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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

NINTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, MAY 29, 1901.

To the Ladies of Cumberland and District,

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

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

Apply to Miss McDonald.

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

Simon Leiser,

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

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

Agents for McCormick Harvesting Machinery.

Write for price and particulars. P. O. Drawer 563.

Furniture.

Many new patterns of Fine Goods in

CARPETS, RUGS, ART SQUARES, LACE CURTAINS. MUSLIN ART DRAPING MATERIALS.

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

WEILER BROS.,

COMPLETE FURNISHERS. VICTORIA, B.C.

Glorious Summer

—IS HERE ONCE MORE—

This is the time you want LIGHT UNDERWEAR,

Hats, Caps, Shirts, Sox—Ties, Etc., Etc.

New Shoes just to hand.

C. J. MOORE'S

TELEGRAPHIC NOTES.

At the trial of Shamrocks on 21st at Ryde, Isle of Wight, Shamrock 1st again won by scant half minute.

The following table shows the population of the great powers at home and abroad from the latest census and estimated figures:

	Colonial.	Home.	Total.
U.K.	347,000,000	41,000,000	388,000,000
France,	56,000,000	39,000,000	95,000,000
Germy,	15,000,000	56,000,000	71,000,000
Russia,	3,000,000	130,000,000	133,000,000
Austria,	2,000,000	45,000,000	47,000,000
U. S.	10,000,000	76,000,000	86,000,000

—Times.

A Zionite in New York has been found guilty of criminally neglecting to provide medical attendance for his child, thus causing its death. Mr. Maltby, of Victoria, has just escaped a similar finding, by the skin of his teeth.

Mrs. McKinley is much improved in health.

Sir T. Lipton asks for extension of time on account of the disaster to his yacht.

Capt. F. Barrows and Lieut. E. Boyer of the U. S. A. have been dishonorably discharged and imprisoned on embezzlement of government money and stores at Manila.

U. S. R. Cutter Grant found a new uncharted rock in Saanich Inlet and tore her bottom out. Wreckers are at work on her. The location of this rock was known to the writer 20 years ago. Ed.

An immigrant in New Zealand stated to the authorities that his mother was a Kaffir, his father an Irishman who had become a naturalized American, but afterwards served in the French army, and that he was born in the passage between Yokohama and Colomba in a Spanish vessel. "Put him down a Scotchman!" was the official decision.

CHALLENGER DISMASTED.

Southampton, May 22.—The cup challenger, with King Edward and party on board, was totally dismasted to day by a squall off Cowes, Isle of Wight. The King, who was on deck, had a miraculous escape. Top mast, main mast and bowsprit were broken off short.

The disaster occurred while preparations were being made for the start off the Brambles buoy.

King Edward aboard the Yacht.

London, May 22.—King Edward went on board the challenger after all prior to the start, and had a miraculous escape from being killed.

While the yachts were manoeuvering for the start a squall came without the slightest warning, and the bowsprit of the challenger was carried away short. The extra strain thus thrown on the main top mast proved too much for the spar. it broke and doubled off to leeward, carrying the whole weight of the jackyard and the gear over the side in a terrible tangle. Almost as the topmast fell the great steel mainmast, weighing over two tons, swayed a moment, and then by great good fortune, plunged over the side and into the water with the sound of breaking wire and tearing gear in the air.

As quickly as possible the King and the royal family were transfered to the Erin, and later the king, accompanied by Sir Thomas Lipton, landed at Southampton en route to London.

The crews of the racers set about clearing away the wreckage. Owing to the unwieldy nature of the spars and gear, it was found impossible to get them on board, and they were cut away and allowed to sink after buoys had been placed to mark the places.

The yachts were then towed back to Hyhe to await a decision as to what should be done towards repairing them.

London, May 22.—The Shamrock disaster caused much excitement in London, and there were many inquiries at Marlborough House.

The damage to the challenger is estimated at 2,000 pounds, as nearly every spar of the gear is gone.

Sir Thomas Lipton calculates that a delay of three weeks or a month in the case of the cup to be sailed in United States waters, will enable him to come to the scratch. He says that he is greatly handicapped by the fact that he has no duplicate mast for Shamrock I, but by an unlimited expenditure of money and energy he believes the defects can be remedied in time to provide for an international race this year.

24th CELEBRATION.

The ceremony of hoisting the flag on the new flag staff in the public school grounds, was most successfully carried out on the 24th amidst a large gathering of townspeople, with every show of enthusiastic patriotism.

The flag, the generous gift of Mr. G. W. Clinton, the head accountant of the Wellington Coal Co., here and American Consul, was hoisted by his little boy, assisted by others. In the afternoon sports on the grounds, consisting of foot and bicycle races were held on the grounds, and a baseball match; old vs. new towns, with a score of 23 to 19 in favor of the old town. However, the new town say, with good reason, that the test was not a fair one, as two of the new town were induced to play other side, and it was their intention to refuse to play again unless under perfectly party arrangements.

Following is the programme of the flag function and list of special prizes:—

Prayer—Rev. Mr. Wilson.

Song—"The Land of the Maple."

Flag Presentation—Mr. Clinton.

Reply—Mr. Abrams.

Music—"Star Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle,"

Raising the Flag—Lily Grant, Girlie Collis, Willie Harrison, W. Clinton.

National Anthem.

Recitation—"The British Flag," A. Denton.

Address—Mr. Matthews.

A PURE GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR POWDER.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

Highest Honors, World's Fair
Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair

Avoid Baking Powder containing alum. They are injurious to health

Song—"The Union Jack of Old England."

Sports on the recreation grounds.

The following articles and sums of money were received by the teachers to be given as prizes:—

L. McLure, M. P. P., $5.00; Stevenson & Co., pair of kid gloves; Waller & Co., 2 pocket books; Mr. Stoddart, 1 clock watch; Mrs. Woodhus, 2 mouth organs; Kurtz Cigar Co., $1.00 cash; Dallas & Shea, $1.00 cash; C. H. Tarbell, boy's knife; J. C. Moore, pair of running shoes; T. D. McLean, alarm clock; W. Willard, pocket book; Nakano, 2 bicycle bells, 2 buffers; S. Leiser's employees, cash, $5.00; S. Reggs, parasol; Sunel & Lifter, silk handkerchief; A. H. Peacey, 2 books, 2 bottles perfume; Mrs. Walker, book "Mammolea;" O. H. Fenner, fishing line; Magnet store girl's knife, fishing rod; Mr. Clinton, baseball.

Thanks are extended to Capt. Freeman of the "Glory of the Seas" for his loan of a string of signal flags.

The baseball match on the 24th old slope vs. new slope, No. 4 mine, was won by the new slopes with a score of 30 to 16. W. Ashman, for the new slope has lost none of his old time go, and several others on both sides played wonderfully good ball. A good nine can be picked from the players.

LOCALS.

Magnet Store for good hammocks.

Hot weather underclothing, and bathing suites at Moore's.

S. Leiser's ladies' shirt waists are elegant.

Grand dramatic entertainment next Tuesday. Tickets at Peacey's.

Messrs. Barrett, Cressman and McDonald made a good catch of fine trout at Table River on 24th. Lood out for handbills.

Mrs. L. W. Hall is improving rapidly, after undergoing a critical operation by Drs. Staples and Bailey last week.

A public meeting will be held in the reading room on Thursday, May 30th, at 7 p. m. for the purpose of appointing committees for the Dominion Day celebration. T. A. Bate, Chairman.

An error in reporting the total of the colliery employees subscriptions to the Relief Fund was made last week. The amount should read, $774.25 as per summary on inside page. Mr. T. Irwin is credited with $10.00, $15.00 is the correct amount.

THE "GENTLEMAN CORPORAL."

By M. Quad.

Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.

They were going to make a ride to the foothills and back—Captain Cline and the colonel's daughter. That meant a gallop of 30 miles. It was straight away down the stage road for ten miles, then across scrub and plain for five more to hit the natural curiosity called the Devil's basin.

"Not an Indian has been seen this side of the range for four months," said the captain as he talked over the proposed ride with the colonel, "and the trip is perfectly safe. I will detail an escort from my own company, but it will be only for appearance's sake."

"Yes, it will be safe, and May will enjoy the gallop," said the colonel, and no more was said about it.

At sunrise all were ready to set forth. As the girl stood on the veranda waiting for her horse six of the men of A troop came riding up under command of Corporal Haynes. They halted 30 feet away, and as she looked them over she gave a start of surprise, and a flush overspread her face. Next moment her cheeks went white, and she gasped as if choked for breath. The corporal's hand slowly lifted, and his head was uncovered for an instant, and Private Harkins whispered to Private O'Brien:

"And did ye see that, Jim? By smoke, but if our corporal and the colonel's daughter haven't met before then I don't know a jack rabbit from a long drink of whisky!"

"But how can it be?" asked O'Brien.

"How can the grass grow, ye thick head? Don't we call Haynes the 'Gentleman Corporal?' Isn't it agreed in Troop A that he has the education and manners of any officer from West Point and that he's seen the day when he trained with the tiptoppers?"

"And they may have loved?" mused O'Brien.

"That's it, but it's all over now, me boy. If me own sister was married to the second lootenant, I'd not dare to as much as wink me eye at her. It's a big gulf 'twixt officer and man, and if the man tries to bridge it he gets dropped to the bottom. See the girl walking to and fro? She's doing some thinking, and don't ye forget it."

"And the corporal isn't a bit easy in his mind," added the other.

It all took place in a minute, and then Captain Cline rode up, followed by the girl's horse. She called out a good morning and announced that she was ready, and when the captain rallied her on being a bit nervous she forced a laugh and charged him with being four long minutes behind the hour agreed. As she was lifted into the saddle she caught one more glance of the corporal, and the watchful Private Harkins again whispered to his chum:

"Jim, we've got a mystery here or I'm an old woman. The girl is flushing ag'in. Who knows but what we may have a marriage between our 'Gentleman Corporal' and the colonel's daughter?"

"Remember the gulf!" growled O'Brien.

"I'd find a way to fly over it if I was in love."

The two riders went galloping away, followed at a distance of 100 yards by the escort. It was a beautiful morning in summer, with the blue haze lying thick over the distant mountains and an exhilaration in the air to make the blood of both horse and man tingle. Now and then the pace was slackened down a bit to breathe the horses, but no halt was made until the Devil's basin was reached. Close up against the base of Fire mountain was a natural dip, and in this dip, or basin, were half a dozen spouting hot water springs. There was also a circular lake which steamed and bubbled, and now and then from the crevices of the rocks at the west end of the basin steam was forced out, with the notes of a fog horn. The escort halted 40 yards from the riders, and the men sat about on the rocks and ate the breakfast they had brought with them and smoked their pipes and gossiped. Meanwhile Corporal Haynes climbed to the top of a great bowlder and surveyed the country about with his keen eyes. It was three-quarters of an hour before he suddenly started and looked fixedly into the north beyond the basin and after three or four minutes came sliding down the rock and said to the lounging troopers:

"Men, see to your arms and lie close. I'm going up to report to the captain."

Captain Cline and the colonel's daughter were breakfasting on a flat topped rock overlooking the basin, while their horses were fastened to a tree near by. They saw Corporal Haynes approaching, and the captain likewise noticed that the girl flushed and became nervous. He was a single man, and, though not exactly in love with her, a spark of jealousy blazed up in his heart. The corporal's past was a sealed book to his troop commander as well as his comrades. He had been made a corporal because of his attention to duty, his soldierly carriage and the moral influence an educated man always exerts, and the captain had been rather proud of his "Gentleman Corporal." In a flash it came to him that this soldier and the colonel's daughter might have been something to each other in the past, and the thought angered him.

"Did I call you?" he harshly asked as the corporal came to a halt and saluted.

"No, sir," was the reply, "but I thought it best to tell you that I have made out Indians beyond the basin to the north."

"It's all nonsense. Not an Indian has been seen hereabouts for months."

"But there are Indians skulking about, sir," persisted the corporal. "I made sure of it before I came to you."

"Go back to your men!" was the sullen reply.

The corporal had looked straight at his officer and seemed unaware of the presence of the girl. She was flushing and paling alternately, and as he stood there twirling the cap he had doffed in silent recognition she protested:

"But, captain, if there are Indians, there is danger. If this—this soldier saw Indians"—

"Didn't you hear me?" shouted the captain at the lingering corporal.

The corporal saluted, turned on his heel and returned to his men. The gulf between officer and man did not permit him to explain in the face of that blunt command, but when he had reached the troopers he quietly said:

"Men, I have been up to the captain to report that there is a band of at least 50 Indians skulking down this way from Red Bird pass. They have seen us and are after us. The captain doesn't believe me, and you will get ready for a fight. They'll be here within half an hour. Softly now. Just overhaul your carbines and cartridges and make no display to frighten the girl. The reds have got to flank the basin on this side, and they will have to strike us first. We've got good cover, and we can stand 'em off for the day."

"But when night comes?" asked one of the men, though without a tremor in his tones.

"Get quietly ready," was the reply.

Meanwhile there was an argument between the captain and the colonel's daughter. He sought to assure her that nothing had been seen and that there was not the slightest danger; but, to his annoyance, she persisted in believing that there must be good grounds for the corporal's report. This annoyance made him delay matters, and nearly half an hour had passed and it was very much against the grain when he shouted for the soldier to approach and sneeringly asked:

"Well, corporal, isn't it about time your Indians showed up?"

"We shall hear from them in ten minutes," was the reply.

"And they will have rabbits' ears on their heads. You have sticks in your eyes."

"If we mounted now and rode fast, we would find the way open," said the corporal, with downcast eyes.

"Back, you impudent vagabond!" thundered the captain, with outstretched arm. "I'll break you for this the minute we get back!"

The corporal turned his gaze on the girl for a few fleeting seconds. There were anger, entreaty, love and humiliation in his eyes, while he was pale to the lips. For a second he seemed about to speak; then his head and shoulders dropped in a helpless way, and he saluted his officer and retired.

"Oh, Captain Cline, what makes you so harsh with him?" cried the girl as the soldier turned away. "If danger did not menace us, Robert wouldn't"—

"And so you two have met before?" he asked as she checked herself.

She had risen to her feet, and there were tears in her eyes. She might have replied, but at that minute three rifle shots followed each other in quick succession, and the officer, who was just rising, received a bullet in his shoulder and sank down again.

"Bang, bang, bang!" went the carbines of the troopers, and the corporal came running up the hill to seize and drag his officer under shelter and to say to the girl:

"You must crouch down here and remain quiet. They can't get at you till they have killed the last one of us."

"And is it Indians?" asked Captain Cline as he tried to sit up.

"Fully 50 of 'em, sir, and our escape is cut off. What are the orders?"

"If you'd been keeping a lookout, this could not have happened!" growled the captain between his teeth. "I'll have you court martialed if we ever get back. Get back to your post!"

There was cover for the skulking Indians to within a stone's throw of the bowlders, and it wasn't ten minutes before two of the troopers were killed. After the first shock of pain the captain made his way down to the men, but there were no orders to give. Every horse had been killed as he stood by that time, and a third trooper had been mortally wounded. The dullest soldier could have told that there was no escape. In his rage and pain the captain cursed loud and deep, and there were curses on his lips as he half rose to shift his position, and a bullet reached his heart. Crouching behind a bowlder and peering out now and then with staring eyes, and again covering her face with her hands and rocking her body to and fro, the colonel's daughter gasped and sobbed and waited. By and by she missed the reports of the carbines, and the sound of footsteps echoed in her ears.

"Come!" said the corporal as he lifted her up.

"Oh, Robert, and have you beaten them off?" she exclaimed.

"No; my men are all dead, and the Indians will rush us in a minute."

"And we—we"—

He put his arm around her waist and assisted her to the rock on which were the remains of her breakfast. The steaming, heaving, mysterious lake was 30 feet beneath them.

"Better this than that," he said as he pointed from the lake to a score of Indians advancing.

"Yes, better this," she murmured as she took fast hold of him and put up her face to be kissed, and the savages stopped in their advance and shrieked and screamed their disappointment. By and by they advanced and looked down into the lake, but it had no story to tell.

It Leads Up to the Real Thing.

"Pa, what is borrowing trouble?"

"Well, lending a new lawn mower is a pretty good imitation of it."—Chicago Record.

HOPE FOR BALDIES

There's hope for men with shining pates,
For o'er the sea has sped
The tidings that X rays will make
Hair grow on baldest head.
The famous Austrian M. D.
Who carried on the test
Just turned the light on barren spots,
And nature did the rest.

'Twas Swift who said the greatest man
The world has ever known
Is one who makes two blades of grass
Spring up where one had grown,
But greater far than any man
Whom we can now recall
Is one who makes hair grow on heads
Where there was none at all.

'Tis glorious news to all the men
Who, when they doff their tiles,
Expose their polished craniums,
And thus give cause for smiles.
'Twill also save embarrassment
On going to a show,
For ushers won't be hustling them
Down to the "baldhead" row.

Soon joy will reign in barber shops,
Where business has been slack;
For customers of former years
Will all be rushing back.
Each barber's feet around his chair
Will make a well worn rut,
For every mother's son will have
A crop of hair to cut.

There'll be rejoicing loud and long
Where'er men congregate,
When hair again is growing on
The former barren pate.
But there'll be woe among the flies
That long kicked up high jinks,
For they will search and fail to find
Their old time "skating rinks."

—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

DARING LEAP.

Risky Performance of Horsemanship on an Australian Mountain.

This remarkable leap was first made by the deceased Australian poet, Adam Lindsay Gordon, whose name it has since borne. The location is Australia, on the banks of the Blue lake at Mount Gambier, in New South Wales. The first man to attempt the leap since Gordon is a professional horse trainer, L. A. Skuthorpe, son of J. R. Skuthorpe of Moree, New South Wales.

REMARKABLE LEAP.

who recently made a dashing and successful performance in the presence of thousands of people. He rode the hunter Wallace and had a run of 24 feet on a macadamized road to a three railed fence of a height of 4 feet 3 inches, with a gutter on the take off side. The ground available on the landing side was 10 feet; then there was a precipitous fall to the lake below of about 250 feet. The horse stopped in a stride on landing amid the greatest excitement. The slightest mistake on the part of the horse or rider would have led to serious injury, if not to certain death.

A Little Saver.

Mr. Miserly—Now, let's see, little wife. Have you saved anything this month?

Mrs. Miserly—Oh, yes, indeed. You will find the expenses considerably less. I have just been to see the grocer and persuaded him to delay sending his bill until next month.

NATURE'S MIRACLE.

He who loves not a noble tree
No fellowship may claim from me.

Deep in the earth its great roots spread,
But heaven's own blue surrounds its head.

It holds the joy of summer morn,
The strength of winter's wildest born.

God's birds find shelter in its arms,
Secure from everything that harms.

It bows when south winds wander past,
But breasts unharmed the fiercest blast.

'Tis nature's miracle to me,
Her fairest work—a noble tree.

—Ninette M. Lowater in New York Sun.

IN THE LITTLE HOSPITAL.

A Touching Sketch of Two Patients Who Sailed Together.

BY P. Y. BLACK.

In the little country hospital the young nurses were very good and attentive to everybody, not having been in the business long enough to have grown callous. They were nice girls, mostly in their first year's course, and their lips would twitch and their faces whiten very often in the operating room or when they held a patient's hand while he died in the night. But they were brave and went about the pretty hospital singing softly in the cool corridors, carrying little white clothed trays to the sickrooms and being the best of medicines themselves by reason of their neatness, their bright eyes and their kind voices.

Now, one beautiful bright spring afternoon at the railroad junction in the town two trains filled with pleasure seekers smashed together, and the doctors and the matron and the nurses were plunged into a world of work, for ambulance after ambulance came driving up from the scene of the accident and left to the care of the girls many people sorely hurt. And among them was a very little boy about 6 years old whom nobody knew anything about because his father and mother were both killed in the collision, and there was nothing on them to show who or what they were except that they were very poor. It is comprehensible that a very great deal of attention was paid to this little fellow, and he would have been placed in the women's ward, as the hospital was too small for a children's ward, but the women's ward was full. So the boy, quite insensible, was laid on a cot in the men's ward, and next to him was laid a big brown bearded man, also insensible, from whose clothes had been gathered quite a sum of money and whose few papers went to show he had been a sailor. He was a very rough looking man indeed.

The man came to his senses first, and it was night. The nurse on watch was quite frightened at the man. He was in pain, and great allowance must be made for that, but never in all her life had the little nurse to listen to such words as came from the big brown bearded man's lips. He wanted to get up and go right away, but he found he could not move his great massive legs. So he began to abuse his fate and the railway and the hospital and the nurse and mankind in general. He was a very bitter mouthed man indeed. The little nurse by the light of the night lamp did her best to soothe him because he roused other patients, and there was a terrible groaning and wailing in the small ward. And all at once the little boy came to his senses, too, just for a minute, and his face was turned to the sailor's face, and his eyes fell upon the sailor's eyes. He was not quite sensible yet, for it seemed he mistook the sailor for his dead papa, and he said very prettily:

"Good morning, dad. How are you this morning?"

The sailor, looking into the little fellow's eyes, was abashed and stopped his swearing and was silent for a moment and then muttered clumsily:

"I'm all right."

"That's nice," said the boy and became unconscious again.

The sailor did not abuse anything any more just then, but lay groaning, and every now and again when the little nurse slipped by in the shadows he called to her softly, and the first time he said:

"Pretty little chap."

The nurse nodded and smiled, and the sailor smiled back, and until morning came at last he only groaned and watched the child and did not curse at all, but every time the nurse came to wipe his brow or give him a drink he whispered to her to look at the boy.

"Pretty boy! He thought I was his dad," he said and would have laughed only his pain made him groan instead. Again he caught the nurse's hand.

"Said it was nice, he did. Cute, ain't he?" And then his face twisted in pain.

But neither could the sailor rise from his back, and neither could the sailor hope to sail the sea again, for he was in the same case with the child, and both were slowly dying. At first sometimes the big brown man would forget himself in his pain, and the nurses would shut their ears, terrified, and the matron would threaten to move him to a room by himself, and that frightened him to silence, for ever since the accident he had a great love for the child. The child would look at his huge friend in surprise when he fell into one of his rages and say:

"Oh, John, that's not nice!"

And John would bite his lips at once and be patient. Then the child would say:

"How do you feel, John?"

And the sailor would answer:

"First rate, Joe."

"That's nice," little Joe would say. And they would lie quiet and look out of the window at the river and beyond where the big hills purpled to the skies and were always looking up.

So it was in the mornings, when Joe seemed always first awake and ready to have his hands and face washed by the nurse. He could not turn about to see the other patients, but he learned all their names, and as soon as he heard them moving he always asked very politely:

"And how do you feel, Mr. Smith?"

And Mr. Smith would always answer because it pleased the child:

"First rate, Joe."

"That's nice," said Joe. And so he would ask each in turn, and to each answer, always the same, he would reply cheerfully, "That's nice."

And when they asked him how it went with him he always said, though sometimes with an effort, "I'm pretty well, thank you." Then everybody would say with real pleasure, "That's nice, Joe."

So the summer went on, and very few patients came to the hospital, and John and Joe were all alone, save for the nurses who grew to dread the time that was soon to part the friends.

At last they told the sailor that there was no hope at all for him. A clergyman came to prepare him. He took the news very calmly, but instantly whispered:

"And the little fellow, Joe?"

"Don't tell him," said the minister. "He is so innocent he needs no preparation. But you?"

For days the poor sailor was in much trouble, and one night he whispered to his little companion:

"Joe, say you was rich as Vanderbilt and he was going a long sail, would you leave me behind?"

"No, John," said the child very earnestly; "I would want you to come too."

"Would you feel sorry, Joe, to sail away and leave me on the wharf, or—or if you was safe in a fine big ship, see me busted to pieces on the rocks?"

"John," said the child, "I would jump out and pull you to my ship, I would."

"Good old Joe," said the sailor, and said nothing more until prayer time, when he squeezed Joe's hand and whispered:

"Pray hard, Joe. Pray hard for me to come along. Pray for two, Joe."

And little Joe prayed for two.

The two used to watch for the searchlight of the big night boat which ran between two great cities on the river. When the steamer turned a point, its light flashed for an instant full on the front of the little hospital. Joe and John, hand in hand, very, very weak now, would lie and watch for it. Joe had made a story that it knew they were there and smiled in on purpose to say "Good night." Always he piped "good night" in return and John also. Then Joe, squeezing the once powerful hairy hand, would feebly ask:

"How do you feel, John, tonight?"

"First rate, Joe," poor John would answer, with a smothered groan.

"That's nice."

And they would lie very still or gradually go to sleep.

And so one night the steamboat came up the river and turned the point and cast its light upon the little hospital.

"Good night," said the sailor in a very low, husky whisper, while Joe's little hand rested on his. But the boy's eyes were wide with a strange light.

"It didn't say 'good night,' John," he whispered and tried to squeeze his friend's hand. "It said 'goodby.'"

The sailor tried to rise in bed, but was unable even to call out. He saw the river, but he could not see the other side. It was dark. He was afraid. His fingers closed round the child's feebly.

"How—do—you—feel tonight, dear John?" said little Joe's voice very softly and tenderly.

There was a moment's pause. The sailor's voice rang out with a glad cry:

"First rate, Joe."

"That's nice," said the child.

And the little nurses, running in, found the friends had gone together.—Los Angeles Times.

No Change.

"How many cents make a dollar now?" asked the boy of the corner grocer.

"The same as ever," was the reply.

"A hundred?"

"Certainly. What makes you ask such a question?"

"Why, I've been visiting my sister in Canada for the last three months, and I didn't know but things had undergone a change over here."

Ignorance Enlightened.

"It was easy enough to tell that your entertainer was an Englishman."

"In what way?"

"Why, he didn't sound his h's when he sang."

"That shows how little you know about music. The scale doesn't run above G."—Richmond Dispatch.

The Cumberland News.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

The Gridiron Heroes.

Brawny and long haired and padded,
Shields on chins, noses and ears,
Proudly again they are posing,
Winning the tribute of cheers.
Long winded, strong limbed and daring,
Eager for athletic fame,
They are the gridiron heroes,
Greeted with public acclaim.

Quarter back, half back and full back,
Tackle, guard, center and end,
Ready for desperate charging,
Ready to meet and defend.
Lining up boldly for action,
Putting the ball into play,
Passing and plunging and rushing,
Getting the runner away.

With brawny foemen colliding,
Heroes of equal renown,
Pushing and struggling and swaying,
All in the mud going down.
Limping and bruised and discolored,
Promptly they rally, and then,
Giving their hurts slight attention,
Bravely they line up again.

Passing and running and punting,
Chasing the man with the ball;
Tackling and surging and squirming,
Down they go, runner and all.
Up again, passing and rushing,
Scoring a touchdown, then goal,
Wild are the onlookers' plaudits,
Cheering that knows no control.

These are the gridiron heroes,
Plucky and brawny and fleet,
Eagerly taking all chances,
Ready all foemen to meet.
Battered and bruised and discolored,
Victory comes to console,
Plaudits and fame they are winning,
Scoring a touchdown, then goal.

—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Dandruf.

Dear Sirs,—This is to certify that I have been troubled with a lame back for fifteen years.

I have used three bottles of your MINARD'S LINIMENT and am completely cured.

It gives me great pleasure to recommend it and you are at liberty to use this in any way to further the use of your valuable medicine.

Two Rivers. ROBERT ROSS.

The man who is never idle has no time to be mean.

Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

Good temper is like the sun; it sheds brightness over everything.

MINARD'S LINIMENT for Sale Everywhere.

A Trick of the Trade.

"This desk shakes so badly that I can hardly write on it!"

"Yes, but I couldn't get along without it. You see, I'm a teacher of penmanship, and all my pupils have to sit at that desk and write 'This is a specimen of my writing before taking lessons!'"

It is not wisdom, but ignorance, that reaches such presumption. Genius may sometimes be arrogant, but nothing is so diffident as knowledge.—Bulwer.

There never was any man so wicked as not to approve of gratitude and to detest ingratitude as the two things in the whole world, the one to be the most esteemed and the other the most abominated.—Seneca.

Woman's Weakness

A woman's reproductive organs are in the most intense and continuous sympathy with her kidneys. The slightest disorder in the kidneys brings about a corresponding disease in the reproductive organs. Dodd's Kidney Pills, by restoring the kidneys to their perfect condition, prevent and cure those fearful disorders peculiar to women. Pale young girls, worn-out mothers, suffering wives and women entering upon the Change of Life, your best friend is

Dodd's Kidney Pills

SUFFERING WOMEN.

A MESSAGE OF HOPE TO THE WEAK AND DEPRESSED.

A Grateful Woman Tells of Her Release From the Agonies That Afflict Her Sex After Three Doctors Had Failed to Help Her.

The amount of suffering borne by women throughout the country can never be estimated. Silently, almost hopelessly, they endure from day to day afflictions that can only fall to the lot of women. The following story of the suffering and release of Mrs. Charles Hoeg, of Southampton, N.S., ought to bring hope and health and happiness to other sufferers. Mrs. Hoeg says: "For nine out of the thirty-two years of my life I have suffered as no woman, unless she has been similarly afflicted, can imagine. I could suffer and yet have lived. Three weeks out of four I would be unable to move about and, indeed, at no time was really fit to attend to my household duties. I consulted physicians—Three of the most skilful doctors in the county of Cumberland at different times had charge of my case. These all agreed in their diagnosis, but the treatment varied, and while at times I would experience some relief, at no time was there any hope given me of a permanent cure. Many a night when I went to bed I would have been glad if death had come before morning. I never had much faith in proprietary medicines, but at one time I took a half dozen bottles of a blood-making compound that was highly recommended. This, like everything else, failed to help me. There seemed to be not a particle of blood in my body. My face was absolutely colorless, and my appetite almost entirely deserted me. I often saw in the newspapers letters testifying to the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but nine years of suffering and discouragement had made me too sceptical to see any hope of relief when doctors had failed to effect a cure. But at last I came across the story of a cure near home—that of Mr. Moses Boss, of Rodney. I knew that at one time he had been regarded as a hopeless consumptive, and his cure through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills determined me to try them. I had not taken two boxes before I began to feel better, and grew confident of a cure. I kept on taking the pills all the time feeling new blood in my veins, activity returning to my limbs, and the feeling of depression gradually wearing away. To many women it may seem incredible that the mere making of new blood in my veins could restore to a healthy condition misplaced internal organs, but this has been my happy experience. My pains have all left me, and I am now as healthy a woman as there is in this place. This health I owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which have rescued me from a life of suffering, if not from the grave."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are especially valuable to women. They build up the blood, restore the nerves, and eradicate those troubles which make the lives of so many women, old and young, a burden. Palpitation of the heart, nervous headache, and nervous prostration speedily yield to this wonderful medicine. These pills are sold only in boxes, the trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine company, Brockville, Ont.

LA "TOSCANA," RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY. Montreal

Two Days to Cupid.

"Oh, Jack, please add my card for me!"
Thus spoke a nut brown lassie
In love (I thought) with naught but her
Insensate cleek and grassie.
I'd waited for her at the ninth,
My looks belied disquiet,
But as the winsome maid drew near
My sluggish pulse ran riot!
When to the green so radiant
Like hint of autumn's blending,
Of gold and russet rims, she came,
A crisis seemed impending.
"Here's a pencil. Now put down
The first five each in six.
Then on the sixth I took an eight
Due to my slicing tricks.
That's—let me see—that's thirty-eight;
The long hole was a ten.
Don't look so grave and sad! I've seen
It played much worse by men!
Now, on the eighth I made a seven.
I tired there. You know
There were no caddies, and my clubs
Weigh half a ton or so.
But still this hole was best of all.
I made a crashing drive.
You saw me lay it dead in four,
Which made my only five.
That's—five times six are thirty. Oh,
I add like the old Harry!
The column foots a 'naught,' you say;
How many's that to carry?"
Deep down within her glorious eyes
My gaze dwelled fond and burning;
Half startled—now her lashes drooped—
The truth at last discerning:
"They tell me, Madge," I whispered low,
"For each lass is a laddie,
And something tells me—am I wrong?
I am your rightful caddie!
Dear heart, I've added up the score;
There's only one to carry,
And I'm the one. Will you consent
Your loving Jack to marry?"

—New York Sun

Earnestness.

"Ever notice," asked the corn fed philosopher, "that when a man wants to make you think he is speaking from the bottom of his heart he speaks at the top of his voice?"—Indianapolis Press.

BACKACHE

is a sure indication of Sexual Weakness or other Nervous trouble, Failing Powers or Diseases of the Kidneys and Pelvic Region. A woman's backache tells of that weakness which makes it a labor and agony to live. Backache and its numerous causes can quickly and positively be **CURED** at home by the patient applying to the aching spot a unique, safe and successful method of electric treatment which gently and soothingly dispels pain and saturates the whole body with renewed vigor, making life worth living. It is known as

Dr. McLaughlin's Method of Self-Applied Electrical Treatment.

It is worn comfortably at night while the patient sleeps, and DOES NOT BURN OR BLISTER, as do other appliances which have enough power to be curative.

NO CURE. NO PAY.

After you are cured you can pay me, and then the price will be only one-half what is asked for the old style belts, which have been blistering and burning the backs of the wearers for the past 30 years. My belt is three times as strong as any other Belt sold, and is the only one that does not blister the flesh.

Extracts From a Few of the Testimonials on File in Our Office:

I would say to all who are troubled with lame back, and all diseases common among men that your belt is what they want to get. Yours truly,
Uxbridge, Ont. A. L. Widdifield.

I would not take double what I paid for your belt if I could not get another. I havn't been troubled with my back since using it. Yours very truly,
Kennicott, Ont. H. Davis.

My back is entirely well, the pain is all gone and all my other troubles have left me.
Renfrew, Ont. James Farquharson.

Dear Sir,—Your Belt has cured my weak back. I never feel any pain now. I told you before I got your belt I could hardly sit up after a hard day's work. A day's work is not a toil to me now.
Hopeville, Ont. Thos. W. Ferris.

The night losses which used to be so frequent are about stopped. I feel confident I am in another month I will be entirely cured. Delbert Rouse.
4 Fair Avenue, Brantford, Ont.

I would say that your Belt has done all you claimed it would. I have not an ache or pain now. I would not take treble what I paid for it. W. F. McDermott.
Wahnapitae Lake, Ont.

I am perfectly satisfied with your belt as far as I have used it. I feel a great deal better. Yours truly,
Norman, Ont. William Dixon.

Dear Sir,—The pains in knee and lower parts of limbs have disappeared entirely. My back is O. K.
Chater, Man. R. A. McLaren.

CALL TO-DAY, OR WRITE FOR MY EIGHTY-PAGE BOOK, WITH INFORMATION. ADDRESS:

DR. M. B. McLAUGHLIN, 130 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

OFFICE HOURS: 9 a. m. to 8:30 p. m.

FROM HIS POINT OF VIEW.

"Have you had a good trip?" asked one of his friends at the end of the run.

"Tip-top," answered the sleeping-car porter, with a grin.

THE BEST PILLS.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "We have been using Parmelee's Pills, and find them by far the best pills we ever used." FOR DELICATE AND DEBILITATED CONSTITUTIONS these pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

He who drinks the health of everyone drinks away his own.

If your children are troubled with worms give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; safe, sure, and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

Candid.

"Did you do nothing to resuscitate the body?" was recently asked of a witness at a coroner's inquest.

"Yes, sir; we searched the pockets," was the reply.

STILL ANOTHER TRIUMPH.—Mr. Thomas S. Bullen, Sunderland, writes: "For fourteen years I was afflicted with Piles; and frequently I was unable to walk or sit, but four years ago I was cured by using Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. I have also been subject to Quinsy for over forty years, but Eclectric Oil cured it, and it was a permanent cure in both cases, as neither the Piles nor Quinsy have troubled me since."

Unappreciated Activity.

"I tell you that idleness doesn't pay. The surest way for a person to get ahead is to keep moving."

"I fancy you're right. That's the way four of my tenants got ahead of me last week."—Stray Stories.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

Irritating.

"So Mrs. Gaylord insists on a separation at last, does she? Well, he has neglected her shamefully."

"Oh, she didn't mind that particularly."

"What was the trouble, then?"

"Why, whenever he was a little good to her he was so very virtuous about it that she just couldn't stand it."—Harper's Bazar.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhœa, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints incidental to children teething. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indiscretion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

As Usual.

Clerk—Madam, you will have to describe the contents of the pocketbook you lost.

Mrs. Shoppe—Well, it contained four hairpins, a button hook, a lace handkerchief, four stamps, six rainy day skirt samples, my lorgnette, a safety pin and—

Clerk—That will do. This was a pocketbook. The lost baggage department is on the second floor.

MUNICIPAL MATTERS.

New York city is to widen One Hundred and Tenth street where it faces on the upper end of Central park.

Cincinnati is already busily preparing for her next fall festival, which is expected to be gorgeous beyond anything in the past.

The total number of persons arrested in Boston last year was 33,655 against 39,760 the preceding year, being a decrease of 6,105.

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

Reflections of a Bachelor.

A girl's eyes are never so sharp as when they are looking through a marriage veil.

Probably the man who will end by coming the nearest to understanding women is Professor Garner.

When a man stops telling his wife that he loves her, it is time for her to stop telling him that he doesn't.

A man can always stave off a quarrel with his wife by telling her something nice that some man didn't say about her.

The average woman would rather find out three days afterward that she had married a lunatic than to have him disappear the night before the wedding.—New York Press.

It took me mo' dan half a lifetime to learn to mind my own bus'ness, an den I diskivered dat people thought I didn't know anything an couldn't mix in if I wanted to.

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

The deaf mute arose from his bed
And stepped on a tack in the dark!
'Tis well, perhaps, the world never knew
Of his silent but awful remark.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Relieves Neuralgia

PASSED THE AGE LIMIT.

Miss Oldgirl—Oh, did you say I was a croquette or a coquette?

Mr. Sourdrop—A croquette.

What a strange mistake! Whatever made you say 'croquette?'

Because they don't make croquettes out of spring chickens.

FEVER AND AGUE AND BILIOUS DERANGEMENTS are positively cured by the use of Parmelee's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effusions from the blood into the bowels, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

The Fault of the Invitation.

Mrs. Blomarket cannot understand why Mrs. Upstreet did not accept her invitation. This is what the invitation said:

"My Dear Mrs. Upstreet.—I am going to entertain a few people on Thursday evening, the 27th, and this is to ask you to be one of the number. I know you do not care for society functions, but you will feel perfectly at ease at this one, as nobody of any consequence is invited."

Insinuation.

Softleigh—They—aw—say there's a fool in evahwy family, doncher know.

Miss Cutting—Yes, and you are an only son, I believe.—Chicago News.

He who drinks the health of everyone drinks away his own.

BICYCLE DEALERS AND OTHERS. Send your old wheels to us to be re-enamelled and put in shape. All work guaranteed. Our expert workmen. Send for list of new and second hand wheels. Try us.
ANDRE ARMS & CYCLE CO. "Crescent" Agents. Winnipeg.

Brass Band
Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.
EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND.
Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue 500 illustrations mailed free. Write us for anything in Music or Musical Instruments.
Whaley Royce & Co., Toronto, Ont., and Winnipeg, Man.

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES
Rapidity. Saves about one day in three. Quietness and durability without noise or wear. General utility. Best for all kinds of work.
249 Portage Ave., Winnipeg.

United States Cream Separators.
Perfect skimmers. Light running and easiest to wash. Will outlast two of almost all competitors. All round the most serviceable and best value. Everything needed in the dairy kept. Write for catalogues. Shipments of fresh butter wanted.
Wm. Scott, 206 Pacific Avenue, WINNIPEG.

Wanted Agents in EVERY TOWN in Canada to sell our
MADE TO ORDER CLOTHING.
CROWN TAILORING CO., Toronto.

HE RAN A MILE
and so would many a young lady, rather than take a bath without the "Albert"
BABY'S OWN SOAP
It leaves the skin wonderfully soft and fresh, and its faint fragrance is extremely pleasing.
Beware of Imitations.
ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs.
MONTREAL.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

Issued Every Wednesday.

W. B. ANDERSON, - - - - EDITOR

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

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

WEDNESDAY, MAY 29, 1901

BITTER MILK.

The Subject From a Bacterial Point of View.

The bacteriologists, some of them at least, say a bacterial organism gets in the milk during milking, which there multiplies so rapidly as to soon make the milk bitter, writes Dr. Smead in The National Stockman. Well, that may be true sometimes, but more times it is not true in my experience. Some cows long in location will produce a bitter, nauseous milk by reason of a natural change going on in their own system. Of this I am fully convinced, and have so expressed myself in a previous article. In other cases a cow badly fed will give bitter milk, or a diseased condition of the udder will do the same. The latter we can easily find out by simply milking each teat separately and thus find which quarter is producing this kind of milk, as it is rare indeed that each quarter is ailing. Not so when the cow's liver or digestion is deranged. Then all the teats will furnish bitter milk. The same is true when the length of lactation is the cause. It is therefore important to know about these things before prescribing. The cow whose habit is to give bitter milk when five, six or seven months in lactation had better be dried off and sold for beef. The one whose liver or digestion is off should have a pound of epsom salts given as a physic and two drams of powdered mandrake root to stimulate her liver into proper action. This should be followed by half ounce doses of powdered hyposulphite of soda morning and night until the trouble ceases. If bad, moldy food is the cause, correct that by a better class of food. If, as the bacteriologist says, she is carrying around on her carcass a lot of filth laden germs ready to drop in the milk, go at her with soap and water, curry comb and brush, backed up with plenty of elbow grease, and scrub the old cow, and make her clean. Then clean the stable. Use lime or land plaster freely in it, and bed the cow with clean, dry straw. Some men's cows I know of would look a little wild out of their eyes and might cause the owner to believe they were going crazy, but they won't.

High Feeding.

There are at least two kinds of high feeding—first, feeding a large ration intelligently, and, second, feeding without any purpose whatever, says L. W. Lighty in The National Stockman. Just a few days ago I visited a farmer who keeps quite a number of cows to supply milk for a small town. He has the reputation of being a very high feeder, and his cows, young stock and calves are as fat as porkers, which proves that, in a way, he is a high feeder. I never like to be personal, so I will mention no name, and the party referred to will not read this, as he takes no paper but his party's political county sheet, filled with "hot stuff." He gave me all the facts and figures he could, which were mere guesses, except the milk bills, and I would like to give a few as an "awful" example.

He had 17 milk cows during the last year, and his milk statements showed that he sold 56,548 pounds of milk, for which he received $491.96, or almost $29 per cow. The cows had all the hay (timothy) and corn stover they wanted to eat. Their grain ration consisted of corn chop, corn chop, corn chop. A "toll" box full morning and night, about 12 pounds per day. The cost of his daily ration is at least 17 cents, while the average daily income for each cow was last year almost 8 cents. Oh, dear, oh dear! What a result from high feeding! No careful reader of The Stockman and Farmer will do such feeding, but hundreds, yes, thousands of nonreaders do this very thing. For fattening steers such a ration might go, but for dairy cows, never. It puts a big lot of fat on the ribs at a dead loss. The blood making and milk making materials are lacking in the ration, while there is a big surplus of heat and fat makers. In short, the cows do not get half enough protein, and the result is "dairying don't pay."

Hay For Cows.

The trouble with most hay, particularly clover and timothy, is that it is not cut until too ripe. Insist upon getting hay cut early, particularly when the price is as high as it is this year. The cows will eat up timothy hay clean if it is cut just as the bloom begins to appear. The same is true of clover. Corn fodder which was cut moderately early and balance with bran is an excellent dairy feed.

RELIEF FUND COLLECTIONS.

Summary of collections to date:

Proceeds of Prof. Payne's entertainment	$ 72.00
Messrs. Hicks and Riggs on acct. subscription	194.50
Salvation Army, Van.	27.90
Donations—	
City of Rossland	100.00
City of Nelson	250.00
City of Westminster	150.00
Mrs. Seaton, Vancouver	4.00
Subscriptions—	
Kamloops	10.00
Rev. J. X. Willimer on account	86.50
Geo. Hetherbell, Hornby	18.00
[illegible] Piercy, Denman	46.00
A. McKnight, on acct.	121.50
Mayor of Vancouver	245.25
Geo. McLaughlin, U. B.	100.00
Sale of C. Strang's poems	6.50

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

Subscription, Free Press	$ 214.30
Donations—	
City of Kamloops	150.00
Bank of Commerce	200.00
Messrs. Hicks & Riggs, subscription list	$ 64.00
M. Manson, Union Bay	196.50
Steam Miners' Union	24.00
Nicholas May, Shop and	5.00
City of Sandon	50.00
City of Kaslo	100.00
City of Cumberland	250.00
Mr. McPhee's sub. list	47.00
K. of P. Cumberland	25.00
Mr. Quennell, Nanaimo	10.00
Rev. W. C. Dodds' sub. list	189.50
6th Reg. Van Band Concert	65.00
Homer st. Methodist Church, Vancouver	8.00
Ladysmith Wharf Hands	51.00
Citizens of Fernie	710.00
Delta Municipal Council	50.00
Colonist Subscription List.	1035.00
Strang's poems	3.50
Miss Bertrum's Concert	12.50
F. Child's sub. list	51.00
J. B. Holmes' sub. list	9.50
"Dot" performance, Cumberland	99.55
Subscriber	4.85
Nanaimo miners, &c., contributions	1675.00
Bal. of McKnight's col.	$ 94.50
Col. at Colliery Office	774.25
J Graham, Denman	1.00
H C Lucas	25.00
Rev Wm Hicks	42.50
J McPhee	28.50
Meth. Church Cantata	75.00
Revelstoke Concert	49.00
McLean's sale of Strang's poems	2.75
Colonist cheque	5.00
Mayor of New West	66.50
Royal Bank, Nanaimo	18.50
Messrs. Hicks & Riggs	20.00
Total	$8139.35

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

J. B. BENNETT,
Secretary.

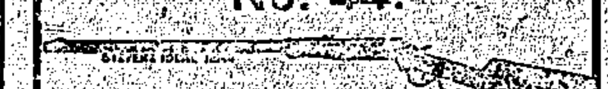
TO THE DEAF.

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

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

Stevens' Ideal Rifle.

No. 44.



Price Only $10.00.

Made in all the standard calibers both Rim and Center Fire. Weight about 7 pounds. Standard barrel for rim-fire cartridges, 24 inches. For center-fire cartridges, 26 inches.

If these rifles are not carried in stock by your dealer, send price and we will send it to you express prepaid.

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

THE J. STEVENS ARMS AND TOOL CO.
P. O. Box [illegible] CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

WE WANT YOUR
Job Printing
SATISFACTORY WORK PRICES

ASSESSMENT ACT AND PROVINCIAL REVENUE TAX.

Comox District.

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

If paid on or before June 30th, 1901:—

Three-fifths of one per cent. on real property.

Two and one-half per cent. on assessed value of wild land.

One-half of one per cent. on personal property.

Upon such excess of income—

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

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

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

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

If paid on or after 1st July, 1901:—

Four fifths of one per cent. on real property.

Three per cent. on the assessed value of wild land.

Three-quarters of one per cent. on personal property.

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

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

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

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

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

Provincial Revenue Tax $3 per capita.

JOHN BAIRD,
Assessor and Collector.

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

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

26th March, 1901.

HIS HONOUR the Lieutenant-Governor in Council has been pleased to make the following appointment:—

HENRY P. COLLIS, of the City of Cumberland, Esquire, to be Official Administrator for that portion of County of Nanaimo comprised within the Comox Electoral District.

RAW

HIDES AND DEE[illegible]

SHIP TO

McMILLAN FUR & WOOL CO.

EXPORTERS AND IMPORTERS

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

Write for Our Circular [illegible]

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 withholding or destroying any kegs belonging to this company

HENRY REIFEL, Manager.

MAHRER & CO.

Wholesale Wine and Liquor Merchants

NANAIMO, B. C.

Direct Import

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

ALWAYS ON HAND—A Carload of....

Hiram Walker & Son's Rye Whiskies

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED. 1 C. CX 14

MRS. FENCELLI, Nurse, House cleaning and Washing [illegible] done. First Street, Cumberland, B. C.

LADYSMITH

(Extension)

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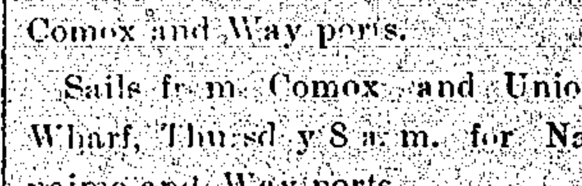

VICTORIA-COMOX ROUTE.

Taking Effect Tuesday, Oct. 16th, 1900.

S. S. "City of Nanaimo.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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CORPORATION OF THE

ITY of CUMBERLAND

A BY-LAW

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

Whereas an application in writing has en received by the Council of the Cor- ration of the City of Cumberland ned by more than three-fourths of the cupiers of shops within the munici- ity belonging to the classes of retail wholesale Grocers and dealers in Dry ods, Boots and Shoes, Clothing, Men's Boys' Furnishings, Hardware, House nishings, Stoves, Flour and Feed, for early closing of the same as hereun- er determined.

And whereas under the "Shops Regu- ons Act, 1900," the Council of the poration of the City of Cumberland is powered upon receiving an applica- n so signed to pass the by-law in man- hereinafter appearing.

erefore, the Municipal Council of Corporation of the City of Cumber- d enacts as follows:

. From and after the 1st day of April , all shops, stores or warehouses of class or classes of Groceries or deal- n Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes thing, Men's and Boys' Furnishings ves, Flour and Feed within the Mu- pality of the City of Cumberland shall and each of them shall be and be n closed on each and every day be- en six (6) of the clock in the evening each day and five (5) of the clock in forenoon of the next following day the following exceptions: On Sat- ys and during the last sixteen (16) in the month of December and also days immediately preceding the fol- ing days namely: New Years Day, Friday, the 24th of May, Dominion Day, Labor Day and Thanksgiving

the said class or classes of shops, or warehouses for retail or whole- Groceries or dealers in Dry Goods ts and Shoes, Clothing, Men's and s Furnishings, Hardware, House nishings, Stoves, Flour and Feed, be and remain closed from eleven of the clock in the evening of the s hereinbefore mentioned as excepted ely: Saturdays, the week days dur- the last 16 days in the month of De- ber, and the days immediately pre- ing the following days: New Years Good Friday, the 24th of May Do- ion Day, Labor Day and Thanks- ng Day until five (5) of the clock in forenoon of the following day.

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

Any person found guilty of any in- tion of any of the provisions of thi w shall be liable upon conviction efore to a fine not more than fif rs, and not less than twenty-five rs with the cost of prosecution and efault of payment or sufficient dis- therefor to imprisonment for a per- not exceeding twenty one days.

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

ead the 1st time 18th March 1901.
ead the 2nd time 19th March 1901.
nd the 3rd time 22nd March 1901.
considered, adopted and finally ed by the Council this 25th day of ch 1901.

JAS. A. CARTHEW,
Mayor.

RENCE W. NUNNS,
City Clerk.

---

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TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 Daily. A.M.		No. 4 Saturday's P.M.
De. 9:00	Victoria	De. 4:25
9:28	Goldstream	4:53
10:9	Koenig's	5:34
10:48	Duncans	6:15
P.M.		P.M.
12:14	Nanaimo	7:41
Ar. 12:3	Wellington	Ar. 7:55

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA

No. 1 Daily. A.M.		No. 3 Saturday. A.M.
De. 8:05	Wellington	De. 4:25
8:26	Nanaimo	4:39
9:52	Duncans	6:05
10:37	Koenig's	6:46
11:18	Goldstream	7:32
Ar. 11:45	Victoria	Ar. 8:00 P.M.

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

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JAMES ABRAMS.

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Manager.

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Livery Stable
TEAMSTER AND DRAYMEN
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R. SHAW, Manager.
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CUMBERLAND, B. C.
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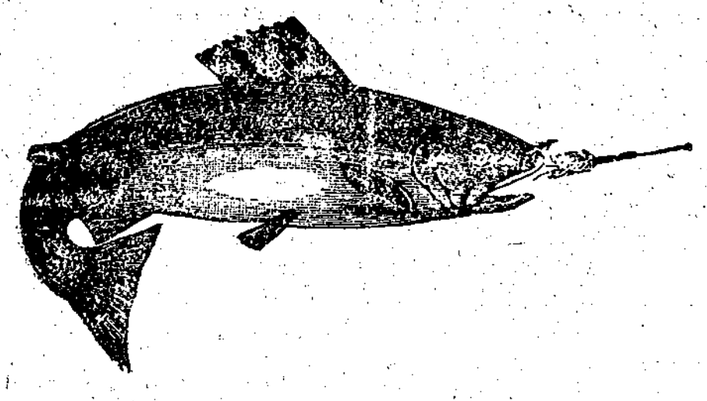

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BY T. C. DEAN

CHAPTER VIII.

ELIZABETH READS HER OWN HEART.

Out of the shadow of all uncertainty Elizabeth's heart came the next evening, when she heard that an accident had happened at the Eagle Bill mine, and that by the breaking of a chain on an ore bucket that was used to lower the miners into the drift, Valleyfield and one of his miners had been seriously, perhaps fatally, hurt. Coincident with the sudden grief and fear that seized her immediately upon receipt of this information came the clear, unmistakable revelation that she loved this man. Yes, loved him with her whole soul—loved him as she could never love on earth again. Now she knew why the sweetness of his act in so gallantly lifting her over the stream lingered so long with her, for it was the first awakening of her virgin passion. Now she understood why the days had seemed so undescribably bright when she had wandered through the valleys at eventide with him at her side. Yes, she saw it all now, and the consciousness of it all thrilled her anew in the light of her broad knowledge of its cause. Her duty now was clear. She must go to *him* at once, if he was in danger.

She sought out the doctor, and explained to him that inasmuch as Mr. Valleyfield had been so kind to her when her bronco had played tricks upon her that she would now return his kindness if the doctor wished a nurse for the manager of the Eagle Bill, and his injured miner.

"I don't know how badly they're hurt," said Dr. Spense, "but the service you have offered is just what I have been about praying for," and they turned their footsteps in the direction of the Eagle Bill claim, the doctor explaining that the shock to both had been so severe that he had ordered temporary couches to be constructed for them right in the mine instead of having them removed to their quarters.

Elizabeth was surprised at the fortified condition of this mine when she came in view of it. Temporary fences had been built around the entrance to conceal the mouth of the mine, which was at the side of a small hill, and moveable barricades were in evidence inside the fences. Dynamite was stored in vats near and beyond the ground opening, and these vats were all connected by wire to a galvanics battery hidden far in the mine. Moveable padded screens, with Winchester holes in them, were scattered here and there, behind which any one man with a breach-loader would be a formidable defender. Elizabeth was surprised, however, still more at the few miners present—seven, all told, counting the manager, and the miner that had been hurt. She afterwards learned that the Eagle Bill's staff had originally numbered thirteen, exclusive of the manager, and that the six remaining were those who had proven their ability to withstand Godfrey's bribing characteristics.

The five now on guard were thoroughly armed and a dozen extra Winchesters with the necessary ammunition for a prolonged siege stood in readiness for use. Evidently the workers in the Eagle Bill were expecting jumpers of an extraordinary kind.

Valleyfield had not recovered consciousness yet, but the doctor could find no broken bones. Elizabeth nursed him through the night, and on the morrow consciousness returned and he was manifestly better.

Valleyfield could see at once that there was a change in this girl, and that a new shy dignity had come to her that made her even more fascinating than before.

"Oh! why did you come here?" he asked of her, as soon as he had recovered sufficiently to be able to talk.

"How can you ask?" she made reply, reproachfully. "Did you not take care of me when I was ill?"

He lay back in his chair again, without further words, as if her vigorous logic was too much for him in his weak state.

Suddenly the fear came to Elizabeth that he did not return her love, that he did not even like her. This self-suggestion tore her heart for an instant with one cruel pang, and then left her white and helpless. To whom could she turn in her despair. Oh, if her father were only here that she might throw herself into his arms and tell him all. Then came the fixed desire to go at once to him, to turn to the only one she had on earth to look to for sympathy. He would soothe her in her distress and know what was best to be done about the mine. She went over to a bench and began to put on her outer clothing.

"Since you are now better, and do not want me any more, I will go at once," she said, as she put on her cloak, and there was a new dignified pride in her voice that smote Valleyfield to the core. "I am afraid it must also be good-bye now, for I go home to-morrow."

She turned towards the mine door, without offering him her hand, grief and pride fighting for the mastery of her heart.

Valleyfield did not offer to detain her. His face seemed suddenly to be drawn with a great pain which left him ghastly and still, but he suffered her to pass out of the rude door, and away from the mine.

She went over to Elsie's and informed them there of her determination to return home the next morning.

"Land sakes," said Elsie, "it's what you should have done days ago. We like you here, Lizabeth, but pa says it does beat jack rabits you going over to the enemy right after you came here, and he'll feel relieved now you're going."

Elizabeth slept little that night, and walked over to Darcie's in the early morning light. Arriving there she found she had a wait of an hour before the rig that was honored by the name of stage would start for the station.

The little waiting room into which she was conducted was only separated from the bar-room by a thin partition, and she could hear quite plainly the voices of those who were drinking at the bar. She was about to leave this room and go outside, when she heard the voice of one of Godfrey's miners and what he was saying arrested her attention in spite of herself.

"Has the gatling come, Bill?" he inquired of the bartender, who, as we before stated, was also the mail clerk.

"You bet," was the reply. "She came last night, and she's a dandy."

"I suppose there'll be a hot time in our town to-night, and the Eagle Bill won't be in the dancin' afterwards," said the miner.

"Hardly," said the barkeeper. "But I'm kind of sorry for that coon Valleyfield."

"I ain't. He's too darned stuck up. He needs a little demonstration to teach him horse sense." Then, after a sound as if they were drinking, "Godfrey offered him square. It's darned tough if the pay ore from that new lode has to be blown in in Switzerland or some other country instead of right here in this part of the blessed republic. I ain't a darned bit sorry for the mule. Let him now take his medicine."

"You're talkin' by the book," replied the mixer of drinks. "Still, darned my hide, if I ain't kind of sorry for the coon. Any man Godfrey gets after ain't in no land o' promise, I'll bet. I suppose there's no darned help now for the Eagle Bill?"

"Not so much as a man with a bob-tail flush, after he's been called. Say, Bill, I don't like this last moonshine you're slinging. It burns my gullet. Give me a nip of that old juniper berry." Then followed renewed sounds of drinking, and some laughing, and above the clink of glasses being washed the barkeeper further queried:

"What has old Godfrey got besides the Gatling gun?"

"Fifty Winchesters and a posse of old jumpers from Arizony. Godfrey wanted to do the jumpin' while his nibs was sick. All's fair in love or war to Godfrey, but the boys from Arizony didn't come over till late last night."

"I suppose there's no darned help for it then, but a scrap, injunction or no injunction; and you think that dude has no chance?" still further queried the bartender.

"Chance?" laughed the other. "Why Godfrey's got a force, that with his Gatling, could raid a fort." But he'll never need it. There's only seven in the Eagle Bill, and they ain't got no sand but the coon. He'll be killed the first fire, for he'll fight in front of his men. Chance! To-morrow at this time the undertakers will be busy and Godfrey 'll have the Eagle Bill as tight as h——l!"

"Still, I'm darned sorry for the kid," repeated the disciple of Bacchus, as if he could not get rid of a feeling that jarred on his coarser make up. "I suppose this will not be the first time Godfrey's done the jumping act in the face of the law, and was not bothered afterwards?"

"Naw," laughed the lover of the old juniper berry. "He jumped the 'Great Cipher' in Wyoming, though there was a court officer on guard there, last year; and held her ever since. The owner was killed in the 'spree,' and every one sent out to 'vistigate just took three or four thousand dollars of Godfrey's chips and left without troublesome questions being asked, but all reported that Godfrey was in the right. When this chap Valleyfield, or whatever you call him, turns up his toes, who'll ever come out here to see about matters that Godfrey can't fix. Why, after paying all the expense of jumping the 'Great Cipher,' Godfrey took out over half a million dollars of pay ore before the horse-neck lode played out."

"Godfrey's a terror," weekly admitted the bartender. "Still, I am darned sorry for that tenderfoot. He seems too darned good to be a cinch for Godfrey." Here others came in and drinking became general.

Elizabeth rose up and went out. How dark everything seemed. What a strange change had come over everything. The hot winds whirled up from the valleys and catching the loose boards on the rookery before her, made them rattle as if in pain. The trees seemed sad on the silent hills beyond the canyons, and the wild flowers in the passes were too far away to be seen. The great river, whose passion only came in spring and autumn, flowed on as if brooding over a voiceless anguish, and the birds that flew back and forward in the trees, sang only discordant strains. Gradually the meaning of it came to Elizabeth. She was looking out at everything through the windows of a new terror, born from the words she had heard uttered in the place where men in that locality drank the poisonous decoctions offered to the thirsty in all mining districts.

With Valleyfield dead what would the world be to her? her heart asked, and then answered its own question. It would be without light, a prison lonely, void without cheer. With Valleyfield dead, she would not wish to live longer. She knew that now as truly as she knew she loved him. With him alive she could live on and in hope wait for her soul's longing to be solaced, but with Valleyfield dead, ah! all she desired of life would then be done forever.

In rapid sequence from the comprehension of this dread, came the wish which swelled in its volume, to save him if she could. But how could she? Only one possible way seemed open to her after much feverish planning. She might sign the document of his dismissal, which she still carried with her, and after sending him out of the mine, leave it to Godfrey without resistance.

It did not take her long to decide to do this. She would lose her mine, but what was that to the life of the man she loved. Without her mine she held $42,000 now in cash from its revenues, and that would be sufficient for herself and her father for the rest of their lives, even if the Eagle Bill was lost to them. Besides her father had been speculating lately with some money she had loaned him, and he had done well. Buoyed up with these thoughts her decision soon became a fixed one. Fortunately she had brought the blank document for Valleyfield's dismissal with her to the Little Gulch District, together with the deed of her mine. She took them both out of her portmanteau now, and borrowing a pen and ink from the clerk signed the first of these in a trembling hand. Then she took the straightest path she knew to the Eagle Bill mine. Upon her arrival there she found a miner on guard with a Winchester thrown over his knees. He knew her, and she was allowed to enter without question. Valleyfield had recovered sufficiently to be able to don his working clothes, and was busy directing his men in their construction of additional fortifications. A glad light, as usual, flashed into his orbs at sight of her, but as usual it died at once, leaving him looking paler than before. Elizabeth nerved herself for the ordeal, and began, in such a firm voice, that it surprised herself, but she felt fortified by the fact that she really did own this property.

"Mr. Valleyfield, I am the real owner of this mine. I did not tell you so before, because it was not necessary. However, I may tell you now that I do not approve at all of any means of holding this claim other than those sanctioned by the law, and, therefore, I shall relieve you from further duty here. Here is the authority for my action," and she handed him the paper she had recently signed.

Valleyfield dropped a board he was carrying, and looked at her as if he thought she had suddenly lost her senses. "You own this mine, did you say?" he questioned, as if he had not heard aright.

"Yes, I and my father. It was purchased by my Uncle Bertram with money supplied to him by my mother before she died. Here is the deed of it," and she handed him the other paper she was holding.

Valleyfield's face was a study, but the surprise in it soon gave way to a new determined look, and he said softly, but very firmly, as he handed both papers back to her:

"That is all right. Those papers are unquestionably genuine, but I am sorry they are of no use here just now. If you could see the agreement under which I hold the controlling position here you would find that I cannot be dismissed without a month's notice. Therefore, in spite of your evident desire, to the contrary, I shall still remain in control here for at the very least a day longer."

Elizabeth's firm attitude forsook her at once at the failure of her plan. She had never surmised, for she had never had anything to do with the hiring of men, that notice of dismissal would have to be given to her manager. An air of humiliation and dejection, therefore, came to her as she stood there vainly thinking of some way of asserting her will.

"I will accept this, of course, as a notice of dismissal," said Valleyfield, a little sadly, as he picked up one of the papers from where Elizabeth had laid them down, and put it in his pocket. "And now, if you will permit me, I will conduct you off of this claim."

(To be continued.)

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

HE WASN'T SCOTT.

But He Was a Good Talker and a Fast Sprinter.

"Professor Walter A. Wyckoff, the sociologist who made a tramp tour of the country for the purpose of studying the laboring classes at short range," said a Florida hotel man visiting in this city, "is no doubt responsible for the luxurious entertainment of many an ingenious hobo. I got caught myself last winter," the boniface went on, laughing, "so I know exactly what I am talking about. It happened in this way: I was running the same place I have now, and one day at the height of the season a gaunt, cadaverous looking hobo dropped down out of space and struck me for a job. He had whiskers that would have made his fortune on the variety stage, a jutting Roman beak and all the traditional outfit down to the empty tomato can. I told him to go back to the kitchen and hang around until I could find something for him to do.

"You see, we have very few tramps in that part of the state, and I make it a rule never to turn away a white man who says he is hungry. Well, I was pretty busy just then with a houseful of people and thought no more of this particular wanderer until one evening when my wife came to me in great excitement and said:—

"'John, have you any idea who that tramp really is?'

"'He may be Oom Paul or the empress of China for all I know,' I replied calmly.

"'Nonsense,' said she; 'he is Professor Scott of some college up in Iowa or Illinois, and he is making the same kind of study that Professor Wyckoff made last year.'

"I was at first disposed to laugh, of course, but my wife is a woman not easily fooled, and her earnestness was impressive.

"'I suspected something from the first,' she said, 'and a little while ago I pinned him down, and he admitted the whole thing. I want you to go out and have a talk with him right away.'

"I hunted up our disguised educationalist and found him in the barn.

"'Yes, it is true,' he said. 'I am Professor Scott, of whom you have probably heard, and I'm studying labor conditions along about the same lines followed by my friend Wyckoff.'

"He then went on in a sketchy and graphic fashion to relate his adventures since starting out in the spring, and before I knew it I found myself deeply absorbed in the narrative. He was a capital talker, and the subject is one that has always interested me profoundly, so I presume he had no trouble in getting me thoroughly hypnotized. At any rate, that is the only way I can account for the fact that I begged him to loaf around the premises collecting data as long as he desired and to consider himself my guest. My wife, who is a sociological enthusiast, seconded my invitation and urged him not to think of doing any work while he was with us. He promised her earnestly that he would abstain. As nearly as I remember, the distinguished investigator had honored us with his presence for about three weeks when a tourist from Baltimore happened to see him prowling around the back yard one evening and asked me where I had lassoed 'Gladstone Jones.'

"'He's a picturesque, educated hobo, known to police courts all along the south Atlantic ham sandwich route,' said the tourist, 'and gets his nickname "Gladstone" from the extent and variety of his information. Of course,' he added, 'the old humbug could never impose on anybody of education, but he can make the average farmer open his mouth like a bear trap.'

"'Gladstone' Jones, alias Professor Scott, had about ten yards start when I came out of the back door with a club," said the hotel man sadly, "and I regret to state that I was unable to close the gap. Going up the railroad track he developed sprinting powers that were really phenomenal. I have never seen him since."

Tallied One!

"Euphemia," said young Spoonamore, "will you marry me?"

"I will not!" replied the young woman indignantly.

"Miss Lickladder," he rejoined, making an entry in a small memorandum book and replacing it in his pocket, "you have the honor of being the first girl who has refused me since the new century began."—Chicago Tribune.

Expensive Killing.

"Let's kill time!" exclaimed the fair young girl as she gazed out of the window on the softly falling feathery flakes.

"Kill time?" replied her steady companion inquiringly.

"Yes: sleigh it."

He had to do it, though it took all his accumulation of pelf since Christmas.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

His Rendition of Curfew.

"Imitation, you know, is the sincerest flattery."

"Not always. I happened to overhear Miss Wattells imitating the way I read that poem at our Chafing Dish club the other night, and I can assure you it wasn't at all flattering."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Rural Longing.

"Say, our bookkeeper is foolish."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, he says when he gets old he wants money enough to go out and live where he can see the moon go down behind a hedge."—Chicago Record.

Right Up With the Crowd.

"Oh, yes, they're getting on."

"How do you mean?"

"They're keeping up with the world. They're not living in the dead past. They call their hired girl 'the maid.'"—Chicago Times-Herald.

No Cinch on Her.

"It is true young Mr. Billyard is not an imposing figure, Mabel, but he is every inch a man."

"I know it, mamma, but there's only about s'teen inches of him."—Chicago Tribune.

Field For Anticruelty Society.

The Wife—I do believe I would fall dead if you were to come home early some evening.

The Brute—You will have to offer a bigger bribe than that.—Indianapolis Press.

The Game Hen.

McCort—I can understand why these roosters that fight are called "game," but what is a "game hen?"

McSport—Why, don't you know? It's one that lays bets.—Philadelphia Press.

Britain's New Stamp.

According to the London Express, Great Britain is to have a new set of postage stamps upon which King Edward VII. will be represented in the uniform of a British field marshal. New dies will have to be cut for eighteen kinds of stamps, as well as for stamped envelopes, postcards and newspaper wrappers. The work of cutting these dies will probably take a year, so the new issue will not be in circulation for some time.

BRITAIN'S NEW STAMP.

As a Remedy.

"I want to get copies of your paper for a week back," said the visitor to the newspaper office.

"Wouldn't it be better to try a porous plaster?" suggested the facetious clerk.—Philadelphia Record.

THE ABILITY OF DR. CHASE

Is Measured by the Cures He Makes—Each Remedy Specific for Certain Diseases—A Remarkable Cure of Bright's Disease.

In this practical age a physician's ability is measured by the actual cures he makes. Judged by this high standard, Dr. Chase stands pre-eminent as a giant among physicians. Take kidney and liver derangements, for example. Dr. Chase, by means of his Kidney-Liver pills, has brought about some of the most surprising cures ever effected. This is due to the direct and specific action of this great home treatment on the liver and kidneys. Here is the experience of a highly respected resident of Consecon, Ont.:—

Mr. James Dellihunt, Consecon, Prince Edward County, Ont., writes: "For several years I suffered great tortures of mind and body from Bright's disease of the kidneys. The pains were sometimes almost beyond endurance and extended from my head and between the shoulders down the whole spinal column and seemed to concentrate across my kidneys. My back was never entirely free from pain. When I got up in the morning I could not straighten myself at all, but would go bent nearly double most all day. My water was scanty and at other times profuse, and it gave me great pain to urinate.

"I could do no work, and, though I tried many kinds of kidney pills, could get no relief. As a last resort I was induced by a friend to give Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills a trial. I felt a change after the first dose. I used in all about five boxes, and they have entirely cured me. I have no pains now and can do as good a day's work as I ever could. It is a pleasure for me to recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, as they have done so much for me."

Mr. [illegible] Ward, J.P., Consecon, certifies that he has known Mr. Dellihunt for years as a truthful man and respected citizen, and vouches for the truth of the above statement.

You cannot possibly obtain a more beneficial treatment for the kidneys and liver than Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. It has stood the test of time and has proven beyond dispute its right to the title of "the world's greatest kidney medicine." One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

RESPITE.

A little while, dear God, a few brief days,
I pray thee, let me keep this love of mine
Just in my inmost heart, safe from the world!
Too dear, too deep, it lies for earthly gaze.
A few brief days!

A little while, oh, grant the boon I ask,
For none can ever know save heart divine
How life's environments have bound my soul.
Dear God! Oh, say I need not wear my mask
A few brief days!

A little while, oh, just a little while,
To have and hold the love I've prayed so long!
Though dark the way and drear my heart may smile,
For evermore my life will hold love's shrine,
Though love but linger here
A few brief days!

—Rose VanB. Speece in Scranton Tribune.

"LA DAME A LA CLEF."

By Walter Littlefield.

There were three of us one evening in the reading room of the Press club—M. Paul Blouet, better known as "Max O'Rell" through his sketches of French and English life and character; M. Charles P. Lebon, instructor of French, who, by the way, is a litterateur of some little note, and myself. The conversation, after various fluctuations, had assumed a story telling drift. M. Blouet had just related an amusing anecdote of his Boston sojourn, and we were silently puffing in that agreeable languor that arises from a good weed and a good story.

On drawing his cardcase from his pocket M. Lebon brought forth a small bright object that glistened a second in the lamplight as it fell to the floor. He stooped for it with rather undue haste; with so much haste, in fact, that he called our attention to a movement that otherwise would have passed unnoticed.

"What is it?" inquired M. Blouet.

Without a word Lebon handed him the object he had dropped, but eyed him carefully as it was examined.

"A key," remarked M. Blouet; "a key and evidently of gold." And he passed it to me.

I held in my hand a key of perhaps an inch in length and half as wide. There was nothing particularly remarkable about it unless it were the material of which it was composed, that appeared to be gold. Suddenly my eye caught sight of a date and an inscription upon the ring of the key—"1er Juin, 1848. Memento mori!"

"A curious key," I suggested as I returned it to M. Lebon. "Tell us about it."

The one addressed puffed assiduously for a moment or two as he twirled the mysterious key between his forefinger and thumb, but he made no reply.

"Come, come," said M. Blouet as he leaned forward with interest, "there must be something to tell about a key like that. Why not let us have it?"

"You are right, gentlemen. There is a curious story concerning this key, and since you desire it I will tell it to you, for truly, gentlemen, without exaggeration, this little bit of metal that I hold in my hand has one of the most remarkable of histories."

"Tell it! Tell it!" we both exclaimed in a breath.

Fresh cigarettes were lighted, and, still holding the key in his hand as if to bear witness to what he said, M. Lebon began his story.

"It was in 1871, just after the surrender of Paris. The second empire had fallen. M. Thiers and his party held the government. Evidences of the terrible commune were on every hand, still the city was beginning to look like the habitation of a civilized people. One morning Le Journal des Debats announced the death at Versailles of a Russian lady who for more than 20 years had kept all the gossips of the Paris salons busy concerning a mystery that seemed to surround her. For reasons that I shall presently explain she became known as 'La Dame a la Clef.' Now, a nickname in Paris means a great deal more than it does here. When one is nicknamed there, one carries that name to the grave.

"The notice in Le Journal des Debats mentioned 'La Dame a la Clef est morte.' It did not give her own name. That would have signified nothing. The paper concluded by saying that she died, aged 45, in complete solitude. It seems that her husband, who was much older than she, had visited her regularly every six months during the past ten years and then had disappeared, no one knew where. All was mysterious about this 'Lady of the Key.' One day came to her the news of her husband's death. She survived him but a short time, and it was whispered that she had allowed herself to die from hunger. That was all the notice of her death had to say about the matter. The mystery still remained unexplained, and the interest concerning her grew less and less and gradually died away altogether."

M. Lebon paused to relight his cigarette, which he had allowed to go out. After doing this, he settled back in his chair, puffed once or twice, but did not seem at all inclined to continue the story.

"Well," I ejaculated, "go on. That is no story. Why, you haven't even said what the mystery was, or why she was called 'La Dame a la Clef.'"

"Ah, yes," he replied pensively, "I had forgotten. Gentlemen, I have not said that she was beautiful, yet such was the case. Her face was one of the loveliest that I have ever seen, her figure was perfect, and"—

"Well?" interrupted M. Blouet somewhat impatiently.

"Gentlemen, I will not bore you," continued M. Lebon smiling. "Simply imagine her beautiful in face and form; then, gentlemen, around her neck, which was of the purest mold, was riveted a golden chain to which was attached this key. And, gentlemen, from the 1st of June, 1848, to the day of her death the chain never left her neck, nor the key."

He paused again and once more seemed disinclined to go on.

"Well," said M. Blouet, "we have the mystery; now for the solving of it."

"Gentlemen," continued M. Lebon, smiling sagely as he tipped off the ashes of his cigarette, "I have told you all that anybody but myself knows. Is that not enough? You now know what all Paris knew. Are you not satisfied?" and he laughed quietly to himself.

We smoked for a few moments in silence, both M. Blouet and myself surmising that the best way to hear the rest of the story was to leave the narrator completely to himself. In a moment the latter began again, speaking rapidly and in short sentences.

"In 1848 her husband owned a country house near Passy. She was then young and gay. No chain or key adorned her neck then. One day she was surprised by her lord, shutting somebody in the wardrobe. A servant had betrayed her. The Muscovite Othello turned the key twice in the wardrobe, took it out, then told his wife to follow him. A traveling brizska stood a few paces from the villa. More dead than alive, the unhappy woman obeyed. When the husband had placed her in the carriage he gave an order in a low voice to the coachman. 'Keep this key,' he said to his wife. 'I have forgotten something and will return,' then went back to the house.

"He returned, according to his promise, but as the carriage descended the hill the poor woman saw flames issuing from the windows of the villa. She fainted. Three days she remained unconscious. On regaining her senses she perceived that a gold chain was riveted around her neck, to which was attached a golden key, the exact counterpart of the original, bearing an inscription. She wished to kill herself, but her husband pointed to the inscription and added that if she would save her family from dishonor she must ever observe it. She was therefore condemned to live. Her strange necklace excited much curiosity in Paris. At last her tyrant allowed her to retire to a quiet retreat on the express stipulation that she would not attempt to destroy herself during his lifetime. His death released her from this condition."

* * * * * * * *

Some three weeks later I was calling on my friend Lebon, who wished to show me some old manuscripts that he had been collecting. He produced a large box of rosewood, which he casually remarked contained his family papers. To my astonishment, he drew from his pocket the mysterious key and inserted it in the lock, which yielded readily to his pressure, and the lid flew back.

"Why," I exclaimed in wonder, "that is the key!"

"The key?" he interrogated. Then he laughed long and loud. "And you swallowed all that," he said when he could control his merriment.

"Certainly," I replied grimly.

"By the way, though, it wouldn't make a bad story, would it? I think I will work it up—elaborate it a little, you know."

I left the house feeling deeply mortified to think I had been so effectually "sold." A desire for revenge took possession of me, and I determined to steal a march on him. I have done so.—Criterion.

Stage Talk.

If I were a vodeveel artist,
Cavorting around on the stage,
I wouldn't swell up and get chesty,
Unless I were strictly the rage.
I wouldn't go posing and strutting
Nor dress like a fright or a freak
Nor say that my pay was a hundred
When I only drew twenty a week.
If I only
Drew twenty
A week,
I wouldn't get stuck on my manner
Or be a sartorial freak.

If I were a vodeveel artist,
With a voice that needed a file,
I wouldn't make fun of De Reszke
Or Lillian Russell the while.
I wouldn't call Sheehan a dead one,
I wouldn't call Melba a freak
Or criticise Patti too sharply,
If I only drew twenty a week.
If I only
Drew twenty
A week,
I wouldn't claim all of the honors
And thereby be stemmed as unique.

Color.

The red man perused with profound concern the accounts of the latest lynchings in Ohio, Indiana and elsewhere.

"If I were colored," he exclaimed when he had done, "I should be blue!"

Then he affected to laugh grimly, but we could plainly see that he was depressed by unwonted forebodings.—Detroit Journal.

Stolen By a Mexican Man Bear

Thrilling Experience Of a Girl In *the* Moon Mountains

For many years the Kickapoo Indians have told strange stories about the Moon mountains of the Santa Rosa range, alleging that they were the abode of a ferocious band of bears which were governed by a big man bear. So firm were they in this belief that no bribe could induce them to venture into that region.

Ramie Arland, a pretty young girl, who was the acknowledged belle of the settlement in the Angeline valley, had made herself conspicuous as an unbeliever in the bear man. She was so little affected by the news concerning the secret of the Moon mountains that when her little flock of goats went astray she did not hesitate to venture across the Angeline after them. Mrs. Arland was more cautious, and one evening when the careless girl started out to look for her flock her mother called after her, saying:

"Ramie, hadn't you better take a gun? I am afraid the bear man will get you."

Mrs. Arland had walked across the cabin floor, and she was just in the act of laying her baby in the cradle when she heard her daughter scream. She ran to the door, and she saw the flock of goats running down a slope across the river, evidently greatly frightened. Again she heard the voice of her daughter mingled with the scream of a panther. Seizing a gun, she ran toward the river. Again and again the poor woman heard the agonizing shrieks of her daughter and the frightful screams of the panther. She was soon overtaken by her husband, who

ON THE BACK OF A BEAR MAN.

had returned to his cabin only a few moments after his wife left. Together they proceeded through the chaparral until the mountains were shrouded in darkness.

About 10 o'clock they saw a man on a dun horse riding furiously over the foothills waving his hat and evidently signaling for them to halt. When the dun horse came nearer, it was easy to see that there were two persons on his back. After a moment's waiting there was a shout of joy. They all recognized Buck Seymore, and behind him on the dun horse rode Ramie Arland.

Miss Ramie says that she was walking along a narrow goat trail in the chaparral when a large black bear suddenly appeared in front of her. She quickly turned to run away, when a curious looking animal, running on four feet, sprang out of the chaparral into the trail. "I saw at a glance," she says, "that the monster in some way resembled a human being, and it flashed across my mind that I was confronted by the bear king of the Kickapoos. It threw one of its long arms about my neck, glared into my eyes and uttered a horrible sound. I expected to be torn to fragments. The creature seized my hands and threw me on its back and fled toward the mountains, and it seemed to me it could run faster than anything I had ever seen before. After a time we came to a sort of den inhabited by an old bear with several cubs. Here the bear man threw me on the ground and sat down.

"It seldom looked toward me, for it seemed to be very tired, and I believe it would have fallen asleep, but the cubs kept biting its hands and feet in a playful manner, as if eager to be noticed. I was thinking of some plan to escape. I thought that I might slip away if they should all fall asleep. A wolf howled, and instantly every bear and the bear man sprang to their feet. They ran about sniffing the air, their hair bristling.

"I was glad when the wolves went away. The old bear lay down and snored very much like a human being. The cubs crawled close to me, and one of them would bite my foot and then look up into my face with a countenance that I would have regarded as comical under other circumstances. The bear man finally stretched himself out on the ground and went to sleep."

Miss Ramie says that she remained perfectly quiet for an hour or more before she could summon the courage to escape.

JEWEL MALADIES.

Precious Stones That Are Subject to Serious Changes.

The decoloration of precious stones when they have been exposed to the air for a long time is considered one of the most frequent maladies. Among the colored stones the emeralds, rubies and sapphires are those which remain intact best. Nevertheless they are not exempt from changes, as has been proved by many experiments recently made in Paris. Two rubies of the same size and shade were kept for two years, one in a showcase and the other away from all light. At the end of this term a comparison revealed that the first had become somewhat lighter in color.

The influence of light makes itself felt more plainly on topazes and garnets. The garnet turns much paler in a short time, while the topaz assumes a darker shade and even loses the brilliancy possessed by it when freshly cut.

The most sensitive stone in this respect is the opal. This stone draws its marvelous rainbow reflections from numerous little clefts which allow the light to pass and reflect it in different directions. Often the opal stands the manipulations of cutting and polishing well, and all of a sudden it splits. It suffers always by excess of heat. Owing to its chemical composition it is sensitive to all the changes of temperature.

Pearls deteriorate very easily. In the fire they are transformed into a piece of lime. Placed in contact with an acid they behave as lime or marble would under the same conditions. It sometimes happens that during the work, if the hand touching them is very sweaty, they lose their luster or break, being attacked by the acid of the perspiration.

Since pearls are composed of concentric layers of mother of pearl, it is sometimes possible to repair them by taking off the outer layer, but this operation is extremely difficult and delicate. If the interior colors are injured, there is no remedy.

Diamonds are less sensitive; still it is not prudent to take them too near the fire.

THE HELPFUL WOMAN.

Her Advice to Her Husband and the Result of Following It.

There was once a Woman whose Husband Depended on the State of the Market for his Daily Toast. One Day he Appeared before Her with a Sad Countenance.

"All is Over, my Dear," said he. "Wheat is Way Down, and I doubt if after Tomorrow we shall have More than Ten Thousand a Year to Live On. I am Sorry that I Married you to Drag you Down to This, but I must Tell you Sooner or Later. I am a Ruined Man."

"Nay, do not Lose Heart," said his Wife. "Can you not Speculate Further?"

"I cannot," he replied, "for I have Lost my Nerve. My Friends Urge me to Throw what I Have into Copper, but I Dare Not. Five Thousand a Year would Hardly buy Croquettes for Two. I would Better Keep what I have Saved from the Smash."

"At any rate," said she, "come Out and Have some Lunch. Let us Go to Sherry's and get a Nice Litle Bird. Then you will Feel Better."

"Bird!" exclaimed her Husband. "Unhappy Woman, if you see anything better than Broiled Chicken and Beef a la Mode for the Rest of Your Life, you will Do Well. In my present Frame of Mind I would Suggest a Night Lunch Cart."

"Let us have One Good Meal at least," urged his Wife, "before we Die to the World. I have Twenty Dollars in my Purse. I will Buy our Lunch with that; after that the Night Lunch."

"Very well, for the Last Time," replied her Husband.

Then they went to an Expensive Restaurant and Ate a more than Satisfactory Luncheon. At the end of it her Husband said:

"I think Better of that Copper than I Did."

It Was Something Else.

"Is your wife dangerously ill?" asked the druggist as he filled a prescription for a colored man who looked rather sober faced.

"'Tain't illness, sah," was the reply "She dun met up wid a sarcumstance—fell off de roof of de house an struck on a stone heap an got what de doctah calls combustion of de brain."

Easy.

"Jinks has no faculty for keeping money."

"Let's it go to whoever asks him for it, I believe?"

"Why, I'm told that even his wife can get money from him if he has it!"—Detroit Journal.

MATRON AND MAID.

The widow of John C. Heenan, the pugilist, is still on the stage, where she is known as Miss Sara Stevens.

Helen Keller, the famous blind deaf mute, has been elected vice president of the freshman class at Radcliffe college.

Miss Dorothea Klumpke of California, the well known astronomer, now in Paris, is the recipient of a doctor's degree from the University of Paris.

Fraulein Christine Bonnevie, who has been appointed as a curator in the Christiania University museum, is the first woman to hold a university office in Norway.

The will of the late Mrs. Ida Williams of Amherst, Va., leaves the bulk of her estate of $500,000 for the establishment of an institution at her home for the education of poor white girls.

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt is arranging for her husband a curious album of some 50 snapshot pictures taken of the governor during his campaigning tour, a history of the trip and a newspaper report of every speech made.

Ellen Terry's daughter, who was on the stage awhile in Henry Irving's Lyceum company and who retired avowedly to become a designer of stage costumes, has really gone into that business. Several recent plays in London have been clothed by her.

Miss Mary L. Oren, who has just been appointed manager of the South Florida Telegraph company at the Plant system depot in Tampa, is a northern girl, who had held several responsible places with the South Florida company prior to this appointment.

Mrs. Mariana W. De Coronel of Los Angeles has presented to the chamber of commerce of that city a collection of ethnological relics of the Pacific coast made by her husband, the late Don Antonio F. Coronel. There are some souvenirs of Helen Hunt Jackson and many old pieces of Indian and Spanish handiwork.

Miss Alice Sinclair of Cincinnati, who acted as bridesmaid at the wedding of a friend, found a thimble in the piece of bride's cake which she ate. This was regarded as proof that she would die an old maid. To prove that the sign was false she agreed to marry William Keeler, to whom she was engaged, at once and invited all the wedding guests to be present at her marriage. A minister was found, and the ceremony was performed within three hours of the time when she was acting as bridesmaid.

BEE BUZZES.

Moth worms are often very destructive to empty combs left in the hives or stored away.

Queens may be produced at almost any time in a fair colony of bees by simply removing the old queen.

On the average farm there is little or no expense in keeping a few colonies of bees except the hives they are in.

Fertile workers sometimes appear in queenless colonies, which amounts to about the same as drone producing queens.

Have the entrances to hives and the vicinity around them clean and convenient for the bees to get into and out of the hives.

As cold weather ensues the bees will arrange themselves in juxtaposition with their supplies and use them as they need without leaving the heat of the cluster.

Bees are naturally cleanly in their habits, so that if they are confined too long at a time they are apt to become diseased, especially if their food is not wholesome.

Bees winter better if they have part honey and part sugar and sirup to live on during the cold weather. They need some genuine honey for food, and it is false economy to try to do without it.

AUTOMOBILE NOTES.

Experiments have been conducted in New York with electric vehicles for collecting mail from street boxes. It was found that 15 minutes were saved per trip.

In Cologne all automobile vehicles must be provided with a number large enough to be read at considerable distance, and every operator must have a certificate issued by the police authorities. Bells must be used instead of signal trumpets, and the vehicles must also have two brakes.

A new apartment house in course of erection on West End avenue and Seventy-ninth street, New York, will have attached to it automobile stables for housing the automobiles of tenants. Facilities for charging the electric vehicles are provided on the first floor, and the second floor is intended for living apartments for the vehicle attendants.

PERT PERSONALS.

Lord Lansdowne is the horrible it of English politics.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

"No man is a hero to his valet," as Mr. Howard Gould is learning.—New York World.

Count de Castellane and Rudyard Kipling might collaborate on a realistic novel entitled "My Brother-in-Law."—Baltimore American.

John D. Rockefeller objects most emphatically to being compared to William Shakespeare. Shakespeare is dead.—Pittsburg News.

Alvord is said to have literary ability. He might utilize it while in jail writing a treatise on the best methods to secure banks from being defrauded by trusted clerks.

In Mourning.

Mrs. Housekeep—I suppose you want a piece of cake too?

Harvard Hasben—No, lady, but if there's an old black suit of clothes about the house I can use that. The poor fellow you gave the cake to yesterday was my brother.—Philadelphia Press.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.
ISSUED EVERY [illegible] DAY
Subscription, $2 a year, in advance

W. B. Anderson, Editor.

[illegible] who want their ad changed, should get copy in by 12 a.m. day before issue.

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

Job Work Strictly C. O. D.

Transient Ads Cash in Advance

WEDNESDAY, MAY 2.

CUMBERLAND RELIEF FUND

Collected by [illegible]

G W Clinton	$25 0
A [illegible] Knight	20 0
S C Davis	15 0
James Walker	10 0
Tom Garner	10 0
R Halcrow	5 0
James [illegible]	5 0
J [illegible] Duncan	5 0
[illegible] McKnight	5 00
Neil McFarlane	5 00
Harry Campbell	5 00
Chas E [illegible]	5 00
David [illegible]rson	5 00
Marcelle Blagrone	5 00
Robert Cessford	5 0
O A Olsen	5 00
J [illegible] Nelson	5 00
Jonah Freeman	5 00
James B McLean	5 00
Elijah Frisby	5 0
P Dowdall	5 00
Frank Dalby	5 00
Charles Wilmot	5 0
Robert Watson	4 5
George Robertson	3 0
Wm Chadwick	3 00
Hugh Millar	3 00
Geo Stillito	3 0
J. Coe	3 0
Fennell McDonald	3 00
R G Smith	3 00
Wm Harrison	2 00
L Robertson	2 50
Seco Magnone	2 50
Jas Calnan	2 50
Sam Davis	2 50
Tom Bennett	2 50
F. Parks	3 00
	$216.00

Collected by H. C. Lucas.

H C Lucas	$2 50
T Rosborough	1 00
R Wilcox	1 00
A Radford	1 00
Mano	1 00
C E Scharff	1 00
Balance of Patriotic Funds by Comox committee	15 00
Mrs H C Lucas	2 50
	$25.00

Collected by J. B Holmes.

J. Hardy	$ 50
Eric Duncan	10 00
[illegible]	1 00
G G McDonald	3 00
B Crawford	10 00
	$24 50

TO THE DEAF.

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

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

NOTICE.

STEAM BOILER INSPECTORS' EXAMINATION.

APPLICATIONS for examination for Steam Boiler Inspectors will be received by the Chief Inspector of Steam Boilers, New Westminster, B. C., up to June 10, 1901. Applicants must be between the age of 25 and 50 years, they must have had at least five years' practical workshop experience as machinists or boiler makers, and must also have a thorough understanding of steam engineering.

Forms of particulars may be obtained on request of intending applicants, from the Chief Inspector of Steam Boilers, New Westminster, B. C., and must be properly filled in and returned to him on or before the above mentioned date.

The candidates selected for examination will then be notified as to date and place of examination.

The salary will be $100 per month

W. C. WELLS,
Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works. Lands and Works Department.
Victoria, B. C., 22nd May, 1901. My29

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned have made application for Hotel Licences to sell intoxicating liquors under the provisions of Statutes in that behalf:

George T. McDonald, Elk Hotel, Comox; Samuel J. Cliffe, Lorne Hotel, Comox; William Lewis, Courtenay Hotel, Courtenay; William E. Glennon, Riverside, Courtenay; Samuel C. Davis, Union Hotel, Union; Edgar A. Wylie, Burdwood Hotel, Read Island; The Gold Fields of B. C. Ltd., Waverly Hotel, Sproat Bay.

The Board of Licence Commissioners will meet Saturday, 15th June, 1901, to consider the above applications at 1 o'clock, p. m., at the Court House, Comox.

JOHN THOMPSON,
Chief Licence Inspector.

NOTICE.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to June 6th, 1901, for the clearing, grading road making and fencing of the new cemetery plot. 400 x 400 feet. Lumber will be supplied by committee, all other supplies by the contractor. Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Plans and specifications apply to

G. W. CLINTON,
Sec'y. Med. Fund.

We sent a speciman of the small fish from the lake known among local fishermen as "Young Salmon" to Mr. Fanning, of the Victoria Museum. That gentleman informs us that it is what is known as the Landlocked Salmon, and has only before this been recorded on the island from Cowichan Lake, where it is plentiful, as it is here. It seldom reaches a size larger than 10 or 12 inches in length and turns red in spawning season.

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

In the County Court of Cumberland,

HOLDEN IN CUMBERLAND.

In the matter of the Estates of—

Davis M. Davis, Man Bur Wing, Lam Chong, Sue Lam Gang Arb, Mah Li Yong, Tsen Tsung, Mah Wing Chong.

—AND—

In the matter of the "Official Administration Act."

Notice is hereby given that under given orders granted by His Honor, E Harrison, dated the 15th day of May 1901, respectively, I have been appointed administrator of the effects of each of the above named.

All claims against any of the said estates duly verified, must be filed with me not later than the 17th day of June, 1901, and all persons indebted to any of said estates, are required to pay such indebtedness forthwith.

HENRY P. COLLIS,
Official Administrator.
Cumberland, May 15th, 1901

NOTICE.

RESERVATION OF WATER.

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

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

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

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

A fire threatened the destruction of the houses on the end of the townsite Saturday. Just back of these, the wild land is covered with dead logs and some fire loving boys have been in the habit of lately lighting fires there, though warned that there was danger Saturday, with the late hot weather, things were so dry that when the firebugs lighted up, the whole place was set ablaze and necessitated Mr. Banks bringing up the hose cart and playing a strong stream on the burning area for a considerable time to save the adjacent houses from destruction. A good rawhiding and a couple of nights in the lockup on bread and water is the proper medicine for boys of this description.

GOVERNMENT DISTRIBUTION OF STUMPING POWDER.

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

Henry Hills, Secretary Farmers' Institute, Alberni.
J. A. Halliday, Comox, Sandwick.
H. De M Mellin, Cowichan, Somenos.
John Stewart, Nanaimo-Cedar, Starks Crossing, Nanaimo.
J. H. Smart, Motchosin, Motchosin.
J. K. King, Victoria, Cedar Hill.
E. Walker, Islands, Ganges Harbor.
T. A. Brown, Delta, Ladner.
H. Bose, Surrey, Surrey Centre.
A. H. P. Matthew, Langley, Langely.
Alex Philip, Richmond, Vancouver.
A. M. Verchere, Mission, Mission City.
G. W. Chadsey, Chilliwack, Chilliwack.
Wm. Green, Kent, Agassiz.
J. M. Webster, Maple Ridge, Webster's Corners.
John Bill, Matsqui, Abbotsford.
A. H. Crichton, Okeyoos, Kelowna.
W. P. Horsley, Spallumcheen, Armstrong.
S. M. McGuire, Salmon Arm, Salmon Arm.
J. W. Smith, Kamloops, Kamloops.
H. Percy Hedges, Okanagan, Vernon.

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

J. R. ANDERSON,
Deputy Minister of Agriculture.

LOST.

On Monday evening, between 7 and 7.30, on Roy Road, near town, a ladies gold watch, open face, large size.—Finder kindly deposit at this office.

FINE
Job Printing
DONE AT
The News Office.

Columbia Flouring Mills Company
ENDERBY, B. C.
HUNGARIAN,
THREE STAR,
WHEATLETS, 10-10'
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R. P. Rithet & Co.,
(LIMITED.)
Agents, - Victoria, B.C

In the Supreme Court of British Columbia.

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

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

MARY PIERCY,
Administratrix,
Sandwick, B.C.
Sandwick, April 17th, 1901. a24td

If you want a
JACKET or COSTUME
AT HALF PRICE.
WRITE TO THE WHITE HOUSE.
67 GOVERNMENT ST. - - VICTORIA, B. C.

HENRY YOUNG & CO. are closing out the Department and are selling their Jackets and Costums regardless of cost.

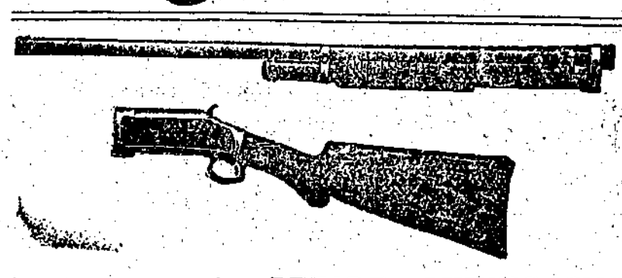
$8. $10 and $12 Jackets are going for $2.50

Poultry Netting

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

Fencing Wire from 5c. to 5 3-4c. per lb.
Bailing " " 5 3-4c. "
3 8 Coil Chain 7 1/4c. "
Navvy Wheelbarrows, $2.50 each.

Magnet Cash Store



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