THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

SEVENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. SATURDAY, SEPT., 2nd, 1899

COMOX NOTES.

Loyal Comoxites flew bunting Wednesday in honor of the Warspite's arrival. The ship has been here before, but most of her complement are strangers. We are sure though, that both officers and men will not fail to be as popular as were all their predecessors.

Fish and game are very plentiful this season. An Indian caught a salmon weighing 80 lbs this week.

Mr. Wm. Matherson and Mr. McMillan, of Union, went out the other night and saw two panthers in a tree. As their guns were only loaded with light charges, they did not like to risk a shot. Neither of them was inclined to hold watch and ward while the other went for assistance, so they abandoned the idea of securing a bounty. It seems now that the panthers were ——coons!

Some of the navy people have rented Mr. Macdonald's cottage. Others are guests of Mrs. J. B. Holmes.

The celebrated broncho is living up to his reputation. A Siwash is his latest owner and proud of his steed he was till Wednesday. On that day, he went to meet some friends when the broncho took fright and made himself scarce. What's left of the rig isn't worth mentioning. However, the Siwash escaped.

Glad to hear the pupils of Comox who are attending High School are doing well. Leo Anderton is in Victoria and Bessie Macdonald in Nanaimo.

NOTICE.

Applications will be read up to September 20th for the position of 2nd assistant of Union School. Male teacher.

Jas. Abrams,
Secy. to Trustees.

Cumberland B. C.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Cumberland Hotel:—D. Barrett, Montreal; H. Bedlington, F. Smith, H. Switzer, Toronto; R. Curry, Mrs. Goess, Nanaimo; J. P. D. Malkin, J. H. Henisworth, Victoria; J. Godfrey, Vancouver.

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
BILL-BOOKS, at 50 cents
PIPES, from 15 cents to $2.00
PEARL BUTTONS, White and Smoked, all sizes
HAIR PINS, from Invisible to Extra Strong
DIAMOND PINS, at 50 cents
WIRE HAIR BRUSHES, at 25 cents
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CUFF BUTTONS, Men's and Ladies'
COLLAR BUTTONS, all Kinds
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CORSET and SHOE LACES
HOSE SUPPORTERS, Ladies' and Children's
NEEDLES, PINS, THIMBLES
HAIR COMBS, Steel and Rubber
BUTTON HOOKS
KID HAIR CURLERS, and everything else in this line usually found in a Dry Goods Store

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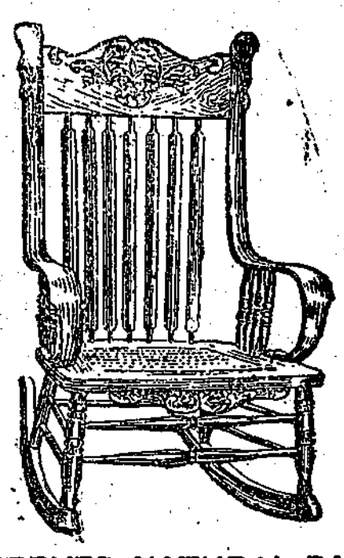

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Send for our Large Illustrated Catalogue—Mailed Free.

Off the Wires

Seattle, Aug. 31—D L Wilson agent of the British Government with important papers for home office arrived here en route to London from Transvaal says:—

"I have no doubt that there will be a war. I have been three years in Transvaal and know the leader of the Boer Government well. Kruger does not want war, he is now an old man as such that he has not the control of the Cabinet he once had. The Cabinet is composed of young blood who want independence and will not give up nntil they have either attained it or have been wiped out of existence by English forces."

Toronto, Aug. 31.—Man named Ross arrived here from South Africa where he went from Toronto 23 years ago. News of his death came three years later and his family mourned for him as dead. He found his mother on his return and made himself known to her. He is said to be worth $60,000. He left South Africa because of expectation of war.

Ottawa, Aug.—Mr Sifton has decided to add a thousand dollars to Ogilvie's salary making it $6,000 a year.

A conflict of authority has arisen between the Federal and Ontario Governments. The latter claims the sole right to issue fishery licences.

Brampton, Aug. 31.—John Butchard who discribes himself as Commission Merchant from Toronto was caught by farmer Fred Brown of Strutsville stealing chickens. Butchard and a companion were in the chicken house when Brown heard them and they ran off and got into a waggon. Between Brown and his neighbors with shotguns Butchard was captured with a waggon full of chickens including many which Brown identified as his. He is awaiting trial.

Paris, Aug. 1.—A fall of rain this afternoon permitted Guerin leader of the anti-Semites to secure a considerable supply of water.

London, Aug. 31.—Gen. Lord Kitchener of Khartoum cables to the Foreign office that the Mahdi's two sons have been killed by British troops while resisting arrest at the village of Shuraba.

Victoria Aug. 31—The charge brought against Joseph Edwards the Australian salesman for swindle and carrying concealed weapons has been dismissed.

Victoria, Aug. 32.—It is understood that Robert Jeffrey of Crow's Nest Coal Co. has closed a contract to supply the navy at Esquimalt with 40,000 tons of coal annually for a long time.

Victoria, Aug. 31.—A Mattress factory on Yates St. this morning took fire in the basement where a large quantity of hay was stored. The proprietor's wife fainted, delay in turning the alarm ensued and the fire had made good headway when the brigade arrived. The factory was gutted and the grocery store and Chinese wash house were destroyed adjoining it. Loss $1,800. No insurance.

Nickel in the the slot machine in Morris Cigar Store we seized to-day and he will be prosecuted.

Two hundred cats were turned loose last night at the outer wharf. They had been collected for shipment to Dawson, but the freight charges were so high that the owner turned them loose.

Nanaimo, Aug. 31.—J L Allardyce Suwerintendent of the Electric Light Works died yesterday. He was 34 years of age and extremely popular. He had been suffering with typhoid fever.

Godfrey's Band played to five thousand people here last night. The enthusiasm was intense, every enjoying the finest band in the world.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway

GRAND EXCURSION TO

.. TEXADA ISLAND ..

Thursday, - Sept - 7th

The commodious steamer, "City of Nanaimo," will leave Union Bay at seven a. m., and Comox at half past seven, a. m. for Texada Island. Returning steamer will leave Texada at Three p. m., for Comox and Union Bay.

Train Leaves Union at Half Past Six a. m., Connecting with the Steamer at Union Bay.

Fare, Union to Texada and Return $1.00
Fare, Comox to Texada and Return $1.00

Tickets may be had of J. B. McLean, Union Depot, and on board the steamer.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The August number of that excellent magazine, The Canadian Home Journal, has just come to hand. It contains an appreciative sketch, accompanied by a cut, of Lady Laurier, a sketch of Stony Creek battlefield and other interesting historical and literary articles. The Canadian Home Journal is the right magazine to be read in every Canadian School and home.

***

The September Ladies' Home Journal is a good number. It is, as usual, profusely illustrated with good cuts and the matter is all of a high class.

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THE TELLER.

A charming story by the author of "DAVID HARUM" has reached us this week. An unusual subject for romance, the hero, a Bank Teller, falls in love with the daughter of one of the directors, and the plot deals with the difficulties and complications which ensue in an interesting and admirable manner. The story is published by The Poole Printing Company, Limited, Toronto, and is for sale by all newsdealers, at the low price of 15 cents, or will be sent postpaid by the pulishers on receipt of price.

CARD OF THANKS.

Mr and Mrs W. B. Walker take this opportunity of expressing their sincere thanks to the public in general for floral tributes and many other acts of sympathy, during their late bereavment.

FOR SALE OR FOR RENT.

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

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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STORIES TOLD OF HENDERSON.

Showing the Personal Side of the Coming Speaker.

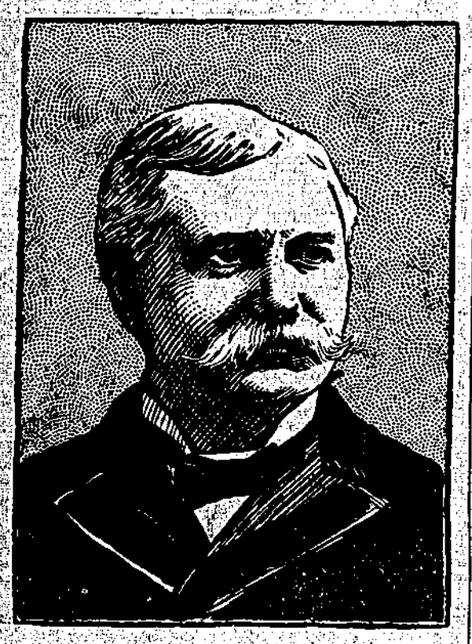
A well knit man with the shoulders of a soldier and the general build of an athlete, with iron gray hair and a curving, gray military mustache, is David Bremner Henderson, who is the probable successor of Thomas B. Reed to that office "with no peer and only one superior."

There are a few other notable personal characteristics about this man who has made such a remarkable canvass for the speakership. Although there have been some fine looking men on the floor of the house during his 16 years as a member, he has always been reckoned as among the best of them. While in no sense dudish in his dress, he is always well groomed. His fine head, clear, sparkling eyes and erect figure add the rest.

Few strangers in the galleries would ever pick out General Henderson as the one-legged Iowa veteran. Yet one of his carefully creased trousers legs conceals a wooden limb with which he patches out the stump the field surgeons left him when they had finished "fixing him up" after the battle of Corinth.

While General Henderson takes a reasonable pride in this honorable wound he is by no means content to hobble about on crutches. He manipulates his wooden leg very skillfully. He even dances on occasion, for he is fond of society.

The original amputation relieved him only of the foot, but since then he has



DAVID BREMNER HENDERSON.

been three times under the surgeons' knives, and each time they have left the leg a little shorter.

Socially the leading candidate for the speaker's chair is a great favorite in congress. There are several reasons for this. In spite of the fact that General Henderson has always been a zealous party man and one who loved to mix in a hot debate he has a knack of making and keeping friends.

The colonel often pours oratorical vitriol upon the Democrats of the house, but he is personally popular among them. In the midst of bitter remarks he takes out much of the sting by calling his political opponents "brothers" in a conciliatory tone. When he has finished one of these speeches, he is likely to be seen going about on the Democratic side of the house, putting his arms around the necks of congressmen and "brothering" up to them in a hearty, friendly way that is irresistible. Mr. Dooley would probably call him a "jollier."

In regard to his title the New York Sun said in a recent editorial:

"We call him general because all his friends do. We believe that colonel is the highest military title which belongs to him legitimately. He entered the war as a private, served as a first lieutenant until his leg went to smash for the sake of the Union, and when the stump had partially healed he went back to the front as colonel and fought one legged till the question was settled. Nobody examines titles very closely in the case of a veteran with a record like Henderson's. General is none too good for him for everyday use."

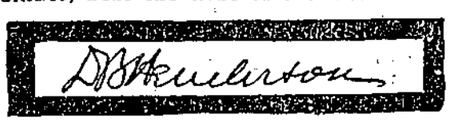
He is one of the best story tellers in Washington. He has a fund of canny Scotch wit which has left its impress on the history of congress. He has always been an enthusiastic advocate of the free distribution of seeds by congressmen, and his constituents have been highly favored in this regard. His known fondness for a joke has made him the subject of considerable banter upon this line, and he has probably stood more ridicule upon the free seed fad than any other congressman.

One of Colonel Henderson's postal cards anent this topic, in a woman's handwriting, bore this message:

"John's influence can't be got with 15 cents' worth of free seeds, but if you will send a box of hairpins I will look after him. His Wife."

Another communication read, "Why not let up on seeds for awhile and send jackknives?"

At Representative Walker's farewell dinner, near the close of the last session



GENERAL HENDERSON'S AUTOGRAPH.

of congress, General Henderson and "Private" John Allen of Mississippi kept the table in a roar with their repartee. Henderson began by saying that there was one man in the Confederate army who, had they been so unfortunate as to meet, would have left less of him to return home than there was now. Allen replied that this was true, and they bantered each other on what would have happened had they met in battle.

Mr. Henderson's personal relations with the president will be closer than were those of ex-Speaker Reed. If evidence of this were wanting, it might be recalled that on one occasion he wound up a speech in favor of the administration with this impassioned outburst: "And may God bless Little Mack!"

ALFRED R. ROWLEY.

The Kind He Wanted.

"Everybody's been taking a fall out o' my chickens," he said, "and I want an injunction."

"You do?" asked the lawyer thoughtfully.

"Yes, sir, I do," answered the caller.

"Been troubling you for some time, eh?" asked the lawyer.

"Pretty reg'lar for nigh onto a year," was the reply, "an everybody seems to be able to stop everything with injunctions, so I thought I'd have to git one."

"But I don't believe I deal in the kind you want," returned the lawyer.

"What kind do I want?" asked the caller.

"You want a double barreled injunction loaded with birdshot or salt," replied the lawyer. "You ought to be able to get it at any gun store."

"By gum! I guess you're right," returned the old man, as his face lighted up. "I've heard tell that these here injunctions were mighty effective weapons in the hands of men who knew how to handle them, but I didn't quite get onto what they were before."—Chicago Post.

How He Won Her.

"Do you think," asked the beautiful, stately girl, "that the world is degenerating?"

The young man who had for months loved her in secret saw his chance. Every time he had ever attempted to say anything sentimental to her she switched him off on to politics or the social problem, but at last the moment for which he had longed had come. Drawing in a full breadth, he replied:

"No! How could the world degenerate with woman doing so much to run it? How could the world be otherwise than better since you have interested yourself in it?"

That evening her mother said it would be all right no matter what papa might think.—Chicago News.

A Finish Fight.

A terrible accident happened at the great Versailles fair, in Paris. A careless keeper left the door of the polar bear's cage unfastened, and the animal pulled up the trap with his paw and

FATAL FIGHT BETWEEN BOAR AND HYENA.

walked out into the next cage, where a hyena was kept. A ferocious battle began at once, and in spite of all the efforts of the keepers to separate the animals, the bear literally tore the hyena to pieces.

Ye Modern Knighte.

Lord Scroggins he rose from his balmy sleep,
And he saddled his horse of steel.
He muttered a vow of import deep
As he sprang on his plunging wheel:
"I will speed me east and will speed me west,
Nor even cease from my ladye's quest,
Till I find her, for woe or weal!"

The ladye stepped from her silken bower,
And she was a gay laydee!
For naught but a great composite flower
Could rival her braveree!
With her bloomers red, and her knickers tan,
She looked like a link between monkey and man
As she hied her over the lea!

Lord Scroggins he saw that ladye ride
Astride in her haughty state,
And he airily cried, as he scorched to her side,
"Do I find thee at last, my fate?"
But she wrinkled her nose with a scorn divine—
"Sir Fossil, avaunt from path of mine!
For the wheel that I ride is a '99,
While thine is a '98."

—Detroit Free Press.

He Passed.

Ticket Seller (at box office)—On what account?

Unknown Actor—On account of the "profesh."

Ticket Seller—Where are your credentials?

Actor—I left them at the hotel, but that's all right. I'm the man who discovered that new way of saying "Vad id is it?"

Ticket Seller—Did you say four seats?

A BRAVE YANKEE CAPTAIN.

Defied Two Governments Until He Received His Just Dues.

All the world loves a brave man. It matters not whether he does his heroics on a battlefield or along the narrow, well trodden lanes of civilian life. This accounts for the thrill of emotion which was felt by every one who read recently of the American ship captain who, at a St. Lawrence river port, defied the combined authorities of the United States and the Dominion of Canada and manfully fought for the rights of himself and crew until he got them.

There was a matter of $680.24 in dispute. Captain George Marks, master of the late schooner Helvetia, claimed that this amount was due him and the crew in wages. The owners of the vessel wouldn't pay, but they did want their vessel and sent a new captain and another crew to take charge.

Captain Marks loaded a gun and told the new captain to come aboard at his peril. Then came Canadian police officers with warrants. Captain Marks cleared his ship for action, mounted his signal gun forward, armed his crew and prepared to repel boarders, just as the sailors in the half dime novels do.

The Canadian police were discreet. Then came detectives and lawyers. Even the state department at Washington ordered Captain Marks to surrender and seek his redress in the courts afterward. But the gallant captain was not in the habit of collecting his salary in that way. Neither was he awed by official communications. He had said he meant to hold the ship until he and his men were paid, and he stuck by it.

The way the Helvetia and her fighting captain got into this fix is a matter that began six months ago. The Atlantic Transport company of New York

CAPTAIN GEORGE MARKS.

had bought six vessels on the great lakes. They were started down the St. Lawrence river to make their way round to the Atlantic coast. Winter came on and froze them all up in the St. Lawrence river near Montreal.

While they lay there the Atlantic Transport company assigned, and the vessels were thrown back on their original owners' hands. The captains and crews of the boats were paid off and returned to their homes in Cleveland and other lake ports.

Captain Marks was not so fortunate. The Atlantic Transport company's receiver ignored his demands for pay and even cut off his supplies. The original owners of the Helvetia in Cleveland would not pay either.

The captain tried at first to straighten the matter out by correspondence through the American consul, Gorman, at Montreal. But things got more and more mixed. Two months ago the Cleveland owners of the Helvetia sent Captain Parker up to Valleyfield to oust Captain Marks and take possession.

That made Captain Marks angry. He stopped all correspondence. He declared somebody owed him $680.24. He didn't care whether it was the Atlantic Transport company or the Cleveland firm, and he said he would not give up the ship till his claim was paid.

The Cleveland shipping firm proceeded to take legal steps to get possession of the Helvetia. They appealed to the Canadian authorities to arrest Captain Marks and forcibly remove him from the ship.

In the meantime the citizens of Valleyfield, where the Helvetia was lying at anchor, had learned of Captain Mark's trouble and had extended their warm sympathy. They volunteered to help defend his vessel and almost mobbed the detective who tried to arrest him.

At one time it looked as if much blood would be shed over the affair. Detective Kellert sallied forth from Montreal with a half dozen armed deputies, and he warned Marks that he had come to take him, dead or alive.

"All right," said Marks. "Why don't you come and take me?"

"I have the authority of the Dominion government!" shouted Kellert, waving some documents.

"The government be blowed!" responded the captain.

Kellert borrowed ladders from the fire station and prepared to scale the sides of the ship. A dozen men on the wharf seized the ladders and carried them back to the fire station, with a threat that if Kellert attempted it they would throw him into the water. The chief of the local police appeared and protested that the slightest attempts to take the captain would result in bloodshed, and Kellert returned to Montreal baffled.

After this fiasco the owners tried to compromise. But Captain Marks would have all or nothing, and in the end he was paid his claim in full. When he stepped ashore, the whole town of Valleyfield turned out to do him honor. They burned fireworks left over from the queen's birthday celebration, they banqueted him and in other ways showed their respect for the man who was afraid of neither courts nor governments when he was in the right.

FRANKLIN PRICE.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

Mrs. Ducker's Fair Face Softened the Heart of Her Would Be Assailant.

A most remarkable case of conjugal infelicity was revealed in a Chicago court the other day. Dr. James C. Ducker, a professor in the Postgraduate Medical college, was charged with hiring a man to throw vitriol in his wife's face and "spoil her beauty." The evidence against him was so convincing that he was held to await the action of the grand jury.

Charles W. Hill was the principal witness. He swore that Dr. Ducker promised to give him $10 if he would throw the contents of a bottle in a young woman's face, and says he accepted the offer on account of poverty. He did not know at first that the woman was Dr. Ducker's wife.

He went to Mrs. Ducker's home to get the lay of the land. By accident he caught sight of Mrs. Ducker, and her beauty softened him. Instead of lying in wait for her with the mysterious fluid which the doctor was to give her he went to her and confessed everything.

Acting under instructions of Mrs. Ducker's lawyer, Hill said, he had gone on

MRS. DUCKER.

with his part of the plot as though nothing had happened. He met Dr. Ducker according to arrangement and received the bottle which was to do the mischief and his final instructions.

"I don't want to kill or blind her," Hill said Dr. Ducker told him, "but just to destroy her complexion, because she is such a pretty woman."

Hill said the doctor told him how to handle the stuff and advised him to practice throwing it so as not to get it in his victim's eyes, but only on the nose and cheeks.

Mrs. Nannie Tallis Perry of St. Louis claims that she was the first wife of Dr. Ducker. She claims to have evidence that he entered into a conspiracy with a woman named Amelia Wehrman a number of years ago to poison Judge Mackay of Louisiana, Mo. Judge Mackay was wealthy. The woman was to marry him and then administer medicine, to be furnished by Dr. Ducker, which would cause him to die of "heart disease." Then the Wehrman woman and Dr. Ducker were to marry and enjoy the doctor's fortune. This plot was discovered and abandoned.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

Mowing the Lawn.

The man who shoves the mower
Across the spacious lawn
Now gets up bright and early,
Before the dew is gone.
The noisy thing he pushes
Around and up and down,
Then bolts the waiting breakfast
And hurries off to town.

When daily task is finished,
To home in haste he'll go,
Gulp down the waiting supper,
And then again he'll mow.
The nerve disturbing clatter
Proceeds without delay
Until the darkness forces
A rest until next day.

From side to side he's mowing,
From end to end, and then
He sees that where he started
The grass has grown again.
The mowing knives he sharpens,
The wheels he soaks with oil,
And where he made beginning
Again he starts to toil.

He's at it every morning
Just after break of dawn;
At eve is heard the racket
Of mower on his lawn.
With sleep and peace of neighbors
For months he'll now play hob,
For he's just fairly started
On his all summer job.

There's growling 'mong the victims—
They have no lawns to mow—
And their dissatisfaction
In many ways they show.
They're scowling at the fellow
Who thinks the grass is rank,
And often they're denouncing
That "blamed lawn mowing crank."

—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Havana Ad.

Here is an advertisement that appeared the other day in a Havana paper: "This is without doubt one of the factories of first class and of the most universal credit, and we affirm that no other has this credit with more merits, by the goodnes, intelligency and care employed in the preparetion and perfectionment of his productions."

The higher the character or rank the less the pretense, because there is less to pretend to.—Bulwer.

A DAY'S WORK.

After It Was Done, He Enjoyed a Well Earned Rest.

He was seated on the steps of the Griswold street side of the city hall. Tramp? Yes.

His face was rough and red and bleary. One shoe was a boot—pardon that—and the other boot was a shoe.

The man's hat was brimless and all crushed in on top and around his neck in lieu of a collar he had twisted an old frayed and greasy string tie. His coat was torn and green brown on the shoulders, his trousers ragged around his feet. He wore no vest and the cheap negligee shirt may have been blue—once. Apparently the man was dozing. His eyes were closed. But he may have held them that way because he was too lazy to wink. He breathed hard. By and by he opened one eye half way and squinted at the passersby in the street. Finding it not at all inconvenient to keep that eye open, he opened the other. I was easy, and the man emitted a self satisfied grunt.

Looking down just then he observed a bit of raveling on the left leg of his dusty, torn trousers. He eyed that raveling critically. He held his head to one side and squinted at it. Then he held his head to the other side and squinted at it again. Taking a long breath, he slipped his hand down his trousers leg. His arm wasn't long enough for the hand to reach the raveling. The man sighed. For fully five minutes he gazed at that bit of thread. Then with a superhuman effort he inclined his body and reaching down picked off the raveling. It dropped from his fingers to the stones and settling back the man rested his head against the pillar and closed his eyes.—Detroit Free Press.

He Apologized.

In the case of Schmalzberg vs. Schnock, for slander, a compromise was effected in court, the suit being withdrawn on condition that Herr Schnock should promise to beg the plaintiff's pardon.

The next morning Schnock rings the doorbell at Schmalzberg's house.

"Does Herr Schmidt live here?" asks Schnock.

"No," replies Schmalzberg.

"I beg your pardon!" says Schnock, and he goes his way with a consciousness of having performed a disagreeable duty.—Fliegende Blatter.

Retribution.

"Say, policeman, what's your height?"

"Six feet four."

"What do you weigh?"

"Something over 275 pounds."

"And you're as broad across the shoulders as two men. You'll do. Can you get off duty this evening?"

"I guess so. What for?"

"I want you to take this ticket and go to the theater. It calls for a reserved seat right in front of a young woman who will be there and who never takes her hat off."—Chicago Tribune.

The Baffled Delegate.

A colored brother, elected a delegate to a religious convention, got a learned brother to write an address for him. He received the written document just as he was boarding the train for the convention—but it was all Greek to him. As he turned the manuscript upside down and surveyed it from all points of the compass he was overheard to exclaim:

"Heah I is with a $3 address in my han' en I can't read it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Too Good to Lose.

Hobo—Say, boss, will yer lend me a quarter?

Old Gentleman — With pleasure. Here it is. But how do I know that I shall ever see you again.

Hobo—Yer needn't worry. I ain't goin ter lose sight of such an easy mark ez yer.—New York Journal.

Speeded on His Way.

"Seems funny that a messenger boy could beat the United States mail, doesn't it?"

"Oh, I guess they took his 5 cent novel away from him and told him he might finish it as soon as he got back."—Indianapolis Journal.

All or Nothing.

Old Grouch—Young man, can you inhale that cigarette?

Cholly—Why, er—ah—yes!

Old Grouch—Then oblige me by inhaling it all!—New York Journal.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

HIS OPINION WORTHLESS.

He Was Clearly Not a Competent Judge of Whitewash.

"It's a case of whitewash from beginning to end," exclaimed the man with fuzzy whiskers and shoes which had large round holes cut in their sides.

"What's a case of whitewash?" asked his wife, who was wiping her hands on an apron as she stood in the door.

"This whole business," he answered, turning to his paper. "But of course I wouldn't expect you to know anything about it."

"Anyhow," she remarked decidedly, "I don't think it's a case of whitewash."

"Oh, you don't!"

"No, I don't."

"Maybe you've read some facts on the situation that haven't been brought to my attention."

"Not a word."

"And of course, being your husband, I shouldn't expect you to take my say so for it. You couldn't think of relying on my opinion in the matter."

"Well, ordinarily I don't know but what it's my duty to take what you say about things as being all that need be said. I suppose it's my business to take care that the house is run right and look after all the marketing and see that we have enough saved up to meet our debts while you sit by and think up the opinions for the family?"

"But this case is an exception, is it? My opinion isn't enough for you this time."

"No; I'm afraid it isn't. You remember, yesterday afternoon you got industrious and said you were going to clean things up, and you got some lime and some glue and some water and a suit of old clothes. That cellar wall looks like a marine landscape done in layers with great rifts of white against a background of grimy brick. It resembles a picture of a rainstorm in collision with a starch factory. I'll take your judgment in a great many things, William, but you cannot speak for me on the subject you have just mentioned. You are not a good judge of whitewash."

ULCERKURE Heals the Worst Barb-Wire Cuts.

Music on the Battle Field.

The first use of field music which we have absolutely authentic information was at the battle of Bouvines, that village of French Flanders where the French have won no fewer than three victories—Philip Augustus defeating Otto IV. of Germany there in 1214, Philip of Valois defeating the English there in 1340, while in 1794 the French defeated the Austrians at the same place. It was at Bouvines in 1214 that trumpets sounded the signal for the victorious French charge, the first authentic instance of a command given by a trumpet call.

John Was All Right.

A clergyman who has a small farm was walking round, superintending, when he came up to his plowman, who was resting his horses. The clergyman said: "John, could you not bring an old sickle and cut away the weeds in this corner while you rest the horses?"

John said:

"Master, couldn't you take a bag of them mixed seeds into the poolpit wi' you and sort 'em while they're singing?"

John always breathed his horses as well as himself after that with nothing said.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

The Jaffa Gate at Jerusalem.

The archaeological world is thrown into a state of great perturbation over the approaching visit of the Emperor of Germany to Jerusalem. It would seem that the Sultan, in his zeal to make things agreeable, threatens to pull down the Jaffa gate and a part of the ancient walls, so that the kaiser may make his entry into the Holy City on horseback. The Jaffa gate, although very ancient and picturesque, is exceedingly narrow and quite inadequate—at least to the mind of the Sultan—for the occasion in question.

Laws as to Shipwrecks.

English law allows in case of shipwreck damages to the extent of £10 per person if no life is lost and $75 in case of such a loss. French law, on the other hand, does not recognize any responsibility on the part of steamship companies.

Poor Girl.

She—Oh, please don't tease me to sing. I'm so hoarse to-night that I can hardly make a sound.

He—Yes, I know. That's why I think this would be a good time to have it over with.

THE FLAGGING ENERGIES REVIVED.—Constant application to business is a tax upon the energies, and if there be not relaxation, lassitude and depression are sure to intervene. These come from stomachic troubles. The want of exercise brings on nervous irregularities, and the stomach ceases to assimilate food properly. In this condition Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a recuperative of rare power, restoring the organs to healthful action, dispelling depression, and reviving the flagging energies.

A Kind Hearted Girl.

He—So you give me the mitten?

She—Yes.

He—And this is all?

She—I might throw in a few moth balls.

Not All English.

Little Miss Wayupp—Is your butler English?

Little Miss Highupp—N-o, but his clothes is.

Dismal Joy.

"Do you enjoy Hauptmann's plays, Miss Dolly?"

"Yes, indeed; they are so cute and gloomy."

Important to Damaged Wheelmen.

Griffiths' Menthol Liniment is a complete repair kit for damaged wheelmen. It removes the kink in the muscles, and soreness after a long ride, and is of special value for Sprains, Bruises, etc. It relieves the pains and aches the minute applied. All druggists, 25 cents.

No Trouble.

"Did you have any trouble about your vote while you were at home?"

"No, suh," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "I didn' have no trouble. I jes' stood on my dignity. I picked out my canerdate, and when de 'spute stahted I said dat ef dey wouldn' let me vote foh him I wouldn' vote foh nobody."

A Chicago Aristocrat.

"Miss Bunk must be a thoroughbred; she has such a lofty, scornful carriage."

"Oh, I don't know! Some girls get that air by refusing to help their mothers with their work."

SLEEPLESSNESS.—When the nerves are untrung and the whole body given up to wretchedness, when the mind is filled with gloom and dismal forebodings, the result of derangement of the digestive organs, sleeplessness comes to add to the distress. If only the subject could sleep there would be oblivion for a while and temporary relief. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will not only induce sleep, but will act so beneficially that the subject will wake refreshed and restored to happiness.

A Matter of Taste.

"I notice that in a certain eastern school district the teachers' bicycle skirts are barred."

"Well, I think I like 'em barred fully as well as I do spotted."—Plain Dealer.

Continuous Celebration.

"Did you hear what Reginald gave Lucretia for a graduation present?"

"What was it?"

"A commutation ticket on a down town soda fountain."

Not to Be Thought Of.

"Bathe in the ocean!" cried the pure water crank.

"Of course, why not?"

"Why, it's never been filtered or boiled."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Giving Fame a Chance.

"Don't worry, Scribbs, you'll awake yet and find yourself famous."

"If I could believe that, I'd go to bed and stay there all the time."—Chicago Record.

A Possible Connection.

Bitts—Where did that saying, "You're a lobster," originate?

Bates—I don't know. Where were you born?—Philadelphia North American.

ULCERKURE—Swift Cure for Poison Oak or Ivy.

Unkind Slur.

Mrs. Slimdiet (to new boarder)—Did you sleep well last night, sir?

New Boarder—Not very, Mrs. Slimdiet. That bed reminded me so much of home that I felt sort o' homesick.

Mrs. Slimdiet—Indeed! Where is your home?

New Boarder—In the Rocky mountains.

Free and easy expectaration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

Only Proclamations of Dictatorships.

"You're for expansion, aren't you, Emeline?"

"I don't know. Have the Philippines any literature we shall be expected to keep up with?"

A Rush.

Thug—I say, is it true this here electrocution is painless?

Prison Warden—Yes; but you'll have to come early to avoid the rush.—New York Weekly.

Completed the Combination.

"I once bought a $13 vest on Friday."

"Did it bring you bad luck?"

"Oh, no; I broke the hoodoo by never paying for the vest."—Indianapolis Journal.

Like Mixing Dough.

"The more I pull this molasses candy," said the little girl at the waifs' party, "the darker it gets. But my hands is gettin awful clean."—Chicago Tribune.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

SPRAINED BACK!

Sprains, Strains and Injuries of the Back often cause Kidney Trouble.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS THE CURE.

Here is the proof:—

Mrs. S. Horning, Glasgow Street, Guelph, Ont., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills are grand. I have not been ill since taking them, which was over a year ago last winter, and can give them my warmest praise; for they restored me to health after 25 years of suffering. Twenty-five years ago I sprained my back severely, and ever since my kidneys have been in a very bad state. The doctors told me that my left kidney especially was in a very bad condition. A terrible burning pain was always present, and I suffered terribly from lumbago and pain in the small of my back, together with other painful and distressing symptoms, common in kidney complaints. I could not sleep, and suffered much from salt rheum.

"When I first commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills I had little or no faith in them, but I thought I would try them; and it proved the best experiment I ever made. I had only taken two boxes when the pain left my back entirely. Three boxes more, or five in all, made a complete cure.

"After 25 years' of suffering from kidney disease I am now healthy and strong again, and will be pleased to substantiate what I have said, should anyone wish to enquire."

Laxa-Liver Pills are the most perfect remedy known for the cure of Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Sick Headache. They work without a gripe or pain, do not sicken or weaken or leave any bad after effects.

Exchange of Courtesies.

Prison Warden (to prisoner on his discharge)—And now I hope that you'll lead a respectable life and become a useful member of society.

Discharged Convict—Thank you, sir; I wish the same to you!—Unsere Gesellschaft.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.—Mr. S. Ackerman, commercial traveller, Belleville, writes: "Some years ago I used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for inflammatory rheumatism, and three bottles effected a complete cure. I was the whole of one summer unable to move without crutches, and every movement caused excruciating pains. I am now out on the road and exposed to all kinds of weather, but have never been troubled with rheumatism since. I, however, keep a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Oil on hand, and I always recommend it to others, as it did so much for me."

Built That Way.

"The worm will turn," she said.

"Of course," he replied. "The worm is built on a plan that makes turning comparatively easy. It's more or less of a turn itself."—Chicago Post.

More Than Likely.

Mrs. Figg—I ought to go to that club meeting this afternoon, but I can't get up enough energy to start.

Mr. Figg—Would it help you along if I were to tell you not to go?—Indianapolis Journal.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove the corns, root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.

A Reporter in Luck.

City Editor (hurriedly)—Anything new about that suicide in the St. Fashion hotel?

Reporter—Not much. The man was a stranger, about my size. Shot himself with a 32 caliber revolver. Had on a dress suit at the time. The body has been taken to the morgue.

City Editor—'Bout your size. That's lucky. I want you to report a big society wedding in an hour. Rush around to the morgue and ask the keeper to lend you that dress suit.—New York Weekly.

He Was Wise.

"Such an insult!" she exclaimed.

"What?" he asked.

"Why, you know what long hair Brown, who married Miss Smith today, always has had?"

"Of course."

"Well, just before he became a benedict he had it cut short. Just think of the natural inference."—Chicago Post.

What He Was Looking For.

Lady—So you are looking for a square meal, eh?

Tramp—No'm; I'm looking for a round one.

Lady—I never heard of such a thing. Pray what is a round meal?

Tramp—One dat hasn't any end to it, mum.

(Trade-Mark.)

USE ALBERT SOAP.

If your fancy is for a Tar Soap you will find the best in our

MASTER MECHANIC'S EXTRAORDINARY.

Sold at all Drug Stores.

EDDY'S....

TELEGRAPH MATCHES

FIRST in 1851. FOREMOST in 1899

The MOST of the BEST MATCHES for the Least Money.

COUNT THEM FOR YOURSELF AND SEE.

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

BRITANNIA, BEAVER and BUFFALO are the finest India and Ceylon TEAS packed. Put up by MACKENZIE & MILLS, WINNIPEG.

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

LEST YOU FORGET:—Write for Prices on Cream Separators, Gasoline Engines, Tread Powers, and everything used in the Cheese Factory, Creamery or Dairy. If you have ten cows, one of our Hand Separators WILL SAVE its cost the first year.

R. A. Lister & Co. Ld. Winnipeg.

FIRE, LIFE, MARINE INSURANCE.

The Canada Accident Assur. Co'y, a clear and reliable policy giving indemnity for total or partial disablement without extra charge. The American Surety Co'y, the largest guarantee company in the world.

W. T. KIRBY, 345 Main St., Winnipeg.

PERSONALITIES.

C. B. Barker of McRae, Ga., has given $10,000 to Mercer university of Georgia for general purposes.

Mascagni's father, who was a journeyman baker till his son wrote "Cavalleria Rusticana," has just died at Leghorn.

Congressman Hopkins, says ex-Speaker Reed, "will never again be a candidate for any public office unless it may be for the presidency."

Harriet Lane Johnston, a niece of President Buchanan, and once the most beautiful belle in America, is living in retirement in Washington.

Bishop Ryle of Liverpool, who, though in his eighty-fourth year, is one of the most combative of British prelates, is about to resign owing to ill health.

General Joe Wheeler's pet military theory is that the American soldier has no equal. He has collected statistics from all history to prove this and has all his figures at his fingers' ends.

Ralph Horne of Philadelphia, who was 15 years old when he enlisted last February, with the consent of his father, is now in the Philippines, a member of the Twelfth United States infantry.

The Rev. Dr. George Dana Boardman of Philadelphia and his wife will soon start on an extensive tour of foreign travel. They will spend some time in India, where Dr. Boardman was born.

Rev. Dr. William Howe of Cambridge, Mass., founder of the Boston Broadway Baptist church, is the oldest clergyman in the Bay State, having just celebrated his ninety-third birthday. He is in good health.

Claus Spreckels, the sugar magnate, has spent many years in scientific study and has become an expert electrician. He will himself superintend the erection of the great electric plant he is to put up in San Francisco.

Lord Rossyln, though a bankrupt and therefore debarred from his seat in the house of lords, is trying to get up a limited liability stock company to manage himself, his estates and assets, after the model of the Lord and Lady Warwick company.

Zola once accused the late Francisque Sarcey of criticising plays he had never seen, or seen only in part. Sarcey replied that he never criticised a play until he had seen it three times, studied the leading parts and marked the effect on the audience.

Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator deranges worms, and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs 25 cents to try it and be convinced.

"What's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."
—SHAKESPEARE.

There is a good deal in a name if the name is

WHITE STAR

That means a guarantee of PURITY and EXCELLENCE.

WHITE STAR BAKING POWDER

Is everywhere in this country. Once used it is a continuous favorite.

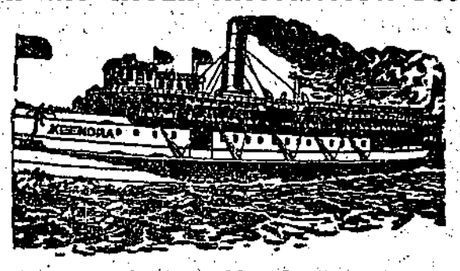
TRY IT.

THE DYSON-GIBSON CO.

He knows,
His patron knows,
and everybody knows that this can contains the purest, best, and most delicious Coffee that expert buyers can procure. It's
Chase & Sanborn's
Seal Brand Coffee,
that's the reason.

W. N. U. 232

RAINY RIVER NAVIGATION CO.



Steamers Keenora, Edna Brydges, City of Alberton.

The steamer Keenora will leave Rat Portage every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at 9 p. m. for Fort Frances, Mine Centre, and all points on Rainy River and Rainy Lake. For rates, etc., apply to any Canadian Pacific Ry. agent or to—

GEO. A. GRAHAM, Manager, Rat Portage, Ont.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.—

M. E. Bissett Editor.

The columns of THE NEWS are open to all who wish to express therein views on matters of public interest.

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

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

SATURDAY, SEPT., 2nd, 1899.

It is high time that someone should protest against the condition in which the Government is allowing Courtenay Bridge to remain. The short span bends fully eight inches under a light rig and even a dog running across it will shake the whole structure. There is more traffic over the Comox road than over any other in the district. Everyone knows the farmers have to cross it each week with loaded waggons. It would not be in the least surprising to hear of some fatal accident any time. A survey has been made and we hear, tenders called for a new bridge. It will be some months before a new bridge can be built. Why in the name of common sense cannot the Government agent see that some temporary repairs are done in the meantime? Are the authorities waiting till some one is killed to exclaim "What a pity! If we had only known" and such like useless regrets? Why not expend some of the road grant to repair the bridge and perhaps save someone's life? It is simply disgraceful to neglect the matter so long.

HOSPITAL BENEFIT CONCERT

PROGRAMME

GLOBE ACT.....Zoyarra.
SONG "The Church Across the Way" .....Mr Richards
SONG "Thy Sentinel Am I" Mr Hicks
SONG "The Storm King" Mr. Purdy
HAND BALANCING.....Arneldo
SONG "Anchored".....Mr Dobbs
SONG "When Murphy Broke his Pledge".....Mr Segrave
(Encore) "Gilhooly's Supper Party"
RING ACT....Zoyarra and Arneldo
PIANO SOLO.....Mrs Anderson
SONG "Just as the Sun Went Down" .....Mr Purdy
Selections on the Phonograph.
FARCE "Joey and Snowball" by.....Zoyarra and Arneldo

Owing to the heavy rain the audience was smaller than usual. However, a fair sum was realized. Space forbids particularizing, but it may be said the program was very well rendered. The audience seemed to think Mr. Segrave's song the best by the way they encored it. Comic songs usuall take better than any others. But there is no doubt that Mr. Hicks' song was a splendid effort in a different line. There are few voices in the province to equal that of Mr. Hicks'. "Just as the Sun Went Down" is a new song and a fine one. The selections on Mr. Segrave's phonograph were much appreciated, as also was Mrs. Anderson's piano solo.

I imagine that thinking is the great desideratum of the present age and the cause of whatever is done amiss may justly be reckoned the general neglect of education in those who need it most, the people of fashion. What can be expected where those who have the most influence have the least sense, and those who are sure to be followed set the worst example.—Bishop Berkley.

Observations

THE TRANSVAAL.

A writer in one of the late magazines gives us a glimpse of the 'other side of the question' in the Transvaall trouble. He takes the ground that if Ireland were overrun by French workingmen who insisted upon being governed by French laws, refused to have their children taught English, refused to pay an income tax and then appealed to the French Government if the English tried to force obedience, we would have the Boer idea of a parallel case to the Transvaal difficulty. Of course, there remains the fact that the Uitlanders were invited into the country and promised equal rights with the Boers. As regards retaining their own language, if it is just they should be allowed to do so—and the British Government is backing up this claim among others—how much more have the French in Manitoba the right to demand that their children be taught their own language? For, after all, the French were settled in the Prairie Province long before the English settlers came in.

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The writer referred to goes on to say that he has no great admiration for the Uitlanders as a class and he holds them inferior to the Boers. This statement may be open to question, even when coming from an authority like Mr. Stead. But, even admitting them to be much given to idleness, drinking and gambling, they still have a right to be treated fairly. The principal grievance they have is taxation without representation. But if they refuse to undergo the conditions of naturalization laid down by the Government of the country in which they live, can they expect to have the franchise extended to them? The dynamite monoply is certainly unjust & an evidence of corruption in the Boer government. Still it is a matter concerning the Transvaal alone, and we cannot see that England has any right to interfere with the internal policy of a foreign Govcrnment, at least so long as the law of civilization are not infringed upon.

***

The root of the whole trouble seems to be that the Uitlanders will not consent to amalgamate with the people of the country into which they have immigrated or even submit to the laws. They go into a strange land and instead of conforming themselves to the customs of the people of that land, they want to revolutionize everything to suit themselves. With English disregard for the feelings and ideas of others, they arbitrarily demand that all shall be arranged to suit them. They expected, and not in vain, that the British Government would back them up in their insurbordination just because they are English. Brittania scolded Jamieson, the lawless raider, in public, but she will make him a member of Parliament in atonement for the past. Brittania dearly loves Justice———dressed in English garb. It is the fable of the Wolf and the Lamb over again.

ON FAINTING.

A writer in Cornhill Magazine remarks on the decline of the fainting fashion among persons of the female sex. If one reads a novel written, say 50 years ago, one is struck with the multitude of occasions upon which it used to be considered the proper thing for a well-bred young lady to go into hysterics or faint. Those who havs read "Great Expectations" will remember the frequency with which Mrs Gargery fainted—after she had finished giving poor Joe a piece of her mind. Then again in Handy Andy, we recall the widow Flanagan (who had prepared to make herself comfortable for the fit) exclaiming to the chemist boy, "Get out o' that you dirty cur, can't you let a lady faint in peace and quietness?"

Fainting, even at the appearance of a mouse, has gone out of fashion. The bicycle and outdoor sports generally, are responsible in good part for this. No young lady could faint on a bike with any degree of comfort. Besides girls may be getting a little more sense.

However, if it is out of date to faint, tears are still in vogue. Copious showers are quite the thing on Commencement Day and such like occasions. If you are not prepared to do the 'onion act' extempore, you are set down as a "hard-hearted, unfeeling wretch." It is a very difficult problem to solve why this is so. Perhaps girls like to make people believe they think a lot of them. Women like to please, and there is surely no higher compliment than to make one believe one will be missed when one is gone. Say what you will, it is flattering to have a crowd around you with handkerchiefs and all that sort of thing when you are going away. A part of it may be put on, but then some of it—even if only a little—is real.

But afterwards, when childhood is past and one is out on the ocean we call life, the storms are too many and tears too precious, to be wasted on the little breezes that ruffle the bosom of the mighty sea.

THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

The greatest problem that the American people have to face is the future of the negro population. Canadians get but a faint idea of the conditions prevailing in the South from the telegraphic reports of lynchings. The newspapers of the South and those of cities in states bordering on the South contain accounts of many brutal crimes of negroes followed by swift punishment by mobs of white men that are never telegraphed to the Canadian papers. In many cases the crimes of the negroes are too horrible for description, but, on the other hand, they are often lynched for trivial offences, and sometimes an innocent negro suffers instead of a guilty one, on account of a white mob's haste to find some one to punish for a crime that shocks the community.

The fact is that some of the negroes of the South are not far removed from savagery. There are many races of negroes in Africa, some of them far superior in intelligence and civilization to others. The slaves of the Southern states were not all from one tribe. Some of them belonged to the most savage races of Africa, while others were of a very high type. Most of the negroes seen in Canada are of the better class. There is almost, if not quite, as wide a difference between the whites of the South as there is between the negroes. Many of the white families of the South are highly educated, intelligent and refined, but there is a large class of illiterate whites, who are not very much above the negroes in the scale of civilization. Some of the leaders of the colored people strongly favor wholesale emigration to Africa, and they are asking congress to vote one hundred million dollars to promote emigration. They propose that a steamship line should be established between the United States and Liberia, to take negroes to the Dark Continent. Attempts to encourage negro emigration to Africa have not proved very successful in the past, and it is doubtful if they will be in the future. The reports of those who have gone to Africa are not at all encouraging, and there does not seem to be any general desire on the part of the negroes to leave America.

A Cuban writer in the July number of the Contemporary Review expresses the fear that if Cuba should be annexed to the United States it would soon be inundated with an undesirable negro population. He says that already many negroes have come to the island since the close of the war. It is probable that Cuba would be considered a more attractive country than Africa by many American negroes, but it doubtful if they could escape the ills from which they suffer by emigrating to that fertile island, whether it becomes independent, remains a dependency of the United States, or is admitted to the Union as a state.

The sad condition of affairs in the South should be a lesson to the nations. It shows that no nation can do wrong without eventually suffering for it. The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, and the Americans of the present generation are but reaping the consequences of the actions of their ancestors, who, while talking of liberty, enslaved thousands of their fellow creatures.

ESQUIMALT GARRISON.

New Strength to Date From 1st of October — What the Dominion Pays.

When the Dominion parliament was discussing the estimates on the item of $109,000, for the defence of Esquimalt, the Minister of Militia explained the changes in the garrison arrangement recently effected between the Imperial and Canadian authorities. The amounts required under the new arrangement, he said, were as follows:

In a continuance of the present agreement for three months to September 30, 1899, in regard to the pay and allowances of a detachment of Royal marine artillery, stationed at Esquimalt, $12,000.

To provide for the new agreement with the war department for nine months from October 1, $97,000. The amount of $87,000, the Minister explained, was required under the terms of the following new agreement, made with the Imperial office, to take effect on October 1, 1899. The Dominion government is to pay:

One half the cost of the Imperial garrison of 320 officers and men, say £21,000.

One half the primary charges for the barracks accommodations for the men, say £12,000.

This amount is to be charged to capital account, and is to be charged for this year only.

To continue to pay as at present the whole cost of maintenance of the local militia, and the militia to be subject to an annual inspection by the Imperial officer commanding at Esquimalt or the Lieutenant-General commanding in North America, £9,345. Total, £42,845, or $208,512.

Contribution towards the pay of garrison for 9 months, $77,000; drill of local militia, $20,000. Total, $97,000.

MEMORIAL SERVICE.

Service in memory of Mrs. J. L. Roe was held in Trinity Church last Sunday. The interior had been tastefully decorated with while Polyanthus by Mrs. Little, Miss Dunbar and Miss Nickerson and it presented a beautiful scene in keeping with the solemnity of the occasion.

The unusuall large congregation present betokened the high esteem in which the memory of the deceased is held.

The choir under the able direction of Miss Bertram rendered appropriate music as follows.

Voluntary, Death Song, Schubert.
HYMN "A Few more Years Shall Roll."
HYMN.....286
HYMN "Days and Moments Quickly Flying."
HYMN....."Peace, Perfect Peace."
Dead March in Saul.

Rev. Mr. Willemar reffered touchingly to the deceased Sister, reminding his hearers of the necessity of their trying to fulfill as well as possible the duties of their station in life. He also spoke of the good influence that could be exerted by all doing their best in their sphere of action.

Union Brewery.

Fresh Lager Beer THE BEST IN THE PROVINCE

STEAM—Beer, Ale, and Porter.

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

HENRY REIFEL, Manager.

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

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

For Your Job Printing

GIVE US A TRIAL

WE PRINT

Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Business Cards, Shipping Tags, Posters Handbills, Dodgers, Circulars Funeral Notices, etc.,

AT VERY LOWEST PRICES

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I am agent for the following reliable companies:
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The London and Lancashire.
JAMES ABRAMS.

Cumberland Hotel

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

MRS. J. H. PIKET, Proprietress.

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

Sample Rooms and Public Hall Run in Connection with Hotel.

Rates from $1.00 to $2.00 per day.

PURE MILK.

Delivered daily by us in Cumberland and Union. Give us a trial.
HUGH GRANT & SON.

Livery AND Teaming

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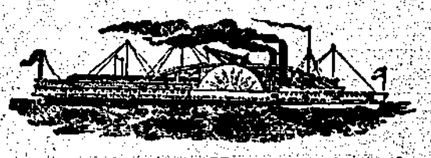

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SAINT OF THE SOAKERS.

What Grounds There Are For the Rain Superstition Associated With St. Swithin.

Popular beliefs and superstitions die hard; and those about the weather, that universal subject of interest, die hardest of all. The schoolmaster and the man of science are abroad; but which of us, educated or uneducated, does not feel some anxiety whether St. Swithin's Day will be fair or wet, in the full, if avowed, belief that "if it do rain" today "for forty days it will remain?" St. Swithin, the "saint of the soakers," as Hood calls him, shared with S. Gallo in Italy, S. Margaret in Germany, and S. Martin Bullion in Scotland the credit of results that, as a matter of fact, often follow a change of weather in July. In France SS. Medard and Gervase in the month of June are accredited with similar influence; while a belief that the last few days of January rule the weather for the year has caused like associations to attach to the saints who are commemorated at that time, viz., S. Vincent in France and Spain, and St. Paul. "Let not such vulgar tales debase thy mind, nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind," sings the poet Gay under a rationalizing impulse which in practice, if not in theory, most of us refuse to endorse.

We admit that the only ground for our superstition about St. Swithin is the general one that, if wet weather sets in about the middle of July, it is likely to last for some time; but for all that we still pin our faith upon St. Swithin's Day, just as we dislike to sit down thirteen to dinner or to walk under a ladder. The saint's reputation as a weather prophet is too firmly established to be upset by new-fangled oppositions of science. Whether purely accidental from the occurrence of his day at that particular season, or, as some tradition has it, from a tremendous shower by which the saint marked his displeasure toward those who, in 971, were removing his remains from an obscure monastic grave to Ethelwold's new basilica at Wiuchester, or, as has been suggested, from the survival of some pagan or prehistoric day or augury under the protection of an ecclesiastical saint, the associations of St. Swithin's Day with the weather of the next six weeks are firmly rooted in popular imagination. Times may change and creeds be modified, but such beliefs live on. The nineteenth century has not killed them, with all its increase of knowledge; and the end of the twentieth, in all probability, will find them still alive.

Weather prognostication has been in all ages, among every class of society, a fascinating though speculative exercise—fascinating, perhaps, in proportion to its uncertainty. For many it has been a necessity of daily life. Hunters, shepherds, sailors and tillers of the earth have been obliged, in connection with their callings, to study the teachings of winds, waves, clouds and other objects of animate and inanimate nature, from which signs of impending changes in the weather might be gathered. The most weatherwise among savage or primitive people would prosper best, and others would imitate their foresight by the study of the same phenomena; and thus there has been gradually framed a store of rough and ready maxims, embodying the observations of experience in the form of proverbs or rhymes or local traditions, not all—perhaps very few of them—scientific, but many of them more or less accurate.

One of the most familiar of these relates to St. Swithin's Day It embodies, as we have already noted, a general probability that the break up of the weather about this time will last for some weeks, perhaps till St. Bartholomew's Day, August 24; when, according to another saying, "All the tears that St. Swithin can cry St. Bartlemy's dusty mantle wipes dry." More reliable, because based on a wider induction, are observations derived from the ways of animals. Every naturalist, herdsman or shepherd is familiar with the fact that animals seem to be endowed with a much keener perception than we are of coming changes in the weather. Virgil, Aratus, Theophrastus and other ancient writers note instances of this. It is said that Sir Isaac Newton, having been told by a countryman one fine morning that he would be overtaken by a shower, rode back when the rain came on to ascertain the foundation of the prediction. "All I know is," said the man, "that when my cow twirls her tail in a particular way, rain will come." Lucan makes Caesar's pilot discourage him from crossing the Adriatic to Brundusium by unfavorable signs of sun and moon, dolphins, cormorants, herns and crows; while Virgil in his Georgics tells us that "no storm bursts unforeseen" by cows, cranes, swallows, frogs, ants, rooks or waterfowl. The great number of sayings with regard to the indication of weather by birds may possibly go back to the Roman augural system, when divining by the flight and behavior of birds was a religious cult. But in all ages close observers of the ways of birds and beasts have been able to formulate maxims of weather-lore for themselves; and there is still probably much to be learned in this department of meteorology.

The sum of $180 in bills and silver is missing from the safe in the office of Messrs. Munn, Holland & Company, corner of Trounce avenue and Broad street. It was extracted some time between 10 o'clock on Thursday night and early yesterday morning, and the job did not take much time, the task which the thieves set themselves being easy of accomplishment. The safe did not have to be forced open, and, in fact, even the doors of the office were very conveniently left open for the thieves. These circumstances making it almost impossible for the thieves to leave any traces behind them makes the work of the police rather difficult.

All that is known of the robbery is that the junior clerk, a boy named Coates, found upon his arrival at the office yesterday morning that the safe had been ransacked. Two cash boxes were missing. One which had contained $200 in silver, bills and checks was found in the hallway leading to the back entrance to the office.

It had been forced open and the silver and bills taken, but the checks were left. The other box, belonging to Mr. D. Carmody, was also found in the hall, but it had not been tampered with. Near by was a $20 bill, evidently dropped from the roll taken from the cash box. The boy immediately sent for the police, and Detective Perdue was detailed upon the case.

To the detective the boy said that he had certainly locked the safe on Thursday night, but he admitted having left the door leading from Trounce avenue into the office open. Mr. Dickson, the senior clerk, was in the office late on Thursday evening with Mr. R. L. Drury, who has a desk there, but he did not try the safe before leaving. He is the only one at present in the city, so far as known, who knows the combination, and inclines to the belief that the boy must have failed to lock the safe, as he failed to lock the door.

The police are working hard on the case, but their chances of success are meagre, unless the money can be traced.

PROFITS OF COURAGE.

Some of the Rewards of Feminine Bravery.

From London Tit-Bits.

Though even the brave deeds of women frequently go unrewarded, it is gratifying to find that they are occasionally recognised in the current coin of the realm.

Some time ago a Manchester young lady was presented with a £5 note by the judge at the local assizes for the extremely plucky manner in which she tackled a burglar in her father's house. The knight of the jemmy was busily engaged in ransacking the premises, when she became aware of his presence; and, jumping out of bed, she seized him, and, despite his struggles, held him fast until masculine aid arrived.

The sum of £5 was also awarded by the judge at the Old Bailey, London, to a brave young Jewess who was instrumental in bringing a couple of burglars to justice.

The latter had raided some premises at Mile End, and but for the spirited action of this brave daughter of Israel, they would undoubtedly have got clear away with their booty. On observing them as they departed from the scene of their operations, she was not content with raising an alarm, but chased and actually captured one of the depredators single-handed.

She well earned the cash and compliments paid to her by the judge at the trial of the offenders, who were rewarded for their part in the affair with long terms of imprisonment.

From the rewards given in these two instances it would seem that the courage which enables a woman to capture a burglar is worth £5.

The bravery which eighteen months ago prompted a Beckenham lady, Mrs. Jane Gower, of Arthur road, to assist a policeman who was endeavoring to arrest a couple of wrong-doers, resulted in a gain to her of a silver teapot and a purse of money. Several men who were standing by having refused their aid, she pluckily stepped forward, and, taking the constable's whistle from his tunic, blew it until another policeman arrived.

VICTORIANS ON SERVICE.

Graduates of the Kingston Military College Attached to Imperial Army.

The August issue of the London Gazette contains notices of the appointment of several graduates of the Royal Military College, Kingston, to commissions in the Imperial army. The extracts from the Gazette follow:

Royal Garrison Artillery—Gentlemen Cadets Henry Reynold Poole and Julian Yorke Hayter Ridout, from the Military College, Kingston, to be second lieutenants.

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JAMES REID.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 Daily. A.M.		No. 4 Saturday P.M.
De. 9:00	Victoria	De. 4:25
" 9:28	Goldstream	" 4:53
" 10:14	Shawnigan Lake	" 5.39
" 10:48	Duncans	6:15
P.M.		P.M.
" 12:24	Nanaimo	7:41
Ar. 12:40	Wellington	Ar. 7:56

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1 Daily. A.M.		No. 3 Saturday, A.M.
De. 8:05	Wellington	De. 4:25
" 8:20	Nanaimo	" 4:39
" 9:55	Duncans	" 6:05
" 10:37	Shawnigan Lake	" 6:46
" 11:23	Goldstream	" 7.39
Ar. 11:50	Victoria	Ar. 8:00 P.M.

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

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CUMBERLAND, B. C.

THE KING'S ROSE DIAMOND.

By GEORGE GRIFFITH.

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After more than three years of penal toil and discipline, imbittered by deprivation of all creature comforts, it was only in the course of nature when he regained his freedom and found himself in command of plenty of money he

The interview was not exactly a friendly one.

should be strongly inclined to compensate himself for his vicarious sufferings on a somewhat liberal scale.

It was in this humor that Ridley had found him. He had made a little money, more or less honestly since his discharge, and so there was no suggestion of sponging, but he was very sore still about the check and the I O U, and in Jossey he thought he saw the means of getting square with the millionaire who had done him such an unscrupulous "shot in the eye."

To this end he worked both skillfully and successfully on the ex-convict's feelings until he came to look upon himself as a martyr and Michael Muratti as a monster of ingratitude. What were a few paltry thousands to the millions that were literally rolling in—the millions which would never have been his if he, Joshua, had not borne the penalty of his crime? He had the plainest right to a good substantial share of them, and so, too, for the matter of that, had the man from whom Mickey had so dishonestly obtained the stones on which his new fortunes had been founded.

As time went on these arguments were very strongly enforced by the fact that the aforesaid "paltry thousands" did not go very far when Mr. Joshua Mosenstein had once learned the joys of spending money with the cheerful freedom that is born of a sure and certain hope that, when it is done, there will be plenty more forthcoming. The logical result was that the two worthies, now fast friends and allies in a common object, had made demand after demand on the apparently bottomless purse of the multimillionaire, until at last a certain fact had come to their knowledge which, after due deliberation together, had inspired them to write the joint letter that had so disturbed Mr. Muratti's equanimity.

They traveled home by the same mail-boat which carried their letter, and on the morning following its delivery they paid a visit to the millionaire at his west end mansion. The interview was not exactly a friendly one. Mr. Muratti blustered, and his visitors quietly, but firmly, doubled their already exorbitant demands.

The man of millions threatened to have them put into the street, and broadly hinted at the advisability of giving them into custody as blackmailers. That brought matters to a head in a somewhat dramatic fashion. The ex-sorter took out his pocketbook and produced from it a half sheet of note paper, on which was pasted a short newspaper cutting. He handed it to the millionaire and said:

"That's from The Cape Times, Mr. Muratti. Do you think you could throw any light on the subject? I have an idea that you could, especially with our assistance. De Beers would give a good deal to know how that stone got away. I believe they would even accept me as queen's evidence to get the mystery cleared up. What do you think?"

With slowly widening eyes and sinking heart, the man of many millions, and more ambitions, read the cutting. It ran thus:

"The king of the Belgians has just indulged in his well known taste for gems by the addition to his already priceless collection of a magnificent rose colored diamond, weighing nearly 30 carats in its cut state. His majesty is rumored to have paid the enormous price of £1,000 a carat to the Amsterdam merchant of whom he bought it. In color and water it is the exact counterpart of the famous rose diamond in the De Beers collection, but it is much larger.

"Its origin is involved in some little mystery. The merchants from whom his majesty purchased it affirm that the dealer from whom they bought it declared that it was an ancient eastern gem recut in Amsterdam, but experts who have seen it state with equal positiveness that it is a Kimberley stone.

"A rumor reaches us from Diamondopolis that a certain Kaffir, who has since disappeared, boasted one night in his cups, just after he had been discharged from the Kimberley compound, that he had found the biggest rooi-klippe (red stone) that ever was found on the fields. If this is true, the stone never reached the diamond room at De Beers'. It is just possible that some of the I. D. B. fraternity could throw some light on the subsequent wanderings of the 'mooi rooi-klippe' of which the vanished Kaffir boasted."

Frank Ridley and Joshua Mosenstein watched the millionaire's changing face narrowly as he read. When he saw that he had finished, Ridley said quietly:

"I can find that Kaffir if necessary, Mr. Muratti. Of course the diamond law does not hold good in this country, but the laws as to conspiracy and dealing in stolen goods do. If De Beers prosecuted, they would find my evidence worth buying. Jossey here has done his time and could make a clean breast of it without fear, and so the only one who could be touched would be"—

"Oh, that'll do!" exclaimed the millionaire in a last burst of despairing anger. "What do you want?"

"I want a half million down and another half in approved securities, preferably De Beers," replied Ridley, "and as a matter of principle I must have that check in favor of Miss Ransome duly honored. A millionaire's wife should be above suspicion."

"And I want a million, too," chimed in Mr. Mosenstein, "same way as Frank wants his. And, what's more, Mickey Muratti," he went on, shaking his finger in his face, "as you disgraced me by sending me to the breakwater for your crime, you must restore my credit in the eyes of the society that I shall go into now by making your wife let me marry that pretty little sister Rebecca of hers that I have loved all my life. She was always fond of me and will have me when I am a millionaire. I dare say you can spare her a decent marriage portion."

They were big terms, but Mr. Muratti did not yet despair of being introduced to the Prince of Wales, and so in the end he yielded. A few weeks later two new made South African millionaires, one English and one Hebrew, blossomed forth, each in his congenial sphere of London society. A little later on there were two splendid weddings, and until these lines appear in print the mystery of the king's rose diamond will remain unsolved.

A Surprise All Around.

A Parisian living in a private hotel in the Rue Ballu has had a quaint holiday experience, writes our Paris correspondent. About a month ago he departed for Switzerland with his wife and child, the latter having been ordered a change of air. They arranged to stay away for six months and left the hotel in the charge of a trusted servant.

The child died, and the bereaved parents shortly afterward started back for Paris. What was their surprise on reaching the hotel to find the first floor snugly occupied by a strange family, who had made themselves thoroughly at home. It was a family party from the provinces to whom the sagacious servant had rented the apartments, much to her own profit.

Explanations were given, and the visitors reluctantly evacuated the rooms, which had suited them admirably. The rent they had paid to the servant was refunded, and so cordial was the parting that they invited the occupier and his wife, by way of a return visit, to spend a month with them at their property near Sainte-Adresse. In fact, every one concerned is highly satisfied except the trusted servant, who is looking for another situation.—London Mail.

Forgot to Count "His Nobs."

I will confess to one adventure which I suspect would nowadays be pronounced of a Bohemian character. I was returning with a fellow cadet one evening in a hansom cab when it occurred to us (for cards we had always with us) to beguile the journey with a game of cribbage. As it was quite dusk we purchased an enormous and highly decorated candle, such as are used for ecclesiastical celebrations, and stuck it up between us.

Having always a very tender conscience, this gave me an idea that we were committing a kind of sacrilege, but there was no help for it. I remember, however, being a good deal startled when an awful voice, as it seemed, from the skies, suddenly thundered down upon us, "You have forgot 'his heels.'"

It was the cabman, who, interested in the game, which he had been watching through the little door in the roof, thus reminded us of our inadvertence.—James Payn's Literary Recollections.

Hamlet Was Thirsty.

Alfred Darbyshire of Manchester tells a funny story of Sir Henry Irving. "Hamlet" was being played, and Mr. Darbyshire was Polonius. "I remember," he says, "the weather was very hot, and after being consigned to oblivion I was sitting on a table behind the tapestry, fanning myself, when, to my astonishment, Hamlet drew aside the tapestry, and, repeating the well known words, 'Thou rash, intruding fool, I took thee for thy betters,' he gave an agonized look, and sotto voce exclaimed: 'For goodness' sake, get me a pint of stout. I'm as dry as a limekiln.' This from the Prince of Denmark startled me, and for some little time I failed to take in the situation."

An Ill Wind That Blows No Good.

Foreman—What are we to do? It's press time, and the new man has just pied the whole first page of The Hustler. Every word is pi.

Editor—Is that so? Great scissors! We're in a deuce of a fix. But hold! I have a scheme. Run the page just as it is, and set up a line calling attention to our full page cut of the Spanish fortifications after the bombardment.—Up to Date.

No Rhyme There.

He was addressing a lowly but intelligent audience somewhere in the vicinity of Seven Dials, and he had selected for his discourse "Rhymes and Rhyming," so that he might illustrate to these rough and rugged minds how far the charms of poesy can brighten the poor man's heart. And touching upon the difficulties of rhyming he said:

"It is easy enough, my frends, to get a rhyme for so simple a word as 'sea,' but what can you get for 'burglary?'"

"Well, guv'nor," exclaimed one of his hearers, "it all depends on the judge. My Bill got seven years."—Spare Moments.

All He Lacked.

A candidate for the position of teacher in a New Hampshire district school was found sadly deficient in spelling, grammar and mathematics, and it was with a perfunctory air that the examiner turned to the subject of geography.

"Where is Chicago?" he asked, selecting a question at random from a sheet of miscellaneous queries.

"Well, it's out west," replied the candidate with the tone of one who had unexpectedly landed on solid and familiar ground.

"In what part of the west?" persisted the heartless examiner.

"Well, now," said the young man, with an ingenuous but fleeting smile, "I know whereabouts in the Union Chicago is just as well as anybody. I could go right there if I had a ticket, but I haven't got the flow of language to make it clear, that's the only trouble."—Youth's Companion.

THE HONEY MAKERS.

Queenless bees nearly always lay drone comb.

It stimulates a colony to build some drone comb.

If swarming be permitted, neither the swarm nor the parent hive will regain its normal strength during the season.

All colonies are not ready for the surplus boxes at the beginning of the honey flow, and additional space is a detriment.

Surplus boxes should not be added to any colony at any time unless the bees can be induced to occupy the boxes immediately after puting them on.

When the brood chamber is full of bees, brood and honey, it is time to give additional space at any time prior to the honey season.

Conditions for swarming are a honey flow, a hiveful of combs and the combs full of honey and brood and the hive crowded with bees. If there is no room given, the hive will swarm.

To raise comb honey to the best advantage we must have good, populous colonies of bees, and when they are in this condition swarming is quite likely to occur any time.—St. Louis Republic.

WOMEN'S WAYS.

Down in the bottom of her heart every woman compares herself with a flower.—Atchison Globe.

Ever since Eve thought of dress woman has thought of nothing else.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

When a woman meets a mind reader somehow she always shudders.—Little Falls Transcript.

It is not alone the college educated woman who thinks she knows more than her husband.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

It is a habit with some women to set a whole house to rights before they think of taking off their hats.—Berlin (Md.) Herald.

A 50-year-old St. Louis woman has just broken her leg climbing trees. The cult for the higher education of the sex evidently has some very determined local disciples.—St. Louis Republic.

THE LION BAITER.

The peace congress may have to adjourn for awhile until John Bull can administer a thrashing to Paul Kruger.—Baltimore Herald.

Up to date the head of the Boer republic has been making quite free with the British lion's tail. When it gets mad—well, that's another tale.—Philadelphia Times.

Oom Paul should remember that if he monkeys too much with Great Britain the heated term, which is approaching, will be more heated than common.—Pittsburg Times.

A WOMAN'S PLUCK WINS.

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

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

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CAN BE CURED

And is Being Permanently Cured Daily by Clarke's Kola Compound—Here is What a Hamilton Lady Says:

Mrs. Gilbert, 105 Rebecca street, Hamilton, writes: "I have suffered from a bad form of asthma for over nine years, and notwithstanding all the doctors could do for me, got worse and worse, so that my neighbors looked for my death at any time. I spent money lavishly in the efforts to get relief, but all to no purpose. For six weeks at a time I could not get up or down stairs, and was in a miserable condition. My daughter, who clerks in a drug store, had heard a good deal of Clarke's Kola Compound, and urged me to try it as a last resort. I paid $2.00 for a bottle, and that is nothing, for it is worth more than that for every teaspoonful. Two doses gave me splendid relief, and, after using but one bottle, I am a marvel to all who know me. I am doing my own work, can get around as well as ever, and feel like a new creature. Clarke's Kola Compound has been a Godsend to me, and I look upon it as a marvelous remedy. You may use this testimony as you see fit, and I shall be glad to give fuller particulars to any one inquiring. I gratefully endorse Clarke's Kola Compound."

Sold by all druggists. A free sample will be sent to any person troubled with this disease. Address The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., 121 Church street, Toronto, Ont.

Wanted to Know. You Know.

Mr Henpeck—Is my wife going out, Eliza?

Eliza—Yes, sir.

Mr. Henpeck—Do you happen to know whether I'm going out with her?—Fliegende Blatter.

Nasty!

The Man—What did your father say when you told him that I'd enlisted?

The Maid—He said he felt sorry for Uncle Sam if he had to depend upon you for support.—Kansas City Independent.

I was cured of painful Goitre by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
BYARD McMULLIN.
Chatham, Ont.

I was cured of Inflammation by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
MRS. W. W. JOHNSON.
Walsh, Ont.

I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
J. H. BAILEY,
Parksdale, Ont.

Short on Prominent Citizens.

"Who are your most prominent citizens here?" inquired a northern visitor in a southern hamlet.

"We ain't got no prominent citizens," responded a native of the place.

"Haven't got any?"

"Nope. We ain't never lynched nobody here yet."

Not His Fault.

Employer—Why did you let that collector in here? Why didn't you tell him I was out of town?

Office Boy—I did tell him so, but jist then you yelled: "Here, Jimmy. Confound you, stop arguin out in the hall and bring them letters in to me. I'm waitin!"

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns etc.

Friendly Advice.

"I go to call on her father tomorrow. He will look me over like a piece of horseflesh, eh?"

"Well, don't act like an ass, old man."

Short Terms.

"French cabinet ministers do not hold office long," said Mr. Dukane.

"About as long as an American cook," added Mr. Gaswell.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

ULCERKURE Heals All Old or Fresh Wounds.

Quite An Exit.

"Is cannibalism common among you?" inquired the stranger apprehensively.

"Common?" said the Pacific island belle as she coyly dug her toe into the sand. "Not at all. We consider it very recherche."

Cramps and Colic

Always relieved promptly by Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

When you are seized with an attack of Cramps or doubled up with Colic, you want a remedy you are sure will give you relief and give it quickly, too.

You don't want an untried something that MAY help you. You want Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which every one knows will positively cure Cramps and Colic quickly. Just a dose or two and you have ease.

But now a word of proof to back up these assertions, and we have it from Mr. John Hawke, Coldwater, Ont., who writes: "Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a wonderful cure for Diarrhœa, Cramps and pains in the stomach. I was a great sufferer until I gave it a trial, but now I have perfect comfort."

BLIND, ITCHING PILES

For fifteen years. Physicians failed to cure him. A triumph for

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Mr. W. D. Thornton, Blacksmith, Calgary, N. W. T., states: "For fifteen years I suffered untold agony from blind, itching piles, and can honestly say I have spent about $1,000 trying different so-called cures, and have been under treatment with well-known physicians in Orillia, Peterboro and Lakefield. I had fifteen tumors removed, but obtained no cure. I have suffered more than I can tell, but can now say that, thanks to Dr. Chase's Ointment, I am positively cured, and by one box and a half. I consider Dr. Chase's Ointment worth its weight in gold."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is the only guaranteed cure for piles, and can be absolutely relied upon to cure any case of this torturing disease.

At all dealers, or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

THE OLDEST TAVERN.

IT HAS HAD A LICENSE FOR OVER FIVE CENTURIES.

The Inn of the Seven Stars at Manchester, Licensed in 1356, Is Soon to Be Torn Down—Columbus Had Not Then Discovered America and the Earth Was Yet Flat.

England, in her cold-blooded, unsentimental way, has torn down scores of old landmarks which any other country would have considered too sacred to touch. One of her most picturesque relics is about to share the same fate.

The Inn of the Seven Stars at Manchester is probably the oldest tavern in the world. It was licensed in 1356, far back in the myth-surrounded days of the third Edward and the battle of Poictiers.

This earth of ours was flat in those days. It needed yet 136 years before Columbus, dreaming of untold wealth and undying fame, started out to prove that the world was round.

When the conquering arm of the Turk tore through the walls of Constantinople, this inn was already showing the signs of age and had started out on its second century of thirst-quenching existence.

The ghosts of a score of hardy generations stalk through its old rooms now. The knight, clanking grandly in his

THE SEVEN STARS INN.

ringing armor, the laborer, quaffing his brown ale and wiping his mouth on the sleeve of his leathern coat; the priest, sleek and smooth, running into the "vestry-room" to slake his thirst with the rich red wine between sermons—all these have left their memory behind through the six centuries that have passed over the house.

Calmly and peacefully it has nestled there, while battles raged the length and breadth of the land and mail-clad knights drew a brief rein to snatch the flagon from mine host's hand and dash on again on their missions of conquest and of death.

But jolly souls drank at the sign of the Seven Stars in those days, and they drink the same there now. Through all the long course of the rise and fall of empires, mine host of the Stars has kept the spigot flowing, and whether it is a mailed knight jangling in his armor and drinking through barred helmet his hasty wayside draught, as he hurried to King Edward's wars, or John Smith, who strolls in to-day from his work in the neighboring factory for his pint of "bitter," it is all the same to the Seven Stars.

But not long ago the edict went forth that the site was wanted for a factory and the guests of the Seven Stars knew that its death-knell had been sounded.

In that barroom the Black Prince is said to have slaked his thirst, and there is still a room called the "Vestry" because some of the clergy from the neighboring church used to come through a secret passage in sermontime to refresh themselves.

In that taproom used to gather the Flemish weavers from Bruges, fleeing from the wrath of Alva and bringing to England the knowledge of the textile arts, which subsequently was carried to this country.

In a room over which is the inscription: "Ye Guy Faux Chamber," lodged for a time the conspirator who tried to blow up King and Parliament in the "Gunpowder Plot." Once, in the Cromwellian war, a "great and furious skirmish" took place between the Roundheads and the Cavaliers around the inn, and when Fairfax held the city for the Parliament, his soldiers filled the Seven Stars with the clanking of their corslets, the jingling of their spurs and their solemn carousals.

When Fairfax marched from Manchester, some dragoons, having to leave hurriedly, concealed their messplate in the walls of the old inn. It was discovered a few years ago and set out as an ornament to the parlor of the hostelry, where it may be seen to this day.

When Charles Edward marched into England to fight for the throne of his ancestors, the Seven Stars furnished accommodation for many of his soldiers and was the headquarters of the Manchester Regiment in the Prince's service.

At the foot of the stairs is nailed a horseshoe which has a story to tell. In the days of the French wars—in 1805—when pressgangs were going about the country carrying off young men to serve His Majesty at sea, one of these gangs put up at the Seven Stars. A farmer's boy was going by the inn leading a horse to be shod and carrying in one hand the shoe which had been cast. He was seized and taken off to serve the King, but before he left he nailed the horseshoe to the wall, saying: "Stay there till I come from the wars to claim you."

A Slight.

Lizzie—I'm as mad as I can be with Tom.

Bessie—Why, what has Tom been doing now?

Lizzie—It's what he has not been doing. He has never told me I am the only girl he ever loved, and he has told all the other girls so. I don't care particularly for Tom, but one doesn't like to be discriminated against, you know.—Boston Transcript.

AT THE BOX OFFICE.

A Woman Arrives at an Understanding Regarding Two Tickets.

There was a long line of ticket buyers in front of the box office.

At the head of the line, examining the plat, stood a richly bedecked woman with a poodle under her arm.

"Now, are you right sure," she asked, "there isn't a post in front of either of these two seats?"

"There isn't a post in that part of the house, madam," replied the man in the box office.

"I don't know about that"—and she drummed with her fingers on the framed plat—"I've been fooled that way so often. Many a time I've bought seats they said were all right and found out after I got there that a great big post stood right in front of me. When you pay your money for theater tickets, you want— What did you say these would be?"

"Dollar and a half each, ma'am. Will these two"—

"I thought you told me a minute ago they were dollar seats?"

"No. These are the dollar seats over here."

"I see. Well, I don't want any over there. You charge too much for"—

A loud cough, evidently forced, came from an impatient man about half way down the line.

She looked placidly at him and resumed her conversation with the ticket seller.

"If anything happens that I can't use these, can I return them and get my money back?"

"I don't like to sell them on any such understanding as that, ma'am."

Mutterings of discontent were heard along the line, which was growing momentarily longer.

"Oh, yes," said the ticket seller hastily. "If you can't use them, bring them back."

"Suppose I couldn't bring them myself. I might be sick, or something."

"That's all right. Send them back. Shoot them back. Always glad to refund money on tickets," he said recklessly. "Will these two seats"—

"Those are not the ones I picked out, are they? It seems to me"—

"Oh, wrap the flag around me, boys!
To die were far more sweet!"

sang an exasperated man near the other end of the line.

"Those are the ones, madam," said the man in the box office wearily. "Will they"—

"I thought they were farther toward the left. Let me look"—

"Bow! wow!" barked an imitation dog near the street end of the line.

"Meaow! Meaow! Spftt!" answered an imitation cat, with startling emphasis.

"Keep quiet, Fido. They shan't hurt you, darling. Well, I suppose I'll have to—you said $2 for these two seats, didn't you?"

"Three dollars for these two. The dollar seats are back here."

A deep groan ran along the line.

"I think these men are very rude," she said. "Would seats in the fourth row in front of these come any higher?"

"No, ma'am, but those are all taken, as I explained awhile ago. They're still taken. These are the nearest the stage of all we have left."

"Well, I believe I'll—are you sure there are no posts in front? Oh, I believe I did ask you about that! Three dollars? Here it is."

"This is a $2 bill, ma'am."

"Is it?" she gasped. "It was a five when I left home. Let me see it. So it is. I'll have to pick out a couple of dollar seats unless"—

"That's all right, ma'am!" exclaimed the ticket seller, with the eagerness of a drowning man grasping at a straw. "I'll save these seats for you till 7 o'clock this evening."

"Thanks, ever so much!"

With a beaming smile she clasped her poodle closer, slowly withdrew from her place at the head of the line and marched serenely away, ignoring the long drawn sighs of relief that accompanied her departure, and business was resumed at the box office.

Napoleon at St. Helena.

His hair of a brown black, thin on the forehead, cropped, but not thin in the neck, and rather a dirty look; light blue or gray eyes; a capacious forehead; high nose; short upper lip; good, white, even teeth, but small (he rarely showed them); round chin; the lower part of his face very full; pale complexion; particularly short neck. Otherwise his figure appeared well proportioned, but had become too fat; a thick, short hand, with tapering fingers and beautiful nails and a well shaped leg and foot. He was dressed in an old threadbare green coat, with green velvet collar and cuffs; silver buttons, with a beast engraved upon them; his habit dechasse (it was buttoned to the neck); a silver star of the Legion of Honor; white waistcoat and breeches; white silk stockings and shoes, with oval gold buckles.

She was struck with the kindness of his expression, so contrary to the fierceness she had expected. She saw no trace of great ability; his countenance seemed rather to indicate goodness. At a second interview she remarked that it would change with his humor.—Diary of St. Helena, by Lady Malcolm.

Anthony Hope's Latest Romance.

Anthony Hope's new romance, "The Countess Emilia," beginning in The Ladies' Home Journal, will be read with the greatest interest by its author's admirers in this country. In the very opening chapter the reader's curiosity is aroused in the liveliest possible way. The story is in Anthony Hope's characteristic vein, and carries one's interest as unwaveringly as did "The Prisoner of Zenda," with which he entertained and delighted every lover of a good story well told.

A Frank Explanation.

First Citizen—Sir, your watch chain hangs loosely from the buttonhole. When did you last see your watch?

Second Citizen—As I turned away from the pawnbroker's counter.—Jewelers' Weekly.

ADVICE TO LOVERS.

MISS BEATRICE FAIRFAX ANSWERS APPEALS FOR HELP.

And She Often Finds Some Curious Problems to Deal With In the Case of Hearts That Do Not Always Beat as One.

Miss Beatrice Fairfax, who is retained by the New York Journal to give motherly advice to those tortured by the pains of a love that runs not smooth, receives some very curious letters daily. Below will be found three very fair samples of what the postman brings her:

WE ARE VERY UNLIKE.

Miss Beatrice Fairfax:

I am a young lady who has been keeping company with a young gentleman for over a year, and I think a great deal of him, and I know he does of me, for he has asked me to marry him. But we are not

alike at all in our dispositions, he having a very mean disposition at times, and he is very jealous of me, so that leaves me very much undecided what to do about marrying him, so kindly advise me what to do.

A VERY DISCONTENTED GIRL.

My dear girl, it depends entirely on yourself how much you can stand and how deeply you love the young man. Men who put their worst foot forward before marriage seldom withdraw it afterward. On the other hand, the absolutely unselfish devotion of a woman will sometimes work miracles with the most perfect types of selfishness.

DOES SHE LOVE ME OR THE MUSIC?

Dear Madam—I am a young man 20 years of age, and I have the pleasure of being very talented in line of music. I play seven instruments and am quite a good singer. I am acquainted with a

young lady whom I love dearly, and sometimes she asks me to her house to see her, but she always wants me to bring my music with me. Now, what I want to know is if she loves me or the music.

ANXIOUS.

Have you never heard that love is a beautiful harmony? When you sing and play for the young woman you love, it expresses her own feelings and is another bond of union between you.

HAS WRITTEN MANY THINGS ABOUT HER LOVE.

Miss Beatrice Fairfax:

Dear Madam—I have been keeping company with a young lady for three years. During that time she has written and said many things about her love for me, which I believed was always true. Last Sunday she sent me word that she had "decided for her and I to be strangers in the future." I know no reason for this action, unless some person (my enemy) has told her falsehoods about me and she believed it and took the action already

stated. I wrote a letter to her, but got no answer as yet, which I could get in a day if she wanted to send one, as she had many times before. She is a person that is very easily led and hasty for the minute. She is always asking about me from my comrades, but will not tell them in the case of her action. I always treated her up to the handle in every respect. I love her very dearly and would like to be on speaking terms again. So will you please tell me how to go about it, and would it be proper for me to speak to her first or let her speak first?

PARKER A. LEPONTE.

As long as she has said that she wishes to be a stranger to you in the future, why not take her at her word? That is the best way to make her change her mind, if she is going to change it at all.

In the Future.

Professor Wetthedust (a few years hence)—Good morning, Mr. Tiller! Anything in my line today? I have brought my balloons and explosives along.

Mr Tiller (American farmer)—Well, I dunno. What's the price of rain now?—New York Weekly.

Yes, but She Heard All the News.

Sixteen women, by actual count, sat in a dressmaker's reception room in Atchison recently, awaiting their turn to be fitted. How much work do you think the sixteenth neglected while waiting for the 15 ahead of her?—Atchison Globe.

QUEEN ELEANOR IN FICTION.

Marion Crawford's Historical Romance of the Second Crusade.

Queen Eleanor, who figures conspicuously in Mr. Marion Crawford's Century serial, "Via Crucis," is a veritable Western Cleopatra. Six months after Louis VII. of France diverced her, she gave her hand and immense fortune and estates to Henry II., who succeeded to the English throne two years later. At the time of her second marriage she was 30 and Henry only 19. One of the best scenes in the January installment of Mr. Crawford's romance shows Henry, a lad of 13, playing at tennis with Gilbert Warde, the hero of the story. The future king sees a rival in the young English knight and —"hatless, ruddy and hot"—stops his play to have it out with him. The following dialogue ensues:

"Will you answer a fair question fairly, Master Gilbert?" he asked, looking his friend in the eyes.

Gilbert had fallen into the habit of treating him like a man, as most people did, excepting the Queen, and gravely nodded an answer.

"Do you not think that the Queen of France is the most beautiful woman in the world?"

"Yes," answered Gilbert, without a smile, and without the slightest hesitation.

The boy's eyes, which were so near together, gleamed and fixed themselves in rising anger, while a dark-red flush mounted from his bare throat to his cheeks, and from his cheeks to his forehead.

"Then you love her?" he asked fiercely, and the words were thick on his lips.

Gilbert was not easily surprised, but the conclusion was so sudden and unexpected that he stared for a moment in blank amazement before he smiled.

"I?" he exclaimed. "I love the Queen? I should as soon think of coveting the King's crown!"

Henry looked into Gilbert's face a moment longer, and the blood slowly subsided from his own.

"I can see that you are in earnest," he said, picking up the ball that lay at his feet, "though I cannot see why a man should not covet a king's crown as well as a king's wife." He struck the ball.

"You are young," said Gilbert, "to ride atilt through all the ten commandments at once."

"Young!" exclaimed the boy, keeping the ball up. "So was David when he killed the giant. So was Hercules when he strangled the serpents, as you told me the other day. Young!" he cried a second time, with forcibly concentrated contempt. "You should know, Master Gilbert, that a Plantaganet of 13 years is the match of any other man of 20. As I can beat you at tennis, though you are six years older than I, so I can beat you in other matters, and with the Queen herself, even though she is half in love with you already, as all the court is saying; and she shall belong to me some day, though I have to slay that dish-faced prayermaster of a King to get her."

THE PULPIT AND PEW.

Ian Maclaren Discusses Preaching and Listening to a Sermon.

"Unto the success of a sermon two people contribute, and without their joint efforts the sermon must be a failure," writes Ian Maclaren, in The Ladies' Home Journal, of "The Art of Listening to a Sermon," the first of a series of articles by him. "One is the preacher and the other is the hearer, and if some art goes to the composition of the sermon, almost as much goes to its reception. In the art of the hearer the first canon is practice, for it is a fact that the regular attendant not only hears more but also hears better than the person who drops into church once in two months. No doubt if the preacher has lungs of brass, and the hearer is not stone deaf, a casual can catch every word on the rare occasion when he attends, although for the past six weeks he has worshipped at home or made the round of the neighboring churches. The voice of a competent speaker is not so much sound merely, but is so much music, with subtle intonations and delicate modulations; his pronunciation of a word is a commentary upon it; his look as he speaks is a translation of it; his severity is softened by the pathos of his tone; his praise is doubled by its ring of satisfaction. A stranger's ear is not trained to such niceties; it is the habituated ear which reaps the full sense. Besides, every speaker worth hearing creates his own atmosphere, and one cannot hear with comfort until he is acclimatized."

Atmospheric Humidity.

The wet-bulb thermometer, for determining moisture in the air, is made and used as follows: Provide two thermometers and tie a bit of the thinnest muslin neatly around the bulb of one of these and keep it soaked with water. Lift this thermometer out of the water, and whirl it briskly through the air for two minutes, if the air is very dry, and for three or four minutes if the air is very moist. Read it quickly, and it gives the temperature of a thin layer of water evaporated under the influence of the wind produced by the whirling. The dewpoint of the air in which the thermometer is whirled is about as far below the wet-bulb as this is below the temperature of the dry-bulb similarly whirled and read rapidly. The two thermometers may be hung side by side on a short piece of string for convenience; and this is then called the "sling psychrometer."—Monthly Weather Review.

Barbed Wire for Italian Vineyards.

The use of barbed wire is increasing largely in southern Italy. It is used for trailing vines and is found of great service in keeping thieves out of the vineyards after dark. The vines being in many cases only a few feet apart, it is a matter of considerable difficulty to avoid the barbs, even in the daytime, and at night it is practically impossible. The wire need be only of the lightest kind, as the lengths used are comparatively short and no cattle have to be contended with.

FRIEND AND ADVISER.

Britain's Premier Owes Much to His Good Wife's Devotion—Their Early Life.

The face of the Marquis of Salisbury is familiar, but that of his wife is not, and more than ordinary interest attaches to her because this man, the head of the noble house of Cecil and England's Premier, braved parental displeasure and toiled for some years in comparative poverty in order to marry her.

Lady Salisbury unites the higher qualities of mind with the love of domesticity and has been her noted husband's helper and trusty confidante throughout his career. If she had neither wealth nor social standing to bring him

MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY.

The Devoted Wife of Great Britain's Premier.

she had inheritance of goodness and culture. Her father was Hon. Sir Edward Hall Anderson, Baron of the Court of Exchequer, noted as a scholar and wit. She was one of a large family of brothers and sisters and her father's companion. The society she went in comprised the elite of the legal and literary worlds. In her youth Lady Salisbury, without being a beauty, was a fine and striking girl, tall, fair and of commanding carriage. She charmed Lord Robert, the second son of the then Marquis of Salisbury, but his father would not hear of the match. His son insisted on marrying his sweetheart and the father cut him off with no allowance. For some years Lord Robert Cecil and the young wife lived in lodgings off the Strand and supported themselves out of the husband's literary earnings. The death of his elder brother and his father gave Lord Robert the marquisate and from then on Lady Salisbury has reigned at Hatfield House, the wife of a distinguished peer, who has four times been England's Foreign Minister and is the leader of the Tory party.

The last year Lady Salisbury's health began to give way and she has spent all her time at Hatfield House, where Lord Salisbury is frequently seen walking beside her pony cart. Their married life has been unruffled and serene.

MARQUIS DE GALLIFET.

Sketch of the Career of the New French Minister of War.

Gaston Alexandre Auguste, Marquis de Gallifet, the new French War Minister, whose appointment is regarded as peculiarly significant, is one of the warmest of the monarchists in France and an aristocrat of the aristocrats, who yet declares that he is "at the service of the

MARQUIS DE GALLIFET.

majority, the constitution and the law." The Marquis has been prominent in the army for 30 years or more. He entered it in 1848, when he was but 18, and at 23 he was a sub-lieutenant. He rose rapidly through the grades of lieutenant, captain, lieutenant-colonel, colonel and division general, and won rare distinction in the war of the Crimea. In Algerian expeditions in 1860, 1864, 1865 and 1868, he rendered great service, and his regiment of African chasseurs, with their splendid action, elicited unstinted admiration from the Prussian King himself during the Franco-Prussian war. At the siege of Paris he commanded a brigade in Versailles. When the army was reorganized the Marquis was nominated general. He is one of the most uncompromising Dreyfusites in Paris.

Cricket in the Commons.

It is not, perhaps, generally known, writes M.A.P., that the prowess of Sir Timothy C. O'Brien, the well-known Middlesex batsman, who not long ago met with a serious accident in the hunting field, was on one occasion immortalized in the House of Commons. The late Sir Patrick O'Brien, the uncle of Sir Timothy, by whom he was succeeded in the baronetcy, was for many years member for King's County in the House of Commons. Sir Patrick, who was a well-known wit, on one occasion moved the adjournment of an all-night sitting, on the ground "that the members would otherwise be too tired to attend the cricket match at Lord's. If, sir, they only see my nephew at the wickets, they will come back refreshed and in good humor!"

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.—

Subscribers failing to receive THE NEWS regularly will confer a favor by notifying the office.

Job Work Strictly C. O. D.

Transient Ads Cash in Advance.

SATURDAY, SEPT., 2nd, 1899.

The Herald has turned its attention from the dignified (?) controversy being waged between it and the Review to pour the vials of wrath on our devoted head.

First, the Herald says we are rude because we do not exchange regularly. All we can say is that the NEWS has been mailed to the Herald each week since that paper started. It may have gone astray, but certainly if our humble little paper failed to reach its leviathan contemporary in the huge metropolis of the west the fault was not ours. However, we sent down this week a parcel of back numbers per registered post to settle the matter.

The Herald says in reference to the above "Like master, like man The Union Colliery Co., etc." The remark is neither witty nor wise and the insinuation is false. The U. C. Co. is not the master of the NEWS. As to the sneering reference to the Co's. courtesy, a good many people are of the opinion that the editor of the Herald ought to be the last to speak of them in such uncivil fashion.

The Herald devotes half a column to informing us that it does not propose arguing with the NEWS anyhow. We did not ask the Her to argue. We did ask the Herald to give its authority for certain statments which we characterized as false. It is very convenient to use a paper for the purpose of making statements of the kind and then loftily (?) decline to explain. The Herald apologizes to its readers for wasting space on a paper located in such an insignificant town as Cumberland. Quite a few things connected with Cumberland are evidently insignificant in the opinion of the Herald. Our esteemed contemporary refers to the NEWS as 'a local seven-year-old.' Well, seven years is a good deal longer than the Islander lasted, and the NEWS will probably be in existence after the bombastic Herald has been consigned to the journalistic boneyard.

FATAL ACCIDENT.

A very sad accident occured in No. 5. Wednesday morning whereby Stewart Torrance of Comox lost his life. He was employed as a driver in the mine and was getting a car of rock down a grade. He was in front with his back against the car when it got so far down the grade that its momentum was such that he could not stop it. He tripped while running, and the car, weighing about a ton, jammed him between the rails. Dave Roy and three other men ran quickly to his assistance and lifted the car off, but he was so badly crushed that life was nearly extinct. He was immediately carried to the Hospital and attended to but his injuries proved fatal.

Stewart was a bright, good-hearted boy and he was very much liked by all who knew him. He was a young man of excellent character and many friends will join with his family in deploring his untimely death.

The inquest took place Thursday. The witnesses were Dave Roy and D Nellist. The jury was composed of T Hudson, J Bruce, (foreman) J Robertson, L Ore, H Kesley, O. Stevens, D W Richards. A verdict of accidental death was returned.

The funeral took place Friday and was largely attended. The coffin was covered with wreaths and cut flowers by friends.

As the deceased was not a member of any benefit association, an offering to his bereaved parents would not, we think be out of place.

INQUEST.

The inquest on Mah Sing killed at No. 4. last week was held Thursday night by Coroner Abrams. There were present besides coroner and jury, Messrs. Little, Matthews, Short and Inspector Morgan. The jury was composed of the following:

K Sharp, foreman, R Hudson, R Gray, Bert Moore, J Callendar, J Ashman, C Stauss.

In reply to Inspector Morgan, witness Mah Jack said he had been digging coal seven years. In reply to Mr Matthews' witness Tung Ah said he had been digging coal a number of years.

The evidence showed conclusively that the fatality was a pure accident and in no way due carlessness or incompetehcy. The evidence of Mr. Short is given as oovering the whole case.

Richard Short duly sworn saith:

"My name is Richard Short. I am an overman. About half past eleven on the 24th inst. I was in Mah Sing's stall, No. 25. 13' East Old Slope, No. 4. Mine. I examined the roof and found it good. I saw nothing suspicious or dangerous round the face. I was talking to the deceased a couple of minutes and he was filling a box with coal. I then left the face and went part the way down the stall and met Mr. Kesley the fireman. I talked to him about eight minutes, when a Chinaman ran down and told me there was a man dead. Mr Kesley and I ran down and when we got there the Chinaman had been got out from underneath the coal, and packed him out on to the road on a lattice board."

By Mr Morgan:

"I did not sound the coal on the face. The Chinaman had started digging coal on the 22nd inst. I know he has been helping in the mine for some years. He worked under me as a helper not as a miner."

By Mr Little:

"I know the Chinaman well. I do not know where he came from."

By Mr Matthews.

"The cause of the fall was a pressure on the roof causing a crack along the place over the botton part of the coal. There was a slip not often seen by the eye, going directly into the face, causing a loose end, and when the man had undermined enough it would naturally come down. I did not see the slip in the coal. I do not think it was possible to see it. The place was in good order."

By the jury:

"It was the habit to shoot the top coal and it had been done before. The Chinaman was filling a box when I saw him."

By Mr Matthews:

"Mr Kesley had been there before, about 8 o'clock in the morning."

By Constable Thomson:

"The deceased was in charge of the place."

By the Jury:

"There were four Chinaman in the same place. There was a double row."

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Miss Shaw is still in Victoria.

Jno. Cassassia was injured at No. 4. Thursday.

E Yarwood was injured at No. 4, Wednesday by a fall of rock.

Mrs S. C. Davis went down last boat.

Inspector Morgan was up this week.

Miss Nickerson has resigned as teacher in Union School.

Mr A. H. Peacy has rented a house of Mr L.C. McDonald.

Mr. Harold Searle went down to Nanaimo Friday.

Mrs Willemar came up Wednesday.

Mr. H Grant is visiting his uncle, Mr. R Grant.

Mr. Andrew McNight returned home Wednesday.

Fred Smith, representing the W. J. Gage Co., Toronto was in town this week.

Capt. Freeman, of the Ship Glory of the Seas was visiting Mr and Mrs F. D. Little this week.

Miss Amos, late of Cumberland, has secured an appointment as night nurse in St. Joseph's Hospital, Vancouver.

There are three case in the Hospital—the two men injured in the mine this week and a Jap. None very serious.

Mr. Pidcock, Indian Agent, Valdiz Island, has purchased a gas machine from Mr. R. B. Anderson, for his residence.

Harry, son of Mr. J. B. McLean, was badly burned about the face, Thursday, while playing with powder. Drs. Bailey and Staples are in attendance.

(We shall be pleased to publish locals or any items of interest to readers if they will kindly send them in. As we do not keep a reporter, many personals are often unintentionally omitted.)

Principal Bennett of Union School has a novel method of starting a a school library. He had 500 certificates of membership printed. These he has his pupils selling at 10 cts. each, the proceeds going to buy books. The idea is a good one.

Mr, T. B. Godfrey, of Vancouver, visited the town this week, during his stay he secured the right to manufacture and handle Anderson's gas machines in his city, taking a large one back with him as a pattern.

PRESENTATION.

A large number of friends gathered at the residence of Mrs. H. Banks, Thursday night, in honor of Mr. M. S. McCallum, who left on a trip to Scotland Friday morning.

Before the evening closed Mrs. Banks, on behalf of the choir of Grace Church, presented Mr. McCallum with a very nice volume of Burns.

Mr. McCallum is a very popular member of the Methodist Church, and the NEWS Joins with his many friends in wishing him a safe and pleasant trip to the land of mountains and heather.

It is to be greatly regretted that the July flower show did not materialize seeing the number of fiine gardens there are in town. Mrs Mellado has a garden which for symmetry of arrangement and beauty of flowers is not surpassed by many in large cities.

PASSENGER LIST.

Per steamer "City of Nanaimo," Wednesday, Aug. 30.

F. Bennie, Capt. Freeman, J. Hemeworth, Miss Jane Murry, F. Smith, J, Grask, T. Hill, R. Curry, Bedlington, T. B. Godfrey, Mrs, Glaus, Miss Patterson, Mrs. Freeman, Mrs. W. Henderson, Miss Henderson, A. McKnight, J. Dominic, M. Piercy, D. Burrett, Mr. Spratt, Mrs. Morrison, J. Piercy, J. Baird, J. P. D. Malkin Mrs. Glennie, H. Grant, T. Morgan, J. A Coughlan, H. R. Pike, Mrs. Piercy, W, H Gray, Mr, Switzer, J. Burley, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Orfit, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Willemar.

OUT-GOING PASSENGER LIST.

Friday, September 1st.—Mr. and Mrs. David Stevenson, Mr. H. Searle, for Nanaimo; Mrs. Appleton, Mrs. Julius Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cardena and A. Cardena, Jr., Seattle; Wm. Mitchell, Hornby Island; Dom Reathe, Vancouver. Two Japs for Nanaimo.

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Capes We have only four of those smart stylish Capes left, worth from $3.00 to $3.75, now $1.75

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Babies' Bonnets

Cream Cashmere Bonnets trimmed with ruching from 40 cents to $1.50 each.

See Our Boys' School Shoes.

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Notice.

CHANGE OF CORPORATE NAME.

Notice is hereby given that t Union Colliery Company of Br ish Columbia, Limited Liabili intends to apply to His Honor t Lieutenant-Governor for permissi to change its name to that of "Wellington Colliery Compar Limited Liability."

Dated Victoria, 18th July, 189

DAVIE, POOLEY & LUXTO Solicitors to the Union Collie Company of B. C., Limited Li bility.

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