THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

SEVENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. SATURDAY, NOV., 25th, 1899

Hundreds of Remnants.

—AT THE—

BIG STORE

We will have ready by to-day—Saturday—all the Remnants and ends of Dress Goods, Flannels, Flannelettes, Ginghams, Cretonnes, Muslins, Prints, Laces, Ribbons, and in fact every short end of goods in the store, all marked at prices that will be sure to clear them out. Don't let some one else get all the bargains. Come early and get some of them for yourself.

Simon Leiser, Union.

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.

Gus Hauck

GENUINE CLEARANCE SALE

of Ladies', and Children's Jackets. They must go. To insure a quick sale we have cut the prices almost in two, now as low as $3.50, $4.50, $5.00, $6.00 and $7.50; regulor prices $5.50, $6.50, $7.50, $9.00 and $11.50.

The same with the balance of our Winter Hats, trimmed and untrimmed, we still have some nice ones to show you.

Forty Reefer Jackets to fit Boys, from 6 to 14 years of age, made of thick Navy Blue Pilot Cloth, just the thing for cold Snaps; price as low as $1.75 up to $3.75.

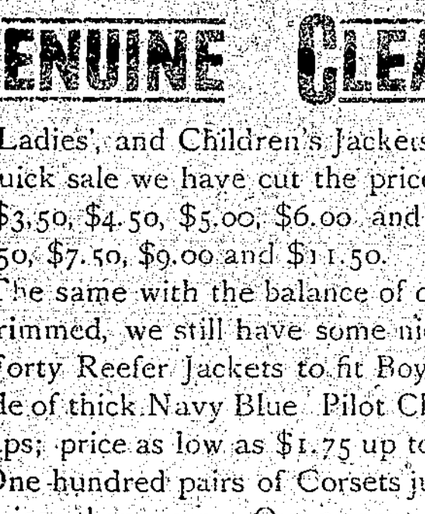
One hundred pairs of Corsets just opened out, marked at lower prices than ever. Our 75 cent is unequaled both as regards price and durability.—Fifty Dress Pieces in plain and Fancy Goods from 20 cents per yard.

Remnants of all descriptions. Flannelette, Prints, Carpets, Oilcloths, etc. etc.

An Inspection Invited. GUS HAUCK.

WEILER BROS.

MANUFACTURER OF FURNITURE.



The Ladies Admire our beautiful new Reed and Upholstered Chairs, Rackers and Settees. Most appropriate for useful Holiday Gifts, we have them from $3.50 upwards. The largest variety of pretty Dinner Sets we ever imported, real nice ones from $9.00 up. FINE CHINA; SILVERWARE, CUTLERY, ETC., in endless variety.

WEILER BROS.

Complete Furnishers, VICTORIA, B. C.

THE LARGEST and most Complete Stock of Musical Instruments in B.C.

FLETCHER BROS.,
88 Government St.
Victoria, B. C.
P. O. Box 143.

PIANOS, ORGANS,
GUITARS,
MANDOLINS,
BANJOS,
AUTOHARPS,

All the latest Sheet Music and Folios. Finest Strings for all instruments. Agents for the popular Domestic Sewing Machines. Needles and parts for all machines. Send for Catalogue.

War News.

London.—Daily News has following from Petermaritzburg under date of Wednesday.—Four correspondents managed to escape from Moirover District yesterday before the arrival of six thousand Boers who are looting farms in all directions.

Natal Boers encouraged by the success of Transvaal join in the looting. Main body of Boers made a rapid march upon Ululdi, south west of Estcourt, a point near Fort Nottingham, south of railway in a sinffle day.

They are within 40 miles of Petermaritzberg and it is thought they intend to attack the town.

Durban, 22.—Boers opened fire with artillery on Moarover Camp from north but without any casualaties to British. About 3,000 Free State Boers with guns are marching from west by way of Fort Nottingham.

British fired several sheils which believed to have caused havoc among Boers latter taking advantage of heavy rain and retiring.

Boer sheils were apparently aimed at Bridge. British had three wounded.

Morning Post correspondents at Pietermaritzburg telegrapling Tuesday evening says Boers are now all around Moorover station when another correspondent is reported to be with troops. Daily Mail publishes despatch from Naawpoort dated Wednesday which says that a large force under General Metchun has crossed Orange River and advancing to the relief of Kimberly. Mail says this morning we are able to confirm report that orders have been issued to Mobilize sixth division a Aldershot for service in South Africa or wherever they may be needed.

RHODES IS COOL.

London, Nov. 11.—A despatch from Cape Town dated Wednesday, Nov. 8th, indicates that the American miniaturist, Amelia Russner, is among the beleagured people at Kimberly. The despatch adds that Mr. Rhodes is sitting to her for a miniature.

Nanaimo, Nov. 24.—Arbitrators in the Chinese cases adjourned at ten o'clock last p. m. to meet again on Tuesday next. They will then conclude taking testimony of witnesses in this city; after which they will go to Union, probably reaching there on Thursday or Friday. Several witnesses for the Colliery Co. were put on the stand yesterday afternoon and testified to the safety of Chinese. Three Chinamen testified that they could speak English and demonstrated that they understood what was required of them in a mine. Case appears to be watched with great interest throughout the province and substance of testimony is be published in daily papers.

CONSUL M'COOK'S REPORT.

Contains Interesting Information Regarding Dawson.

Washington, Nov. 9.—The latest report of Consul McCook, at Dawson, to the state department contains some interesting information. Dawson has organized a board of trade, whose officers are sound business men, and a better class of buildings, he says have been erected during the summer, including several new hotels, with electric lights and other modern conveniences, the rooms renting on an average at $100 per month. Restraunts adhere to the prices of a year ago, but good board can be obtained at the clubs and messes for $75 per month.

The new buildings are from two to three stories high, the lower parts being occupied by saloons and stores, while the upper floors are devoted to offices and lodging rooms. Rents of rooms in buildings centrally located have not depreciated. Storekeepers have done well the past summer, although the prices of last year have not been maintained.

The embargo on larger beer and liquors have been raised. Some 2,500 barrels of bottled beer have been warehoused during the hot spell, awaiting release by the authorities. The local breweries are prohibited from making beer.

The number of cases of typhoid fever in dawson during the month averaged 100 in St. Mary's and the Good Samaritan hospitals, and 25 in private institutions. At the time of writing there were only about seventy-five cases in all. Last year the hospitals were not prepared to take care of numerous patients, and many were compelled to use bedsteads with only a pair or two of blankets to take the place of mattresses. The hospitals are now better equipped. The death rate has notably decreased.

A large number of claims were worked during the summer, some of them being operated with machinery runnig the full 24 hours. This should make the output of gold over $10,000,000 for the past twelve months.

Shipments of gold to date, September 14, have been:

Via St. Michael	$6,347,745
Via Skagway	$900,000
Yet to be sent	509,000
	1,400,000
Supposed not registeded	1,500,000
Total	$9,247,746

The postal money order service at Dawson has been of inestimable value to persons sending out small amounts to their friends. The following report of the amounts issued each week for the seven weeks shows a steady increase:

July 16 to 24	$1,235 00
July 23 to 31	4,167 50
August 1 to 8	5,959 22
August 9 to 15	6,300 75
August 16 to 22	4,304 05
August 23 to 31	7,828 75
September 1 to 8	8,578 52
Total	$38,347 79

SAILORS' SONGS.

Their Workaday Ditties Not the Songs of the Poets or the Music Halls.

Frank T. Bullen, in London Leader.

I must not be taken to mean the well-known lyrics of Dibdin or the older "Come all ye's" that, like everything else belonging to the sea, seems to have been elbowed out of existence by the coming of the engineer, and in the merchant service at any rate, the supremacy of the foreigner. Indeed, I have a shrewd suspicion that sailors' songs, as the term is generally understood, are mostly sung ashore, the sailor, with a curious perversity, usually preferring the most vapid and banal productions of the music halls to such beautiful and spirit-stirring lyrics as "Tom Bowling" and "The Anchor's Weighed." No, the songs I speak of are those wherewith the sailor, borrowing, no doubt, from the primitive peoples he meets with at his many callin' places 'round the world, uses not only to lighten his labor by their cheery music, but to give notice of the precise moment at which all the workers shall put forth their strength, by the incidence of a certain note, or break, or emphasis. In its lowest, and therefore earliest, form this sea music is purely arbitrary as to tune, and is absolutely without words. It consists simply of a succession of musical sounds produced from the chest, while the tongue lies quiet in the mouth, and utterly unreproducable in any graphic form. Varying with the individual, they are naturally of the utmost diversity of character, but in two things they may all be truly said to agree, i. e., in the being in the minor mode, and in their intervals agreeing with the sequence of the pulls to be made. This service of song is purely voluntary, but yet it is of such absolute necessity in the merchant service, where the number of hands is so small that misapplied energy is not to be thought of, that it may safely be said that the work of any ship could not be carried on without it. Sometimes it happens that some friction having arisen between officers and crew, the latter will lay hold of a rope and pull dumbly, their intention being, of course, to annoy the officer first by their unusual silence, and next by the knowledge that the work he wishes executed is certainly being hindered by the lack of effective co-operation. So strongly does this habit of "yo-heing" lay hold of a merchant seaman that when I recently went on board of a man-of-war for the naval manoeuvres, although at least sixteen years had elapsed since I left the sea, I was really distressed to see a number of men pulling on a rope without any voice being raised to consolidate their efforts, as it were. I inquired almost piteously for the reason of this absence of the cheery, encouraging tones I had used to hear, but could get none. "We never do it," was all the answer I could get, and I could only reply that it was a great pity they didn't.

This custom of singing out when hauling or lifting is, as I have said, universal in the merchant service, but the singing of sailor songs, with fixed tunes is a step higher in the scale, and is dependent upon the presence in the ship of a qualified singer. I think the origin of these songs may be truly referred to the tuneful negroes of America, who, with the primitive instinct for lightening their labor by rhythmical cadence, developed into the setting those cadences to words, have furnished all the ships of the world with useful songs. The words are largely arbitrary and nonsensical, although those belonging to the choruses are fixed to the times. Also, each particular form of board-ship work requiring a large number of men to give to it their whole united energies has its own style of song. For instance, hoisting the topsail yard, although a heavy job, is not too heavy to admit of two pulls coming close together in the chorus, as in the old favorite, "Whiskey, Johnny," where the chanteyman sings, "Oh, whiskey is the life of man," and all hands join in with a tremendous pull on the emphasized syllables, "Whis-key, Johnny," and after the next line, "Whis-key for me, Johnny." Or in the peculiar song of which the words are certainly as purely nonsense as those of Alice in Wonderland, "A Yankee ship come down de ribber. Blow, boys, blow; a Yankee ship come down the ribb—ah; blow, my bully boys, blow." There are many more, of course, for the same purpose, but these two will suffice for examples.

Then come the songs for one effective pull such as getting the foresheet hauled aft when the mighty sail is exerting its utmost pressure in driving the good ship through the foaming sea.

All hands get hold and brace themselves while the chanteyman sings: "Haul in the bowline, don't ye hear the skipper growlin'," and all hands join in "Haul in the bowline, the bowline haul," with a tremendous haul at the last word that usually brings the rebellious sail down to its bearings at once. One never-to-be-forgotten occasion, when outward-bound to New Zealand with passengers, we mustered for too many on the foresheets one evening, when it was blowing very hard. The song was sung, and the chorus rang out, being concluded by such a mighty jerk that the big rope parted, and that long line of lusty singers lay prostrate, as if stricken down by lightning. The capers that the foresail cut before the lee clew could ge secured and a new sheet rove were many, but the sail being of the very best, it held, and we had not the sorrow of bending a new one that night. Then comes the song of the "hunt," used when putting a harbor furl on such big sails as mainsail or foresail. The sail being all neatly gathered up, and a smooth skin ready to cover it all in, one of the men in the middle, where the bulk of the canvas is, sings thusly: "Away-ay-noo-yah," and all the rest join in with "We'll pay Paddy Doyle for his boots." At the last word the hunt comes up into its place and is secured.

For heaving up the anchor or walking 'round the capstan there are more songs than for any other form of labor aboard ship. Some of these are of great beauty, and are, I believe, traceable to other than negro sources. Strange to say, most of them are mournful, both in words and music. Prime favorites are: "Good-bye, fare you well. Hurrah, me boys, we're homewards (or outwards) bound," "The Rolling River"—that is, the Missouri—"The Rio Grande," "Santa Ana," or "All On the Plains of Mexico," for the windlass, while for the capstan, or winch, "Sally Brown, the Bright Mulatto," easily holds first place, with "Stormalong" or "Oh, Wake Her; Oh Shake Her; Wake Dat Gal With the Blue Dress On," coming close up behind. It must be said, however, that many of the quaintest chanties are confined to the negroes in the West Indian and Southern States ports, never getting a hold on board ship at all, except where exclusively negro crews are carried.

FRANK T. BULLEN.

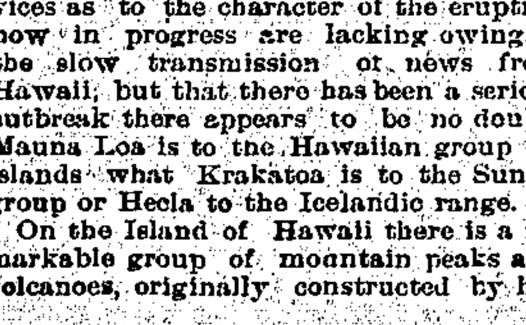
MAUNA LOA ACTIVE.

GREAT OCEANIC VOLCANO THREATENS TO OVERWHELM HAWAII.

The Serious Outbreak May Portend Dire Results to the Inhabitants—Effect Felt in California, and It Is Thought Lake Superior Also Felt the Influence of the Vomiting of the Crater.

Mauna Loa, central vent of a great volcanic belt in Oceanica, is threatening to overwhelm the Island of Hawaii with its many villages and plantations and the principal town of Hilo. Definite advices as to the character of the eruption now in progress are lacking owing to the slow transmission of news from Hawaii, but that there has been a serious outbreak there appears to be no doubt. Mauna Loa is to the Hawaiian group of islands what Krakatoa is to the Sunda group or Hecla to the Icelandic range.

On the Island of Hawaii there is a remarkable group of mountain peaks and volcanoes, originally constructed by hot



RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE HAWAIIAN GROUP.

matter hurled from the bowels of the earth into the ocean depths and then by successive eruptions built upward until the caps and craters of Mauna Kea, Mauna Loa, Hualalai, Kohala, Kilauea and Kulania rose above the waters and became at their visible bases habitable land.

Of this group Mauna Loa, an active volcano, has been in a state of perturbation for months past, indicating that an overflow was pending with accompanying tidal waves and earthquakes. When the steamship Australia left Honolulu early in July evidence was at hand that Mauna Loa was engaged in destroying herself. The lava flow was within ten miles of Hilo, the sky was overcast with clouds charged with gas, the sea was much perturbed, and sulphur smoke filled the air for miles beyond the shore lines.

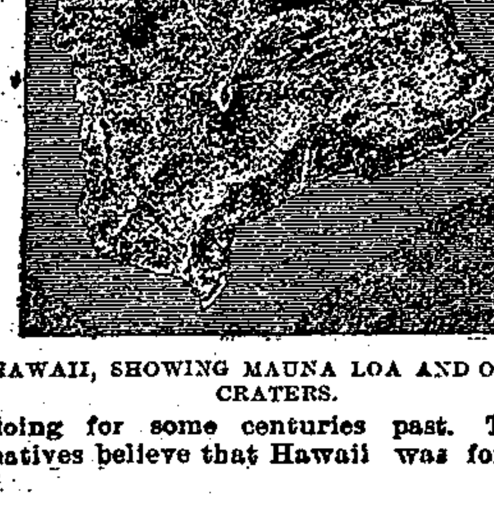
On July 22 there was a severe earthquake shock in southern California, and at practically the same time a great tidal wave in Lake Superior, neither easily explained unless it is assumed until scientific explanation may be had that way down in the interior of the earth there might be found sharp traces of a seismic wave extending from boiling Mauna Loa to the uttermost parts of the earth and producing at Los Angeles and in Lake Superior the phenomena which has troubled the people.

Mother Earth is in travail as she wills, and where her upper crust may be thin she finds a vent for her inward commotions, and the result at unexpected moments is an earthquake, a tidal wave, a destroying flow of lava. It is within the range of possibilities that, constructed as it has been by volcanic action, Hawaii may be effaced from the map, sink back to the depths from which it came, and Mauna Loa and Kilauea become but names on the pages of natural history.

The Hawaiian or Sandwich group of islands consists of a chain of islands, reefs and banks running nearly 2,000 miles in the direction from northwest to southeast. The highest volcanoes and vastest caldrons of seething lava are found in Hawaii, the largest member of the group, at its southeastern extremity. In Hawaii the volcano of Mauna Loa, or the Great Mountain, rises to a height of 13,760 feet, or about 3,000 feet above the vegetable zone. Her crater is in reality a group of craters, known in the native tongue as the Mokuaveoveo. They open on the very summit of the mountain, forming a symmetrical cavity. In the center of this cavity is the vast primitive or mother crater, with a mean diameter of 6,600 feet and depth of over 1,000 feet.

Offspring of Mauna Loa is the vast lateral crater of Kilauea, which opens on the east flank of its parent. Northwest of Mauna Loa is Mauna Haulali, occasionally active. Still farther on is Mauna Kea, 13,850 feet in height, extinct and snow-capped. All volcanic eruptions of any importance in Hawaii are now confined to Mauna Loa and Kilauea, and it is around them that interest centers in view of the startling tremblings of the earth and the fear that Hawaii itself is doomed to a terrible visitation.

The natives of Hawaii have invested their volcanoes with fables and legends, have built up about them a mass of romances in which truth and imagination are so interblended that separation is impossible. If Mauna Loa finally overwhelms the island it will be no more than the natives say she has intended



HAWAII, SHOWING MAUNA LOA AND OTHER CRATERS.

doing for some centuries past. These natives believe that Hawaii was formed by the bursting of a huge egg in mid-ocean, one of the fragments of which became the beautiful isle from which rises the flame-kissed crest of Mauna Loa. The authentic part of the egg story is that past eruptions have created new islands in the Hawaiian group and formed the basis for it.

The legend tellers go on to say that after the bursting of the egg and the uprising of Mauna Loa something or other was done by the first inhabitants to offend the volcano and to bring from it the threat that in punishment Hawaii should eventually be returned to the depths in which the egg first took form. Time and time again the lava has poured from the lips of Mauna Loa down on to the villages and fields and almost but not quite carried out the vengeance. After each outburst of wrath the natives on finding themselves and the island still in existence express delight, but with a shake of the head say: "Next time, ah."

The gigantic proportions of Mauna Loa and companion craters leave no room for doubt that they form one of the principal vents of the earth through which gases and molten matter are hurled out from the interior to the surface. Here are proportions of the crater of Mauna Loa: Area, 3.70 square miles, or 2,370 acres; circumference, 50,000 feet, or 9.47 miles; length, 19,500 feet, or 3.7 miles; width, 9,200 feet, or 1.74 miles; elevation, 13,760 feet.

These dimensions of Mauna Loa are simply those of the summit crater. The dimensions of Kilauea, the offspring, are: Area, 4.14 miles, or 2,650 acres; circumference, 41,500 feet, or 7.85 miles; extreme width, 10,300 feet, or 1.95 miles; extreme length 15,500 feet, or 2.93 miles.

If these proportions are considered extraordinary, what is to be thought of those of Haleakala, on the Island of Maui, contiguous to Hawaii? Of course, Haleakala is not an active volcano, but its great crater of Maui is the biggest in the world. Its dimensions are: Area 19 square miles, or 12,160 acres; circumference, 105,600 feet, or 60 miles; extreme length, 3,500 feet, or 7.48 miles; extreme width, 12,500 feet, or 2.37 miles; elevation of summit, 10,032 feet; elevation of cones in crater, 8,032 and 7,752 feet; elevation of cave in floor of crater, 7,380 feet.

So if Mauna Loa is to-day the volcano queen of the Hawaiian group, a time was when Haleakala must have been supreme and afforded eruption spectacles such as earth may never see again.

Hawaii is but 100 miles in length, 90 miles in width, with an area of 2,500,000 acres (a large portion of which is lava bed or crater surfaces), and has a population of less than 40,000. Thus, whatever Mauna Loa may have in store for the island, there is not so very much to be destroyed. The island is really formed by the gentle slopes from the four volcanoes—Mauna Loa, Mauna Kea, Mauna Hualali and Mauna Kohala.

The great volcanoes of the world are divided into two classes—central and linear. The central class consists of several vents or craters grouped together, and only one of which is active at a time. The linear class consists of a series of vents or craters extending in one direction along a mountain range. The principal volcanoes of the central class now active are: Mauna Loa, Hawaiian Islands; Stromboli, Lipari Islands; Etna and Vesuvius; Hecla, Iceland.

The active volcanoes of the linear class are: Than-Shan, Asia; Moluccas, Formasa, 37 in all, 25 active; Sunda Group, Sunda Isles, 80 in all, Krakatoa the principal one, the greatest eruption of modern times from this, Aug. 26-28, 1883; Bolivian-Peru group, 12 in all, and one of the highest in the world; Erebus, Antarctic continent.

The volcano farthest north is Jan Mayen, 70.49 north latitude. The one farthest south is Erebus, 77.32 south latitude. The number of human lives estimated to have been destroyed by volcanic eruptions since the destruction of Pompeii is 1,000,000. The value of the property destroyed cannot be estimated.

The Phonograph In Tibet.

The phonograph has been introduced into Lhassa. An instrument was presented by a merchant to the Buddhist chief, who was struck with fright on hearing it declaim a chapter from a holy book. The chief afterward recited the Buddhist prayer, "God In the Flower," which the phonograph repeats hundreds of times daily for the edification of the faithful.

Acetyline Gets Tired.

One pronounced feature in the use of acetyline gas is its tendency to lose illuminating power when left in reservoirs for several days. A loss is often incurred after a rest of from 12 to 24 hours. Experts call this condition the tiredness of acetyline, but they give no explanation for it, nor do they suggest a practical cure.

Valentines.

Nearly all the comic valentines used in February in almost every part of the civilized world are made in Germany, in some parts of which country the work goes on from one end of the year to the other. One factory turns out more than 10,000,000 of the "comics" in a year.

Insinuation.

Reggy—Fweddy! Why, I could trust the deah boy with my life.

Edna—Could you trust him with anything valuable?—Chicago News.

It Rubbed Off.

As they emerged from a dark corner of the piazza and entered the brilliantly lighted hotel, trying to look unconcerned, her dearest friend beckoned her to one side.

"If I were you," said the dearest friend solicitously, "I would insist upon George using a better quality of dye on his mustache."—Chicago Post.

THE OLDEST NEWSPAPER IN AMERICA

The Newport Mercury, Founded by a Nephew of Benjamin Franklin.

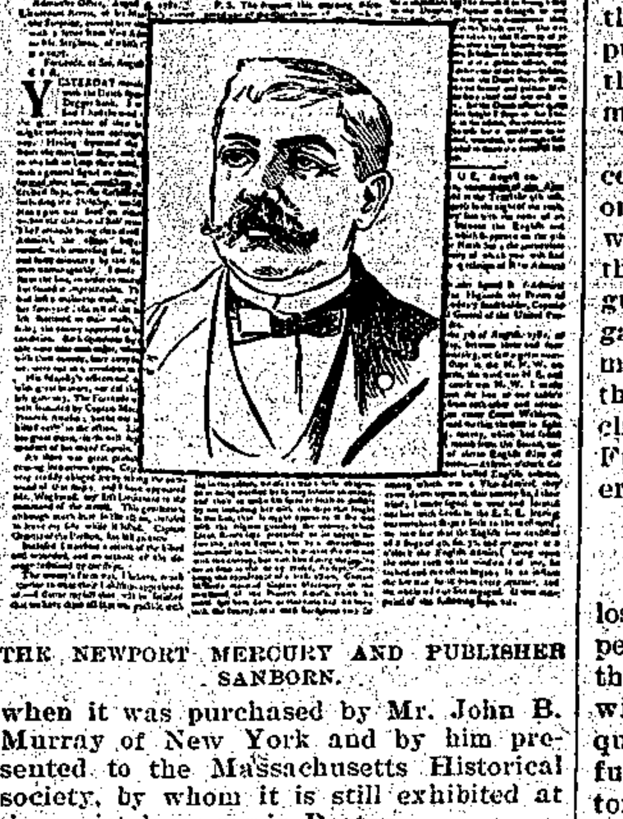
By Francis Talbert

The Newport Mercury claims to be the oldest newspaper in America. It was founded by a relative of Benjamin Franklin nearly a century and a half ago and has been in existence ever since without change of name. It was one of the few papers in America to publish the news of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. Its first issues were printed on an antiquated hand press. Today its modern presses are driven by electricity.

How The Mercury came into being is an interesting story. In the year 1717 James Franklin brought a Ramage printing press from London and opened a printing establishment in Boston. His brother, the great philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, was bound out to him to learn his trade, and the two brothers worked together for several years.

In 1733 James Franklin started the first paper published in Rhode Island, called the Rhode Island Gazette. This publication also was short lived, having been discontinued at the end of six months for want of patronage. Just previous to his brother's death Benjamin visited him after an absence of ten years. Being in feeble health and feeling that he had but a short time to live, James obtained his brother's promise that in the event of his death Benjamin would take his young nephew to Philadelphia with him and teach him the printer's trade. Accordingly at his father's death the boy went with his uncle to Philadelphia.

In 1758 the son, James, returned to Newport and set up his press, the same his father had brought from London in 1717 and upon which Benjamin Franklin had learned his trade as a printer. This press remained in the office till 1859,



THE NEWPORT MERCURY AND PUBLISHER SANBORN.

when it was purchased by Mr. John B. Murray of New York and by him presented to the Massachusetts Historical society, by whom it is still exhibited at the society's rooms in Boston.

On the 12th of June, 1758, the first Newport Mercury made its appearance. It was a little sheet of four pages, each page measuring but 12 by 7 inches, and was sent forth under difficulties not to be understood at this day, when the newspaper is considered a necessity to all, but was then a luxury in which but a few indulged. It lived, and, although after a few years no more is known of its founder, he having left Newport suddenly never to return, his mother, Mrs. Ann Franklin, placed her imprint on the paper and issued it as before.

In 1763 her daughter married one Samuel Hall, who assumed charge of the business and conducted it until 1770, when he sold out to Solomon Southwick. This gentleman published the paper till December, 1776, when, fearing that the British, who were preparing to land, would destroy the appurtenances of the office, he caused the press and type to be buried in the ground. A Tory, however, ascertained the whereabouts of the buried articles and gave the information to the British, who dug them up and printed a paper while they remained.

It is at this period, while the British were in possession of the town, that it has been claimed that the publication of The Mercury was suspended, but Hon. Samuel G. Arnold, the recognized historian of Rhode Island, in his notes of that period in The Mercury's history, says:

"This interruption lasted about three years, from Dec. 2, 1776, to Jan. 5, 1780, during which time The Mercury was published at Rehobeth."

His authority for this statement is the Providence Gazette of March 6, 1779, so it would seem that the claim of its publishers that The Mercury has been published uninterruptedly since 1758 is indisputable and that this paper is really the oldest newspaper published in America.

After the evacuation by the British in 1780 Henry Barber purchased the paper. The Mercury remained in the Barber family, being published by different members until 1850, more than 70 years, when, upon the death of William Barber, it became the property of Fred A. Pratt and George C. Mason. These gentlemen conducted the business together till in February, 1854, Mr. Mason sold his interest to David M. Coggeshall, who remained Mr. Pratt's associate until April, 1858, when he in turn sold out to William Messer, and the paper was issued under the firm name of F. A. Pratt & Co. For five years this firm remained the publishers, until in December, 1863, Mr. Pratt bought out his partner and became the sole proprietor.

No further changes in the ownership of the paper occurred till 1872, when John P. Sanborn purchased the entire plant and published the paper till 1894, when the Mercury Publishing company was incorporated, with Mr. Sanborn as treasurer and manager.

Mr. Sanborn has been for many years a prominent figure in Rhode Island affairs. He has been eight times elected a member of the state legislature, twice unanimously chosen speaker of the house and two years a member of the senate. He is at the present time a very active member of the legislature.

Woman's Ways.

Miss Willing—There seems to be a great deal of elasticity in Chollie's nature.

Miss Woodbe—Yes; I noticed that, when you threw yourself at him you soon seemed to be farther away than ever.

He Had.

"Anyhow, I've done one thing you never did. I've fired on a switch engine."

"So have I—one I went to school to for six years in Missouri when I was a boy. Pinked him too."—Chicago Tribune.

A Bit of Superstition.

One of the most liberally patronized of the Pennsylvania's many passenger trains is the St. Louis express, which leaves the Broad street station each afternoon at 4:30 o'clock. The regular gate for the train is No. 14, but at this season of the year the rush of people to get aboard is so great it becomes necessary to open two gates. No. 13 being the nearest, it is the one selected.

The saunterer happened to be in the station the other afternoon when the gates were thrown open. Instantly there was a rush for No. 14 and the crowd became jammed around it for a distance of 30 feet in each direction. Gate No. 13 was practically neglected.

"This way for the St. Louis express," called out the ticket puncher at the gate. "This way for the St. Louis express."

But, although his voice was good and loud, none of the passengers who were struggling around No. 14 seemed to hear it. Out of probably 100 well dressed, intelligent men and women the saunterer saw but three leave the pushing throng around No. 14 and pass through No. 13. He asked the gateman why it was.

"Don't know," was his answer, "except it's superstition. Afraid to start on a journey by passing through a gate with 13 as its number, I suppose. It's this way every time, and will be, I guess, as long as the number on the gate is left as it is. I believe that the most of the people would rather miss their train, if it came to that, than take chances with their superstitious fears. Funny, isn't it?"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Polly at the Phone.

One West Madison street druggist lost a customer through his fondness for pets. He has a large green parrot, and the cage is hung near the telephone, with the result that Polly has become quite proficient in "telephone talk" and furnishes much amusement to the customers who have the time to stop and listen.

The other day a stylishly dressed young lady came rustling into the store and asked permission to use the phone. The druggist pointed to the rear of the store, and she started in that direction. The store was rather dark, and when she heard some one apparently talking into the receiver she seated herself on a chair to wait.

"Hello central—hello, hello—yes, give me four-double-eight express. Yes, hello; who is that? Oh, yes; what, yes; hello, I say; no, I didn't get that; is that so? Well, goodby; ring off. Hello, central; hello, hello; give me"—and so on and so on through several repetitions.

Then she rose and advanced with a stately air to the clerk and asked if he thought "that person" intended to use the telephone all day.

"Why, that's only the parrot; he"—

But the front door had slammed before he could finish his sentence.—Chicago News.

Wanted to See That Foot.

On the principle that to some persons even old stories are new, this one, of the royal princelings of England, is given in Mr. G. W. E. Russell's recent book, "Collections and Recollections:"

An English gentleman who had a deformed foot was going to visit the queen at Osborne, and before his arrival the queen and Prince Albert debated whether it would be well to warn the Prince of Wales and the princess royal of his physical peculiarity, so as to avoid their making embarrassing remarks, or to leave it to their own good feeling.

The latter course was adopted. Lord —— duly arrived. The foot elicited no remark from the royal children, and the visit passed off with success. Next day the princess royal asked the queen:

"Where is Lord ——?"

"He has gone back to London, dear."

"Oh, what a pity! He had promised to show Bertie and me his foot!"

They had caught him in a quiet spot and made their own terms with the captive.

THE UNTOLD TALE.

When shall we meet again, sweetheart,
I ask as the years roll by,
Or if in the circle of life apart
Our paths must forever lie?

I wandered alone in the dear old lane
Where we met in the long ago,
And my heart rebels with passionate pain
That love hath its ending so.

I long, how I long for the clasp of your hand,
For the light of your own bright smile,
For the hour when we shall together stand,
And fate may forget awhile!

I loved you then, but you guessed not the same,
And, my own, I would ask no more
But to meet again in the dear old lane,
As free as in days of yore.

So I want, sweetheart, but to take your hand,
When time shall the truth unfold,
And gather the threads in a lovelit land
Of the tale that was left untold.

—Exchange.

NOT ALL HEROES.

Engineers Who Stick to Their Engines Are Too Scared to Jump.

"Yes, I've been pretty badly scared several times since I began railroading 15 years ago," said an old freight conductor, "and don't really know which one was the worse, although of course I always thought the last was. We're all of us human, and if a man tells you he doesn't get scared railroading don't believe him. I've seen lots in the papers about heroic engineers who staid at their posts and sacrificed their lives trying to save others. When you show me one man that takes those chances for humanity's sake, as they say, I'll show you a hundred who staid just because they were too scared to jump or didn't have time.

"A man thinks mighty quick sometimes, but he doesn't always have time to think of anybody that's behind him. When a fellow's running across the country a mile a minute in pitch dark and all of a sudden a big headlight flashes in his face or a pair of red lights show up in front, he is mighty apt to forget what the papers will say about a hero at his post. If he can move at all, he shuts off, throws her over and plugs her with one hand, working the air brake just because it's second nature and he can't help himself. It's what they call mechanical, and a man will do it without really knowing what he's doing. Then he'll jump if he can.

"Talking about these heroes, I'm one of them myself. I've a big reputation up north as a man who'd stick to his post. It was when I first went to railroading. I'd been raised in my superintendent's family, and when I got old enough I went to firing on the Milwaukee. About three months after I'd got a regular run I was out on a freight over night. We'd had a rush, and I was pretty tired, and about 12 the head brakeman took the fire for awhile and I went to sleep. I was sitting on the front end of the seat, dead to the world, when a couple of red lights on the tail end of a caboose showed up. The freight ahead of us had broken in two, and we caught the hind end in a cut. The engineer shut off, but he didn't have time to throw her over and plug her, and he and the brakeman both jumped without even waking me up.

"We hit the caboose pretty hard, I tell you, but instead of breaking her up or ditching the pilot went under the car and raised it right up till it was half way up the boiler. The shock woke me up, but I was only half awake then. She was moving along slow yet, and when I saw the red lights on the caboose the first thing that struck me was that we were on a siding and that the engineer had got off, leaving the engine in forward motion and she had leaked or sprung her throttle and gone into another freight on the siding ahead of us.

"I jumped over to the engineer's side and threw her over and plugged her hard. It didn't take much to stop, and I stood there for a minute commenting profanely on the engineer's leaving her in forward motion, and yet if I had been wide enough awake to think of jumping you bet your life some other fellow would have been the hero, and I'd tried to beat the engineer and brakeman out of the cab window."

How Mexicans Roll Cigarettes.

"It requires a great deal of skill to roll a cigarette a la Mexicana," said a tobacco dealer, "and I've watched the natives do it many a time without being able to imitate the performance. The average Mexican, from peon to upper middle class, carries a handful of granulated tobacco wrapped up in a piece of rag or the corner of a handkerchief. When he wants to smoke, which is about every five minutes, he produces, let us say, a bit of husk, spreads a pinch of tobacco on it lengthwise and twists it into a cylinder by giving it a sort of sidelong slap against his thigh. How he imparts the necessary rolling motion I was never able to understand, and granulated tobacco is much more difficult to manipulate than the ordinary long cut.

"White paper for cigarette making is almost totally unknown once you cross the Rio Grande, and American tobacco houses doing a large business in the republic have found it necessary to substitute brown for their Mexican trade. The kind best liked is the common brown straw paper chiefly used in this country by butchers and grocers for wrapping up parcels. It has a slight flavor that soon becomes rather pleasant than otherwise."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

It Was Good Advice.

A wildly turbulent peasant was once a witness in a trial before Chief Baron O'Grady. The counsel, after pestering him for some time, put a question to him which reflected on the witness' character.

"If ye ax me that again I'll give ye a kick in the gob!" was the answer.

The counsel appealed to the court, stating that an answer was necessary to his client's case, ending up with the query, "What would your lordship advise me to do?"

"If you are resolved to repeat the question," replied the court, "I'd advise you to move a little from the witness."—San Francisco Argonaut.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

MUSIC.

Words may lie; music cannot.—Frank Damrosch.

Music is love in search of a word.—Sidney Lanier.

In music all hearts are revealed to us.—Shorthouse.

Music loosens a heart that care has bound.—Byrd.

My language is understood all over the world.—Haydn.

Music is the language spoken by angels.—Longfellow.

Music is the only sensual pleasure without vice.—Samuel Johnson.

Music is the child of prayer, the companion of religion.—Chauteaubriand.

Music is as a shower bath of the soul, washing away all that is impure.—Schopenhauer.

There is something deep and good in melody, for body and soul go strangely together.—Carlyle.

Music gives birth to aspiration. It makes a true man truer; it makes a bad man better.—Upton.

That which is too vast and beautiful to be displayed before man the gods suggest through music.—Louis Lombard.

Emotion is the summit of existence, and music is the summit of emotion, the art pathway to God.—J. J. Munger.

Wouldst thou know if a people be well governed, if its laws be good or bad? Examine the music it practices.—Confucius.

Music is a thing of the soul, a rose lipped shell that murmurs of the eternal sea, a strange bird singing the songs of another shore.—J. G. Holland.

Ice Explosions in Siberia.

A recent Siberian traveler relates "At Sadonsk in the intensely cold nights the silence was sometimes broken by a loud report as of a cannon. This was the bursting of one of the ice bubbles in the river, a phenomenon I had neither heard nor read of before. The streams coming down from the hills were frozen on the surface some six to nine inches thick. The water beneath flowed faster than it could escape, and the pressure, on the principal of a hydraulic press, became irresistible. First the elasticity of the ice was seen by the rising of circular mounds from six to eight feet in diameter and from four to five feet high. The bursting point came at last with a report like an explosion. The water escaped, but soon froze again. I have seen scores of these ice hillocks in a few versts of the river."

ULCERKURE—Recommended by stockmen as best cure for wounds and sores

Accentuating Misery.

"Just think of it!" sighed the girl in blue the morning after her arrival at an inland resort. "Three hammocks and not an eligible man on the premises."—Chicago Post.

I was cured of Rheumatic Gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Halifax. ANDREW KING.

I was cured of Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Sussex. Lt. Col. C. Crewe Read.

I was cured of acute Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Markham Ont. C. S. BILLING.

Converted.

"My dear," said Mrs. Hunewell as she poured the coffee at breakfast the other morning, "do you believe in the eternal fitness of things?"

"I used to," replied Hunewell, "but that was before you began to make my shirts."

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Distressing.

"Well, here's another case of accidental shooting."

"Too bad! I wonder why it is that people will go on fooling with guns that they don't know are loaded."

"Oh, they knew this one was loaded all right! It happened at a French duel."

Alloway & Champion

BANKERS AND BROKERS

362 MAIN ST., WINNIPEG.

Listed Stocks bought, sold, and carrried on margin.

Write us if you wish to exchange any kind of money, to buy Government or C. N. W. Co. Lands, or to send money anywhere.

20 YEARS TORTURE.

A Belleville Lady, Whom Doctors Failed to Help, Cured at Last by Doan's Kidney Pills.

No one who has not suffered from kidney disease can imagine the terrible torture those endure who are the victims of some disorder of these delicate filters of the body. Mrs. Richard Rees, a well-known and highly respected lady of Belleville, Ont., had to bear the burden of kidney complaint for over 20 years and now Doan's Kidney Pills have cured her when all else failed.

Her husband made the following statement of her case: "For 20 years my wife has been a sufferer from pain in the back, sleeplessness and nervousness and general prostration. Nothing seemed to help her. Doctors and medicines all failed, until we got a ray of hope when we saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised as a positive cure.

"She began to take them and they helped her right away, and she is now better in every respect. We can heartily recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to all sufferers, for they seem to strike the right spot quickly, and their action is not only quick but it is permanent.

"I cannot say more in favor of these wonderful pills than that they saved my wife from lingering torture, which she had endured for 20 years past, and I sincerely trust that all sufferers will give Doan's Kidney Pills a fair trial."

LAXA-LIVER PILLS Cure constipation, biliousness sick headache and dyspepsia. Every pill guaranteed perfect and to act without any griping, weakening or sickening effects. 25c. at all druggists.

An Ugly Story of Uruguay.

Here is one of Robert Crawford's stories about Uruguay "Two men surprised a farmer and his wife in their little hut while it was broad daylight. The man was seized and bound, and the two villains proceeded to torture him to make him disclose the hiding place of his hoard. The wife begged and pleaded as the horrors increased, the man proving obdurate.

"Finally she said she would tell them where the treasure was if they would follow her. One of the two accordingly went over to the chest in the corner with her. She opened it, fumbling about inside of it for a moment until she found what she was looking for. In another moment the thief at her side was dead and his fellow covered by a large revolver in the hands of a small but eager woman of the people. He got away before she could quite make up her mind to shoot him too.

"Then the husband was released and the neighbors, some miles away, called in. Word was finally taken to the central police authority of the state; the officers came, viewed the dead thief—and identified him as their attorney general. It is not unlikely," Mr. Crawford adds, "that his accomplice was the judge of the criminal court."

A SMALL PILL, BUT POWERFUL.—They tha judge of the powers of a pill by its size would consider Parmelee's Vegetable Pills to be asking. It is a little wonder among pills. What it lacks in size it makes up in potency. The remedies which it carries are put up in these small doses because they are so powerful that only small doses are required. The full strength of the extracts is secured in this form and do their work thoroughly.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Lumberman's Friend.

A Delicate Matter.

"No," said Miss Cayenne, "I don't think I should care to vote. Public affairs are too difficult for me."

"You used to say they were very simple."

"I have changed my mind. It seems to be almost as hard to determine whom you should snub in politics as it is in society."—Washington Star.

THEY ARE CAREFULLY PREPARED—Pills which dissipate themselves in the stomach cannot be expected to have much effect upon the intestines, and to overcome costiveness the medicine administered must influence the action of these canals. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so made, under the supervision of experts, that the substances in them intended to operate on the intestines are retarded inaction until they pass through the stomach to the bowels.

An American Duchess.

"Adorable creature, be mine!" he pleaded.

For an instant Genevieve was perplexed. She knew his heart was cold, yet these, his words, were very warm. But suddenly it all came to her as by inspiration.

"Flannel mouth!" she exclaimed, with all the hauteur she could summon.—Detroit Journal.

Keep MINARD'S LINIMENT in the House.

Quite Likely.

"Who do you think will run in next year's campaign?" asked the political boarder.

"Aguinaldo," promptly responded the fighting boarder. "If the Philippine campaign is still going on."—Chicago News.

ULCERKURE has no equal for sore shoulders says manager of Greenway farm

Solid Gold Ring. Set with Real Garnets and Pearls, in Plush and Satin Box

Free for Selling 2 Doz. Packages.

$100.00 REWARD!

The above reward will be paid to any person who will prove that

PERFUMED ROYAL LAVENDER BLUE

will speck or streak the finest linen.

We want agents to sell this entirely new household article and are prepared to give either premiums or cash commissions to Ladies, Boys and Girls who will work for us.

Every household needs blue for laundry purposes and, once tried, they will buy again. Each 10c package contains sufficient blue for the requirements of an average family for about 4 months.

NO MONEY REQUIRED.

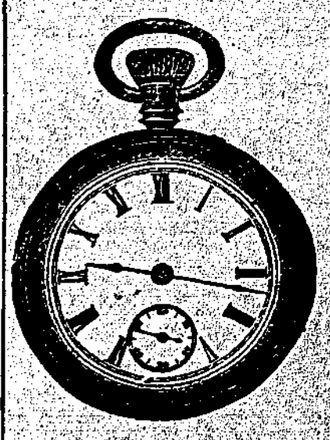
Simply send name and address and we will forward you a number of packages of blue and our big premium list.

Write at once and secure the agency for a new article that everybody needs. Mention this paper. WRITE NAME AND ADDRESS VERY PLAINLY.

TORONTO CHEMICAL COMPANY,

TORONTO.

Solid Nickel Stem Wind and Set—Good Timekeeper



Free for Selling 30 Packages

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 and 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.

Suppressing a Bore.

"What a large head you have," remarked the loquacious barber to an Irish customer. "Why, it's twice as large as mine."

"But Oi suppose you're afther foind in thot head of yours large enough, though?" queried the Irishman.

"Sure," repied the tonsorial artist. "It suits me all right."

"Av coorse," said the son of Erin. "Phwat's the use av a man havin a big trunk whin he has no clothes to keep in it, Oi dunno."—Chicago News.

Concealment.

"How did the burglars happen to miss your jewels?"

"Only yesterday morning something told me they were not safe in the tomato can in the cellar, where I usually kept them, and I had accordingly concealed them in a jewel case in my room."—Detroit Journal.

His Serenade.

"That dog of mine is a poetical cur When he howls at the moon, it sounds as if he were making rhymes."

"Doggerel, I suppose."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of Consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds, and all affections of the throat and lungs

Appalling a Poet.

The Beauty—I've had lots of poems written to me, but I have only kept those that were humorous.

The Poet (tenderly)—And why did you not keep the serious ones?

"Oh, because they were ridiculous!"

Croup Promptly Relieved.

Mrs. J. Simms, Mt. Pleasant, Vancouver, B. C., writes: "One of our children has been subject to croup almost since its birth. We find Griffith's Menthol Liniment always to give prompt relief, and would not be without it in our home. As a liniment we do not think it has any equal. All druggists, 25cts.

Ink Blots on Paper.

To remove ink from paper pour enough water over a teaspoonful of chlorinated lime to cover the stained portion. Moisten a clean piece of linen and rub it lightly with the mixture. If the stain is not of too long standing, it will disappear. If more than one application is required, let the paper dry before wetting the second or third time. If the spot is rubbed, the texture of the paper will be spoiled. Dry it gently with a piece of dry linen.

A Hen Hunt.

An English paper says that the hat of a certain shortsighted master at Eton blew off one day, and as he started in pursuit a black hen dashed out of the gateway. The schoolmaster saw the hen and thought it was his hat, and all Eton was electrified by the spectacle of a hatless and breathless reverend man hunting a black hen from one end of the street to the other.

THE BRIGHTEST FLOWERS must fade, but young lives endangered by severe coughs and colds may be preserved by Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, in short all affections of the throat and lungs, are relieved by this sterling preparation, which also remedies rheumatic pains, sores, bruises, piles, kidney difficulty, and is most economic.

There is more Solid Comfort in a cup of Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea, than in a gallon of most other beverages. Try it.

$2.95 GOLD PLATED. Cut this out and send it to us with your name and address, and we will forward this watch to you by express for examination. It is a snap-back and bezel dust-proof open face, stem wind and set, gold plated, handsomely engraved. It looks like a solid gold watch, is fitted with a 7-jewelled American Model Movement that we warrant to give good satisfaction, and is just the watch for trading purposes. If after careful examination you find this watch to be exactly as represented, pay the express agent $2.95 and charges, and it is yours.

Dept W. L. Terry Watch Co., Toronto, Ont.

Kerosene oil will clean zinc better than almost anything else. Put a few drops on a flannel cloth and rub well. Don't throw water in which you have washed articles cleaned with kerosene into galvanized iron pails. The chemical combination is malodorous and destructive.

Naturally.

"And the tornado blew your house clear over on its side? It must have been a terrifying experience."

"Yes; we felt a good deal upset over it."

How They Gamble.

"Girls are inveterate gamblers," he asserted.

"Prove it," she demanded.

"Isn't marriage a lottery?" he asked.—Chicago Post.

Anxious For Particulars.

"Oh, by the way, I hear that Minnie is engaged to a professor!"

"You don't say! What kind, chiropodist, palmist or horseshoer?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

His Remark.

Miss Sharp—Chollie made such an interesting remark last night.

Miss Short—What did he say?

Miss Sharp—He told me he would be compelled to leave at 9 o'clock.—Cleveland Leader

Save the Babies.

Thousands of them die every summer who could be saved by the timely use of Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

There is not a mother who loves her infant but should keep on hand during the hot weather a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

There is no remedy so safe and so effective for the diarrhœa of infants, and none has the endorsation of so many Canadian mothers who have proved its merits, and therefore speak with confidence. One of these is Mrs. Peter Jones, Warkworth, Ont., who says: "I can give Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry great praise, for it saved my baby's life. She was cutting her teeth and was taken with diarrhœa very bad. My sister advised me to get Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I got a bottle and it cured the baby almost at once."

It is Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee, reason enough why it is popular.

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

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Circle Teas
L. S. & B. Coffees
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LEST YOU FORGET, note that we buy Butter, Cheese and Fresh Eggs for export—that we handle Gasoline Engines and Horse Powers, and that our "Alexandra" and "Melotte" Cream Separators are the best in the world. Correspondence solicited.

W. A. Lister & Co. Ltd

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We keep a large stock always on hand of TYPE, PRINTERS' MATERIAL and PRINTERS' MACHINERY; can fit out Daily or Weekly Papers or Job Outfits on few hours' notice. We also supply READY-PRINTS; STEREO-PLATES, and PAPER and CARD STOCK.

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175 Owen St., Winnipeg.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.—

M. E. Bissett Editor

The columns of THE NEWS are open to all who wish to express therein views on matter 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,

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

SATURDAY, NOV. 25th 1899

AN EASTERN VIEW.

"What position do French Canadians take at this moment? They stand by the constitution of Canada.

Do they take a different view from their English compatriots? No, at least not different from reasonable English Canadians. As to jingoes like the Star and the Toronto News, let us ignore them in this discussion, as we ask our English compatriots to ignore the insignificant group of French Canadians who proclaim the absolute indifference of Canada to the fate of the Empire by exclaiming with more ostentation than reflection: 'Not a cent, not a man for England.'

***

We have our hotheads who speak in amusing fashion—amusing because serious—of the separation of Lower Canada (for them still New France protected by the fleur-de-lys) from the Canadian confederation with the aim of founding a French republic, perhaps even a monarchy, which would be a sort of restitution to the descendants of the most Christian Kings whose conduct so so well defended us against British conquest!

French Canadians laugh at this scheme, as they will at all utopian schemes, whether social or political whose realization is manifestly impossible.

This group of French Canadians to which Mercier lent his influence diminishes continually and to day is scarcely perceptible * * * * No public man will have anything whatever to do with it.

***

We stand by the constitution which alone guarantees us protection, safety and defence.—Le Monde Canadien, (Montreal.)

Never burn kindly written letters; it is so pleasant to read them over when the ink is brown, the paper yellow with age and the hands that traced the friendly words are folded over the hearts that prompted them. Keep all loving letters. Burn only the harsh ones, and in burning forgive and forget them.

Dates for Reference.

1486—1899.

The following are the dates of some of the more important events in the history of South Africa:

	A. D.
Discovery of the Cape of Good Hope by Bartholomew Diaz	1486
First appearance of the Dutch in South African waters	1595
Dutch settle in Table Bay	1652
First British occupation of the Cape	1795—1803
Cape Colony ceded to Britain	1814
Arrival of British settlers	1820
English declared the official language in Cape Colony	1825—1828
Emancipation of the slaves	1834
The great Boer Trek	1836—1837
Boer emigrants occupy Natal	1838
British annexation of Natal	1843
Recognition of the independence of Transvaal and Orange River Boers	1852—1854
Discovery of diamonds on the Lower Vaal river	1869
British annex the Transvaal	1877
Conquest of Zululann	1879
Retrocession of the Transvaal	1881
Convention of London with the Transvaal Republic	1884
Witwatersrandt gold field discovered	1885
British South Africa Company founded	1889
Natal granted a responsible Government	1893
The Jameson Raid	1886
The Transvaal War	1899

TO THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT.

We send you forth, oh! brave, devoted band,
With deafening cheer and high uplifted hand,
And tears that mingle with a nation's pride
That gives her best to fight at England's side.

We send you forth beneath the triune cross,
The victor's sign of conquest won through loss,
Around that blood-bought banner now you stand
To give your lives for Queen and Mother Land.

We send you forth to keep what England won
For all who wear the title of her son,
What now she battles for beyond the sea,
The Briton's right and broad humanity.

We send you forth with joy and yet with prayer,
In danger's hour, God keep you everywhere;
Be life, be death, the guerdon that you find,
The Laurel with the Maple Leaf to bind.

—M. G. Y.

Toronto, Oct. 30.

AUSTRALIAN QUICKSILVER.

Although quicksilver has not hitherto occupied other than a minor position among the metals of New South Wales, there are not wanting indications that in the near future it will be found one of the most valuable of the numerous metallic products of the colony. The presence of native mercury or quicksilver in New South Wales was ascertained as far back as 1841, when the Rev. W. B. Clarke, an eminent Australian geologist, received a sample from a creek on the Cudgegong River, an auriferous stream, rising in the Australian Alps and flowing through a portion of the western goldfields of the colony. Cannibar had previously been found in the same locality. It has also been discovered in a few other places, but although Mr. Clarke, with a view to stimulating systematic search for the metal, published a popular description of the ores of mercury, little or nothing further was done. In later years mercury, in the form of cannibar, was found at Bingara, where there are several diamond mines; in the vicinity of the Solferino goldfields, and at Cooma, at the entrance to the New South Wales snow country, where the assays of ore yielded 25 per cent. of quicksilver. The richest deposits have, however, been discovered near Yulgibar, in the Clarence River district, one of the most fertile and beautiful in Australia, sugar cultivation being a staple industry. Some four years ago prospecting was carried on in the hope of finding a payable quicksilver deposit, and the New South Wales Department of Mines dispatched its mineralogist, Mr. J. E. Carne, to inspect and report upon the workings, with the result that that gentleman, after a most careful examination, recommended that a portion of the Government appropriation vote be devoted to assisting the prospectors in their search for the lode which was suspected to exist, and, if successful, to ascertain whether or not the deposits would eventually become payable. Since then considerable developments have been made, and six distinct shafts have been put down on three parallel lodes. Several tons of the ore from these lodes have been brought to Sydney, and quantities of it distributed amongst the various government departments for examination and testing purposes. The ore is expected to yield from three to five per cent. of mercury, and it has been ascertained that the 'spent' ore contains gold and silver. The area of the ground examined by the Government geologist is about 120 acres, but it is believed that with the progress of prospecting operations other lodes, more or less rich, will be found. A further examination of the locality is being made by the government geologist, and his report is being anxiously awaited. He has definitely ascertained the existence of three distinct parallel lodes, the first discovered in the colony and improving as they go down. When the quicksilver mining industry is fairly established a large population will become attracted to this part of the colony, which has been for many years portion of an immense pastoral property, and but little known. Machiery is being erected and a preliminary testing of about one thousand tons of ore will be made. Should the results prove satisfactory the New South Wales quicksilver trade will become revolutionized, as the poorest assays shows the ore to be richer than those of the American and Spanish mines. They will also encourage the search for other cannibar deposits which, there is every reason for believing are more numerous and richer than generally assumed. The value of the discovery in connection with the colonial gold-mining industry can hardly be over-estimated. It simply means that the work of gold production will become enormously stimulated, thereby largely increasing the already large auriferous output of the colony.

LOVE-MAKING OF A BOER.

There is something very comic, according to our notions, in the way a Boer manages his love-making. Having asked the permission of his father to court a certain damsel in the neighborhood—by that is meant anywhere within about fifty miles—he proceeds to purchase the most strikingly decorated and loudly colored saddle cloth for his steed that he can possibly obtain. He will very likely spend a large sum of money on this, for it is a special occasion, and no one knowing the country and the habits of the people will have the least doubt from the appearance of his horse that he is in quest of a bride.

Having made his preparations, he mounts his spirited horse and journeys to the lady's home, but instead of seeking out the object of his affections he respectfully asks permission of her father to court her. The old man cautiously refrains from answering, but consults his wife, and the youth joins the younger members of the household.

No further notice is taken of the suitor for the rest of the day, but if the parents approve of him, when the rest of the household retire for the night, the mother solemnly approaches the young man and maiden with a long tallow candle in her hand. This she places on the table and lights, and then, having taken an affectionate farewell of the couple, she retires. This is a sign to the lover that his suit is acceptable. As long as the candle lasts the young couple are allowed to sit up and talk.—Chicago News.

Notice.

Riding on locomotives and railway cars of the Union Colliery Company by any person or persons—except train crew—is strictly prohibited. Employees are subject to dismissal for allowing same.

By order

FRANCIS D LITTLE
Manager

Union Brewery.

Fresh Lager Beer THE BEST IN THE PROVINCE

STEAM — eer, Ale, and Porter.

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

HENRY REIFEL, Manager.

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at its next session for an Act to Incorporate a Company with power to construct equip maintain and operate either a standard or narrow gauge railway for the purpose of carrying passengers and freight including all kinds of merchandise from a point in Comox District Vancouver Island situate on the 50th parallel on or near to the East Coast of Vancouver Island, thence in a Northerly direction by the most feasible route through Sayward and Rupert Districts to a point at or near Cape Scott or some other suitable point at or near the North end of Vancouver Island, with power to construct, operate and maintain branch lines to the Coast on either side of Vancouver Island and to other points and all necessary roads and bridges ways and ferries and to build own and maintain wharves docks sawmills and coal bunkers and with power to build equip own maintain and operate steam and other vessels and boats and to operate the same on any navigable waters connecting with the said railway line or branches thereof and with power to build own equip operate and maintain telegraph and telephone lines in connection with the said railway and branches and to carry on a general express business and to build and operate all kinds of plant for the purpose of supplying light heat electricity and any kind of motive power and with power to acquire water rights and to construct dams and flumes for improving and increasing the water privileges and with power to expropriate lands for the purposes of the Company and to acquire lands bonuses privileges and other aids from any Government municipal corporation or other persons or bodies corporate and with power to lease and connect and make traffic and other arrangements with rail a steamboat or other companies now or hereafter to be incorporated and with power to make wagon roads to be used in the construction of such railway and in advance of the same and to levy and collect tolls from all persons using and on all freight passing over the said railway and such roads branches ferries wharves and vessels built or owned by the Company whether built or owned before or after the construction of the railway and with all other usual necessary or incidental rights powers and privileges as may be necessary or conducive to the attainment of the above objects or any of them.

DATED at Victoria, B. C. this 13th day of November A. D. 1899.

H. MAURICE HILLS
Solicitor for the Applicants.

AGRICULTURE IN KLONDIKE.

Encouraging Results of a Season's Experiments Near Dawson.

Mr. J. A. Acklin, who has spent much time and money during the past season in a first agricultural experiment in the Yukon, has given to the Toronto Globe correspondent an interesting report. Mr. Acklin selected a hillside about three miles up the Klondike for his experiment; he cleared the ground, built the most artistic cabin in the Klondike, planted grain, vegetables and flowers, and has established an altogether delightful place—a real homestead in the Yukon. It was a revelation even to those who know and laud the country and climate to see what possibilities of cultivation lies in the warm surface ground of this frozen North. The following is Mr. Acklin's report:

"Varieties of flowers and vegetables were sown in the cabin in boxes on the following dates, and transplanted to the open ground from May 12 to June 5, viz:

"March 22—Lettuce, 3 varieties; cabbage, 3 varieties.

"April 5—Pansies, asters, balsams, nasturtiums, dianthus, stocks, mignonette, dahlias, calendulis, cornflowers, acroclenums, helchryseums, viscarias, centuaries, sweet peas, annual chrysanthemums, cauliflower and celery.

The following were sown in the open ground on the dates given:

"April 24—Radishes, peas, spinach and mustard.

"May 3—Sweet peas, radishes, lettuce.

"May 10.—Carrots and turnips.

"May 22—Peas and string beans, board, Windsor beans, onions, turnips, rutabagas, beets, carrots, rhubarb.

"All of the above have done well, except the celery, which I did not get planted out until late.

SOWING AND CUTTING GRAIN.

"The following are the dates of sowing and cutting varieties of grain:

"April 26—Oats, Abundance, Early Golhem, cut August 19; Improved Ligons, cut August 28.

"May 22—Barley, Canadian Thorpe, cut August 28; Trooper Royal, cut August 17; Odessa, cut August 17; wheat, Preston, Perey, Ladoga, White Fife, cut August 27; Red Fife, cut August 28.

"The grain has done exceptionally well, being well filled, and I see no reason why grain, including winter wheat, should not be extensively and successfully grown here, as from my observations the climate is as suitable here as at any time in the Northwest or the Northern States of the United States.

"From my experience of the last two years I see no reason why this country should not be able to produce its own vegetables.

"As for flowers, the success I have had proves that all hardy annuals will do well, and the coming year I intend planting several hundred hybrid roses, and also summer flowering bulbs, and a much larger variety of hardy and half-hardy annuals, and also some of the hardy perennial varieties.

"Cultivated small fruits, such as strawberries, currants, blackberries and raspberries should do well here, as the following grow wild here: Currants, raspberries, cranberries, blue berries, etc."

Some Clothing is made to order, not made to fit.
Shorey's Clothing is made to fit, not made to order.
Every garment guaranteed.
Sold only by the best dealers.

These Goods May be had of Stevenson & Co.

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY given that 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, maintain and operate either a standard or narrow gauge railway for the purpose of carrying passengers and freight, including all kinds of merchandise, from a point in Comox District, Vancouver Island, situate on the 50th Parallel on or near the East Coast of Vancouver Island, thence in a northerly direction by the most feasible route to a point at or near Cape Scott or some other suitable point at or near to the North end of Vancouver Island, with power to construct, operate and maintain branch lines to the Coast on either side of Vancouver Island and to other points and all necessary roads, bridges, ways and ferries, and to build, own, and maintain wharves, docks sawmills and coalbunkers, and with power to build, equip, own, maintain and operate steam and other vessels and boats and to operate the same on any navigable waters connecting with the said railway line or branches thereof, and with power to build, own, equip, operate and maintain telegraph and telephone lines in connection with the said railway and branches, and to carry on a general express business, and to build and operate all kinds of plant for the purpose of supplying light, heat, electricity and any kind of motive power, and with power to acquire water rights and to construct dams and flumes for improving and increasing the water privileges, and with power to expropriate lands for the purposes of the Company, and to acquire lands, bonuses, privileges and other aids from any Government, municipal corporation or other persons or bodies corporate and with power to lease and to connect and make traffic and other arrangements with railway, steamboat or other companies now or hereafter to be incorporated, and with power to make wagon roads to be used in the construction of such railway and in advance of the same and to levy and collect tolls from all persons using and on all freight passing over the said railway and such roads, branches, ferries wharves and vessels built or owned by the company, whether built or owned before or after the construction of the railway; and with all other usual, necessary or incidental powers, rights and privileges as may be necessary or conducive to the attainment of the above objects or any of them.

Dated at Victoria, B. C., this 9th day of October, A. D. 1899

H. MAURICE HILLS,
Solicitor for the Applicants.

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For particulars apply at this office.

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Notice.

CHANGE OF CORPORATE NAME.

Notice is hereby given that the Union Colliery Company of British Columbia, Limited Liability intends to apply to His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor for permission to change its name to that of the "Wellington Colliery Company, Limited Liability."

Dated Victoria, 18th July, 1899.

DAVIE, POOLEY & LUXTON,
Solicitors to the Union Colliery Company of B. C., Limited Liability.

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NOTICE.

All my accounts now outstanding if not paid by Nov. 22 will be placed in the hands of solicitor for collection.

P. DUNNE.

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

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

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

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	De. 4:25
" 9:28	Goldstream	" 4:53
" 10:14	Shawnigan Lake	" 5.39
" 10:48	Duncans	" 6:15
P.M.		P.M.
" 12:24	Nanaimo	" 7:41
Ar. 12:40	Wellington	Ar. 7:55

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1 Daily. A.M.		No. 3 Saturday. A.M.
De. 8:05	Wellington	De. 4:25
" 8:29	Nanaimo	" 4:39
" 9:55	Duncans	" 6:05
" 10:37	Shawnigan Lake	" 6:46
" 11:23	Goldstream	" 7.39
Ar. 11:50	Victoria	Ar. 8:00 P.M.

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

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M. & L. YOUNG, Props.

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Courtenay B. C.

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Visiting Brothers cordially requested to attend.

R. S. McConnell,
Secretary.

Cumberland Encampment.
No. 6, I. O. O. F., Union.

Meets every alternate Wednesdays of each month at 7:30 o'clock p.m. Visiting Brethren cordially invited to attend.

CHAS. WEYTE, Scribe.

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20,000 Holland Bulbs to arrive in September; 5,000 Japan Lilies to arrive in October; 1,500 Rhododendrons, Azaleas, Magnolias, Roses, etc, to arrive in October.

Thousands of Roses, Camellias, Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, etc., growing on my own grounds for the fall trade. Catalogues free.

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The Course of Study is divided into five grades: Primary, Junior, Preparatory, Senior and Graduating, and comprises Reading, Spelling, Elocution, Grammer, Rhetoric, English Literature, History, Geography, Botany, Astronomy, Natural History Geology, Geometry, Latin, Paysie's Algebra, Arithmetic, Linear and Map-Drawing, French conversation compulsory for those who learn the language.

Due attention is paid to plain Sewing, Darning, Mending, etc., etc. Weekly instructions are given in domestic economy, politeness, and all that constitutes lady-like deportment.

Special attention is paid to pupils preparing for Teachers' Examination. In the COMMERCIAL CLASS, instruction is given in Penmanship, English, Book-Keeping, Stenography, Typewriting and all the branches of a business education.

For further information address

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

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FOR SALE: Old papers. Apply at NEWS Office.

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SCAVENGER WORK DONE

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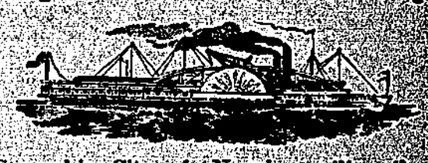

Steamship City of Nanaimo will sail as follows, calling at way ports as freight and passengers may offer.

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

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It Talks, Plays, Sings—Does everything but walk. *Call and hear it* at the NEWS OFFICE.

CHAS. C. SEGRAVE, Agent,
Cumberland, B. C.

THE BROTHER OF JIM.

By WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

[Copyright, 1899, by the Author.]

"What are you fellers doin in there?" he cried. "The divil will be after you afore long if you don't git up and move on."

"I'm well enough where I am," replied Henry. "Go on yourself."

"What kind of an idiot be you anyway?" growled the strange soldier, striding over into the company of the two men and the horse.

He had a bandage about his head which was stained [illegible] carried his gun with a jaunty swing and appeared to have no uneasiness about his own ability to get away from the devil, whenever it pleased him to proceed.

"Say, what's the matter with you anyway?" the strange soldier continued, looking down at Price and touching him with the butt of his gun. "Hurt?"

"I'm shot through the lungs," said Henry. "I've got to die, and I don't want to be bumped along on a horse"—

"Sorry," said the stranger. "What's the other feller got to say about it?"

"He's deaf," said Henry, with a deep groan, as he tried to shift his position.

Spence came a step nearer to the tall soldier in order to make a closer examination of his bandage. "Got plugged in the head, didn't ye, stranger?"

"Stranger be blanked," returned the tall soldier. "My name's Smith." He motioned Spence to one side and addressed himself to Price. "If you're shot through the lungs, you better be set up on end, young feller. You'll breathe easier that way. We can't all

With a quick leap he fastened his grip on Jim's collar.

of us get off with a scratch like I did. Come, now!" he continued, straddling Price's body and lifting him by the shoulders. "It won't hurt but a minute and you'll feel a heap better."

Henry winced with pain and sat back against the tree with a groan.

"Had it dressed?"

"No, no!" said Henry, with a gurgling in his speech. "It's no use. It's all up with me."

"Bleedin inside," said Smith. "I see. Mebby it can't be helped, but it certainly goes ag'in my grain to leave you here to die— Sh! Hold your tongues, boys; there's somethin comin on the road."

Smith caught Spence by the arm and held up a warning finger. At the same moment a mass of figures rose above the brow of the hill, and two guns of the cavalry with mounted cannoniers came dashing down the slope with din of galloping hoofs, jingling sabers and clattering tools, through which the heavy breathing of the horses could be distinctly heard. A scramble down the hill, a double rumble over the bridge and presently only the babbling of the brook above an undercurrent of rapidly retreating sound.

The rush of the flying section quickened the pulses of the three men, and the heavy silence that followed was eloquent of peril, imminent if undefined. The horse, which had been frightened at first, sidled against the deaf man and threw up his head with an appealing whinny that was prolonged in a succession of hoarse bleatings in his throat and chest.

A heavy sigh came from the ground where Price was lying. "Save yourselves, comrades," he said. "It's a dying man against two useful lives. The country needs"— Here his words ended in a gurgling cough.

"I believe you, young feller," said Smith, swinging his rifle to his shoulder and shoving up the bandage on one side of his head. He had forgotten for the moment that the clotted rag was not a cap, and the effect on his expression was grotesque in the extreme. "You boys better get a move on ye," he said as he started for the road.

There was another rumble of wheels and the shifting and turning of a pursuing section on the brow of the hill. This time the black figures were swallowed up among the trees on the ridge directly overhanging Price and the deaf man. Smith dropped the butt of his gun to the ground with an oath and came back on his toes, listening to the voices up above him and to the trampling in the timber. When he heard the gun trails fall on the hollow ground with a rattle of chains, followed by the scrambling of teams and the bumping of wheels over obstacles, he squatted down in his tracks without speaking, and the deaf man, observing his action, lay down by his side, keeping a hold on the bridle reins.

The lid of a limber chest creaked and fell with a bang. Somebody in authority swore frightfully. The twigs crackled under running feet, and the rammer heads beat on the shells like striking blows with a wooden mallet in a barrel.

One gunner cried, "Ready — fire!" There was a rushing overhead like the passing of a giant rocket, but this was nothing to the strange vision that appeared to the eyes of the three men by the brook.

A halo of light enveloped the gun and showed the four numbers "broken back" outside the wheels. The arms of the gunner were extended above his head like a letter Y. No 1 with the sponge, No. 2 over opposite, the man with the thumbstall and the man with the lanyard, which was still writhing like a snake above his head, flashed out for an instant, revealing distinctly their solemn faces, and as the light faded they sprang on the wheels to roll the gun up from its recoil. Smith uttered a low exclamation of surprise as the struggling figures melted into the darkness, but Henry Price bounded from the ground like a rubber ball and yelled at the top of his voice, "Jim, Jim Price!" Even the deaf man heard him and understood.

Henry's call was answered promptly by a voice from the hill.

"Is that you, Hank? Well, well!" And with the last word there was the crash of a body through the bushes, which made it plain that Jim was coming with leaps and bounds for an interview.

Such amazing activity in a dying man, coupled with the surprising events which had preceded and were following it, struck Smith and Spence dumb. They could only stare open mouthed at the dancing figure before them, uttering inarticulate sounds of joy which served to guide Jim through the brush to his brother.

The other gun was fired at the instant Jim burst on the scene, so that he seemed to be swept out of the darkness by the undercurrent of the shell that rushed through the night overhead.

"Doggone it!" exclaimed Jim, shaking Henry's hand limply and experimentally, as though he doubted if it were real flesh and blood. "I thought I killed you when you rolled down that bank."

"Jim," said Henry, "I've tried my best to get killed for three days because I thought I'd murdered you, and here you turn up fat and sassy with not so much as 'thank you.'"

"You're another," cried Jim. "Sound as a nut and aggravatin to the last."

"I'm shot through the lungs," said Henry.

"You are? You ain't!" cried Jim. "Let me feel of you." And he began fumbling about Henry's breast. "You fool, there ain't a scratch on you. You always had too much imagination. Come, smarty, here's the ball rollin about in the slack of your shirt above your belt."

"The deuce!" said Henry. "I ain't wounded?"

"Strike me dead," cried Smith, projecting himself into view with the gory bandage cocked over his right eye.

Jim had believed that he was alone with his brother, and at the appearance of such a menacing third party he took a precautionary step backward.

"How are they at home, sonny? How's mother's rheumatics?"

"Come and see!" cried Henry, and with a quick leap he fastened his grip on Jim's collar. At the same moment the flying section which had passed so recently opened fire from the opposite hill in reply to the Confederate guns. For a space the darkness overhead was streaked with burning fuses and between the shrieking of the shells and the roar of the guns Smith was unable to catch a word of the argument that was passing between the brothers, who were flopping about the ground like two chickens with their heads chopped off. As nature became exhausted the two combatants rested in each other's arms, making an occasional spasmodic flop and then subsiding.

"I always was your match, Jim Price," gasped Henry, "and now I ain't wounded—like I thought I was—I'll send you home to mother—if it takes"—

What the proviso was did not appear, for Henry's jerky sentence was swallowed up in the rush of two shells trailing fire overhead, and the whites of Jim's eyes looked bloodshot in the light of the guns.

Henry never relaxed his grip on his brother until the firing ceased, and then he handed his prisoner over to Smith and deaf Spence, who tossed him on the back of the horse. Jim was too exhausted to talk at first, but before the party had proceeded far on the road he began to remonstrate against such unbrotherly treatment.

"Now you shut up, Jim," said Henry. "If you knew what I've been through in the last three days on account of you, you'd know I'm fond of you. I'm a little beat myself, but there are some things I want you to explain to my captain."

Mascagni's Visit to Verdi.

In a Florentine musical paper, La Scena Illustrata, Mascagai tells the story of a visit which he paid to Verdi with his wife and children. Verdi was installed in his favorite suit of rooms at the Hotel Milano. He loves children, and before long he had the bimbi perched upon his knee. Mascagni had come to Milan to conduct some orchestral concerts at La Scala, and he had a great deal to say about his programmes and his novelties.

The old man listened with interest to his descriptions of works by Scandinavian and Slavonic composers, which are rarely heard in Italy, particularly those of Svendsen and Tschaikowsky. After a time Mascagni heard him murmur, as if talking to himself, "Who would have thought in my time that people like that would know how to compose music?"

His One Good Act.

Judge Hubbard of Cedar Rapids, Ia., was in his time quite a character, writes a correspondent of Law Notes. The governor who appointed him to the bench resumed the practice of law after the expiration of his term and occasionally practiced in Judge Hubbard's court. On one occasion the judge ruled against the former governor, and the latter, waxing indignant, indulged in several remarks in regard to "man's ingratitude" and "benefits forgot."

The judge soon wearied of such insinuations and fixing his eagle eye on the former governor said, "Let me tell you, sir, that the only worthy action of your entire administration was when you appointed me judge."

How to Remove Rust From Marble.

Use a solution of one part of nitric acid in 25 parts of water. Apply to the spots only, then rinse with water and ammonia.

Don't Put a Bird In the Window.

"Never put a bird in the window," said a bird fancier to the reporter the other day. "I rarely go into the street in summer, or even on a mild day in winter, that I do not see unfortunate canaries hung in the windows. Even if the sun is not broiling the brains under the little yellow cap, a draft is blowing all the time over the delicate body. People have been told a thousand times that they must not put a bird in the draft, yet how few remember that there is always a draft in an open window!"—Berlin (Md.) Herald.

ODD FADS AT MEALS.

SOME QUEER THINGS THAT ARE NOTED IN RESTAURANTS.

The Man Who Ate Cream on His Beefsteak and Seemed to Like It. Butter on Ice Cream and Pie and the Lobster and Milk Combination.

A tall, thin man came into the restaurant, and a new waiter showed him to a table and handed him a bill of fare. The man didn't even glance at the bill.

"Bring a small steak, very rare, and a couple pitchers of cream on the side," he said.

The waiter disappeared and in a few minutes came back with the steak, a cup of coffee and two pitchers of alleged cream. He ranged them in front of the customer, and the latter glanced them over. When his eye struck the cup of coffee, he scowled.

"I didn't order no coffee," he half yelled at the waiter.

"Well, I s'posed when you said two pitchers of cr"—

"Take it away."

The waiter put the cup of coffee on his tray and gathered up the two pitchers of cream and turned to retrace his steps to the kitchen.

"Bring them creams back here."

The waiter nearly tripped himself as he spun around. He meekly placed the pitchers by the side of the steak without a word and stood rooted to the spot. The tall, thin customer picked up the two pitchers and emptied the cream on his steak. The waiter's eyes bulged out and his chin dropped as the man began eating his strangely seasoned steak. Just then an old waiter nudged the new one and called him to one side, warning him with: "Say, you better watch out'er the old gent'll hop on to you fer watchin him. That must be a new one on you—cream on steak—huh? It's an old one around here. His nobs there comes in here an orders that same layout about every other night."

"Well, I have seen more ridiculous combinations served to freak feeders in my time than I could remember in a week. Oftentimes the dishes served are eatables that fairly fight with each other. One day a man came in and gave me an order for broiled lobster and milk. Now, that is a combination that is simply awful. I told the customer I didn't want to seem so impudent as to offer him advice as to what he should eat, but I thought I ought to tell him that lobster and milk made a bad team. He laughed, thanked me, and told me to bring on my fractious team and he would try to break 'em to drive double. That was enough for me, and I brought them on. That man was sick for three days. He came in afterward and told me all about it; said the next time he'd take my advice.

"I once saw an apparent granger spread granulated sugar half an inch thick on his roast beef and eat it with evident relish. I have seen that feat performed only once, and will likely never see it again. Several times I have had to have strawberries warmed for a well known Chicago business man. Yes, I know that is a hard one to believe, but it is a fact. Took the berries out and put them in the oven for a few minutes—just left them there until they were soft and utterly ruined for anybody except this man. He said they were fine.

"Yes, I've seen a few old eaters in my time," said the waiter. "Nearly every day a man comes in here who eats nothing but a whole mince pie for his luncheon. Some people think it would require a man with a copper lined stomach to digest that kind of luncheon every day, but so far my mince pie man is holding up beautifully. Another regular customer takes honey and rolls and nothing else for breakfast every morning. He says it is the best and most wholesome breakfast he has ever tried, and that he is going to keep it up as long as it agrees with him. One of the queerest things to me is the way people take acidulous things with dishes largely or almost wholly milk. I have seen people eat pickles with ice cream time and again. Frequently people put vinegar in their oyster stews and then complain that the milk is sour.

"I have often seen customers make use of butter in a way that would seem very strange to most people. This is putting butter in coffee. That has probably been done in every restaurant and hotel dining room in New York. It is a custom which is quite common in Switzerland. There sweet butter, unsalted, is used. But even if there is a little salt in the butter it vastly improves the coffee for many people. Then, once in awhile, we see diners put butter in hot milk. I suppose that is to make the milk richer. I once saw a man put butter on his ice cream, but I suppose he was just doing it for an experiment. Of course buttering pie is not rare by any means.

"We see absurd things at the table every day, but they come so thick and fast and we have so many other things to think about that we don't remember them," said the restaurant proprietor. "I recall a few incidents that struck me rather forcibly. Some months ago a rather old lady used to come in here very often in the evening and order a Welsh rarebit. She always brought in with her a little bag of peppermint lozenges, and she ate the peppermint with her rarebit. We used to have another regular customer who came in every day and ordered oatmeal and hot buttermilk. He ate the combination as if it were the best thing in the world. Then there was another customer who was fond of oatmeal whom I saw on several occasions pour catsup into the dish. I thing I should be afraid of the effects of oatmeal and catsup. I saw one performance that fairly made me gasp. A man came in and took a seat at a far off table, and, before a waiter could get to him, he poured out half a glass of Worcestershire sauce and drank it off at one gulp. On another occasion a fellow came in under the influence of liquor. He ordered only a cup of coffee. When he got it, he poured out half of the coffee and filled the cup up with olive oil and drank the mixture. If he was taking the oil to prevent liquor influence, he took it a little too late."

At Last!

A Remedy has been Discovered that will Permanently Cure Catarrh.

JAPANESE CATARRH CURE CURES.

This is not merely the words of the makers of this remedy, but the assertion is backed up by leading physicians and the honorable testimonies of hundreds of cured ones. And more, there is an absolute guarantee to cure in every package or money will be refunded. We will also send a two weeks' trial quantity free to any person suffering from this dangerous disease. Japanese Catarrh Cure is a new discovery, being a prescription perfected by one of America's most successful specialists in treating this disease. It is a soothing, penetrating and healing pomade, prepared from stainless compounds of Iodine and Essential oils, to be inserted up the nostrils. The heat of the body melts it, and the very act of breathing carries it to the diseased parts. It reaches, soothes and heals every part of the mucous membrane, curing invariably all forms of catarrh of the nose and throat, and all forms of catarrhal deafness. Mr. Joseph Little, the well-known mill owner of Port Essington, B. C., writes: "Japanese Catarrh Cure completely cured me of catarrh, which had troubled me for 25 years, during which time I had spent over $1,000 on remedies and spectalists in Toronto and San Francisco. About two years ago I procured six boxes of Japanese Catarrh Cure, and since completing this treatment have not felt the slightest symptoms of my former trouble. I can highly recommend it. Relief came from the first application. We always keep a supply in the mill for cuts and burns, and consider it superior to any other remedy for healing." Sold by all druggists. 50 cents. Sample free. Enclose 5 cent stamp. Address, The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., 121 Church Street, Toronto.

A Miraculous Escape.

It happened that in the last month of the reign of Charles I a certain ship chandler of London was foolish enough to busy himself over a barrel of gunpowder with a lighted candle in his hand. He paid the price of his folly. A spark fell into the gunpowder and the place was blown up.

The trouble was that the man who did the mischief was not the only one to perish. Fifty houses were wrecked, and the number of people who were killed was not known.

In one house among the 50 a mother had put her baby into its cradle to sleep before the explosion occurred. What became of the mother no one ever knew, but what became of the baby was very widely known.

The next morning there was found upon the leads of the Church of All Hallows a young child in a cradle, baby and cradle being entirely uninjured by the explosion that had lifted both to such a giddy height.

It was never learned who the child was, but she was adopted by a gentleman of the parish and grew to womanhood. She must surely all her life have had a peculiar interest in that church.—Sir Walter Besant's "London."

MINARD'S LINIMENT is used by Physicians.

Particular About His Cigars.

Mrs. Church—Is your husband particular about the brand of cigars he smokes?

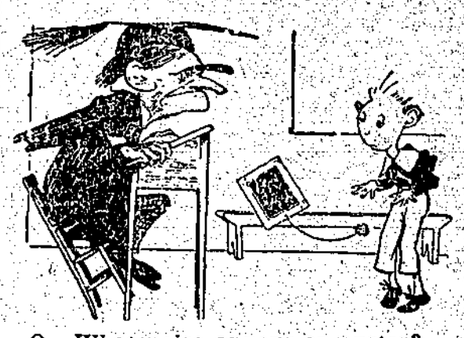
Mrs. Gotham—Very; he always locks them up.

Colors.

Some women's costumes which are described as symphonies in color might better be classed, if one may judge from their loudness, as Wagner overtures.

ULCERKURE will heal fresh or old wounds in man or beast. It has no equal

Squeer's Queries.



Q.—What noise annoys an oyster?

A.—A noisy noise annoys an oyster!—Ally Sloper.

A BRAVE WOMAN.

How a Drunken Husband Was Made a Sober Man by a Determined Wife.

A PATHETIC LETTER.

She writes:—"I had for a long time been thinking of trying the Samaria Prescription treatment on my husband for his drinking habits, but I was afraid he would discover that I was giving him medicine, and the thought unnerved me. I hesitated for nearly a week, but one day when he came home very much intoxicated and his week's salary nearly all spent, I threw off all fear and determined to make an effort to save our home from the ruin I saw coming, at all hazards. I sent for your Samaria Prescription and put it in his coffee as directed next morning and watched and prayed for the result. At noon I gave him more and also at supper. He never suspected a thing, and I then boldly kept right on giving it regularly, as I had discovered something that set every nerve in my body tingling with hope and happiness, and I could see a bright future spread out before me—a peaceful, happy home, a share in the good things of life, an attentive, loving husband, comforts, and everything else dear to a woman's heart, for my husband had told me that whiskey was vile stuff and he was taking a dislike to it. It was only too true, for before I had given him the full course he had stopped drinking altogether, but I kept giving the medicine till it was gone, and then sent for another lot to have on hand if he should relapse, as he had done from his promises before. He never has, and I am writing you this letter to tell you how thankful I am. I honestly believe it will cure the worst cases."

A pamphlet in plain, sealed envelope, sent free, giving testimonials nd full information, with directions how to take or administer Samaria Prescription. Correspondence considered sacredly confidential. Address The Samaria Remedy Co., Jordan street, Toronto, Ont.

Blame the Kidneys

For that distressing backache and help them to get well by using

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

Backache is usually the most pronounced symptom of kidney disease. Other indications are irregularities in urinating and deposits in the urine.

Success in curing kidney disease and preventing Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, etc., depends largely on the stage of the disease at which it is taken. If treatment is begun before the tissues are too far wasted away, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will positively cure you, and promptly at that.

Mr. John Lewis, Surrey Centre, B. C., states: "I have been troubled with kidney disease and terrible pains in the back for over a year. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have taken the pains away and are curing me. They are good pills for the kidneys."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills act directly on the kidneys, strengthen and invigorate them, and permanently cure kidney disease and backache.

One pill a dose; 25 cents a box. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE TABLE SET FOR TWO.

The sunshine falls on the window sill,
And the day looks in at the open door,
The kettle sings, and the dear old wife
Goes back and forth o'er the kitchen floor
With plate and platter and fork and spoon,
As every day she is wont to do,
And she lays them with a quiet grace
On the homely table set for two.

Oh, the bread is like the sea's white spray,
And the cloth is clean as mountain snows,
From the pantry shelf to the kitchen stove
The dear old wife on her errands goes,
The morning glories over the porch
All in a riotous tangle run,
The cat lies curled asleep on a chair,
The old dog blinks at the noonday sun.

But the dear old wife is sad today,
And the morning hours have seemed so long,
For her thoughts are of the long ago,
When the old house rang with mirth and song
When the red cheeked boys and merry girls
Came trooping in through the open door,
Some wander now 'neath an alien sky,
And some will come back no more—no more.

There are empty chairs against the wall,
And the wide old rooms are strangely still,
The day is sad, though the sunshine falls
Like sifted gold on the window sill,
And the dear old wife in her quiet way
Does the homely tasks she is wont to do,
But the tears fall fast as she sadly thinks
Of the lonesome table set for two.

—Good Housekeeping.

MOTHER HUBBARD

By J. A. Flynn.

She Had a Sharp Tongue, but a Good Heart.

It was dead low water with The Weekly Compendium when Mme. de la Mode quarreled with the editor, and he engaged a new young lady for the fashions. Her name was Violet Raikes, and she was rather nice to look at. She sat opposite to me—I am subeditor—so the fact impressed itself upon my notice. But somehow I didn't take to her. She was fond of slang, she bicycled in "rationals," and she hoped that I didn't object to a cigarette. I felt inclined to say that I objected to her altogether, but I didn't. She was remarkably smart in her work, and I couldn't afford to object to any one who was useful.

She hadn't been with us more than a fortnight when the editor was laid up, and I had to be editor, sub, leader writer and political critic all at once. Then our financial expert went bankrupt and bolted, so I had to do the city news in addition.

The next week our sporting authority disappeared—he had backed some of his own tips, poor fellow!—and we couldn't get another.

The only members of the literary staff left were our art and theatrical critic, who doesn't know a horse from a donkey; our tame poet, who doesn't know anything, and Miss Violet. I felt I had about come to the end of my tether, and I said so pretty forcibly.

Miss Violet looked up from some outrageous costume which she was drawing and laughed at my outburst. She was always laughing.

"Don't put yourself out," she said. "I'll knock off the sporting news for you." I jerked my eyeglasses from my nose in my amazement.

"You?" I said. "You?"

"Why not?"

"What do you know about it?"

"For the matter of that, what did he know about it?" She nodded her head several times and pressed dimples in her cheeks with her pencil. "You really can't do any more yourself," she said.

"No," I said wearily. "But I am afraid"—

"You needn't be. I'll run it out tonight, and you can cut it up tomorrow morning."

She wrote the sporting article as if she had been brought up in a stable, and from that time she became our sporting tipster and allowed herself an extra cigarette when she and I were working late in the evening. She always insisted upon lending a hand when I was extra busy.

"You'll kill yourself if you don't mind," she remarked suddenly one evening when we were making up the next issue. I had just announced that we were short and I must do another column.

"I can't let the paper break down," I said feebly. I had been working for 12 hours, and nature was almost exhausted.

"Of course not. Fill up with this." She threw over a manuscript headed "Answers to Correspondents" and began laughing as usual. "I knew we would be short."

"Why?" I said. "What? Who are the correspondents?"

"I am, of course. You didn't think there were such things as 'correspondents,' did you?"

"Umph! I don't know"—

"You're a fine editor!"

I didn't reply. I was deep in the manuscript, which might have passed for a page out of several journals I could mention. "Nellie Q." was given a recipe for sponge cake, "Devout Lover" was advised upon the etiquette of presents, "Molly" was cautioned against the pernicious habit of smoking cigarettes ("a most unbecoming and unladylike practice"), "Abstemious" was encouraged in teetotalism, "True Tommy" was told to persevere with his obdurate ladylove, "Flossie" was warned against slang, "Careful Housewife" was recommended to insist upon having 14 penny scones for a shilling, etc.

"Upon my word," I said warmly, "you're a little brick. I only wish I could get you something extra for"—

"Oh, shut up!" she said. She was given to saying things of that sort. I thought it a great pity, because she was otherwise a very charming girl, but I never could tolerate anything unfeminine in a woman's manners.

No sooner had the number appeared than real applications for advice poured in, and our correspondent's column became a regular feature. When we had a spare moment, she would read us some of the letters with her answers. She used to make us roar. She was such a comical girl—never could be serious about anything. The pseudonym she adopted was Mother Hubbard.

About this time the paper commenced to go better, and advertisements came in more freely. I persuaded the proprietor to give Violet a raise, and I offered to do the "sporting" myself now that we could afford a city editor, but she wouldn't hear of it.

"You couldn't do it half so well," she stated. "Now don't get savage, old chap. Have a cigarette."

"I wish," I said, "you wouldn't talk in that beastly manner." She flushed a little.

"When I want you to edit my conversation, I'll ask you," she rejoined tartly.

So I shrugged my shoulders and went on with my leader.

"You have been glad enough," she observed a few minutes later, "for me to do a man's work, though you want to keep me in my place as a woman."

"I do not look upon womanliness as a degradation."

"Nor do I object to manliness in a man."

"If you mean that I"—

"You'd better attend to your leader, or it will be worse rubbish than usual."

I concluded my peroration in furious silence. I rather pride myself upon my leaders. Then I made a few remarks. So did she—not very few. She made up by never speaking to me except on business for the next week. I was sorry, because—well, there were good points about her.

The following Monday we were stopping late, as usual, and for once the poet was keeping us company. He wasn't going home till he had found something to rhyme with "my heart's desire," he said. Violet's suggestion of "my tart's Maria" caused him to decline further conversation with her. He's very touchy over his rhymes. So we were terribly dull until the boy we had kept in the lobby came in.

"If you please, sir, there's an old lady called. She's sorry it's so late, she says, but she's so perticler anxious to see 'Mother Hubbard.'"

"Will you see her, Miss Raikes?" I asked. We had become very formal in our conversation.

"What nonsense, Mr. Marchant!"

"Well," said I, "you'd better tell her that 'Mother Hubbard' has gone home. You can go, too, Thompson. I'll lock up." I don't approve of keeping the boys late.

"She's a very nice old lady, sir," he observed, chinking some coins in his pocket, "an she seems rather upset."

"Can't you say you're 'Mother Hubbard's' assistant?" I suggested to Violet.

"How can I talk to her before you, not to mention Tennyson?" This was her name for the poet.

"We'll go in the office."

"And giggle all the time! Show her in, Thompson."

We went into the unlit office, leaving the door open so that we could see without being seen.

"Miss Violet will make fun of her, I suppose," I grumbled.

"I don't like that sort of girl," he said emphatically.

A slight, agitated old lady in a deep black dress came slowly in. She nearly fell over a waste paper basket, and Violet jumped up and helped her to a chair. Then she sat down opposite her.

"'Mother Hubbard' has gone home," she said. "I am her assistant. Can I tell her anything for you?"

"I am a 'Bereaved Parent.' You may remember"—

"Oh!" cried Violet quickly. "I—she was so sorry for you—so very, very sorry."

I remember an answer about time softening the blow, etc. I had asked Violet if she kept it in type, and she had laughed as usual.

"Of course," said the old lady, "nothing can really comfort me, but"—

"I will write and tell you if you will give me your address." So she took down the address. "There," she said. "My mother will see you, I feel certain. She is so kind and patient. Oh, so patient! Goodby, and—and you will be brave, won't you, dear?" She bent suddenly over the old woman and kissed her.

When she came back from showing the visitor out, we were both at our desks, working in energetic silence, and no sound was heard until she caught a questioning look in my eyes.

"Don't be a fool," she said sharply. Then there was further silence till she looked round for her ruler and found the poet regarding her intently.

"What are you glaring at me for?" she demanded.

"I was thinking," he said solemnly, "that there are some things in real life that one cannot put into poetry. I wish, Miss Raikes, one could."

The man isn't without his points. I think I shall let him do a few paragraphs next time he wants to. I said nothing. I was busy writing something on a piece of paper. It took the form of an inquiry from a person who styled himself "Ardent Admirer." He had come in contact in business with a charming and lively girl, the pluckiest and cleverest little woman that ever was. They had become great friends, but he had been annoyed by her apparent frivolity, so they had quarreled. Now he had discovered that her frivolity was merely upon the surface; that she was the support of her invalid mother and the kindest of friends to any one who was in trouble. How could "Mother Hubbard" advise him to regain her friendship, and did she think it possible that he might ever gain her love? When I had finished, I threw it over to her.

"Perhaps you will get your mother to answer that," said I.

She read it down hastily; then she looked up at me in her old daring way. Her eyes were very bright, and her pretty face was pink.

"I answer all the questions myself, really," she said.

"Then," I said, "won't you, Vi—won't you?" She looked at me in silence. There was a tremble on her lips, and I couldn't see her eyes.

The poet jumped up quickly and grabbed his hat.

"I've just remembered an appointment," he said, rushing into his overcoat without even pausing to dishevel his hair. "Good night, you two."

The man isn't without sense—for a poet. I shall certainly let him try his hand at a few paragraphs.

He was scarcely out of the door before I was beside her chair—

"Vi," I cried excitedly, "you don't mean to say that you care for me?"

"Of course I don't," she said, with a queer little laugh. Then she gave me just one glance, and I took her in my arms.—Chicago Herald.

A Horse That Wanted a Door.

The sun blazing down on a race course, far, far east of Suez, and on a field of hot, excited horses and men, waiting till the eccentricities of the starter and an even more eccentric horse combine to get us in line. The patience of the former is at last exhausted. "Bring up that horse! Come up on that beast! You'll get into trouble over this, I tell you," and so forth. The Australian lightweight replies patiently: "I can't help it, sir. This is a cab horse, this 'orse is. He won't start till the door shuts—and I haven't got a door!"—Academy.

GEN. DE NEGRIER.

The French Officer Who Has Just Been Disciplined by Minister Gallifet.

A recent event of note in France was the manner in which General de Gallifet, the new Minister of War, summarily

GENERAL DE NEGRIER.

squelched General de Negrier in a characteristic attempt to foment still more trouble over the Dreyfus affair. Negrier was inspector of the Fourth Army Corps and member of the Supreme Council of War, of which General Zurlinden is also a member. He has long been recognized as a leader of leaders in the French army, and, in case of war, was looked to as the probable commander of most of the republic forces. Though the cause of his reduction is not made public by the Ministry of War, it is clearly understood that Negrier, in the course of a recent tour of inspection, criticised the action of the Government in the Dreyfus case, and instructed the generals whom he was addressing to tell all the officers under them that the Rennes court-martial must be allowed to finish, but when that question was settled the Supreme Council of War would call upon the Government to protect the army against attacks, and if the Government did not do so the Council of War would act in self-defense. Gallifet sent for him and confronted him with his statement. Negrier quibbled that it was garbled, and gave the name of a general who could give a correct version. Gallifet immediately saw the trap, for the general named would probably refuse to betray a superior, and he dispatched Negrier himself for the document. And when Negrier did not make sufficient haste he spurred him with telegrams and orders. The Council of War may do as Negrier said it would, but he will have no voice in that demand, since he has been reduced to the rank of plain general. He is no longer a member of the supreme council, nor even an inspector. He will take orders from men who have bowed to him for years. He is said to have expressed the same sentiments to members of the Bourse, declaring that if the army were not protected it would act in self-defense. As a result rentes declined the moment Gen. Negrier's downfall became known.

An Authority on Cycling.

The Duchess of Sutherland is considered by many riders to be the best feminine authority on cycling in England.

THE HONEY HUNTERS.

Nothing is gained by feeding bees when there are plenty of flowers.

When bees build comb in their natural way, an excess of drones is usually produced.

No drones are reared in a colony until it becomes very strong and the combs are well filled.

Combine beekeeping with fruit growing, and you can get two crops from the same land.

Bees have been known to swarm in a box hive when the hive was only three-fourths full.

While honey is much improved in flavor by remaining in the hive a few weeks after it is finished, it will be darker in color and less attractive.

To prevent a hive from swarming a second time, it is needful to take out all frames in less than 24 hours after swarming and destroy all queen cells but one.

Moth worms are very destructive to empty combs in beehives where bees have died or in combs that have been put away unoccupied. Put the combs in a tight box and fumigate with sulphur.—St. Louis Republic.

MATRON AND MAID.

Marie Corelli is Mary Anderson Navarro's most intimate friend.

The Duchesse d'Uzes and the Marchioness de la Rochefoucauld now publicly take a cigarette after dinner.

Miss Caroline Hazard, the new president of Wellesley college, is herself not a college graduate. She is 42 years old.

Among the delegates at the international council of women was Dr. Ida Kahn, a Chinese woman, who was educated at Ann Arbor by American missionaries.

Miss Hattie Smith of Long Island sound has musical tastes which her family's means do not allow her to cultivate. So she is to give exhibitions in a diving bell this summer to raise money. She will be a diver to become a diva.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins is going to Europe this summer—partly to visit in Scotland such places as Thrums and Drumtochty, in which she is particularly interested, her liking for the books of Barrie and Ian Maclaren being acute.

Miss May Handy of Richmond, the famous southern belle and beauty, authorizes the New York Herald to deny emphatically the published report that she will marry Mr. James Brown Potter as soon as the peculiar attendant circumstances permit.

Mrs. May Wright Sewall, the new president of the international council of women, is mistress of three languages besides her own. Her articles written for French magazines have won the applause of Jules Simon and other eminent Parisian critics.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Dora Havemeyer, daughter of the late Theodore A. Havemeyer, to Lieutenant Commander Cameron McR. Winslow of the United States navy will take place at Friedham, the summer home of the bride's mother, at Newport, late in the autumn.

Mrs. J. F. Demouy recently took a contract to remove dead cattle from the streets of Mobile and got along very well until the railroads began to rush in by the thousands cattle in bad condition for shipment. When these began to die so rapidly as to overwhelm Mrs. Demouy, she gave up the task.

IMPERTINENT PERSONALS.

We are watching for the Governor Hogg five cent cigar.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Why should any one want to cause Congressman Roberts trouble? He has three wives.—Chicago Democrat.

The fact that Oom Paul killed his first lion at the age of 11 does not necessarily argue that he will kill the British lion at the age of 74.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Jerry Simpson is trying to publish a newspaper without advertisements, subscribers or brains. We fear Jerry has worked that socks joke to a standstill.—Washington Post.

There is no occasion for any distress over Mr. Reed's disappearance. The ex-speaker has probably made a new ruling by deciding to avoid newspaper notoriety.—Chicago Tribune.

Queen Wilhelmina drank a toast to the peace conference at The Hague. The nature of its work has certainly been enough to drive even a woman to drink.—St. Louis Republic.

A recent experiment resulted in drawing a copper cent out into 5,000 feet of wire. That is making a little money go as far as Russell Sage himself could make it go.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Lease of Kansas, once prominent, but now almost forgotten, has become a spiritualist, and is said to be engaged in a move to collect all the mediums into a trust and advance prices for foolishness.—Atchison Globe.

FIGHTING JOE.

If it gets too swampy out there in the Philippines for General Wheeler, he can live in a tree.—Indianapolis News.

If the Philippines have never had any experience with fighting bantams, they will wonder what has struck 'em when "Fighting Joe" Wheeler gets to work on Luzon.—Baltimore American.

But when, in spite of his years and right to a well earned rest, General Wheeler has insisted on being sent to the front, we are all the more proudly reminded of the spirit of '76 that made the country what it is today.—Philadelphia Times.

General Joe Wheeler, as he is affectionately called, will have his long expressed desire gratified, and the Filipinos are hereby warned to look out for the little "rebel" when he lands on their shores, for he has just been "spilin'" for a fight these six months past.—Philadelphia Call.

OUR FOREIGN FRIENDS.

The sultan of Sulu has thoughtfully provided himself with a rain check.—Duluth News-Tribune.

The kaiser is talking peace, but he keeps one hand on his sword.—Baltimore American.

The Boers made the mistake of trying to found a republic on top of something that Great Britain wanted.—Detroit News.

The czar will enforce the disarmament policy in Finland, but he is a little shy about Turkey.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

With Kaiser Wilhelm visiting a French warship and French officers entertained on the yacht Hohenzollern "La Revanche" seems to be fading away—"afay in die Ewigkeit."—New York Tribune.

Merely Musing.

"Down with the trust magnates," he exclaimed in a low tone. After a moment's silence he repeated, in a more plaintive key, "Down with the trust magnates."

"Is that your war cry?"

"No. That's where I'd like to be. Just think of living down with the trust magnates at the seashore all summer long!"—Washington Star.

Not a Close Observer.

"It seems almost incredible," said the railroad man, "but I saw a man the other day that couldn't give an intelligent description of his wife. He came to the office to get transportation for her, to which he was entitled, and under the present rules we must have a description of the person that is going to use the transportation.

On the margin of the ticket are places where the agent can punch out a very good description of the person that is entitled to use the ticket in his possession.

"I asked the man first how old his wife was. He could not tell within five years.

"Next I asked him how tall she was. The best I could ascertain was that she was not very tall, neither was she very short. I punched out the word 'medium' and let it go at that.

"Next I asked the man what the color of his wife's eyes was. He studied for a full half minute and said he be darned if he was sure whether they were light blue or gray.

"When it came to the color of the woman's hair he was again in a quandary. He was not dead sure whether it was dark brown or black.

"The only thing this husband was sure of was that his wife was slim."—Duluth News.

Hook's Lordly Tip.

It required such a man as Theodore Hook to cope successfully with the rapacity of the gentlemen of the hall in contradistinction to the road, and on one occasion at all events, he proved himself equal to the task.

It is related that once when dining out he, before the entertainment came off, provided himself with several bright farthings from the mint and that when proceeding after the festivities to his carriage he discovered several servants, including the cook awaiting him in the hall, he forthwith slipped a coin into the hand of the latter. The man glanced at it, noticed the size and bowed low in thanks, under the impression that he was a sovereign richer, while Theodore, dispensing largesse of a like nature to the other servants, went on his way rejoicing, nor did he cease doing so when, as he stepped into his carriage, one of the footmen, who had discovered the real value of the pourboire, ran out, saying, "Sir, I think you have made a mistake!"

"Not at all, my good man," replied the humorist, with a gracious wave of the hand, "I never give less. Coachman, drive on."

Then He Was Mad.

A Scotch university professor, irritated to find that his students had got into the habit of placing their hats and canes on his desk instead of in the cloakroom, announced that the next article of the kind placed there would be destroyed. Some days later the professor was called for a moment from the classroom. A student slipped into his private room and emerged with the professor's hat, which he placed conspicuously on the desk, while his fellows grinned and trembled.

The professor, on returning, saw the hat, thought some rashly obstinate student had been delivered into his hands, and, taking out his knife, he cut the offending article to pieces, while vainly attempting to conceal the smile of triumph that played about his countenance. He was in a very bad temper the next day.

Likes to Be Kicked.

Hall Caine confesses that he likes to be kicked, as long as the thing is done in public and makes him conspicuous or notorious. He says in the London Mail: "Even the silliest personal reference I ever see, however inspired by paltry feelings, seems to me by implication a tribute and compliment, being a recognition of the fact that I am a factor worth counting with and an adversary worth fighting. And when the most false, the most mean and the most belittling of the kind has ceased to appear, I shall know that I am no longer of the least account."

A Cold Night In China.

One of the facts that we ineffaceably cut into my memory during my first winter in Newchwang was the finding on one morning about New Year's time 35 masses of ice, each mass having been a living man at 10 o'clock the preceding night.

The thermometer was a good bit below zero (F.). The men had just left the opium dens, where they had been enjoying themselves. The keen air sent them to sleep, and they never wakened.—North China Herald.

City Boy's Idea.

A Gallatin county farmer hired a boy from the city to assist him through the summer. The farmer told the kid to go out to the barn lot and salt the calf. The kid took a quart of salt and industriously rubbed it into the calf's hide. The colts got after the calf for the salt and had about all the hair licked off the animal before its condition was discovered.—Montgomery (Ills.) News.

Perhaps these smuggleresses and pickpocketesses and shoplifteresses wouldn't get caught so easily if they weren't quite so beautiful. Still, who ever heard of a she rogue who wasn't pretty?—Boston Herald.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY —

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.

SATURDAY, NOV. 25th 1899

SUBSIDIZING RAILWAYS.

While much criticism is heard concerning the subsidizing of railways in Canada the thinking portion of our people are agreed that the country is not yet in a position to abandon the policy. In older countries the population is such as to warrant promoters in constructing lines without government aid, as for instance in the United States. There a population fourteen times as great as that of Canada is spread over an area slightly less than that of the Dominion. But even in the United States large land grants were given to companies opening up lines throughout the West and now municipal organizations assist railways in localities fairly well settled. For these reasons, Sir Wilfred Laurier stated in a recent address that he favored the policy of subsidizing railways.

In the last 30 years Canada has given (exclusive of the grants to the C. P. R. for the trans-continental road) some $30,000,000 in aid of railway construction. This is a large sum; but it must be remembered that the country has benefited by its expenditure and without it a much larger portion of Canada would be undevoloped. Most people will concur with the opinion that it is good policy for a government to pay liberally to have the country opened up. To make haste slowly is a good rule enough in some cases, but when it comes to a question of making the best of ou opportunities we should not be slow to do so. Take for instance the proposed Island extension railway. If subsidized, the road will be under construction next year. Employment will be given to a number of workmen and the money expended will give an impetus to trade.

Then when the road is completed, the northern portion of Vancouver Island will be able to be developed. If sufficient inducement to build be lacking now, the road will probably be built anyway in thirty years' time, but it won't be of much advantage to those who are trying to make a living in the country now. The sentiment of the large majority is that fair assistance should be given towards the construction of a railway to the northern end of the Island and that the matter be arranged as soon as possible.

Andrew Carnegie, who is a pretty fair judge in such matters, says that Sydney, Cape Breton, and Pittsburg, Pa., will be the two great centres of the American iron and steel trade in the future. It is predicted for Sydney that it will be the largest city in Eastern Canada twenty years hence. By that time British Columbia will probably have a city considerably bigger than anything now in Canada.—Times.

Victoria there (when it gets the 'advertising' its enterprising citizens are talking about) will be a sample.

A few wiseacres are afreads discussing what to do with the Boers after they are conquered. This suggests the first sentence of an old recipe for making rabbit pie —'first catch your rabbit.'

What Canadians want is the Union Jack until Canada is a nation great enough to have a flag guaranteeing the same safety and justice to us as the standard of England now does.

The concert to be given Dec. 4th in aid of the widows and orphans of British soldiers slain in the Transvaal deserves to be well patronized. It may be held we have no direct interest in the war, but let us remember that the men who are dying on African hills and plains for ENGLAND'S SAKE NOW, would die for us tomorrow if called upon.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Mr. J. Ashman of this town will take charge of Courtenay Hotel on Dec. 1.

Messrs. Jack Bruce and Dave Richards have invested in automatic graphaphones. The instruments are a decided success.

LOST—A purse containing receipts in favor of Mrs. Addison and some change. Return to owner or this office and get reward.

The police officer for this town intends to enforce the bye-law which enacts that no children under 14 years of age shall be allowed on the public streets after 8 p. m.

The friends of Miss Nellie Tarbell, our young representative at Vancouver High Scholl, will be glad to learn that she is giving credit to Mr. Bennett's preliminary training. At a recent exam, Miss Tarbell the very good mark of 94 in French.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. McCallum will give a farewell dance in Agricultural Hall Nov. 30th—that night so dear to loyal Scots the world over. Surely St. Andrew will obtain from the Clerk of the weather a halt in the rain business in honor of the occasion.

The scene was changed in the Post-office Wednesday night when our new police officer, Robt. Addison, surprised the young boys (and girls) who gathered there by making them behave like civilized beings. Mr. Addison is evidently a very efficient officer and the City Council displayed good judgment in appointing him.

Marinelli is the name of the third man injured in last week's accident and he is an Austrian. In this connection we wish to say it was not at all our intention to cast any slight on Italians by giving the names of the other men and referring to the third simply as 'an Italian.' We made inquiries and no one seemed to know the name but replied he was an Italian. We frankly admit we might have been more careful and secured the name, but slips of this kind are so often allowed to pass unnoticed that one is apt to consider of no importance.

A JUDGE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

A judge of the old school is said to have once summed up a very complicated case in the following terms:

"Gentlemen of the Jury—You ave all heard the evidence, you have also heard what the learned counsel have said. If you believe what the counsel for the plaintiff has told you, your verdict will be for the plaintiff, but if on the other hand, you believe what the defendent's counsel has told you, then you will give a verdict for the defendent. But if you are like me, and don't believe what either of them has said, then I don't know what you will do."—Household Words.

The Latest Cut in Prices of WOMAN'S JACKETS

—IS TO BE—

$1, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50 etc.

These Prices are Astonishingly low Prices, but it is true and the coats are selling fast.

It will pay you to make an effort to come with the rest and share the benefits of this Clearing Sale.

STEVENSON & CO. SPOT CASH STORE.

PRESENTATION.

Mr. Thomas Williams, M. B. F. S. H. P., was lately presented by his Botany class with a handsome purse. Prof. Sutton of Gardiner's Institute has examined papers submitted by Mr. Williams' pupils and will present certificates to successful candidates on his tour through the province next summer. Mr. Williams will re-open his class in Botany January next.

The Montreal Daily Herald proposes to give its readers the most complete pictorial and letter-press history of the Canadian contingent that will be furnished by any Canadian journal. It is not only sending with the volunteers to South Africa a special correspondent, thoroughly versed in military affairs, but also a special artist, who will furnish The Herald exclusively with sketches and photographs of the scenes on sea and land in which the Canadian contingent participates. The artist, Mr S. C. Simonski, is one of the leading Canadian illustrators, and the Herald is fortunate in securing him for this important work.

NOTICE.

A meeting of the Farmers' Institute will be held in the Agricultural Hall, Courtenay, Wednesday, Nov. 29.

COURT OF REVISION.

COMOX DISTRICT.

A Court of Revision and Appeal, under the Assessment Act will be held at the Court House, Cumberland, on December 13th 1899, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

WM. MITCHELL,
Govt. Agent.

MAJUBA HILL.

Rider Haggard tells the following story of Majuba Hill: When the Boers saw Sir George Cholley's force upon the top of a mountain they inspanned their waggons for flight; then by an afterthought they sent a reconnaissance of about eighty men up the hill. These men, who were gradually reinforced by others until they may have reached a total of 300, finding that not a bullet touched them, all passing over their heads, went on until the got near the brow whereon the British fled. I talked afterwards to one of the three Boers whom we hit upon that occasion. He showed me the grove along his temple where the bullet had grazed him. "The rooibatjies nearly did for me, mynheer," he said; "but, Allemachter, I paid them out! I sat upon a stone and shot them as they ran down the hill rolling them over, 'net as die bocke' (just like buck); thet was alle lecker' (it was very nice). That same man said to me, 'But I bear no malice; in future, if an English man touched his hat to me I should acknowledge it.'" After that I came to the conclusion that the Transvall border was no place for an Englishman.

NOTICE.

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

DATED this 13th day of November, 1899.

DAVIS, MARSHALL & MACNEILL,
Solicitors for Applicants.

EVERY BRITISH SUBJECT SHOULD COME to the

CONCERT

In aid of the Widows and Orphans of British Soldiers Slain in the Transvaal.

—AT—

Cumberland Hall, Monday, Dec. 4th.

Admission, 50 cents.

By Direct Importation

A Fine Lot of Scotch Suitings, and Black Worsteds.

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