a point which fastens over the high coiffure, but in either case it is vastly becoming.

Latest Mourning.

A few seasons ago there was a decided tendency to discard crape and other materials which are manufactured expressly for mourning wear, but their use seems to be reviving and crape is again generally employed for widow's and family mourning. The latest widow's mourning for the house includes a thin

WIDOW'S HOUSE GOWN.

white cap and very heavy bands of crape on the dress. The cap is an innovation adopted from the English custom. Crape bonnets are trimmed with dull jet, ostrich feathers and wings of embroidered crape.

Not All.

He—You think you know it all, don't you?

Him—No. I have never been able to figure out any reason for you being alive.—Indianapolis Journal.

And Then She Blushed.

Lucy—Which side shall I sit on?

Harry—It doesn't make any difference. I can drive with either hand.—Chicago Tribune.

THE TATTLER.

Mrs. Sarah Terry of Philadelphia recently celebrated her one hundred and eighth birthday by joining the Daughters of the Revolution.

Mrs. Mary Van Uleck, 84 years old, earns a good living sewing carpets at Joliet, Ills. She also makes money cooking fine dinners on festal occasions.

The Empress Eugenie still remains in Paris, and, attended by Mme. Lebreton, takes a walk every afternoon on the terrace of the Tuileries without attracting any notice.

Mrs. Abigail Garvin of Westford, Mass., has celebrated her one hundred and second Thanksgiving day. "The turkey roasted before the fire," she says, "was far superior to any cooked in the fancy ovens of today."

Miss Lillian Russell's refusal to sing at the recent doll show of the Professional Woman's league, in the Waldorf-Astoria, is said to have been due to the fact that some writer about doll shows referred to the fair Lillian as a "war relic" in a way to suggest that she was no longer young.

Mrs. Margaret Pierce, now of Chicago, declares she is entitled to whatever honor there is in being the rightful queen of Hawaii. She says ex-Queen Lil was a usurper, who was able to claim the throne because of the confusion arising out of the fact that Kamehameha had many children by many wives.

Miss Ethel Mary Charles, said to be England's first woman architect, has just completed her time in an architect's office in London and will be admitted as an associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects. She has won several prizes for designs and intends to open an office in a good business locality.

Miss Mary French Field, after reading some of her father's poems before the Phi Delta Theta convention at Columbus, O., was elected as the "daughter of the organization," of which her father had been a member. In accepting the honor she said, "I hope to be a good daughter to the fraternity and a good sister to you all."

Melba has been writing her autobiography for a London weekly, and her native city has taken exception to some of her statements. It is cynically said in Melbourne that the "town residence" of which the prima donna speaks in so large a way was a wooden cottage in a very plebeian quarter and that the "country place" that figures in the memoirs was "only a bush hut."

Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, a Boston woman and editor of the first woman's magazine published in this country, worked for 20 years to have a definite day set apart for Thanksgiving. Time did not daunt her courage, but rather increased her insistence. She wrote to governors of states and to presidents of the United States. At last President Lincoln adopted her suggestion in 1864.

THE WRITERS.

William Dean Howells, the novelist, has always prided himself on being American and has now been suffering for over two years from the national disease—dyspepsia.

James Whitcomb Riley said to a Boston friend the other day that the reason he is a bachelor is because the woman he meant to marry died before he had made any success.

Joel Chandler Harris, the author of the "Bre'r Rabbit Stories," never leaves his Atlanta home. "I am opposed to travel," he said the other day, "and I never go outside of my fence here."

Every day, when the weather is favorable, Mr. John Ruskin is out of doors and takes comparatively long walks for a man of his years. He occupies a part of each day in playing chess with Mr. Arthur Severn. His eyesight remains almost entirely unimpaired.

Hearing that Kipling's new book had cost its publisher a shilling a word, a London wag wrote the author saying that as wisdom was quoted at retail prices he would like one word, for which he inclosed a postal order for a shilling. Kipling kept the order and answered with the word "Thanks."

UNHAPPY SPAIN.

Now Madrid can take its turn on the peace jubilee circuit. — San Francisco Chronicle.

Spain declares that she "yields only to superior force." This is exactly what Uncle Sam started out to make her do.—St. Louis Republic.

If Spain's ministry is wise, it will put that $20,000,000 away in a safety deposit vault and strive to forget the combination.

General Blanco says Spain will derive important advantages from the war, but he neglects to inform a waiting world what they are.

The Madrid ministry is about to get $20,000,000 and is therefore not to be [illegible] feeling a little apprehensively in the direction of Don Carlos. That sum of money would be a temptation to almost any bold man.

Ragged, hungry, ground down and hopeless, 8,000,000 out of 17,000,000 unable to read and write and about the same number with no paying regular occupation, the Spanish peasant yet embodies the old virtues of his race, the old steadfastness, cheerfulness and patience.—Albany Times-Union.

MANILA GEORGE.

Old man Dewey seems to have a regular navy yard of his own at Cavite.—Austin News.

Admiral Dewey preserves the silence of a man who is too busy hanging on to the safety valve to indulge in conversation.—Washington Star.

Admiral Dewey has been the guest of honor at a banquet at Manila. He has not yet reported to the government at what hour he "retired for breakfast."—Columbus Post.

Admiral George Dewey has a way of doing things and then talking about them afterward, which is a commendable trait of character. But, then, Admiral George Dewey is a somewhat remarkable man.—Albany Journal.

Mme. Patti's Fiance.

In Sweden, as in most continental countries, engagements are advertised in the papers in the same manner as births, marriages and deaths, and the Stockholm papers of a recent date contain in their largest type the announcement concerning Mme. Patti's betrothal, which we were enabled to make on the same day. It ran as follows:

Engaged:
Rolf Cederstrom
and
Adelina Patti-Nicolini.
London. Craig-y-Nos Castle.

It appears that Baron Rolf Cederstrom visited Stockholm some time ago and received the consent of his parents to the marriage. As we stated on Friday, there is a considerable difference in the ages of the "contracting parties," Baron Rolf having been born in 1870. Mme. Patti has never yet visited Sweden, but it is believed that a part of the honeymoon will be spent there.—London Chronicle.

Wanted, a Funny Man.

In publishing and bookselling circles there is a complaint that the funny man of literature is dead, and his loss is the harder to bear inasmuch as the great fiction reading public is hungering for humor. Mr. Chatto of the publishing house of Chatto & Windus regarded the situation with smiling resignation.

"I do not know any great humorist but Mark Twain," said Mr. Chatto, "and he has stood alone for a very long time. It is not a complaint of the moment; it has been so for a considerable period. We do want humorous writers, it is true. The public is always asking for the humorous class of book, but we certainly do not want funny writers who labor and strain to produce their witticisms. Until we can discover the spontaneous humorist I think we shall be better without any at all."—London Mail.

Rise and Fall of a Football Nose.

It was during the Thanksgiving day game with Cornell that Captain John Outland, one of the stars of old Penn's team, had his nose broken. It was a comparatively trivial fracture across the bridge of his nose, the very spot on which a disfiguring lump had been growing for several months. The lump was probably caused by a cyst under the skin, and although it was in nowise painful it was rather a disfiguration to Outland's handsome countenance. He had made arrangements with Dr. J. William White to perform an operation on the lump and remove the cyst after the football season, but the blow during the game which fractured his nose also made an end to the cyst. Outland's nose has entirely healed from the fracture, and the disfiguring lump has entirely disappeared.

Skating.

An experienced skating teacher lays great importance upon the kind of shoes worn. "A great deal is said," he remarked, "about properly supporting the ankle, and people complain that they cannot skate because their ankles are weak. Now, in at least five out of ten of those cases there is nothing at all the matter with either the ankle or its support. The trouble is right here," and he touched the side of his shoe just below the instep and above the hollow of the foot. "This part of the shoe," he continued, "ought to be very snug and stiff, to hold the foot straight, and prevent its twisting between the toe and the heel. That is what usually make the skater 'wabble' and lose his footing, and then he thinks the trouble is with his ankle. The height of the shoe does not matter much."—Harper's Bazar.

Says He Is Close Fisted.

Dr. D. K. Pearsons of Chicago, who has given so much money to colleges, disclaims any special credit for doing so. "I do not pose as a benevolent man," he says. "I have labored nearly 80 years to make money—have made it, and honestly too. The statement may seem very strange to you when I say that I do not pose as a benevolent man. I have no benevolence in me—not a particle. I am the most economical, close fisted man you ever put your eyes on. You can see it in my face—it is there. I do not think I ever foolishly spent $20 in my life."

Safe Within the Union Jack.

The special correspondent of the London Mail notices a curious circumstance of the kaiser's entry into Jerusalem. The Turkish police cleared the roadway by most impartially whacking and banging every one who attempted to trespass upon it. But there was one exception, in the shape of an old woman, who was allowed to wander at will along the open space reserved for the imperial party. She was wearing a petticoat made of a tattered union jack. Doubtless the Turkish police thought she was a British tourist, whose eccentricities are everywhere respected.

"Whip and Spurs."

James Beatty, an old Crimean veteran who died in England the other day, was known in the service by the sobriquet of "Whip and Spurs." It was an incident at Inkerman that gave him his name, for it was he who was responsible for saving the only gun saved by his battery at that fight. "Whip and spurs, boys; whip and spurs, and we'll save the gun!" he cried out when he and his comrades were surrounded. He was twice wounded in the tussle, but they saved the gun, and Beatty was "Whip and Spurs" from that day.

BEATING A RAILROAD

THE "SMOOTH" PASSENGER DID THE TRICK WITH EASE.

He Worked His Little Scheme With Such Consummate Coolness and Nerve That He Even "Rattled" the Conductor Into Apologizing.

If the ticket seller of the Burlington railroad office had noticed the man who bought the ticket to Riverside at all, he must have been impressed by his appearance of "smoothness." He was "smooth," and although he had told a person a few minutes before that he was going to Cedar Rapids, Ia., it seemed inconceivable that he was buying the Riverside ticket in a fit of absentmindedness.

It wanted ten minutes to train time, and, having purchased his ticket, the "smooth" man took up an easy position with his back to the wall near the ticket window and began to scan a yard long time table with an air of intense interest. Three or four other suburb bound people came along during the next five minutes, but the man with the time table never looked up. Then came a man with a couple of fat grips, and the time table student threw a swift sidelong glance toward him as he bought his ticket and then ran his finger along a column of figures as though he had just found a clew to the train he wanted.

Another man with grips hurried up to the window, and this time the "smooth" looking man began to fold up his time table in a leisurely way and then sauntered along behind the last comer to the train.

Both men got into a chair car and seated themselves side by side, and the next minute the train pulled out. Within five minutes the man who had been described as of a "smooth" aspect thrust his left hand into his trousers pocket and pulled out some loose change and a bunch of keys. He counted the money and looked thoughtful—it amounted to $1.75—then he replaced it and, hunting through his other pockets, produced a pencil.

His seatmate held his ticket in his hand, and after another hurried search through his pockets the searcher turned to him and politely asked him if he might take the pasteboard for a minute.

"Certainly," assented the owner of the valises, and he handed over the ticket.

"You don't mind if I write on it, do you?" asked the "smooth" man, with a smile.

The other looked rather doubtful, but before he could reply his companion was scrawling a rapid memorandum on the back of the ticket. Then he pulled out his money again, recounted it, glanced at the memorandum with knitted brows and handed the ticket back, with another smile.

"I have lost some money," he explained, "and I wanted to figure it out. I didn't have a scrap of paper about me."

The man with the valises bowed, turned the ticket over and looked at it. He read:

Railroad	$16 75
Dinner	75
Cab	50
Cigars	25
	$18 25
Cash left	1 75
	$20 00

And when he had read it he looked as if he did not desire any further acquaintance with a person who had only $1.75 cash left.

In a few minutes the conductor came through the crowded car and gathered up his tickets. He took the "smooth" man's Riverside ticket, punched it and added it to his bundle and reached over and stuck a white slip in the band of the other man's hat and passed on to get 400 or 500 more tickets from the other passengers. The "smooth" man made no attempt to renew his conversation with his seatmate and at Morton Park rose and strolled forward into the smoking car, where he pulled a big black cigar from his pocket and smoked placidly until the train passed Downer's Grove. Here the conductor looked at him as he passed, walked on a few steps, stopped and turned back.

"Where do you get off?" he asked.

The "smooth" man looked up a minute with an air of mild surprise, then flicked the ash off his cigar and said, "I go through to Cedar Rapids."

"Where's your train check, then?" asked the conductor.

"I don't know," said the "smooth" man. "Perhaps—no, I guess you didn't give me any. I'm sure you didn't. I remember now."

"Young man," said the conductor sternly, "if you haven't got that train check you will have to get off at the next stop That's all there is about that."

"Conductor," retorted the young man in calm, even tones, "I don't believe you will put me off this train. I don't know anything about your train check, and I don't care a continental, but I do know that I've paid my fare and that you took my ticket, and I propose to ride to my journey's end or your company will have a nice little damage suit on its hands."

The conductor looked at him keenly, and he sustained the look with a cool steady stare. Then he laughed.

"Oh, I don't want any trouble about it!" he said. "I'm not hunting damage suits. I'd sooner pay my fare again, in fact, if I hadn't lost some money just before I got on the train. By George!" he exclaimed suddenly, with the light of inspiration illuminating his face. "Why, sure! I can prove that you've got that ticket."

"Well?" said the conductor.

"Why, it's this way: I started out with $40 and I lost $20. I figured it out on the back of my ticket before I gave it to you. See here"—taking an envelope and writing on the back of it—"you take this and look over your tickets. If you don't find that identical memorandum in my handwriting on the back of my ticket, you can put me off, or rather I'll get off without trouble." Saying which the "smooth" man smiled confidently and leaned back comfortably in his seat and resumed his cigar.

The conductor took the envelope in a serious, noncommittal sort of way and walked off with it. In a few minutes he returned, his face wreathed in apologetic smiles.

"Well, it's on me, I guess," he said. "I've got to ask your pardon. You see, there's so much suburban travel on this line a man is liable to get mixed up, but I want to say to you that it's something I don't do once in 100 years. I wouldn't have believed I'd forgotten to give you a check. It's lucky for you that you made that memorandum."

"I guess it was," said the "smooth" man. Then he added as the conductor was moving off, "Aren't you going to give me that check now?"

"Why, of course!" exclaimed the conductor. "You've got me rattled, sure."

As Usual.

"I saw you talking to Snaggs awhile ago."

"Yes; we were discussing the financial question."

"What position did Snaggs take?"

"That of a borrower."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

No Synonym.

The Growler—Confound these newspapers! Why can't they say a man was paralyzed instead of stricken with paralysis?

The Bibber—Because the meaning is totally otherwise.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Smoky Chimney.

In the designing and construction of houses it has always been the especial fad of Mr. Willis Polk, architect, to build a roomy fireplace, where great logs can burn, and he has always plumed himself on the fact that the fireplaces never fail to draw.

When he erected his bachelor bungalow at Tiburon, the fireplace was the chief pride and glory of the establishment. He told his friends about the solid comfort he enjoyed sitting before the blazing logs, and to still further arouse their envy Polk one night gave a party.

To his infinite chagrin, the chimney smoked abominably and the bungalow was filled to stifling After they had thoroughly guyed the disconsolate Willis the disgusted guests went home to cough it off.

Next day Polk made a careful examination of chimney and hearth, satisfied himself that everything was now as it should be and then gave another party. That abominable chimney again spoiled it all. It smoked and smoked. Willis was in despair, but the next day it was all right again. At intervals after that Polk entertained friends, and he found that the fireplace never drew when he had company, although at other times it worked perfectly. So he set a little trap, which finally solved the puzzle. It was a little cracker box, placed over the top of the chimney, which caused all the trouble.

Some of his friends had thus thoroughly covered up the chimney every time the young architect had planned an entertainment.—San Francisco News Letter.

Opium.

Like most of nature's products opium is classified in grades. The growers of India, in white turbans and gowns, sit in the blazing sun waiting for their opium to be sorted, when they go to market. The unripe poppy seed pod has been cut into five times and the milky sap dried in the sun and kneaded into cakes, the best of which are covered with dried leaves, and thus brought to market.

Opium of the first class must be tough, smooth and a rich brown shade, bitter to taste and strong of scent.

In 1892 54 per cent of the suicides in India were from the use of opium, and one statistician credits 90 per cent of the women suicides to the same drug. However, twelve-thirteenths of the opium of India is sent to China for smoking. During Victoria's reign the Chinese have paid into the British treasury for Indian opium $1,250,000,000.

The Chinese government does all in its power to check the opium habit, the punishments common in the Chinese army for this habit being extreme. For the first offense a man may have his upper lip cut, for the second he may be decapitated. For the last 60 years on an average a half ton of opium has been sent to China from India every hour.—Atlanta Constitution.

As She Heard It.

After the new servant had been installed in the home of a New Jersey housewife the day finally came when the privilege of "going out" had to be decided on. This fell on a Thursday, to which the mistress assented.

"You may go today, Bridget," she said, "and every other Thursday."

"All right, ma'am," replied Bridget.

The next week on Thursday surprise was great at Bridget's coming from her room all togged out for another afternoon out. The mistress rebelled and asked her if she remembered that she was to go out only every other Thursday.

"Certainly I do, ma'am, certainly! Didn't you say I could go out that Thursday and 'every other Thursday'—that Thursday and every Thursday afterward?"

"No, no!" replied the mistress. "That Thursday and every second Thursday thereafter."

"Sure you didn't say so. You positively told me that Thursday and every other Thursday. Of course that means every Thursday."

Bridget won.

THE LISTENER.

Senator McMillan still carries a watch given him by his father when he came of age.

There have been few men who really climbed the Matterhorn, and among them is but one American, Colonel Roosevelt.

Thomas F. Pendel, the chief doorkeeper at the White House, is the last surviving member of Abraham Lincoln's bodyguard.

Colonel Joseph Henry of Vanceburg, Ky., is the great-grandson of Patrick Henry and is said to be the only living direct descendant of the patriot.

Dr. Calmette, director of the Pasteur institute at Lille, France, has endowed that body with 250,000, the profits of one of his inventions at the distilleries of Seclin.

Rolf Meerek, a New York musical prodigy, has applied to the courts to have his name changed to Brandt Rantzau, saying his real name is too plebeian for one contemplating an artistic career.

Commodore Philip has been elected a member of the Young Men's Christian association's international committee and chairman of the subcommittee in charge of the association's work in the navy.

John H. Buckman, captain United States navy, retired, enlisted in the navy 19 years before the civil war and served with Dewey. At Fort Fisher he raced Lieutenant Bob Evans up a scaling ladder.

Colonel Thomas P. Ochiltree has just returned from his fifty-fourth transatlantic voyage. When he left for Europe some time ago, he had to be carried to his vessel on a stretcher. He now comes back in perfect health.

Joshua E. Dodge of Milwaukee, whom Governor Scofield of Wisconsin has appointed a justice of the supreme court, was born in Arlington, Mass., in 1854, and he was appointed an assistant attorney general of the United States in 1893 by President Cleveland.

James Gray, the newly elected mayor of Minneapolis, started life as a newsboy, earned money sufficient to keep him while going to the common schools, was graduated from the State university and became reporter on and then managing editor of the Minneapolis Times.

Sir John Voce Moore, the new lord mayor of London, is one of England's great tea merchants. He is 72 years old and has been in public service since 1870, when he became a member of the common council. He was sheriff in 1894 and was knighted in that year at the opening of the lower bridge.

The youngest chaplain in the navy is said to be the Rev. Frederick C. Brown, 25 years old, now on the Iowa, which is on her way to Manila. He will be the only chaplain in the fleet, since there is none on the Oregon. He was appointed to the service last April, being at that time pastor of the Unitarian church of Middleboro, Mass.

On the eve of Harvard's triumph over Yale there died at the former college a man whose death cast a gloom over the whole university. This was John Milton Kullmer, 1900, who worked by day and prepared himself for Harvard by night, worked his way east from his home in Great Falls, Mon., in 1896 and secured a position in Boston whereby he paid his college expenses.

JEWELRY JOTTINGS.

Enameled brooches and belt clasps are much in favor.

The long chain in its newest form is shortened so as to reach only to the bend of the figure.

In ladies' rings, along with all sorts of fanciful conceits, the split head with two stones and the three stones obliquely set remains extremely popular.

One of the newest little touches of elegance added to the various silver pocket cases for men is a precious stone forming the head of the spring which is pressed to open the case.

A narrow shell comb, of which the head is set with a design of forgetmenots in turquoises and diamonds, represents a coiffure ornament which certainly breathes forth the Christmas spirit.

Something unique for either sex is furnished in sleeve links of the new silver alloy, which the possessor may wear with the pleasant consciousness that another pair exactly like it does not exist.

The procession of new and charming pins, brooches and rings never ends. In conventional style for a pin nothing could be more artistic than a simple gold bar bearing two trefoils in whole pearls, while the designs of animals, such as horses, lions, dogs, foxes, lizards, tortoises, etc., have not lost a whit of their popularity.—Jewelers' Circular.

MAXIMS ON LOVE.

With true love there is trust.—Regnier.

To love is only in the power of the wise.—Epictetus.

If passion drives, let reason hold the reins.—Benjamin Franklin.

Love and religion are both stronger than friendship.—Benjamin Disraeli.

Who has loved well will never seek the loved one's ill.—Calderon de la Barca.

A mother alone knows what it is to love and be happy.—Adelbert von Chamisso.

There is nothing in love but what we imagine. — Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve.

Love and death are the two great sympathies on which all human sympathies turn.—B. R. Haydon.

Love, like fire, cannot subsist without continual motion, and ceases to exist as soon as it ceases to hope and fear.—Francois de la Rochefoucauld.

Love is the most terrible and also the most generous of the passions. It is the only one that includes in its dream the happiness of some one else.—Alphonse Karr.

THE CYNIC.

It is fortunate for the people that few doctors are gossips.

Every time you look at a 12-year-old boy he needs a new pair of shoes.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

—ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.—

M. E. Bissett Editor.

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

SATURDAY, MAY, 27TH, 1899.

Since we learned that we were in receipt of a handsome salary (vide last Islander) we almost decided to take a holiday and not write this week at all. But, on the other hand, our esteemed contemporary assured us that what we should say would be interesting.

Duly impressed with suuh a complimentary reference from such an unbiassed source, we are moved to further remark on "that honest man."

But first, let us assure the Islander that it is rather weak argument to reply to an article with a mony-syllabic denial. It reminds one forcibly of the childish ''tis', 'no', ''tisn't' style. However, our contemporary calls upon us to furnish reasons for the statements contained in the article referred to, and we shall endeavour to do so without indulging in "rhodomontades" or any other long words. ("That honest man was) GETTING ORDERS FROM HIS MASTER TO INJURE A RIVAL COMPANY ALL HE COULD." It is fair to infer causes from effects. It is in the interests of a certain company to injure a rival. A friend of the first party attempts to do so. The inference must be obvious, even to the Islander.

"Said members (for Nanaimo) are subject to the approval of Mr. S. M. Robins."

Well now, really, didn't our esteemed contemporary know that before? It is like one of those anxioms that are known to be true, but cannot be proven. For example, a circle must always be round.

"If Mr. Martin is to continue Commander-in-Chief of B. C., HE AND HIS FOLLOWERS MUST TAKE ORDERS FROM THE N. V. C. Co's., OFFICE."

That is the whole thing in a nutshell.

The Colonist referring to our article on trade relations with Vancouver suggests that what this part of the Island most requires is the extension of the E.&N. northward; also, that we should enter into closer trade relations with Victoria.

There are north of Nanaimo thousands of acres of unoccupied fertile land. The mineral wealth of Vancouver Island north of Alberni has been little prospected. Other latent resources exist. Without a railway these lands and resources will remain as they are. With a railway as a means of ingress and egress, the progress of the northern part of the island will be rapid. As a natural result of having such a railway trade from this section would flow to the southern terminus—Victoria. While we would gain much by such railway communication, Victoria and Nanaimo would perhaps reap the greater benefit. We can not overlook the fact that our Victoria, and Nanaimo friends have heretofore given this section of the island and that north of it but passive attention. However, we trust that the Colonist will look this way and and help us [illegible] efforts to redeem this rich and magnificent part of Vancouver Island from the isolated position it has so long occupied and still occupies.

* * *

Dealing with our trade relations we can not ignore the fact that Vancouver has secured a hold here which not long ago Victoria possessed. This is due, we believe, to the fact that the Vancouver wholesale merchants send their travelers here regularly. The hotel registers show that for on one knight of the grip hailing from the Capital, two come from the Terminal City. It remains for Victoria to wake up and compete with Vancouver.

THE part which Mr. Martin has played in the dispute over Deadman's Island would make a good subject for the pencil of some comic artist. First he appears on the scene as the solicitor and backer of Mr. Ludgate, in the course of which he pats him encouragingly on the back and advises him to take possession and defy the world. Later he advises him (still as his solicitor) to withdraw a little, but preserve ostentatious possession; and, lastly, with guns and pistols he threatens to shoot him and all others who don't get off the island, and stands by whfle the police, with a with a warrant, issued at the instance of the same Martin, have a rough and tumble with his late client, and march him off, like a common criminal, with bracelets on his wrists to the lock-up. Mr. Martin has fairly earned the title of rhe "Artful Dodger." —Enterprise.

THE NEWS never claimed to have "horse" sense, but, we opine, even that is better than the donkey brand evidently possessed by the writer in the last Islander, signing himself C. S. R.

The Farmers' Institute.

Meeting on Thursday evening was most instructive one, and the number in attendance was exceedingly gratifying both to the speakers and the officers of the society. Mr. Street, who was to speak on the different breeds of cattle, failed to make his appearance. It is supposed he had missed the steamer at Nanaimo, as he was seen there, and intended to come. Read Mr. Anderson's address on Artificial Fertilizers and think out the problem for yourselves. Mr. J. J. R. Miller took the stand that if we conserve the manures made on the farm they are ample for our requirements in this new country. He drew attention to the heavy loss sustained by every farmer in the way the manure is handled. Allowing $30.00 as the value of manure produced by a cow. Half of that is lost from want of absorbents for the liquid manure, and say half of the balance from exposure. Thus reducing a $30.00 value to $7.50.

However Mr. Miller seemed to lose sight of the fact that the most advanced farmers in the older provinces use the Artificial Fertilizers to the full extent of their means in addition to the barnyard manure, while they earn in a most approved manner. I liked Mr. Hugh Stewart's idea of piling on all the barnyard manure on the meadow land and using the artificial on the root crop. By so doing you avoid the weed nuisance to a great extent.

Seeding may be said to be over, except Turnips. Last week's frost did a great deal of damage to early garden stuff and the fruit blossoms,

When are our road bosses teams comparatively free to go at road work? A lot of it is required.

COM.

THE COURTENAY HOTEL.

This popular house has lately been thoroughly renovated and is now neater, brighter, and more inviting than ever–if that were possible. The drawing, room hall and all the other rooms have been new ly carpeted and refi ted. A large and commodious bathroom has been furnished with the latest improvements. In a word, the hotel is first-class in every respect, and with such a delightful hostess as Mrs. McCallum the Courtenay House is the finest place in the district to call when you are spending a day in the country, or for summer visitors to spend weeks in. But one needs to try it in order to properly appreciate all its advantages.

EVERY EDITOR GETS 'EM.

Every editor has received them. The postmaster sends them to the editor. The postmaster is not to blame. For instance, there was a man by the name of—we'll call him Tim Short—who sent us three notices to stop his paper, he didn't want it any longer. Upon investigating the subscription book, we found that Tim was short ten dollars. He had never paid a cent, yet he wonted the paper stopped as a matter of economy—to us. A few days after Short was in church, and his melodious tenor rang out loud in that old, shirring song: "Jesus paid it All." He might have been mistaken, but his earnestness impressed us. So, early next day we sent him a receipt in full, begging his pardon for not knowing that he had made an assignment of his liabilities to the Lord.—Exchange.

When Papa's Sick.

When papa's sick, my goodness sakes!
Such awful, awful times it makes,
He speaks in oh! such lonesome tones,
And gives such ghastly kind of groans,
And rolls his eyes and holds his head,
And makes ma help him up to bed;
While sis and Bridget run to heat
Hot water bags to warm his feet,
And I must get the doctor quick—
wh have to jump when papa's sick.

When papa's sick ma has to stand
Right side the bed and hold his hand,
While sis she has to fan an' fan,
For he says he's "a dying man,"
And wants the children round him to
Be there when "sufferin' pa gets through;"
And kiss us all and then he'll die;
The moans an' says his breathin's thick"—
It's awful sad when papa's sick.

When papa's sick he acts that way
Until he hears the doctor say,
"You've only got a cold, you know,
You'll be all right in a day or so."
And then—well, say! you ought to see,
He's different as a man can be,
And growls and scolds from noon to night
Just 'cause his dinner ain't cooked right,
And all he does is fuss and kick—
We're all used up when papa's sick.

JOE LINCOLN.

CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF CUMBERLAND.

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

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

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

SUNDAY SERVICES

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

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. 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.

JUST OPENED

—:—AT—:—

The BIG Store

Ten Cases of English, Scotch and German Goods, consisting of Laces, Embroideries, Ribbons, Sunshades, Zephyrs, Searsuckers, Ginghams, Prints, Quiits, and several lines of small wares that are the prettiest and cheapest we have ever had.

Call and See them.

Simon Leiser

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Rev. Mr. Hicks returned on Wednesday from the Conference.

Mrs. Horace Smith of Comox went down to Denman Island Friday.

Mrs. R. Kenney left for Vancouver, her future home, Friday morning.

The Misses Macmillan of Denman were visiting at Mrs. Tarbell's this week.

J. H. Sutthoff, representing a San Francisco jewellery firm, was up this week.

Rev. Father Durand will hold service at St. John's Church Sunday at 8:30 a. m.

Mr. Aulre and family have moved into the house lately occupied by Mr. Kenny.

Leighton Bros., Courtenay, have recieved car load of buggies, carriages and express wagons.

D. Kilpatrick has purchased a $300 carriage from Leighton Bros. It is a beauty.

One hundred new box cars came up on the Transfer Friday morning for No. 4 Slope.

Any one wanting a fine carriage or a buggie, or a good express, can get it cheap from Leighton Bros.

Mr. L. P. Walker, representing the Hardsogg Mfg., Co., Ottumwa, Ia., was up on a business trip th s week.

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

The Maude, Danube, Miowera, and H. M. S. Egeria took in coal at the wharf this week. The latter is on her way to Honolulu.

FOR SALE.—A set of Chamber's Encyclopedia. This is the last chance to get this set. Such a low price for this class of books was never heard of here before. Call and examine them at NEWS OFFICE.

The Jap who some weeks since disappeared with Mrs. Grant's gold watch was caught in Nanaimo, brought back to Cumberland and given free lodging for seven months.

W. Wesley Willard went down to Victoria this week en route to Vancouver, where he will represent the local Court at the convention of the Independent Order of Foresters, June 1st.

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

HOTEL ARRIVALS.—At Union Hotel: Muller, Union Wharf; Police Officer, Nanaimo. At Cumberland Hotel: J. H. Sutthoff, San Francisco; T. P. Walker, Ottumwa, Ia.; Thos. Hooper, Victoria.

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

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

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

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

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

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1 Daily. A.M.		No. 3 Saturday. A.M.
De. 8:25	Wellington	De. 3:16
" 8:46	Nanaimo	" 3:23
" 10:04	Duncans	" 4:37
" 10:42	Shawnigan Lake	" 5:08
" 11:33	Goldstream	" 5.53
Ar. 12 00 M.	Victoria	Ar. 6 25 P.M.

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

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

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

IF YOU HAVE A WATCH THAT DOES NOT GIVE SATISFACTION BRING IT TO

Stoddart.

OPPOSITE Waverley Hotel.

INSURANCE.

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

WE ARE PREPARED TO TURN OUT EVERY THING IN THE LINE OF JOB PRINTING TO PLEASE THE EYE AND SUIT THE TASTE AT REASONABLE PRICES.