

**Semi-
Weekly
Edition.**

The News

Legislative Library Assembly
FOR YOUR JOB PRINTING

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do Good Work at
**REASONABLE
PRICES.**

SIXTH YEAR.

CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY NOV. 15th, 1898

Try a Bottle
of
**Lambert's
Syrup Douglas Pine**
For Coughs and Colds.

We Have
The
Finest
Toilet Soaps
and
Perfumes.



Combs and
Brushes,
Sponges and
Chamois,
Everything in
the Line
of
Druggists'
Sundries.

ONLY PURE DRUGS FOR DISPENSING.

PEACEY & CO.

GIDEON HICKS & CO.

P.O. Box 233

Victoria, B. C.

Cumberland representative Rev. Wm. Hicks.

Agents for the famous Mason & Risch pianos.
Tuning, repairing, polishing
Mail orders will receive prompt attention.
All kinds of music and musical instruments.

C. H. TARBELL

Dealer in

Stoves and Tinware

Plumbing and general
Sheetiron work
PROMPTLY DONE

Agent for the

**Celebrated Gurney
Souvenir Stoves and
Ranges**

Manufacturer of the

New Air-tight heaters

IN THE MATTER OF THE TRAMWAY
INCORPORATION ACT AND
AMENDING ACT.

NOTICE is hereby given that we, the undersigned, desire to form a Company under the name of "The Hardy Bay Tramway Company, Limited," for the purpose of building, equipping, maintaining and operating a single or double track tramway, beginning at a point on Hardy Bay, in Rupert District, Vancouver's Island, in the Province of British Columbia, thence in a southwesterly direction by the most practical and feasible route to the most convenient point on Coal Harbor, Qualino Sound, in the said Rupert District, and with power to build, equip, construct, operate and maintain branch lines in connection therewith; and also for the purpose of building, constructing, equipping, maintaining and operating a telephone or telegraph line or lines in connection with the said Tramway and branch lines.

Dated at the City of Victoria, this 17th day of October, 1898.

Wm. JENSEN,
L. GOODACRE.

m10-22d

FOR A
neat fitting suit
of clothes.

Go to CAREY'S, the tailor.
Next door west of the Drug
store.
PRICES REASONABLE

If you want

your watch repaired properly bring it to STODDART, Watchmaker, Jeweler and Optician.

Opposite Waverly Hotel,
Dunsmuir Avenue.

**GORDON MURDOCK'S...
LIVERY.**

Single and Double Rigs to let

—at—

Reasonable Prices

Near Blacksmith Shop, 3rd St.
CUMBERLAND, B. C.

A. H. MCCALLUM, licensed auctioneer will attend to all sales in the district on reasonable terms

The best corner business lot in town for sale for a third less than its value. Enquire at NEWS OFFICE.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned, John Wilson, intend to petition the Licensing Court of the District of Nelson at its next sitting to be held on the 15th day of December 1898, for a license for the sale of liquors by retail at the premises known as the Wilson House, situated on part 1 2 acre S. W. fractional 1-2 of N. W. 1-4 of section 32 township 1 Nelson District, being in that part known as Union Bay.
Nov. 12, 1898. John Wilson

Explosion of Gas.

IN NO. 1 SHAFT; NEW VANCOUVER MINES.

MANAGER MCGREGOR AND SEVERAL OTHERS BADLY BURNED.

Nanaimo, Nov. 14.—Considerable alarm was felt Saturday morning, when it became known that an explosion had taken place in No. 1 shaft, and that manager McGregor and seven others were severely burned. Just as the afternoon shift was quitting, work it was discovered that a feeder or out-burst of gas at an incline had been ignited. An effort was made to extinguish the flames when first discovered, but without avail. Wm. McGregor, manager, was at once notified of the fire, with Jas. Price, Geo. Lee, Peter High, Donald Ferguson, Fred Hurst, Ed. Edmonds, and H. Shepard went down as quickly as possible to the scene and at once proceeded to work in the fire. While engaged in this work, the gas again burst into flames, striking all the men above named, but ed them badly about the face and hands. Geo. Lee, in addition to being burned was thrown against the coal and had his leg broken above the knee. His associates endeavored to take him out of danger and carried him a long distance, even while they were suffering untold agony from their burns; but the after damp overtaking them, and being completely exhausted they had to leave him. Mr. McGregor on reaching the surface notified the fire bosses, who went to the bottom of the shaft and rescued Lee. All the injured men were taken to their homes. Latest reports are to the effect that all will recover.

Morgan Harris, a fire boss, while on a tour of inspection this morning, was struck by a blast and hauled against the wall. He is injured about the face and was in a weak condition this afternoon. The Inspector of Mines has ordered the mine closed for a day or two. The fire is still burning, but is now under control.

Come to Stevenson & Co's opening
on November 15th

AN ELECTION CASE.

Victoria, Nov. 11.—In the trial of Esquimalt election case to-day, a count of the ballots gives Higgins a majority of one over Bullen, Higgins being given three ballots by the court.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS

Expected the mine at Wellington will be running in two weeks.—40 houses in Dawson, including post-office have been burned. Cause—one woman at Pine Tree saloon throwing a lamp at another.—J. S. Yates defeated by Eberts at last election expected to get the appointment of Police magistrate at Victoria.—Harmony and progress reported in International convention at Washington.—Mail & Empire give currency to a rumor the French had strongly fortified Mitchell Island so as to menace British control of Eastern Atlantic and Halifax.

SAD DEATH

Died on Sunday evening, Nov. 13th at Victoria, B. C. Miss Laura Lincoln, sister of Mrs. (Capt.) J. Freeman. Funeral private. Interment at English Church cemetery, Sandwick.

NOTICE

All persons whose premises are connected with the water mains are hereby notified that they must box in with saw dust their pipes where exposed to the weather, during the winter, as the Water Works' Co will not be responsible for their bursting.
L. NUNNS
Sec'y C. & U. Water Works' Co.

WANTED—A tenant for the corner shop, next City Hall. Enquire at NEWS Office.

The King Shirt

The Best Up-to-date Shirt Made.

YOU ASK, WHY?

1st—Because the front won't break or push up. 2d—The braces passing under the front don't drag or break it. 3d—Perspiration can not touch the front. 4th—The collar button at the back of the collar band being covered, prevents the irritation and chafing of the neck which the old style of shirt does. 5th—The attachment at the back to keep the tie in place. 6th—Solid comfort in wearing it. 7th—Saves Laundry. 8th—Perfect fitting. 9th—Unexcelled for full dress. 10—Once worn always worn. 11—The fat man's necessity. 12. The thin man's luxury.

The
King Shirt



For Sale By
McPHEE & MOORE.

Comox Jottings.

Mr. J. B. Holmes, P. M. of Comox was up on Saturday.

Mrs. Wm. Anderton went down to Victoria on Friday last.

Mrs. Thos. Cairns, who has been several months away in her old home in Scotland, is expected home on to-morrow's steamer.

The contracts for supplying Her Majesty's navy were awarded to J. McPhee, for meat; J. J. R. Miller, vegetables; H. C. Lucas, bread.

FARMERS' INSTITUTE.

The following is the programme of the Institute meeting to be held in Courtenay Agricultural Hall, Thursday Nov. 24, at 7:30 p.m.: Lecture on "Wintering Stock" by W. J. McGillivray Esq., Mr. W. R. Robb to lead in discussion. Lecture on "The Preparation of the Soil for Crop by Fall Plowing," by Father Durand. Mr. John Mundell to lead in discussion. Lecture on "Evaporating Fruits and Vegetables," by Thos. Cairns Esq. Mr. J. J. R. Miller to lead in discussion. Members and others cordially invited to attend. Admission free.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

New Club Bows at Stevenson & Co's

There are a lot of trees over the road between here and Union Wharf.

Open for business—STEVENSON & CO.

A grand concert will be given in aid of Trinity Church at Cumberland Hall, Tuesday evening, Nov. 29th.

FOR SALE.—A thoroughbred Holstein bull. Enquire of BYRON CRAWFORD, Comox.

See our new Flowing End Ties
at Stevenson & Co's

Beats and shoes that wear well, at STEVENSON & CO'S.

WHARF BUDGET.

Nov. 9th—It is rather lively to-day. The air is bracing, indeed, its effect was plainly visible on a young gentleman, who, near the noon hour, disposed of nut cakes with a dispatch truly marvelous. Being outside of the building where the mastication was performed, I was called in as a witness, and as a Dutchman said joined in the general "constonishment."

Lively! Well I should say it was! The "Excelsion" was in from the far north, coaling here en her way to Seattle She had on board 176 forlorn looking dead-broke fellows from Copper River. One summed up the situation in true Western style, declaring \$3,000,000 had been taken in there and not \$3,00 taken out. Many of them exhibited the evidence of ardent spirits. One swung his fists viciously around bringing one in contact with a tender spot on some one standing near. The latter stuck the one nearest him, and soon a dozen, more or less were knocking, squirming, wrigling and tumbling. Blood flowed like claret at a

banquet. I asked one of the sober fellows if he heard anything of Atlin while up north. "Oh, yes," he replied, "Juneau is all excitement over the news from there and I'm going up there a little later on."

At noon The Ford, staunch schooner came in from Hornby Island and tied up at Howe's wharf. "When will Nelson's steamer be in from Denman Island?" I asked. "Well, you see," explained my informant, "Nelson hasn't got acquainted with the machinery. He's got to get the hang of that before he puts her into regular commission."

The Aorangi, which lay at the wharf is a fine looking vessel—one of the Australian liners—here for coal. There was the sign up, "No admittance except on business;" but a newspaper man is never turned aside by trifles, so presenting my card indicating I represented The Cumberland News—semi weekly—I was kindly invited inside, where I met Lieut. C. Hepworth, R. N. R., commanding, and was introduced to S. Phillips, chief officer and D. C. Rennie, chief engineer—all courteous gentlemen, ready to give information. The steamship took on 1000 tons of coal for fuel and will require 500 more at Honolulu to complete her voyage of 28 days to Australia.

When the City of Nanaimo arrived today, it was quickly observed that W. E. Gardner had been promoted from 1st mate to be captain and W. E. Baker had been given the place of first mate—both pleasant gentlemen. On the front lower deck was seen George Grieve's traction engine and thresher, for which he has been waiting some weeks.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

We, the undersigned, members of the firm carrying on business as druggists in the City of Cumberland, B. C. under the style of A. H. Peacey & Co. do hereby certify that the said partnership was on the 11th day of November 1898, dissolved by mutual consent. All indebtedness to the late firm will be paid to A. H. Peacey, who will pay all accounts against it. He will carry on the business of druggist in the old stand.

A. H. PEACEY
ROBT. LAWRENCE

**Teaming &
Livery**

I am prepared to
furnish Stylish Rigs
and do Teaming
At reasonable rates.
D. Kilpatrick,
Union, B. C.

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

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"A WOMAN'S CRIME," "THE MISSING DIAMOND,"
ETC., ETC.

Old Hagar now placed in Madeline's hands the package, which was found to contain her mother's most valuable jewels, and the tear-stained journal, which the girl seated herself to peruse, with sorrowful awe.

The last page being turned, and the sad life of her mother fully revealed, Madeline bowed her head and wept bitterly, heedless of the attempt of old Hagar to comfort her, until the name of her step-father upon the old woman's lips brought her suddenly to her feet, the tears still on her cheeks, but her eyes flashing, and on her countenance a look that might have been a revelation to John Arthur had that gentleman been there to see. Taking the old woman's hand and holding it tightly in her own the girl said:

"Thanks, auntie, for recalling me. I have no time for tears now. Listen and don't interrupt me. My poor mother died with a heart filled with fears for my future, left to that man's keeping. At the time of her death, he believed himself her unconditional heir. She feared for her life with him, and her sickness was aggravated in every possible manner by him, and I fully believe that, in intent, if not in deed, John Arthur is my mother's murderer."

The old woman's face expressed as plainly as words could do, that she shared in this belief. The girl went on, in the same rapid, firm tone:

"He killed the mother for gold, and now he would sell her child. He will fail; and this is but the beginning. As he drove my mother into her grave, I will hunt him into his! He shall suffer all that she suffered, and more! I know where you obtained your independence now, Aunt Hagar; and he hates you doubly because my mother's love provided for you a home, and for her child a haven in time of need. It was well. Keep the old cottage open for me, Aunt Hagar. Keep an eye on John Arthur; for my sake. Never fear for me, whatever happens. Expect to hear from me at any time, to see me at any moment. Don't answer any questions about me. A thousand thanks for all your love and kindness, auntie; good-by."

Before the old woman could recover from her astonishment, or utter a word, Madeline had kissed her, swiftly taken up the precious package, and was gone! Hagar hastened to the door, but the girl was speeding swiftly down the path, and was quickly lost to view.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" moaned Hagar, seating herself in the doorway; "her father's passion and her mother's pride! Sorrow and trouble before her, and she all alone, dark, dark, dark the world against her! Sorrow and trouble—it's in the blood! And she'll never give it up! She'll fight her wrongs to the bitter end. Oh, my precious girl!" and she buried her head in her apron and wept.

The sun's last ray had faded from the highest hill-top. The little birds had folded their wings, and hushed their warblings. Dark clouds came sweeping up from the west, and one, heavy and black, passed above the roof of Oakley, bent down, and rested there. Hagar, still sorrowing in the doorway, saw and interpreted. Dark days to come to the master of that overshadowed house. Dreary days and bitter nights—ah, how many, before that cloud should be lifted from above it, or light hearts beat beneath its roof!

"I beg pardon, madame, you appear in trouble; perhaps I intrude?"

It was Lucian Davlin's soft, lazy voice, and that disagreeable half smile lurked about the corners of his eyes and mouth.

"I've had more welcome visitors," said the old woman, with more truth than politeness, and rubbing her eyes with the corner of her apron, "what do you want?"

"Only a small matter of information, which I believe you can give me."

"Well," said Hagar, testily.

"I want to make a few inquiries about Mr. Arthur of Oakley."

"About Miss Madeline, I suppose you mean. I won't tell you a word—"

"My dear, good woman, I don't ask nor wish any information regarding that young lady—my inquiries solely concern the father. He is said to be wealthy!"

"What is John Arthur or his money to you?" she questioned, eyeing him with much disfavor.

"Nothing whatever," he indifferently replied. "I merely inquire on behalf of a friend."

"I'll throw him off the scout if he does mean Madeline," thought the old woman.

"Well, Mr. whatever your name is, if it will satisfy your friend to know that Mr. John Arthur is master of Oakley and everybody knows there is no finer property in the state, and that he has a yearly income of ten thousand or more, why, tell him or her so. And you may as well say, at the same time, that he is too stingy and mean to keep the one in repair or spend decently the other. And when he dies"—here she suddenly checked herself—"well when he dies his heirs, whoever they may be, will inherit all the more because of his meanness."

"And who, pray, may be his heirs?"

"How should I know who the stingy old reprobate will choose to inherit after him? I think he has a sister somewhere, but I don't know."

"I'm thank you—for my friend. Good-night."

Smiling that same Mephistophelian smile, Lucian Davlin sauntered away,

apparently satisfied with himself and what was passing in his mind.

"He'll do," he muttered; "and she'll do him. It will be a good thing for her, just now, and very convenient for me in to the bargain. Cora's a marvellously fine woman, but little Madeline is fresh as a rose, and a few months of the city will make her sharp enough. Only let me keep them apart; that's all!" Satisfaction beamed in his eye and smiled on his lip. "Pretty Madeline will be the envy of half the boulevard."

Now he has neared the trying tree. "I think I'll just smoke here, and wait for my pretty bird; this is the place and almost the time."

He smoked and he waited; the time came, and passed; his cigar expired; the shadows deepened—but still he waited.

And he waited in vain. No light advanced through the gathering night; no sweet voice greeted him.

The time was far past now, and, muttering an oath, the disappointed lover strode away, and was lost in the night. Madeline was standing in her own room, the threshold of which John Arthur had never crossed since the day when a silent form was borne from it, and laid in that peaceful home, the churchyard. She had just received the summons, for which, only she lingered—the command of Mr. Arthur to attend at the altar of hospitality, and pour, for Mr. Amos Adams, the tea.

She was attired in a neat dark garment which was vastly becoming. She had made her toilet with more than usual care, as if, perhaps, to do honor to her ancient suitor—at least so thought Mr. Arthur when she presented herself before him.

She had put her chiefest treasures in a little, very little, travelling bag. And now she threw across her arm a large cloak, took her hat, veil, and bag, and descended softly to the hall below. It was faintly lighted from the lower end, and Madeline deposited her belongings in a darkened niche near a door, peeped out into the night that had come on cloudy and starless, and entered the room where waited the two conspirators, and supper.

John Arthur was more bland and smiling than Madeline had ever before known him, while as for old Amos, he nearly lost himself in a maze of grins and chuckles, but displayed a very unlover-like appetite, nevertheless, and divided his attention pretty evenly between the beautiful face of Madeline and the viands on the table.

Madeline betrayed no sign of surprise at her step-papa's unwonted cordiality, and no annoyance at the ogling and chuckling of her antiquated suitor. In truth, she favored him with more than one expressive smile, the meaning of which he little guessed, as she contrasted him once more with handsome Lucian Davlin, and smiled again at the picture of his coming defeat.

The meal was partaken of in comparative silence, all apparently well satisfied with their own thoughts—ah, how different! It was not until old Amos, the servant, had been dismissed that Mr. Arthur drew his chair a trifle nearer that of his friend, and, leaning his arms upon the table, looked across at Madeline, and said:

"My dear, I believe you are aware of the honor this gentleman desires to confer upon you? I think I have hinted at the truth upon one or two occasions?"

Madeline veiled her too expressive eyes behind their long lashes, but made no reply.

"It is my desire," he continued, surveying with satisfaction the appearance of humility with which his words were received, "and the desire of Mr. Adams as well, that we should come to a satisfactory understanding to-night. We will, therefore, settle the preliminaries at once—this is your desire, I think, Mr. Adams?"

"Oh, certainly! Oh, yes, yes," ejaculated old Amos, in a transport of grins. "And this will, I trust,"—he was growing more stately and polite every moment—"this, of course, is satisfactory to you, Miss Madeline?"

"Perfectly." She looked him full in the face now, and somehow her glances slightly impaired his feeling of dignity and security.

"Very good; and now having formally accepted the proffered hand of Mr. Adams—"

"Pardon me, sir, you are too fast. Mr. Adams has not offered himself."

"Nonsense," Mr. Arthur suddenly forgot his politeness—"haven't I just stated his offer?"

Madeline leaned back in her chair, and looked from one to the other with a tranquil smile.

"Perhaps; but unfortunately there is a law in existence which prohibits a man from marrying his grandmother, and likewise objects, I believe, to a young woman's espousing her step-papa, however much adored. And as you can't marry me, my dear parent and guardian, I object to listening to a proposal from your lips."

John Arthur gazed in angry consternation upon the girl's still smiling face, but

To be Continued.

THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT.

When a handsome man enlists, the woman oil say, "Too bad," but they watch a homely man go to war without a murmur.—Somerville Journal.

THE BEST EXERCISE.

Why Cycling Has Won the Undisputed Premier Position.

In behalf of cycling an athlete of much experience has the following to say:

"Rowing tells on the breathing organs, the work on dumbbells and other exercises where the muscles are moved without progression of the body tell most on the muscles themselves, and long pedestrian feats without climbing, tell on the nervous system. In cycling, as in running, it is the heart and circulation that first give demonstrative evidence of important change of action.

"Modern gymnastics have been largely shaped with reference to military purposes, and, while gymnastic exercises, if well selected and proportioned, do promote muscular development and physical grace and vigor, they are easily carried to an extreme, and instances are not rare where they have broken down the constitution instead of building it up.

"Feats of gymnastic skill train the nerve centers more than the muscles, and once the trick is acquired their value as exercise is slight. Feats of strength often put an injurious strain upon the organism with no corresponding benefit.

"The arm appears to be the object of all the exercises of modern gymnastics; breathing and other movements which throw the suspension of support of the body upon the arms and shoulders give them unsuitable work and result in disproportionate development of the muscles of the shoulder girdle, often associated with a rounding back, and little or no increased power in ventilation, since all such feats are performed with a chest fixed and constricted by muscular effort.

"It is the avoidance of all this and the constant change of scene, air, sunshine and motion that has given cycling the undisputed premier position as a pastime and an exercise that it now occupies."

He Didn't Get the Wheel.

Many are the stories told by speakers at public dinners at the expense of each other, after the fashion of Judge Howland's story of how R. H. Stoddard opened a tomato can so explosively that his wife thought he was opening it with prayer! A similarly voracious story is told of John Wanamaker. He is reported to have observed, as he entered his store one morning, three boys admiring a bicycle in the window. With native goodness of heart he turned to them and asked them if they would like a wheel. On their answering "yes," he said: "I will give a wheel to the boy who will give the best answer to this question: 'Whom do you love best?'" Instantly one of the boys cried out, "John Wanamaker." "Oh, no!" he replied, "you never saw me before; you cannot love me best." He then turned to the second: "Whom do you love best?" The insinuating answer came, "My father and mother." "Excellent," said Mr. Wanamaker; "it is an admirable answer; I think you will get the wheel." Then to the third: "Whom do you love best?" "Jesus Christ," said the boy. "Ah! that is the best answer of all; the bicycle is yours. I am glad to see you beginning the Christian life so young. What is your name and where do you live?" "Moses Isaacs, Chatham street," replied the boy; but he lost the wheel.—The Independent.

Nicety of Etiquette.

A true gentleman usually feels that it is essential to be courteous to the least as to the greatest, but etiquette does not always recognize this. The famous Talleyrand is reported to have used a graduation of politeness in asking his guests to take beef at a dinner party that he gave. The grade ran thus:

To a Prince of the blood—May I have the honor of sending your Royal Highness a little beef?

To a Duke—Monsieur, permit me to send you a little beef.

To a Marquis—Marquis, may I send you a little beef?

To a Viscount—Viscount, pray have a little beef.

To a Baron—Baron, do you take beef?

To an untitled gentleman—Monsieur, some beef.

To his private secretary—Beef.

But there was yet an inferior personage present, and to him Talleyrand uttered no word. He simply looked at him, and made an interrogative gesture with the carving-knife. But, if the meat were good, some of us would not trouble much how we were invited to it.—London Tit-Bits.

Reaping as We Sow.

We are not done with life as we live it. We shall meet our acts and words and influences again. A man will reap the same as he sows, and he himself shall be the reaper. We go on sowing carelessly, never dreaming that we shall see our seeds again. Then some day we come to an ugly plant growing somewhere, and when we ask, "What is this?" comes the answer, "I am one of your plants. You dropped the seed which grew into me." We shall have to eat the seed that grows from our sowing.—Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D.

Most Durable Wood.

A London paper claims that teak is the most durable wood known for structural and mechanical purposes. It is hard, yet light, easily worked, and, though porous, strong and lasting. It is soon seasoned, shrinks little, and because of its oily nature does not injure iron. In South-eastern Asia it is much used for ship building. The wood is frequently girdled a year before it is felled, and thus exposed to sun and wind it seasons more rapidly than when cut green.

How to Make a Camper's Mackintosh.

Take a yard square of oilcloth, the kind commonly used on a kitchen table. Cut a straight slit in the center long enough for the head to pass through easily. Folded, it makes a small package easily carried in the pocket, and when caught in a shower by slipping it over the head it will shed the rain and keep the wearer dry and comfortable and will not interfere in any way with using the hands.

BUYING A HOME WITHOUT CASH.

One Can Own His House by Paying the Equivalent of Its Rental Value.

It is possible nowadays, quite easy, indeed, for the industrious wage-earner, or person with small means or income, to own his home," writes Barton Cheyney on "Buying a House without Cash" in the Ladies' Home Journal. "And he can do this either with a very small sum of money in hand or by some plans without ready cash. By these plans a home is purchased outright, and cleared of debt in a comparatively short term of years, the purchaser paying a sum equivalent to a fair rent for the property. There are a number of methods by which such purchases may be made," that offered by the Building and Loan Associations, endowment insurance, through installment mortgages, etc. "Of the many sources of borrowing money to pay for a home," Mr. Cheyney concludes, "it may be said that the building and loan associations are, in many respects, to be preferred by the borrower. Perhaps not to the private individual—much, however, depends on the individual. As a rule, one can, I believe, borrow money much more advantageously on a mortgage from an individual than from almost any other source. This is especially the case where the applicant for a loan is known to be of correct habits and industrious."

Uses for the Horse.

So, after all, the wheel isn't going to render the horse useless. The horse has a vital advantage over the bicycle. We can't eat the latter.

A Western man is canning nice, juicy Indian ponies, each one making six cases of 48 one-pound cans. These cute ponies cost all the way from \$1.50 to \$2 each.

How nice. This pony meat may become one of the staple articles of food, but it gives one the nightmare to think of it. It's enough to make a vegetarian of one.

A party near Portland, Ore., is putting up quite an extensive plant for the purpose of grinding these nice horses into some fine substance to be used as a fertilizer. So, we see, that both as a food and a fertilizer the horse has the long end of the string. You couldn't eat a bicycle any more than you could a professional boarding-house steak. It is equally as great a failure as a fertilizer. In these two respects, at least, it is no competitor of the horse; it is completely outclassed. Hence, the kind-hearted persons who were afraid the over-loaded, under-fed, bruised and beaten horse would become useless may dry their tears. He will remain, but not because he is good for food or as a fertilizer. He will be beloved because he is a kind and noble and beautiful animal, for whom the bicycle will prepare smooth, level highways, where he will happily exemplify the good and gracious purpose for which he was intended.

Aztec Stones for Grinding Corn.

J. A. Pewette recently discovered and secured two most perfect prehistoric metal stones. They were taken from the floor of a room in the eighth story of the prehistoric Montezuma (Arizona) castle. Four feet of bat guano was taken from the floor and the stones found under it. The larger stone weighs over 100 pounds, and Mr. Pewette had some difficulty in descending the four ladders placed at intervals from the base to the top of the castle, a distance of 100 feet. The metal is about two feet long by eighteen inches wide, is of blue granite, and must have been used for years, as the stone is worn down so that the outer edges are several inches higher than the bottom of the groove in which the smaller stone slid up and down, crushing the grain. The smaller stone or grinder was found near the larger.

The City of the Little Monk.

The city of Munich is called Muenchen in German. Before it was Muenchen it was "Moenchen," the diminutive for "moench," the German word for "monk," so that the name of the city signifies "little monk." The name was received 700 years ago. In the middle of the twelfth century a number of monks flying from Hungary established a cloister and a colony on the site of the old town, and travelers used to speak of the place as "Bei den Moenchen," later simply Muenchen, now Muenchen. Whether the Hungarian recluse was smaller than his Bavarian conferees or whether it was simply an expression of affection has not been ascertained.

A Good Neighbor.

There is large significance in the phrase, "a good neighbor." It means tact, generosity, thoughtfulness, sympathy, interest. It implies a nature having the social quality coupled with the quality of reserve. It speaks of an ear deaf to those things that relate to family privacy and an eye open to need. It signifies a tongue controlled by prudence, a mind suggestive of pleasant ways of helpfulness, a heart impelled to the doing of little kindnesses.

Dodging a Law.

A German historian explains how young journeymen early in the present century used to dodge the law forbidding any one to cross the boundary between two states unless he owned a certain sum of money. They used to spend a night at a tavern near the boundary, borrow the sum needed from the host, leaving their bundles as pawn, whereupon they saw the officials, showed their money, got the permit, returned to the host, gave back the money, and shouldered their knapsacks.

Mock Oyster Soup.

Scrape twelve good-sized roots of oyster plants or salisfy and throw them at once into cold water. Cut into thin slices, cover with one quart of water and cook gently for an hour, or until perfectly tender. Add a quart of milk, two teaspoonfuls of salt, a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper, two tablespoonfuls of butter cut into bits. Turn into the tureen and serve with oyster crackers.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer in the Ladies' Home Journal.

HE WAS CALLED MIKE.

AND HAROLD SPADINA'S MOTHER DID NOT LIKE THE NICKNAME.

Wherefore a Family Crisis Arose, in Which Mike Suffered Considerably—Strange to Say, Paterfamilias Was Not So Displeased When He Heard the Tale of Woe.

"Where's the boy?" inquired Mr. Spadina cheerily, and it occurred to him that it was about time for his 7-year-old son to bid him good night.

"The boy," replied Mrs. Spadina severely, "is in bed."

"Not sick?"

"No. He's not sick," said Mrs. Spadina in a tone that implied something even worse. "I've been waiting for an opportunity to tell you all about it, but have not had a chance until now. It just means this, that we must move away from this neighborhood. It's no place to bring up a boy, and I just won't stand it. We must get a house in some part of the city where Harold will have nice children to play with."

"But what's the matter?" asked the husband with concern. "What has happened?"

"Well, I'm telling you just as fast as I can. This afternoon Harold had just got home from school when the doorbell rang. I was in the hall and answered the door myself, for I saw a boy there. On opening the door the boy said to me, 'Please, can Mike come out to play ball?' I told him that we had no Mike here and said he had called at the wrong house. 'No,' he said, 'I mean Mike, you know—your boy, Mike. I guess you call him Harold,' he said."

"Now what do you think of that? Well, you may be sure I told that boy what I thought of him, and he began to whimper and said that Harold had licked him—that's just what he said—Harold had licked him yesterday for not calling him Mike, and everybody called him Mike at school. And it's worse than that, for they call him Mike Spadina—not Harold Spadina, but Mike Spadina."

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Spadina.

"I marched out into the dining room where Harold was eating some bread and butter," continued Mrs. Spadina, "and I went for him, and do you know that child sat up in his chair and said that he'd rather be called Mike than Harold, and that since his chums have started to call him Mike Spadina the other gang's afraid of him. Well, I just Mike Spadina him with a strap and sent him off to bed at 5 o'clock, and he's there yet. Mike Spadina!" she added with intense feeling on each repulsive word.

"The little scamp!" exclaimed Mr. Spadina.

"We have been talking of getting a better house in some other part of the city for a long time," said Mrs. Spadina, "and I'm sick and tired of this place. We can't send him over to that school any longer—with its rowdy names and its gangs and its fighting. Harold has clearly been fighting, for the boy said as much."

The father was looking silently at the ceiling and puffing at his evening cigar. He generally thought matters over before giving his decision, and Mrs. Spadina cautiously went up stairs, where she found the formidable Mike Spadina sound asleep and with the clothing-kicked off him.

And Mr. Spadina blew a whiff from his cigar and said, "At school they used to call me Bump." And presently he smiled, and knocking the ash off his cigar he chuckled: "There's good stuff in Mike. I wonder how big that boy was that he walloped?"

And the important point is that of the son, the mother and the father one was as true to human nature as either of the others.—Toronto Saturday Night.

The Ring.

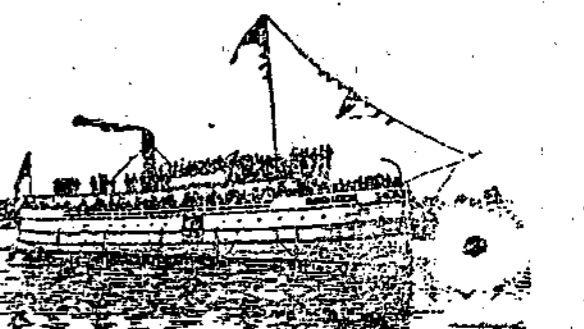
Mr. Pinney—What kind of an engagement ring would you prefer, darling?

Miss Dazzi—Well, they generally give me—I mean—oh, I am so confused! Yours is such perfect taste, Constant, that I leave it all to you.—New York Truth.

Deception.

Yeast—Do you think any bad effects come from the wearing of veils?

Crimsonbeak—Yes, I do. Last night, in the hall, I kissed my wife, who was veiled, when I thought it was the waitress.—Youkers Statesman.



LAKE WINNIPEG EXCURSIONS

Via—"The Premier," "City of Selkirk," "Lady of the Lake." \$13.50 for a round trip on either the Premier or City of Selkirk, to Grand Rapids and return. This includes railway fare to Selkirk, meals and berth on the steamers and a sail of over 700 miles. See sailing dates advertised in Winnipeg Free Press. "Lady of the Lake" runs to George's Island, a sail of 60 miles, with every accommodation, for \$10.50. Leaves Selkirk every Tuesday morning and Friday afternoon. Reduced rate from any point on C. P. Ry. Send three cent stamp for illustrated pamphlet. WM. CLARKE, Gen. Agent, 480 Main Street, Winnipeg.

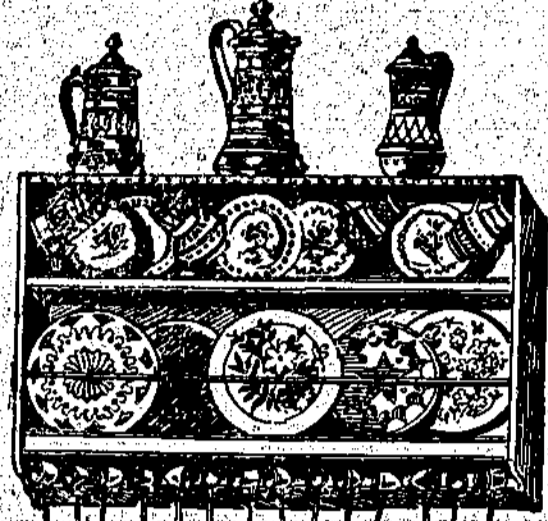
HOMEMADE AFFAIRS.

UTILITY AND ORNAMENT COMBINED IN HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES.

A Wall Rack to Please the Heart of the Housewife and Her Liege—How to Make a Taboret, Which May Serve as a General Tuck Away Place.

From an illustrated article in The Decorator and Furnisher on homemade accessories for the smoking room, the following is gleaned:

The smoker's housewife who wishes to at once serve her liege and strike into



RACK FOR PIPES, MUGS AND PLATES.

the heart of fashion must have a collection of pipes and a row of mugs with an old plate or two arranged artistically on the shelves and given due prominence on the library wall. It need not matter whether the board is square or oblong. This will depend entirely on the niche in it is decided to fill.

The scheme must be worked out with a foundation of a back board. This can be stained or covered with burlap or velvet in any dull color, preferably forest green or venetian red, if in harmony with the surrounding hangings.

There is a narrow shelf, perhaps three inches wide, which forms the top of the back board. A row of good sized brass hooks, screwed into the underside of this shelf, holds mugs. Six or seven inches below is a shelf grooved to hold the edges of plates. Below this is another shelf with a rod across, and three inches below this shelf is the pipe rack.

The Turkish taboret, which is neither a chair nor a stand, but may be made to serve as a general utility article, is quite the fad just now. When the taboret is real and eastern, with inlaid wood and pearl ornamentation, it is an expensive luxury. It can be reproduced after a fashion, however, for about a dollar.

The size can be determined to suit the individual need. The number of sides, whether five, seven or eight, is also optional. Each side must be made to fit closely to its neighbor at a clear angle, and so cut out at the bottom as to form a half of two legs. These pieces, nailed together, form the base. A good way to determine the height is to measure an ordinary chair from floor to seat. The diameter of the top of the taboret should be from 10 to 18 inches and about three inches larger than the diameter of the base. This extension of the cover beyond the base is one of the features of the taboret, and its effectiveness is lost when the cover is flush with the sides of the base. This top is hinged, and the interior of the base is given a bottom board just a little above the arch made for the legs. Thus you have a box.

A most unique covering can be made from 3 cent baranna handkerchiefs, and the effect is truly oriental. The cover-



A TURKISH TABORET.

ing should first be stitched together to make the required width to go quite around, and with a little care the cloth can be smoothly fitted in about the legs.

The interior can be finished with a pocket lining, one pocket on each side of the taboret. The pockets can be made of saten or denim. This kind of taboret makes a very handy shoe box, or, in fact, a general tuck away receptacle.

Fat Oil For China Painting.

Fat oil is easily made. After the painting for the day pour all the soiled turpentine into a bowl or tumbler, leaving it lightly covered. As the sediment collects the turpentine will become perfectly clean, but much thicker by evaporation. From time to time strain this into a bottle for general use, and the turpentine so prepared becomes "fat oil." Very old turpentine is practically the same thing. If it is not very thick, it may be safely painted with, provided there is plenty of the absolutely pure or rectified at hand in which to rinse the brushes.—Art Amateur.

RT. HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

WONDERFUL CAREER OF THE BRITISH COLONIAL SECRETARY.

The Man Whose Genius and Outspokenness Has Caused the Whole World to Talk—His Faithfulness in Small Things Has Made His Power Great in Great Ones—Why He is Heeded.

(Special Washington Correspondence.) The eyes of the world's diplomats are centered upon the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain, leader of the Liberal-Unionist party of England in the House of Commons.

Back of Mr. Chamberlain are the cannon of England—and Vienna, Berlin, Rome and St. Petersburg are not certain at what moment they may with emphasis endorse his declaration:

"The time has arrived when Great Britain may be confronted by a combination of powers, and our first duty, therefore, is to draw all parts of the empire into close unity, and our next, to maintain the bonds of permanent unity with our kinsmen across the Atlantic."

Gentlemen of continental Europe, grouped about the traditional green table, have no reason to wish for a union, offensive and defensive, between Great Britain and the United States. They know that Mr. Chamberlain more than any man in England represents today the sentiments of the middle and common classes of the Empire. They



RT. HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

appreciate that he spoke as he did after consideration and not from the inspiration of the banquet cup. His personality is known from Irkutsk to Washington. The cold-bloodedness of his nature gives authority to the statement that his speech of a week ago was a direct warning to continental Europe that in time of need the Anglo-Saxon would be a unit against the Latin and the Slav. Mr. Chamberlain is just that much different from Arthur Balfour that he is rarely thought to be in jest, while the latter is assumed to be never in earnest.

Gladstone has moved his last way to under the roses of Hawarden; Salisbury is cowering and searching for life at Riviera. Balfour may yet be Premier, but if all tokens be not false, Chamberlain but a few days ago spoke for an hour when he will be master and his will direct an alliance with the United States if they wish it.

Everyday people always enjoy the story of the life of Chamberlain. His beginning was not along the smooth path opened for Balfour. His father was a London shoemaker, who made some money off of soles and uppers. He made good shoes and the boy was designed to succeed him at the altar of Crispin. He showed no unwillingness to do so until fate led him at 18 to Birmingham and placed him with a firm of wood screw-makers, in which he was eventually to become the principal factor.

He came out of the University College School in 1854 to make his home in Birmingham, and in the letter of introduction which he carried with him there to friends was the sentence:

"Please be kind and see as much as you can of poor Joe, for he knows nobody in Birmingham."

Time was not required for his masters to know him, though. He was taciturn, but brutally in earnest. He went at the business of making screws just as he has undertaken everything else in his long career. His first dive into the world of trade was in an effort to make screws cheaper and better than anyone else on the market did. He succeeded. Literally he reorganized the world's market for wood screws. Where there had been cut prices, trade depression, no profits, he created unity, profitable sales, active demand. He concerned himself with the minutiae of his shops, studied the condition surrounding his men, uncovered coal mines for his own supply, became the owner of the raw material he needed, entered into partnership with his employers, rose to the head of an establishment employing 2,000 men, and found a wealth producing an income of \$150,000 annually at his disposal.

All this he did in twenty years, for it was in 1874 when he first really entered the political field of the British Empire.

Understanding this much of the man it is not difficult to appreciate why, as a statesman, his utterances are taken to represent the sentiments of commercial England, and the foundation of the throne of England is not to be found in warships, but her commerce.

Mr. Chamberlain was not content, while a tradesman, to be merely that. He could not make a public speech, so he taught himself oratory. He joined Birmingham debating societies and spoke until a freedom of manner came to him which was attractive. He kept himself loaded with facts. Possibly realizing that his voice and his personality might always be against him as a popular orator he built his strength as a

speaker upon his knowledge of the details of nearly every subject under the sun. Your Englishman likes solid facts more than oratorical flourishes in a speech. He took to Chamberlain's mastery of facts, upheld as they were by invective, irony, satire and ridicule, with huge delight. In time he called Chamberlain "The People's Joseph."

Once a speaker with a reputation, Mr. Chamberlain launched into the field of municipal reform. He found Birmingham a squalid, dirty, unhealthy city. He was elected mayor over and over again. He rebuilt the streets, tore down the rookeries, seweraged the bad places, fought for municipal ownership of tramways and light. What was healthful, wholesome, best for the people of a city he not only advocated, but got. He entered on his first canvass for a seat in Parliament in 1874, a rounded man, having the confidence of those who knew him. He was defeated, but stood again and was returned in 1876.

Since then his career has been steadily upward. He was in Gladstone's Cabinet in 1880 and became the author of the Bankruptcy Act, now the law of England. He remained with Gladstone until 1886, when, in a division of sentiment with the grand old man over Home Rule, he resigned and opposed him politically forever after. He was a member of the Fishery Commission sent to the United States in 1888 and Secretary of State under Salisbury. He became a leader of the Liberal-Unionist party after the retirement of Lord Hartington. In 1888 he married Miss Mary Endicott, daughter of Grover Cleveland's first Secretary of War. She is his third wife and he has a son by his first wife older than he.

In his early years Mr. Chamberlain was a Socialist, drifting with that into what is termed radical English politics. Since 1886 he has grown more conservative, shown a preference for Imperialism and unification of all the interests of the Empire. The changes in his opinions on questions of this character are no more remarkable than those which took place in the political evolution of Castelar of Spain. But through all his career Mr. Chamberlain has never failed on occasion to show that he kept in touch with the British public and that what he said was not a mere opinion of his own. Better than any living man in England to-day he knows the strength and the weakness of his nation. A terrible dealer in facts, he is not the kind of man to blind himself to conditions surrounding England, which make it absolutely necessary that her career of "splendid isolation" should come to an end. He recognizes, as many others do, that continental Europe has but one hope—the humiliation of Great Britain—and that Great Britain in the end can only prevent that by an alliance with the United States. He means that when he said:

"I would go so far as to say that, terrible as war may be, even war itself would be cheaply purchased if in a great and noble cause the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack should wave together over an Anglo-Saxon alliance."

A great many people call that claptrap. This will not disturb Mr. Chamberlain at all. He probably would as leave substitute for Anglo-Saxon the words English-American, for that is what he meant, and that is why Madrid journals fairly frothed when the report of his speech reached them. He is business all over, and his speech meant business for England. A man who could compel his adopted town to purchase gas works with a present capital value of \$11,000,000 and an annual profit of \$150,000, at the same time reducing the cost of gas to the people a shilling, is dreadfully in earnest wherever you take him. He did the same thing with the Birmingham water works, now valued at \$11,000,000, and which have reduced water rates \$80,000 per year for the consumers. He bought the "central slums" of Birmingham for \$8,000,000 and constructed Corporation street out of them. When the leases there fall in some fifty years hence, Birmingham will be the richest civic corporation in the world. To-day, thanks to Mr. Chamberlain, the tax rates of Birmingham are less than they were fifty years ago, and the total charge is rather more than 20 shillings per head of population or one-fifth of the charge of the local administration of Boston. Of course, all this work smacks of radical republicanism, and rightly so, and continental Europe fears republicanism as much to-day as it did Napoleon a century ago. Monarchs of Germany, Austria, Spain have no regard for such an utterance as this from Chamberlain:

"I am confident in the capacity of a wise government resting upon the representation of the whole people, to do something to add to the sum of human happiness, to smooth the way for misfortune and poverty. We are told that this country (England) is the paradise of



MRS. CHAMBERLAIN.

the rich. It should be our duty to see that it does not become the purgatory of the poor."

A perfect system of unity for Imperial England can never comprehend an alliance with any foreign power of Europe or Asia. That alliance, if to be

made, must be with the Anglo-Saxon or Celt (as you choose) of America, and Mr. Chamberlain, in the opinion of diplomats in Washington, has but forewarned the world that if not to-day fifty years hence the United States and England will be as one in matters of external policy.

He is supported in his position by the Duke of Fife, by Sir Charles Dilke, by the Duke of Argyll, and innumerable eminent public men of England.

With a voice which they say resembles that of a "London cobby," Mr. Chamberlain has succeeded in arousing the world of diplomacy as it has not been stirred in years. Not even the war with Spain has given so much concern as this speech from the lips of a Cabinet Officer of England. But then Mr. Chamberlain never does anything, they say, in his home, that is not extraordinary and worthy of the closest consideration. If you chance by London way this season and meet a slenderly built man wearing a huge monocle and an orchid you will know that it is Chamberlain, the man who was termed by the Lords when he was first on his way to the Commons to take his seat:

"The black man from the country, clay pipe in mouth, clothes soiled with dirt."

The Lords do not say that now.

THE SHIP'S RUDDER.

Its Two Parts and the Difference in the Strain That Comes Upon Them.

The rudder of a wooden ship is composed of the stalk and the backing, which are so joined together as to form in effect a single piece. The complete rudder is coppered, to protect it from worms, and then, besides being practically all in one piece, it has that appearance also.

The stalk is the part to which are attached the pintles, or pivots, by which the rudder is suspended and held in place, these going through eyes set in the ship's sternpost. The stalk runs up through the stern of the ship, and to its head is bolted a cap to which are attached the ropes by means of which the rudder is controlled. The backing is the blade part of the rudder.

By far the greater strain comes on the stalk, and the greatest strain of all comes on the head of the stalk—the rudder head—where it is held. The stalk is made of the wood most likely to stand the strain, carefully selected, sound, well-seasoned oak, while the backing is made of spruce or hard pine. The stalk is of a single, solid, massive piece, stout as an oak tree, and indeed of the dimensions of a small oak—something that a man can pin his faith to, if he can have faith in any wood—while the backing or blade is, like many modern wooden masts, built up. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find trees that would yield planks big enough for the purpose in a single piece, and the built-up backing, made of pieces of selected wood, can easily be made of ample strength to withstand any strain that will be brought upon it.

As to the stalk, stout and solid as the oak may be, the head may be twisted by the force of a tremendous blow from a wave upon the rudder, or, under the repeated strains of long use, the head may split, and so make the stalk useless. Then the rudder is taken out and fitted with a new stalk. A suitable stick is selected and worked down to the proper size and form, and very probably the old backing is attached to it. The life of a rudder stalk would probably be twelve to fourteen years. The backing might last as long as the ship.

Without a "Character."

The captain of a steamer plying between Liverpool and Cape Town found himself short-handed when he came to leave the African port. Several of his men had deserted him for the gold fields. So, when an Irishman came along and wanted to work his way back to Liverpool, he said: "Go ahead and get a recommendation and I'll take you."

Mike came back soon with the needed document. "That'll do," said the captain, "go aboard and get to work."

Next day was sailing day, and as they were preparing to cast off a Dutchman came puffing up to the side and wanted to come aboard and work for his passage. "Jump on and be quick about it," said the captain, without a question, for he needed the hand badly.

The first day out he set the men to swabbing the deck. The Dutchman braced himself against the rail with a bucket, and dipped into the top of the waves, passing the water along to the Irishman, who slashed it over the deck. Pretty soon a high wave hit the Dutchman, he lost his balance and tumbled over the side. The Irishman took one look. Not a trace was to be seen of the unlucky Dutchman. He hurried over to the captain's cabin and called him out.

"What do you want?" demanded the boss.

"Well, captain, when I came to get my job you made me get a recommendation, didn't you?"

"Yes, you're all right, I guess. What's the matter?"

"Well, you didn't ask the Dootchman for a recommendation, did you?"

"No, why?"

"Well, captain, the Dootchman's gone off with yer boocies."

The Horse Rides Behind.

The Street Railway Journal publishes a very interesting description of a primitive street railway which operates in the suburbs of San Francisco. A horse pulls a loaded car to one end of the line, the grade of which is sufficient to allow the car to return by gravity to the starting point, the horse being taken aboard the car on the return trip, riding on the rear platform. The grade averages 3 1/2 per cent, and this is sufficient to return the car, the horse and the passengers to the foot of the hill entirely by gravity. The line is about one mile in length. The company owns one car and five horses, and the daily mileage is about 40. The horse is able to draw the car up the grade at an average speed of about 2 1/2 miles per hour, and the car descends by gravity at a rate of about 15 miles per hour.

SOUR GRAPES.

Shrined in their lower two maidens stood,
Daintily sweet in glance and smile,
Laughing in arch and piquant mood,
And scanning the passersby the while.

Two idling beaux, in doleful array,
Were sauntering there with lazy pace,
One young and ardent, lithe and gay,
The other old and gaunt of face.

The twain above, the twain below,
Looked up and down, the each their way,
The maids sought more the youth to know,
His friend's fond smile they'd not repay.

"Now, by the sacred saints, I swear,"
The youth exclaimed in passion's tone,
"Those maidens both are grandly fair!
Ah, Venus, would they were mine own!"

"Those maidens fair! Nay, not at all,
You strangely err," his comrade said.
"The one, in sooth, is grossly tall,
Her mate, alas, her hair is red." —Judy.

A Bribe to Government.

An old colored citizen who had been told that the government was conscripting men for the war kept his doors double barred and locked at night and seldom ventured out in the daytime. One of his colored neighbors played a good joke on him recently.

He went to the old man's door late at night and told him through the chinks that "de conscript officer is a-waitin' outside."

"Is dey only one of 'im?" asked the old man.

"Yes, des one."

"Look heah, Abram! Will you do me a favor?"

"Ef I kin."

"Well, I got de box heah wid \$9 missionary money in it. You heah me?"

"Yes."

"Well, I gwine ter pass it throo de winder ter you. Gi' 'im de box en tell 'im take 'it en go 'long en celebrat' hissef! Buy 'im off, ef bought he kin be fer God sake." —Atlanta Constitution.

Also Up.

It is essentially a story of today. The man in question is a bull. When things go up, he is happy, and things have been going up rapidly of late.

They had just been given a particularly good boost the other day when he happened into a banker's office and inquired how things were going.

"Splendidly," was the reply. "Everything is going up—everything!" with especial emphasis on the "every-

thing."

"Good!" exclaimed the bull. "That's what I like to hear."

Then he went on to his own office and found a notification from that same banker that the interest on some 10,000 he had found it necessary to nego- had been marked up from 5 per cent to 6.—Chicago Post.

Bold Amateur Detectives.

Sweet Girl—Pa, the house next door was robbed last night.

Pa—Mercy! Next door!

Sweet Girl—Yes, and the burglars have been in two or three houses on this street within a week.

Pa—I know it. I know it. It's terrible. But what can we do?

Sweet Girl—I was thinking it might be a good plan for Mr. Niccelfo and me to sit up a few nights and watch for them.—Pearson's Weekly.

Cold Drawn Seamless Check.

Handel Barr—Tyro has the most aggravated case of bicycle face I ever saw.

Wheeler—Since when? He was all right the last time I saw him.

Handel Barr—I don't know how long, but yesterday he had the face to try to borrow my bicycle for a four days' trip into the country.—Nuggets.

Must Have Been Mistaken.

Father—Did I hear that young man kiss you in the parlor last evening?

Daughter—I don't believe you could have, papa.

And a mystified look in red took possession of her beautiful countenance.—Detroit Free Press.

Quite Proper.

Keedick—Young Browne added "e" to his name after he inherited his uncle's big fortune.

Fosdick—That's quite right. Rich people are entitled to more ease than poor people.—Harlem Life.

She Didn't Say Where.

Mrs. Henpeck—My love, the doctor tells me that I must go to a warmer climate.

Mr. Henpeck—Well, my dear, I'm sure I am always wishing that you would.—Ally Sloper.

Lack of Confidence.

"I feel sorry for the weather man."

"Why?"

"He can't get anybody to listen to his prognostications about the war." —Chicago Record.

Childish Amusements.

"Put away the rusty thumbscrew," said the little king one day.

"Boys like this have grown familiar. They no longer cheer my play."

"Each one of my dollices suffers from a dislocated back. It no longer gives me pleasure To behold them on the rack."

"Two outgrown these nursery trifles. Each has served me in its turn. Yet the days are long and weary, And for something new I yearn."

"So, my ministers indulgent, Give that I may smile again, Playthings to my years more suited— Battleships and living men." —Washington Star.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS.

Cumberland, B. C.

Issued Every Tuesday and Saturday.

TUESDAY, NOV. 15th, 1898

"Go north and dig up with the country."

Our list of subscribers is rapidly increasing—doubled within a fortnight at Union Bay. Thirteen new subscribers were added to the list in Cumberland and Union one day last week. And still they are coming. Twice a week with fresh locals, and the cream of the telegraphic news, does the business. And advertisers are "not backward in coming forward." Eight new ads in Saturday's issue!

About February the stream of gold seekers will—according to present indications—flow into the Atlin country; but not all. The richer and bleaker regions around Dawson will draw thousands. The output will be doubled next year, perhaps trebled. But, as in everything else, only one in a hundred is likely to be benefited by going north to prospect. This fact will not prevent everyone from expecting to be the fortunate fraction whose efforts shall be crowned with success.

Last Tuesday there arrived in town, a car filled with merchandise for Simon Leiser. It came through from the east, without breaking bulk, or being taken from the car. It came over the C. P. R. to Vancouver, where the car was run on to Transfer barge No. 1, conveyed to Union Wharf, and from the barge run on to the track of the Union Colliery Co., and over that to this place. This marks a new epoch for the town and illustrates its facilities for handling goods. Even Victoria does not receive its merchandise from the east without breaking bulk. We presume, however, that when the proper wharf is completed at Oyster Bay, she will enjoy equal advantage in this respect. Until then, it will be in order to do a little crowing over our friends of the Capital City.

NOTICE

I, Janet Gleason, of City of Cumberland in province of British Columbia, here give notice that I intend to apply at the next regular sitting of the Board of Licensing Commissioners in and for the City of Cumberland to be held on the 15th day of December 1898 for a license to sell by retail wines, spirits, beer, and other fermented or intoxicating liquors on the premises known as the "New English Restaurant" situated on Dunsmuir Avenue, upon Lot 3 block III, City of Cumberland aforesaid.

Dated at City of Cumberland, Nov. 12 1898.

Janet Gleason.

PASSENGER LIST.

Per steamer City of Nanaimo, Nov. 10 — Bullbrook, T. Martello, G. Bardoni, J. Tolmi, S. Kenzie, R. Skinner, J. Waitt, J. Frame, A. Ross, J. Miles, T. Lees, J. Thornberg, Oscar Howe, H. Heal, T. Burgess, T. S. Smith, A. E. Planta, Mr. Westwood, A. Swanson, Mr. Purdy, R. Smith, N. S. Ferguson, C. Axon, G. Ukita, Thompson, Mrs. Scott, Maggie Scott, Mrs. Sargent, Mrs. Jones, J. F. Doyle, J. Humphreys, Mary Jones, Mr. Noble, Mary, Mrs. Koe, T. Swan, A. Atkins, Mr. Poff, Chalmers, T. Piercey, Mrs. Tarbell.

TRY US for the latest news hints. STEVENSON & CO. SEE STEVENSON & CO'S, up to date dress goods.

CITY COUNCIL.

Council met Friday, Nov. 11, at 7.30.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A letter was read from L. P. Eckstein re balance due on his account for incorporation services. The amount was ordered paid.

Letter read from T. Irwin, complaining about drain corner of Maryport Ave., claimed the water was flooding his place. Referred to Board of Works with power to act.

ACCOUNTS PRESENTED.

McPhee & Moore, coal oil, \$13.00; Andrew Thomson, attending lamps from Sept. 13, to Oct. 31, \$30.00; for rent for October, \$8.00; News for publishing notice of election, \$5.00. Referred to Finance Committee.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The clerk was directed to call for applications for city scavenger.

STEVENSON & CO., will open in the old stand. Special value in dry goods and clothing, boots and shoes.

PLEASE WAIT.

I will be in Cumberland, Wednesday, Nov. 23rd, with a full assortment of Millinery, Mantles, Furs, etc.

MRS. C. E. MASTERS, Nanaimo, Nov. 12th.

MILLINERY! MILLINERY!

Having new goods in, and expecting more this week, the ladies of Cumberland and Union will be able to compare goods and prices which are the same as when there was no other place to buy from.

Next week I will commence a season of free instructions in ART NEEDLE WORK, for which I carry materials.

You are cordially invited to call and examine goods, prices, etc., or make inquiry concerning instructions.

MRS. OSTRANDER.

We are here again. Dry goods, clothing, boots and shoes. STEVENSON & CO., next to Cumberland Hotel.

CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF CUMBERLAND.

Scavenger By-Law 1898.

SECTION I. The City Council may grant a license to, or employ any person, company or corporation, for cleaning and removing the contents of any privy vaults, sinks, or private drains, and every person, company, or corporation engaged in such business shall be deemed a night scavenger within the meaning of this by-law.

SEC. II. No person, company, or corporation shall, within the city, empty clean, or remove the contents of any privy vault, sink, or private drain or cesspool, or reservoir into which a privy vault, water closet, stable, or sink drain is drained, without first having obtained a license or being employed by the city so to do.

SEC. III. Every person, company, or corporation applying for a license as night scavenger, shall, if his application be accepted, pay a license fee of five dollars for every six months and execute a bond in the penal sum of two hundred dollars, (\$200) with two sureties to be approved by the City Council, conditioned that the said scavenger will comply with the provisions of this by-law and every by-law which may be hereafter passed by the City Council touching their said employment, and will also comply with and obey orders, directions and regulations of the Health Officer. Provided that such license be not granted until the Health Officer is satisfied that the applicant is provided with the necessary appliances for carrying on scavenging in accordance with this by-law.

SEC. IV. Nothing in this by-law shall be considered to mean or be held to make it obligatory on the city to grant any license to night or day scavengers; but the City Council may at its discretion employ all its night or day scavengers.

SEC. V. The cleaning, emptying or removing of the contents of any privy vault, sink, or private drain shall be done in an inoffensive manner, and any scavenger, having begun any such scavenger work shall,

without any interruption or delay, finish the same, and shall in every instance leave the privy vaults, sinks, or private drains in as good condition upon the outside as when the work was undertaken.

SEC. VI. The Health Officer shall have power to enter upon any premises and examine any vault, sink, privy, or private drain.

SEC. VII. The contents of private drains, privy vaults, or sinks so removed by any scavenger shall be conveyed in watertight tanks or vessels, of such pattern and description as may from time to time be approved by the Health Officer, and shall be disposed of in such a manner, under the direction of the Health Officer, as to cause no offence; and tanks or vessels shall be kept clean and inoffensive when not in actual use.

SEC. VIII. When requested, a licensed scavenger shall clean or empty any vault, sink, or private drain, or privy, and remove any and all nuisances.

SEC. IX. No privy vault, sink, or private drain shall be opened, nor the contents thereof disturbed or removed between the hours of 6 o'clock a. m. and 11 o'clock p. m. of any day, nor shall the contents thereof be deposited or buried within the city limits: Any person violating any provisions of this section shall be subject to the penalties hereinafter prescribed.

SEC. X. Licensed night scavengers shall receive for each cubic foot of the contents removed from any privy vault, sink, private drain or cesspool by them cleaned out or removed a sum not to exceed 25 cents per cubic foot.

SEC. XI. Whenever it shall become necessary to empty any privy or privies or remove any night soil from any premises within the city or on cleaning yards, cellars, back kitchens or other premises whatsoever if any impure or offensive odor should exist, chloride of lime, unslacked lime, nitrate of lead, potash or common salt should be used by the person or persons emptying such privy or privies or removing such night soil from such premises as shall render the effluvia as inoffensive as possible.

SEC. XII. The City Council shall have power to license or employ from time to time as many persons, upon such terms and with such conveyance and appliances as they may deem necessary for the removal of garbage, offal, swill, and ashes.

SEC. XIII. Every person so licensed shall be deemed a day scavenger, and shall at all times be subject to the rules and regulations of the Health Officer and the by-

laws of the city and shall pay a similar fee and provide like bonds as provided in clause three of this by-law, provided however that one scavenger license shall permit any person to carry on the work of both night and day scavenger without extra fee.

SEC. XIV. Any cart, waggon, or other vehicle, used or intended to be used for the purpose of conveying swill, offal or garbage shall be perfectly tight and covered so as to prevent the contents thereof from leaking and spilling, and shall be of such pattern and description as may from time to time be approved by the Health Officer; and such cart, waggon, or other vehicle, when not in use, shall not be allowed to stand in any highway or street, lane, alley, public place, or square.

SEC. XV. That the fees to be charged by day scavengers for any matter or thing allowed to be dumped or deposited by the scavenger or scavengers licensed by the city within the limits of the city, shall be a sum not to exceed one dollar (\$1.00) for a full load, and 75 cents for a half load or less than a half load, for a double team and half such rates for one horse load; and any charges in excess of those so made shall be considered breach of this by-law.

SEC. XVI. Licenses of day and night scavengers shall be held by them subject to their observing and faithfully performing the conditions contained in this by-law and the regulations that may from time to time be imposed by the Health Officer, and in case of non observance of any of the said conditions and regulations, the said license may at any time be summarily revoked and cancelled by the City Council.

SEC. XVII. For any and every violation of the provisions of this by-law, a penalty of not exceeding one hundred dollars (\$100) may be imposed by the Police Magistrate, or any two Justices of the Peace having jurisdiction over offences against the by-laws of the City of Cumberland, convicting, and in default of payment of said penalty and costs, the offender may be committed to the common gaol or lock up, there to be imprisoned for any time not exceeding 30 days.

SEC. XVIII. This by-law may be cited for all purposes as scavenger by-law of 1898.

Read the 1st time, July 12, 1898.

" 2d " Sept. 23, 1898.

" 3rd " " 1898.

Reconsidered, and finally passed October 28, 1898.

Signed
LAWRENCE W. NUNNS,
CITY CLERK.

PROGRESSIVE

UNION.

For the first time in the history of Vancouver Island a car load of Ogilvie's noted Hungarian Flour was loaded at the mills, Winnipeg and unloaded at the Union Store.

S. Leiser.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo By.

Time Table No. 31,

To take effect at 7 a.m. on Saturday Mar. 26th 1898. Trains run on Pacific Standard time.

GOING NORTH—READ DOWN.

	Sat. & Daily.	Sund. & Daily.
Lv. Victoria for Nanaimo and Wellington	9.00	4.00
Ar. Nanaimo	12.20	7.10
Ar. Wellington	12.45	7.35

GOING SOUTH—READ UP.

	Sat. & Daily.	Sund. & Daily.
Ar. Victoria	12.07	8.00
Lv. Nanaimo for Victoria	8.45	4.35
Lv. Wellington for Victoria	8.25	4.25

For rates and information apply at Company's offices.

A. DUNSMUIR, PRESIDENT.
GEO. L. COURTNEY,
TRAFFIC MANAGER.

NOTICE.

IN THE SUPREME COURT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

In the matter of the estate of Alexander Joseph Mellado, deceased, intestate. All persons indebted to or having any claims against this estate are required to pay the amount of their indebtedness and send particulars of their claims, duly verified on or before the 6th day of December 1898 to the administrator, Mr. Bruno Mellado, of Cumberland, B. C.
LOUIS P. ECKSTEIN,
Solicitor for the Administrator.
Dated November 3rd, 1898.

NOTICE

OF AN APPLICATION FOR TRANSFER OF A LICENCE TO SELL LIQUOR

Notice is hereby given that an application in writing has been duly deposited with G.F. Drabble and H.P. Collis, Esqrs. two of her Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the transfer of licence to Robert Graham for the sale of liquor by retail at the premises known as "Courtenay House" situate at Courtenay in the District of Comox, and being on Lot 19 of Lewis's subdivision of Section 14 in the said District, unto Archibald H. McCallum, of Courtenay. And that the said application for the said transfer of such license will be made at the next sitting of the Licensing Court in and for the said District, to be held on the 15th day of December 1898.

Dated the 31st day of October 1898.

ROBERT GRAHAM,
AGNES E. GRAHAM

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the province of British Columbia at its next session for an act to incorporate a company with power to construct, equip, operate by any kind or kinds of motive power, and maintain a single or double track railway or either a standard or narrow gauge railway, for the purpose of conveying passengers and goods, including all kinds of merchandise, beginning at a point on Taku Arm, in the District of Cassiar, in the Province of British Columbia, near where the waters of the Atlatoo River join those of the said Taku Arm; thence along the valley of the said Atlatoo River, on the northern side of said river, to a convenient point near where the said Atlatoo River flows from Atlin Lake, in the said district of Cassiar, with power to construct, equip, operate and maintain branch lines and all necessary roads, bridges, ways, ferries, steamboats, wharves, docks and coal bunkers; and with power to build, own, equip, operate and maintain telegraph and telephone lines in connection with the said railway or railway, or branches of either, and with power to extend, build, own, equip, operate and maintain the said telegraph and telephone lines across Atlin Lake: thence along the valley of Pine Creek to a point at or near the outlet of Surprise Lake, in the said district, with power to construct, equip, operate and maintain branch lines in connection with the said telegraph and telephone line: and to build and operate all kinds of plant for the purpose of supplying light, heat, electricity, or any kind of motive power, and with power to expropriate lands for the purposes of the company, and to acquire lands, bonuses, privileges or other aids from any government, persons or bodies corporate, and to make trade or other arrangements with railway steamboat or other companies or other persons and with power to build wagon roads and trails to be used in the construction of the said works, and in advance of the same, and to levy and collect tolls from the parties using and on all freight or goods passing over any of such lines, roads or trails built by the company, whether built before or after the construction of the tramway, railway, telegraph or telephone lines, and with all other usual, necessary or incidental rights, powers or privileges as may be necessary or incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects or any of them.
Dated at Victoria, B. C., this 4th day of November, 1898.

J. P. Walls,
Solicitor for Applicants