Semi-Weekly Edition.

The News.

SIXTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B C. SATURDAY OCT. 22d., 1898

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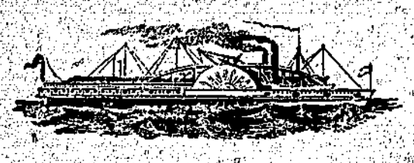

THE STEAMER CITY OF NANAIMO WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:

W.D. OWEN, MASTER,

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.

FOR Freight or Staterooms apply on board, or at the Company's Ticket Office, Victoria Station, Store Street.

O. H. FECHNER,

LEADING BARBER and TAXIDERMIST and Dealer in Fishing Tackle and Sporting Goods.....

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

DYKE & EVANS

Music Dealers

VANCOUVER, - B. C.

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SOLE AGENTS:

Karn Pianos
Echo Banjos
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Delivered daily by us in Cumberland and Union. Give us a trial.

HUGH GRANT & SON.

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

SCAVENGER WORK DONE

J. A. Carthew

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CUMBERLAND, B. C.

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INSURANCE.

I am agent for the following reliable companies:
The Royal Insurance Company.
The London and Lancashire.
Current Rates.
Can be seen afternoon's at corner office near The News.

JAMES ABRAMS.

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

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

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

WM. JENSEN,
L. GOODACRE.

m10-22d

THE NEWS

ISSUED ON TUESDAYS and SATURDAYS,

IS THE ONLY B.C. Newspaper outside of the chief cities having a SPECIAL TELEGRAPHIC SERVICE.

In addition to that it pays SPECIAL ATTENTION to the news of the District.

IT is delivered by mail at its old time price of TWO DOLLARS a year, payable in advance, and in Union and Cumberland for 25 CENTS A MONTH by carrier.

NOW advertisements can be displayed near reading matter and are sure to be read. This is of special advantage to those desiring to reach the public with greater frequency than formerly, and makes the NEWS valuable for WANT ADS, LOST ADS, LOCALS, ETC.

THE NEWS has a good job plant and can turn out anything in that line with neatness and dispatch.

NOTICE.

Dr. Lawrence, treasurer of Flower, Fruit, Vegetable and Pet Animal Show, held at Cumberland August 4th, having returned from his trip east, is now ready to pay all prizes awarded at said exhibition.

All persons not calling for same within the next 30 days from the date hereof will be deemed to have donated the same to the Society

M. WHITNEY
Secretary.

Oct. 4, 1898.

WHARF BUDGET.

Mrs. D. Rushworth is visiting her brother's family in Victoria.

Mrs. N. Concenia is spending a few days with Mrs Ray and Miss Rushworth

Rev. Mr. Dodds of Cumberland preached here last Sunday evening to a large congregation.

Rev. Mr. Goodwill from Eastern Canada is attending to the Presbyterian mission work here.

Mr. McDonagh, formerly with Lawyer Eckstein, is now in charge of the Light House near Denman Island.

There is a rumor that another barge is to be built for the transport of coke which can be taken across the gulf in shorter time than the one in present use.

Miss Dalby, teacher at Union Wharf school has sent in her resignation to take effect at the end of next month. Miss Dalby has proved a very efficient and amiable teacher and her going away is much regretted.

Wednesday morning there was a dense fog here, owing to which the shore could not be seen and the tug which towed over Transfer No. 1 from Vancouver, ran ashore, but succeeded with some difficulty in getting off without any apparent damage.

The large smoke stack at the east end of the row of 100 coke ovens is down. It got shaky and with a little friendly help tottered to its fall. The ovens seem to be burning just as well, and look brighter as the flames come up through the uncovered tops. One noticeable thing is that a short while ago every place about the works was piled up with coke, but now there is very little of it to be seen, although the ovens appear to be turning out coke to their full capacity. This gives promise that work on the second hundred will soon be recommenced.

The new Wilson House is already occupied by its landlord, Mr. John Humphreys, lately of Nanaimo, although it has not yet been opened to the public. It is well worth inspection, and as the writer went through it, noting its arrangements he was surprised to find here at Union Wharf a hotel with as many modern conveniences as any in Nanaimo—the best there. Its drains lead into the deep water of the gulf, and good fresh water is taken from a high point and conducted all through the building. The house is lighted by acetyline gas, the plant for which was put in, as indeed was the piping, by R. B. Anderson, known in Cumberland, as the 'Little Wizard around the corner." The bar fixtures are very elaborate, and were brought up from Nanaimo.

AUCTION.

I have received instructions from Mr. C. Bridges, Middle Prairie Road, to sell on his premises by auction, all his live stock, consisting of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, and Hogs, Farm Implements and Household Effects, on Tuesday and Wednesday, October 25th and 26th.

TERMS: All sums of $25.00 and under, cash; over $25.00, twelve months, with approved joint notes.

A H McCALLUM,
AUCTIONEER.

MILLIONS IN GOLD.

Seattle, Wash. Oct. 20.—Steamer Roanoke arrived yesterday from St. Michaels with about 500 passengers and gold dust estimated at two million dollars.

LATEST BY WIRE.

KLONDIKE NEWS NOTES.

Seattle, Oct. 20.—Steamer Dirigo arrived here with 140 Klondikers from Dawson. J. B. McLeod, who was one of the passengers says that an epidemic of smallpox has broken out in Dawson. Every precaution is being taken to prevent the spread of the disease. Captain Abercrombie of the government expedition has 25 destitute men on his hands at Valdez. Many lives are reported to have been lost among those who were in the interior and struggling to reach the coast. The last party to cross the glacier lost two men. One broke through the crust of snow and disappeared. He is supposed to have fallen into a crevice while the other slipped and slid in a chasm hundreds of feet deep, where it was impossible to render assistance.

ATTEMPTED TRAIN WRECKING.

Brockville, Ont 20.—A fiendish attempt at train wrecking took place on Tuesday evening on the Grand Trunk Railway a short distance west of Brockville; and but for a successful working of the air brakes many lives would have been lost. The train was the Toronto express due at 1:30, crowded with people. Just as the train reached a point half way, a sudden shock was felt. The engineer instantly applied the air breaks and brought the train to a standstill. A new steel rail heavy pattern twisted and bent into the form of a V, was lying on one side of the track, the crossing planks were torn out, but the engine had remained on the track and thus averted a very terrible accident. The local train men say it is the work of some one who has a grudge against the company.

ROCHEFORT CRAZY.

Paris, Oct. 20.—Henri Rochefort is believed to have gone crazy over the Dreyfus agitation. The reported decision of the Court of Cessation that Dreyfus' lawyer shall not see him had caused Rochefort to demand in his paper that the members of the Court of Cessation, having been previously drawn up in single file, an executioner duly trained to the work, should cut off their eyelids, so as to leave the eyeballs denuded and then spiders of the most venomous kind should be enclosed in nutshells and applied to the eyeballs. The spiders, in a famished condition would slowly feed on them until hollow. This done, the hideous blind men should be chained to a pillar erected before the place of justice and on their chests a placard affixed bearing the words: "Thus does France punish traitors who attempt to sell her to the enemy."

NAVAL FIGHT.

London, Oct. 20.—The Madrid correspondent says: "Capt. Aunon, minister of marines, has received a despatch from Manila, announcing a naval engagement between the Americans and the rebels in consequence of Admiral Dewey forbidding the latter to fly the rebel flag from their ships. The despatch adds that there were losses on both sides and that the Americans captured the rebel ships.

HAVANA CONFERENCE.

Havana, Oct. 20.—A conference was held here to-day between General Wade and Admiral Sampson on the official notes delivered by the Spanish Evacuation Commissioner claiming that it would be impossible to evacuate in the short period fixed, and insisting that the sovereignty of Spain continue until the final treaty of peace is signed.

WILHELMINA TO WED.

Paris, Oct. 20.—It is reported that the engagement of young Queen Wilhelmina of Holland to Prince William is a settled fact.

TAKE NO STOCK IN IT.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 20.—The sensational Spanish reports of a naval battle between Admiral Dewey's vessels and the insurgent navy in the Philippines, is received with absolute incredulity by both navy and war departments.

THE PIRATES SENTENCED.

Nanaimo, Oct. 21.—James Murphy, Thos. Smith and James Morrissy who have been plundering and robbing up the coast, and who were captured at Union Wharf, came up before Judge Harrison here this afternoon. The following charges—first day, breaking into the house of Miss Kirkendale and stealing certain articles belonging to her; second day, breaking into the house of Miss Kirkendale and stealing certain goods, the property of Walter G. Hillier; third day, breaking into the Qualicum school house and stealing therefrom. After hearing the evidence on the three charges the judge found each of the prisoners guilty on the three charges. For breaking into the house of Miss Kirkendale and stealing from her, the three prisoners were sentenced to five years imprisonment. Breaking into the house of Miss Kirkendale and stealing goods belonging to Hillier, they were sentenced to three years, sentence to run concurrently with first sentence. Breaking into the Qualicum school house, they got two years to run concurrently with the first. Smith, one of the prisoners said he would thrash the constable the first opportunity—and for this threat the sentence was increased from 5 to six years.

DREYFUS IN PARIS.

Paris, Oct. 21.—An evening paper announces that Captain Dreyfus is already in Paris, and is now confined in the fortress at Mont Valarien, to which he was secretly brought.

LOCALS.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS will be delivered by an employee of the office hereafter, and it will be our endeavor to do away with all complaints of non-delivery.

A. J. McKay, builder of this town, while erecting tower to the Sandwick Episcopal Church yesterday, fell about 18 feet and broke his leg above the ankle.

The adjourned Annual Meeting of the Comox Industrial and Agricultural Society, will meet on 29th Oct. at the Agricultural Hall, at 8 p. m. Directors and members of committees will meet at 7 p.m.

Wm. Duncan, Sec'y

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair. Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

A Pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder.

40 YEARS THE STANDARD

THE TRADE CENTRES

OF BRITAIN ARE LONDON, GLASGOW, LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER.

England a Beehive of Mercantile and Manufacturing Industry — London's Special Trade Features—The Enterprise of the Great Cities of Glasgow, Liverpool and Manchester—Part Played by Coal and Iron.

England, like all other civilized countries, was originally an agricultural country. Although for some centuries she has been one of the chief manufacturing and mercantile nations of the world, it has been only during the past 100 years, and especially during the past fifty years, that her development in manufactures and in commerce has been remarkable. England is still, in respect of quality, the foremost agricultural country on the globe. Her breeds of horses, cattle, sheep and swine are the standard breeds from which almost all other breeds derive their origin and by which from time to time they are improved. And nowhere is the raising of grains and roots for food of man and beast pursued with more skill and success than in England. But agriculture is fast ceasing to be an important industry of England. Two million acres less are under cultivation now than were

THE COAL FIELDS OF ENGLAND.

cultivated fifty years ago. The total amount of wheat raised is sufficient only for three months' consumption of the people; the remaining quantity needed must be supplied by importation. Three-fifths of the total population of the island live in towns and only a small proportion of the population that live in the country is actually supported by agriculture. Agriculture, in fact, supports only 15 per cent. of the population in all Britain and in England only 10 per cent. Three and a half times as many people are personally engaged in manufactures as in rural pursuits. For three-quarters of a century the population in towns and cities has been growing four times faster than the population of the rural parts. At the same time the working power of the urban population has been constantly growing more effective. In fifty years, by the general adoption of machinery, the effective working power of the English workman has been increased sixfold. In England 86 per cent. of the total work of the country is done by steam and in Scotland 90 per cent. Great Britain, therefore, has become practically one great beehive of mercantile and manufacturing industry. Agriculture as a general occupation of the people, except in the production of the finer food products, such as choice beef and mutton and high grade dairy products, is no longer profitable. Indeed, during the last fifteen years the plant (including land) employed in agricultural industries has been depreciating in value at the rate of $150,000,000 yearly; that is, in these fifteen years the enormous sum of $2,250,000,000 of capital employed in agriculture has been obliterated. But the gain to capital employed in profitable mercantile and manufacturing pursuits has much more than compensated for this enormous loss in agriculture.

One reason for the great development which England has made as a manufacturing and trading nation lies in the fact that England was the first nation to utilize on a large scale the power of steam as a help to manufacture and trade. The steam engine was a British invention. The first railways were built in Britain. The first steamship to cross the Atlantic was a British enterprise. A second reason lies in the fact that when England began to use steam as a motive power she found her supplies of coal so near her iron mines and so near her clays and earths needed for her potteries that from the very first she was able to manufacture cheaply and undersell most of her competitors. Her coal fields have an area of over 12,000 square miles, and wherever her coalbeds are other natural products have been found near by, so that her manufacturing areas and her coal areas are almost identical. Taking Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Newcastle, Durham, Bristol, Stoke, Carlisle, Cardiff, Swansea, Glasgow, Paisley and Dundee as centers, around each of these lies a coal area of such richness as amply sustains it in its commercial and manufacturing pre-eminence. London is almost the only great commercial center of England that does not lie in the midst of or quite adjacent to a rich coal and other mineral region. But London is within easy distance, not only by rail but also by canal and by coastwise sailing, of every coal field and mineral deposit of Britain. London, however, is an importing and exporting center rather than a manufacturing center.

The commercial supremacy attained by many of the large cities of Britain is not wholly due to natural causes or even to ordinary causes. Much of it is due to extraordinary enterprise and forethought on the part of their citizens. London, for example, is the center of the wool trade of England. The woolen manufactures of England use about 250,000 tons of wool annually and three-fourths of this is imported. Other cities that lie near the seats of the great woolen manufactures—Liverpool, for example—have tried to secure a share of this vast importation of wool, but London, because of the special attention it gives to this trade, manages to keep almost the whole of the trade in its own hands. Similarly, London almost wholly monopolizes the trade of England with Arabia, India, the East Indies, China and Japan. It is therefore the great emporium for tea, coffee, sugar, spices, indigo and raw silk. It also enjoys the bulk of England's trade in fruits (oranges, lemons, currants, raisins, figs, dates, etc.) and in wines, olive oil and madder with the countries that lie about the Mediterranean. By virtue partly of its situation, but largely because of the enterprise of its merchants, it absorbs nearly the whole of England's French trade and of England's trade with Germany, Belgium, Holland and Denmark. This includes principally wines (from France) and butter, eggs and vegetables. Another great branch of its trade is that with the ports of the Baltic, including those of Russia, the imports comprising, besides wheat and wool, tallow, timber, hemp and linseed. The tobacco imported from Virginia into England goes almost wholly to London; so does almost the whole of the Central American and South American trade in fine woods, dye stuffs, drugs, sugar, hides, india rubber, coffee and diamonds. Quite a large share of the trade of England with Canada is concentrated in London; also more than one-half of the trade of England with the West Indies, the imports of the latter country comprising principally sugar, molasses, fruit, rum, coffee, cocoa, fine woods and ginger.

The great commercial centers of England after London are Glasgow (800,000), Liverpool (700,000) and Manchester (640,000 including Salford). All these cities have derived the greater portion of their size from the progress they have made during the present century. All, of course, owe their progress and their prosperity largely to their natural advantages of situation, etc. Liverpool stands at the margin of the Atlantic, "the Mediterranean of the modern world," and thus enjoys the principal share of the trade with America. Nearly all the cotton of the world that is used in Europe is sent to Liverpool for distribution. Similarly, Glasgow, situated with its aspect directed toward the same maritime routes, enjoys also an immense transatlantic trade both north and south. And Manchester, situated in the very heart of the richest coal districts of the kingdom and within easy reach of the great cotton port, Liverpool, has built up a cotton-manufacturing industry surpassing that of all the rest of the world.

But the natural advantages of situation possessed by these great cities have been grandly supplemented by the enterprise of their inhabitants. Glasgow is only a river port. For twenty miles below its site the Clyde is naturally narrow, shallow and shoal-encumbered. In places it is not more than fifteen inches deep. By the expenditure of no less a sum than $60,000,000 the shallow stream has been converted into a continuous harbor, lined on either side for miles with wharves and docks and easily capable of accommodating the largest and finest merchant ships afloat. As a consequence of this enterprise Glasgow has become the greatest shipbuilding port in the world. No less than twenty shipyards—in efficiency and magnitude of the very highest class—are to be found along the banks of the once shallow, impassable Clyde between Glasgow proper and the river's mouth.

Similarly, the enterprise of the ship merchants of Liverpool has converted a port that high tides and impassable bars would naturally render unfit for modern ships into the greatest shipping port in the world. One hundred million dollars was spent in making the improvement, but $5,000,000 is the annual revenue derived therefrom in dock dues alone. And because of this enterprise Liverpool can now boast of controlling one-fourth of all the imports of the kingdom and two-fifths of all the exports and of handling three-fourths of all the grain and provision trade of the kingdom and of having the largest grain warehouses in the world.

But Manchester, a wholly inland city, forty miles distant from Liverpool, its nearest port, has outdone even Glasgow and Liverpool in its endeavor to bring the sea to its own doors. It also has spent $100,000,000—not, however, in amounts spread over a number of years and as occasion seemed to demand, but all at once, in one lump sum, in one huge enterprise. It has built a canal to the Mersey where it is navigable thirty-five and one-half miles in length and sufficiently deep and wide so that the whole of its vast importation of cotton and the whole of its vast manufacture of cotton and other textile fabrics and as much else as may be desired may be brought in from the sea or taken to the sea in merchant vessels of the very largest size now afloat. And it has done this in the face of engineering difficulties and of obstacles raised against it by jealous competing interests that were almost insurmountable.

Hope in Childhood.

What a golden, glorious day hope paints for us in childhood! What glorious promises to be fulfilled; what wonders to be accomplished; what realms to be explored; what sweetness to be extracted from life! And is all this false hope? Not if that glorious to-morrow is God's great to-morrow of infinite time.—Rev. Ernest Evans.

Helping Each Other.

Such help as we can give each other in this world is a debt to each other, and the man who perceives a superiority or capacity in a subordinate, and neither confesses it nor assists it, is not merely the withholder of a kindness, but the committer of an injury.—Ruskin.

An Apron as a Banner.

An apron is the royal standard of Persia. Gos, a Persian, who was a blacksmith by trade, raised a revolt which proved successful, and his leather apron, covered with jewels, is still borne in the van of Persian armies.

HE MOVES ARMIES.

The Man Uncle Sam Has Selected For Chief of Transportation.

When Uncle Sam has work of importance to be done, he looks over this big country and finds the one man of all his millions who can do it best. That is the reason George R. Blanchard was asked to become chief of transportation of the war department with the rank of brigadier general of volunteers. The man who fills

GEORGE R. BLANCHARD.

this office is virtually an assistant to the secretary of war. He takes entire charge of the business of moving troops.

When the board of strategy recently decided to mobilize 60,000 militia volunteers at Chickamauga, it was to the chief of transportation that the order was first communicated, and on him rested the task of carrying out the order.

There can be no question as to Mr. Blanchard's ability. He knows more about the railroads of this country than any other man in it. If he didn't, he would not have been chosen commissioner of the Joint Traffic association, an office which the United States supreme court is quite liable to decide is illegal.

Though now a resident of New York, Mr. Blanchard is widely known in other parts of the country, for he spent many years in Chicago as commissioner of the Central Freight association, an organization of eastern railroads having jurisdiction of the middle east. When the Joint Traffic association was formed, two years ago, he was chosen as the best man for the more responsible position. He then went to New York, where he has since resided.

Mr. Blanchard has been 40 years in railroad service and has been a student of conditions from the day be began in the work. For more than ten years he has been engaged in association work as a commissioner—labor which requires the most intimate knowledge of conditions on each of the lines members of an organization. Of the lines of the east he is credited with having as intimate acquaintance as each of the presidents has of the single line he controls. Mr. Blanchard also has a reputation as a student of government as affecting railroad interests. He has written many articles on these lines, the most noted of which has just been completed as a thorough review of the pooling question. All have had wide circulation and have made a reputation for the author.

If Mr. Blanchard protects the interests of the government with the same care and vigilance as he has those of the railroad corporations and associations with which he has been connected for more than 40 years, there will be no complaints of imperfect arrangements for the transportation of troops, and extortionate rates will not be tolerated. His appointment was undoubtedly due to his intimate acquaintance with Vice President Hobart, Chauncey M. Depew, and President Thomson of the Pennsylvania.

Some of Us Can't Help It.

Don't worry about something that you think may happen to-morrow, because you may die to-night, and to-morrow may find you beyond the reach of worry. Don't worry over a thing that happened yesterday, because yesterday is a hundred years away. If you don't believe it, just try to reach after it and bring it back. Don't worry about anything that is happening to-day, because to-day will only last fifteen or twenty minutes. Don't worry about things you can't help, because worry only makes them worse. Don't worry about things you can help, because then there's no need to worry. Don't worry at all. If you want to be penitent now and then, it won't hurt you a bit, it will do you good. But worry, worry, worry, fret, fret, fret — why, there's neither sorrow, penitence, strength, reformation, hope, nor resolution in it. It's merely worry.

Two Coincidences.

Two coincidences in the lives of Disraeli and Gladstone are pointed out. In boyhood they were both educated under Unitarian ministers, viz., Disraeli under the Rev. Eliezer Cogan, whose Greek scholarship Dr. Parr acknowledged, and Gladstone under the Rev. William Lamport, of Liverpool (or of Lancaster?). Disraeli died on Easter Tuesday, when the first morning lesson has Elisha's lament over Elijah, "O my father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." Gladstone died on Ascension Day, when the first evening lesson has Elisha's lament over Elijah, "O my father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

Banana Petticoats.

The secret of the much-talked-about paper petticoat is out. While the material with which it is to be built is not like anything in the world which ever has been used before for the purpose, it can hardly be called paper. The fabric is made of banana fiber. That's as far as the 50 cent petticoat makers will go until they obtain all their patents. However, there's no doubt about the deceptive qualities of the banana petticoat. It will bring the taffeta frou-frou within reach of all.

HOME RENOVATION.

Plain Directions For Painting a Bathtub, How to Clean Oilcloth, Etc.

Among the crosses many housewives have to annoy them is a bathtub of uninviting appearance in a room that otherwise looks fresh and clean after renovating. The tarnished surface may refuse to become bright, no matter what cleaning materials are employed. The Standard Designer tells how you may remedy this and, by being your own workman, may, at a trifling expense, make the tub quite desirable.

Procure a small can of common paint of any light color desired, a can of enamel paint of the same color and a good sized brush. Cut eight or ten inch pieces of yellow soap into bits and put it over the fire to dissolve in a couple of quarts of water. Fill the bathtub with very hot water, and throw in a generous handful of powdered borax and the dissolved soap. When the water becomes cool enough to put the hands in it, scrub the surface with a brush, letting the water run off as the work is done. Again partly fill the tub with hot water and scrub it with the brush and sand soap to make sure that all greasy particles have been removed. Then rinse it in clear hot water and thoroughly dry. Cover it with two coatings of the common paint, letting one thoroughly dry before putting on the second coat. Then give it several coats of the enamel paint. This paint will dry more quickly than the other, and the bath will no longer be an unsightly object. Care must be used not to run very hot water into the bath until the paint has hardened.

Oilcloth, it is told by the same authority, should be carefully swept to free it from dust, then rubbed with a cloth dipped in hot milk and afterward rubbed with a dry cloth. Occasionally a little size dissolved in hot water, and the oilcloth rubbed with some of it, will give it a nice bright polish. Beeswax and turpentine will prolong its wear. This is used in the way you would polish an oak floor—that is, rubbed on with a piece of flannel and rubbed off and polished with a dry duster. Washing oilcloth with soap and soda and leaving the surface wet is ruinous to it.

In washing furniture only small portions should be done at a time, and each part should be thoroughly and quickly dried. Work downward, beginning at the top, so that splashes below can be effaced as you work downward. The following will be found a good furniture polish: One-half pint linseed oil, one-half pint turpentine, one-half pint vinegar, one-half pint spirits of wine. Mix well together. When used, shake well and rub on the furniture with a piece of linen rag and polish with a duster.

ROOSEVELT'S SUCCESSOR.

Charles H. Allen, the New Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Charles Herbert Allen, the new assistant secretary of the navy, who succeeds Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt, is from Lowell, Mass., where he was born 50 years ago and where he has always lived. Mr. Allen has had more experience in politics than in naval matters, but he is an enterprising and energetic gentleman and will probably make an able official.

Mr. Allen's career has not been particularly interesting up to this time. He received his early education in the public schools of his native city and then went to Amherst college. Soon after being graduated he entered politics. He was elected a member of the Lowell school committee in 1874 and served until 1881. In that year he went to the lower house of the legisla-

CHARLES HERBERT ALLEN.

ture, being returned the next year. Following that he served for a year in the state senate. He acted on important committees in both branches of the legislature. He was a colonel also on the staff of Governor Robinson.

He was named as the Republican candidate for the Forty-ninth congress and ran against Charles S. Lilley, a strong Democrat, winning by a plurality of more than 3,000. He was re-elected to the Fiftieth congress, voluntarily retiring at the end of that time on account of business matters. Later on he ran as candidate for governor against William E. Russell and was very badly beaten.

Mr. Allen has a pleasant home in Lowell. He is a member of the Union club in Boston, the University club in New York, the Pilgrim commandery of Masons and also a member of several clubs in his native city.

DRESS AND FASHION.

GOWNS FOR JUNE WEDDINGS ILLUSTRATED AND DESCRIBED.

A Charming Confection In Ivory Satin, Pearl Embroidery, Orange Blossoms and Tulle—Traveling and Bridesmaids' Costumes—New Items of Summer Styles.

From elaboration and gorgeousness to "sweet simplicity" would be but a quick and easy step for Dame Fashion, and it is told that the French designers are striving to make the latter the keynote of the summer modes. But Paris does not rule us quite so rigidly as here-

WEDDING GOWN.

tofore, and whether it will succeed in establishing the scant three yard skirt, close fitting bodice and still smaller sleeves than those of the present remains to be seen. These represent latest fashions in the French capital, the Parisian skirt having the appearance of falling in straight folds. It may, in fact, be aptly described as "floppy" in effect.

Wedding gowns of course conform more or less to the modes prevailing for other occasions. Perhaps no better idea of the June wedding styles this year can be given than by describing some gowns just made.

A gown for one of the brides to be is of ivory white satin richly embroidered in true lovers' knots of pearls on skirt and bodice and trimmed with fine mechlin lace and orange blossoms. The marked feature of the long train is the trimming of tulle which ends in a huge bow. The tulle veil will be fastened with orange blossoms and a diamond star.

The bridesmaids' gowns on this occasion will be of cream white satin. The bodices, slightly pouched in front, have pointed yokes formed of tucks, with a square collar overlaid with lace, and a blue silk waistband. The white straw hats are trimmed with rosettes of cream ribbon, a long ostrich plume and pink roses under the brim. The going away gown of this bride is of the pale gray cloth now so fashionable, the bodice having a vest of pink silk. The gray straw hat is trimmed with pink and gray chiffon, pink roses and mignonette.

Embroidered muslin is introduced in the form of tucked vests into some of the smartest summer gowns and is also employed for revers, collars and cuffs and the pretty little boleros that con-

BRIDESMAIDS' AND GOING AWAY GOWNS.

tinue to find favor. White muslin dresses are profusely trimmed with lace and insertion, the bodices being made with pretty yokes of tucking and lace.

The slightly pouched effect is still to be seen on the bodices of many of the newest costumes, although the tight fitting bodice is said to be near at hand. Panels are in evidence on the latest skirts. They are pointed and may be introduced either in the front or at the side.

One of the freshest and most original styles in capes is long and full at the back, but rounded off at the bottom in front and at the sides in such a way as to display not only the charming bodice that is worn under it, but also the very attractive lining of the cape itself.

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

By the author of "A Woman's Crime," "The Missing Diamond," etc.

"Right! quite right," he chuckled. "Of course, you know, Arthur—Miss Madeline, ahem—that's what I meant, you know. It's the proper way," he gasped; and the general expression of his countenance did not tend to make his observations the more lucid—"I meant, you know—ah, well—will you honor me, Miss Madeline—by—by your hand, you know?"

This effort of oratory was received with smiling attention by the girl, who now addressed herself entirely to him, without heeding the effect of her words upon her step-father, or his interpolations, as she proceeded.

"Mr. Adams;"—she spoke in a low, even tone, and gradually permitted the real feelings that were seeking for expression to show themselves in her every feature—"Mr. Adams, I think I appreciate as it deserves the honor you desire to bestow upon me; believe me too," when I say that I am as grateful as it is proper I should be. But, Mr. Adams, I am only a mere girl, and you might pay too dearly for me."

"What the deuce does the fool mean?" growled Mr. Arthur.

"I don't dispute the fact that I am a perfectly marketable commodity, and it is very right and proper that my dear step-papa—who dotes on me, whose idol I have been for long years—should set a high valuation upon my unworthy head. Yet this little Arcadian transaction is really not just the thing for the present century and country. And so, Mr. Adams, I must beg leave to thank you for the honor you proffer, and, thanking you, to decline it!"

For a moment no one spoke; there was neither sound nor movement in the room. John Arthur was literally speechless from rage, and old Amos was just as speechless from astonishment; while Madeline gazed from one to the other unmoved. As soon as he could articulate, John Arthur confronted her, and taking her roughly by the shoulder, demanded:

"What do you mean, you ungrateful jade? What are you talking about?"

"About your contract in flesh and blood, Mr. Arthur. About your very worthy scheme of putting money in your pockets by making me this man's wife. If I am to be sold, sir, I will make my own bargain; be very sure of that; and this is not my bargain!"

"Don't talk to me of bargains, you little idiot! Do you think to defy me? Do you dare to defy me?"

His rage passed all bounds. She put the width of the table between them, and surveyed him across it, mockingly.

"Listen, girl, I am your lawful guardian; you shall obey me!"

"Really, now, don't step-papa; you are actually purple in the face! You might die, you know; think of your heart, do, and take a glass of water."

Old Adams collapsed in the remote corner whither he had fled. The miser was not at home in a tempest, and this was already beyond his depth. He gasped in speechless amaze and affright. Was this the girl he had thought to mold as his wife, this fearless, defiant creature? Already he began to congratulate himself upon his lucky escape. "She would murder me some day," he thought, shuddering.

For the time being, John Arthur was a madman. Defied, mocked, by this girl who had been a burden to his very life! He raged, he raved, he cursed; and so raging and raving, he cursed her, and then in vile, bitter words hurled his anathema at her dead mother's memory.

Then the mocking smile was gone, the taunting voice changed its tone; and as it changed, old Amos, cowering in his corner, shuddered afresh. Her whole face underwent a transformation. Her form dilated, she sprang before her step-father and the ring of her voice checked the imprecations on his lips.

"Stop," she cried; "don't add the last drop to your already overfull measure! Don't double the force of the thunderbolt that will strike you some day! Is it not enough that you have hated me all my life through; that you have loaded down my childhood with unkind words, curses, and wishes for my death? Not enough that you follow me with your hatred because my mother's own will be mine at your death? Not enough that you would barter my life—yes, my life—for gold, sell my heart's blood for your own ease and comfort? And now must you pollute the name of my mother, as you polluted her life? Never breathe her name again; never dare to name her! I, her daughter, tell you that for every tear, every heart pang, every sigh, you shall pay dearly; dearly I will avenge my mother's wrongs, some day; for you are her murderer!"

John Arthur gazed in speechless amaze into the space before him—but she was gone! The stern, vengeful, set face was no longer there. The proud, ringing voice was no longer sounding in his ear. The uplifted, warning, threatening hand menaced him only in memory. And before the might of her purpose, and the force of her maledictions, he stood as in a trance.

When he had so far recovered himself as to think of her sudden disappearance, he went out quickly. The entrance door stood wide open; the dim light flickered on an empty hall and stairway; the sky was black with clouds, and never a star; the wind moaned about the house; and across the meadow came the doleful howl of old Hagar's watch-dog.

But Madeline was not to be found.

Always, in the days to come, he remembered her face as it had looked on him that night. Often in dreams he would start and cry out, haunted by the sound of her scornful voice, the spectre of her threatening hand.

CHAPTER IV.—THE DIE IS CAST.

Lucian Davlin paced the platform of the Bellair depot, in a very unpleasant frame of mind.

His companion—half servant, half confederate, wholly and entirely a rascal—discerning his mood, and, as ever, adapting himself to it, had withdrawn to a respectful distance. Only the shine of his cigar, glowing through the darkness, betokened his proximity, or the fact that the dark platform was not in the sole possession of the sullen man who paced its brief length, and questioned the Fate in which he trusted, and which, for once, had played him a sorry trick.

He had been deceived by a mere schoolgirl. She had not even deigned him a farewell word. He had lost a fair prize.

"Gad!" he muttered, biting viciously at his cigar, "to be baffled like this; to lose that little beauty; to be foiled like a moonstruck idiot and never know how or why! I can't write her, with that cursed old step-father to interfere. I can't return again very soon. And she is such a little beauty!"

He paused at the end of the darkened platform, and looked down the track, in the direction of the grove where they had met, and of Madeline's home. It was almost time for the train. At the upper end of the platform the station-master flashed his lantern, tumbled the luggage closer to the track and examined the checks critically; while the Man of Tact came out from his retirement and overlooked the proceeding.

Something was coming down the track, swiftly, silently. He could just discern a shape moving toward him. It came nearer and he moved up a few paces, and turned again where the lantern's rays fell upon him. It came nearer yet and paused in the shadow. It was a woman's form, and it beckoned. He approached carelessly.

"Lucian!" She came close to him, and placed her hand upon his arm, drawing her breath hard and quick.

He drew her farther into the shadow and clasped his arms about her. "Little one! You have walked fast—how your heart beats! I had given you up. Is it 'good-by,' dear?"

She silently held up the little chatelaine, which he felt rather than saw, and took from her hand. In the darkness he smiled again the old exultant smile not good to see, and pressing her closer in his arms, said:

"Don't try to talk, sweet one; see, yonder comes our fiery horse and soon we will be on our way. Take my arm, little one, and trust him who loves you. Look your last at the scene of your past loneliness—to morrow comes the gay world."

Rattling and shrieking, the train approached. Lucian hurried his companion upon the rear platform; and neither his comrade, who entered the smoking car without looking about him, nor the station master, busy with his trunks and valises, observed that a third passenger quitted Bellair station on the night express.

About them, the passengers nodded, yawned or slept. Outside, swiftly passing darkness. And every moment was hurrying her farther and farther away from all familiar scenes and objects, out to a life all untried, a world all new and strange. But she never thought of this. She was not elated, neither was she cast down. She felt no fear—and afterwards, she remembered that she indulged in no bright visions of the future during her swift flight.

She had prepared herself to relate her story, to describe the scene she had just passed through, to tell him all. But he had other things to occupy his mind, and bidding her to rest and save all she might have to relate until the morrow, he relapsed into silence and thought, only now and then gently speaking a word, and looking after her comfort with a happy grace possessed by few, and so powerful in the winning of a woman.

On, on, through the black night—youth and age, joy and sorrow, hope and despair, good and evil; on together through the night; on, on. Near to the great city; near to the welcome, dark or bright, awaiting the journey's end. Blacker grew the night, wilder shrieked the wind in angry protest against the defiant, fiery, resistless monster upon whom its rage fell impotent. Now pausing; now rushing on with a shriek and a roar; nearer, nearer to the scene of the new life, dawning grimly upon the fair girl, all unconscious, unheeding.

They halted at a wayside station—just one of those little hamlets only a few miles removed from, and really a part of, the great city. One passenger came on board, sauntering down the coach's length listlessly, wearily. He threw himself into a reversed seat in a half reclining attitude, and so his careless, wandering gaze fell first upon Madeline, seated opposite and very near.

She sees him just as she sees the rest, vaguely. She remembers, later, that he had a good face and that she had thought it then. But confused and wearied in mind and body, she feels no inclination to observe or think. So they were hurried on, and no whisper of her heart, no quickening of the pulses, or sensation of joy or fear, warned her that she was sitting under the gaze and in the presence of the good and the evil forces that were to compass and shape her life.

Open your eyes, oh, Madeline, before it is too late. See the snare that is spreading beneath your feet; read aright the bright glance that shines on you from those handsome, fateful eyes. Interpret truly the smile turned on you now. Alas! what woman ever saw guile in the eyes of the man she loved?

Never one, until those eyes have ceased to smile upon her, and her fate is sealed. What one ever yet recognized the false ring of the voice that had never, as yet, addressed her save in honeyed tones, that seemed earth's sweetest music to her ears? None, until the voice had changed and forgotten its love words; none, until it was too late.

What Madeline saw, was a man who was to her the embodiment of all manly grace, her all of joy and love, of truth and trust. And, sitting opposite, just a young man with fair curling hair, and frank blue eyes; with a fine manly face, and an air of refinement. A very nice young man; but not like her hero.

Not like her hero? No, thank heaven for that, Madeline, else your way would have been far more dreary, else your life might have known never a ray of sunlight, in the long days to come.

On, on; nearer and yet nearer the long journey's end. Both thinking of her, but how differently!

One pityingly, sadly, fearing for her fate, longing to save her from the precipice which she could not see and still wear that look of sweet trustfulness.

One triumpantly, as of a fair prize gained; a new tribute to his power and strength; another smile from Chance; one more proof that he was a favored one of Fortune, and that life ever gave him good things from out the very best.

They are very near their journey's end now, and Lucian Davlin whispers briefly to Madeline, and lounges out to give some necessary directions to the neglected companion of his wanderings.

Hastily the young man opposite rises, and crossing to Madeline, bends over her, speaking hurriedly.

"Pardon me, madame, but are you a stranger to the city?"

"Yes." After giving her answer she wonders why she did it, remembering that it is from a stranger the question comes, and that it is, therefore, an impertinence.

"I thought as much!"—the blue eyes look troubled, and the manly voice hurried on. "The time may come, I hope it will not, when you will need a friend. If so, this card bears my address—take it, keep it, and believe me, I speak from honest motives and a desire to serve you."

He drops a card in her lap, and as she makes a gesture of repulsion, he says, entreatingly "Take it; in the name of your mother I ask it."

She snatches up the card impulsively, and looks for one moment straight in his eyes. Then drawing a long, sighing breath, says, simply, "I will," and turns away as she puts it in her pocket, never so much as glancing at it.

"Thank you." He lifts his hat, and resumes his seat and his former attitude just as Lucian re-appears.

Now all was bustle and confusion, the journey's end was reached; and through the hurrying, jostling crowd, past flickering lamps and sleepy guards, they went under the dusky arches of the mammoth city station, out among the bawling 'bus drivers and brawling hackmen, past them, until a carriage, that seemed to be in waiting for them just beyond the noisy crowd, was reached. Stepping into this, they were about to drive away when, in the shadow, and very near them, Madeline discerned the form of the Unknown of the railway train. Then Lucian gave the order from the carriage window, and they rolled away.

The man in the shadow heard, and stepping into the nearest carriage, repeated the order given by Lucian the moment before, adding: "Quick; don't lose a moment!"

And thus it was that a carriage passed swiftly by that which contained Davlin and his companion, and the flash of their vehicle's lamp showed Madeline the face looking from its window.

Again that face seen in the shadow—how strange, thought she; but her lover was speaking and she forgot all else.

"Darling, I must leave you soon. I came up to-night on a matter of business, and to meet a friend who will leave to-morrow early. I must, therefore, keep my appointment to-night, late as it is; or, rather, this morning, for it is midnight and past. You will not be afraid, dear, left alone for a little while in a great hotel?"

"I am not afraid, Lucian, but—"

"But lonely; is that it? Well, sweetheart, it's only for a little while, and to-morrow I will come for you, and all shall be arranged. We'll have no more separations then. Rest well, and at noon to-morrow be ready; I will be with you then. Meantime your every want will be supplied, and let the morrow find my little treasure bright-eyed and blooming."

"Oh, Lucian, Lucian! how strange this seems. I can't realize it at all."

He laughed lightly. "Not afraid, little one?"

"Not afraid, Lucian, no; but I can't explain or describe my feelings. I suppose I need rest; that is all."

"That is all, depend upon it; and here we are. One kiss Madeline, the last till to-morrow."

He folded her tenderly in his arms, and then sprang lightly from the carriage.

Up and down, far as the eye could see, the street lamps glittered, and as Madeline stepped from the carriage she observed another roll away. High above her loomed the great hotel, and after midnight though it was, all here was life and bustle. The scene was novel to the half-bewildered girl. Clinging to her lover's arm, she entered the reception-room, and, sitting opposite the door, saw a form pass in the direction Lucian had taken, as he went to register her name and order for her "all that the house could afford."

"I did not give your real name, because of your step-father, you know," said Lucian, upon his return. "I registered you as Miss Weir, that name being the first to occur to me."

She looked a trifle disturbed, but said nothing. A few words more and a servant appeared.

"To conduct you to your room," said Lucian.

Together they moved towards the door: there he lifted his hat with profound courtesy, and said, in a very audible tone: "Good-night, Miss Weir; I will call to-morrow noon; pleasant dreams."

"To-morrow noon," she echoed.

As she watched his retreating figure, another passed her; a man who, meeting her eye, lifted his hat and passed out.

"He again!" whispered the girl to herself; "how very strange."

Alone in her room, the face of this man looked at her again, and sitting down, she said wearily: "Who is he? what does he mean? His name—I'll look at the card."

Taking it from her pocket, she read aloud: Clarence Vaughan, M.D., No. 430 B—— street.

"Clarence Vaughan, M.D.," she repeated. "What did he mean? I must tell Lucian to-morrow; to-night I am too weary to think. Search for me, John Arthur; find me if you can! To-morrow—what will it bring, I wonder?"

Weary one, rest, for never again will you sleep so innocently, so free from care as now. Sleep well, nor dream!

She slept. Of the three who had been brought into contact thus strangely, Madeline slept most soundly, and dreamed the brightest dreams.

It was the last ray of her sunlight; when the day dawned, her night began.

(To be continued.)

FURNISHING A VERANDA.

A Warm Weather Living Room For Country and Suburban Homes.

Every year the veranda is becoming more and more an integral part of the house beautiful. It is no longer merely a shelter from the elements, sparsely furnished with chairs, but is a living room and treated as such, and is furnished with the same taste and care that are bestowed upon the best of the rooms. Of course it goes without saying that both the textiles and furniture employed must be as far as possible weather proof, but this is no handicap nowadays, as rugs and materials that defy rain and snow are to be had in the greatest variety, except directly on the seashore, where the dampness and high winds make it impossible, says the New York Tribune, from which the following suggestions on furnishing a veranda are reproduced:

An outdoor room, netted in so that the lights at night will not attract troublesome insects, prettily and comfortably furnished, should be a part of every country house. Curtains made of colored awning cloth and hung with small brass rings on a slender galvanized iron rod, so that they may easily be pushed forward and back, are both useful and pretty, although some people prefer

A VERANDA COZY CORNER.

venetian blinds or the rattan shades, which now come for verandas in any width desired. Hammocks, of course, are the natural lounging places for a veranda room, but they are now made much more elaborately than formerly, with valences hanging on either side and piled up with cushions of many colors. Another recent accessory to outdoor furniture which has become popular is the swinging sofa, legless, of course, swung by four chains to the roof, and filled with cushions.

Even the divan has been adapted to open air furnishing. One which filled a corner of the veranda of a seaside cottage last summer is shaped like an irregular elongated triangle, with two sides against the walls of the house, and consists of a frame a foot high, on which is a mattress covered with india rubber cloth. Over this is a buttoned covering of green denim, with a flounce, and the drapery consists of an old sail and a fish net, which is held up by a pair of oars and a crab net, all of which have been well seasoned by wind and weather.

"Cameo" China and Underglaze Ware.

Dresden "cameo" china furnishes new and effective decorative pieces. While most conspicuous in plaques, it appears also in a variety of vases, bowls, cups and small fancy articles. The china is of a peculiarly soft grecnish tint, inglazed, with the cameo design in white. Vases and similar pieces are glazed on the inside and the ware can readily be cleaned with soap and water. Many of the designs are classical or copied from old pictures. This ware affords something unique for June wedding gifts.

German ware charmingly decorated under the glaze comes in most attractive shades of blue. Ideal heads and figures on this ware assume appropriately soft and indistinct outlines and are done in a slightly deeper tint of the same blue. —Jewelers' Circular.

Interesting to Amateur Artists.

Since many amateurs are giving attention to painting small landscapes on china it is well to know that softer and more delicate results may be obtained by the use of lavender than with turpentine. This is particularly the case in painting skies, distant hills and stretches of water. In using lavender the color remains "open" longer, and the outlines or edges spread away almost imperceptibly, thus avoiding hardness. In using turpentine the evaporation is so much more rapid that hardness is almost a certainty. If it seems advisable to make the lavender more volatile, this can be done by the judicious addition of alcohol, says The Art Interchange.

SELECTION

YANKEE GUNNERY.

The Tactics at Manilla No New Thing In the History of the American Navy.

The old skipper unburdened his patriotic soul the other day on the subject of Yankee genius and valor in naval warfare. He had an audience of youngsters who felt dimly that they were the scions of a great nautical race, and which he got through with his palaver they were quite sure of it.

"In the war of 1812," the old skipper said, "we proved even to the satisfaction of the British admiralty that in a duel of warships noise, smoke, smash and splinters were inferior to skillful maneuvering and quick, strong and accurate firing—otherwise, gunnery. Nelson's tactics, to close in with your antagonist and pound him, went up in the smoke of the Guerriere, the Macedonian and the Java captures, and is now nothing but a tradition. The superiority of American ships, guns and seamen in those days staggered the European naval world. Those victories of ours made the battles of the Nile and Trafalgar appear what they really were—brutally stupid.

"When our frigate Constitution met the brave Guerriere and the Java in single combat, it was a struggle of keen intelligence against brute force and arrogant ignorance. The Guerriere was then the crack frigate of the British navy, and the first one in 30 years to strike her flag in a naval duel between single ships. The great disparity of the loss in killed and wounded—five times as many on the Guerriere as on the Constitution—astounded the naval world. Our sea fights set all Europe thinking, just as our fights in this war may do. It was many years, however, before the English acknowledged that the real cause of their defeats in the war of 1812 was the superiority of the gunnery on the American ships. It was their excuse at the time of the war, and many years after, that the British tars had been simply overpowered by the American ships and the weight of their guns. The true explanation was that we were marksmen.

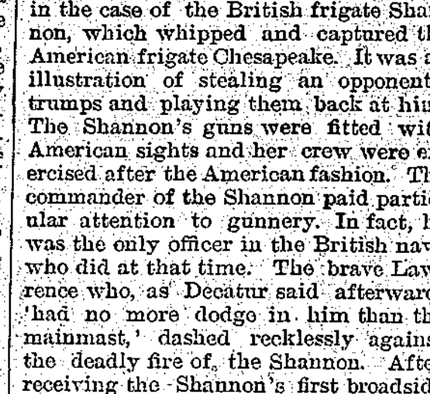
"At the siege of Yorktown in our Revolutionary war the deadly accuracy of Washington's artillery fire astonished the European artillerists. 'Your progress in artillery is wonderful,' said the gallant Lafayette to Major Shaw. General Knox personally superintended the serving of the guns. He was bred in the woods of Maine and was a born artillerist. 'You fire better than the French, upon my word you do,' said Lafayette as Major Shaw modestly protested.

"In all cases except one American gunnery in the war of 1812 was superior to the British. That exception was in the case of the British frigate Shannon, which whipped and captured the American frigate Chesapeake. It was an illustration of stealing an opponent's trumps and playing them back at him. The Shannon's guns were fitted with American sights and her crew were exercised after the American fashion. The commander of the Shannon paid particular attention to gunnery. In fact, he was the only officer in the British navy who did at that time. The brave Lawrence who, as Decatur said afterward, 'had no more dodge in him than the mainmast,' dashed recklessly against the deadly fire of the Shannon. After receiving the Shannon's first broadside the Chesapeake was out of it.

"As late as 1830 the American gun sight was considered the best device known to naval artillerists. It was introduced into naval gunnery by the Yankees in 1771. I have no doubt that in this war with Spain and in any future war that we may have on the sea Yankee ingenuity and intelligence will achieve the success that has always attended them."—New York Sun.

Fine Underlinen.

For what the French comprehensively designate as the "dessous," cambric, white batiste and fine linen, richly



A DAINTY CHEMISE.

trimmed with embroidery and lace, remain favorite materials. Valenciennes and mechlin are preferred laces for this purpose

Parisians devote much time to working elaborate monograms or other designs on these garments. The empire shapes represent favorite styles. The very dainty chemise shown in the cut is of fine lawn embroidered with butterflies. The edges are finished with lace through which narrow ribbon is run.

Postage Stamps.

There are 13,000 distinct varieties of postage stamps.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS.

Cumberland, B. C.

Issued Every Tuesday and Saturday.

M. Whitney, Editor.

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SATURDAY, OCT. 22d, 1898

This is a bad time to take a sea voyage.

The government did well to wait for further information before sending a relief expedition up the Ashcroft trail.

The anarchists are unusually active of late, and efforts to suppress them will doubtless be supported by all European powers.

The inhabitants of the Phillippines Islands by fighting among themselves are illustrating their incapacity for self government.

It is thought if the International Commission succeed in settling the differences between the United States and Canada, Laurier will consider it an opportune time to ask for a disolution of Parliament and put himself upon the country.

It was the unexpected that happened when Archibald Dick, the inspecter of mines was decapitated. However, we trust the place will be given to a practical man and not a politician; or will it be allowed to remain vacant, as unnecessary ?

It is true they have no creamery in Comox, but it would be hard to find a farming community of the same size where so many farmers were provided with separators, or where so many made good butter. And yet, except for a few, a creamery would doubtless be an advantage.

It looks as though the dream of Cecil Rhodes of a railway line of transportation between Egypt and Cape Colony might yet be realized. The railway is being pushed north, and the water way cleared south by Gen. Kitchener. Fashoda in the possession of the French would be an insurmountable obstacle. But Kitchener has planted our flag there and the French must retire or there will be war. She shows signs of hostility at present, but England has gone too far to back down. France will probably yield, but will require some concession in another quarter. The conception of a line of rail and water way from north to south through Africa is a stupendous one carrying as it does civilization into the heart of the Dark Continent, and extending British prestige and commerce.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Miss Hurd left Friday for home for a rest.

Officer Thompson returned on Wednesday's steamer from Nanaimo.

T. Jones of Nanaimo came up to Courtenay on a business trip this week.

The owner of the pirate sloop was up from Seattle Wednesday to claim his property.

Bishop Perrin arrived on Wednesday, and will conduct services at Trinity on Sunday evening.

John J. R. Miller of Little River, special representative to New Westminster Fair, returned on Wednesday.

Alex. Henderson of Nanaimo, tombstone manufacturer was here Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

Mrs. Hooper who was brought to the hospital from the wharf and who has been dangerously ill is better.

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

E. McKim has sold his cottage on Maryport avenue to Mr. F. Partridge. Mr. McKim left for his home in Puyallup, Wn., on Friday.

We undertand this has been quite a bear season. About five have yielded up their hides to the hunter in this neighborhood. It is a little too early for hides to be very valuable, but there is a lot of fun in shooting them.

Government Agent Anderson informs us that he has received notice on the first of the month to join Mr. Archibald Dick and noble army of "G. B's." Mr. Wm. Mitchell will be the new Government Agent and will take possession of his office the first of next month.

—HATS! HATS!! HATS!!! a fine line of Ladies' Sailor and Walking Hats at MCPHEE & MOORE'S

We have received a most attractive and useful catalogue from M.J. Henry, nurseryman of Vancouver, B. C. Mr. Henry's reputation as a competent and satisfactory nurseryman has grown with his business, and he is the leading florist of B. C. to-day. Give him your orders.

Mrs. Barrett, the evangelist who has been assisting Rev. Mr. Hicks the past three weeks, will close her labors among us on Sunday night, leaving for her home on the next boat. The services will be especially interesting. It will be "reception day," the converts of the meetings being received into the church; and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered in connection with the evening service. Mrs. Barrett has done faithful work, and should have a large congregation in these closing services. Mrs. Barrett goes to California for the winter's work, her services being engaged until spring.

STAY WHERE YOU ARE

(New England Farmer.)

If we could see ourselves as others see us, how many would see themselves as they now do? How many can correctly compare their own condition with the conditions under which others are living? It is our own trials, troubles, pains disappointments and lost opportunities that we feel most keenly. We cannot know how much others are suffering from the same despondent feelings that may be making us miserable.

One's happiness depends much on one's makeup. Some seem to be born under clouds that never lift to let in the clear sunshine. They always seem to feel that they are "fated" to have more bad than good luck in the world. In a sense this is true, just as it is fated that some apples shall be windfalls while others remain to reach full maturity. But in the animal world of which man is a part, much depends on the individual.

I do not claim that all troubles are avoidable, we all know that they are not. So long as there is ignorance there will be more or less suffering. But do we do as well as we know? Is our trouble all due to the acts or the neglect of others? When I see a man pay as much for tobacco as would keep his wife in shoes, or as much, directly or indirectly, for intoxicating liquors as would keep his whole family comfortable, I cannot believe he is doing as well as he knows. When I see a man loafing because he is unwilling to work unless he can have just the kind of a job he would like and a price to suit, I cannot help feeling that if by and by, he finds himself cold and hungry the fault is surely somewhat his own.

The most successful men so fa. as I have observed are those who do the best they can under the circumstances right here and now. A person who is willing to do the best he can in any place that opens is going to know how to do more than one thing. I never knew one who could turn his hand to several kinds of work who was long idle There are many men who are never idle. Some one wants them whenever they are at liberty.

Unsuccessful men waste too much time wishing they were somewhere else or were doing something else. It is this discontent that keeps too many men travelling from city to city looking for a better job. If all the families that have moved half way across the continent in search of a better place to live in had remained where they were and done all in their power to make the old home better, they could now have homes that might easily be the envy of their less persistent neighbors. We are too apt to be enchanted by things seen from a distance.

There is not half so much difference in place as there is in men. Many farmers wish they were mechanics or merchants while an even greater number who are in other business wish they were farmers. If these two discontented classes were to change places, the chances are ten to one that both would be losers rather than gainers. Far better would it be for both if each would set himself to doing the best possible for himself where he now is. The farmer who is constantly moving west or somewhere else is pretty sure to neglect opportunities at home. He neglects to plant trees, to drain his wet lands, to clear off rocks, to build good roads over his farm, to repair and improve his buildings and needed fences, because he may move away and then he will lose the benefit of his labor. This is the shortest kind of short-sightedness.

Farmers and all others should remember that this world is only for us while we are living in it. It will be used by others a great while longer than by us. A man too selfish or lazy to do what he can to make the world better for future generations than it is now, does not deserve to live in so good a world as he found this when he came into it. There is not a living person but what owes a debt that can be paid only to posterity.

We may be suffering more or less from depression in business, but the times never will be made better by all hands changing business or places. There are evils that ought to be righted, but how to correct them can be learned as readily where we are as if we moved elsewhere or changed our business. Spot knowledge, that kind of which enables us to know what is the best thing to do now and here, is the best kind provided we use it.

Corporation of the City of Cumberland, B. C.

Statement of account from the 1st of January 1898 to 30th of September 1898.

RECEIPTS.

By Trades Licenses	$1,281.00
" Billiard Table License	15.00
" Dog Tax	47.00
" Municipal Rate Law	805.20
Total receipts	$2,148.20

EXPENDITURES.

Street Crossing account	$ 23.37
Election expenses	109.00
Donation, (24th May sports)	25.00
Sundries	7.05
Office account	119.23
Ditch "	58.70
Publishing By-laws &c	143.75
Street account	218.15
Street Light account	71.00
Side walk "	8.00
Tool account	7.15
Rent to 31st of August '98	56.00
Incorporation account	127.50
Clerk half year's salary	72.50
Balance	1,110.85
Total	$2,148.20

Balance Sept. 30, $1,110.85.

LAWRENCE WM. NUNNS.
CITY CLERK.

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

Society Cards

Cumberland Lodge,
A. F. & A. M, B. C. R.
UNION, B. C.

Lodge meets first Friday in each month. Visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend.

R. LAWRENCE, Sec.

Hiram Lodge No 14 A.F. & A.M., B.C.R
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 8 o'clock p. m. Visiting Brethren cordially invited to attend.

JOHN COMBE, Scribe.

I O O. F.

Union Lodge, No. 11, meets every Friday night at 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.

F. A. ANLEY, R. S.

NOTICE

Any person or persons destroying or withholding the kegs and barrels of the Union Brewery Company Ltd of Nanaimo, will be prosecuted. A liberal reward will be paid for information leading to conviction.

W. E. Norris, Sec'y

Gordon Murdock,
Third St. Union, B.C.

BLACKSMITHING
in all its branches, and Wagons neatly Repaired

Milk,
Eggs,
Vegetables,

Having secured the Harrigan ranch I am prepared to deliver daily pure fresh milk, fresh eggs, and vegetables, in Union and Cumberland, A share of patronage is solicited.

JAMES REID.

PROFESSIONAL.

YARWOOD & YOUNG.
BARRISTERS and SOLICITORS

Corner of Bastion and Commercial Streets, Nanaimo, B. C.
BRANCH OFFICE, Third Street and Dunsmuir Avenue, B. C.
Will be in Union the 3rd Wednesday of each month and remain ten days.

HARRISON P. MILLARD,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR.
Offices: WILLARD BLOCK, CUMBERLAND
COURTENAY HOUSE, COURTENAY.
Hours of Consultation: CUMBERLAND, 10 to 12 A. M. TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS.
COURTENAY, 7 to 9
A. M. AND P. M.

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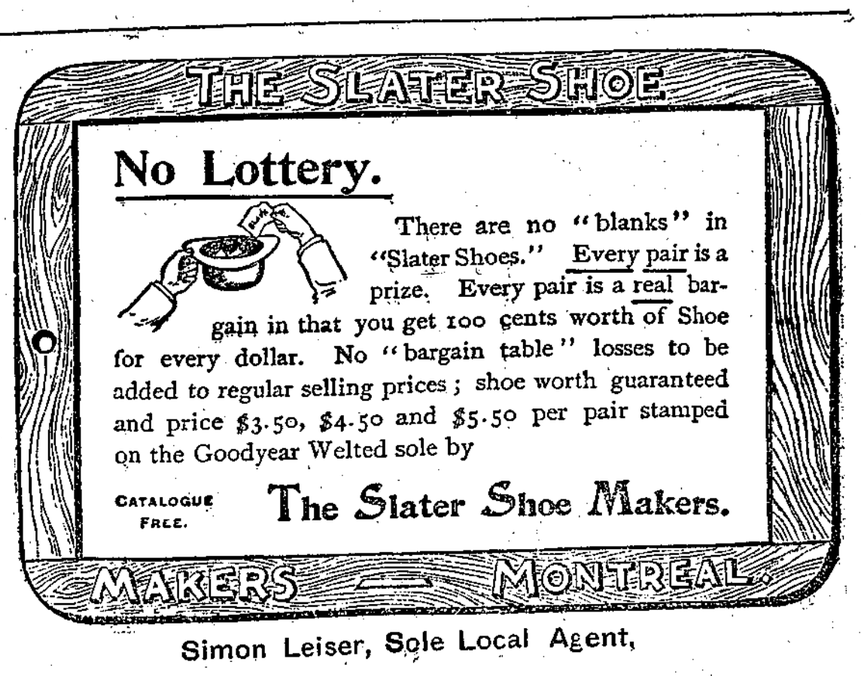

Simon Leiser, Sole Local Agent,