THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

SEVENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. FRIDAY, SEPT., 15 thth, 1899

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Naval Instructor Card was at the Courtenay House this week, also Mr. and Mrs. Elkington of Duncan's.

The allegoric procession Saturday morning promises to be a howling success. The costumes are going to be fine.

Mr. Jno. J. R. Miller has a very fine vegetable garden this year. It covers several acres and is in splendid shape. His corn is fully eight feet high.

The spirit of music is in the air of Comox since the Warspite's splendid band arrived. Several of the members spent Saturday evening at Mr. Wm. Mathewson's.

Go to Leighton's for choice Groceries, Tobaccos, Dried Fruits, Flour and Feed.

Sole agent for the celebrated Salada Tea, Comox.

The A. & I. Exhibition this year will be far ahead of the last. In the flower department the display will be splendid. Cheese will be in competition this year for the the first time.

Of the many fine flower gardens in this district, Mr. J. P. Davis of Comox has one of the best. And this notwithstanding the fact that he began work on his new place only a few months ago. Mr. Davis has over 24 varieties of roses alone. His dahlias are real beauties. He has a large number of bulbs ready for planting this fall and any person wishing to secure bulbs that WILL GROW will do well to purchase of Mr. J. P. Davis.

See those up-to-date ladies' jackets at Stevenson & Co's.

NO MATTER what the season there is always something wanted in small wares. You can find them now at the

. . BIG STORE . .

PURSES, from 10 cents to $4.50
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PIPES, from 15 cents to $2.00
PEARL BUTTONS, White and Smoked, all sizes
HAIR PINS, from Invisible to Extra Strong
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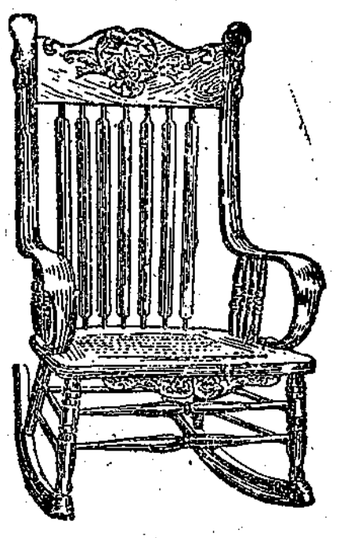

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LOCAL NEWS.

MINERS MEETING.

A largely attended miners' meeting was held last Sunday to discuss the question of the men engaging Chinese helpers, also the mode of paying salaries to checkweighmen.

F. Parks was appointed Secretary and Thos. Ripley Chairman. As regards the pay of checkweigman, it was decided to levy a percentage on the weight of coal taken out.

There was considerable discussion over the Chinese and it was finally decided that, owing to the scarcity of white laborers, each miner might please himself about employing Chinese. Accordingly the resolution to exclude Chinese, pased at a previous meeting, was rescinded.

The Cumberland Gun Club are going to hold a shoot Saturday at 7. a. m. Live birds this time.

Mr. Berkley and his men are receiving enconiums for the excellent work done on Courtenay Road.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith, late of Union and now of Crow's Nest Pass, are guests at the Union Hotel.

The hard finish navy blue serge at 50cts. just arrived, is the best value for the money we ever had.
Stevenson & Co.

J. Jock, better known as Jock the Publican, sallied forth Tuesdad en company with him of the Three Stars to lay low the birds and the beasts of Comox forest and plain. Jock slew nine ducks and two geese. He of the stars brought down one kingfisher.

The genial host of the Union Hotel had his hospitable feelings wrought to a high pitch Wednesday by the receipt of a telegram requesting a suite of rooms for Sir ——— ———and bride. Mr. Davis engaged Dan Kilpatrick's most stylish turnout to convey the happy pair to the Union, but was greatly surprised to find on reacning the train that some wag had played a practical joke on him. The new arrivals had been married four or five years.

There is a particularly sad case of hardships in Comox to which we beg to call the attention of our kind readers. A delicate woman has been left alone to clothe and feed four or five children by the work of her own hands. She has to carry water, & chop wo d besides attending to housework and taking in washing. She is without a cent to pull through the winter. We do not care to mention names, but our Comox readers are well aware of the facts. We would suggest that part of the exhibits at the Fair be given to the family. No better use could be made of surplus food stuffs and no one would miss what he could give.

Mr. Purdy is showing some beauties in beaver cloth and tweed, trimmed with real astrochan and beaver. Some of them have velvet collars, but one of the prettiest is dark green beaver trimmed with black astrochan and braided. They run from $7 up. The novelties in belts are very nice. The ladies' undervests are of good quality and cheap at the price. Stevenson's new stock is well worth inspection.

Principal Bennett has been able to order $35 worth of books for the school library already and hopes to order quite a few more as the result of his scheme to raise funds referred to before.

IF YOU WANT A PIANO OR ORGAN CHEAP, and on

...EASY TERMS...

You can have it. Nordheimer, Bell, Estey, Jewett, Steinway, Heintzman, Dominion—***All the Very Best Makes***

TERMS: Ten per cent down, balance monthly or quarterly. I have also an agency for Mandolins, Banjos, Guitars, and Graphophones.

Call and Examine

CATALOGUES.

A Few Sample Instruments on Hand

☞ Just received by last boat a stock of First Class Autoharps and Banjos.

Chas. Segrave, Cumberland, B. C.

SHOOTING MATCH—CLAY PIGEONS.—There will be a shooting match at Courtenay on Fair Day at 4. p. m., open to all. Entrance fee 50 cts. to be added to prize donated by Sports Committee. Clay pigeons 5 cts. each, extra. First prize, value $10; 2nd prize, value $5.

James Hudson shot two deer in his wheat field at Comox Tuesday.

Mr. J. Comb and family are back from Washington.

Call on the NEWS for business or visiting cards.

C. Mathewson has the contract to clear the ground for a school building at the Point.

James Carthew has been awarded the contract for building the new school at Union Bay.

J. N. Muir, B. A. will take charge of Comox School, Oct. 1st. Variety is the spice of life.

The NEWS was honored to-day by by a visit from Rev. Mr. Cleland of Sandon, B. C. The revend gentleman is delighted with his first visit to Comox valley.

It is rumored that one of th officers of the popular City of Nanaimo contemplates committing matrimony to-morrow evening in Victoria.

Mr. R. Grant has chartered the City to run from Texada next Thursday. She will leave Texada at 8 a. m. for Comox to enable excursionists to take in the Fair. Returning, leave Comox for Texada at 8 p. m. giving Comoxites a chance to take in a moonlight excursion.

Mrs. Meyer returned home Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton returned last boat.

Mrs. Geo. Stevens returned this week from Nanaimo.

A consignment of Chinese arrived this week.

Mrs. Treat has arrived at Texada from New York.

Paris, Sep. 13.—The Government Commisioner attached to the Council of Revision may possibly finish the report on the Dreyfus case before Monday and will give decision regarding merits of appeal on the following day, when the Cabinet will decide whether measures of clemency are advisable an interesting fact developed to-day is that the police have taken Dreyfus safely out of Rennes in event of acquittal in which case it was thought there would have been serious disorder.

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.

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.

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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.

PERSONALITIES.

Mr. Herbert Spencer recently entered on his eightieth year. He is enjoying a fair measure of good health.

One of Senator Hanna's secretaries said recently that while the senator is in Washington the bell to his apartments is set ringing 150 times a day.

William M. Evarts, though by no means in physical good health, is as sound of mind as ever, and his friends ridicule the report that he is losing his reason.

General Wheeler, according to a Washington friend, recently ran a race on foot against a man awheel. Of course he lost, but he gave proof that he was not succumbing to old age.

Young Willie Gladstone, the eldest grandson of the Grand Old Man and the present master of Hawarden castle, has just entered Eton college, where his grandfather was educated.

A few days before the death of the Baroness Hirsch the emperor of Austria, in recognition of the magnificence of her charities, conferred the title of baron upon young Arnold and Raymond de Forest, the only children of the late baron.

Cecil J. Rhodes is the fourth son of a rector of Bishop Stortford, and in his boyhood often scandalized the good people of the place by his tricks. If there was any "larking" on foot, says one who knew him, it was a hundred to one that young Rhodes was in it.

Thomas B. Reed was recently at a reception where he was asked by the president of a woman's club what was the best way to conduct a meeting. "My friends," answered Mr. Reed, "say that the best way is to be the speaker; my enemies say that the best way is to retire."

Charles Broadway Rouss, the blind New York millionaire, is fond of good reading and has a companion read to him every evening after dinner. The papers he hears in the morning, the reader giving only the headlines except in case of subjects Mr. Rouss is particularly interested in.

D'Annunzio, the Italian poet and author, took with him on a recent railroad journey 14 trunks, which contained among other things 72 shirts, 144 pairs of plain socks, 24 pairs of silk socks, 48 pairs of day gloves, 24 pairs of evening gloves, 8 violet umbrellas, 10 green parasols and 150 cravats.

Ex-Congressman Funston of Kansas finds himself obscured by his son's fame. In announcing the Memorial day programme the Ottawa (Kan.) Herald said, "The address will be delivered by E. H. Funston of Allen county, father of the famous General Funston of the Twentieth Kansas."

John S. Sargent, R. A., is painting a three-quarter length, life size, standing portrait of Joseph H. Choate, the United States embassador in London, showing Mr. Choate in ordinary morning costume. The portrait was ordered by the Harvard College club of New York. When the picture is finished, Mr. Sargent will paint another for Mr. Choate.

THE GLASS OF FASHION.

Muslin gowns have transparent yokes of heavy guipure lace.

Sashes of dotted net, lace or chiffon are the thing to wear with simple muslin gowns.

Lace stoles are the latest touch to the new summer gowns, and whether they are high or low necked does not matter.

Thin gowns are fitted around the hips by taking in fine tucks at the back and carrying them down several inches below the waist, and the superfluous fullness at the sides is also disposed of by a group of tucks.

Taffeta silk gowns trimmed with cloth bands are one of the spring novelties and seem to be gaining in favor. Incrustations of cloth on the silk are also seen, and foulards, too, are combined with the cloth decoration.

The very latest thing in dress trimmings are the fringes which decorate the nun's veiling gowns with especial grace. Arranged in shawl drapery, with fringe on the edge matching the veiling in color, the effect is charming.

White batiste, patterned with a design in cashmere colors and trimmed with brussels lace insertion and edging, makes one of the smartest gowns of the season. It is made over white taffeta, and the skirt is ruffled at the feet with white batiste edged with lace.—New York Sun.

A new canvas of silk and linen comes in lively colors, electric blue being especially desirable when trimmed with appliques of guipure lace. White muslin and lace insertion run through with narrow black velvet ribbon form the very effective vest, with tiny gold buttons down the front.

LIBELS ON WOMEN.

Some women never sew except at a thimble party.

When a woman can't say anything else against a man she dislikes, she says he has "a hard look."

When women engage a nurse to watch a sick person, they appoint one of the family to watch the nurse.

The PRESS EXCURSION

Ten o'clock found us beside the Dominion Government's Experimental Farm at Agazziz, where the train halted a few minutes, and baskets of flowers were handed round among the ladies of the party, by the farm officials, who were warmly thanked for them.

But we were bound for the land of Uncle Sam, and turning southward at Mission Junction were soon at Huntingdon, where the Union Jack flew on one side of the street, and the Stars and Stripes on the other. A brief delay here on account of the "tariff wall," that vile contraction of modern civilization, and international comity, and we again went howling along in true Yankee style, towards Seattle, the commercial metropolis of the state of Washington, and one of the most energetic, thriving, and go-ahead cities in the United States.

Preparation had been made for our visit, and soon as we arrived the electric cars were ready for us, and getting in we were run up to the top of Queen Anne's hill, whence an excellent view of the city and district can be obtained. The prospect was very fine. In front was the busy, bustling city. Far in the distance the lofty ranges of the Cascade and Olympic Mountains, and near by the glistening waters of Puget Sound. A banquet given in the evening in Madison Park Pavilion, when brief speeches were made by some of the principal men of the city, and replied to by President Scott, and Mr. T. A. Bell of our own party. An elaborate programme had been arranged, but the train was several hours late, and the reception could not be carried out as intended.

The next day was Sunday, and as it was the only opportunity we had of going to church in the United States, we embraced it, and attended Trinity Methodist church. It is a large and beaultifl building, very fine inside. There was a very large congregation. The music and singing were good. The sermon, which by the way was by an Englishman in the absence of the regular pastor, we did not think much of. We though he "threw on," too much. But the people had not forgotten the Apostolic injunction about entertaining strangers, and treated us very courteously indeed.

We were to leave Seattle by the train for Tacoma that afternoon Two gentlemen, whose names we cannot place just now, had come up to welcome and escort us down. But here again the train was late, and the elaborate preparations that had been made for our entertainment, had in great measure to be forgone. But we were most courteously received, and every possible attention shown in the all too brief time we were able to stay. Personally our warmest thanks are due to Col. Ferry, secretary of Board of Trade, and the founder of Tacoma, who kindly showed us around the city and gave us much interesting information in regard to it, which we regret the limits of this article do not allow us to mention. We however purpose to do so at another tim. But Tacoma is one of the places we would very much like to see again.

We were billed to reach Portland, Oregon, about 8 o'clock next morning, so at 11 p. m. we were once more off and away. About 6 o'clock we were at Kalamu where we were to cross the Columbia River, at this point a broad and magnificent stream. Our whole train was run on a steam barge and carried across holus bolus. Once more on terra firma we went racing off for Portland, through a delightful country. But ill luck in being late, instead of being on time was ever with us. And so here within a few miles of the city there had been a collision and smashup between two freight trains during the night. This delayed us until the wreck was cleared away, and it was 11.30 instead of 8 a. m. when we arrived at the chief city of Oregon.

Portland is a splendid city. It is a city of roses and flowers, of beautiful lawns and gardens of handsome private residences, and magnificent business and public buildings. The streets are excellently kept and lined with noble trees. The people take great pride in their city, and favorable in regard to it are apparently better appreciated than personal compliments to themselves. The view from Portland heights, is very fine. The city lies below, the river stretches far as the eye can reach, a stream of shimmering light, the mountains in the distance, form an imposing background. There is an immense trade carried on, and the Williamette river affords ample shipping facilities for a vast commerce to all quarters of the world. We were most cordially received by the committee of the Portland Press club, the Canadian residents of Portland, and many leading citizens, and after lunch, electric cars were ready to take such of the excursionists as wished to Portland heights, from whence the most beautiful prospect of the whole trip spread itself out before them.

In the afternoon a large party sat down to a sumptuous banquet in the large hall of the Commercial club. The menu was all that could be desired, the music excellent, portraits of Queen Victoria, President McKinley, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier adorned the walls, and everything done to make the guests welcome. After the banquet an exceedingly able and interesting speech was delivered by H. W. Scott, editor of the "Oregonian," which we hope to be able to republish at some future time for the information of our readers. Other speeches were made by the president of the Canadian Press Association, Vice-President Chapman, British Consul Laidlaw and others.

In the evening a grand reception was held in the parlors of the Portland hotel, at which the wealth, wit, and beauty of the city were present. Space will not permit a description further than that everything was done to make the occasion as pleasant and enjoyable as possible. The train was to leave for Seattle about midnight and we had to be once more on the move. Quite a number came down to see us off and say good bye. The visit to Portland will not soon be forgotten by those who were there. The people of that city may be republican in their form of government, but they are royal in their courtesy and hospitality.

Next morning found us in Seattle expecting to reach Victoria that afternoon. But by some misfortune the Dominion government steamer, Quandra, which was to have taken us up, did not arrive until next morning at 8 o'clock. When it did come we were soon on board, and speeding through the blue waters of Puget Sound. As we crossed the "line" all hands assembled on deck and sang God Save the Queen, and gave three hearty cheers for "the flag that's braved a thousand years."

About 5 p. m. we arrived alongside the dock in Victoria, B.C., and cordial welcome was extended on behalf of the city by Mayor Redfern. Arrangements had been made for us to visit the naval station at Esquimault, and we were soon in the street cars and bowling along for that noted spot. At the dock, boats from Her Majestys Cruiser, "Phaeton," were sent for our accommodation, and we were quickly transferred to the big man of war, and shown around by those detailed for the purpose. There were ten large quick firing guns, half a dozen Nordenfelt machine guns firing 100 shots per minute and many other death dealing implements of destruction.

Victoria is a pretty place, just such a place as one would like to live in. The scenery is very fine. Many of the residences are quaint and antique looking, much like in England. The new parliament buildings are among the finest legislative halls on the continent, and contains the best museum we had seen.

Next morning we were again on board the Quadra, and off for Vancouver. What a glorious trip through the Straits of San Juan and the Gulph of Georgia! It was like a trip through fairyland. We scarcely need to say anything about Vancouver. Perhaps no city in America has had so much said and written about it. And not without reason. It has every advantage to make it one of the great cities of the world in the future. An excellent site. A harbor equal to all demands. The terminus of one of the greatest railroads in the world. Advantageously situated for all eastern and a great western trade. Rich mines within easy distance. The finest timber we ever saw anywhere. What more could be wanted, but men to utilize all these. And they too are coming fast. Building was going on in all directions, and yet not an empty house to be had.

We were met at the dock by representatives of the city and taken for a drive around Stanley Park. The prospect was simply magnificent; unsurpassed. We need say no more. Upon arriving at Trail, a stop of a few minutes was made, to allow us a hsotr time to see the great Smelting works there. The works are on a grand scale and must have cost a great deal of money. Huge pits in which the ore was being roasted, were sending out clouds of smoke, laden with the smell of coke and sulphur. One of the party remarked that "it smelt like ——, an unmentionable place. Then off again for Rossland, part of which we could see away up in the clouds. The grade soon after leaving Trail is one foot in twenty, and the road twists round upon itself so that in places two tracks could be seen below the one on which we were travelling. Six miles as the crow flies requires 12 miles of road, with a rise of about 2500 feet in that distance. It was rather late in the evening when we reached the mountain city. Rossland is a remarkable instance of the rise and growth of mining cities. Four or five years ago a few miner's shacks, today a city of 8,500 inhabitants, good buildings, fine streets, electric lights, and a general air of permanency as well as go-a-head-itativeness. It is a city high up in the world, far above the ordinary tide of humanity. It is progressive and prosperous, and its people good specimens of the free western type. A meeting was arranged for and took place on the depot station platform before the train was to leave, and addresses were delivered by the mayor and ex-Lieut. Governor Mackintosh, of the N. W. T., and suitably replied to by President Scott. Our time at Rossf land was all too limited to permit o-gaining as much information as we would like to have done, but everything looked prosperous, and progressive, and the people in good spirits—the best test of good times.

To be Continued.

MATRON AND MAID.

Miss L. J. Large of Northam can claim a record of no fewer than 62 years' continuous Sunday school teaching.

Mrs. Russell Sage is an admirable needlewoman and, for amusement's sake, insists upon doing much of her own sewing.

Mrs. Lucinda Pratt of Chicago on May 4 celebrated her one hundred and third birthday. She was born in Pittsfield, Mass.

Mrs. Booker T. Washington is her husband's most efficient helper in the management of the Tuskegee institute. She is a graduate of Fisk university.

The Duchess of Marlborough owns a spaniel whose ancestor was the dog which followed John Churchill, the first duke through the battle of Blenheim.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis is having a bronze statue of her husband made in New York city, which will be placed over his grave in Hollywood cemetery, Richmond.

Mrs. Leland Stanford is to devote a year in the interests of Leland Stanford, Jr., university, to the study of the modes of government of the leading American colleges.

A pension of $27 a month has been granted Lulu B. Randall, the 16-year-old daughter of Frank B. Randall, chief engineer of Dewey's dispatch boat McCulloch, who died from sunstroke the day after the battle of Manila Bay.

Mrs. T. Benton Leiter, niece of Levi Z. Leiter and a popular society woman of Chicago, has decided to go on the stage. Mr. Leiter is an invalid, and Mrs. Leiter says she is actuated by a desire to support him, as their income of $300 a month is not enough to pay his doctor's bills.

Miss Jeannie Langtry, daughter of the Jersey Lily, whose debut in London society is scheduled for this season, is a very pretty girl, though not as handsome as her famous mother. She has been carefully reared, and Mrs. Langtry has kept her away from the theatrical and other gay associations.

Mme. Lancelot-Croce, the French artist, has just made for the French government a necklace composed of 12 medals bearing the heads of the 12 most famous women of French history. The subject was inspired by Queen Margherita of Italy, and the ornament is to be presented to the empress of Russia.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has just passed her eighty-fourth birthday. As the baroness is the only woman on whom the queen has conferred a peerage, she is "the second lady in the land," or, to use the words of the Prince of Wales, "after my mother, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts is the most remarkable woman in England."

REAR ADMIRAL WATSON.

Admiral Watson, it is hoped, will not find a thing to do when he reaches the Philippines, and we "haven't a thing" against the admiral either.—Wilkesbarre Record.

Rear Admiral Watson, who succeeds Dewey in the Philippines, was a lieutenant on Farragut's flagship at the battle of Mobile Bay and assisted in lashing the admiral to the rigging of the Hartford before he went to do or die.—Baltimore American.

The selection of Rear Admiral Watson is an excellent one, if his long and creditable career in the service be an index of his worth. The task ahead of him in the Philippines will be the more difficult because he succeeds a man of Dewey's resplendent reputation. — Washington Times.

Rear Admiral Watson, who is appointed to succeed Dewey as commander of the Asiatic station, was an officer who might have achieved distinction in the Spanish war had the opportunity come his way. The navy department always held Watson up its sleeve, as if he were a high trump, yet never played him at a moment opportune for Watson.—Springfield Republican.

SISTERLY CITIES.

It is not the fault of the Chicago aldermen that Mr. Yerkes gets out of that town with $15,000,000.—Washington Post.

It has come to this in Boston: The people go to church on Sunday and gamble in copper all the rest of the week.—St Paul Globe.

Sign suggested for a New York justice's office: Divorces obtained while you wait and no questions asked. Absolute secrecy guaranteed to parties having the price.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It has just dawned upon New York that if it wants to keep drayage and truckage off Fifth avenue it will have to asphalt some of the parallel streets. This would have occurred to any other town long ago.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Kansas City is putting on airs. It claims that an artist living in that town lost $1,000 worth of paintings in a fire which swept through his studio recently. All the paintings ever painted by any one in Kansas and Missouri are not worth that much.—Atchison Globe.

ADMIRAL.

Admiral Dewey shows that he can take care of his country's enemies. Probably he'd like to be saved from his own friends.—Florida Times-Union.

Among the features of Dewey's reception should be a torchlight procession of the men who stood on the bridge with him.—St. Paul Dispatch.

George Dewey might save himself considerable mauling if he would tour the United States in a balloon.—Philadelphia North American.

Now is the time to arrange for a mass convention of Dewey's schoolmates with a side line of the vast army of Dewey's teachers.—Cleveland Press.

Dewey is a man of few words, and he may find it necessary to limit his vocabulary still further. For some time to come his utterances will consist largely of the word "No."—Kansas City Journal.

There are 320,000 maidservants in London—that is to say, they are nearly equal in number to the whole population in Sheffield.

P. O. DRAWER 1287.

J. D. O'BRIEN

148 Princess St., Winnipeg,

GRAIN AND STOCK BROKER.

Private wire connection with all markets. Grain bought and carried on margin. Correspondence solicited.

Too Much Hired Man.

They were telling political stories in a down town office the other day, and somebody recalled the tale of the Hon. Alfonso Hart, at one time lieutenant governor of Ohio.

Hart was on the stump for Foraker and was putting in his best licks in the rural districts. One afternoon he tackled a lot of Medina county farmers and opened upon them in his usual way.

"Friends," he said, "I know you are a sensible, hard headed lot of honest toilers. You are not to be moved by sophistry or foolish deceptions. I have only to look around me to assure myself that you know a good thing when you see it. Now, let us suppose one of you farmers has a hired man. You may feel a little doubt of him at the outset, but you give him a fair trial. You like him so well that you keep him another year. And he serves you in a way that insures his re-engagement for still another year and then another. Isn't that a good business principle?"

Mr. Hart paused and smiled down at his listeners. Before he could resume, however, a shrill voice from the middle of the crowd interrupted him.

"Say," said the voice, "how is it when the hired man gets to thinkin he owns the hull darned farm?"

It took the wind all out of Mr. Hart, as he himself afterward admitted.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Making Steel Pens.

Briefly described, steel pens are made as follows: First the steel is rolled into big sheets and then cut into strips about three inches in width. The strips are heated to a bright red and are then allowed to cool gradually, which tempers them. They are next rolled to the necessary thinness and are cut into blank flat pens, and the pens, while flat, are usually stamped with the brand or the name of the manufacturer. To shape the pens is the next process. The rounding makes them hold the ink and distribute it more evenly than could be done if they were flat. To harden them they are heated to a cherry red and then suddenly cooled. This not only hardens them, but makes them elastic. The polishing, pointing and finishing come next, and then they are ready for use. The little holes in the pens at the end of the slits serve to make them more elastic and to facilitate the flow of the ink.

It is said that more steel is now used in the manufacture of pens than in that of swords. It is even claimed that the metal annually used in their manufacture weighs more than all the metal used in the manufacture of war implements.

HAIL! OH, HAIL!

A Visit to the Office of the Manitoba Farmers' Mutual Hail Insurance Company.

In response to an invitation to drop up some time and look over the affairs of the Manitoba Farmers' Mutual Hail Insurance company, 503 McIntyre block, a Telegram reporter recently visited the offices of the association. He found the management and clerks busily engaged conducting the business and enrolling a large number of applications which they are daily receiving from all parts of the province.

"How is business?" asked the reporter.

"Business is good," they replied; "in fact, we are doing a phenomenal amount of business for a new company. We have issued over two thousand policies, giving our members insurance for two million dollars."

The company has agents in every municipality in the province, and certainly do a large business as they keep three clerks busy recording policies. It is a pleasure to note that there is at least one company in this province which is hustling and being largely patronized by the farmers of this province, as hail insurance should be sought after by every farmer raising a bushel of wheat. The company is under the management of E. A. Taylor, who has had years of experience in the mutual hail insurance business, and there is no reason why this company cannot give the farmers insurance at actual cost. The plan adopted by this company is such that every farmer who insured his crop is certain that he will get his money in case of loss. The company's books are open for inspection to any and all of its members.

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.

SLOANE IN ENGLAND

Little Jockey Most Popular American Abroad.

Embassador Choate is already very popular in England, but his popularity can in no way be compared to that enjoyed by that other distinguished American, Mr. "Tod" Sloane, jockey. All of England, as well as the people in the most remote parts of Great Britain, have heard of this midget pigskin knight, and his praises are sung from Land's End to Dunnet Head.

Sloane was recently presented to the Prince of Wales, and since then every sporting peer in the realm has thrown open his doors to him. But the dandified little chap who began as stable boy on a western breeding farm is not letting pleasure interfere with his work. During his riding season he sticks

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF "TOD" SLOANE.
[From caricature in London Sketch by S. H. Sime.]

strictly to his training, keeps in trim and attends to business, which is to bring his mount in ahead.

It is an off day for Sloane when he does not ride at least three winners. This fact the visiting Americans soon appreciated. They profited by their knowledge by plunging on Sloane's mounts and won large sums. At last the English bookmakers, in order to avoid bankruptcy, retaliated by marking up the odds on horses ridden by Sloane, and now an American who wins £1 puts up sometimes twice as much to get it.

As a final proof of greatness Sloane has been caricatured by S. H. Sime, the great London cartoonist. The picture shows him riding just back of the horse's ears, an allusion to "Tod's" habit of "riding forward."

A QUEER CLUB.

All the Members Pledged to Marry Widows.

In spite of the historic warning of the elder Mr. Weller a number of young men in Peoria, Ills., have banded themselves together with the deliberate intention of getting themselves captured by widows. Their organization, for it has assumed definite shape, is known as the "Marry a Widow club." There are 35 members in the club, all of them prosperous business men. George Richardson is president, C. B. L. Jacobs vice president and Thorwald Burn secretary.

Each of these 35 members is pledged to marry a widow. There are no limitations whatever except the widowhood.

There was a man in Peoria a few weeks ago who married a widow. He belonged to a military society. Then

PRESIDENT GEORGE RICHARDSON.

somebody said that everybody that had been married out of that club had taken unto himself a spouse to whom the marriage business was an "auld sang." Thirty-five members of the society remained. They got together, organized a new club—the Oak Street—with the constitution and bylaws so framed as to bind the members under a possibly disagreeable penalty to marrying widows.

Of course the obligation does not compel a man to marry at all. He can stay single as long as he thinks it is to his best interests to do so, but once he makes up his mind to be like other human beings he's got to patch up the matter with a woman who has had experience.

Should a member break his pledge the club makes him pay a fine and reserves the privilege of attending the wedding in a body or of interfering at the altar or doing something else which the delinquent would naturally abhor.

Fashion's Echoes.

A cunning and effective French touch is given to evening dresses in the form of a large chou and ends of black tulle on the left side of the corsage, fastened with a knot and chains of turquoises or diamonds. This on a light gown is a daring finish.

Gray gowns are popular for evening wear. A costume in silver dotted tulle, trimmed with lace, furnishes an example.

There is now automobile gray as well as automobile red.

Foulards in black and white, lavender, mauve and purple are in favor and make dressy gowns. To be without a foulard is to stand confessed "a back number."

One of the strong points of millinery at present is the lavish use of tulles, laces and transparent fabrics.

Pretty clasp pins for the coiffure consist of curved bars of shell set with brilliants.

Wanted the Author.

Author (of new play in far western theater) — Hark! What's that queer noise?

Western Manager—Comes from the audience.

"Eh? Is that their style of applauding?"

"No. It's the clicking of revolvers. I think they are getting ready to call for the author."

The Savage Bachelor.

"Persons who stammer," said the pseudo scientific boarder, "do so because they think faster than they can talk."

"Is that the reason," asked the savage bachelor, "that we so seldom meet a woman who stammers?"—Indianapolis Journal.

A Winning System.

"Strange how many prizes Mrs. Grabbem wins at cards."

"She only wins, you know, where the players put down their own scores and do their own adding up."

"Clever at adding, is she?"

"Well, she generally wins."

"But how can she tell the number she'll need to win?"

"That's the only weak point in her system. But George says she's a fatalist. He says she just adds her age to the totals and trusts to luck."—New York World.

PURSUED BY HIS CONSCIENCE.

A Man Guilty of Smuggling Has a Very Miserable Trip.

"I was never mixed up with a smuggling transaction but once in my life," said a New Orleans business man whose name may as well be left out, "and my experience was so painful that I swore off then and there. I had a deal in west Texas on hand at the time and had made a short trip over the Mexican frontier, during which I picked up a handful of very fine opals. A wicked friend showed me how easy it was to carry them over the line without paying tribute to Uncle Sam, and I was weak enough to yield to the temptation. When I got on the cars at El Paso, however, to come east to Dallas, I was haunted by a guilty conscience and had a horrible premonition that some secret service officer was on my track.

"Presently my attention became attracted by a man with a black beard who kept looking at me furtively from a seat across the way. I tried to persuade myself that it was all imagination, but a number of things occurred during that ride that satisfied me I was really being watched. I went into the smoker, for instance, and before long caught a glimpse of the black bearded chap peering through the end of the car window from the platform. It was the same in the dining car, and, to make a long story short, I reached Dallas thoroughly unstrung. That evening I began to think I had shaken the fellow off my track, when I happened to stroll out of the hotel, and there he was standing behind a pillar. Needless to say I didn't sleep a wink, and when I bumped into the sleuth next morning and saw that he had shaved off his beard I gave myself up for lost. However, that was the last of him, and for the balance of my stay I was unmolested and gradually regained my equanimity.

"That the man had been shadowing me was undeniable, but what his purpose could have been and why he dropped the game so abruptly were mysteries which I was forced to leave unsolved. It was two years before I found out. Then I ran across the man one day by accident in a St. Louis restaurant and he owned up. It seems that he had been a public official in a small Texas town and got mixed up in his accounts. He swore to me that it was only bad bookkeeping, but the grand jury indicted him for embezzlement, and he skipped until things calmed down. I happened to coincide with a description he had of a detective, and all his strange moves were actuated by exactly the same motive that prompted me to run—namely, to see whether he was being watched. We were both fooled by our fears. His affairs have since been settled up, and we enjoyed a good laugh and a cold bottle together. But I am a reformed smuggler for life.'—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

BARRED OUT.

There is a castle called Delight,
And Love is warder there.
He keepeth watch by day and night
Upon the winding stair.
Weary and wistful do I bide
The coy jon door to win,
But wakeful Love is Argus eyed
And will not let me in.

Though I have sought from sea to sea
From spring to budding spring,
I have not found the magic key
To bid the barrier swing.
All valorous attempts are vain
To scale the rampart's height.
Love must surrender ere I gain
The castle called Delight.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

FEYSHAD.

The slave Aziyade told the caliph this:

The merchant Feyshad, sire, in a journey across the desert, fell apart one day from the caravan with which he traveled, and, causing his camel to kneel, he dismounted for the purpose of counting the emeralds and rubies in the sack which he wore at his belt.

In this sack there were balas rubies of the color of a white mouse's eye and emeralds colored like the grass after rain, and also there were green sapphires of cornflower blue, and sapphires colored like the Bosporus on a windless day, and pearls, sire, some black and bean shaped, like the thumb of an Ethiopian woman, and some like a woman's little teeth, and some that blushed rose red, as if at the thought of their own beauty.

So lost was the merchant in contemplation of his treasures that he did not notice Sleep, who, passing by on his gray mule, cast a handful of poppy seeds upon the head of Feyshad and then rode on, laughing, with eyes half closed, in the track of the vanishing caravan. Feyshad had slept scarcely an hour, sire, when, awaking, he glanced around and found himself alone. His camel had forsaken him, and over all the yellow desert burning beneath the noonday sun there was no trace of life save the bleaching bones that here and there marked the road of the caravans.

He turned to the east and to the west, to the north and to the south, and nothing did he see but the sands running to a rim against the sky, save in the east, where a sand devil danced upon the plain, making movements as if in derision of Feyshad.

"Alas!" cried the unhappy merchant as he tore his beard. "Fool that I am! That I might count my treasure in safety I withdrew me from the caravan, where was my real safety. I thirst, but where shall I find water here? The sun consumes me, but where shall I find shade?" Then he ceased for fear of his own voice, which sounded strange in that echoless desert, and, sitting with his eyes fixed upon the sand devil, which was now dancing into the west, he gave himself to despair, till suddenly, sire, he was startled by a voice from behind crying, "Feyshad!" The merchant, sire, turned, and, to his astonishment, he saw before him, at 20 paces distant, an Arab veiled in white and seated upon an ass.

At this sight a great horror fell upon the soul of Feyshad, for, but a moment before, he had been alone seated amid the vastness of the desert. Nor did his horror grow less when he beheld the thing before him ceaselessly changing form as it spoke, yet speaking always in the same voice.

Now, it was an Arab seated upon an ass, now a woman naked and bestriding a lion, it would shrink now to an ape seated upon a dog, and now it would swell to the form of a stout man upon a camel.

And the form cried to him, saying: "Feyshad, I am the Fata Morgana, the dreamer of the desert. I bring to the waste places the ghosts of the cities, with their mosques and towers, and the sapphire shadow of the Nile bends at my word through the heat shaken air and past the feet of dying men. I give to man the one thing real—illusion. I am thine."

Then Feyshad, consumed by thirst, cried out, heedless of the horror before him, "Water, I pray you; water!"

"Before entering my lands," said the Fata Morgana, "bear well in mind, O Feyshad, that should you see them, though it be a league away or though it be but their reflection in a mirror, at that instant all will vanish and the world of happy illusion will be for you no more."

"Peace!" cried Feyshad. "I love no one, nor have I ever loved mortal in this world. Water, I pray you; water!"

"No man has lived in my cities," said the Fata Morgana, "for longer than a moment of time, for no man born of woman is content even with happiness. One plucks a flower in my gardens, another a fruit from a tree, another a jewel from the tables in my bazaars. Not content, craving forever for the unreal, which men have misnamed 'the real,' they must touch and have, and that ever brings them to ill luck, who drives them forth from the gates of my paradise. But enter, O Feyshad, and remember."

And, lo, sire, Feyshad found himself seated in the courtyard of his own house in old Cairo, and the fountain in its center played beneath the sun, casting its diamond bright waters to the sky, and the great acacia planted by his father cast upon Feyshad its pleasant shadow. His thirst had vanished at the sight of water, nor did he notice that the fountain was but the ghost or shade of a fountain without song or sound and that the leaves of the acacia moved in the breeze without a whisper.

His tortoise crawled upon the pavement of the courtyard. Through an open door he saw within the house the figure of his wife like a brown shadow against the sunlight of a window that lay beyond. She was grinding coffee, but of the sound of grinding there was none. And, though Feyshad was fond of coffee, he did not call upon his wife to bring it to him, as was his wont. The thought of it was sufficient to satisfy his desire even as the thought of the fountain water was sufficient to satisfy his thirst.

Filled with a great happiness, he sat, and as he sat thus he remembered the words of the Fata Morgana, "Should you meet there any one you love, should you see them, though it be a league away or though it be but their reflection in a mirror, at that instant all will vanish."

And as he murmured the words he smiled, for Feyshad did not love his wife, and when his child entered the courtyard and ran in pursuit of a butterfly with amber wings he smiled again, for Feyshad did not love his child. He sat contentedly in the shade of the acacia and watched his wife, and his child, and the crawling tortoise, and the dancing water, and the waving leaves, and all this while, sire, his body was sitting upon the desert sands beneath the burning sun, but sun or sands were naught to him, for around him the Fata Morgana had laid the ghost of the city of Cairo, fetched from a hundred leagues away, where, indeed, his child was chasing a butterfly at that moment, and his wife was grinding coffee, and his fountain was playing in the sunlight, and his acacia waving in the breeze, just as he beheld them in the desert.

Forever he might have sat there, happy beyond the dreams of man, but a merchant, sire, is ever a merchant, even though he live in paradise, and presently Feyshad said to himself, "I will arise and go into the bazaars."

At that moment, sire, might have been seen a great way off the caravan returning to seek for Feyshad, and the people of the caravan beheld before them, over against the place where Feyshad was, the city of Cairo, with its palm trees, mosques and minarets, and they laughed, for they knew it was the work of Fata Morgana.

Feyshad, sire, fearful of being robbed, placed his sack of jewels in a hole beneath the fountain, for a merchant, sire, is always fearful of robbers, even in the land of happy illusion, and he placed them there, not knowing that he was burying them in the sand, where they would never be found again. And then he left what seemed to his eyes the courtyard of his house and began to walk about upon the sands whereon Fata Morgana had laid the streets and bazaars of Cairo.

In the bazaars sat the merchants smoking their pipes, while around them lay piled their wealth, silks and brocades and jewels, and as Feyshad wandered and looked the happiness fell from him. For though the sight of the fountain water had quenched his thirst and the sight of his wife and of the coffee had satisfied his desires the sight of the gems and rich silks, far from giving him satisfaction, made him unhappy, inasmuch as they were not his. For Feyshad, sire, was a merchant.

He paused at the shop of El Kobir, the goldsmith, and, seizing upon a vase of gold incrusted with turquoise, cried out, "El Kobir, what price?" But El Kobir neither drew the amber mouthpiece of his pipe from his lips nor turned his head, so Feyshad put the vase beneath his robe and walked on.

As El Kobir did not cry after him he knew that the bazaars and all they contained were his. A great hunger for riches came upon him, and he cast the vase of gold in the street, and it fell upon a sleeping dog, who neither moved nor raised an eyelid. Then Feyshad ran to the shop of a silk merchant and taking therefrom a great bag of silk embroidered with golden melon flowers returned with it on his shoulders to the shop of El Kobir. There he took all the diamonds he could find and cast them in his sack, and rubies and emeralds as well, and when there was nothing left for him to take he cried out in derision, "El Kobir, what price?"

But El Kobir did not see him nor the loss of the jewels, but sat smoking his pipe and conversing with a Greek, heedless of Feyshad and his evil doings.

Then, sire, Feyshad went to the shop of a Jew and took a little vial of attar of roses, and a dagger with a ruby hilt, and an elephant of gold with jeweled eyes, and a bag of sequins, and the Jew, who at that moment was, in fact, asleep in his shop in Cairo, dreamed that he was being robbed, but he could not prevent Feyshad from taking his things, and Feyshad hastened home rejoicing, with the sack upon his shoulders.

Though it seemed to him that he had spent several hours in the bazaars, it is impossible that he could have been there longer than a moment, for, to his astonishment, when he entered the courtyard of his house his child was still in pursuit of the butterfly with amber wings, and the tortoise he had left crawling upon the pavement had not gained an inch toward its goal, and his wife was still grinding the coffee.

Feyshad felt a great thirst from his exertions, and the sight of the fountain did not allay it as before.

He emptied his sack of the stolen jewels and covered the glittering heap with leaves plucked from the acacia, and then he cried: "How happy am I that I have never loved, else the sight of my wife or my child or a friend would have banished me forever from this land, where I may rob all day and be happy! Now will I quench my thirst at the fountain and, leaving my jewels here, return to the bazaars for more."

But, sire, the hand of Allah reaches even to the land of happy illusion. As Feyshad bent to drink he beheld a person whom he loved, for, in the clear waters of the fountain, he beheld the reflection of his own face.

At that moment, sire, the people of the approaching caravan saw the phantom city that lay before them trembling, from the green palm trees at its walls to the domes that cut the sky, and then it vanished like a dream, leaving naught but a black speck upon the land, which was Feyshad.

The jewels he had hidden for safety beneath the shadow fountain were never found again or the jewels he had covered with the leaves of the acacia.

And today, sire, he sits at the gates of Cairo begging alms or wanders through the bazaars gazing upon the jewels that once were his—in the land of happy illusion.—H. de Vere Stacpoole.

Saved.

"Spare me!" pleaded the trembling captive, falling upon his knees.

"Very well," replied the cannibal, with a grin. "I will save you for my Sunday dinner."—New York Journal.

A PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE.

Ambitious Literary Effort by Our Soldiers In Manila.

One of the most unique publications which have come from Manila is the Philippine Magazine, the most ambitious of all the literary schemes launched by the American soldiers who are stationed there. It is purely local in character, its illustrations are tropical scenes and pictures of typical natives, and its reading matter breathes in every line the martial clatter of life in its birthplace.

There are short stories by army and navy officers, a sketch of W. W. Brown, the "mayor of Manila," a glimpse into some of the superstitions of the natives and pictures of street scenes and river scenes, jungles and the interiors of Filipino homes and a great deal of matter particularly interesting on account of

its being gathered right in Uncle Sam's new possession in the intervals of strife by men who are doing the fighting.

The editor and proprietor of the new magazine is H. Furman Hedden. He promises in his next number to reproduce over 74 photographs taken on the firing line while the troops were in action. The literary object of the magazine will be to portray all the interesting and historical features of the present campaign.

Why Eyeglasses Are Worn So Much.

The question is often asked, particularly by those who can recall the customs and experiences of 25 years ago, "Why do so many persons nowadays wear glasses?" The answer is easy, "The increase in the number of spectacles worn is not to be regarded as an evidence of modern degeneration of the eyes, but rather that a long felt necessity has been met," for it should be remembered that within the past quarter of a century much has been learned about the value of glasses, and the range of their application and usefulness has been enormously extended.

Of course the eyes need more help now than formerly, as the amount of work they are required to do is much greater than at any previous period in the world's history. The sewing machine and many other inventions of its class save the labor of the hands only to add to that required of the eyes. New employments, new amusements and new fashions are continually being introduced to increase the exactions laid upon these sensitive and delicate organs.

The steady decrease of illiteracy, together with the general cheapness of literature and a spread of a taste for it; the enormous circulation of novel, magazine and newspaper, the ever increasing use of artificial illumination, all combine to overtax the eyes and to weaken or possibly destroy the sight upless the required aid and protection be supplied through every means at our disposal. Thus it happens that the sometime luxury of properly adapted glasses has come to be recognized and understood by very many of the present generation as one of the real necessities of their lives. Lippincott's Magazine.

Economy Is Wealth.

Mrs. Nubbins (to her husband, who has just returned from fighting a fire in his wood lot)—For the land's sake, Silas, ye've burned yer hands jest awful! Why didn't ye wear yer buckskin gloves?

Farmer Nubbins—I reckon I know what I'm about, Hanner. This 'ere hide of mine'll grow on again all right, but buckskin gloves cost money.—New York World.

THREE BALLS.

The baseball departments of the St. Louis papers have expanded wonderfully. —Washington Post

The Giants are sadly in need of a mascot; also of a new name. "Giants" is a rank misnomer.—Ridgewood (N. J.) News.

The Cleveland Baseball club is making a record as a loser. Certainly it is verifying the prediction of one of its managers that it would surprise the people of Cleveland.—Cleveland Leader.

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.

FRIDAY, SEPT 15th, 1899.

We are issuing half size this week in order to give our printers a holiday Saturday.

The Courtenay Bridge is receiving temporary repairs at long last and now we can cross it for the next few weeks without making our wills (if we have anything to will) before doing so.

There is a part of the Courtenay-Comox Road to which we desire to call attention, viz. the dyke. A section of it has been gradually sinking for some time. There is probably a large cavity underneath which may give way at a moments notice. In fact, we have been told that the water runs right through. We notice that some gravel has been spread on top to level off. This is very good—as far as it goes, but that is no way to repair the dyke. The work should be thoroughly done and that at once. It will have to be done at some time. Why not attend to it now and save some damage suits and perhaps a few lives?

Some time in June we referred to the advisibility of the City Council paying an annual to a Police Magistrate and maintaining a police force in order to retaiin all revenues derived from fines imposed in the town. The matter is one that is now attracting much more attention in view of the recent action of the Government in taking away the salary formerly paid to Mr. Abrams.

As we stated before, the amount of salary to be paid to a Police Magistrate by the Council is not fixed by law, but is left wholly at the discretion of the Council. The amount of fines collected has some years exceeded $1,000 and, though we have not the exact figure, we think it is safe to say that the minimum has never fallen below $600 per annum. Now, a man can be easily secured to act as police officer for, say, $20 per month or $240 a year. The position would not interfere seriously with his other employments and he could be called whenever there would be need of his services. Cumberland is a town of small area and the duties of such officer would not be onerous. The whole thing would not cost the town much. We would have efficient service. The Council would have a clear surplus to put in the treasury—and there are plenty ways to expend cash in improving the streets of Cumberland. On the other hand, leave things go and the Government will get all the fines and the town nothing. Surely the Council will wake up to a sense of the proper course to pursue. If they take action along the lines suggested, they will, we think, have the approval of all our citizens.

SUBSCRIBE for the NEWS.

From Daily Columbian, Aug. 31.]

Cumberland, says the Cumberland (Comox) NEWS, presents the somewhat curious spectacle of an incorporated town without a mayor, and adds aptly enough. "If the property qualifications were reduced to a reasonable point, many men, otherwise well qualified for position, would have an opportunity for contesting. A thousand dollars' worth (at least) of real property is altogether too high a financial qualification for the mayor of a small town."

The Council would do well to see that this state of affairs is remedied next session of the legislature.

MARTIN DOOLEY ON SHAFTER'S HAY FLEET.

Mr. Dooley had been reading about General Shafters unfortunately abandoned enterprise for capturing Santiago by means of a load of hay, and it filled him with great enthusiasm. Laying down his paper, he said.

"By dad, I always said they give me frind Shafter the worst iv it. If they'd left him to do th' job th' way he wanted he'd 've taken Sandyago without losin' an ounce."

"How was it he wanted to do it?", Mr. Henessy asked.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "'twas this way. This is th' way it was: Ol' Cevera's fleet was in th' harbor and bottled up, as th' man says. Shafter he says to Sampson: 'Look here ye bucko, what th' divvle ye loafin' ar-round out there f'r he says, 'like a deputy sheriff at a prize fight?' he says. 'I'm doing well where I am' says Sampson Th' navy iv the United States,' he says, 'which is wan iv th' best, if not th' best in th' wurruld,' he says, 'was not,' he says, 'intinded f'r sthreet fightin,' he says. 'We'll stay here,' he says, 'until,' he says, 'we can equip th' ships with noomatic tire wheels,' he says,' an' ball bearin's,' he says.

"Well,' says, Shafter, 'if ye won't go in,' he says, 'we'll show ye the way,' he says. An' he calls on Cap Brice, that was wan iv th' youngest an' tastiest dhressers in th' whole crool an' devastatin' war. 'Cap,' he says, 'is they anny hay in th' camp?' he says. 'Slathers iv it' says th' Cap. 'Onless,' he says, 'th' et it, 'he says. 'Th' last load iv beef that come down fr'm th' undertakers,' he says 'was not good,' he says, 'twas not properly waked,' he says, 'or,' he says, 'th' pallbearers was careless,' he says. 'Annyhow,' he says, th' sojers won't eat it, an' whin I left they was looking greedily at th' hay,' he says. 'Cap,' says Gin'ral Shafter, 'if anny man ates a wisp shoot him on the spot,' he says. 'Those hungry sojers may desthroy me hopes iv vichtry.' he says. 'What d'ye mane?' says Cap Brice. 'I mane this,' says Gin'ral Shafter. 'I mane to take yon fortress,' he says. 'I'll sind ye in, Cap in a ship protected be hay,' he says. 'Her turrets 'll be alfalfa, she'll have three inches iv th' best clover below the water line.' he says. Did ye ever see an eight-inch shell pinithrate a bale iv hay?' he says. 'I niver did,' says Cap Brice. Maybe that was because I niver see thried,' he says. 'Be that as it may,' says Gin'ral Shafter, 'ye niver see it done. No more did I,' he says. 'Onless,' he says, 'they shoot pitchforks,' he says, 'they'll niver hur-rt ye,' he says. 'Ye'll be onvincible,' he says. 'Ye'll proceed into th' harbor, behind the sturdy aymour iv projuce,' he says. 'Let ye'er watchword be "Stay on the far-rm" and go on to vichtry,' he says. 'Gin'ral,' says Cap Brice, 'how can I thank ye f'r th' honor?"

"'Tis no wondher th' men call ye their fodder,' he says. 'Twas a joke Cap Brice med at th' time. 'I'll do th' best I can, an' if I die in the attempt,' he says, 'bury me where th' bran-mash'll wave over grave,' he says.

"An Gin'ral Shafter he got together his fleet an' put the armor on it. 'Twas a formid-able sight. They was the cruiser Box Stall, full armored with sixty eight bales iv the finest grade iv chopped feed; th' the R-red Barn, a modhren hay battleship protected by a whole mow iv timothy an' th' gallant little Haycock, a torpedo boat shootin' deadly missiles iv explosive oats. Th' expidition was delayed be wan iv th' mules strollin' down to th' shore an' atin' up th' afther, batthry an' par-rt iv th' ram iv th' R-red Barn, an' befure repairs was made Admiral Cevera heard iv what was goin' on. 'Glory be to th' saints,' he says. 'What an injayneous thribe these Yankees is, says he 'On'y a few weeks ago they thried to desthroy me be dumpin' a load iv coal coal on me,' he says, an' now he says, 'they're goin' to smother me in feed,' he says. 'They'll be rollin' barl's iv flour on me fr'm th' hites nex',' he says. 'I'd betther get out,' he says. "Tis far nobler,' he says, 'to purrish on th' r-ragin' main,' he says, 'thin to die with ye'er lungs full iv hayseed an' ye'er eves full iv dust,' he says. 'I was bor-rn in a large city,' he says, 'an' I don't know th' rules iv th' barn, he says, 'An' he went out an' took his lickin.'

NEW GOODS.

Stevenson & Co. have received a consignment of goods from the east this week. Their serges at 50 cts. are splendid value and everybody in the district should see them. The fall jackets this season have smaller sleeves than usual, but still they are larger than the summer styles seemed to anticipate.

We have been informed that the purse raised by the generous people of Comox District to replace team lost a few weeks ago by Mr. Davis amounted to the handsome sum of $200. Well done Comox!

The officers of the H. M. S. Warspite are very successful sportsmen and have already landed a large number of fine trout from Courtenay River. It used to be the exception for a naval man to catch a trout a long time, but things are all the other way since the Warspite arrived.

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.

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

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.

STEVENSON & CO.

New Goods! New Goods!!

The new season has to-day ushered in a small advance lot of new goods to us, consisting of

Ladies' Jackets
From $5.00 to $25.00

Ladies' Skirts
From $3.25 to $5.00

Navy Dress Serges—Hard Finish and extra value—from 25 cents to 75 cents per yard.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR.
MEN'S UNDERWEAR.

STEVENSON & CO.

GO TO
CAREY the Tailor
For Your Next Suit of Clothes.
GOOD FIT
—AND—
PRICES RIGHT
CALL AND SEE.

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.

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

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.

NOTICE.

Applications will be received up to September 20th, for a male teacher of the 2nd division of the Union Public School.

JAMES ABRAMS,
Sec'y to Trustees.

H. B. A. VOGEL COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.
P. O. Box 347, Vancouver, B. C.
We teach business, Book-keeping, Shorthand, Tppewriting, and the general English branches. The Demand for office help is larger than the supply.
Send for illustrated Prospectus.