THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

SEVENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. SATURDAY, OCT., 7th. 1899.

1000 SNAPS

...AT...

...THE BIG STORE...

We have succeeded in buying a large lot of travellers' samples of general Dry Goods: Umbrellas, Hats, and Caps, Furs, Children's Hoods and Bonnets.

100 Ladies' Hats

No Two Alike.

These are the Newest and Latest Styles in the market.

FEATHERS, WINGS, AND ALL SORTS OF MILLINERY ORNAMENTS.

200 Lace Curtain Ends at

25 CENTS

☛ These are bargains and are selling fast. CALL AND SEE THEM.

Simon Leiser, Union.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

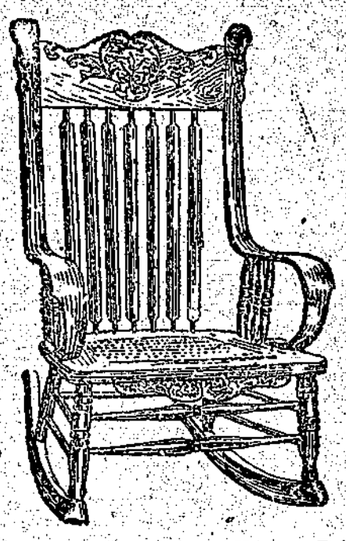
HARDWARE, MILL AND MINING MACHINERY, AND FARMING AND DAIRYING IMPLEMENTS OF ALL KINDS.

Agents for McCormick Harvesting Machinery.

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

WEILER BROS VICTORIA, B. C.

Furniture, Carpets, Linoleums, Blankets, Wallpapers, Table Linens, Sheetings, Curtains, Matting, etc.



Crockery, Glassware, Cutlery, Silverware, Enamelled-Ware, Lamps, Woodenware, Bar Outfits,

PRESERVED NATURAL PALMS.

COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHINGS.

Largest and Best Appointed Showrooms west of Toronto.

Send for our Large Illustrated Catalogue—Mailed Free.

STEVENSON & CO'S GRAND OPENING.

The event of the week was the opening of Stevenson's new store in the building lately occupied by the Islander. Invitations had been issued to the opening (something new in this town), which had been widely advertised in other ways, so that Monday morning, notwithstanding the heavy rain, the store was packed from the moment the doors were opened. And judging from the number of parcels that went out, the sales must have been very large and the opening a decided success. The large and elegant stock is displayed after the manner of city stores, so that every thing can be seen at a glance.

Mr Foster, who came up specially for the opening, was so satisfied with the sales that he returned to Nanaimo Friday to bring up a fresh stock of goods which are coming in from New York. Stevenson & Co. have a splendid stock and more than that a manager who knows how to advertise and hustle for trade. They have come here to stay.

PUBLIC MEETING.

A public meeting of employees of U. C. Co., Medical and Accident Fund, holden at Piket's Hall, Saturday, September 30th, 1899. Chair taken at 8:30 p. m., by A. McKnight and full committee present. Secretary Clinton read statement for year ending June 30th, 1899, showing that receipts for year were

	$7173.50
Bal. in Treasury,	4223.46
	12296.96
Disbursed,	8810.38
Leaving,	$3586.58

June 30th, 1899. Of this amount $8810.38 was disbursed as folows:

Medical Salaries,	$4956.10
Accident Benefits,	1415.00
Drugs,	845.68
Hospital Dues,	420.00
Hospital supplies,	90.85
Funerals,	210.00
Liquors,	29.25
Telegraph,	2.10
Expense,	148.35
Plant,	693.05
	$9810.38

The plant consists of the Willyoung X ray plant, costing, laid down here $510.30; Meyvourtz best standard test lenses for the eyes, costing $110. Incubator for developing germs, etc, and an opthalmascope, besides a full line of drugs and disinfectants.

An exhibition of the X rays was given after the meeting closed affording all present a chance to see same. The men elected to serve for the following year were J. P. Watson, W. H. Campbell, John Kesley, A. McKnight, Alex. Sommerville, R. H. Robertson, U. C. Co., and G. W. Clinton making a board of seven. After discussing various questions brought up the meeting adjourned.

TRENT BRIDGE TRIAL.

The second day of the trial of the Union Colliery Co. opened today. The Crown closed their case in the morning, their evidence being almost entirely on points as to the condition of some timber produced in Court and said to have come out of the bridge and length of the life of Douglas fir. Defence opened their case to-day calling witnesses to show that due care was taken to see that the bridge was kept in proper repair and that accident must have been caused by some unusual occurance. Dan Hattie was first witness. He had been working on bridges for ten years; that said Trent Bridge would last eight years and would not rot in that time but become brittle The span was not an unusually long one.

R. H. Elliot said that Howe Trusses should last eight years. Peter Bugslag, bridge carpenter, testified that he framed the Trent River Bridge. The timbers were good. He went to Trent Bridge on the day of the accident and examined the wreck. He found a broken axle in some timber. Some of the Trusses rods were broken. One of the trestl piers was pushed 18 inches out of place and trustle was also out of place. He saw timbers and one produced was worst of them. Rot in timber produced in Court would not have caused the accident in his opinion. Broken axle had carried away two bents that this had shifted the pier and the span had fallen. Witnesses repeated that broken axle might have caused the accident, pier at the wharf end was in good condition. To Mr. McLean: The axle could have been broken in the fall. Breaking on trestle the train would be jarred but the men on the train might not feel it as jam and crash might have come after.

F. D. Little examined said the bridge was overhauled in 1897 and new braces, posts and tiels put in and cords tested and rods tightened. Mr. J. L. Work Superintendant of timber work for the Company was present. They reported to him that the bridge would be good till 1899. In June and August the bridge was again examined and inspected by witness in struction. Mr. Work had since died. He reported to witness there was a deection of ¾ of an inch in the bridge. A contract had been let a week before the accident to build peers for a new 70 ft. span, inspectors having reporn ed that the bridge would be good for another year. Witness ravelled over the road frequently and took friends over the road. He had great confidence in report of inspectors to Mr. McLean. Bridge was not inspected by an Engineer but by competent bridge carpenters. There was slight discoloration in the wood at the end of the borings but the rest of the wood was good. Cords found to contain no rot. Found test made after '97 showed deflection. At 4:30 court adjourned till to-day. Mr. Pooley announced that his next witness would be a very long one.

Anyone can play it.

What?

An Autoharp.

PRICES, FROM $3 to $5.

☛ Instruction Book, TEACHING YOU IN HALF AN HOUR how to play the Instrument, goes with each Autoharp

See those Fine

BANJOS & GUITARS

in the News' Window,

$8 to $20 each.

Chas. Segrave, Cumberland, B. C

A MILLION FOR A PATENT.

There are many people so sceptical as to the real value of patents, that they are ready to condemn any one who applies for a patent as guilty of an act of folly. The following offer made by one of the most responsible business man of the United States, should tend to cause the sceptics to seriously consider the subject of the value of patents.

President Charles J. Glidden, of the Eri System of Telephone Companies, has offered to pay $1,000,000 for a telephone repeater would be as efficient in telephoning as a telegraph repeater is in telegraphing. A telephone repeater is a machine for repeating sound. From the earliest days of the telephone, inventors have sought to make repeaters, but up to the present time, this invention has not been made.

"Scotty" (We believe his name is J. McDonald) was drowned while on his way from Union Bay to McKays ranch near Deep Bay. So far as we have been able to learn, he came up yesterday for some supplies, and having obtained those, he put put them in his boat and as Howe was going in that direction with his steamer he induced Howe to take him in tow. "Scotty" being drunk at the time was put in the bottom of the boat and covered over with a coat: when the steamer left Union Bay he was asleep and nothing more was seen or heard of him further. When Howe reached opposite Graham's place the looked in the boat and "Scotty" was missing. They returned with the steamer and made a search but no trace of him could be found. There is no doubt that he fell out of the boat and was drowned.

He is said to be 55 years old and has been employed for three years looking after McKay's ranch.

CARD OF THANKS.

Mr. and Mrs. Torrance take this opportunity to thank the people of Union and Comox for their kindness in a time of trouble and for the flowers placed on their dear boy's coffin.

METHODIST CHURCH CONCERT.

Lovers of high class entertainment enjoyed a treat at the concert Tuesday evening.

Miss Armson's recitations were greatly appreciated. Rev. Mr. Hicks sang in splendid style. The flute solo was very fine.

PROGRAMME.

GLEE, 'Hunting Song' ..... Choir
SONG, 'I Fear the Foe' Mr. G. Hicks
READING, 'The Old Man Goes to Town' ..... Miss Armson
SONG, 'The Storm King' Rev. Wm Hicks
SONG, 'Good-Bye' ..... Miss Armson
FLUTE SOLO, 'Stars of the Night' ..... Mr. G. Hicks
GLEE, 'I See Them on Their Winding Way' ..... Choir
DUET, 'Gently Sighs the Breeze' Miss Armson and Mr. G Hicks
READING, "(a) Crushed; (b) Indignant Nellie' .. Miss Armson
SONG, 'Bedouin Love Song' Mr. G. Hicks
SONG 'Angels Serenade' Miss Armson
FLUTE SOLO, 'Santa Lucia' Mr. G. Hicks.
God Save the Queen.

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.

RAINMAKING AGAIN.

PROFESSOR LOWE'S SCHEME TO WET DOWN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Pasadena Has Offered Him $8,000 For a Storm, and He Will Bombard the Clouds—An Explanation of His Atmospheric Theories.

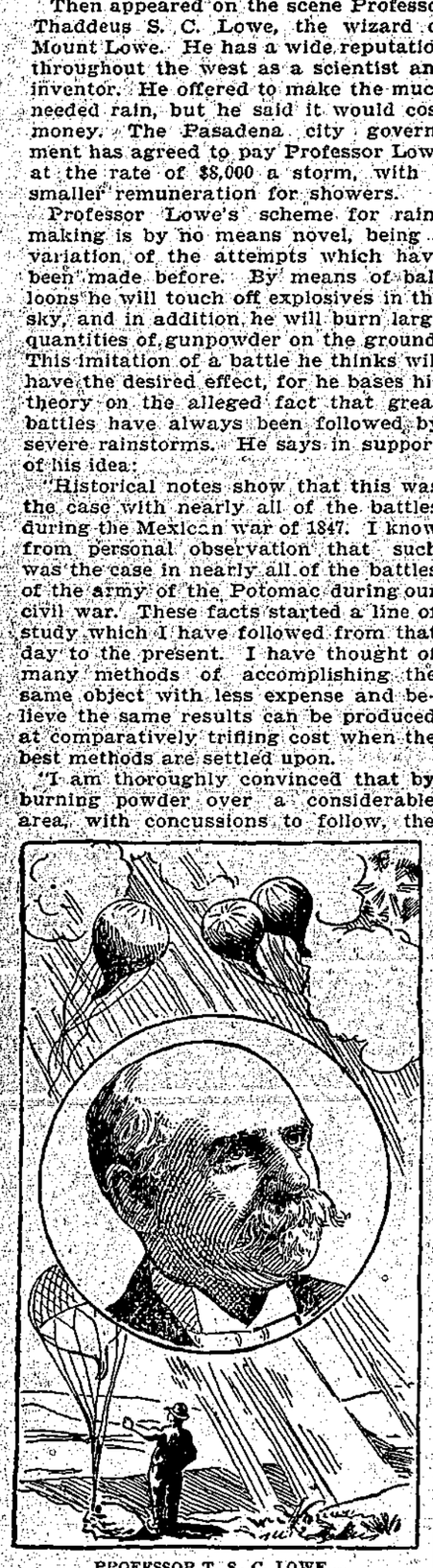
Rainmaking is to be tried in southern California. The long drought of the present spring has driven the farmers and orchardists to desperation. They have tried all known means to break the dry spell. First came the local editors. They wrote witty, pleading and sarcastic paragraphs which voiced the sentiments of the community. But J. Pluvius paid no heed. Then the churches prayed for rain. Not even a cloud appeared. Finally the Pasadena common council passed an ordinance authorizing immediate showers, but nothing came of it.

Then appeared on the scene Professor Thaddeus S. C. Lowe, the wizard of Mount Lowe. He has a wide reputation throughout the west as a scientist and inventor. He offered to make the much needed rain, but he said it would cost money. The Pasadena city government has agreed to pay Professor Lowe at the rate of $8,000 a storm, with a smaller remuneration for showers.

Professor Lowe's scheme for rainmaking is by no means novel, being a variation of the attempts which have been made before. By means of balloons he will touch off explosives in the sky, and in addition, he will burn large quantities of gunpowder on the ground. This imitation of a battle he thinks will have the desired effect, for he bases his theory on the alleged fact that great battles have always been followed by severe rainstorms. He says in support of his idea:

"Historical notes show that this was the case with nearly all of the battles during the Mexican war of 1847. I know from personal observation that such was the case in nearly all of the battles of the army of the Potomac during our civil war. These facts started a line of study which I have followed from that day to the present. I have thought of many methods of accomplishing the same object with less expense and believe the same results can be produced at comparatively trifling cost when the best methods are settled upon.

"I am thoroughly convinced that by burning powder over a considerable area, with concussions to follow, the



PROFESSOR T. S. C. LOWE.

same results can be produced as in the case of battles. I believe, however, that with liquid gases, whereby in a small area moisture of the air could be condensed to rain by following their discharge with sharp concussions caused by explosions of other gases and other explosives preferably at the proper distance above the earth, a rain could be started that would spread over a large area of country.

"These concussions are sometimes felt many miles from the scene of operation, where the conditions of the atmosphere are such as to start rain a long distance from the field of action. Water is composed of myriads of particles, all in globular form, which retain this form when evaporated from the ocean or other sources and carried through space along with the air. As all atmospheric phenomena move from west to east, a vast body of water is continually rising from the Pacific and passing over the continent and while on its way around the globe is occasionally intercepted by cold strata of atmosphere and condensed, producing either snow or rain.

"The larger bulk of all the moisture carried in the atmosphere passes entirely over our continent to the Atlantic ocean before it is precipitated in the form of rain and snow. On the Pacific coast the air is frequently so heavily laden with moisture that extensive fogs are produced, and while near the point of precipitation the winds are so light and the air so little disturbed that they pass along until they are evaporated into the upper air and move on to the east in a current which is continually moving in that direction."

Professor Lowe's plan for arresting the eastern bound clouds and making them stand and deliver their moisture on the Pacific coast, where it is needed, instead of carrying it to the Atlantic coast, where it is a nuisance, is ridiculed by other western scientists, but nevertheless he is preparing to carry out his experiments, and Pasadena stands ready to pay cash for any rainstorms which he may deliver.

Although this is Professor Lowe's first appearance as a rainmaker, he has been active and prominent in other lines of science. During the civil war he conducted the aeronautical experiments for the Union army. After the war he removed to Pasadena and bought the property now known as Mount Lowe. On top of this he constructed an observatory and built a remarkable cable railroad to the summit. Last spring he offered to build for the government a submarine boat which would wipe out the Spanish navy in short order, but his offer was not accepted, probably because the navy department wished to distribute the glory.

CHARLES WARNER.

THE CIRCUS SEASON.

Now the merry circus season spreadeth o'er the land.
Mark the flaming posters looming up on every hand—
Maiden with the six foot tresses,
Trapeze girls in scanty dresses,
Beasts from unknown wildernesses,
Girl who lion fierce caresses,
Birds that no known land possesses,
Calliope that nerves distresses,
Clown who ancient jokes expresses,
Procession that with pomp progresses,
All of which our wealth assesses,
See the people throng the sidewalks when they hear the band!

Note the fearless bareback rider dashin round the ring;
See the ancient damsel from a lofty trapeze swing,
See red lemonade a-flowing,
Mark the last year's peanuts going,
Scent the jungle zephyrs blowing,
Hear the sacred white bull lowing,
See the strong man make a showing
That a half ton weight he's throwing,
Mark the rural lad, all knowing;
Hear the scores of babies crowing,
Watch the cowboy's lasso throwing
And the baby lion growing—
Crane your neck and strain your eyes at every wondrous thing.

Hear the small boy's fervent pleading to attend the show.
Pater says the kid needs guarding, so he'll also go.
Even mater gets excited
When the big white tent is sighted;
Hints until she is invited;
Pink shirt waisted girls delighted;
Stingy dad is much affrighted;
Urchin's face with joy is lighted;
Sky with rain clouds are benighted;
Hopes of sunshine always blighted;
Every other thing is slighted
When the circus has alighted—
Might as well pull down the shades and lock the door and go.

—Colorado Springs Gazette.

NIAGARA NOW AT ITS BEST.

It Will Lose In Beauty In Five or Six Hundred Years.

If Mrs. Van Rensselaer's opinion is correct, Niagara Falls will be a less beautiful object in the year 2500 than it is today. In The Century she gives the reasons for her belief:

The Niagara river belongs to our own era of the world's interminable history, and to it alone. We may believe, with some recent investigators, that it began to cut its way through the higher table land about 6,000 years ago, or we may say with others 30,000 years ago. But even the farther end of 30,000 years is a geological yesterday, and if it is true that the falls will stand well back of the head of Goat island in 500 or 600 years, this is a very near tomorrow.

Moreover, the finest phase of Niagara's life belongs to the geological today. It is at its very best now that Goat island is the central feature of the falls. Before they reached it they must have formed a single undivided and relatively narrow cataract or series of cascades, and after its upper end is left behind there can never again be such a combination of diverse majesties and loveliness. Only for the half mile along Goat island's side are there divided yet fraternal channels filled with shining, shouting rapids. When it has been left behind, the wide river, flowing over an almost level bed, will approach its cliff quite calmly, and will calmly make its plunge like a mill stream over a dam.

And this forest clad island, lifted high and set in a fortunate elbow of the river bed, gives views which no other, farther up stream, can ever afford. It separates and yet unites the cataracts. Now it puts the eye far above them, and again it brings them quite close. With the islets that lie near it, it gives outlooks up both the streams of rapids and the placid river beyond them, across the gorge and down its length and athwart the one fall and the other. And most of these views it enframes in draperies of luxuriant green. Truly, the pilgrims of a later day will not see the Niagara, the marvel that belongs to us.

Would Make Him Useful.

"Orpheus," said the student, "was a man whose music possessed such power that it moved anything in nature to immediate obedience."

"Well," answered the gloomy friend, "I wish he were here this minute. I'd get him to sing 'Hard Times, Come Again No More.'"

Explained.

Housekeeper—What's the reason that all the men who come around begging now are such big, strong looking fellows?

Polite Pilgrim—De reason, lady, is dat it's on'y strong looking fellows w'at kin beg nowadays widout gettin hurt.—Philadelphia Record.

THE DOCTOR'S BELL.

If a physician has a sympathetic manner, he will have a big practice, whether he cures or not.—Galveston News.

You can't tell something about the seriousness of a disease by the number of cures there there are for it.—Washington Democrat.

"You always patronize young doctors, I notice, Mr. Higgs?" "Yes; they are timid about making big bills, and they take a genuine interest in their patients."—Detroit Free Press.

Excusable.

Young Mother—Horrors! Here's an account in the paper of a woman who sold her baby for 10 cents.

Young Father (wearily)—Perhaps it was teething.—New York Weekly.

THE NEW FASHIONS.

LATEST IDEAS IN EVENING AND WALKING GOWNS.

Lace Coats and Bodices—The Sheath Fitting Skirt Has Reached Its Limit—Serviceable Plain Tailor Costumes—Buttons on Sleeves.

As to the materials which will be employed for evening dresses, lace and spangled net seem to have taken complete possession of the field and to have bewitched the modistes and designers until all other fabrics are cast somewhat into the shade, and, after all nothing is lovelier than lace, whether for day or evening wear, nothing more easily adaptable, nothing more universally becoming.

Overbodices of lace and lace coats promise to figure among the most chic styles, and every woman who can do so

FANCIFUL CLOTH COSTUMES.

is likely to provide one of these dainty garments, which can be used over high or low bodices or over fitted glace silks, to vary the color and accord with the skirt selected. It is surprising the amount of variety obtained by a lace coat or overbodice or a fanciful waistcoat and stock of lace.

Although Parisian models show the separate tunic, overskirts or polonaise fashion still clings to the plain skirt also, ignoring the elaborate separate arrangements.

It is tolerably certain that we have arrived at the extreme limit to the sheath fitting skirts. Tight they certainly will be; but, although closely shaped and without a scrap of perceptible fullness, the top will cover the figure plainly without straining round it, and this will undoubtedly prove more generally becoming.

At the left in the first cut is shown a plain cloth, worn with a checked coat opening over a white cloth vest. This would work out effectively in brown. The pretty princess tunic is of deep violet cloth over gray. While many of the cloth costumes are very fanciful, as these indicate, the neat, plain tailor made skirt and coat remain as good

CHIC LITTLE DIRECTOIRE COAT.

style as ever and a boon to the woman of limited wardrobe. A soft taffeta lining throughout will be the correct thing this season, it is said, for cloth gowns rather than the separate silk foundation skirt which is used for the thinner materials. The elegant little directoire coat of the second cut is of black satin lined with sulphur and pink brocade and completed by handsome wheel paste buttons and jabots of fine old lace. A silk beaver composes the hat, which is simply decked with a huge rosette of creamy lace and a black paradise plume.

A whisper has gone forth that the irrepressible line of small buttons is to be eliminated from the back of the fashionable skirt and quietly relegated to the back of the tight fitting sleeves. Up to the depth of the elbow we have already called in the aid of these invaluable adjuncts, but the continuance beyond that point is a modistic conceit, the fate of which rests with the future.

Parsnip Balls.

Mash fine one pint of boiled parsnips, add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a high seasoning of salt and pepper and two tablespoonfuls of cream. Stir over the fire until very hot, take off and add one well beaten egg. When cold, make up into small balls, dip into beaten egg, roll in bread crumbs and fry brown.

JAPANESE POCKETS.

The Advance of Civilization Marked by the Adoption of Them.

Perhaps the best proof of the advance of the Japanese in civilization is to be found in their use of pockets, says The New York Evening Post. The people of that country have usually six or eight pockets cunningly inserted in the cuffs of their wide sleeves. These pockets are always filled with a curious miscellany. As common as the twine in the pockets of young Americans is the prayer amulet, written on sheets of rice paper and composed by the bonzes. In accordance with their faith, these amulets are swallowed like a pill in cases of mental or physical distress. Another essential seldom missing is a number of small squares of silky paper. These are put to unexpected uses, such as to hold the stem of a lily or lotus, to dry a teacup or to wipe away a tear. Among the Chinese and other nations a pouch is used, instead of a pocket. This was also the case in western Europe in the Middle Ages, and for some time afterward. The pouch was attached to the girdle, along with a dagger and rosary. It was called an aulmonlere or gipciere. It was often ornamented with curious patterns, gold and silk threads, coats of arms and religious sentences. A dramatist of the time of Henry VIII. wrote:

From my girdle he plucked my pouch;
By your leave he left me never a penny.

Breeches, however, had pockets at an early date. In an old play, written about 1611, it is mentioned that a man had his breeches plaited as if they had 80 pockets. But pockets did not attain their proper position until the adoption of the modern style of men's garments. With waistcoats, a great opportunity for pockets presented itself. Later they were made very broad and deep, and were covered with embroidery and buttons. In the reign of George III. waistcoat pockets reached such a size in England that they became objects of ridicule, so that they soon began to resume more moderate proportions.

WHIM-WHAMS.

Some Queer Ideas Evolved by the Yonkers Statesman.

First Collegian—Did your dad respond when you struck him for some money?

Second Collegian—Respond! You should have heard him!

"I would die for my country!" he exclaimed dramatically.

"Well," she replied quietly, "I've no doubt your country would appreciate it."

The Father—Young man, I think I heard you kissing my daughter in the parlor a short while ago.

The Young Man—Oh, then you are not as deaf as people think you are, after all!

The Disfigured Poet—I told the editor when he refused my poem that everything in his office was cut and pasted.

The Disgusted Wife—Well, what was the result?

"I was treated the same way."

They were employed hoisting a large safe to a top floor of a New York skyscraper.

"Isn't there any danger?" asked a passerby, lifting his eyes in the direction of the rising object.

"No," replied the man who was superintending the job; "it's in safe hands."

Mr. Crimsonbeak—My wife always says the right thing at the right time.

Mr. Yeast—What now?

"Why, I read in the paper, the other night, that Krupp, the German manufacturer, had made 20,000 cannon."

"And what did she say?"

"'Great guns!'"

Their Occupation Gone.

"Times is awful ha'd," said the old colored voter. "My two twin sons come of age this month, en not a bit er votin ter do, 'cept fer a cheap bond 'lection! W'en what we orter had wuz at leas' two congressmens out, on de reg'lar ticket, en two mo' runnin indepen'ent ergin um!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Adding to Its Terrors.

"Ten thousand Kansas women are going to wear divided skirts in stormy weather."

"And yet some foolish people have thought that the terrors of the Kansas storm as it has had to be endured in the past could not be increased."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Behind the Scenes.

Rowland Rantt—Ye gods! I hear the cry of rats!

Roxey—Then don't go on yet. Wait for the sequel.

Rowland Rantt—The sequel? What might that be, me lord?

Roxey—The cat calls, of course—Chicago News.

HOME ATHLETICS.

HOW A WOMAN MAY HAVE A GYMNASIUM IN HER BEDROOM.

Simple Plans For Developing the Muscles and Beautifying the Form—Instructions In the Very Important Function of Breathing.

While the women's gymnasiums have hundreds of pupils, there are scores of other women who get their exercise in their own homes and according to well tried rules. The bedroom may be made to answer the purpose of a gymnasium, and the outfit is such as may be set up in any household.

If you should chance to know of a girl who a few months ago was thin and almost consumptive looking, but who is now full chested, rounded perfectly in arm and leg, square of shoulder and graceful of carriage, and if you know she has not attended a gymnasium, you may depend upon it that she has practiced boudoir calisthenics.

The chances are that as soon as she is out of bed in the morning a loose, flowing garment is put on, belted at the waist by a ribbon. The bed is pushed to one corner of the room to give plenty of room, and her exercises begin. The only gymnasium-like implement she uses is a stick about 5 feet long and an inch in diameter. Possibly at one time it did duty as a broom handle. With this she goes through a series of gentle but strengthening exercises. A window is raised, if the weather is not too cold, to admit fresh air.

The next boudoir exercise is that with the broomstick. The first movement is to extend the arms at full length to the front, grasping the stick in both hands. The young woman then raises them slowly to a position over the head and then down behind, keeping the arms rigid. At first her hands had to be widely separated on the stick to enable her to do this, but as she progressed it was not long before the feat could be done with the hands no more than two feet apart. This exercise develops the muscles of the arms, chest and back.

She brings another exercise by holding the stick in the same manner and putting her foot through without removing either hand. Her dainty toes got many a crack before she could put her foot over the stick without striking it, but perseverance conquered, and now she puts either foot over and back again equally well without touching the stick with her toes. She will soon be able to jump through it, both feet at once quite as easily as she skipped the rope at chic 14. In this movement the muscles of the arms, legs, hips and back are brought into action, and it requires just enough vigor to create bodily warmth.

Another movement that gives strength and suppleness to the back is that of leaning forward until the tips of the fingers touch the toes. In this woman shows her superiority over man, for no Adam can compete with an Eve in the ease and grace with which she can execute this movement. A woman is equally adept at leaning backward, and the trained athletes among them can catch hold of their heels before a man can recover from his first effort at the backward bend.

Her first exercise is filling and expanding the lungs. She stands perfectly erect, heels together and arms extended straight to the front, palms touching. The palms are now separated and the arms sweep backward. At the same time she draws in a full breath. When the arms are thrown as far backward as convenient and the lungs expanded, the operation is reversed, the arms being brought to the first position and the breath exhaled.

After this is repeated several times she varies the exercises by dropping the arms close to her hips and raising them above her head without bending the elbows, drawing in the breath all the while and letting it out as the arms are dropped to the hips again. Now she doubles her fist and draws them toward her until they strike her shoulders, the elbows being close by her sides. Then she extends them full to the front, as though striking an imaginary foe, inhaling and exhaling her breath with each motion.

By this time the muscles of her arms are limbered, her lungs expanded with fresh air, and the blood is tingling in her veins. She is now ready for the neck exercise. In this she simply lets her head drop forward, as though the muscles of the neck had lost their power. The head is then rolled with a circular motion from side to side, as though she were trying to see how large a circle she could describe in the air, with the crown of her head as a marker.

The young lady at exercise is now ready for the leg swing. In this she tries to see how large a circle she can describe in the air, with her great toes as markers, by swinging first one leg and then the other. As a developer of the thigh this movement beats high kicking, as it brings into action all the muscles of the leg from the ankle to the hip. Sometimes she may vary this movement by balancing on one foot and describing a circle on the floor with the other, and she may enliven it with a little high kicking and other maneuvers which she would consider quite improper outside the precincts of her own sanctum.

In these exercises she is careful to avoid overexertion, and with equal care she endeavors to develop all muscles equally. Her aim is physical culture, and not merely that she may be able to perform particular feats of skill and agility. The neck, chest, back, hips, legs and ankles all receive due attention.

After her boudoir exercises are done with she takes a light sponge bath, and with a crash or Turkish towel rubs her body briskly until the blood is well started and the system in a glow. Not more than ten minutes have been occupied in healthful calisthenics, but she dresses and goes down to her breakfast with an appetite that would do credit to her biggest brother.—Home Visitor.

A Feminine Inference.

"It always exasperates me to meet Josephine Jenkins, whom you used to be sweet on."

"Why, my dear?"

"She always looks at you as if she could have married you if she had wanted to."

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

MEN OF MARK.

Governor Stone of Pennsylvania is just Lincoln's height—6 feet 4 inches.

General Fitz-Hugh Lee is said to be contemplating the writing of a life of his uncle, R. E. Lee.

Jerry Simpson does most of the work on his weekly paper and spends from 10 to 14 hours a day at his office.

Henry H. Benedict, the millionaire typewriter manufacturer, was once a teacher of Latin in the Fairfield seminary.

Booker T. Washington, the colored educator, does not know his age. He was born a slave in the state of Virginia about the year 1857.

Minister Garcia-Menou of Argentina is spending the summer at Nahant. He is an expert yachtsman, and most of his time is put in upon the water.

Mataafa, the Samoan claimant to royal honors, has some ear for music and a remarkable memory. He knows by heart all the old Moody and Sankey hymns.

Senator Hanna has bought several handsome paintings in London for his Washington residence. He is a great admirer of James MacN. Whistler's work.

"Fighting Bob" Evans was in his early days the Nimrod of his Virginia countryside. No one could bring home as many rabbits or birds, and no one could break a colt as well as he.

Senator Frye of Maine is a great fisherman and is to spend this summer, according to his usual custom, in his cabin on Mooselookmaguntic lake, a disciple of Izaak Walton.

The Duke of Devonshire possesses a book for which his father refused an offer of £20,000. It is Claude Lorrain's "Book of Truth," the rarest book in Europe and an heirloom in the family.

William Oxley Thompson, the new president of Ohio State university, spent ten years in getting his diploma from Muskingum college, being so poor that to get one year's study he had sometimes to work three years to save the money required.

Secretary Long suffers from the common failing of forgetting where he has put his glasses. The other day he hunted for them 20 minutes before he found them in his waistcoat pocket. He has now adopted a chain attachment which he had hitherto refused to try.

Admiral Sampson says that the best training for a naval life is "hard work from the very start." This was his own lot, for his father was a day laborer, who sawed wood from house to house near Palmyra, N. Y., and the son began life by splitting and piling the wood his father sawed.

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

Accepts the Situation.

"Why, darling," exclaimed the pretty bride of three weeks as she rushed to embrace her husband, "how good it was of you to skip baseball once and come home early! You're just too sweet."

And he accepted it all without saying a word about there being no game. —Detroit Free Press.

C. C. Richards & Co.

Dear Sirs—For some years I have had only partial use of my arm, caused by a sudden strain. I have used every remedy without effect, until I got a sample bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT. The benefit I received from it caused me to continue its use and now I am happy to say my arm is completely restored.

Glamis Ont. R. W. HARRISON.

Pretty Lively Eating.

When one grows weary of the eternal ices, blancmanges, charlottes and puddings served to us year in and year out for dessert, it is pleasant to hear of an innovation. A traveled American remarked that she once had the felicity of sitting down to a Japanese dinner at which were served such dainties as melons, ices, fruits and sea frogs. There was in addition to these sweets a covered dish, into which, at the beginning of the dinner, a bottle of wine had been poured.

When the sea frogs and other dainties had been discussed, the cover of this dish was removed, and a number of sandhoppers, hilariously intoxicated and jumping about in the wildest manner, were presented to the gaze of the astonished American guests. The lively dessert, so the fair traveler says, was caught by the Japanese with little bamboo sticks and eaten with great gusto.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

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.

A Sadly Lost Dime.

When last in New York, Carnegie had a bitter experience with a messenger boy, whose tardiness in delivering a business message came near upsetting a deal of great importance. Referring to this incident while at dinner with friends that evening, he told of an office boy who worked for him many years ago when he was of far less importance in the commercial world.

"James," said Mr. Carnegie, "was a willing boy, but his ability as a stutterer was simply wonderful, and I often found it more convenient to attend to little errands myself than to wait for his explanations. One day a neighbor wanted to send a nice note clear across the city, and I permitted James to carry it for him. The trip was a long one, and James was gone quite three hours. When he returned, I asked him how much he had charged for his services.

"'Fi-fi-fi-fi-fi-fi-fi-fifteen c-c-c-cents!' was the gasping reply.

"'Why didn't you make it a quarter?' I asked.

"'I c-c-c-c-c-could-could-couldn't s-s-s-say it,' he replied, with tears as well as hyphens in his voice.

"Right then I made up my mind never to give any one my services without first making sure that I could recite my price without stuttering, and I never have."

SIGNALS OF DANGE...—Have you lo-t your apeet te? H-ve you a coat-d tongue? Have you an unpleasant taste in the mouth? Does your headache, and have you dizziness? If so, your stomach is out of order, and you ne-d medicine. But you do not like medicine. He t at prefers sickness to medicine must suffer, but under the circumstances the wise man would or cure a box of Parmelee's Vege able Pills and speedily get himself in health, and strive to ke p so.

Of All Sad Words.

She—The man who claims me for his wife must be both rich and handsome.

He—Well, you know I expect to inherit my grandmother's fortune.

She—Yes, but you can't inherit anybody's face.

Don't sympathize with people. Your sympathy won't buy anything. If you are really sympathetic, dig up.—Smithfield Sun.

STREET CAR ACCIDENT.—Mr. Thomas Sabin says: "My eleven year old boy had his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the street railway. We at once commenced rubbing the foot with Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil, when the discoloration and swelling was removed, and in nine days he could use his foot. We always keep a bottle in the house ready for any emergency."

A Little Matter Among Friends.

Two boys were in fighting attitude like bantams; another and a smaller one stood watching them, wiping his eyes, sobbing the while.

"What did yer hit him for?" said one.

"'Tain't none of your business."

"Yes, it is; he's my friend."

"Well, he's my friend too."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Keep MINARD'S LINIMENT in the House.

An Undesired Ally.

"How is Mud Slinger going to side in this race? Is he for you?"

"That's what's worrying me," replied the candidate for office. "If I thought he was going to be against me, I would feel surer of election."—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

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

The Allan's new clyde built steamer "Bavarian" 1200 ton, twin screw, description of which was given at time she was launched from Denny & Co.'s yards Dumbarton, has just completed her trial trip which proved a great success. Her average speed for the voyage was seventeen and a half knots. This shows her to be perhaps the speediest as well as the largest vessel trading to Montreal, in fact larger than the majority of steamers sailing from New York. It also demonstrates the fact that passengers may now make as good time via Montreal as any other route, the difference in speed being equalized by the shorter route via the St. Lawrence.

The "Bavarian" is a model of perfection as far as safety and comfort is concerned. The interior decoration and furnishings are of the highest order; thousands of incandescent lamps illuminate every part of the boat. She has superior accommodation for all classes of passengers. The first cabin accommodation is situated in the steadiest and widest part of the ship. The maximum number of cabin passengers to be carried is 300. Special attention has been given the second cabin, many new features which will add to the comfort of passengers, will now be found by those taking that class of accommodation. In fact she possess all the comforts and conveniences that delight the heart of the ocean voyager. The third class accommodation has not been overlooked. There is a nice sitting room for women and smoking room for the men, also separate rooms for men and their wives.

She filled the want called for by every one in regard to the fast Atlantic service. By this steamer the passage can be made from Winnipeg to Liverpool in a little over eight days and without any of the inconveniences of transferring a long distance from the steamer.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Lumberman's Friend.

Permanent Cure of Cancer.

MRS. GILHULA.

Some twelve years ago Mrs. Elizabeth Gilhula, wife of the postmaster of Buxton, Ont., was taken ill with an obscure stomach trouble which her physicians pronounced cancer of the stomach and informed her that her lease of life would be short. On the advice of friends she commenced taking Burdock Blood Bitters. The results that followed were little short of marvellous. Her strength and vigor returned and in a short time she was completely cured. Mrs. Gilhula is to-day in the full enjoyment of good health, and in all these years there has not been the slightest return of the trouble.

Here is the letter Mrs. Gilhula wrote at the time of her cure:

"About four years ago I was taken sick with stomach trouble and consulted several of the leading physicians here, all of whom pronounced the disease to be cancer of the stomach of an incurable nature, and told me that it was hardly to be expected that I could live long. Afterward the two doctors who were attending me gave me up to die.

"By the advice of some of my friends, who knew of the virtues of Burdock Blood Bitters, I was induced to try it, and I am now happy to say that after using part of the first bottle I felt so much better I was able to get up. I am thankful to state that I am completely cured of the disease by the use of B.B.B., although it had baffled the doctors for a long time. I am firmly convinced that Burdock Blood Bitters saved my life."

Here is the letter received from her a short time ago:

"I am still in good health. I thank Burdock Blood Bitters for saving my life twelve years ago, and highly recommend it to other sufferers from stomach troubles of any kind." ELIZABETH GILHULA.

Chinese Torture.

The ingenuity of the Chinese in devising punishment for offenders surpasses that of the most cruel people of the middle ages. Some time ago a boy was kidnaped from a village about 30 miles from Chin-Kiang and brought to that city to be sold. The kidnapers were arrested and returned to the village, where the people dug a hole in the ground, like a grave, about three feet deep, covered the bottom and sides with unslaked lime, placed the offender, with his hands and feet tied, upon the lime and covered his body with the same material. Then they filled the hole full of water and as the lime slacked he was roasted alive and his body consumed.

The New Way.

The cannibal chief stood with his hand shading his eyes. A solitary figure was timidly creeping toward him from the jungle. Suddenly the old chief started. He took a quick step forward. "It is," he cried, "it is my son! He is coming home again!" Then with his eyes still fixed on the slouching figure he shrilly called to his head hunter: "Mbongwa, the prodigal is returning! Kill the fatted Kaffir!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Remedy for Burns and Scalds.

Accidents are liable to occur at any time. Your child or yourself may become scalded or burned at the most unexpected moment. That is why Griffiths' Menthol Liniment should be kept in every house. Its soothing effect is felt the minute applied, and is unequalled by any other remedy. Sold by all druggists. 25 cents.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

Powdered rice applied on lint will stop a bleeding wound.

Daily exercise with light dumbbells cures round backs.

Put a sprained ankle at once into hot water for ten minutes. Afterward, if the pain is severe, apply a bran bag dipped into hot vinegar.

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

THE KISSING BUG.

The kissing bug is said to be rampant in Jersey. Is it organizing a trust?—Cleveland Leader.

Care must be taken that the two are not confounded. The kissing bug is not related to the hugging bee.—St. Louis Star.

Supplementary information with regard to the kissing bug tends to place it in the same class with that numerous species of the humbug.—Baltimore Herald.

The kissing bug, or Melanolestes picepes, as the entomologists have it, is getting in its work in lively shape in New Jersey. And still the mosquitoes neglect to organize.—Boston Globe.

THE WAYS OF WOMEN.

A woman can buy more bundles for little money than anybody else on earth.—Washington Democrat.

When a woman admits she is wrong, her husband gets scared and thinks she is going to die.—London Judy.

There is nothing that makes a woman quite so mad as to have a neighbor who borrows of her, but who never invites her to her party.—Atchison Globe.

Holloway's Corn Cure destroys all kinds of corns and warts, root and branch. Who then would endure them with such a cheap and effectual remedy within reach?

BABY'S OWN SOAP

I Must have the genuine, The imitations look very nice, but they hurt my delicate SKIN.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.

THE AUTOMOBILE.

In a few years the people out west will be engaged in lynching the automobile thieves.—Washington Post.

The automobile has the distinct advantage of not being obliged to wear a net in flytime.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

One of the saddest things about these automobiles is that they may do away with "the man with the whoa."—Boston Advertiser.

That automobile journey from New York to San Francisco will test the possibility of that vehicle on all kinds of roads.—Buffalo Courier.

The success of the automobile in collecting mail at Buffalo throws open a new field of usefulness for the horseless vehicle.—Evening Wisconsin.

THE MOST POPULAR PILL.—The pill is the most popular of all forms of medicine, and of pills no more popular are Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, because they do what it is claimed they can do, and are not put forward on any fictitious claims to excellence. They are compact and portable, they are easily taken, they do not nauseate nor gripe, and they give relief in the most stubborn cases.

THE ROYAL BOX.

A mud bank in Kiel harbor has been guilty of leze majesty. The kaiser undertook to steer his yacht, the Meteor, himself, when the mud bank got in the way. The Meteor stuck fast and had to be hauled off by a torpedo boat.

The czar has forgiven the Grand Duke Michael's morganatic marriage so far as to restore his military title, but not to the practical extent of restoring the income of £25,000 a year which he used to enjoy from the imperial exchequer.

The Austrian emperor breakfasts every morning, summer and winter, at 5 o'clock on cold meat and a cup of coffee. At noon he takes luncheon and at 3 dinner. He drinks one glass of beer daily and a few glasses of wine. With the stroke of 9 he goes to bed.

The shah of Persia thinks that the art of printing transcends all others and has a particular admiration for his court printer. He has lately seen a typewriter, and the idea that "printing" can be accomplished by the mere tapping of keys was almost too much for him.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

POULTRY POINTERS.

You cannot clean the coop too often.

A hen pays in proportion to the eggs she lays.

Young chickens should be protected from the sun.

Fresh earth for scratching and dusting is indispensable.

It is always best to darken the place selected for a nest.

While Leghorns are the best of layers, they are small in size.

Pekin ducks can be raised with only sufficient water for drinking.

Young cockerels often permanently disfigure themselves by fighting.

Fowls that fatten easily should have plenty opportunity to exercise.

Pour coal oil on the roosts and air slacked lime about the building.

The hen that is always scratching, except when on the roost or the nest, is usually a first class layer.

On the farm where the hens have a free range they save much material that would otherwise be wasted.

CAMPERS

Should take with them a supply of Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

Those who intend going camping this summer should take with them Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Getting wet, catching cold, drinking water that is not always pure, or eating food that disagrees, may bring on an attack of Colic, Cramps and Diarrhœa. Prompt treatment with Dr. Fowler's Strawberry in such cases relieves the pain, checks the diarrhœa and prevents serious consequences. Don't take chances of spoiling a whole summer's outing through neglect of putting a bottle of this great diarrhœa doctor in with your supplies. But see that it's the genuine Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, as most of the imitations are highly dangerous.

is the kind that housekeepers who want only the best always buy. Packed in pound and two-pound tin cans, it comes into the home with all its natural aroma and strength. **Protected by our Seal,** the consumer knows that its purity and strength have been untampered with. Your grocer sells this kind, but be sure our seal and name is on the can you buy. Chase & Sanborn.

USE

EDDY'S BRUSHES

THE MOST DURABLE ON THE MARKET.

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

LUCAS, STEELE & BRISTOL Importers of Groceries Write us, Hamilton, Ont. Circle Teas L. S. & B. Coffees L. S. & B. Extracts L. S. & B. Spices

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.

R. A. Lister & Co. Ltd. Winnipeg.

WANTED An industrious man of character to travel and appoint agents. Guaranteed salary for a year's engagement. Address Department T. Bradley-Garretson Co. Limited, Brantford

THE ONLY PRINTERS' SUPPLY HOUSE IN THE NORTHWEST

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.

EVERYTHING FOR THE PRINTER

Toronto Type Foundry Co., Limited.

175 Owen St., Winnipeg.

W. N. U. 236

$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.

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 matters of public interest.

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

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

SATURDAY, OCT., 7th, 1899.

If we have a constable in this town, he might find employment clearing the street corners of disreputable individuals who seem to consider it 'smart' to use language calculated to shock the least sensitive of the passers-by. If such persons have not sufficient reverence decency or common sense, to refrain from blaspheming their Creator, they should be compelled to indulge their depraved tastes in places where respectable citizens will not not have to listen to them.

A feature of the case which is brought forth prominently in connection with the recent prosecution for selling liquor to Indians is the provision that half the fine shall go to the informer. If a disinterested party were to apprize the authorities of violations of the law in this regard, it might be worth enough to reward him in some way, but it appears to us extremely unfair to pay over any part whatever of the amount collected to the buyers who offend almost as gravely against the law as do the sellers of liquor.

A Siwash goes to a white man (or woman), begs for whiskey and offers double price to get it. The temptation to sell it is strong, especially when the person appealed to happens to be in a state bordering on poverty, as happened in one of the last prosecutions. If the Siwash is caught with liquor in his possession he is fined $50 but if he has finished it he is fined only $5—a premium on getting drunk quick. In either case, the white man is fined $50 and half of that sum goes to help pay the Siwash's fine. So that a Siwash can go and get drunk and then inform (as they often do) on the person who supplied the liquor, pay his own fine of $5 and have $20 to the good. This is a neat little game for getting ahead of the white man, but it is high time it was stopped. A Siwash can just as well pay $50 into the public treasury as a poor white woman who has to take in washing to support a family of little children.

Prize List.

Comox Fair.

(CONTINUED.)

DIVISION I.

FRUIT.

Gravenstein Apple, 1st J Mundell; 2nd T Beckensell. Duchess of Oldenburg, 1st W Hawkins; 2nd J Ford. Yellow Transparent, 1st T Cairns. Early Harvest, 1st J Miller; 2nd J Ford. Snow, 1st W Hawkins; 2nd J Miller. Plate of any early kind, 1st W Baikie. Golden Russets, 1st J Ford; 2nd W Hawkins. Roxbury Russets, 1st W Hawkins. Baldwins, 1st A McMillan; 2nd W Hawkins. Northern Spy, 1st W Baikie; 2nd A McMillan. King of Tompkins Co. 1st J Ford; 2nd W Hawkins. Greening, 1st T Beckinsell, 2nd T Cairns. Maiden's Blush 1st J Ford; 2nd T Cairns. Hyde's King of the West, 1st. . . .2nd W Robb. Wealthy, 1st J Mundell; 2nd A McMillan. Gloria de Mundi, 1st W Robb; 2nd J Halliday. Ben Davis, 1st A McMillan. Yellow Bellflower, 1st W Baikie; 2nd A McMillan. Blenheim Orange, 1st J Ford. Ribson Pippin, 1st W Baikie. Plate of any late kind, 1st A McMillan, 2nd W Robb. Four largest apples J Ford; 2nd T Cairns. Twelve Crab Apples, 1st A McMillan. 2nd T Cairns Bartlet Pears, 1st A McMillan; 2nd W. Baikie. Clap's Favorite Pears, 1st A McMillan, 2nd W Hawkins. Plate of any kind of early pears, 1st J Ford; 2nd W Robb. Vicar of Winkfield, 1st J Mundell; 2nd W Hawkins. Flemish Beauty, 1st. . . . . 2nd T Cairns. Louise Bon de Jersey, 1st J. Ford; 2nd Thomas Cairns. Best plate of any other kind, late, 1st W. Baikie. Best six desert plums 1st J Miller;; 2nd W Robb. Best six preserving plums, W Robb. Best six Imperial Gage, 1st J Mundell; 2nd B Crawford. Best six red egg, A McMillan. Coe's golden drop, 1st A McMillan. Lombard, 1st W Robb; 2nd A McMillan. Bradshaw, 1st W Roy; 2nd T Williams. Prunes, 1st J Halliday; 2nd J Miller. Collection of plums, six of each kind, 1st C Bridges. Grapes, dark, 1st J Swan. Any kind of peaches, 1st B Crawford; 2nd J Mundell. Quinces, 1st . . . . .; 2nd S F Crawford. Collection of fruit, 1st J Miller; 2nd T Cairns; 3rd J Mundell.

DIVISION K.

FLORAL.

Carnations, 1st. . . . .; 2nd W Robb. Pansies, 1st Mrs. W Robb; 2nd Mrs. J Halliday. Roses, 1st Mrs. W Robb; 2nd Mrs. J Halliday. Gladiolas, 1st 1st Mrs. J Halliday; 2nd Mrs. W. Robb. Stocks, 1st Mrs. Robb. Asters, 1st Mrs. Halliday; 2nd Mrs. Robb. Petunias, 1st Mrs. Mundell. Zinna, 1st R Landells. Sweet Peas, 1st Mrs. W Robb; 2nd Mrs. Halliday. Collection of annuals, 1st. . . . . ; 2nd Mrs. Robb. Four Fuschias, 1st Mrs. McPhee; 2nd Mrs. Bridges. Specimen Fuschias, 1st Mrs. A Urquhart. Bouquet for table, 1st Mrs. Halliday. Bouquet for hand, 1st Mrs. Robb.

DIVISION L.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Home Made Bread, 1st Mrs. J Halliday; 2nd Mrs. W Robb. Collection of bread and cakes, 1st, Mrs. C Smith. Collection of bread and cakes, bakers diploma, 1st H C Lucas. Botted fruit, 1st Mrs. E Duncan, 2nd Mrs. J Halliday. Collection of jellies, 1st Mrs. J Halliday. Bottle of Vinegar, 1st Mrs. T Williams. Honey in Comb, 1st C Bridges.

DIVISION M.

LADIES' WORK.

Crochet, Tidy, 1st Mrs. Cairns, 2nd Mrs. Wain. Crochet, Tidy, Worsted, 1st Miss S Lewis.

EMBROIDERY.

Skirt, 1st Mrs. H Smith, 2nd Mrs. Duncan. Child's dress, 1st Mrs. H Smith. Table Cover, 1st Mrs. H Smith. Table Scarf, Mrs. H Smith, 2nd Mrs. Kesley. Wool work, 1st Miss Lewis; 2nd Mrs. Kesley. Crazy work, 1st Miss Berkley; 2nd Mrs. S Piercy. Centre piece, 1st Mrs. H. Smith; 2nd Mrs. W Baikie. Doylies, 1st Mrs. E Duncan; 2nd Mrs. W Baikie. Embroidered Braces, 1st Mrs. H Smith; 2nd Mrs. E Duncan.

HAND SEWING.

Underclothing, 1st Mrs. E Duncan; 2nd Mrs. T Williams. Pillow slips, 1st Mrs. T Cairns. Pillow Shams, 1st Mrs. Kaisley; 2nd Mrs. H Smith. Button Holes, 1st Mrs. E. Duncan. Stockings darned 1st Mrs. Berkley; 2nd Mrs. E Duncan. Drawn Work, 1st Mrs. Wain; 2nd Mrs. Kaisley. Memstiched Handkerchief, 1st Miss Lewis; 2nd Mrs. W Baikie. Toilet Set, 1st Mrs. Baikie; 2nd Mrs E Duncan.

MACHINE SEWING.

Underclothing, 1st Mrs E Duncan. Ladies Wrapper, 1st Mrs. E Duncan. Child's dress, 1st Mrs. E Duncan.

BED QUILTS.

Coverlet, 1st Mrs. T Willams; 2nd Mrs. W Baikie.

KNITTING.

Skirt, 1st Mrs. E Duncan. Stockings, 1st Mrs. E. Duncan. Gents, socks, 1st Mrs. E Duncan; 2nd Mrs. T Cairns. Wool Mits, 1st Mrs. E Duncan. Fancy Knitting, 1st Mrs. J Miller.

MISCELEANEGES LADIES' WORK.

Home made Rug, 1st Mrs. J Grieve; 2nd Mrs T Piercy. Tatting, 1st Mrs. H Smith; 2nd Mrs. J Halliday. Pin Cushion, 1st Mrs. E Duncan; 2nd Mrs. Baikie. Specia prize, Gent's Tie, 1st Miss Kirkby, 2nd Miss Lewis.

DIVISION N.

ARTISTIC.

Oil painting, 1st Mrs. Wain. Collection of Marine Shells, 1st L Bridges. Specia Prize for collection of photographs, 1st Miss Lewis.

SPECIAL.

Special prize to lady taking greatest number of prizes in Division M, 1st Mrs. E Duncan. Special Prize, donated by Mr. W W B McInnes for best lb. butter, 1st A rquhart.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS,
COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain, free, whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Oldest agency for securing patents in America. We have a Washington office. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN,

beautifully illustrated, largest circulation of any scientific journal, weekly, terms $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Specimen copies and HAND BOOK ON PATENTS sent free. Address

MUNN & CO.,
361 Broadway, New York.

POLICE COURT.

Before Justices Dunn and Robb at Comox, Saturday, Mrs. Ole Hellen was sentenced to $50 fine or 60 days in jail for selling liquor to Indians. The prisoner was brought up to Cumberland, but was released monday on paying up. Part of the fine was paid by subscription, which reflects credit on the kindness of our citizens who showed their sympathy for a poor woman in practical fashion.

Lots . .
of MILLINERY

If you want a nice hat for the fall, just call and see my stock.

All New Shapes.

☞ A few imported hats. You can have a neat and stylish hat already trimmed, or I will sell you a hat, and you can buy the trimming separately.

CHILDREN'S HATS A SPECIALTY . . . .

Come and see if I can't suit you as well as anyone in town.

PRICES FROM 75c UP

Miss McQuarrie, First St.
CUMBERLAND, B. C.

Union Brewery.

Fresh Lager Beer THE BEST IN THE PROVINCE

STEAM—Beer, Ale, and Porter.

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

HENRY REIFEL, Manager.

Mr. T. R. More, manager of the St. Anthony Mining & Exploration Company, of Santa Barbara, Cal., who last year acquired a number of hydraulic leases on Germanson, Manson and Evans creeks, Omineca, and took in an extensive hydraulic plant to work the property, returned from the North yesterday. He was accompanied by Herbert Hall, of this city, who is in the employ of the company; H. C. Ackroyd, of Richards & Ackroyd, Vancouver, solicitors for the Company, who went up the Skeena to meet him; and Mr. George Atterson, manager of the Del Oro Company, who have also secured hydraulic claims in the Omineca country.

From what Mr. More says, the Omineca country is coming to the front again, not only as a country for the wealthy capitalist, but a place where the individuel miner with nothing more than a grub-stake can make a good living and something to spare. None of the hydraulic companies have yet got their plants to work, but a number of them will be running next year, and the returns should be large. The individual miners, on the other hand, working with rockers and sluice-boxes, have been doing remarkably well, and will bring out a lot of dust when the season closes early in October. Most of the gold has been taken out of Manson and Lost creeks, while two small creeks 25 miles from Germansen, which are as yet unnamed, are adding handsomely to the total. The Arctic Slope Company, the stock in which is held in Victoria, and of which Capt. C. N. Black is manager, have struck very rich ground on their property on Manson creek. They had a clean-up after 16 days' run, and the sluice-boxes gave up 110 ounces. Mr. More brought down samples of the gold, which is very coarse. As they are yet ten feet from bedrock, the return was considered a remarkable one, particularly as they are working but six men and a rather primitive plant.

The machinery and provisions for the company which left here in the spring were taken in without any great difficulty, and Mr. More is now out for more. The men will continue on the outside work until October 1, and then riveters will be set to work for the winter getting the piping ready to lay in the spring. He hopes to have the plant in operation by June 1.

The Forty-Three Company of Ottawa, of which Col. Wright is manager, have completed their flume and ditch on Manson creek, and were setting up their hydraulic plant when Mr. More left. They will be able to start operations with the opening of next season. Mr. Sparks, of Ottawa, the president of the company, paid a visit to the mine, accompanied by Mrs. Sparks, the first white woman to enter the Omineca country in 25 years.

Mr. Hill, a mining expert, examined some Vidal creek properties for a big company, and other companies have either acquired or are looking for hydraulic propositions in the district.

The route from Hazelton to Germanson creek is considerably shorter than reported, Mr. More placing the distance at 152 miles, as against the old estimate of 186 miles. He went over to Vancouver this morning and will return on Tuesday. As it is probable that he may have to return to Omineca during the winter, he brought out his dog team, probably the best ever seen in Victoria. He also brought out a few pounds of gold, taken from the company's claims by the men who prospected them.

During July two men, Messrs. Constable, of Chilcotin, and Rowell, of Edmonton, who had lost their way while going from Stewart lake to Manson, reached Mr. More's camp. They had been without food for four days, when compelled to kill their dog. They were found by some miners after hope had been abandoned.

M. W. WAITT & Co.

—DEALERS IN—

Pianos & Organs.

Musical Instruments

—AND—

Musical Merchandise

Phonographs and Graphophones.

SAFES, BILLIARD TABLES, TYPEWRITERS, LAWN TENNIS, HOCKEY and GOLF GOODS.

BICYCLES AND BICYCLE SUPPLIES

60 Government St. Victoria

FOR SALE: Old papers. Apply at NEWS Office.

THE H. B. A. VOGEL
Commercial College,

P. O. Box 347, VANCOUVER, B. C.

We teach Business, Book-keeping, Shorthand, Typewriting and the general English Branches. ☞ The demand for office help is larger than the supply.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS.

FOR SALE OR FOR RENT.

The house lately occupied by Mr. Chas. Lowe. For terms, apply to J. L. Roe, Cumberland.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

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

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

ST. GEORGE 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.

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

Cumberland Hotel

COR. DUNSMUIR AVENUE AND SECOND STREET, CUMBERLAND, B. C.

MRS. J. H. PIKET, Proprietress.

When in Cumberland be sure and stay at the Cumberland Hotel, First-Class Accomodation for transient and permanent boarders.

Sample Rooms and Public Hall Run in Connection with Hotel.

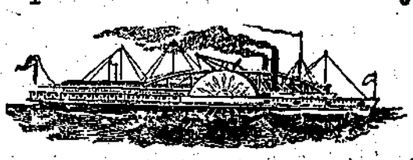
Rates from $1.00 to $2.00 per day.

Livery AND Teaming

I am prepared to furnish Stylish Rigs and do Teaming at reasonable rates.

D. KILPATRICK,
Cumberland

Esquimalt & Nanaimo. Ry.



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.

OR Freight tickets and Stateroom apply on board,

GEO. L. COURTNEY,
Traffice Manager

MRS. CLARE FITZGIBBON ON THE NORTHWEST.

Mrs. Clare FitzGibbon, whose somewhat unique project for the education of British gentlewomen in the necessities of Canadian colonial life was briefly referred to in the editorial columns of the Colonist yesterday is herself an interesting and remarkable personality—such a lady as it is a delight to become acquainted with. She is versatile; she is a keen observer; and she is so charming a conversationalist that her views of men and women and affairs as she sees them are presented to those who have the pleasure of meeting her as clearly as though they themselves saw with her eyes and heard with her ears. There is energy in her face, expression in her every gesture. She sees, too, the artistic element wherever it presents itself, and her sympathies are apparently as broad as her powers of analytical observation. Discussing what has been somewhat crudely referred to as her "scheme" for the betterment of the condition of her sex, she said yesterday:

"The project briefly is based upon the admitted surplus of women in England, where the female population outnumbers the male by something like a million and a half. Many of these women are gentlewomen, who have been left perhaps with moderate incomes, which they would be glad to invest in this new country were they in a position to fit themselves to its requirements, having done which they would become admirable colonists.

"My desire is to enable them to do so—to learn how they may best apply their money and energies, in co-operative small farming, poultry raising, fruit culture, dairying, etc., while at the same time fitting them to do their own work, as otherwise their profits would be undoubtedly eaten up by the 'help.'

"My suggestion is that a training-school, if it may so be termed, be established in connection with the experimental farm at Brandon, so that the women may receive equal advantages with the men in fitting themselves for colonial life and its difficulties. The cost would not be such as to alarm a government, and the institution, if given a fair start, would ultimately become self-sustaining. educated class of people.

"British Columbia appears to be rather in advance of the Northwest, so far as agricultural co-operation is concerned. There is indeed a wider field and greater scope in the Northwest than in this province for what may be termed the pioneer sisterhood—both as operators on their own account along co-operative lines, or —if girls—as lady helpers.

"Not that I am not fully impressed, even charmed, with the prospect in this province for woman's success in such pursuits as poultry raising, fruit growing, dairying, etc., for the city and mining district markets. I have the assurance of people who ought to know that if the ladies would study the conditions and then go in for these things intelligently, they would do exceedingly well."

In her six weeks' trip westward from Ontario, Mrs. FitzGibbon has spent considerable time on the Manitoba and Northwest prairies, utilizing the opportunities presented for becoming acquainted with the new element in the Canadian population—the Doukhobors—as they really are. She has nothing but good words for the Russian settlers, and finds them an agreeable, even fascinating, study. Ten days of her trip were spent under canvas among the "Douks" in Yorktown and the north and south districts, including the Good Spirit lake region, near White Sand River district.

And having met and studied humanity under varied conditions in all parts of the world, she declares the Doukhobors a truly wonderful race—possessed of great powers of endurance, unmatched industry, and marvellous facility in handicraft—although they do not shine conspicuously for their "book learning," not more than 4 per cent. possessing the ability to read and write.

Their women are experts with the needle, and as housekeepers or domestics unsurpassed, being neat, clean and honest to a degree.

The people as a class are essentially different from any other peasant race—reserved, dignified, strong and resolute, a solid, undaunted and industrious people of thoughtful habits and great thoroughness in whatever they devote their energies to. As stock-raisers, horse-breeders or farmers they admit no superiors.

Speaking of the recent incident so much spoken of by the American press, and frequently illustrated, too, when the Doukhobor women yoked themselves to the plough and took the place of the horses in breaking the stubborn soil of their new home, Mrs. Fitz Gibbon says the case has been generally misunderstood. The drawing of the plough was no illustration of a degradation of womanhood, but rather the reverse, showing how brave the women are in their pioneer endeavors. Their service as drawers of the plow was entirely voluntary, and merely the acceptance of a common-sense alternative.

The scene of the ploughing was near Oospenie—meaning the assumption, for all the Doukhobor names are of religious character—where only one team of horses was available for all purposes of the colony. There was flour to bring from a point thirty or forty miles away, and so the women held a council and determined that the horses should go for the flour and they themselves would draw the plough in the absence of the team.

This they did with the courage of true pioneers—the women pioneers who really make the country.

As for the men, they were not shirking by any means, but it was for them to look for work where work was to be had. Besides which they numbered about 1,500 adults in a colony of 7,000 —the majority of the male relatives being still in Siberian prisons.

In religion the Doukhobors are as a rule members of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, as they are more generally termed throughout America. It has been on account of their religion more than anything else that the persecution of these immigrants by the synod of the Greek church forced them to Canada.

And now that they are here, Mrs. Fitz Gibbon regards them as quite as worthy of honor as the Pilgrim Fathers of the earliest continental history. Unless the Canadian people extend to them what is hospitality rather than charity, however, they stand in great danger of starving during the approaching winter, as ground, they have been altogether unable to prepare for their own maintena decidedly ambiguous acknowledgment, the insufficiency of stock to break the through the lateness of the season and their property on Germanson, Manson and Evans creeks, and they had found them richer even than they anticipated. Most of the work was done on Germanance at the outset.

The men have worked where they could get employment—the women have built and kept the homes, often bringing their logs for building distances of eight or ten miles on little two-wheeled go-carts drawn by themselves.

There is one peculiarity about this interesting people that is most uncommon in that they have no written history—no record of their race, even in picture lore. Their history is preserved in beautiful legends and in song, their music being notable for the wonderful harmonies that are characteristic of the music of the Greek church.

Compared with the ordinary peasant class of any European country, these people stand alone and superior for intelligence, reserve, dignity and properly directed industry.

As to the crop prospect in the Northwest, Mrs. Fitz Gibbon speaks with enthusiasm. The passage of the flying express train through what seemed to be one gigantic wheat field was itself a revelation to her of the vast extent and unbounded possibilities of Canada; while those with whom she talked declared the present harvest better than any in the history of prairie farming.

The small German cruiser Geier dropped anchor in Esquimalt harbor yesterday. She comes now direct from San Francisco, which port she left on Monday last, and is here fully two days ahead of the time she was expected. Her run north from the Bay City was very fast at times, for a vessel of the type of the Geier, as high as 14 knots being made on spurts.

Her graceful, yachtlike lines give indication of fast travelling qualities. She is of a model dissimilar to Great Britain's cruisers now on this station, and would little bear the appearance of a warship, except for what is to be seen above deck and the half ram shape of her cut-water. Painted white, with her brass work all polished and brilliant, the cruiser presents a pretty picture. She is steel-built throughout, and rigged after the fashion of other cruisers in port.

Built at Wilhelmshaven in 1894, the Geier has a tonnage of 1700, and is equipped with some of the most modern quick-firing guns. Of these, she carries seventeen all told, eight being 10.5 bore, besides two torpedo tubes. One noticeable feature of the upper works of the vessel is the number of fine looking boats which hang from her davits.

The cruiser carries a total of 160 men, all stout, hardy looking fellows, who, as the ship rode at anchor last night, gave evidence of possessing capital voices. Captain Jacobsen is in command, and his staff of officers is as follows: Lieutenant Commander Meyer; Lieutenants V. Koosigh, Wurmbach, Tideman and Rebensburg; Chief Engineer Triseheisen; surgeon, Dr. Ottow, and Paymaster Trachnert.

The Geier is to be in Esquimalt until she will sail for Vancouver, to remain there until October 18. Afterwards she proceeds south, going first to San Francisco, and then down off the South American coast. It has been decided by the German residents, who had been looking forward to her visit, to merge the proposed reception to her officers in the naval ball to be given on October 13. The ship will then be at Vancouver, but the officers will come down to Victoria for the occasion.

The Geier has been on the Pacific Coast for upwards of a year.

Mr. Carl Lowenberg, German consul, was on hand last evening to greet the officers and crew.

I Have Taken an Office in the Nash Building,

Dunsmuir Avenue, Cumberland.

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.

JAMES ABRAMS.

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.

PURE MILK

delivered by me daily in Cumberland and Union. A share of patronage is solicited.

JAMES REID.

Society Cards

Hiram Lodge No 14 A.F. & A.M., B.C. Courtenay B. C.

Lodge meets on every Saturday on or before the full of the moon

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. WHYTE, Scribe.

Bulbs for Fall Planting.

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.

M. J. HENRY, Vancouver, B. C.

RE GEORGE FORD, DECEASED.

NOTICE is hereby given that all creditors and other persons having any claims upon the estate of George Ford, late of Hornby Island, deceased, who died on the 23rd day of May, 1899 and whose will was proved in the Supreme Court of British Columbia on the 18th day of August A. D., 1899 by John Ford and George Hetherbell, the executors therein named, are requested to send by post in writing prepaid particulars of their claims to the undersigned, Solicitors for the executors, on or before the 15th day of October, 1899 after which date the Executors will proceed to distribute the Estate amongst those entitled thereto, having regard only to those of which they shall then have notice.

All persons indebted to the said estate are requested to pay their indeptedness to the Executors or the undersigned.

Dated this 17th day of September, A. D., 1899.

DUMBLETON & ANDERSON, Solicitors, 39½ Langley St., Victoria, B. C.

COURTENAY Directory.

COURTENAY HOUSE, A. H. McCallum, Proprietor.

GEORGE B. LEIGHTON, Blacksmith and Carriage Maker.

ST. ANN'S ACADEMY,

Humboldt Street, Victoria, B. C.

THE SCHOOL YEAR BEGINS FIRST MONDAY OF SEPTEMBER AND ENDS THE LAST WEEK OF JUNE

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

THE SISTER SUPERIOR.

Having Received

A New Stock, we are prepared to turn out at short notice

Visiting Cards, Business Cards, Laundry Lists, Billheads, Letterheads, Envelopes, Receipts, Statements, Dodgers, Tickets

and general work at moderate prices. **The News**

The New England Hotel.

M. & L. YOUNG, Props.

Victoria, Vancouver Island.

C. H. TARBELL

DEALER IN

Stoves and Tinware

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

GORDON MURDOCK'S LIVERY.

Single and Double Rigs to let

—at—

Reasonable Prices

Near Blacksmith Shop, 3rd St.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

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

Stoddart.

OPPOSITE Waverley Hotel.

J. R. McLEOD

General Teaming Powder Oil, Etc., Hauled. Wood in Blocks Furnished.

SCAVENGER WORK DONE.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 Daily. A.M.		No. 4 Saturday P.M.
Do. 9:00	Victoria	Do. 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.
Do. 8:05	Wellington	Do. 4:25
" 8:20	Nanaimo	" 4:39
" 9:55	Duncans	" 6:05
" 10:37	Shawnigan Lake	" 6:46
" 11:23	Goldstream	" 7:32
Ar. 11:50	Victoria	Ar. 8:00 P.M.

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

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

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

O. H. FECHNER,

LEADING BARBER and TAXIDERMIST

Keeps a Large Stock of Fire Arms, Amunition and Sporting Goods of all descriptions.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

THE BROTHER OF JIM.

By WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

[Copyright, 1899, by the Author.]

By 9 o'clock the roar of musketry had slackened to an occasional volley which was prolonged by a few scattering shots, a little flurry of stars, a spark here, a flash there, until silence and darkness settled on the valley.

Some time in the night Henry Price came back up the hill in the mood of a man on whom a slight has been put. In his heart he envied the dead and dying lying between the pickets in the dark valley. Because he had come out unscathed he knew that there was another day of the battle before him. In his highly wrought condition he was unable to rest. Others slept as if nothing had happened. Even the patient horses dozed in swaying lines against the film of smoke that overhung the charred timbers of the house and started in their dreams to breathe heavily, creaking a saddle here and rattling a headstall there.

Henry Price was neither glad nor sorry to see the rosy light of morning. Perhaps even then he saw only the red gloom of the sunken road as he stretched his stiffened limbs and muttered: "It was my work. I did it."

His physical strength sustained him wonderfully in the rough work of the day that followed, during which the stubborn lines were forced back from ridge to ridge until the third evening found the whole army in orderly retreat. Through it all Henry had kept his post at the muzzle of the gun. He showed no sign of weariness. He seemed dazed rather than tired. After two sleepless nights and two such eventful days it may reasonably be doubted if he was capable of subdividing the time that had passed since the dawn of his horrible self conviction in the glare of the burning farm buildings.

He had lost nothing of the presentiment that he was fighting his last battle, and when the battery made its final stand in the afterglow of the sunset, before leaving the field that was already lost, he sponged and rammed in a mechanical way and sprang outside the wheel like a well drilled automaton.

The hour was upon him. Every inch of his body was numb with the expectation of a blow. His scalp and his extremities were cold. He was a doomed man set against a wall, awaiting the sure volley, only the file of riflemen was not yet told off and there remained to him the merciful relief of activity.

When his quick eye caught the dribble of gray figures running and dodging through the hollows of the next field, multiplying among the scrubby cedars and swarming behind the stone wall, he recognized his grim executioners. He heard the cries for double canister, and laughed as he drove the two tin cylinders into the black throat of the gun. A little patter of bullets peppered the wheels, and some puffs of dust leaped up from the ground as the gray men sprang over the wall.

He stood there at his post in the white smoke as the old guns thundered by half battery and swept the field with alternate volleys of iron balls. As the torn and baffled regiment fell back the cannoneers leaped on the wheels with yells of defiance—all except Henry Price. His plight was not noticed at first in the wild excitement followed by the sweep of galloping limbers, but in replacing the equipments he was found on the ground, grasping the rammer staff in his blackened hands.

"I expected it," he gasped, and as he released the staff he clutched at his wet and soiled shirt front. "It hurts me to breathe. Don't touch me—I'm done for!"

There was no surgeon at hand, but in spite of his remonstrances he was lifted on to a limber chest and supported there by a comrade as the victorious battery left the field. He was resigned to his fate. He had no desire to live. It was the vengeance of God demanded by that skeleton hand extended from the shallow grave by the roadside. One memorable night had intervened between the night of his conviction and the night of his expiation. Was there a mysterious fatality about the number three?

He spoke in broken sentences, for the road was rough and the heavy gun carriage, drawn by six powerful horses, rumbled relentlessly over the stones, only swerving once with the column to avoid the blue forms which suddenly appeared in great numbers lying amazingly still on the hillside.

It was dusk when the battery floundered through the run above the wreck of the old stone bridge, and the wounded man on the limber was tossed like a leaf as the heavy wheels ground over ammunition chests and boxes of bread which had been shaken from the wagon trains in the hurried retreat.

The companion who had supported Henry thus far managed to keep him upright on the folds of the big canvas that cushioned the limber chest, but the jolting was too much for him. At a sign from the sergeant deaf Spence, who was huge and good natured, dismounted, and having placed Price in the saddle walked like a great, faithful dog at his side.

"It's no use, Spence, lugging a dead man along with the march," said Henry. "For God's sake, lay me in the fence corner there and leave me to my fate." He stretched out his open hand as he spoke toward the place that he coveted on a bank by the roadside.

"I'll bet ye do," said Spence, clawing a piece of navy plug from the bottom of his pocket. "Take a big chaw, Henry. I knowed ye wanted it."

Henry waved the proffered tobacco away with disgust, and despairing of making himself understood by the deaf man rested his eyes resignedly on the long line of drivers swaying and tossing in front, until their bobbing heads were lost in the dust and gloom of the advance. He noticed languidly the parallel battery sharing the road with his own and the shadowy lines of infantry marching rapidly in the fields at either side, with a soothing, rhythmical clatter of loose equipments, their bayonets catching an occasional glint of moonlight. He was swept along in the irresistible swirl of the current, for the sky itself seemed to be retreating with the defeated army. The scurrying clouds, flying before the light wind, were chasing each other in ragged, derisive battalions above the hurrying columns, as if they were racing with the jaded men or fleeing in affright from the ghastly scenes on the great battlefield.

He felt no pain from his wound, but a great weariness came over him.

As they passed over the brow of a hill he saw a dark mass of figures in the neighboring field, intermingling like objects in a swirling eddy, crowded to one side by the strong flowing current. Then he saw the dark lines of teams streaking the slope beyond and knew that the shadowy men were planting guns to cover the retreat.

The big deaf man was lumbering heavily at his side with one hand on the horse's bridle. The drivers were swaying in their saddles and nodding strangely over the creaking collars. A bowing cap came in contact with the neck of a horse and fell off into the road. The drowsy heat, the rumble of the carriages and the tramp of many feet had their effect on the wounded man, who was no longer conscious of the stifling dust or of the rank smell of the damp fields mingled with the salty odor of the galled teams. He was not disturbed by the occasional halts, when the men slid down to the ground and slept with their heads on the saddles, or by the extra scrambling and clatter of hoofs when a general and staff with headquarters flags and cavalry escort hurried by to the front.

It may be that he was dreaming of Jim and that his vision had brought him to the death scene, when he lurched and would have fallen but for the strong arm of Spence, which put him back into the saddle and remained with a precautionary curve around his back.

The deaf man muttered an oath at his own drowsiness. He had been munching hard bread at the moment to keep himself awake. When the column halted, they were close to a little stream where the road dipped between two hills. The smell of the water reminded Spence that he was thirsty, and he led the horse up the bed of the rivulet until they were out of the crowd, with the intention of taking a drink. Instead of doing so, he sat down on the ground and was overcome in a twinkling by the demon of sleep he had been fighting so long. The horse put down his head and drank through his gurgling bits and then betook himself to cropping the grass which grew conveniently at a level with his shoulder.

In good time Henry Price, unsupported, toppled over on the side toward the bank, but with the instinct of a soldier who had slept in the saddle before he clasped the horse about the neck and let himself easily to the ground. To breathe out his life undisturbed was the one boon he had craved from his deaf keeper, who now muttered in his sleep more oblivious than ever. It was not so painful to be shot or so dreadful to die as he had believed, and with this grateful thought which he half shaped into a prayer of thanksgiving Henry Price lapsed into unconsciousness.

The drowsy columns moved on, lurching and dozing through the close August night, trampling the dust of the road with blistered feet and beating parallel paths in the fields. As the hours passed the flying clouds thickened into a blackness that obscured the moon, and then came the warm rain to make the march and the steaming clothing of the soldiers heavier than ever.

The two men by the rivulet were not disturbed by the rain, until the horse gave a tug at the bridle, which woke the deaf man, who sat up and shook himself. He remembered that his comrade was wounded. He feared that he was dead. There was no longer any moving infantry in the fields, and on the road only a few spectral figures drifting across a break in the clouds and further discernible in the darkness by swathings of white.

"Great heads," muttered the deaf man. "Them fellers ain't givin up like Henry an layin out on the damp ground to catch cold a purpose."

He crept over to the body under the tree and groped about in a scared way for a hand. The hand was encouragingly

He would have fallen but for the strong arm of Spence.

warm, and he pulled at the limp arm, at the same time calling the sleeper by name.

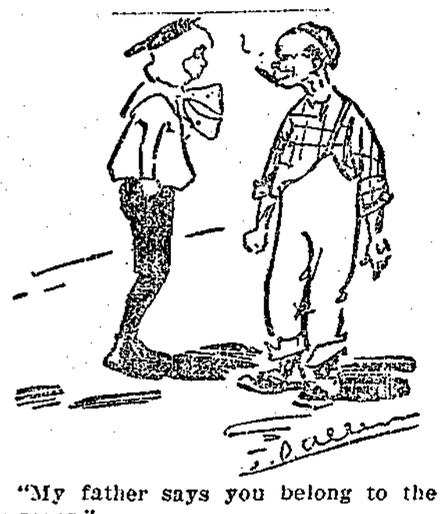
Henry Price groaned and opened his eyes on to the brow of the hill over which they had come. Its black rim cut sharply against the sky, which was beginning to clear.

"Who are you that disturbs me?" he asked. He was evidently in some doubt as to which world he was resuming consciousness in.

"Wake up, Henry," replied the deaf man, who was vaguely conscious that his comrade had spoken. "I'll put you on the horse and we'll fetch up with the battery by mornin."

The sound of voices on the bank of the stream arrested the steps of a tall soldier who was hurrying along the road.

To be continued.



"My father says you belong to the masses."

"An my pap says youse belongs ter de asses."—New York Journal.

A PLAIN TALK TO SUFFERING WOMEN,

AND SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Almost all the suffering that woman endures can be traced to the irregularities of the delicate and sensitive feminine organism, which is intimately connected with every part of the system. If the monthly flow is not perfectly healthy it shows itself by pains and aches in the limbs and back, distressing, bearing-down feelings, blotches on the face, neck and arms, headaches, and tired, despondent feelings.

A healthy woman is never irregular She escapes the suffering at the monthly periods, and is not exhausted by this natural action. The symptoms mentioned above, and which so many women endure, tell of exhausted nerves. When the nerves are weak the whole system suffers the strain of the monthly action, which should be easy and natural. Set the nerves right and the pains and aches will disappear. There will be no more irregularities when the whole body is under the control of healthy nerves.

The most successful restorative that science has ever devised for exhausted nerves is Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it has proven so wonderfully beneficial to women that it is now considered specific for ailments peculiar to women.

Besides restoring and revitalizing the nerves Dr. Chase's Nerve Food makes new, red corpuscles in the blood. With the blood thus pure and rich women scarcely notice the effect of the monthly action which is at other times so weakening.

Under this treatment the form rounds out, pale cheeks become plump and rosy, and there is new vitality and elasticity in every movement.

Health makes woman beautiful and attractive. Health can only come to suffering women when the nerves are perfectly restored. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food restores the nerves, enriches the blood, and makes woman healthy, beautiful and happy. 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

MEN OF MARK.

Andrew Carnegie's latest gift is one of $50,000 to Stevens institute, Hoboken, N. J., for a new engineering laboratory.

Beal Green of Kansas City, who has just died, helped to clear the trees away from what is now Main street 48 years ago.

Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania is one of the best marksmen in Philadelphia. He can write his name on a target with his rifle.

Sir Arthur Sullivan generally composes an opera score in two months, and his profit on the first year alone is generally $5,000.

Senator George F. Hoar writes what is probably the most illegible hand in the senate. He consequently uses a stenographer for nearly all his work.

The Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale preached his last sermon as active pastor of the South Church of Boston on Sunday, June 25, and will become pastor emeritus on Oct. 1.

When Senator Ross of Vermont began to practice law, he had so few books that he arranged to take care of the library of a local judge in order to have the use of that collection.

The Rev. A. L. Williams of Chicago, the coadjutor bishop elect of the Episcopal diocese of Nebraska, will be consecrated in the cathedral at Omaha on Sept. 20. He will probably live in Lincoln.

De Witt C. Cregier, ex-mayor of Chicago, came to that city in 1853 and was offered the nomination for mayor. "Of a city of 60,000?" he replied. "Wait 25 years and ask me then." He was elected just a quarter of a century later.

Marcus Daly, the copper king of Montana, is said to be the anonymous donor of $10,000 to the University of Chicago. L. Z. Leiter has denied that he was the person and added that he knew Mr. Daly had always taken a deep interest in the institution.

The German philosopher Nietzsche, who is now in an insane asylum, never was noted for his modesty. In one of his books he wrote: "I am that predestined man who stamps the value of things for thousands of years. I might become the buddha of Europe."

John Arbuckle, the millionaire coffee king, will not remain in a place in which the temperature is a degree higher or lower than his theory thinks hygienic. Every room in his house and place of business is furnished with a thermometer, which he inspects hourly.

Representative G. H. White of North Carolina is perhaps the best authority on the history of dueling in America, of which he has made a close study since the subject became his fad many years ago. Mr. White himself, though merely for sport, is an expert with a foil.

Richard Brownlow, known as the Lancashire hermit, has just died near Bolton, England. He began life as a lawyer, but was afflicted with a disease that disfigured his face, compelling him to wear a mask. He built himself a fine country house on top of a hill at Horwich and lived in it for 50 years, never leaving his grounds except at night.

PERT AND IMPERTINENT.

Rudyard Kipling seems to be the poet litigant.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

King Alfonso (after selling his islands)—I wish to thunder my ancestors hadn't tacked that XIII on to me.—London Judy.

President McKinley has now been given almost every degree in the dictionary except veterinary surgeon.—Pittsburg News.

Dick Croker is collecting a great many more hard luck stories than sovereigns on English race tracks this year.—St. Louis Chronicle.

Although the father of Fitzsimmons was not a preacher, Fitz himself now enjoys the reputation of being an ex-pounder.—St. Louis Star.

The United States is Patti's Klondike. She knows where to come when she yearns for pin money, and another "farewell" is promised.—St. Louis Chronicle.

Peace shows Admiral Dewey's real boldness. He absolutely and firmly refuses to be killed by kindness. And to run away from a friend's admiring banquet takes more genuine courage than to face a foe's fire.—Baltimore American.

TRUST THRUSTS.

If you don't approve of the whisky trust, boycott it.—Sioux City Journal.

Who shall pen the iniquities of the ink trust? Who shall blot it from existence?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The commercial travelers, of whom there are 300,000 in the United States, are trying to engineer a grip on the trusts.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

With both Delaware and New Jersey doing a lucrative spot cash trade in the formation of trusts, the only banks between them will not be those of the river.—Philadelphia Times.

Many of the governments now doing business on earth are merely giant trusts. In their efforts to boycott other nations, to monopolize trade, to take the earth, they are, after both method and purpose, giant trusts operating under laws of their own making.—Galveston News.

HIS WHISKERS.

What Oom Paul really needs is a hair cut and a shave.—Quincy Herald.

President Kruger is not much for pretty, but he is strong on bluff.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Oom Paul is a wise old man. He says in times like these you can't tell what is going to happen.—Kansas City Times.

On the theory that the Britons will fight only with threats, Oom Paul has got 'em licked to a standstill before a shot has been fired.—Detroit Journal.

It isn't strange that uncouth old Oom Paul Kruger should look like a Jack the Giant Killer ogre, considering how eager he is to smell the blood of an Englishman.—St. Louis Republic.

A Prisoner's Release.

A Bright Youth of Eighteen Suffered so Badly from Asthma and Bronchitis that he was Forced to Remain in an Air-tight Room for Months at a Time. Dr. Clarke's Kola Compound Cured.

Mr. L. O. Lemienes, C. P. R. Engineer, 556 Alexander Street, Winnipeg, writes:—"My son, who is just eighteen years of age, has been a terrible sufferer from asthma and bronchitis during eight years. I have spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and many remedies, but he became worse each year. Many times he became so weak and the attacks so severe, that we thought each would be his last. For months at a time he has been confined to the house in an air-tight room, and continually treated with mustard plasters and poultices to keep him from choking. About the first of September we heard of Clarke's Kola Compound, and purchased in all seven bottles. While taking the first four the change was very slight, but shortly after taking the fifth he gradually became better, and could soon go out any day, and since completing the treatment has been completely cured. He goes out in the severest Manitoba weather and exposes himself to severe tests, and the attacks have not returned. It certainly has been a blessing to him, and I feel it my duty to highly recommend it to any person troubled with this disease."

Clarke's Kola Compound is the only permanent cure for asthma yet discovered, and it has cured over 200 cases in Canada alone. Sold by all druggists. Sample sent to any address. Enclose 5 cent stamp. Address The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., 121 Church Street, Toronto.

PERT PERSONALS.

Young Mr. Vanderbilt will know better than to attempt to run an electric carriage two ways at once in the future.—Hartford Times.

A pitched battle between Hobson and the kissing bug would not be the most uninteresting sight one could witness.—Baltimore American.

It is announced that Dewey will arrive much earlier than was expected. That is exactly the way he did when sailing for Manila.—Kansas City Times.

If Kansas sends John J. Ingalls to congress, the country will at least have the assurance that The Congressional Record will contain an occasional epigram.—Washington Star.

The Count de Castellane is reported to have publicly rebuked the gambler Prince of Monaco for assuming to be a proper person to mingle in French politics. Evidently the game was not going the count's way at his last visit.—Exchange.

Mrs. John Monell of Newburg, N. Y., put two burglars to flight after tripping them over rocking chairs. The lady is entitled to the gratitude of the nation for the discovery of the only sensible use to which rocking chairs can be put.—St. Louis Star.

MINARD'S LINIMENT is used by Physicians.

TOWN TOPICS.

Kansas City wants owl street cars, Democratic harmony and cheap cabs.—Kansas City Star.

It took a Cleveland woman but two minutes to get a divorce. That comes pretty close to the Chicago record.—Cleveland Leader.

A can of liquid air has been sent to Chicago from New York. What Chicago wants is several cans of liquid river.—St. Paul Herald.

The people of Cleveland ought to be happy. They have settled their street railroad strike and lost their baseball team.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A textbook has been cast out of the Boston public schools because it contains a picture of Cupid with no clothes on but his wings. A Boston Cupid must wear a dress suit if he expects to be received in the best society.—Indianapolis Journal.

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

Reassured.

J. Shaker—Tell you what, I'm nervous today. I'm to call on Miss Lovilipz tonight to get her final answer.

T. Baker—You needn't be afraid. I saw her at the stationer's yesterday. She left an order for visiting cards in the name of "Mrs. J. Shaker."—Philadelphia Record.

If you put two men in the same bedroom, one of whom has the toothache and the other is in love, you will find that the person who has the toothache will go to sleep first.—Tit-Bits.

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 and full information, with directions how to take or administer Samaria Prescription. Correspondence considered sacredly confidential. Address The Samaria Remedy Co., Jordan street, Toronto, Ont.

PLUNGE INTO INFERNO.

A Miner Goes Over the Precipice Into Death Valley.

WEIRD PANORAMA OF A BUSY LIFE

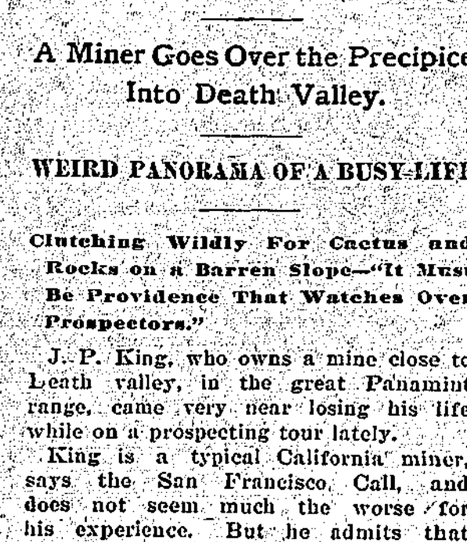
Clutching Wildly For Cactus and Rocks on a Barren Slope—"It Must Be Providence That Watches Over Prospectors."

J. P. King, who owns a mine close to Death valley, in the great Panamint range, came very near losing his life while on a prospecting tour lately.

King is a typical California miner, says the San Francisco Call, and does not seem much the worse for his experience. But he admits that his nerves are pretty well shaken; and he affirms most solemnly that he would not go through the same thing again for all the wealth of Guzerat or Golconda.

"One blazing hot day," says King, "I left my camp in Pleasant canyon, where the big ledges are to be found.

"After climbing the back of that immense ridge which leads by a series of broken dikes and rugged ascents almost to the foot of Telescope peak, that giant



OVER THE PRECIPICE INTO DEATH VALLEY.

sentinel of the range which towers for nearly 11,000 feet into the burning sky of the desert, my eye lit upon some well defined outcroppings of quartz. This seemed a likely spot at which to commence my prospecting, and hobbling my burro and taking my prospecting pick I began slowly to traverse the course of the vein as it was defined by the croppings. As I descended toward the Death valley slope of the ridge the vein showed still more strongly, and, intensely interested, I failed to notice that the ground over which I was slowly picking my way grew more and more precipitous.

"Suddenly, as I rounded a rocky escarpment, the awful panorama of Death valley unfolded itself to my view. I had never contemplated this scene without a certain feeling of awe, and I now stood motionless before the vast spectacle.

"Seven thousand feet below me lay the valley, hideous, repulsive, appalling in its vista of desolation, its course defined by apparently endless upheavals of volcanic origin, while borne on the wings of an approaching storm an enormous cloud was sweeping toward me at least half a mile below. From the center of this cloud flashed incessant lightnings, and the reverberations of the accompanying thunder, echoing from rock to rock, completed this picture of a veritable inferno.

"I can't tell you just how it happened, but something moved under my feet as I stood watching the storm, and before I could help myself I was slipping down, down, with a rapidity that took away my breath, toward the sheer edge of the precipice.

"As I slid, however, I retained sufficient presence of mind to clutch at everything which might impede my progress, but there was not much on that barren slope. The next few seconds were terrible. I knew that if nothing stopped me I was lost. It was while I was sliding these few last feet that the phenomenon so often experienced by men who have been suddenly put in extraordinarily perilous positions occurred in my own case. In a single instant it seemed as if the whole panorama of a busy life, extending over 47 years, was flashed before me. I passed in one moment from my childhood's home in Connecticut to the awful realization of present peril. Then there was a sudden shock. I was brought up by something that struck me under the left arm, and I opened my eyes slowly, to find myself in a peculiar position.

"I was lying on my back at an angle of about 85 degrees, my feet resting against one of those yellow, cone shaped cacti, which take such deep root in the soil. My left arm was clutching a projecting rock, which jutted to a length of about 18 inches from the face of the precipice. Neither of these would of itself have arrested my fall. Unchecked by my spasmodic but wholly unconscious seizure of the rock as I swept past it, on the one hand I must have plunged through the cactus against which my feet now rested. On the other hand, if my feet had not struck the cactus my hold would have been torn from the rock, which in its turn partly supported me.

"I was saved! This was my first reflection. Saved! Yes, but for a lingering and cruel fate.

"I was miles from a human habitation. Accustomed to be gone from camp for a week or more at a time, my partner would not be at all alarmed at my absence. Besides, how long could I retain my present position? Already my left arm was stiffened and cramped by holding on to the rock, for I was afraid to trust all my weight on the cactus.

"Just then a shadow passed between me and the sun. I looked up. An enormous vulture was floating a few score feet above me. I felt my nerves gradually breaking down as the utter hopelessness of escape forced itself upon me.

"All this time I had not noticed that I still grasped in my right hand the small prospector's pick with which I had started out. I still held it in a convulsive clutch. It was this which finally saved me.

"As I say, I had utterly lost my nerve. I dared not glance downward. There was a dreadful attraction about that awful abyss which I instinctively felt would drag me to destruction. A voice seemed to whisper: 'Why prolong this torture? Let go your hold. It will soon be over.'

"I reviewed every action of my past life. Severed from all hope of earthly aid, I turned my thoughts to heaven. I have no distinct recollection how long this continued, but the sun went down, and the stars came out, and I fell into a kind of trance. Soon the moon, peering over the mountains, penetrated into the valley and cast the shadow of the great peaks in fantastic streaks miles in length, so that in my weakened state I fancied giants were advancing over the floor of some vast, sanded parlor.

"Hours passed. A frightful thirst had assailed me, exposed as I had been all day to the burning rays of the sun, and I now felt my tongue swollen to such an extent that it seemed to fill my mouth. I could not summon a particle of moisture to my cracked lips.

"The night passed thus. When day dawned I still held the pick and my nerves had somewhat recovered their normal condition. It was then that I contemplated, for the first time, the possibility of cutting steps up the almost precipitous face of the mountain.

"How did I set about it? I struck the pick by a backward blow of my right arm into the earth, relieving myself of its weight and at the same time freeing my right hand. I then slowly turned over on my face and, supporting myself by the cactus, caught hold of the rock with my right hand in this reversed position.

"I then raised my head and took a survey of the situation. I should say here that the fact that my face was turned from the depths below me toward the mountain did much to restore my nerve and give me confidence in my undertaking. Then I cut my first step.

"It was early dawn when I began. It was nearly dark when I finished the one hundred and thirty-second step, and, nearly exhausted, crawled past the spot where I had commenced to slip. A few rods away my burro was contentedly munching at a sagebush. I staggered to my canteen and drank until nearly choked. Then I flung myself down and slept.

"I guess there's a Providdence that watches over prospectors. Somehow I've come to believe it."

OCEAN GAMBLING.

Crooks Who Work the Unwary on Atlantic Liners.

The Atlantic liners suffer much at the hands of professional gamblers, who cross the ocean more than a dozen times in a year, living in the lap of luxury, for no other purpose than to fleece the gullible people among the better class passengers.

One of the most successful Atlantic "crooks" was a man who served a number of terms of imprisonment and used so many aliases that no one knows precisely what was his real name. His success was due to his marvelous skill in secretly marking the cards with his nails, which he did so quickly and cleverly that once a pack had passed through his hands he could almost invariably identify the cards by his acute sense of touch.

His occasional failures were resultant of the suspicions aroused by his wonderful luck rather than by any weak points in his methods, and no one ever satisfactorily decided how he manipulated the cards to such personal advantage until one day, when intoxicated, he disclosed some of his secrets. During one Atlantic trip he fleeced three young men of an aggregate sum of nearly $25,000, and on another occasion, when posing as a British army officer, he succeeded, without arousing any suspicion, in cheating one of our congressmen of a considerably larger sum.

One difficulty which the single handed sharper has occasionally to face is the presence on board of a rival sharper whom he did not recognize or suspect, and this generally means bad times for both, and sometimes great amusement to those passengers who care to watch the card play.

The Trouble.

Hicks—Why is it you are so hard on Wellington? He never did you a bad turn or ever spoke ill of you.

Wicks—I know that, but the fact is the first time I saw Wellington I thought he was somebody out of the ordinary, and I was as polite to him as I knew how to be. I never shall be able to forgive him for that mistake.—Boston Transcript.

He Knew the Lawyer.

"Your honor," said the attorney, "this man's insanity takes the form of a belief that every one wants to rob him. He won't even allow me, his counsel, to approach him."

"Maybe he's not so crazy, after all," murmured the court in a judicial whisper.—Philadelphia North American.

CAUGHT UNDER THE SEA

How a Daring Diver Narrowly Escaped Death.

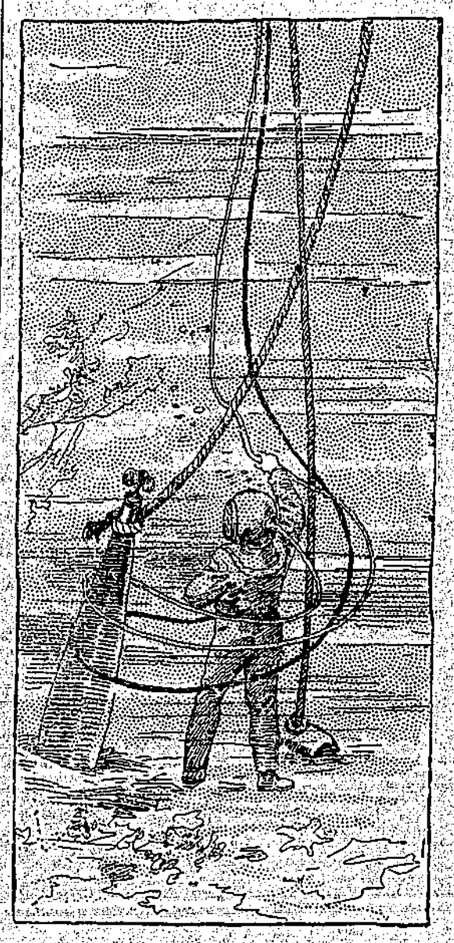
FOULED WITH A LOST TORPEDO.

Dragged For Hours Head Downward In Utter Helplessness—Weird Contest Between Death and Time Caused by a Leaky Dress.

In all the fact and fiction written of the submarine diver there is nothing more thrilling than the veracious and plainly told story of an adventure which befell Seaman Diver Young of the British battleship Hood in Suda bay, off the island of Crete.

A practice torpedo launched from the battleship had, through a disarrangement of its mechanism, plunged straight downward and buried nearly half its length in the sticky mud 78 feet below the surface of the bay. A practice or "baby" torpedo costs about $2,000, and efforts to recover the lost one were at once put under way.

Diver Young had donned a brand new dress for the occasion. He went over the



YOUNG REALIZES THAT HE IS AFOUL.

side of the small boat, his weights were put on over his shoulders, the cranks of the air pumps began to revolve and with the signal, "All right," given by two pats on the top of his helmet, John Young gently sank beneath the waves, easing himself down his shot rope as he went.

It would appear, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, that in Suda bay there must have been a submarine current, probably only very slight, but nevertheless sufficiently strong when Young descended to turn him gradually, but completely, around, so that ere he touched the bottom he had unknowingly already got his life line and air pipe foul.

Utterly unaware of this and finding the torpedo immediately, Young gave the signal—a pull on his life line—which had already been agreed upon, and which meant that he was ready for the five inch hawser to be lowered to him.

This was done, and, catching hold of the end of the hawser, he groped his way to the torpedo, wading through the heavy bottom mud, which was nearly up to his knees. Making the hawser fast to the tail of the torpedo, he must have moved completely around the submerged weapon from left to right, thus making another foul.

The hawser being made fast, Young now started to ascend up the shot rope, quite unaware that he had made a hitch around both it and the torpedo with both his air pipe and breast line.

By this time Young must have come to the conclusion that he was fouled, for he had ascended a short distance and then found he could not move. Therefore, like a wise man, he went down again and tried to find out where the trouble was, but owing to its being pitch dark where he was it is not to be wondered at that he failed to do so.

Almost despairing of being able to free himself and dreading to resort to the last resource (that of cutting himself clear with his knife), lest he should get foul again while going up, the unfortunate man gave four pulls on his air pipe. This is the most urgent signal that a diver can send to his friends above. It means "Pull me up at once by my life line."

At first the operators hesitated to act on this, but on the urgent repetition of the signal the order was given on the launch to haul in the life line. But on commencing to do this the operators found it was impossible to bring up more than a fathom of the line. Worse still, the only result of this operation was to turn Young completely upside down! The very first pull on the line, entangled as it was around the torpedo, must have done this.

Now, once a diver loses his perpendicular and gets horizontal the air gets into the legs of his dress, up they go, and then nothing that he can do will ever bring them down again. He is a mere helpless wind bag, quite incapable of reversing himself. This is precisely what must have happened to Young. The loop of his life line round the torpedo pulled him on to his chest, the hapless man's legs immediately went up, buoyed with air, and so he remained, bumping about on his head in total darkness, 78 feet at the bottom of the sea. Of course those above could not tell what had happened. Unable to bring the diver up and getting no more signals from him, a 50 candle power electric submarine lamp was lowered down to him at 7:30 p. m. To this was attached a slate and pencil, so that the helpless man could write on the slate and inform those above precisely what his dilemma was.

After his rescue Young said he remembered seeing the light, but he never had any recollection of the slate. All this time he was floating at the bottom of the sea, heels uppermost, the monotony being varied by his occasional thumping his head into the mud. During the next hour all other expedients to communicate with him were tried, but all proved equally fruitless, and now another grave danger entered upon the extraordinary scene. The cylinders of the air pump, which had been working continuously for some eight hours, showed signs of overwork and were rapidly getting red hot. In this case they would have to be stopped altogether. However, luckily there was a plentiful supply of ice on board the Hood, and, by packing this continually around the pump it was kept cool enough to work.

While these operations were going on her majesty's sloop Dolphin hove in sight and joined her huge consort in Suda bay. A signal was at once made to her from the flagship to send immediately a boat with diver and apparatus. The Dolphin's boat brought at once a couple of divers and a one man pump. One of the divers went down as quickly as possible in search of Young, but he was a new hand at the work and speedily returned to the surface, having failed to see any one or anything.

At 9 p. m. all lines attached to Young, which had previously been kept taut, as well as the hawser which he had fastened to the torpedo, and the shot line—all were simultaneously eased. The result of this was that the unfortunate man to the torpedo and the shot line—all was still head downward. At 9:45 p. m. the second diver from the Dolphin descended, and by the aid of the electric light he found Young bobbing about in a perfectly helpless condition. He shook the luckless diver by the hand and tried in other ways to attract his attention.

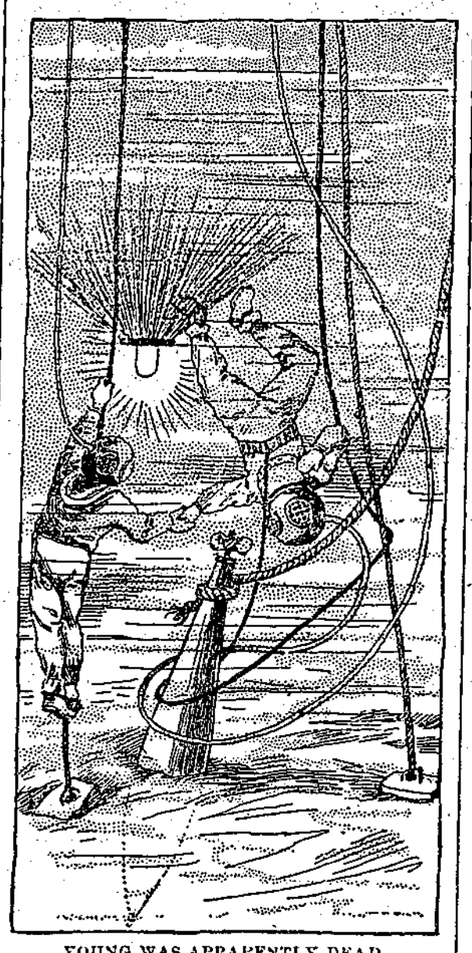
Getting no response to his efforts, he came up and reported Young quite dead. The unfortunate man was now actually sighted from the launch, legs up and head down, about 24 feet below the surface of the translucent water. There remained only one thing to be done—namely, to pull up the torpedo by main force by means of the hawser attached to it. It was a desperate and last resource.

When all was in readiness, the signal was given, "Full steam ahead." This was done twice, each time in a different direction, but without any apparent result. The torpedo, firmly wedged in the clay, would not budge. Then again once more—this time a spurt at right angles to previous pulls and at full speed. Again 80 brawny arms in the launch heaved and hauled with a will, the steam pinnace panted and puffed, her screw beating the calm waters into a milky foam. Both boats were at a standstill, quivering with the immense strain put upon them from stern to bow.

Then suddenly and without any apparent warning, the torpedo having given way at last, the helpless diver came shooting out of the water feet foremost, with an impetus that almost landed him into the arms of the crew of the launch. The lost torpedo came alongside almost at the same moment.

The shot line was found twisted round Young's right arm, and the limb was apparently broken. The face plate was quickly removed from the poor fellow's helmet, which was found three-quarters full of water. The new dress had evidently leaked slightly, and all the while that Young had been bumping about on his head the sea had been slowly oozing through and accumulating in his helmet. It had reached his eyebrows when he shot violently to the surface. Another quarter of an hour and his mouth and nostrils would have been covered.

The shot rope was cut away. Every soul in the boat thought that the man had been dead some hours. They were beginning to cut away the sleeve of the india rubber dress so as to free his arm when suddenly and to the utter amazement of all present the eyes of the sup-



YOUNG WAS APPARENTLY DEAD.

posed dead man opened and a very sepulchral voice murmured in a feeble protest: "Don't cut the dress. It's a new one!"

An immense cheer rent the air and was quickly taken up on board the warship. The whole vicinity was filled with the joyous sound which told of the diver's marvelous survival.

Beyond the fact that his arm was severely contused and painful Young appeared to be none the worse at the time, and, after a good night's rest, he was going about his duties as usual the next day. When it is considered that he was under the water, 78 feet deep, for over five hours in total darkness, most of the time upside down and hopelessly entangled with two ropes and the torpedo, it can safely be said that his experience was unique, and in all the records of diving his escape may be taken as the most wonderful known.

Bad Results.

"Henry, you said before we were married that you would never let me do any cooking."

"Yes; and now I wish I had said that you needn't even try."—Detroit Free Press.

Nautical Evolution.

"I believe," said Uncle Allen Sparks, "it is customary to call a common Jack Tar a seaman. But when he gets to be an admiral it's the fashion to speak of him as a sea dog."—Chicago Tribune.

Horrors of Chinese Slavery.

Vancouver advices speak of the sale of two Chinese girls into slavery by their father at Quesvelle. A pioneer of the Cariboo district is reported as saying that in his experience this has occurred more than once, for girls have been brought all the way from China to be slaves of bachelor Chinese, who live by mining or fishing in the interior. He says that as high as $500 has been paid, and then the

SHIPPING A CHINESE SLAVE GIRL AS FREIGHT.

girls were only 13 or 14 years old. On one occasion a Chinese girl was sent to Caribou crated as freight. At the end of the trip she was so exhausted that she became hysterical and was thus discovered. The authorities say that this kind of traffic has been going on in an underhand way too long, and people in the community in which the outrage was perpetrated threaten to deal summarily with the offenders. The girls are bright children and are very adverse to returning to their unnatural parent.

The Doctor's Mark.

"I can't make out the last part of this prescription," said the new drug clerk with a puzzled expression.

"Never mind that," replied the proprietor. "That's only a private mark of the doctor's to indicate the financial standing of the patient, so that I can know how much to charge him for the medicine."

Ornithological.

"Why, so very late, George?"

"Eas'ly 'splained, m' dear. Th' love of na-nature retained m-me. I was lookin for th' firs' robin of sp-spring."

"Are you sure it was a robin, George?"

"Course I'm sure."

"Wasn't it several swallows?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Pleased to Oblige.

Mistress (to cook)—Your name, Mary, and my daughter's being the same, makes matters somewhat confusing. Now, how do you like, say, the name of Bridget?

Cook—Shure, mum, it's not me that's particular. I'm willing to call the young lady anything you like.—Tit-Bits.

A Woman's Work.

"I am simply exhausted," complained a New York woman not long ago. "I have quite overworked myself and must positively take a rest."

"Why, what has a butterfly like you to do?" queried her husband skeptically.

"Oh, Jack (very reproachfully), you do not realize how much I do. Take yesterday, for instance. I tried on 21 dresses before I could find the one I wanted. Now, if that is not enough to tire one out, I should like to know what is. You men have no conception of what a woman's work really is."

According to Their Understanding.

The Maid—I found a four leaved clover this morning. There is an old saying that the finder will be married within a year.

The Bachelor—Indeed! I was under the impression that the finding of a four leaved clover was an omen of good luck.

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, OCT., 7th, 1899.

THE trouble with the editor of the Herald is that he has a bad case of swelled head. It is not necessary to read much of his effusions to come to that conclusion.

ALEXANDRIA Mine re-opened last Wednesday. Now, we would like to know how men who are working at Alexandria could come up here to work at the same time.

DON'T the Union miners feel bad that they hadn't an opportunity to contribute towards the expenses of Mr. Smith's trip back east, where he went to tell all the clever things he has done.

IN his little ad published in the Montreal Witness, Mr. Ralph Smith informs the world that his views were too 'broad and humanitarian' to remain a Methodist preacher. If his theological 'views' were as brilliant as his political ones (ex. the govt. should buy up all mines) it is no wonder the church couldn't hold him.

THE Herald informs us that it is far more popular in this district than the NEWS. We can prove the truth of that statement by reminding our readers how long the Herald (late Islander) vegetated in this town and that when the heart-rending decision to remove Nanaimo was made, one of our citizens felt so badly that he wouldn't let the plant go till he got security for $88.

THE Herald seems to think calling names will take the place of argument with the people of this town. Here is part of its choice vocabulary: 'Hogs,' the E. & N. 'Liars,' the miners of Union. 'The Stench of such Practices,' a particularly 'strong' figure. "It has to"——whatever the News says. (This phrase is copied from the Times. The Herald is so original.) 'False,' Whatever the NEWS says.

AN individual who boasts of his 'connection with journalism' uses the above.

IT is surprising to see over how much space some people have to spread words in order to get in a stray idea of more or less brilliancy. Take for instance the Herald of the 29th ult. Therein we find over a column of printed matter headed 'The Octopus' (that's a kind of fish, typical of the Herald's fishy arguments) in which a desperate onslaught is made on the E. & N., the U. C. Co., the Union miners, (whom we are informed Dunsmuir OWNS) and the NEWS. Boiled down the whole thing is an attempt to show what a Utopian place Nanaimo is and what philanthropic aims inspire the New Vancouver Coal Co. Of course, all this is supposed to contrast strongly with the state of affairs in Union.

Now, we wish to call the attention of all concerned to a fact of which those who know both places are well aware, and that is that conditions in Union have in the past and are still systematically misrepresented to the people of Nanaimo and Wellington. As proof of this, we can state that a Union miner who is now employing Chinese helpers wrote some time ago to Wellington to get white men up, but failed to do so because they had an idea that they could not make nearly as good wages here as in the Nanaimo mines. That this is not so we have only to say that the pay rolls of the U. C. Co., how many good miners right here who are making from $3 to $5 and upwards per day. And another thing is that the miners of Union are not in the least grateful for outside interferance. They have just as much common sense as the men of Nanaimo and a good deal more than the Herald and its satellites wish to give them credit for. They are making a living in this town and they do not propose being made cats-paws to be used at the will and pleasure of R. Smith & Co. That is just the trouble with those enterprising individuals. The moment they see that they cannot run things to suit their own ends up here, their mouthpiece, which a few short weeks ago professed such ardent, yearning love for the miners of Union, turns around and abuses them with all the graceful language for which the Herald is getting noted. Liars, slaves, cowards, etc., are the choice epithets that polite and 'elevated' organ uses, to designate the men whose crime is that they wish to manage their own affairs as suits them, and decline to fight with their employers at the bidding of the hirelings of other companies.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DENMAN ISLAND, OCT. 4th '99.

EDITOR NEWS

I would like to know where the Courtenay team comes in the tug-of-war with the team of the Warspite. All the boys that pulled were from Hornby and Denman Ids. except T. Williams from Point Holmes.

T. H. PIERCY.

(The report was published just as sent in and if incorrect we are glad to have the matter righted. ED. NEWS.)

***

CUMBERLAND, SEPT. 28th.

EDITOR NEWS

Allow me to make a statement in your paper regarding the last miners' meeting. Your report of same was quite correct except regarding resolution passed the meeting before. As I was present at both, I am in a position to tell you that the miners passed nothing to exclude anybody so there would be nothing to rescinde. The committee were told at the first meeting to have a talk with the management to find out their attitude on this question. That was all.

But now comes the Herald and tells us (on 'reliable authority' as he calls it.) that is wrong, that the men were intimidated and threatened with discharge if they did not take Chinamen in. Now, I am only a plain miner and use plain talk, so we will call the Herald and his authority a liar. If he had common horse sense he would know that the people here were sick of his blackmailing rag or would he not have stayed here. A man's brain must be very fertile when he can turn the proceedings of a meeting up side down to suit his dirty purpose. But, he and his backers will find the miners here up to snuff. The plain fact of the matter is this: the men were told that on account of scarcity of white miners, (which anybody who likes to take the trouble can find out for himself at the pit head when the men go down.) they better take in Chinamen to load so as to get the benefit So there was a motion passed to take them in. That is all. I think if the Editor of the Herald had made it stick the time he tried to borrow money from a U. C. official to start his paper here he would have been loud in his praise of owner and management of this mine but he could not raise the wind, so took what he could get elsewhere. Now as this letter stamps him what he is, a liar, you are at liberty to give him my name should he demand it. I am yours truly,

MINER.

This Space is Reserved for Stevenson & Co.

Watch their ad next week.

OUR NEIGHBORS OF TO-DAY.

The people of Canada have known for some time how shallow is the public mind of the United States. When these loud talking neighbors of ours began to gush over an Anglo-Saxon understanding, the people of Canada smiled. Now that these same neighbors are trying to avoid arbitrating the disputed boundary between Alaska and and Canada, now that they are murdering the Filipinos as fast at they can, now that they have no particular need for Great Britain's backing, they are talking of Britain's brutality towards the Boers. But still we smile. Great Britain does not need advice from men who slaughter negroes at home and abroad as a daily occupation. We do not underestimate the greatness of the United States, nor the inherent wisdom of the power behind its public actions; but neither do we underestimate our claim to sit on this part of the Continent without any crowding, nor the claim of Great Britain to remain the sole arbiter of her own affairs.

When the United States authorities began to send its sick soldiers home from Manilla, they crowded 1,200 men into a ship which should have carried but 800. These overcrowded, illtreated white citizens of the Republic had to ask the British authorities at Hong Kong for assistance. As the transport flew the British flag, the authorities were able to interfere in the interest of humanity.

Now, if the case had been reversed, and if wounded British soldiers were coming home on a vessel flying a United States flag—but, no, the supposition is ludicrous. Great Britain doesn't neglect her soldiers like that; she is great enough to be humane. To fight once under the Union Jack is to secure forever the protection and assistance of the Government which that flag represents.—October "Canadian Magazine."

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Nearly every house in town is taken.

Salmon are very plentiful around Comox.

FOR SALE CHEAP—And on easy Terms, a house and six acres of land at Comox. Apply at this office

H. M. S. Leander is in Comox Harbor.

Good values for cash at Mrs. Ostrander's.

Mr. L. P. Eckstein came up from Vancouver, Friday, on a short visit.

New Millinery arriving every week at Mrs Ostrander's.

Mr. Taylor of Oakland, Cal. was up visiting the minesthis week.

Mr. S. Davis is having a fine stable put up near the Union Hotel.

LOST—On Comox road a lady's cape. Please return to this office.

Mr. Pullen, the new teacher, and Mrs. Pullen came up Wednesday.

WANTED—To buy a second hand sewing machine. Apply at this office.

For a neat and stylish hat come to Mrs. Ostrander.

We are pleased to place on our exchange list the Western Presbyterian and Mining Tit-Bits.

Principal Bennett has over 100 volumes in the school library. Mr. Dunsmuir gave $25 towards the fund.

Mrs. Little is still detained in Nanaimo by the illness of her daughter, Marguerite, who is in the hospital.

To Make Room For New Stock

For the next 20 days I will sell at 10 per cent off for cash,

GOOD TWEED SUITS

$20

GOOD TWEED PANTS

$5

WORSTEDS, PROPORTIONATELY CHEAP-

Call and See for Yourself

Carey the Tailor

Having purchased the large and well-assorted stock of Mr. A. W. Rennson, I am prepared to do business with the people of Comox District.

You will find in my stock everything found in a First Class Grocery Store, also a good line of Crockery, Tinware Agateware and Hardware. Flour and Feed always on hand.

Inspection invited and a fair share of your patronage solicited.

I Remain,
Yours Faithfully,
F. J. LEIGHTON.
Comox Sept, 15th.

After this date my business will be run on strictly cash principles.
Mrs. Ostrander.

Mrs. Overholt left Friday for Grand Forks. She enjoyed a large measure of popularity in the town, and will be much missed by many friends.

Mr. Gordon Murdock left Friday morning en route to his old home in Nova Scotia. He will take in the Kootenay on his way, and expects to return in a month or so.

We have received a copy of Mr. M. J. Henry's—the Vancouver nurseryman—supplementary catalogue. It is nicely gotten up and is a good ad for one of the best, if not the best, nurseries in British Columbia.

Mr. Williams brought to the NEWS office this week a melon of the same variety as won the first for flavor at the Royal Agricultural show, England. It was grown in garden of Grant & Mounce's farm —not under glass.

FIRE ALARM.

About midnight last night the town was startled by the tolling of St. Andrews bell and blasts of the whistle at No. 5. Fire had broken out at the bottom of the shaft, starting in some waste around the engine. For a time there was a good deal of excitment as everyone feared an explosion.

The whole of Cumbealand was at the shaft in about half an hour. In a short the fire was under control and no great damage done.

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.