THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

EIGHTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, NOV. 7, 1900.

Ladies and Children's Jackets

Latest Style—GOOD VALUE

Rubbers "King Quality" are the BEST .....

ON **Groceries**

We give a Discount of 5 per cent.

THE BEST HUNGARIAN FLOUR $1.35 per sack.

Simon Leiser's

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 prices and particulars. P. O. Drawer 563.

A Little Talk on Dining Room Furnishing.

SIDEBOARDS,
EXTENSION TABLES,
DINING ROOM CHAIRS,
TABLE LINENS and NAPKINS,
A NICE DINNER SET,
CUTLERY.
SILVERWARE,
GLASSWARE, and
EVERYTHING COMPLETE.

If you are needing anything in above lines give us some idea as to price and we will send descriptions and all information required.

Weiler Bros.

COMPLETE FURNISHERS. VICTORIA, B. C.

OVERSTOCKED!

TOO MUCH **Underwear,**

TOO MUCH **Clothing,**

TOO MANY **Overcoats,**

TOO MANY **Mackintoshes,**

TOO MANY **Pea Jackets.**

Ten per cent Spot Cash Discount.

All must be Reduced. C. J. MOORE.

To the Electors of Vancouver Electoral District.

GENTLEMEN:—

Having being obliged to decline the nomination of the Convention held at Nanaimo, owing to the fact that the District is so large that I felt unequal to the task of making a thorough canvass during the short time between my return from the north and election day, I bespeak your votes and influence for Mr. Clive Phillips Wolley, who has received the nomination for your District.

My reasons for asking this favour of you are that Mr. Wolley is a Conservative; that he is an energetic and educated man who knows the requirements of the District, and will, in my opinion, make a first-class representative.

I hope that those who would have assisted me if I had been a candidate will give the same support to Mr. Wolley

Yours faithfully,
JOHN BRYDEN.

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

To the Electors of Vancouver District.

GENTLEMEN—

The Liberal Conservative Convention held at Nanaimo, has unanimously chosen me as its candidate in the coming election.

I accept that honor as a STRAIGHT CONSERVATIVE, and hope to win because the party I represent has made Canada what she is to-day.

I have opposed to me two gentlemen who seek the votes of both parties and dare not come out flat flooted for either.

Mr. Sloan has received the nomination of the Liberal Convention, but his platform condemns the Liberal party, and he is seeking Conservative votes.

Mr. Smith is posing as the representative of Labor, whilst he he is backed by the most powerful capitalist on the coast.

If you believe that a man can serve two masters, vote for either of these gentlemen. if not, I claim your vote as a man bound only to his party and seeking the support from no one else.

Owing to the lateness of the date of which we became aware of Mr. Bryden's unfortunate decision not to run, it will be impossible for me to see you all, but I will see as many of you as I can and I am authorized to say that I have Mr. Bryden's heartiest support.

The main points in my political creed are:—

1. That the prosperity of the country depends upon the maintenance of harmony between Labor and Capital, and that such harmony must be established by laws just to both.

2. That British Columbia has a right to much fuller representation and much ampler financial assistance than she at present receives.

3. That the influx of Oriental labor must be controlled and the Chinese danger averted.

4. That a government which breaks its pledges and damages the credit of the country by maladministration of its mining districts, as the present gonernment has done should be turned out of office.

Finally I believe that I have the right cause and the right men on my side, and that you will put your shoulders to the wheel for the next three weeks and land me a winner. In which belief, gentlemen, I remain.

Your obedient servant,
Clive Phillipps Wolley.

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. Addres No. 14517. The Nicholson Institute, 780, Eighth Avenue, New York, U.S.A.

Burrard district has 31 polling stations

Arthur Sullivan, the composer, is dying in the Riviera.

Sims Reeves, the great English tenor, died at Worthing last week.

Pennsylvannia strike is about at an end. Mine owners giving the 10 per cent. advance.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Willard is progressing favourably.

Rev. Mr. Dodds is back again, and is welcomed by all.

Mr. F. D. Little is spending a few days with us.

Mr. Gus Bate and his charming bride, nee Miss Percbet, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Bate.

Ceylon Tea is the finest tea in the world. Blue Ribbon Tea is the finest Ceylon Tea in the world.

FOREIGN COAL SHIPMENTS.

Following are the foreign coal shipments for the month ending 31st October, 1900:

UNION COLLIERY SHIPPING.

Date	Vessel	Destination	Tons
3	SS. Dirigo,	Seattle	181
3	SS Excelsior,	Orca	286
3	SS. Tees,	Port Simpson	100
3	SS. Valencia,	Cape Nome	744
3	SS. Capilano,	Skagway	130
3	SS. Manuense,	Skagway	1178
10	SS. Tees,	Victoria	103
11	SS. Hero,	Dutch Harbor	5275
11	SS. Rapid Transit,	Fairhaven	250
11	SS. Dirigo,	Chemainus	196
11	SS. Pioneer,	Pt. Townsend	24
11	SS. Farallon,	Pt. Townsend	157
11	SS. Bertha,	Pt. Townsend	250
11	SS. Manuense,	Skagway	1209
11	SS. R. Holyoke,	Pt. Angeles	20
11	Brig Colorado,	Juneau	1730
26	SS. Bertha,	Ketchikan	133
26	SS. Tellus,	Chemainus	1260
25	SS. Dannbe,	Victoria,	103
26	SS. Tatoosh,	Vancouver	42
		Total	12,371

A PURE GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR POWDER

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

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

Avoid Baking Powders containing alum. They are injurious to health

LOCAL ITEMS.

Cast your votes to-day for Wolley.

A Chinaman was killed in No. 4 last week.

Frank Jaynes shot four bear Saturday. Papa, mamma, and the family.

If you don't like Blue Ribbon extracts it is because you've never tried them.

J. B. and W. B. A. got skunked shooting. That hoodoo has got to be broke or something will drop.

Mr. F. Anley was successfully operated on for appendicitis by Dr. Davie in Victoria last Thursday, the day of his arrival there.

Judge Harrison is holding an inquiry at Nanaimo into grievances of settlers on the railway belt. He will come here Thursday, 22nd.

A baby girl was born in the house of Frank Parks Thursday night. Both mother and child doing finely. We extend the glad hand to old Frank.

Some one tells how Sloan goes fishing on Sunday. Very wicked indeed! We are sorry for Mr. Sloan, very sorry indeed—that there are not more Sundays in the week for him to go fishing on.

Capt. Wolley spoke to a fair sized audience in Cumberland Hall Thursday. His language and sentiments showed him to be a man of rare education and uncommon sound sense, and one could not but be struck with the difference between his sound and sensible utterance and the wild denunciations of Mr. McInnes, or the somewhat egotistical puffings of Mr. Smith. He is without doubt the fittest man to represent us, and he is a Conservative.

We noticed three very handsome young fellows in town late on Halloween. Strangers. No doubt they were responsible for many of the pranks which were played.

And speaking of Halloween!—The sanctity of the editorial house was disturbed somewhat that night by a sound akin to what is made by a learner on the "cello." Rather a startling sound to the uninformed, but the editorial presence had itself, in by gone days, officiated at the occult ceremonies of Halloween and therefore was be wise. So creeping quietly out and round the corner of the house, he grabbed a white string, one end of which was attached to the side of the editorial house. He pulled, and at the end of a great length of line, he fished in—Paddy, with a big chunk of rosin, with which he had manipulated the other end of the said string. But when Paddy was freed from the entangling line, he fled home quick. Aye! quicker than one of his own black homers. But the editorial house is now supplied with much strong cord.

FOR A

WOMAN'S SAKE

BY MRS. M. E. HOLMES.

Author of "A Woman's Love," "Woman Against Woman," "Her Fatal Sin," Etc.

They found that lady dressed plainly, and with extreme neatness, in a small room, tastefully, but quite unostentatiously, furnished.

She rose when their names were announced, laid down the piece of embroidery she had been at work upon, and after a few words of ceremonial politeness, she requested them to be seated.

In the meanwhile, Mrs. Scratton had time to estimate the cost of Miss Fancourt's "get up," which, as she afterwards informed Mrs. Doldrum and some of her Gatford cronies, was without any ornament.

"You will excuse my receiving you in my own room, but Miss Willoughby is absent; and as your letter said that your present visit had a business object, I dispensed with all ceremony."

"Quite right, ma'am—you did quite right," said Scratton, cutting in quickly, for he saw his wife was about to speak. "I am a man of business, and respect business qualities in others."

"I am glad to hear it," said Miss Fancourt; "and whatever the nature of your business, I trust you will find me also prompt where promptness is required. I should not advice you, sir," she continued, suddenly addressing herself to Adolphus, "to put your finger into my parrot's cage; he, too, is both prompt in word and action, and has a particular objection to being annoyed."

Dolphus turned very red, and muttered something about "not hunting the bird, for the world."

"No; but I'm afraid the bird might hurt you," was Aunt Cordy's smiling reply.

"Oh!" broke in Mrs. Scratton, who saw her darling's confusion and hastened to his rescue, "Let 'Dolphus alone for getting on well with dumb animals."

"But my parrot is not dumb."

But Mrs. Scratton proceeded to catalogue the merits of her son, heedless of interruption.

"He likes dumb animals, and dumb animals like him. Even when a child he kep' rabbits and guinea pigs in his bedroom, such was his fondness; and he'd a whole cage-full of singing-birds which—his father not being given that way—he also kep' hidden up the chimley. And any day you'd like to step over to Scratton Park, and take a snack with us, he shall show you and Miss Willoughby—who, indeed, we expected to see here to-day—his collection of bull-terriers; and I shouldn't wonder, if you would only say when you're coming, that he could also manage a little ratting in the stables."

"Any time, at five minutes' notice," said the cub, now quite at his ease.

"You are very good, I'm sure, but there will be no occasion to disturb any of your family arrangements, whether on my niece's account or my own. We rarely pay visits; rarely receive them. See little society, in fact."

"Of course," assented Scratton; "the gentry in these parts are a little straight-laced, but we're none of that sort, Miss Fancourt. I just take the world as I find it. More or less, we all of us live in glass houses, and it's a foolish thing to be the first to throw stones. Now, we've nothing of what is called birth in our family, Miss Fancourt."

"I beg Miss Fancourt's pardon, but I have the h'onor"—Mrs. Scratton aspirates the "h:" she always did so when much excited—"to have some blood in my veins. It was my privilege to be born in the mansions of the nobility."

"While it was mine to be born in one of the mansions of the nobility—a workhouse, in fact," burst in Scratton, impatiently; "so, if I'm blunt in my manner, and come at once to the business that brought me here, I trust I shall be excused."

"You will oblige me very much, sir, if you will come to it, and at once," said Aunt Cordy.

"I was land agent, as you know, to the late Sir Hugh Willoughby—that is, one of the agents he employed, for he was not a man to put all his eggs into one basket; so I know pretty well what may be called the net produce of the Willoughby property."

Miss Fancourt started.

"I must insist, Mr. Scratton," said Ann Cordy, significantly, rising to her feet, "that you come at once to the object that has procured me the honor of these three very unlooked-for visits."

"I can assure you, ma'am, that we are above any such prejudices," continued the ex-land agent—in his coarse nature, really mistaking the meaning conveyed in Miss Fancourt's words. "Besides, unless something very important should occur to recall it, the whole affair has pretty nigh worked itself clean out of folks' memories. I was poor; I am rich; and though Scratton Park is not quite up to Oakwoods, yet the scales may be made pretty even by a lump of cash—that is, when I'm 'gone under,' as the Yankees call it; for the young people must be content to play second fiddle to the old ones while they are living, which I take to be your sentiments likewise."

And having thus delivered himself, Daniel Scratton hooked his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat and leaned back in his chair triumphantly.

The light had not yet broken in upon Aunt Cordy.

She looked from one to the other of the three smiling faces, which all seemed to have the same expression—the expression being a prolonged grin of satisfaction.

"For a man of business, Mr. Scratton," she said, at last, "you have a singular faculty of wrapping up your meaning so that no one can understand it. I presume you are not contemplating the purchase of Oakwoods before it has come into the market?"

"What Mr. Scratton is contemplating," said his wife, "is marriage."

"Why, Heaven bless the woman! with whom?"

"With whom? Why, Miss Maud, to be sure!"

Aunt Cordy staggered at this announcement, and could only gaze open-mouthed at the amiable family before her.

"Why, 'Dolphus has seen her and likes her. He knows all the story; but neither he nor we shall make any bones about that. When the young lady is Mrs. H'Adolphus Scratton, people will come round her fast enough, and——"

"Stop!"

And Mrs. Scratton did stop, for the order was given in a tone that even that shrewish person dared not dispute.

The next moment Aunt Cordy had hold of the bell-rope and was pulling it with all her might.

Boodle astonished but self-possessed, appeared at the door.

"Show these people out! And if ever you allow either one of them to cross the threshold again, you leave my service!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

Not a word passed the lips of the astounded Scrattons as they filed out under the cold eye of the stately Boodle, and re-entered the carriage with very different feelings from those with which they had quitted it.

They had nearly reached the lodge gates, when a voice was heard calling, "Stop! stop!" and a small boy was seen tearing after them down the avenue.

"There's somebody a-callin' us back!" ejaculated Mrs. Scratton, unlocking her thin lips for the first time since the abrupt dismissal by Mrs. Fancourt.

"Let 'em call!" growled Scratton. "If they were to go down on their knees, I wouldn't enter the house again—to-day."

"P'raps the young lady has returned, and is of a different opinion to the old one. She's seen me twice, you know," observed the boy.

"Yes, she has seen you, and we've seen the result," said Scratton, in a tone that was anything but complimentary; but Mrs. Scratton leaned forward and tugged at the coat-tails of the driver.

"Stop! Dixon; why don't you stop? Don't you hear some one callin' us back? I knew something would happen—I was sure of it!" A something did happen, for the last energetic tug had unfortunately brought off one of Dixon's coat-tails, and left it pendulous in her hand.

"Knowin' the quality of the cloth, you moight ha' been sarten sure it wouldn't ha' stood tuggin' like that."

"Hold your tongue!" said his mistress, as the boy who had been chasing the carriage now paused, panting and perspiring, by its side.

"We are not going back," repeated the indignant Scratton. "They must write an apology."

"Now, then, Tupp'ny, what's your news?" demanded the elegant Adolphus; while his mother, after having scanned the boy's face, exclaimed: "Why, it's that young rascal, Joey Throstle!"

"Yes, ma'am! its me! How's yourself, and Mr. S., and the young gentleman? You ain't none of you lookin' as well as you might look, if Natur' had been kinder."

"What do you want, boy?" screamed Mrs. Scratton.

"You've left somethin' behind yer."

"What?"

"Mister Boodle found this upon the mat." And Joey held up a sixpence.

"I threw it to him," said Scratton, magnanimously.

"He knows you did, and returns it with his respectful compliments, and says he wants no reward, as the trouble's a pleasure when he has to show you out."

"Drive on!" he said in a tone of such sharp command that even the surly Dixon at once obeyed. "If you stop again, on any pretence, before you're inside of Scratton Park, it's the entire coat I'll strip off your back, instead of only the tail of it."

So saying, Daniel Scratton relapsed into a moody silence, which, for once, neither the wife or son were disposed to break.

On re-entering his own house, Scratton went straight to his private room—the "Library"—though the only books it contained were sundry well-thumbed ledgers, a "Post Office Directory of the Six Home Counties," "Every Man His Own Lawyer," and the "Interest Tables."

Gloomily thoughtful, Scratton sank down into a chair; and, in answer to his son's recommendation to try a "brandy and soda," ordered him out of the room.

"Send Veculam Gritt to me."

Adolphus, after delivering the message to Mr. Gritt, whom he found in the steward's room, mounted his horse and galloped away to the more congenial atmosphere of the sporting hostelry above mentioned.

"Sit down here, Gritt!" said Scratton, speaking in much the same tone he would have used in addressing a dog.

(To Be Continued.)

MATRON AND MAID.

Mrs. Howard Gould has collected one of the finest libraries of works on the English drama extant in this country.

Mrs. Russell Sage says she wasn't a "good fellow girl," yet she had a good time. She finds that women as well as men can overdo the "good fellow" business.

Miss Alice Serber of New York is the first woman lawyer of that city to be admitted to practice in the United States district courts and the first to make a specialty of criminal law.

Miss Lillian Houghtaling of Ansonia, N. Y., is the architect of her own 23 room Queen Anne house, as she planned the dwelling with a rule and lead pencil. The drawings were shown to builders and none could find a flaw in the measurements.

Despite the statement recently made that Liliuokalani, the deposed queen of Hawaii, was rapidly failing in health and had gone back to Honolulu to die, a Honolulu newspaper notes the arrival on the steamer Australia of an automobile for her use.

Mrs. E. S. Starr, horticultural editor of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, has on the window sill next her desk a beehive. The bees rifle the neighboring candy stores and flowers of the public squares for sweets. Forty pounds of honey have been taken from the hive in one year.

Miss Florita Williams of New York is the sixth woman to receive the medal of the United States Volunteer Life Saving corps. Miss Williams saved the life of Miss Edith Harris at Long Branch last summer under circumstances that showed her to be possessed of remarkable bravery.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton does not approve of the recommendation made by several New York magistrates that wife beaters should be punished by flogging. She says, "The real cure for wife beating is to be found not in disciplining an occasional brute, but in teaching men to respect women."

Mrs. Glessner Moore Brady of Nevada, Mo., has been nominated for a second term as circuit clerk of Vernon county, Mo. Mr. Brady, her husband, who had held the position previously, died two years ago and was succeeded by his wife. Eighteen out of the 20 townships of the county, as well as every ward of the city, voted for Mrs. Brady.

Miss Terry's one superstition is said to be a fear of the single number 3. She will not enter a hotel room numbered 3, nor a car, nor a berth in a sleeping car. She will not sit three at a table; she declines to go on the stage by the third entrance. Once when an enthusiastic Englishman proposed three cheers for her, she put her hands to her face and ran away.

THE CRIMINAL CUCKOO.

He Is the One Exception to the Kindly Nature of Birds.

Bad temper and cruelty are perhaps the most obvious signs of mental degeneration in the beasts. The larger monkeys, for instance, become as bad tempered as a violent man when they grow old, and many in their treatment of other animals are cruel as we use the word in regard to man. Among the carnivorous beasts the cat amuses itself by torturing a mouse, and the weasel tribe kill for sheer love of killing. No such cruelty is seen among eagles or falcons. Fierce as their tempers are, they do not torment other birds which they catch or kill for killing's sake. Good temper is general among birds.

Except the cuckoo, such a thing as an ill tempered wild bird is unknown. Nowhere in the race can a temper like that of the Tasmanian devil or the wild hunting dog or the Cape buffalo or the baboon be found. Even those which in spring are thieves and egg robbers are not mauvais coucheurs at other times. Good temper and good fellowship in society, a personal affection to each other to which the beasts offer no parallel, industry and independence, intense devotion and foresight in tending their young, with other very human and engaging traits of character, must all be credited to the race of birds.

Among these kindly and simple natures the cuckoo is a monster. Let there be no mistake on this subject. He unites in his life and character, from the egg to the adult bird, practices and principles to which the whole race of warm blooded animals offers no parallel. He is an outrage on the moral law of bird life, something so flagrant and so utterly foreign to the way of thought of these kindly beings that if he did not exist he would be inconceivable. It is not merely that he is a supplanter and a changeling. His whole nature is so evil that in the world of birds he is an incarnation of the principle of ill, an embodiment of vices which would if understood or adopted by other birds put an end to the existence of the race.—London Spectator.

Self Denial.

The most self sacrificing men
Are they that keep their feet
From tapping, tapping, tapping, when
The band plays in the street

Under the Circumstances.

Mr. Quizzem—I suppose you revenue agents have to be very quiet about your work?

Detective Kluze—Well, when we are after moonshiners it has to be a still hunt.

The Man Who Pays.

Talk is not cheap! The man who talks has words to give away,
But he who has no time to listen has the costs to pay.

EXPOSING A HOTEL BEAT.

The Elevator, or, Rather, His Red Underwear, Did It.

"I've had a variegated experience with hotel beats in my time," said a veteran boniface who was in town on a visit the other day, "but I believe the funniest incident in that line that ever came under my observation occurred some years ago when I had charge of a house at a sister city not a thousand miles from New Orleans.

"One rainy evening shortly after the arrival of the eastern trains a tall, good looking chap walked into the office swathed from neck to heels in a long cape mackintosh. It was as handsome a rain coat as I ever saw, and his fashionable hat and the expensive alligator skin valise he carried in his hand completed the outward picture of a man of means. He wrote his name on the register and, remarking that he was thoroughly fatigued and not feeling very well, asked to be shown at once to his room. The clerk assigned him to quarters on the third floor, and one of the bellboys picked up his valise and led the way to the elevator.

"When they got out, the elevator man slammed the door rather suddenly and kept on going up to answer a call in the next story. It so happened that the long skirt of the stranger's mackintosh caught on a slight projection on the ironwork of the door, and as the car shot upward it stripped the garment off his back, very much after the fashion of skinning an eel, leaving him, to the blank amazement of the bellboy, clad in nothing but a suit of red flannel underwear.

"I was coming down the hall just as the accident happened, and I took in the situation at a glance. The fellow had expected to gain his room without detection and in the morning would have claimed that somebody had stolen his clothes with heaven only knows how much money in the trousers pockets and probably a gold watch in the vest.

"Anyhow, he was caught 'dead to rights,' as the saying goes, and he was taken so completely by surprise that he couldn't invent any story to account for his condition. He begged piteously not to be arrested, and I finally told him to get out, but before he could leave the house he had to have some clothes, and he swapped his elegant valise for a pair of greasy overalls and a blue cotton jumper belonging to the engineer. I heard afterward that he had caught several big houses on the same game."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

CHURCHGOING IN OLDEN TIMES.

Attendants at Service Used to Have a Very Sociable Season.

Sir Walter Besant has written whimsically, giving a glimpse of churchgoing a couple of hundred years ago. He says: "Did you ever go to a church in 1703? I have just come from a service at St. Stephen's, Walbrook, a Sunday morning service in that year. The congregation began to arrive a quarter of an hour or so before the service commenced. The ladies were dressed finely. A footman or a page or an apprentice walked behind them carrying their prayer books. He preceded them up the aisle, opened the door of their pew and placed the books on the desk before the seats. This done, he retired to a place under the gallery where the domestics sat.

"The women in the pew stood up and exchanged smiles of greeting with their acquaintances; with those in the pews before and behind them conversed openly; the church was filled with the buzz of conversation. When the service began, a great many, to show their devoutness, repeated everything out aloud, even the absolution and the verses assigned to the clergymen. They even read out loud the lessons of the day and the gospel and epistle. Some of the people continued to talk to each other from one pew to the other. A psalm, not a hymn, was sung, and only one.

"During the singing most of the people sat down. After the service was over the churchgoers renewed their civilities toward each other and their conversation on things of the most worldly kind. My companion lamented the ill timed talk of the people and the foolish habit of repeating the whole service out loud; as for sitting while the psalm was sung, he said it was to be excused on the ground that the version was miserable. Besides, it was a 'custom so inveterate' that there was no hope of getting it altered.

"Yet when I went to church with Hogarth 30 years later the people all stood up for the singing. How and when was the custom changed? How long did the people continue reading the service aloud? And when were the practice of conversation and the exchange of civilities before the service discontinued?"

Oil Bathing.

Oil bathing is a regular institution among the Hindoos. An experienced masseur rubs the oil on his patrons, friends or relatives generally once a week. And it is a fact that moles, warts and such faults of the surface of the skin are very rare among them. The newborn infant gets the oil bath daily for 40 days. The intervals are then gradually lengthened, but he will be considered a very naughty boy who during his school days tries to shirk the oil bath at least once a week. As a youngster he yells all the time he is being bathed. Perhaps it is good for his lungs. Anyhow nobody thinks of finding fault with the nurse for the hallooing of her charge, and, generally speaking, it may be said that Indians have better lungs and better pectorals as compared to the body weight than the Europeans, and the feminine bust is decidedly fuller and more perfect. —C. N. Saldanha in Lancet.

They All Change.

Mrs. Younglove—Oh, dear! Such is life! Before we got married George was tagging around after me all the time. I couldn't get away from him for a minute. That was three months ago.

Her Dearest Friend—Poor child! What has the wretch done?

"He said last night that he thought we'd move next month to some place where he can have a den so as to get by himself once in awhile."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Big Array.

"It'll take 10 cents to carry that, madam," said the postal clerk. "Oh, my! Will it?" she exclaimed. "Well, give me ten 1 cent stamps, then." "Why not a 10 cent stamp?" "No," she said; "I want to feel that I'm getting my money's worth."—Philadelphia Record.

It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all—better for the jeweler, the florist, the messenger boy and sometimes for the lawyers.—Exchange.

Good Advice Anyway.

The man laughed uproariously.

"I'm a pretty healthy looking specimen, am I not, doctor?" he asked.

"You certainly are," answered the physician.

"Well, ten years ago you told me to prepare for death."

"Did I?"

"You did."

"Well, I see no reason to be hilarious about it. That's good advice at any time, isn't it?"

"Yes, but"—

"Doesn't your preacher give you the same advice?"

"Of course, but you see"—

"Well, why don't you go and laugh at him? I did only my duty by you, and, from what I know of you, I would say that I can't think of any one who has more extended preparations to make. Good day, sir!"

"Sometimes," mused the man as he went out, "it is easy to make a point and difficult to clinch it."—Chicago Post.

How Coal Loses Energy.

If a load of coal is left out of doors exposed to the weather—say, a month—it loses one-third of its heating quality. If a ton of coal is placed on the ground and left there and another ton is placed under a shed, the latter loses about 25 per cent. of its heating power, the former about 47 per cent.; hence it is a great saving of coal to have it in a dry place, covered over and on all sides. The softer the coal the more heating power it loses, because the volatile and valuable constituents undergo a slow combustion.

CHAFING AND ITCHING SKIN

Exasperated by Summer Heat, Became Intolerable—Relief is Prompt and Cure Certain When Dr. Chase's Ointment is Used.

To many fleshy people summer is the time of much misery from chafing and skin irritation. Some complain particularly of sore feet, caused by perspiration while walking. Others suffer from itching skin diseases, such as eczema, salt rheum, rash, or hives.

Persons who have tried Dr. Chase's Ointment for itching or irritated skin are enthusiastic in recommending it to their friends, because it is the only preparation which affords instant relief, and speedily brings about a thorough cure.

As a matter of fact, Dr. Chase's Ointment has come to be considered the standard preparation for itching skin diseases, and has by far the largest sale of any similar remedy.

Try it when the feet are chafed and sore with walking. Try it when the skin is chafed, inflamed, and irritated. Try it for pimples, blackheads, hives, eczema, salt rheum, and every form of itching diseases. It cannot fail you.

Mr. John Broderick, Newmarket, Ont., writes:—"I have been troubled for thirty years with salt rheum. I used remedies and was treated by physicians all that time, but all failed to cure me. The doctors said there was no cure for me. I spent hundreds of dollars trying to get relief, but all in vain. My son brought me a trial sample box of Dr. Chase's Ointment. I found great relief, and had the first night's rest in years. It stopped the itching immediately. One box cured me. Publish these facts to suffering humanity."

Mr. M. A. Smith, Brockville, Ont., writes:—"I suffered many years with chafing, burning, and itching of the skin, and never found anything to do me good, or even give relief, until I used Dr. Chase's Ointment. I would advise all sufferers, and especially bicycle riders, to always have it on hand."

Dr. Chase's Ointment has never yet been known to fail to cure piles. It is the only remedy guaranteed to cure piles of every form. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

PARTING.

Overhead a great aurora,
Flashing all among the stars,
From its wide arch in the northward
Flinging up its opal bars.

Round the dim lights of the city,
Distant sound of harp and song,
Sat we in the shadowed garden
Speaking of our parting long,

Wondering of the unknown future,
What for us it held in store—
Sweetest meeting like the present
Or farewell for evermore;

Whether, with earth's lights around us,
We should clasp each other's hand,
Or, beyond these narrow limits,
In yon vast mysterious land,

Spirit met with spirit, knit up
Threads of life that broke below,
Telling in each other's bosom
All the trouble and the woe.

Happy in the recollection
Of the fated hour we met,
Perfect love and peace succeeding
Every longing and regret.
—T. P. Johnston in Chambers' Journal.

THE HOLBROOK RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

The Committee Was a Pretty Girl, and She Entertained the Stranger Admirably.

BY W. R. ROSE.

The well built young man who stood at the hotel entrance was evidently a stranger in the city. He looked about him with a strong suggestion of curiosity. Anon he stared upward at the unwonted mingling of smoke and skyscrapers.

This observant young man's name was Jack Holbrook. He was a New Englander, a Harvard man, a mining engineer, and this was his first visit west of Albany. He had come to Cleveland at the earnest and oft repeated invitation of his college mate and very dear friend, Tom Plympton, and he had arrived a day ahead of time. He had meant to stop at Buffalo for a few hours' conference with a mining expert, but on the train had received a telegram from him stating that he had suddenly been called to Toronto in connection with an important legal case and asking him to deter his Buffalo visit. So Jack had come straight through to Cleveland, and, being of a slightly diffident disposition, had gone to a hotel instead of proceeding at once to his friend's home. At the hotel he had telephoned and asked for his friend, but the servant who answered his call stated that Mr. Tom had gone to Akron, but would return late in the afternoon. Thereupon he had spelled out his name for the domestic and added the name of the hotel, the maid promising to deliver both name and address to Tom as soon as he returned.

Then Jack strolled out in front of the big hostelry and watched the tide of humanity stream by. The tide presented some new types to Jack's observant eyes and the time slipped away rapidly as he watched them. Presently he became aware that a smartly dressed young woman was regarding him with some degree of intentness. She was a pretty girl, with laughing black eyes, and those eyes were fixed upon Jack with a quizzical interest. She passed him and then came back. As she neared him she swung in a little closer.

"Pardon me," she said with much gravity, "but am I mistaken in assuming that you are a stranger in town?"

Her voice was low and musical and very pleasant to the ear, and Jack was still more firmly convinced of her extreme degree of prettiness. Both these facts firmly impressed themselves upon his mind, although he was quite stunned for the moment by the unexpected encounter.

"I am a stranger in this particular city," he managed to reply, "but not entirely a stranger to city ways."

"It is evident," said the young woman, with an increase of gravity, "that you read the newspapers."

"It is a habit that I have never attempted to conceal," said Jack.

There was a moment's silence.

The young woman had, as it were, mesmerized Jack into an unconscious endeavor to keep step with her as she slowly moved toward the avenue.

"You look," she said, "like an honest young man."

"Honesty, like beauty," commented Jack, "is sometimes but skin deep. The fact is, I am really an accomplished pickpocket. Perhaps you will kindly notice the shabby looking man who is apparently absorbed in the jeweler's window across the way? That's a famous detective who is dogging my footsteps."

"I see," said the pretty girl with a charming smile, "that you are a humorist as well as a pickpocket. It is a pleasant recreation and in time I think you would shine at it. But pardon me, Mr. Pickpocket, if I briefly digress. As you are a stranger in town you cannot be expected to know anything about our customs. Kindly understand, then, that I am an active member of an organization of Cleveland women who are banded together for the purpose of extending the hospitalities of our city to all worthy sojourners within its gates. We are expected to meet strangers and impress them with our city's beauties."

Diffident Jack boldly interrupted her.

"You have certainly impressed me with one of them," he said. "I don't think I care to see the others."

The smiling young woman slightly flushed.

"When the stranger happens to be young and good looking," she said, "one of the younger members of the committee on transients is sent to proselyte him. For, you see, the prime object of the committee is to win from him a promise to become a good Clevelander. I might add that the scheme is strongly indorsed by the sojourner committee of our revered chamber of commerce."

"Which reflects great credit on the chamber's good taste," said Jack the diffident.

Just what he thought of this remarkable adventure he could hardly tell. The girl was certainly delightful, even if her explanation was a trifle labored. He would see the adventure through.

"And now for luncheon," said the black eyed committee of one, as she led him, still wondering, into a well appointed restaurant and ordered a toothsome light repast. And as they sat facing each other she drew him out by degrees until diffident Jack was telling freely about his recent trip up the Orinoco and his shipwreck on the Venezuelan coast.

Jack was a keen observer and a clever story teller, and his audience of one somehow drew out the best there was in him. He noticed that his companion exchanged bows with several of the ladies and gentlemen who passed in and out of the dining room, and it struck him that she must be a young woman of some social eminence. This impression was further strengthened by the deference with which the proprietor of the place bowed to her as she passed to the cashier's desk.

"The committee pays all the bills," she had said to Jack, and he was forced to rest content. "I take it for granted," she added to him when they reached the sidewalk, "that you have no other engagement for the afternoon?"

"It is your privilege to take anything you please for granted," said the gallant Jack.

"Then, as it is Wednesday afternoon, we will attend the matinee at the opera house," said the black eyed committee. "I have the seats," she quickly added, and thus headed off any move Jack might have made toward the box office.

The play was a pretty comedy, a newly imported London success, and Jack enjoyed its wit and raillery to the utmost. No doubt his enjoyment was much increased by the presence of his charming and sympathetic companion. She smiled over all the good things that he did, catching the witty points as fast as they were uttered, and her merry comments were quite as good as the dialogue.

And Jack felt that he couldn't be too grateful to her for not insisting upon the right to assume the seat next the aisle.

It was during the intermission preceding the last act that the committee suddenly said:

"I declare if the Hungerfords aren't coming over to speak to us!"

"Yes, yes; here they come. See here; we must pretend that we are old friends."

"All right," said Jack. "What's your name?"

"Lucile. And yours?"

"Jack."

And then the Hungerfords were at hand. They smilingly greeted Jack's committee and looked inquiringly at Jack. There were two vacant seats in the row ahead, and these the Hungerfords took. Then Jack's committee caught a peculiar gleam in pretty Mrs. Hungerford's eye.

"Oh, excuse me!" she murmured. "I forgot that you had been away. You haven't met Jack, have you? Jack, this is Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hungerford."

"Oh, yes," said Jack the diffident as he smiled and bowed, "I really feel as if I ought to know you. Lucile mentioned your names several times when she wrote. Are congratulations a little late?"

"Rather," said the male Hungerford, "the happy event took place some six months ago."

"I think," said Jack, without a trace of embarrassment, "that your happy faces made me forget that you were not still in the first quarter of the honeymoon."

"That's very nice," said pretty Mrs. Hungerford, with a little nod of thanks.

Then she looked at Lucile, and if ever a woman's glance asked "Is this the favored youth?" little Mrs. Hungerford's asked it at that moment.

"Stop here long?" inquired the male Hungerford.

"Only through the last act," replied Jack.

"I mean in Cleveland."

"I don't know. I'm in the hands of the committee."

Tall Bob Hungerford looked a little astonished at the reply, and Lucile laughed.

"That's the latest eastern slang," she said. "Jack is an adept at slang. It isn't so bad either, is it—'in the hands of the committee?'"

And just then the curtain went up.

When Jack and his committee filed out of the house, Lucile suddenly giggled.

"Those stupid Hungerfords gave me a bad five minutes," she said, "but I rather think I sent them away eating their hearts out with curiosity."

"I wonder why you didn't tell them all about the committee and its noble work," said honest Jack.

But the committee only giggled.

"How would you like to ride behind a good horse?" she inquired a moment later.

"Why not?" quoth reckless Jack.

And, lo! as if by magic, a tall dogcart drawn by a mettlesome black horse, appeared beside them, a drab coated driver stepped out and handed the reins to the young woman, and a moment later she and Jack were speeding away toward the suburbs. It was a most delightful 40 minutes' ride, and then the tall cart was suddenly drawn up in front of a handsome residence as a young man came running down the steps.

It was Tom.

"Jack!" he cried as he gripped an outstretched hand. Then he added, "I see Tricksy found you all right."

"Tricksy!" gasped Jack.

Then he remembered that Tom had occasionally mentioned a sister, and somehow he had formed the impression that she was a fence climbing hoiden in clipped curls and extremely short skirts—just a scatter brained, romping child. And this lovely girl was the real Tricksy. What a blooming idiot he had been not to guess it before!

"No wonder she found you," continued Tom. "She's stolen all my photos of you and stuck them up all over her room—Jack in football togs over the mantel, Jack starting for the Orinoco on the dresser, Jack"—

"Tom," cried the blushing Lucile, "you're horrid!" Then she turned to Jack.

"The committee on reception will take a brief recess," she laughed.

"Make it very brief," said diffident Jack.

"What fresh nonsense has Lucile been up to?" cried puzzled Tom.

But Jack only chuckled.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Iron Duke's Speech.

I once heard the Duke of Wellington make a speech in the house of lords, and, although it was but a short speech and not remarkable for eloquence, it astonished and impressed me more at the time than the greatest oration by the greatest parliamentary orator could have done.

The duke, as I gathered from the speech of another peer, had already been offering to the house his opinion on the measure under consideration, and the noble and learned lord was now criticising his remarks. In the course of his criticism this noble and learned personage ventured on the observation that he feared "the illustrious duke" had not quite understood the measure now before the house. This drew the illustrious duke.

The Duke of Wellington sprang to his feet to reply, and he struck the table with indignant gesture. "My lords," he said, "the noble and learned lord has said that I don't understand this bill. Well, my lords, all I can say is that I read the bill once, that I read it twice, that I read it three times, and if after that I don't understand the bill, why, then, my lords, all I have to say is that I must be an infernally stupid fellow!"

Then the duke resumed his seat.—Justin McCarthy's "Reminiscences."

Lockjaw.

The alarming fatality from lockjaw should impress upon the public the extreme need for radical treatment of these wounds, even the most insignificant. Such wounds are either penetrating or lacerating, presenting the most favorable conditions for infection, and the hand or foot of the victim is usually begrimed with dirt, especially from the earth. Tetanus is an infectious disease due to the action of a microbe and although one of the most fatal diseases is probably one of the most easily preventable in many cases.

The wound should be thoroughly cleansed and drained as only a good surgeon or physician can do it and never by amateurs or according to household methods. Cauterization in these cases is a pernicious practice, because it makes a crust over the wound and thus prevents free drainage. In other words, it effectually imprisons the microbes and thus promotes infection.

The bacillus of tetanus is said to be an anærobic—it lives without air and is killed by free air; hence the necessity for thorough cleansing and drainage. Finally this bacillus is telluric—it inhabits earth or soil.—Indianapolis Journal.

He Loved Animals.

Of Blackmore, the novelist, an old friend has said in Literature that his kindness to animals and birds was nearly divine. "Dogs loved him; pigeons followed him about. A blackbird built in a hole in his garden wall one year, and he planked the well over lest the young ones, when they became venturesome, should be drowned. From the planks over the water he had a sort of ladder constructed for them to escape, which they all did and repaid him by bountifully devouring his strawberries.

"There is a picture of himself as a vine dresser in one of his Devonshire tales, 'Christowell.' His love for women and girls, especially girls, was as great as Mr. Ruskin's, but less outspoken, though evident in his books. There is always a Lorna or a Dariel as sweet as English air can make her. He was shy and retiring and not given to tongue."

A Stomach Agitator.

"All that has been written of the physical beauty of Japan," said a traveler, "is really inadequate. Language simply fails to tell you what really is there in the way of scenery. You must actually visit the country to appreciate it. But while Japanese life, Japanese houses and Japanese scenery are replete with interest and beauty Japanese food is an abomination to the civilized stomach and as such to be absolutely eschewed.

"Take the raw fish, for instance, they serve. The first time I tasted it I was forcibly reminded of the man who invented the 'flapjack' which when cooked on one side automatically turned over and cooked the other side as well. The scheme worked out to perfection, and fortune seemed to loom large in the near future for the inventor, when a drawback to the scheme was discovered. The 'flapjack' once swallowed kept on turning. That's what happens when you eat the raw fish of Japan."

Thankful.

A live possum was discovered in a colored "meetin house" in Mitchell county. The parson pronounced the benediction immediately, remarking, " 'Lijah wuz fed by ravens in de wilderness, en 'possum on dis col' mawnin is none de less providential!"

"John," wrote a colored prisoner to his son, "did you know dat yo' daddy is in a nice, steam he't jail fer de winter? Ef you didn't, you knows it now by dis letter, w'ich leaves me well en hearty en t'ankful ter Providence. De weather is col', but, John, I is ez warm ez a political meetin."—Atlanta Constitution.

In One Lesson.

He—Your sister said she couldn't dance.

She—Well, can she?

"Yes, I made her. We hadn't been on the floor a minute when I stepped on her foot. You just ought to have seen her."—Yonkers Statesman.

Some musical notes are low and solemn and others high and quick, because the vibration of musical strings varies from 32 vibrations per second, which produces a soft and deep bass, to 15,000 vibrations per second, which yields a sharp treble.

A SONG IN WINTER.

Blackbird, whistling cheerily,
Whistling from a leafless tree,
Through the mist your notes are ringing,
Though no other bird is singing,
And the wind wails drearily.

Heedless of December gloom,
Though the flowers no longer bloom,
Though forever gone the glory
Of the year that, gaunt and hoary,
Totters to his snowy tomb,

Still your message, full of glee,
Echoes from your leafless tree:
"Summer's coming, summer's coming,
With song of lark and wild bee's humming,
With blossoms bright for you and me!

"So," you sing, "the poet's lay
Should, like mine, be blithe and gay,
Ever breathing balm for sorrows,
Still foretelling happy morrows,
Spite of cloudy skies today."
—Louisa Addey, in Chambers' Journal.

THE YARNER OF YAKMAT

A New Version of the "Arabian Nights."

BY W. R. ROSE.

He was too young a boy to be quite alone in the streets of the great city. Not but that he was capable of caring for himself in the face of ordinary perils, but this boy was confronted by no ordinary peril. It was acute poverty that faced him. He was homeless and hungry.

Jimmie Sturges had come up to the city in search of fortune and incidentally of fame. His home life had been unhappy. He was a sensitive boy, and an aunt with a chronic temper and a rasping voice had made life wretched for this orphaned lad of 17. The glamour of the city appealed to him. There was wealth there and chances to rise. Other country boys had conquered their way to fortune. Why not he?

He came, and the glamour faded. There seemed to be nothing in that noisy wilderness for a new boy to do. His few dollars rapidly disappeared. He was hungry and roofless.

As he slowly strolled down one of the fashionable thoroughfares, dully wondering what was to happen to him, the door of a handsome residence opened, and a man came down the steps. He was a big man, with a fresh looking face and grizzled gray whiskers, and he had an extremely well to do appearance. As he reached the sidewalk he caught sight of Jimmie, and they both stopped.

"Come here," said the big man slowly, and, though his voice had a peculiar rough burr to it, Jimmie instinctively felt that its owner was a safe man to approach. He stepped forward. "How's business with you?" inquired the big man.

"Very bad," said Jimmie.

The big man eyed him keenly.

"Know any stories?" he suddenly inquired. Jimmie was a little startled by the suddenness of the query, but he thought he grasped the big man's meaning.

"Lots," he answered.

"Any new ones?"

"Brand new."

The big man caught him by the arm and led him up the steps and into a most beautiful hall, but Jimmie had scarcely a chance to look around, for the big man hooked his big fingers under his chin and held up his head.

"Let me see your tongue," he said. Jimmie thrust out that useful member, and then the big man murmured, "Humph!" Then he brusquely added: "We can't take any chances on strange story tellers. You must have a bath."

He drew the passive Jimmie back into the interior of the house and presently pushed him through the door of a small room.

"Take a good scrub," he commanded, "and when you are through rap on the door."

It was a wonderful little room, all in white, with a noble bathtub and gleaming mirrors and many silver fixtures. Jimmie stared admiringly about him, but he didn't forget what he was there for. In a moment he had discovered the hot water faucet and presently was indulging in the luxury of a thorough personal scrub. When he had scrambled back into his clothes and brushed them and his hair, he rapped on the door. It was opened by a tall gentleman with a gray mustache, who smiled down at him pleasantly.

"The doctor is up stairs," he said, "and wants you to join him there."

They went up the broad stairs and then into a handsome room. There was a bed at one side, with somebody lying in it. The big man was standing at the bedside, and he beckoned to Jimmie. Then he stooped down.

"George," he said softly, and it was quite wonderful how the bur seemed to leave his voice—"George, here's the story teller you wanted." He reached back and drew Jimmie closer. The boy, looking down, saw another boy lying before him, a boy of about his own age, with a thin, white face and deep set, burning eyes that rolled toward him from the pillow.

"Your title?" cried this strange boy in a thin, querulous voice.

"The Yarner of Yakmat," replied Jimmie with great gravity, recalling the name he had given the hero of one of his own romancing creations.

"Good. You are welcome. From the east?"

"From the far east."

"You are also the grand vizier?"

"Later on I became the grand vizier."

"True. Now for your first story, and do not forget the fate that was promised Schehezerade."

"To hear is to obey, most illustrious."

And thereupon Jimmie, with the most profound gravity, seated himself and plunged into one of the stories with which he had often lightened his loneliness. The boy was a born romancer, and the solitary life he had led and the absence of human sympathy had sharpened and added to his gift. His mind was peopled with knights and ladies, with genii and fairies, with Sindbads and Aladdins. He knew he was expected to humor the strange fancy of the sick boy, and he did his best.

He told the lad the fanciful tale of "Pigeontoes," which was a favorite creation of his own, and he told it well. It was the story of a Chinese maiden who wandered away into the woods and came across a witch with whom she took a marvelous ride on a fiery broomstick, with divers remarkable adventures. As Jimmie went on, full of the tireless zeal of the born story teller, he noticed that the burning eyes grew softer and that the restless head was stiller, and presently the tired lids came slowly down, and the sick boy slept. Then Jimmie's voice dropped to a monotone, his own tired head dropped lower and lower, and presently it dropped to the bed beside the sick boy and remained there.

The night had faded from the sky, the street lamps shed their flickering rays, and a softly shaded lamp burned in the chamber of the sick boy when Jimmie Sturges awoke. As he stirred uneasily a firm hand caught his arm and drew him gently from the bedside and out of the room and down the stairs. It was the doctor's hand, and the doctor faced him in the great reception hall.

Jimmie stared at him half dazed.

"It's all right, my boy," said the doctor kindly. "You're not dreaming. This is the home of Banker Jordan. I am Dr. Grace. The boy up stairs is Richard Jordan, the banker's only child. He is suffering from a brain trouble that slightly unbalances him. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Jimmie faintly. He swayed a little and put out his hand to the nearest chair.

"What's this?" whispered the doctor, coming swiftly to his side.

"Empty stomach," said Jimmie, with a wan smile. "Nothing in it since last night."

"Idiot!" said the doctor, but Jimmie knew he wasn't addressing him. "Idiot! And you pretend to some knowledge of a diagnosis. Here, you hungry humiliator of overweening conceit, come this way." And presently Jimmie was served a meal the like of which was quite beyond the wildest limit of his dreams. The doctor went away softly while he ate, and when he was through the tall man appeared in the doorway.

"Are you quite finished?" he asked. "If so, come this way." And he led him into a cozy sitting room whose walls were lined with books—more books than Jimmie had ever seen in all his brief lifetime.

"Sit down," said the tall man in a gentle voice. "I want to have a little talk with you. Are you so situated that you can remain here?"

"No one has any claim on me," said Jimmie. "I am my own master."

The tall man smiled.

"And how would you like to drop your independence and play grand vizier to the sultan of my Dickie?" he asked.

"My independence brought me to hunger and the streets," said Jimmie. "I think I'd like the change."

"I am greatly pleased with you," said the tall man. "You seem to be a youth of honesty and intelligence, you have health and strength, and you can rest assured that anything you may do for my motherless Dickie will be gratefully appreciated. For the present I must ask you to act both as companion and nurse. His wants are few, but some one must be with him. He manifested a violent prejudice against all outsiders until you came, and while you fill a nurse's place—I want your mind clear regarding your responsibility and its financial equivalent—I will pay you a nurse's wages, $30 a week." Jimmie thrust his finger nails into the palms of his hands. The pain told him he was awake. "The recompense for your admirable works of fiction will have to be settled upon later. But I can say to you that if you can retain my son's good will and all goes well with him I can promise you a trip abroad in his company next summer."

Before Jimmie could pinch himself again the doctor entered. He was slowly rubbing his hands.

"The sultan is sleeping beautifully," he said. "I believe he is good for an all night nap, and I'm going home. You have arranged with the vizier, I suppose, Jordan? Yes? Then first, young man, I'll put you to bed. Come along."

Jimmie assured him that he was, and they went up to the room of the sick boy. Here a broad couch had been prepared for Jimmie, and at a signal from the doctor he rapidly undressed. The big man pointed to a cooling drink on the table at the bedside and to the slippers and dressing gown at the foot of the couch. Then as the boy's head touched the pillow he stooped above him and gently whispered:

"Good night, grand vizier."

The boy lay for a few moments with his eyes roaming about the dimly lighted apartment. He noted the quiet elegance of the appointments, the dainty decorations, the costly pictures and vases, the soft blending of many colors. The very air of the apartment seemed charged with the aroma of luxury.

Once more his finger nails bit into the palms of his hands.

"No," he whispered to himself; "it isn't a dream."

Then as his head sank a little lower and his eyes closed he murmured brokenly:

"It beats the 'Arabian Nights' all hollow!"

And he was asleep.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

If the trees need pruning, it is easier to prune them as soon as the necessity shows itself than after several seasons of neglect.

A tree of good shape has much to do with the appearance of the orchard. The earlier they are looked after the easier will be the work.

Horticulture when followed intelligently gives better returns upon the capital employed than almost any other branch of agriculture.

One advantage with the strawberry is that a number of plants can often be grown where there would be hardly room for a tree or where one would be undesirable.—St. Louis Republic.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS
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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, NOV. 7th, 1900.

NEW FRENCH QUICKFIRER.

Europe's Latest Manikiller Is a Marvel of Simplicity and Efficiency.

The special correspondent of the London Times(who has attended the French military manoeuvres, had an opportunity of seeing the much-vaunted new 75 mm. quick-firing gun at work. He says: "Each gun, besides its limber, has an ammunition wagon. When in column of route the ammunition wagon and the gun move abreast, if possible; if that is not practicable, the wagon precedes the gun. The draught for a wagon is a team of four, for a gun a team of six. Each battery is accompanied by a reserve ammunition column of three wagons. When the battery comes into action the gun and wagon unlimber abreast of each other, and the limbers of both gallop clear to cover. If the gun unlimbers "action front" the wagon unlimbers as if for "action rear," and vice versa. Nos. 5, 6 and 7 immediately tilt the wagon up, disjoint the pole so that it doubles down to the ground, and opens the top shutters, which fall back from a centre fastening and make a shield, behind which the instruments were set up, a temporary three gunners kneel. The fixed ammunition is in a rack before them, each wagon holding eighty rounds. As the gun and wagon are now wheel and wheel abreast, No. 5 has simply to hand each round to No. 2, who is kneeling by the rail prepared to load.

"And now as to the gun itself. As far as I could judge, while standing in the battery, the pneumatic buffer which takes the recoil, is part of the gun. Certainly when fired with blank the only movement apparent is the running back of the gun itself on a sliding seat underneath the trunnions. The whole of the breech end of the gun seems seated in this heavy socket. A brake, which is lowered on coming into action, takes part of the recoil, as well as a spade affixed to the end of the trail. Before the gun is laid the trail is raised to an agle of forty-five degrees and brought sharply to the ground. This might be to insure the setting of the spade, but from the sound it makes and the fact that after the gun team has been standing fast for some time, the operation is repeated before again coming into action, I am inclined to believe that it is a mechanical means by which some pneumatic buffer is loaded. This much is certain, that once the trail has been raised, the brake adjusted and the spade imbedded, the gun carriage never moves again, though twenty rounds are fired in rapid succession. The gun only runs back. In this the mechanism is far in advance of the spade action of the Vickers-Maxim carriage, in which both gun and carriage run back on the spade for several inches.

"The breech action of the French gun is a marvel of simplicity. The breech opens with a single action, the whole of the block revolving from left to right. The reverse action loads the piece, the motion of opening extracts the case and throws it clear. No. 3 opens and closes the breech in two motions, while No. 2 loads. No. 1 attends to the laying of the gun—once laid, any alteration in range is made by turning a hand screw, to which is fitted an indicator and dial. It would be possible to fire thirty rounds a minute with the utmose care. But hitherto during the manoeuvres no rapid fire has been attempted. The gun is provided with a light, bullet-proof shield, so that when in action the four men working the guns are under cover, while, as was stated before, the No. 5, 6 and 7 kneel behind their ammunition wagons, and are also completely screened."

MODDER RIVER.

Flow on, Oh Modder river!
If every drop were a tear
And thou could'st weep for ever
For the slain on thy banks so sere.
Weep for the best of England.
And Canada's bravest ones;
Weep for the flower of Scotland.
And Australia's noble sons;
Weep for the boys of Ireland
Who counted their lives not dear.
Ready to fight for England.
Proud in her glory to share.
Weep for the broken-hearted.
For wounds that can never heal:
Lov'd ones forever parted.
Ah God! what anguish they feel.
Weep for the treacherous sons
Misguided and mad with hate
Trusting in vain to their guns.
Seeing their folly too late.
Weep till the angel of peace
Shall reign o'er thy golden sands:
Then sorrow, and woe, shall cease.
When Briton and Boer join hands.

—L. A. A., Victoria.

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NOTICE.

THE COMMISSION to enquire into and concerning the grievance of Settlers within the trace of lands granted to the E. & N. Railway Company will hold a sitting in CUMBERLAND, Comox District, on THURSDAY, the 22nd NOVEMBER NEXT. All persons interested are hereby to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

For the Commissioner,
W. H. ELLIS,
Secretary.

October 26th, 1900.

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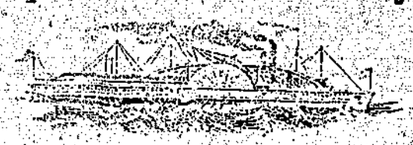

VICTORIA-COMOX ROUTE.
Taking Effect Tuesday, Oct. 16th, 1900.
S. S. "City of Nanaimo."
Sails from Victoria Tuesday, 7 a.m. for Nanaimo and Way ports.
Sails from Nanaimo, Wednesday 7 a. m., for Union Wharf, Comox and Way ports.
Sails from Comox and Union Wharf, Thursday 8 a. m. for Nanaimo and Way ports.
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 7 a.m. for Victoria and Way ports.
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FRANKLIN CAMP.

Young Camp in Boundary That Promises Excellent Results.

Grand Forks, Oct. 25—(Special)—Franklin camp, on the east fork of the north fork, 50 miles from this city, was discovered only a year and a half ago, but the locations in that region already exceed 100. It is reached by a trail which connects with the wagon road extending north 20 miles above Grand Forks. Until recently the country was

On October 20 the Winnipeg Tribune published an interview with Mr. H. C. Lisle, a barrister, who was on his way home to England from Dawson.

Mr. Lisle said he had read the report of Sir Hibbert Tupper's speech at Brandon in regard to Yukon matters. Sir Hibbert Tupper, he said, had not stated one-tenth of what he might truly have said in regard to the manner in which the administration of affairs had been conducted there since the rush to the gold fields commenced. Mr. Lisle is an Englishman, and says he has no particular interest in Canadian politics; and he is, therefore, able to give an unprejudiced opinion in regard to these matters. He declares that the manner in which the officials have acted and are still acting is simply shocking to anyone accustomed to British ideas of government. The "back door" system which has prevailed there has been disgraceful and unblushing. It is, of course, not easy to get definite evidence in regard to transactions of this kind. The officials who have been bribed, do not, of course, publish that fact; and the people who have bribed them naturally keep quiet on the subject for fear of having the concessions they have improperly obtained taken from them. In such matters one has to rely largely on circumstantial evidence. In other parts of the world, the popular presumption is that government officials are honorable, straightforward men; in Dawson the public unanimously believes the larger number of the officials are corrupt.

* * *

Mr. Lisle was also asked whether he was in Dawson at the time Mr. Sifton's letter requesting the closing of the gambling houses and other dives was received; and, if so, what steps had been taken to give effect to it.

"Yes," said Mr. Lisle, "It arrived before I left, and it caused the greatest amusement in Dawson. The only thing that was done in connection with it was for Mr. Ogilvie to write back to Mr. Sifton, informing him that there was an immense amount of capital invested in the gambling houses and the other institutions Mr. Sifton referred to, which it would not be safe to summarily confiscate, and suggesting that the matter should be allowed to stand over until next June. That is how the matter stands at present. Up at Dawson, we look upon this simply as an election dodge on the part of Mr. Sifton. It is generally believed that there is an understanding between Mr. Sifton and Mr. Ogilvie in the matter. Of course before any reply is received by Mr. Ogilvie, the elections will be over; and then, if the government is sustained, matters will undoubtedly be allowed to go on in the same old way. Why," said Mr. Lisle, "I myself have heard Mr. Ogilvie personally joke about the matter, and declare that it would be impossible for Dawson to exist without these institutions. These institutions are practically licensed by the government, and form the chief means of revenue for carrying it. Prostitutes are regularly summoned and fined $50 by the Mounted Police, who have a list of them for this purpose. There is no attempt made to bring any evidence against these people. They come up to the court, plead guilty and on what, elsewhere, would be municipal undertakings. The gambling-house keepers, the dance-house keepers and the like, pay their $50 fine as a matter of course; and the girls laugh and joke with the magistrate when they do so. I have seen fifty of them before the court in a day, and they look upon it as a regular thing, and regard the fine as practically a license for carrying on their business. No attempt whatever is made to close up the places, and I have seen gamblers an hour after leaving the court carrying on their business again, just as though nothing had happened. When we want money for grants to our hospital or our other charitable institutions, an extra raid is made on these people for the purpose of obtaining it. They are rounded up, and fined $50, and the money is handed over to the cause of "sweet charity."

* * *

"I may say, in conclusion," said Mr. Lisle, "that there seems to be an impression down here that things have greatly improved in Dawson since the first rush of gold seekers has ceased, and since Mr. Ogilvie and Mr. Senkler have been sent up there. This, however, is very erroneous. In some respects, perhaps, things are a little better than they were; but practically the same state of things prevails as when the complaints of the people of Yukon were first made to the world. If you do not hear so many complaints now as formerly, it is because the people there have come to the conclusion that it is practically useless to try to get redress, and that they must grin and bear it. The government, apparently, thinks that because we are up there so far out of the world, our complaints can be safely ignored, and we are left to the tender mercies of officials and treated as though we really had no rights whatever. The condition of affairs there would simply shock anyone accustomed to the normal state of things in a British community; and the only thing that surprises me is that when there is so much material on which to base charges, Sir Hibbert Tupper has been so comparatively moderate in presenting his case."

Steamer Amur, which returned from Skagway yesterday afternoon, had nearly 200 passengers on board when she left the North, but the majority were linemen and others of the telegraph construction company, who debarked at Vancouver. Included among those for Victoria were C. Dubois Mason, city solicitor, who has been working his mining properties at Atlin; W. W. Grime, from Atlin; J. K. Devlin, who has been agent for the White Pass railway at White Horse; W. B. McMicking, who has been working on the telegraph line; and P. T. Richardson, of the northern mail service.

The telegraph party under A. J. Charleson, many of whom were French-Canadians, were landed at Vancouver, at which port the steamer made a special call, being rushed down from the unfinished line in order to have them back in Quebec in time to vote at the approaching elections.

According to advices brought by the returned linemen, six inches of ice covered the lakes at the Stikine head when they left.

The northern linemen found but one trace of the historic transcontinental wire which was projected and actually begun to connect North America with Europe via Siberia.

On the very top of a lofty bald mountain near Telegraph creek they discovered a stake or surveyor's picket, which from its age they thought to be a post marking a line of the old enterprise. Telegraph creek, it will be remembered, was so named on account of its connection with the old line.

The construction crew of the southern end have frequently run across the remains of the intercontinental project. In many places the wire is still up, and no little delay has been caused by it. Trees of considerable size have grown up around the wire, and when they are cut for the new line lodge in the wire and cause no end of trouble. Mr. Charleson has a unique memento in the shape of a section of a large birch tree which had grown around and embedded the wire during the many years which have passed since the line was put up.

George White Frazer, who has been demarking the interprovincial boundary between British Columbia and the Yukon, has completed his labors, and in company with his wife is returning to Victoria. On all of the hazardous journey through the trackless Northwest wilderness, Mrs. White Frazer accompanied her husband.

The Amur reports that much snow has fallen in the North. Much ice was running in the Pelly and Yukon, and it is believed the river will be frozen solid ere now. There was six inches of snow on White Pass, while from Wrangel northward the snow is said to be down to the water's edge, and the lower ranges are covered with a very heavy fall.

The remains of the late Martin Stone, mate of the river steamer Clifford Sifton, who was drowned in Thirty-Mile river, as told in these columns, were brought down by the Amur, for interment here.

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

A. SEATER.

Courtney, B.C., May 22, 1900.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 Daily. A.M.		No. 4 Saturday P.M.
De. 9:00	Victoria	Ar. 4:25
" 9:28	Goldstream	" 4:53
" 10:9	Koenig's	" 5.31
" 10:18	Duncans	" 6:15
P.M.		P.M.
" 12:14	Nanaimo	" 7:41
Ar. 12:35	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.

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LAURENCE W. NUNNS,
City Clerk.

Cumberland, B.C., May 8th, 1900. 8t3

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SCAVENGER WORK DONE

LOVE AND POVERTY.

The roses bloom round my dwelling place,
Yet poor is my home and small;
There is little of beauty and little of grace,
But love has enshrined it all;
There toil and trouble have often met,
And life has been full of care;
With tears, bitter tears, have mine eyes been wet
With a sorrow that none could share,
But sweet, very sweet, is my home to me
Since love has o'ershadowed my poverty.

In the twilight dim, when the day is o'er
And the sun in the west sinks low,
I stand and wait by the open door
For a welcome step I know.
Two eyes will shine with the lovelight gleam
As, all bitterness overpast,
The cares of the day will forgotten seem
When my love comes home at last.
Oh, happy, thrice happy, the hour shall be
That bringeth my love to his home and me!

I dwell in a home that is poor and low,
Yet riches I have to spare.
That home is the dearest my heart can know,
Since love has a dwelling there.
Though toil is weary and hard the fight,
Our hearts must be richly blest,
For love will shine as a beacon light
To bring us peace and rest.
Oh, rich, passing rich, is my lot to me
Since love has o'ershadowed my poverty!

—London Lady.

A PATENT ELOPEMENT.

"A visitor, Jabez."

Old Farmer Smith rose from the dinner table and picked up his hat from the side of the chair.

"Who is it, wife?" he asked.

"A young man," she replied.

The farmer's lip set tight as he witnessed a glance which passed between his wife and his daughter.

"I understand," he said severely, with a determined look at the anxious face of the girl—"that London chap, Leslie Austin."

"Yes, father," she replied.

"I'll settle his business for him." And Farmer Smith strode into the parlor, his heavy boots sounding a deathknell to the faint hopes in the sinking heart of pretty, winsome Alice Smith. "So you're here again, eh?"

The brusque interrogatory did not seem to crush the courteous, handsome young man, who arose and faced the farmer.

"Yes, Mr. Smith," was his reply.

"And on the same old errand, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir. I came to ask your consent"—

"You can't have it!" interrupted Farmer Smith savagely. "Alice ain't going to marry you or anybody else just yet."

"But time"—

"You've heard me, Mr. Leslie Austin. You can't have my daughter."

"I love her, Mr. Smith."

"Nonsense! She's too young to know her own mind. I have said my say, and the harvest hands are waiting. Good day, sir!"

Under such determined resistance Leslie Austin retreated. He bit his lips angrily as he walked rapidly down the road to the village hotel.

"It's a shame," decided his friend, Bob Townsend, as he heard the disappointed lover's story.

"We think so much of each other," murmured Leslie mournfully.

"You ain't going to give up this way, are you?" asked Bob.

Leslie looked up inquiringly.

"What else can I do?" he asked.

"Marry her," said Bob.

"Her father won't consent."

"Suppose he don't."

Leslie started, but shook his head slowly.

"I know what you're hitting at, Bob—an elopement."

"You're right."

"But it could not be."

"Why not?"

"Because Alice is bound to obey her father, and I am, too, for that matter."

Bob scowled impatiently.

"Nonsense!" he aspirated angrily. "See here, Leslie. If you were the irresponsible chap old Smith thinks you, I'd hesitate, but you ain't. You're an honest, well to do lawyer, respectably connected and only laboring under a prejudice on the farmer's part that because Neighbor Jones' girl married a worthless man from the metropolis all such matches must end similarly."

"Granted."

"Therefore, being in the right and the old farmer being in one of his mad moods, I'd outwit him."

"How?"

The query was encouraging.

"Run away with Alice," said Bob.

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"Her father watches her too closely."

"That's the only reason, is it?"

"I believe so."

"She's willing?"

"Presumably."

"And you?"

"Oh, Bob, you're talking nonsense! I might as well go back to London and wait until Mr. Smith changes his mind."

"And let some other fellow have Alice? You're a brave lover!"

Leslie was despondent.

"I have a plan, if you're plucky enough to follow it out," suggested Bob.

Leslie's face grew expectant at the hint.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Listen."

What Bob told the discouraged lover need not be repeated. The subsequent acts of the conspirators afford a sufficient explanation.

It was the next day that faithful Bob reconnoitered the ground and found that Farmer Smith had indeed taken due precaution to prevent his daughter meeting or running away with Leslie.

But Bob managed to get a letter to the fair prisoner—a letter after reading which secretly she manifested her acquiescence to its contents by an intelligent nod to the messenger.

It was the afternoon of the day following, just as Farmer Smith had sent his boys to the town with a load of potatoes and was seated, resting for an hour or two, on the front porch, with Alice industriously sewing by his side, that a vehicle driven by a single occupant came down the road.

Old Jabez looked in profound amazement as the vehicle came to a stop. It was a kind of skeleton wagon, with a double seat, and behind it was attached a small rubber hose, with several wheels distributed here and there near the axle.

"In the name of wonder, what have we here?" he said as he walked to the gate.

The driver sprang down.

"Jabez Smith?" he asked.

The farmer nodded a dignified assent, little dreaming that the bearded stranger was Bob Townsend in disguise.

"I learn from inquiries in the village that you are quite a scientist, Mr. Smith."

Science, of which old Jabez knew nothing, but affected much, was his salient point. Flattered by the stranger's words, he replied pompously:

"I reckon I know something about it."

"I have come, Mr. Smith," said the stranger, "to show you a new motive power for hayrakes."

The farmer's face fell.

"A patent right!" he muttered. "I don't want to buy one," he said, aloud, turning to re-enter the house.

"Buy one!" replied the stranger. "This is not for sale, sir," declared Bob, with quiet dignity. "I desire your opinion as a scientist in regard to the principles involved in its construction and operation."

The farmer's face grew pleased again.

"Happy to give it, sir. If I can be of any use to the world at large by my knowledge of science"—

"Or make your fellow beings happy, you're ready to sacrifice your valuable time—eh, Mr. Smith?" insinuated Bob.

"Certainly, sir."

"You can—you can, believe me, sir," asseverated the wicked conspirator, earnestly and truthfully. "Have you a rake?"

"Yes."

"I'll help you bring it out here, and we'll make a trial trip of this wonderful machine."

A few minutes later the farmer's hayrake was brought out. Bob made much ado of fastening it by a rope to the rear of the vehicle, and the farmer watched him curiously as he turned the wheels and adjusted the horse to what he called position.

"This hose is an airbrake, sir. The idea is, if we can make it do so, to have the rake operate as usual. The airbrake might offer a resistance to the ground, push forward the front vehicle and ventilate the hay. Man and brute creation demand air, why not vehicles?"

"Quite true," replied Jabez, somewhat dubious and perplexed over the apparent uselessness of the machine.

"Utility and nonfragibilty, Mr. Smith," rattled on Bob recklessly. "The hypotenuse of the curve of the diameter of the axle, you perceive, has a circumferential effect upon the spheroid concavity of the brake. You will understand these terms, Mr. Smith, as a mathematician and scientist. All ready?"

Farmer Smith, overcome by the lofty words, obeyed mutely as Bob requested him to get into the rake seat.

"I'll drive the preliminary vehicle," explained Bob, with a serene chuckle at the fun of his oratory, "and you will watch the effect of the airbrake—if the friction of the wheels generate air—over yonder stretch of meadow. By the way, is one of your hands around?"

"They've gone to town," replied Jabez glumly.

He had a vague consciousness that the stranger was a charlatan, for he could not for the life of him see what possible use the clumsy combination of wheels and hose could be.

"Ah, there's a young lady! Your daughter, Mr. Smith, I presume?" said Bob, raising his hat politely. "There must be more weight on the seat of the front vehicle. If you'll let her take her seat beside me in the interests of science, Mr. Smith?"

He almost lost his dignified gravity as he saw the suspicious look on the old farmer's face.

The last words, "in the interests of science," however, decided Mr. Smith.

"Jump in, Alice!" he said desperately.

The stranger whipped up the horse. Old Jabez, in the rake seat behind, clung on wildly as the horse was driven briskly. He almost fell forward as there was a break caused by the rope parting. Bob had deftly cut it with a knife.

"Hold on! Hold on!" cried old Jabez as the new motor power vehicle dashed forward.

He stared blankly as it traversed the field, made a sharp turn to the road and, gracefully rounding a curve in the highway, disappeared from view.

What did it mean? The boys had taken the horses to town, and he could not start in pursuit, but he grew white as he discerned a fact:

He had been tricked!

He had cooled down considerably when, at nightfall, a carriage drew up before the gate.

He looked grimly up from beneath his shaggy eyebrows as Leslie Austin and pretty, blushing Alice came forward.

Bob, following them, was the first to speak.

"The new motor power took up a new passenger down the road, Farmer Smith," he said slyly. "You wanted to make mankind happy, neighbor. You've done it."

Jabez made a feint to declare hostilities then and there against the conspirators, but he sank back, disarmed, in his chair as the gentle voice of his wife said pleadingly:

"Forgive them, father. They are so happy!"

And Farmer Smith had not the heart to say nay.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Cautious Approach.

Mrs. Matchmaker—What reasons have you for thinking Mr. Rich's intentions are serious?

Miss Matchmaker—He introduced the subject of rings last evening and argued forcibly in favor of a small but very pure diamond.—Jewelers' Weekly.

A BROWBEATER BEATEN.

An Answering Question Which Unnerved a Hectoring Lawyer.

"Speaking of bullyragging a witness," said a veteran lawyer in a crowd of yarn spinners, "I saw an example of it once in a Pacific coast town that met with a rebuke as cruel as it was effectual. You may not be aware of it, but ten years ago, not to mention the present, there were a good many prominent citizens out there who not only had assumed names, but their records were anything but good in their eastern homes. Among those was a lawyer, a brilliant man and one who had kept his way clean in his new home, where he had met with more than ordinary success. He was ugly, though, with witnesses, and I never saw but one go into the box before him without fear and trembling. This one was a newspaper man who had originally come from the east, but had been on the coast for several years. He had been in the city about a year, and the barrister never knew anything about him until he appeared as a witness in a murder trial which the lawyer was defending. I may say here that on one occasion in San Francisco, in pursuit of his calling as a reporter, he had had himself arrested and served a week in the workhouse, which he had written up in the usual sensational manner. He was a good witness for the prosecution, as he had an acquaintance with both killer and killee and was present when the shooting occurred.

"The lawyer in question had his record in the workhouse affair and proposed to use it for all it was worth, and when he got hold of him on the stand he asked him a few questions to show that he was prejudiced against the defendant, which he was, and then he jumped straight into the other matter.

"'Didn't you at one time,' he asked with the cold confidence of certainty, 'serve a term in the workhouse at San Francisco?'

"The judge, the jury, the lawyers and the audience instantly became interested, for the reporter was well and favorably known. He was disconcerted himself by the question and hesitated for a moment.

"'Answer the question, if you please,' said the lawyer inflexibly.

"'I will,' replied the witness, gathering himself, 'by asking you one. Didn't you serve a term of two years in the Michigan state penitentiary for misappropriation of funds?'

"I do not know why the question should have had such an effect upon the lawyer, for, true or false, the reporter had nothing to corroborate his statement, but it seemed to actually paralyze the man, and he sat speechless for a full minute with the whole courtroom gazing at him in the most intense silence. Then he recovered, and, wiping the great drops of sweat from his forehead, he told the witness he had no more questions to ask. We rather thought something might come of it, but as it was a true bill and he got his man off with a manslaughter verdict he said nothing about it, nor did he ever bullyrag any more witnesses."—Detroit Free Press.

Raised the Ante.

Relating his experiences as "A Missionary In the Great West," Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady tells, in The Ladies' Home Journal, of two weddings in the same town on the same day—one in the morning and one in the afternoon—at which he officiated: "The first wedding fee I received was $10, a very large remuneration for the place and people. After the second wedding the best man called me into a private room and thus addressed me: 'What's the tax, parson?'

"'Anything you like or nothing at all,' I answered. I have frequently received nothing.

"'Now,' said he, 'we want to do this thing up in proper shape, but I have had no experience in this business and do not know what is proper. You name your figure.'

"I suggested that the legal charge was $2.

"'Pshaw!' he said. 'This ain't legal. We want to do something handsome.'

"'Go ahead and do it,' I said, whereupon he reflected for a moment or two and then asked me how much I had received for the wedding of the morning.

"'Ten dollars,' I replied.

"His face brightened. Here was a solution to the difficulty. 'I'll see his ante,' he remarked, 'and raise him $5,' whereupon he handed me $15."

Keeping an Aquarium.

A friend who has had an aquarium for many years sends this as embodying his experience with it:

In setting up an aquarium each fish requires one gallon of water. Put two inches or so of thoroughly washed gravel on the bottom of the tank (one corner with clean washed sand). Do not filter water; use city or pond water. Put in the gravel some "water plants" (a small bunch to every two or three gallons of water) and one or two stones. The plants make the oxygen that supply the fish. If after a week or so the fish come up to the top of the water to any extent for air, there are not enough plants, and some more should be added. If the water does not clear up in a few days, you may have too many plants. At first you may have to change the water every four or five days until everything gets balanced. A few snails, tadpoles, lizards, etc., are good things to have in the aquarium. It is not usual for the fish to breed in small tanks.

Little Teasers.

Here is a little exercise in punctuation that a normal school young woman recently brought home to puzzle her father:

It is not and I said but or.

Looks a little confused, doesn't it?

Simple though.

A few quotation marks and two commas will fix it all right. For instance:

"It is not 'and,'" I said, "but 'or.'"

Here is a still simpler catch that may bother you some:

"All 0."

Not much in it, perhaps, but enough to make it troublesome.

Too hard?

And yet it's "Nothing after all."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

REAL WHITE TRASH.

The Squaw Man Who Marries an Indian Woman For Her Land.

There is a social problem which has long been a source of apprehension to the Indians and which among the other tribes as well as among the Cherokees has undoubtedly had much to do with the pressure upon the United States to declare a territorial form of government. This is the intermarriage of white men into the tribes for no other purpose than to share in the lands and funds of the nations. The lands of the Indians are rich not only for agricultural production, but also in oil and coal, and the greed of the white men (or the enterprise of the industrial pioneer, if the milder epithet is preferred) has found it impossible to abstain from exploiting such possibilities.

As the land has been the property of the Indians and as the Indian has no power to transfer title the only alternative for the exploiters has been to marry into the tribes and acquire community property rights. Before the tribal rolls were finished these marriages were far more common than they are now. Then each man as soon as he became the husband of an Indian woman became a member of the tribe and shared equally with his wife and every other citizen of the nation.

To prevent these marriages, of which there have been thousands, some of the tribes adopted laws fixing the marriage license fees beyond the reach of the adventurers and scalawags who were ready to marry squaws to become sharers in the lands. The Cherokee council fixed the marriage license at $500, and while the law was in force only one alien white man took out a marriage license. The Chickasaws undertook to pass a law fixing the fee at $1,000 where one or the other was an alien, but the bill failed of passage in the council.

The enrollment of the tribal members served to check the demand for Indian wives, and marriages of full blood squaws to white men are not of frequent occurrence now. The Ketowah society exerted its influence against these marriages and drove many bride hunters out of the territory. The Indians themselves realized that the white men who came to marry their women were not of a class to uplift the tribe. The squaw man or white husband of a full blood woman is held in no regard either by the full bloods themselves or by the decent element of the Cherokees.—Ainslee's Magazine.

Ancient Pygmies.

Excavations in southern Germany have just established the fact that in prehistoric times Europe was inhabited by pygmies. Strangely enough, the discovery of actual and convincing testimony to that effect in southern Germany has been announced almost simultaneously with the news of similar discoveries in Switzerland and in the Pyrenees. So now there is proof that Herodotus and Homer were not "yellowing" when they told of dwarfs that lived in wooded hills and caves far north of Rome and Greece.

The skeletons which have been found are so small that they can be placed into an ordinary museum drawer. None of them is longer than 55 inches and many are smaller. There is no doubt that they are the skeletons of real dwarfs. The bones prove that the bodies were those of adults. The finds have been mounted and are now being exhibited in the National museum of Switzerland in Basle. Scientists think that the little people lived in neolithic times.

The Art of War.

To train his soldiers the emperor of Germany has devised a scheme for making the army maneuvers as like as possible to the conditions of actual warfare. Dummies have been made of straw, canvas and old uniforms. They will be set up in mimic forts, and at these real shot and shell will be fired by the soldiers. The kaiser has evidently been impressed by the feats of American soldiers swimming rivers under fire in the Philippines, for one of the feats consists in the firing at dummies painted with mustaches and furnished with caps. These heads float in the water and make splendid targets.

Kansas Quail For Connecticut.

Some wealthy sportsmen of Bridgeport, Conn., have sent to Kansas for 60 dozen quail. As soon as the birds arrive they will be taken out in batches and liberated at various points in the surrounding country. They cost $4 a dozen, and it is expected that when liberated they will be easily able to maintain themselves. Quails mate in April and May. Each pair will produce two broods of 10 or 12 birds each during the summer and early fall. The Bridgeport men think that about 60 per cent of the young will survive, so that in the fall there will be about 5,000 quail to kill when the law is off.

Outstripped It.

"As I recall things, you once had a future before you," said the old friend.

"Yes," replied the fate tossed man, "but, you see, I lived so fast that I got ahead of it."—Chicago Post.

California redwood contains practically no resin, but a large amount of water, which makes the green wood so exceedingly heavy that often the lower log of a tree will sink in water.

THE CHINESE LILY.

A Pretty Fancy Is the Legend of Its Fairy Origin.

Once upon a time there lived in China two orphan brothers. The elder brother, not satisfied with having inherited the larger share of the parental estate, seized the most valuable part of the younger's, leaving him but a few acres of rocky, unfruitful soil.

The younger brother bore the greediness of the elder one until he was finally overcome with poverty and hunger. Then, in great despair he threw himself upon the ground and lay there sobbing and bewailing his cruel fate.

Suddenly he heard a sweet voice calling his name. Opening his eyes, he saw a fairy bending over him, who bade him arise, saying:

"Thy patience and forbearance have been noticed, and now great shall be thy reward. Thou shalt find riches and fame beneath the soil where thy head but a moment ago rested. To reach the treasure will be no easy task, but be patient and persevering. Rest not until thou hast found that which shall cause thee to be honored and loved for a thousand generations."

Then the fairy vanished, and the young man rubbed his eyes and looked about him. His rocky ground was still there, and he was jubilant with a new born courage and hope. With resolute will he applied himself to the task of finding the buried treasure.

For many days he dug faithfully, and finally he found a flower bulb. Believing in the fairy's promise, he planted the bulb and nourished it until from it there grew a flower more delicately sweet and fair than had ever before been seen.

Hundreds of people came to see the new flower. Other bulbs sprang from its roots, and the young man's name and his bulb patch soon became famous. Riches and honor came to him, because, strange as it may seem, the flower would not grow in any other part of China, and thousands came to buy from him.

He named his treasure the "Shuey Seen Fah," or "Flower of the Water Fairy," a name that it has ever since borne, though in common parlance it is known simply as the "Chinese lily."—Philadelphia Times.

WHAT A JOURNALIST IS.

How He Differs From a Plain, Ordinary Newspaper Man.

After a lecture before the journalistic class at Cornwall university a sophomore asked Eli Perkins when he became a journalist.

"Never," said Eli, "but I do hope, after 20 years' more experience, to become a newspaper man."

"Well, what is the difference?" asked the sophomore.

"Just this, my son," said Eli. "A callow reporter calls himself a journalist. As George Welshons says, 'in his first tadpole stage, when his head is swelled,' he is a journalist. If he finally shows great brain and industry and escapes the fool killer, he may become a reporter. After years of study and toil and when his brains are stuffed with wisdom, wit and discretion enough to kill his own editorials and 'make up' a 16 page Sunday edition, then I say he's a newspaper man."

"Then this is as high in the profession as he can get?"

"Yes; he is now at the pinnacle. By and by, when he gets lazy and stiff and old and stupid, they reduce him to the position of editor.

"An editor is a decayed newspaper man with bunions on his brain, chilblains on his heart, corns on his ears and warts and dyspepsia on his liver. The business of the editor is to sleep up town all day, and at night he prowls around a newspaper office, and at midnight he takes a blue pencil and assassinates every bright and readable idea that the smart reporters have brought in during the day.

"The editor is all epithet, while the reporter is all proof. The editor calls a man a chicken thief and gets sued for libel, while the reporter, kodak in hand, interviews him while picking off the feathers in his back yard, and the next day the thief takes a whole advertisement to shut up the newspaper.

"No," continued Eli, "I hope I am a newspaper man, and I dread the time when I shall get old and stupid and have to kill my own bright things which made the people glad, sold newspapers and made Americans know me."—St. Louis Star.

He Got All His Change.

"I never felt so cheap in all my life," said Short, "as I did one day in a department store. I bought a book for 99 cents, and while I was waiting for it a young woman whose good opinion I valued came up, and we began to talk. The book was wrapped up and handed to me by the girl at the counter, and after a short while the young woman asked:

"'Are you waiting for your change?'

"I replied that I was, but in fact I hadn't been thinking of it. I wanted to talk to her and made that an excuse for staying. After the usual long delay, when it had passed entirely out of my mind, the girl at the book counter stepped up and said:

"'Here's your change, sir.'

"And she held a bright, new cent in her open hand so that the other girl saw it. I felt a chill at once, and just because it appeared to the young woman that I had been waiting all that time for a cent I got a reputation for close fistedness that is still sticking to me."

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PAY SCRIP FOR DOMINION LANDS AND SAVE DISCOUNT.

A very large saving can be made. We can furnish the exact amount for any payment.

Write for particulars and price.

ALLOWAY & CHAMPION, WINNIPEG

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

CURTAIN RAISERS.

Rose Coghlan will head a vaudeville company next season.

Mrs. Ryley's "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle" is soon to be used in London.

Alice Neilsen is the only prima donna who will head an opera company next season.

Mabel Gillman goes to London to take part in "The Casino Girl" at the Shaftesbury theater.

Vienna is to have an independent theater, the Probatorium, for unacted plays of unknown authors.

Reginald De Koven and Harry B. Smith are busily engaged on the new comic opera for Jerome Sykes.

"Bastien and Bastienne," a light comic opera, composed by Mozart in 1768, when he was 12 years old, will be produced at the Paris Opera Comique.

Sidney Bracy, a young English singer and comedian of some note, will make his first appearance in this country as Yuseuf in "The Rose of Persia", next fall.

Eleonora Duse is thinking again of founding a great classical theater in Rome, an art theater in which "horrible photographs of modern life" would not be seen.

Miss Jessie Mackaye, the new comedienne of the De Wolf Hopper company, who has attracted so much attention, is a relative of the late Steele Mackaye, actor and dramatist.

It is said that Sarah Bernhardt in her tour of America with Coquelin next season will receive $1,000 for each performance and a percentage of the receipts above a certain amount. In addition all her expenses will be paid.

Adelaide Thurston, who for the past two seasons has been playing Lady Babbie in "The Little Minister," being the first to follow Maude Adams in that part, has been engaged for the role of Madge Chiselhurst in "The Greatest Thing In the World."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

THE ROYAL BOX.

The Prince of Wales has the right to decorate himself with no fewer than 50 foreign "orders."

The Princess of Monaco, the smallest kingdom in the world, is the first Jewess to sit on a European throne. She was a Miss Heine and was first married to the Duke of Richelieu.

The young king of Spain always insists on having his pockets filled with coppers before going for a drive, and scatters the coins among the many beggars that crowd around his carriage.

Queen Victoria, in her earlier years, though perhaps not being strictly speaking, a gourmet, was fond of good things and plenty of them. But of late she has had to reduce both quality and quantity, till she is almost on the verge of being a vegetarian.

The children of the kaiser are all exceedingly fond of their mother. The story is related that when one of the young princes was receiving religious instruction the clergyman told him that every one sinned, that no one in the world was sinless. "You are mistaken," cried the little prince. "My mother has never sinned."

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

Tee-Tee-Total.

About September, 1833, says the London Daily News, Dicky Turner, (the converted weaver), when delivering one of his fervid speeches in the Temperance Hotel, Preston (the cockpit, where the Earls of Derby formerly fought their cocks for three centuries), in favor of the new pledge declared, with emphasis, that "nothing but the Tee-Tee Total pledge would do." Mr. Joseph Livesey, upon hearing this, immediately cried out, amid great cheering, "That shall be the name." The newly-coined word was taken up by the succeeding speakers, and was afterwards used at all the meetings held in the town and neighborhood. It was soon adopted in every part of Lancashire, and was eventually accepted as the true designation of total abstainers, not only in the United Kingdom, but throughout the civilized world.

So Romantic.

"She is romantic. Every day she goes out on her wheel expecting to meet with some prince in disguise."

"And she has never met one?"

"No. The nearest she ever came to it was to narrowly miss being run over by a coal wagon driver, who asked if he couldn't call."

Hopeless Hope.

Wooer—May I hope?

Wooed—Yes, if you will promise never to refer to the matter again.—Harlem Life.

HEART PALPITATION

A QUEBEC LADY RELEASED FROM GREAT SUFFERING.

She Had Tried Many Medicines Without Avail, but Ultimately Found a Cure Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Few bodily afflictions are more terrible than disease of the heart. To live in constant dread and expectation of death, sudden and with last farewells unspoken, is for most people more awful to contemplate than the most serious lingering illness. The slightest excitement brings suffering and danger to such people.

For several years Mrs. Gravel, wife of P. H. A. Gravel, foreman in Barry's cigar factory St. John's suburb, Quebec was such a sufferer but thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she is again in the enjoyment of good health. Mrs. Gravel says:—

"My general health was bad for several years, my appetite was poor, and I was easily tired, but it was the frequent sharp pains and violent palpitation of my heart which caused me the greatest alarm. I tried many medicines, and was treated by several doctors, but in vain. Finally I became so poorly that I was not able to do any household work, and was frequently confined to my bed. At the suggestion of one of my friends I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking a few boxes I began to gain new strength and vigor. The pains in my heart were less frequent and less severe, and in every way my health was improving. I continued using the pills until I had taken eight boxes, when I had completely recovered my health. I have gained in flesh; my appetite is good, and I am able to do all my household work without feeling the awful fatigue I was before subject to. I am very thankful to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for they have truly released me from much suffering, and I hope that others may be induced to try this wonderful medicine."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Some Ink and a Shirt.

I once remember having a noted London doctor out at sea for a little amateur fishing. He would like to see a loligo cuttle caught, he said. I warned him of what was likely to happen when gaffing was on, but he did not care. "Surely," he said, "I can dodge such guesswork as this must be for so short a time."

I felt dubious as to the result, seeing his white shirt was a prominent object through his having such an open vest. Finally a cuttle took the bait, and as I drew it toward us the doctor lost all thought of himself and his adornments in his admiration of the movements and the beautiful eyes of the creature when in an instant, as I gaffed it, the whole ink charge struck him in the throat and sadly blackened his white habiliments.

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

I never have seen any good manners, any real beauty, anything noble or good, outside of plain, simple naturalness.—Henry Norman.

As It Usually Reached Him.

"Paw, what is a 'bank statement?'"

"There are various kinds, Tommy. The one I hear oftenest is this, 'Your account is overdrawn.'"—Chicago Tribune.

Just Reward.

A rural local says, "The farmers who gave their cows sawdust disguised as bran were rewarded with wooden calves this spring."

SAFE, CERTAIN, PROMPT, ECONOMIC.—These few adjectives apply with peculiar force to Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil—a standard external and internal remedy, adapted to the relief and cure of coughs, sore throat, hoarseness and all affections of the breathing organs, kidney troubles, excoriations, sores, lameness and physical pain.

POULTRY POINTERS.

Sprinkle the nests with diluted carbolic acid. It will help to keep down vermin.

Boiling the milk that is fed to fowls will increase its value and lessen the risk of disease.

The pullet is so called for 12 months, or until the year in which she was hatched is closed.

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

Poultry is an important branch of farm stock, and no farm is well stocked without a good variety of it. Have good fowls if you have any, and keep a sufficient number of them so that you can give them proper attention.

There are three ways of improving your fowls and the profit from them—by introducing new blood, by better care and by better feeding. A combination of all is necessary if the best results are obtained.

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

A Wit Flash From Boston.

Hester—I was with brother Fred last evening, and I met several of the young men who are at the college. I called Fred "brother" quite loud, so that no one of the young men would think he was my beau.

Hettie—The idea! How absurd!

Hester hasn't yet got over wondering whether Hettie meant it was absurd that Fred should be taken for her beau or that it was absurd that she should have a beau at all.

Gentlemen,—While driving down a very steep hill last August my horse stumbled and fell, cutting himself fearfully about the head and body. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT freely on him and in a few days he was as well as ever. J. B. A. BEAUCHEMIN.
Sherbrooke.

A Story of Macauley.

Margaret Macaulay possessed the deepest admiration for her brother, and in 1864 prepared some memoranda of him which was privately printed. A correspondent of The Manchester Guardian lately saw a copy of this rare book, and gives the following excerpt showing Macaulay's cat-like ability to always fall on his feet: "One day Tom said jokingly that there were some things which always inclined him to believe in the predominance of evil in the world. Such, he said, as bread always falling on the buttered side, and the thing you want always being the last you come to. 'Now, I will take up volume after volume of this Shakespeare to look for 'Hamlet.' You will see that I shall come to it the last of all.' The first volume he took up opened on 'Hamlet.' Everyone laughed. 'What can be stronger proof of what I said?' he cried. 'For the first time in my life I wished that what I was looking for would come up last, and for the first time in my life it has come up first.'"

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs; each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

HARD TO DISCOVER.

Where can we find—

A ring that will fit the finger of fate?

A woman to mop the brow of the mountains?

A ladder that will reach the top of the morning?

The grindstone that will remove the nick of time?

The whetstone that will sharpen a dull appetite?

A frame for the mirror that is held up to nature?

The correct measurement of the footprints of time?

The number of inhabitants in the matrimonial state?

Experience to ripen those people who are green with envy?

Something to soothe the itch for fame and relieve some of the awful strains of music?—Philadelphia Bulletin.

LA "TOSCANA," RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

Forced to Economic Action.

"I've discovered how these health resorts work."

"How is it?"

"Well, when a man gets there and finds what his bills are in a few weeks he either dies or gets well enough to go home."—Chicago Record.

HOTEL BALMORAL, Montreal. Free Bus. Am. P. $1.50 up. E. P. $1.00 up.

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Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Her Prospects Good.

"Do you think he can support you in good style after you are married, dear? I hear he is worth nothing."

"I know Harold isn't rich, mamma, but he has his life insured for $20,000, and I could get along quite comfortably on that."

Giving Them the Slip.

An impecunious man in Kansas City practically lives on bananas. When he eats them, he throws the peels just outside his office door. That's the way he gives his creditors the slip.—Kansas City Star.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

The Satisfaction In It.

Hicks—You really don't mean that Baldwin enjoys such hot weather as this?

Wicks—No—that is, only so far as it gives him an opportunity to find fault with it.—Boston Transcript.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Doubtful.

"They say old Skinner has money to burn."

"That's a mistake. If he had, he would have some hopes of taking it with him when he dies."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

W. N. U. 289.

Did you ever use Acetylene Gas?

THE ONTARIO ACETYLENE GAS GENERATOR

Is the best, the only reliable, and the most durable generator in Canada. Works automatically; requires no attention while working.

The North-West Acetylene Gas Company, 312 Princess St., Winnipeg, Man. Agents Wanted

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Toronto Type Foundry Co.

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EVERYTHING FOR THE PRINTER

NORTHWESTERN BRANCH,

175 Owen St., Winnipeg, Man.

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THE NATIONAL LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA

Issues an Ideal Policy.

Write to NARES, ROBINSON & BLACK, Mgrs. Manitoba and N. W. T., Winnipeg, Man.

Or to ROBT. DICKSON, General Agent, Winnipeg, Man.

Manufactured by THOS. LEE, Winnipeg.

WESTERN CANADA BUSINESS COLLEGE

Market Street, Opp. City Hall, Winnipeg, Man.

BEST SYSTEMS. THOROUGH COURSES

Write for catalogue.

W. A. SIPPRELL, B. A., Principal.

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

I Recommend

BABY'S OWN SOAP

to all mothers who want their babies to have pink, clean, clear, and healthy skin.

Made of the finest materials. No soap, wherever made, is better.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL

Manufacturers of the Celebrated ALBERT TOILET SOAPS.

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.

If you want a

JACKET or COSTUME

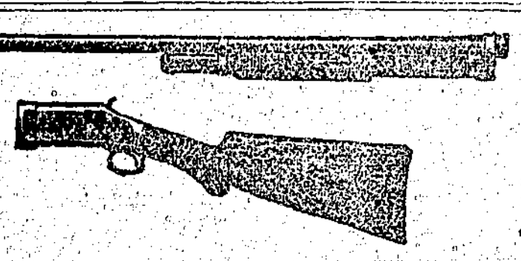
AT **HALF PRICE**

WRITE TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

67 GOVERNMENT ST. - - VICTORIA, B. C.

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

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



Don't miss your deer.

BEFORE BUYING YOUR

GUNS AND AMMUNITION

GET OUR PRICES.

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

JOHN BARNSLEY & CO.

115 GOVERNMENT ST. - - - VICTORIA, B.C.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

Subscription, $2 a year, in advance.

W. B. Anderson, Editor.

☞ **Advertisers 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, NOV. 7th, 1900.

Some people are said to have expressed extreme disapproval of Mr. Wolley's remarks anent the filthy habits of Chinese in the province. However, as most people are fully aware that their habits are filthy, Capt. Wolley's statements will be generally appreciated, as well as his outlines for restricting undesirable immigration. "Make them live in all respects as whites and they will soon turn from the country as being too expensive for them to live in." His proposal too, to direct the immigration to Eastern Canada so that the people there would experience the evils of the coolie class, was heartily appreciated. If on the other hand, Chinese would adapt themselves to our customs, wages and manner of living, there would be comparatively little cause for complaint, for those who thus adapted themselves would be self reliant and progressive. (?) The NEWS, some time ago, advocated the encouragement of white children in the sale of wild fruits, as against the Chinese gathering, in many cases in filthy pails and with suspiciously grimy hands, and we were pleased to note that many people thus encouraged our little white wage earners.

The Blue Ribbon brand of goods are put up by Canadians. No Chinese labor employed.

TELEGRAPHIC MENTION.

Germany and Great Britain have formed an alliance to maintain the territorial integrity of China and keep the ports open.

The terms of this important agreement of the two countries, which was arrived at on October 16 between Lord Salisbury and Count Von Hatsfeldt, German ambassador to Great Britain, are officially given out as follows:

The German government and Her Majesty's government, being desirous to maintain their interest in China and their right under existing treaties, have agreed to observe the following principles regarding a mutual policy in China:

Firstly—It is a matter of joint permanent international interest that the ports on the rivers and littoral of China should remain free and open to trade and to every other legitimate form of economic activity for the people of all countries without distinction, and the two governments agree on their part to uphold the same for all Chinese territory as far as they can exercise their influence.

Secondly—Both governments will not on their part make use of the present complications to obtain for themselves any territorial advantage in the Chinese dominion, and will direct their policy towards maintaining undiminished the territorial condition of the Chinese empire.

Thirdly—In case of another power making use of the complications in China in order to obtain under any form whatever such territorial advantages, the two contracting parties reserve to themselves the right to come to a preliminary understanding regarding the eventual step to be taken for the protection of their own interests in China.

Fourthly—The two governments will communicate this agreement to the other powers interested, especially Austria-Hungary, France, Italy, Japan, Russia, and the United States, and invite them to accept the principles recorded in it.

Italy, Austria and Japan assent. The U. S., France and Russia accept 1st and 2nd but withold action on 3rd.

Bargain between G. N. Railway and Victoria City Council has been ratified. Vancouver Island will yet have direct rail connection with the continent.

STEVENSON & CO'S

$16,000

Bankrupt Stock,

From Grand Forks is now ready for quick selling, quick selling means **ready buying** and that means **Persuasive Prices.**

Our Store will open **FRIDAY**, at 8 o'clock a. m., when the largest **Cut Price Sale** in Cumberland will begin. Prices cut below all competition.

Our staff is working late and early opening up this Stock and we will have extra help to serve you. Prices will be marked n plain figure, regular price and sale price on red tickets. Look for the **RED TICKET.**

These Prices for CASH ONLY.

Staples

500 yds. Canton Flannel, reg. 8½c .....Bankrupt Price, 3c.

200 yards plain Grey Flannellette, reg. 6½c.....Bankrupt price 3c

Grey Flannel, reg. 20c.....Bankrupt price 12 1-2c

Fancy Flannelette, dark color, reg. 16½c.....Our price 12 1-2c

Shirting ging., reg. 12½c.....Our price 8 1-2c

Art Muslins, reg. 16½c.....Bankrupt price 12 1-2

100 Lace Curtains, samples, worth 50c...Bankrupt sale price 25c

White Spread, reg. price $1.50.....Bankrupt price $1.00

Dress Goods

15 Pieces Dress Goods, assorted kinds and colors, reg. 25c.....Bankrupt price 15c

20 Pieces Dress Goods, reg 35c., 50c and 75c...Bankrupt sale price 25

See those black dress goods at 25c

10 Pieces heavy 52 inch pirle finish cloths, excellent for fall and winter reg. 75c. and $1.00.....Bankrupt prices 50c and 65c

Baby's white coating, reg. $4.50.....Bankrupt price $3.25

Baby's white coating, reg. 1.75.....Sale Price $1.25

15 pieces Dress Goods, assorted colors, Vahey & Kerman's, price 85c.....Our price 50c

Green Corduroy Velveteen for waists.....Bankrupt price 50c

Women's Tailor-made Suits, regular price $9.50.....Bankrupt price $6

Women's tailor-made suits, reg. $14.....Bank upt price $9.50

We have just to hand a splendid assortment of those Navy, Fawn and Black Capes which are so fashionable. These are all marked in plain figures.

Women's Waterproofs

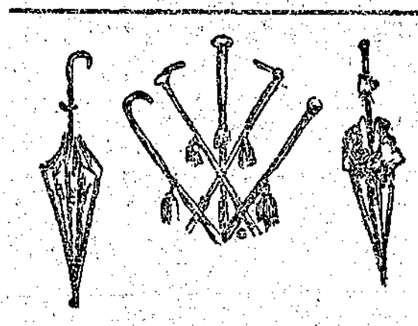
Regular price, $8.....Bankrupt price $5

Women's Coats

If there is anything more than another in which this sale will surprise you, it is in Women's Coats.

We opened up to-day a number of neat styles in Jackets cheap at $7 or $10

Bankrupt price $3 $4.50 and $5



Umbrellas for men, women, and children from 50c. up.

Millinery

Women's Fedora walking hats, assorted colors, up to date. Just from Grand Forks and bought for this season. Regular $1.50 and $2.00 hats.

.....Bankrupt price 50c

Children's flops will be found on a table in the millinery room at 50c.

Silks

Now is the time to indulge in the pleasure of having a pretty silk waist for little money.

100 yards striped silks, assorted colors, regular, 50c per yard.

.....Bankrupt price 25c

Shot taffete silks, assorted colors, 75c

Silk remnants at half price.

Look for the Red Tickets.

Hosiery and Gloves

Women's Cashmere hose, reg. 35c a pair.....NOW 25c

Women's lined gloves, with fur cuff reg. price $1.25.

.....Bankrupt price 75c

Bargains in Women's Underwear just to hand.

Look for the Red Tickets.

Gents' Furnishings

Men's fleece lined underwear with wool fleece, reg. $1 a piece, all sizes.

...Bankrupt price $1.95 per suit

Men's Ties, reg. 50c and 75c.

.....Sale Price 25c

Look for the Red Tickets.

Boy's Suits

At Bankrupt Sale Prices.

COMOX DISTRICT.

A COURT OF REVISION and appeal under the Assessment Act, will be held at Cumberland, in the Court House on NOVEMBER THE 21st, 1900, at three o'clock in the afternoon.

JOHN BAIRD,
Assessor.

Cumberland, 5th Nov. 1900.

Columbia Flouring Mills Company.

ENDERBY, B. C.

HUNGARIAN,
THREE STAR,
WHEATLETS, 10-10's
STRONG BAKERS.

R.P.Rithet & Co.,

(LIMITED.)

Agents, - Victoria, B.C.

Guns, Rifles and ..Ammunition..

AT VANCOUVER PRICES AT THE

Magnet Cash Store

JUST ARRIVED

AND AS GOOD AS FRESH.

600 DOZEN EGGS

120 pairs of overalls, the genuine Levi Strauss, every pair guaranteed. From the woolen mills, a bale white blankets, 7, 8 and 10 lbs, pure wool, from $4.50 per pair, 100 100 dozen men's winter socks, splendid val- Men's Hip and short gum boots and a full line of rubber goods at—

WALLER & PARTRIDGE