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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

NINTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1901.

HOW TO SAVE MONEY

At this TIME

Why it is Simplicity itself.

☞Make your purchases of Dress Goods now and Save 25cts on every $1.00.

Is not this a big saving?

You can save the same amount and more on many lines of Shoes.

Ladies Blouses and White Goods we are offering at Prices to Clear them out.

☞On Men's and Boys Clothing you can also save 25 per cent.

Many other lines are being offered at JOB PRICES.

Seeing is believing. Do us the favor to call, our New Store is worth a visit.

The above are SPOT CASH Prices.

Simon Leiser,

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

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

Agents for McCormick Harvesting Machinery.

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

A POINT TO REMEMBER

WHEN YOU WANT——o

Furniture, Carpets, Linoleums, Wallpaper,

Or Anything in the

House Furnishing Line

☞It will PAY YOU to Correspond with us. We Manufacture or Import in Car Lots and carry the Biggest Assortment in the West——

OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE ON REQUEST

WEILER BROS.,

COMPLETE FURNISHERS. VICTORIA, B.C.

JUST OPENED UP!

Direct from the Galt Knitting Co.

TIGER BRAND

UNDERWEAR

For Boys, Youths & Men

Also New Clothing consisting of Suits, Pea Jackets, Boys Short and Long Pants, Fancy Vests, etc., at

C. J. MOORE'S.

WIRE NEWS

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

The town was horrified Saturday, to hear that President McKinley had been fatally shot at Buffalo on Friday. Some few had heard of the dastardly deed the previous evening, but the news did not become general until the next day. The President was shot twice on afternoon of the 6th, in the Temple of Music of the Pan-American exposition, by an Anarchist Pole, named Leon F. Czolgosse.

It was shortly after 4 p.m., when one of the throng which surrounded the Presidential Party, a medium-sized man of ordinary appearance, and poorly dressed in black, approached, as if to greet the President. Both Secretary Cortelyou and President Milburn noticed that one of the man's hands was bandaged without a bandage or handkerchief. The reports of the bystanders differ as to which hand. He worked his way amid the stream of people to the edge of the dais until he was within two feet of the President.

President McKinley smiled, bowed, and extended his hand in that spirit of geniality the American people so well know, when suddenly the sharp crack of a revolver rang out, loud and clear.

The throng were at first paralyzed. Then came a commotion. With the leap of a tiger, three men threw themselves forward, as with one impulse, and sprang toward the would-be assassin. Two of them were United States Secret Service men who were on the outlook and who's duty it was to guard against just such a calamity as had here befallen the President of the nation. The third was a bystander, a negro, who had only an instant previously grasped in his dusky palm, the hand of the President.

As one man, the trio hurled themselves upon the President's assailant. In a twinkling, he was borne to the ground, his weapon wrested from his grasp, and strong arms pinioned his arms.

9 p.m—Secretary Cortelyou tonight gave out following statement:

The following bulletin was issued by the physicians at 7 p.m.

"The President was shot about 4 o'clock. One bullet struck him on the upper portion of the breast-bone, glancing and not penetrating; the second penetrated the abdomen five inches below the left nipple, and one and one half inches to the left of the median line. The abdomen was opened through the line of the bullet-wound. It was found that the bullet had penetrated the stomach. The opening in the front wall of the stomach was carefully closed with silk sutures, after which a search was made for a hole in the back wall of the stomach. This was found and also closed in the same way. The further course of the bullet could not be discovered, although a careful search was made. The abdominal wound was closed without drainage. No injury to the intestines or other abdominal organs was discovered.

The patient stood the operation well. The pulse is of good quality, with a rate of 130. The condition at the conclusion of the operation was gratifying. The result cannot be foretold. His present condition justifies hope of recovery."

(Signed) GEO. B. CORTELYOU,
Secretary to the President.

THE WOULD BE ASSASSIN.

Buffalo, Sept. 6—9:15 p.m—The President's assassin said to a detective tonight, at the police headquarters, that he was recently in Cleveland, and had been selected to kill President McKinley.

Buffalo, Sept. 9—The following bulletin was issued by the President's physicians at 3 p.m. The President's condition steadily improves and he is comfortable without pain or unfavorable symptoms. Bowel and kidney functions normally perfect.

Sept. 10—Following bulletin was issued by President's physicians at 10 a.m.: The President's condition this morning is eminently satisfactory. So his physicians find no complications arise, say a rapid recovery may be expected. Pulse, 102; temperature, 99.8; respiration, 26.

Buffalo, 10th—8:30 p.m—President's condition continues the same. Doctors have confidence of his recovery, but he will carry the bullet with him to the grave. Bullet located and found to be in the sinews of the back. By the aid of X Rays, bullet was located.

Victoria, Sept. 3—J. C. Brown was sworn in as a Cabinet Minister this morning.

Long and stormy Cabinet Session this morning, at which Dunsmuir insisted on admission of Brown, of New Westminster to Cabinet. Eberts, McBride and Prentice violently protested but without avail.

Prentice was offered Finance and Brown was eventually sworn in as Provincial Secretary. McBride will resign if re-ignation is not already in hands of Premier. Prentice will possibly resign also. It is believed the Premier will shortly retire and McInnes succeed him. Excitement here is at fever heat.

A crisis is believed to be imminent. It is regarded as a virtual reversion to Martinism, and has been dictated by Martin to the Premier, who is willing to take Martin's advice rather than that of his ministers.—Free Press.

Winnipeg, Sept. 7th—Towns defeated Gaudaur, champion sculls, by 2½ lengths.

London, Aug. 31st—A dispatch from Lord Kitchener, dated Pretoria, today says: A train was blown up today between Watervalt and Haman's Kraal by 250 Boers, who at once fired on the train, setting it on fire. Lieut.-Col. Vandaleur, of the Irish Guards, a most promising officer, was killed. The other casualties have not been reported. Garatt, has captured Piett Delarey, brother of the assistant commandant-general.

Halifax, N.S., Aug 31—British cruisers Psyche and Indefatiguable nearly came into collision during naval drill off Halifax early yesterday morning. The fleet was approaching the harbor and the cruisers misunderstanding orders ran in the same circle. The engines were reversed and their courses altered there otherwise might have been another Victoria-Camperdown disaster.

London, Sept. 3rd—A despatch from Lord Kitchener dated Pretoria today says: Since August 16th, the columns report 190 Boers killed, 31 wounded and 127 surrendered, and 818 rifles, 2755 rounds of ammunition, 100 horses and 700 cattle have been captured.

Capetown, Sept. 3rd—A well mounted force of Boers has looted Barrydale, 14 miles from Capetown. Sheeper, Boer commander, passed to Montague, 150 miles from Capetown yesterday, and had a slight brush with the scouts. A column of troops has gone in pursuit.

TRAVELLING DAIRY.

The Deputy Minister of Agriculture is in receipt of a communication from Mr J. A. Ruddick, Chief of Dairy Division, Ottawa, intimating that he has been authorized by Prof. Robertson to arrange for holding a series of short dairy courses in British Columbia; for the two weeks ending 12th October, including travelling time there and back, the dairy will be held in Comox.

Two competent instructors will be on hand with a full equipment of hand power cream separators, churns, butter workers, milk testers and other utensils. The most approved methods of arm butter making, milk testing, etc., will be taught and it is hoped that those who attend will remain for the full week's course. Instruction will be free in every respect. Any person desiring information along these lines may attend.

The hours of instruction will be from 9:30 to 12 a.m., and from 2 to 4 p.m each day, except one afternoon at each place which will be devoted to a public meeting, at which addresses on general dairy topics will be given.

A sufficient supply of milk will be arranged for to give students plenty of practical work.

The names of those desiring to take the course should be submitted at as early a date as possible to J. R. Anderson, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, Victoria.

The Victoria Colonist says: News reached Victoria yesterday that F. G. Fauquier, Government agent at Revelstoke hao disappeared and it is understood that his books, of which an examination was being made show a shortage of funds, how much is not yet known, but it is believed to be small. He was in Revelstoke on Monday, and as soon as word of his being missing was reported to the Government, orders were at once given to have him arrested when found. W. J. Goepel, inspector of offices, has been instructed to take over the books and office of the missing man.

A GODDESS OF AFRICA.

A Story of the Golden Fleece.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBONE

"Here is where the entrance lies. I know it from many things; yes, I could swear to it. But the pile of rocks is new. You can't see yourselves no moss has grown over them. They have filled the opening up, taking warning from my other visit. Well, here goes to remove the debris."

As he thus whispered Rex set to work, and raising one of the pieces of rock carried it away as silently as he could.

The others waited for no other invitation, but started in at once, working like beavers to accomplish the task. To have dropped upon them without warning must have given one the impression that the gnomes or Brownies were at work, for not a word was spoken, though the pile of rocks diminished in size with incredible rapidity.

Nor was Hastings' prediction at all wrong, as they discovered when the last of the stones had been removed, for there was revealed a cavity that yawned before them, above which the builders had raised the cairn after the fashion of an arch.

The entrance to the ruins was displayed.

Bludsoe whispered a caution. He was in the humor to believe these black idol worshippers would be equal to any deviltry in order to trap them.

Rex, however, was filled with eagerness to advance, remembering how near he had been to this rich haul on the former occasion.

So they all entered the tunnel which was hardly more than a fissure in the rock. Lord Bruno had come prepared and without delay flashed a little bull's-eye lantern upon the scene. It was well chosen since, when carried by the leader, the little party would remain in darkness while a great light shone ahead.

More than that, it might yet serve them in the way of necromancy, for the superstitious blacks could easily believe it to be the one glaring eye of a spirit monster, seeking fresh victims.

They advanced cautiously. Rex could not forget how he and the professor had illuminated their way with a torch which waved above the head had created a tremendous emigration on the part of innumerable bats so that at times the bold explorers were compelled to call a halt in order to prevent their light being extinguished by the current of air created by the myriad of unseen mystical wings.

The passage wound this way and that, now fairly comfortable and anon so narrow that some of them had to squeeze through.

Once they entered a round apartment, and as Rex flashed the light about the others held their breath with awe.

And no wonder, for it seemed a chamber peopled with spirits of departed giants. To the left and to the right could be seen the ugliest old demons ever devised by human hands. Vishnu was not in the same class with them, and Buddha might well hang his head in shame. Had there been a prize offered for the most frightful effigy the skill of man could devise, some of these ancient idols would have been hard indeed to beat.

Lord Bruno made an involuntary move toward his note book, as though his first thought was to secure a counterfeit resemblance of these jolly boys while the golden opportunity presented itself, for really the man who could transfer that collection of ancient beauties to his collection need never lack for a subject in the future.

"Come, none of that!" said Rex, grimly, knowing how overwhelming the artistic spirit controlled one who used the pencil to perpetuate the odd and the beautiful, so that millions might enjoy them.

"But I really must focus the light on that grisly old heathen with two heads. Do give me just five minutes, I beg," said Waterford, as might a man pleading for his life.

"Not a single minute in here. It would be wasted, I tell you. Why these chaps don't even hold a candle to the freaks in the next grotto. Come on—haste to the wedding. Once in there we will fire the pan, and you can scratch away to your heart's content while I crawl into the stomach of the grand-daddy of all the idols and remove the booty."

Thus he artfully lured them on. Even the little Frenchman was shivering, not with fear, but excitement. Though he had seen those monstrosities before he was not averse to gazing upon them again, for strange to say they seemed to exercise a peculiar charm, as hideous objects generally do.

Another passage was traversed. It was no longer a tunnel. The work of man could be seen in the blocks of stone that shaped the walls and even the roof. When one remembered how this temple had for many hundreds of years been a ruin, it was almost like unearthing the relics of Babylon and Nineveh.

Upon these blocks of stone strange pictures had been cut, which no doubt formed stories recording the achievements of this remarkable people in bygone days when old Krokato was hardly cool after the last paroxysm. Many nations thus wrote their history by means of crude pictures, and in both Egypt and America the reading of these stories has given the world much valuable information regarding the past. Suddenly the passage ceased, and another opening yawned before them. Rex kept the light almost at their feet as they advanced, so the others could see next to nothing, although they were impressed with a consciousness that fearful shapes hung out near them.

"Have you the pan ready with the flash-light powder?" asked Hastings.

The sturdy Briton assured him all was in readiness for a plunge.

"Then touch it off, and remember—silence!"

Instantly there was a "click," and the dreadful darkness was shot into shreds by myriad flashes of dazzling light.

Eager eyes were turned around so as to take in the entire circuit, and in truth, such an amazing spectacle has seldom if ever before greeted human eyes.

No one uttered a sound—indeed, they were almost paralyzed with the sensation of awe that swept over them, and could only stand and gape and turn their eyes from one colossal figure to another, as though the power of speech had been temporarily placed under a ban by a magician's wand.

As suddenly almost as it had flashed into being, the light died down *leaving them in blackness again*, but Lord Bruno had prepared for that, and a succession of charges was touched off, which promised to turn night into day so long as they lasted.

As they looked again it seemed to their excited imagination that the idols moved their heads, and a sensation of horror came over the venturesome intruders, who had dared the vengeance of gods in their quest of gain, but a closer examination disclosed the fact that a multitude of hideous bats, no doubt recognizing some affinity of the awful shapes that formed the circle, had attached themselves to ears and noses and chins in countless numbers and hung there heads down, like brown stalactites.

The sudden flash of the sunlight, in the chamber where gloom had held sway, lo, these many hundreds of years, had startled the creatures of darkness, and there was a constant migration, as in clouds they sought various exits in the way of crevices.

The artist stood transfixed before the chief of all the idols, a monster with three heads and four arms, a fetish that if but glanced at a single time was hideous enough to give one the nightmare for a month.

And Lord Bruno stood there as if entranced, his face beaming, his nostrils dilating with eagerness, his hand creeping in search of his versatile pencil, and his book.

"Well?" asked Rex, smiling.

"I say, isn't he just a beauty now? Did you ever in all your life dream there could be such a monstrosity? Ye gods! I wouldn't miss catching his royal highness triple mug for the Shah of Persia's biggest diamond. Go on with your infernal robbery Rex, my boy, and leave me alone until I've transferred this treasure to paper, and then I'm with you heart and soul. Duty first and play afterward you know, old chap."

Jove! he was already at it, and the way his pencil dashed over the paper spoke of aroused genius. Indeed, under ordinary conditions it would be something of a job to drag the excited artist out of the ancient temple until he had drawn the more remarkable among that collection of deities, since they excelled any he had ever run across in India or China, in temple, pagoda or mosque.

Rex left him to his idols, Rex who had something on the carpet that was of much more importance to him than all the ugly images the world ever knew, Rex who was quivering with eagerness to know whether he would, as on the previous occasion, be interrupted just when about to possess himself of the treasure of the crater temple.

CHAPTER XI.

PARADISE.

Hastings knew what lay before him, and was also aware of the value of time in a case where tremendous perils hung like a pall over their heads.

He advanced full upon the colossus with the three heads. The exceeding brightness of the flash-light powder penetrated every niche and corner of the dusty and musty old chamber, revealing an accumulation of horrible atrocities in the line of idols that might have staggered even a cool customer like Jim Bludsoe; and while the cowboy gave no evidence of alarm, no doubt his flesh experienced that peculiar prickling sensation as if red ants were creeping over the surface of his body.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

More Substantial.

"'Music is the food of love,' they say."

"Yes, but that's ridiculous. My love prefers ice cream and cake."—Philadelphia Press.

His Reward.

"And don't you believe in sharing with another, Ostend?"

"No, ma'am. Last time I gave baby brother half of my jelly cake I had to give half of the money in my bank to pay the doctor's bill."—Chicago News.

WINNIPEG MARKETS.

WHEAT—No. 1 hard, Fort William, 68½c; 2 hard 62½c; 3 hard, 62½c.

COUNTRY WHEAT—52 to 56c per bushel.

FLOUR—Prices hold steady. Lake of the Woods Five Roses, $2.00; Red Patent, $1.85, Medora, $1.45, XXXX $1.15 per sack of 98 pounds. Ogilvie Milling Co., Hungarian, $2.00; Glenora Patent, $1.85; Alberta, $1.65; Manitoba, $1.50, and Imperial XXXX, $1.10 per sack of 98 pounds.

MILLFEED—Bran, $11.50 per ton, shorts $13.50 per ton, delivered.

GROUND FEED—Oat chop, $28 per ton, mixed barley and oats, $25 per ton, and corn $22 per ton.

OATS—Manitoba oats are practically out of the market. Ontario oats are worth 47 to 48c per bushel in car lots.

BARLEY—None offering.

CORN—52 to 53c per bushel.

Hay—Fresh baled hay, $9 to $10 per ton in car lots on track here. Loose hay on the street is also worth $8 to $9 per ton.

POULTRY—Dressed spring chickens, 30 to 40c each.

DRESSED MEATS—Fresh beef, 7 to 8½c per lb, veal 7 to 8½c, mutton, 11c per lb, hogs, 8c per lb.

BUTTER—Creamery, 16c per pound. Dairy—11c per pound.

CHEESE—8c per pound.

EGGS.—10½c per dozen.

HIDES—No. 1 inspected hides 5½c 5½ to 6½c; veal calf, 7c to 8c; deakins, 25 to 40c, slunks, 15c to 20; horsehides, $1 to $1.50.

WOOL—Manitoba wool is worth about 7¼c delivered here.

SENECA ROOT—24c per lb.

LIVE STOCK.

CATTLE—Fat cattle are quoted at 3½ to 4c per pound, delivered here.

SHEEP—4½ to 5c per lb.

HOGS—Best hogs are worth $5.75 per 100 pounds.

MILCH COWS—The demand is limited. Prices range from $30 to $40.

HORSES—Very little demand. Work horses will bring from $125 to $200 each, according to weight and quality.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY TIME TABLE

	L'V	AR.
S. S. Marie, Owen Sound, Toronto and East, Via Lakes, Mon., Thurs and Sat	21.50	
Tues. Fri and Sun		6.30
Montreal, Toronto, New York and east, via all rail, daily	21.50	6.30
Rat Portage and intermediate points, Mon., Wed. & Fri.	7.00	
Tues., Thurs. & Sat		18 00
Rat Portage and intermediate points, Tues., Thurs. and Sat.	14.00	
Mon., Wed. and Fri		12.30
Molson, Lac Du Bonnet and intermediate points, Thurs only	7.30	19.15
Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Calgary Nelson and all Kootenay and Coast points, daily	7.15	21.20
Portage la Prairie, Brandon, and intermediate points, daily ex Sun	19.10	12.15
Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Moosejaw and intermediate points daily ex Sunday	8.30	19.10
Gladstone, Neepawa, Minnedosa and intermediate points, daily ex Sun	8.30	19.10
Shoal Lake, Yorkton and intermediate points, Mon., Wed. and Fri	8.30	
Tues. Thurs., and Saturday		19.10
Rapid City, Hamiota, Minota Tues., Thurs. and Sat.	8.30	
Mon., Wed. and Fri		19.10
Morden, Deloraine and intermediate points, daily ex Sun	7.40	19.20
Napinka, Alameda and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., Thurs. & Sat	7.40	
Mon., Tues., Thurs. and Fri		19.20
Glenboro, Souris, and intermediate points, daily ex Sun	7.30	18.45
Napinka, Pelita, Alameda and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., Fri. Tues., Thurs. and Sat	7.30	18.45
Pipestone, Reston, Arcola and intermediate points, Mon. Wed., Fri. Tues., Thurs. and Sat	7.30	18.45
Frobysh're, Hirsh, Bienfait, Estevan, Sat	7.30	
Mon		18.45
Gretna, St. Paul, Chicago daily	11.10	18.
Stonewall, Tuelon..Tues. Thurs, Sat	12 20	18.30
West Selkirk Mon, Wed, Fri	18 30	
West Selkirk Tues. Thurs, Sat		10.0
Emerson Mon, Wed and Fri	7.50	17.10

J. W. LEONARD, Gen. Supt. C. E. McPHERSON, Gen. Pass. Agent.

THE CANADIAN NORTHERN RY. CO.

STATIONS AND DAYS.	Leave Going South.	Leave Going North.	Arrive
Leave from Canadian Northern depot—Winnipeg to Morris, Emerson, St. Paul etc. dly	13.45		7.15
St. Paul to Emerson Morris, Winnipeg dly		20.00	13.30
Winnipeg to Roland, Miami, Belmont, Hartney & Brandon, Mon., Wed and Fri.	10.45		13.15
Brandon, Hartney, Belmont, Miami, Roland, to Winnipeg, Tues., Thurs and Sat.		9.00	15.30
Winnipeg to Portage la P. and intermediate stations, daily ex Sun.		8.00	13.55
Portage la P. and intermediate stations to Winnipeg dly ex Su	18.30		23.45
Winnipeg to stations on Beaver and Delta branches, Tues. and Thurs		8.00	14.30
Beaver and Delta branch stations, to Winnipeg Tues. and Thurs.	11.55		
Winnipeg to Portage la P., Gladstone.	16.30		23.45
Dauphin, etc., Mon. Wed. and Fri.		8.00	16.00
Dauphin. Gladstone, P. la Prairie, Winnipeg Tues., Thurs. & Sat.	13.00		20.45
Winnipeg to W'p'gosis. Tues. and Thurs.	9.45	8.00	20.45
Winnipegosis to Wpg Mon. and Fri.	9.45		20.45
Winnipeg to Grand View. Mon. and Fri.		8.00	19.15
Grand View to Wpg Tues. and Sat.	9.15		19.15
Dauphin to W'p'gosis and return, Sat	9.45	6.00	12.00
Dauphin to Swan River & Elwood, Wed.		16.45	6.00
Elwood to Swan River & Dauphin, Fri.	5.00		13.30
Leave from C. P. depot Winnipeg to Warroad Beaudette and intermediate stations, Mon, Wed., and Fri.	14 10		21.35
Beaudette, Warroad, etc. to Winnipeg, Tues., Thurs. and Sat.		5.00	12.20

D. B. HANNA, Gen. Supt. GEO. H. SHAW, Traf. Mgr

An Impartial Woman.

"This is the grave of the most impartial woman on record," said the guide in Cave Hill cemetery to a party who visited the beautiful cemetery the other day. "Away over that second knoll there is a lot containing only two graves, and the headstone of each is marked 'Father.'

"The woman who is buried here was married twice, and the two graves in that lot are the graves of her two husbands. She tried her best to treat her second husband as she did the first, and even when he died she had no idea of showing any preference. But she was sick when the funeral service of her second husband was held. She decreed that the partner of her second matrimonial venture be laid by the side of the first, but that enough space be left to bury her between the two.

"By some hook or crook a mistake was made, and when she visited the cemetery she found that they were buried side by side, with no space between.

"Well, sir, she didn't know what to do. She argued that if she should be buried by the side of her first husband it would not be fair to the memory of her last spouse, and vice versa. What did she do? Why, when she died she left a request that she be buried in another lot, away from both of them, and it was heeded."

Translators' Stumbling Blocks.

Some amusing instances of translators' misunderstandings are mentioned by the London Daily News. An Italian paper not long ago turned Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Absentminded Beggar" into a "Distracted Mendicant." A footnote to the same version explained "son of a Lambeth publican" as a reference to Mr. Kruger! The translator who explains is often lost.

Another Italian editor who translated a passage from an English paper about a man who had killed his wife with a poker added an ingenuous footnote to say, "We do not know with certainty whether this thing pokero be a domestic or surgical instrument."

In the French version of one of Scott's novels a Welsh rabbit has to be dealt with. The translator, never having met with that article of food, naturally turned it into "un lapin de Galles." Unfortunately he had some doubt whether his countrymen would understand this and added a lengthy footnote describing how the peculiarly delicious flavor of the rabbits of Wales created a large demand for them in Scotland, whither they were exported in bulk that would compare with the trade of Ostend.

Japan's Impregnability.

The coast of Japan, notwithstanding its long shore line and numerous harbors, offers scant allurement to an invading army. There is very little beach. The bold crags and bluffs overlooking every spot where a modern war vessel can ride at anchor are protected by strong fortifications defended by the most modern guns.

Yeddo bay, the most feasible bight for invading purposes, needs careful navigation even by steamers of moderate draft. When torpedoes are planted, it is simply impregnable, says a writer in Collier's Weekly. When the war with China broke out a small steamer was selected to pilot merchant steamers up and down the bay. I remember perfectly the unexpected curves made by this steamer, showing plainly the countless dangers besetting a hostile fleet regardless of the care that may be used in feeling its way. No invading army could possibly land, and even if it succeeded in doing so the ricefields, readily submerged as they are, would aid materially in thwarting the advance and in isolating the enemy. A successful invasion of Japan is simply impossible.

A Pathetic Sight.

There is nothing more pathetic than the sight of a young man going away from home to make his own way in the world. It is never entirely certain that he will succeed. At best he has a terrible gauntlet to run. Snares and pitfalls are set for his feet on every hand. The world, the flesh and the devil are all against him. It is a struggle from start to finish. No wonder that the gentle mother whom he leaves behind him wears now and then a sad face, and prays a little more earnestly for him than usual. No wonder that the father who has not been so accessible and companionable perhaps as he ought to have been, finds himself feeling a deeper concern than ever before. Blessed is the boy who carries with him the memories of a happy home, and who knows that, come what will, there are hearts that will not cease to love him till they cease to throb.

The recollection of his earlier years and assurance of this present sympathy, cannot fail to increase his strength in every conflict.

How Process Butter Is Made.

Here is a description of process butter: "This butter is made from old, rancid and useless dairy butter, purchased from the country storekeepers in the states farther west and shipped in old barrels, tobacco pails, shoe boxes, etc., which appetizing mess is put through a process of boiling and renovating to remove the nauseating odors and through other treatments which have brought it under the ban of the pure-food laws of several states, after which it is worked over in sweet buttermilk, which gives it temporarily a fairly clean flavor." See that this stuff is not worked off on you by your grocer. The "green" woods are full of it.

Why Pulverization Pays.

The chief supply of drink to growing plants is moisture brought up from below the capillary action, and therein consists the necessity of pulverizing the soil thoroughly before planting, and continuous surface cultivation afterward. Weeds are sometimes counted as a blessing because their presence compels the farmer to continue really necessary cultivation which he might otherwise feel justified in omitting to the detriment of the crop.

Feed Liberally the Year Around.

Uniform feeding is absolutely necessary to best results in dairying. Do not try to economize during low prices for dairy products. High prices always follow low, and if the cows are kept on a full ration all the time they will be in a position to take advantage of the advance. If a restricted ration is fed during low prices, the cows cannot be brought back to full production when this is desirable.

Free Luggage.

All the English railway companies have now arranged to allow an extra weight of luggage accompanying passengers to be taken free of charge. The free weight of luggage will in future be, for each first-class passenger, 150 pounds, and for each second-class passenger, 120 pounds; and for each third-class passenger, 100 pounds; instead of 120 pounds, 100 pounds, and 60 pounds, respectively.

Needed Further Instructions.

Prison Warden—It's just been found out that you didn't commit that crime you've been in for all these years, and so the governor has pardoned you.

Innocent Man—Um! I'm pardoned, am I?

Prison Warden—Y-e-s; but don't go yet. I'll have to telegraph for further instructions.

Innocent Man—What about?

Prison Warden—Seems to me that, considering you hadn't any business here, you ought to pay the state for your board.—New York Weekly.

Why Beauty Fades and Sufferings Come.

Real beauty is rare. It belongs to perfect health. Just as soon as the blood gets thin and watery and the nerves become exhausted beauty fades, wrinkles show themselves, the beautiful curves give way to lameness and angles. Nervousness quickly destroys beauty of face and form. The female organism becomes deranged and there are sufferings almost unbearable at the monthly periods. Too often women come to believe these mysterious pains and aches a part of their existense. They fail to realize that by keeping the blood and nerves in perfect health they can preserve youth and beauty and avoid an endless amount of suffering.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the great blood builder and nerve restorative, is woman's greatest blessing from youth to old age. It helps her over the trying periods of her life and prepares the system in every way to perform naturally the duties of womanhood. It enriches the blood supply, keeps the nerves calm and steady and assists in the development of glowing, healthful beauty. A few weeks' treatment with this great Food cure will do wonders for every woman who is pale, thin, weak and nervous.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food,

50c a box. All dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE VALIANT LOVER.

Shall I brood, and shall I grieve,
Wear my heart upon my sleeve,
At the ironies of love
Storm and mourn the sweets thereof
Since the bitter fates decree
Heartsease bourgeons not for me?

Nay; although we may not press,
She and I, in long caress
Lip to lip nor hand in hand
Rove the summer lilied land,
Still shall faith uplift my soul
High above the depths of dole!

Faith in her white constancy,
Though leagues part us like the sea;
Faith in ways that now diverge
In love's time shall meet and merge;
Faith that life shall one day seem
Like a paradisial dream!

—Clinton Scollard in Woman's Home Companion.

THE LUCKY DOG;

Or, The Way Clover Brought Sweethearts Together.

BY GEORGE LINCOLN.

Copyright, 1901, by George Lincoln.

"There must be a girl in it," said John Locke as he took down his overcoat. "I never saw a fellow more anxious to get home nights than you are."

"I do enjoy my evenings," laughed Elmer Stearns, "and I have a very pleasant companion." Then he walked away whistling softly to himself.

Elmer Stearns had many pleasant acquaintances in New York, but so far only one friend. Elmer was a quiet fellow who stuck to his work while in the big counting room, but from the moment he left it banished all thoughts of business and gave himself up to the enjoyment of his books, his pipe and his faithful friend, a pure bred pointer named Clover.

He stopped for her now at a neighboring stable and the two went on together to his boarding place. Mrs. Nubbs, his landlady, had said "No" very vigorously when Elmer had asked if he might keep a dog, but after Clover had waltzed, stood in the corner and finally gone to her beseechingly and made her best bow, all in response to Elmer's command, "Go and beg her to let you come, Clover," her face relaxed and she said, "I never allow no dogs here, Mr. Stearns, so don't ever let me see that animal go in that door or over those stairs."

Elmer was not obtuse and understood the emphasis on the word "see."

He easily taught Clover to slip by him into the hall and over the stairs at a bound, so Mrs. Nubbs never saw her come in, though she often shut the dining room door in order that she should not, and she silently handed Elmer a brown paper parcel every night which was always found to contain tidbits for the dog.

City life was new and strange to them both, and though the dog found interest and variety in the novel things she saw from the gate of the box stall where she spen her days, and Elmer enjoyed doing the work he was fitted for, both felt a great relaxation when the day was over and they were together again.

If the man wished to read or write without interruption, the dog sat motionless by his side, sometimes resting her head quietly on his knee to invite a caress. If the man was pensive and wished to smoke and muse, the dog put her paws on his knee and rested her head on his shoulder, and thus they sat hour after hour.

Her personal beauty would have delighted any dog fancier. She had a coat like satin, brown head penciled evenly with white up the forehead, and on her back was a well defined four leaved clover in brown, of which her brown tail formed the stem. The rest of her was purest white. This odd marking explained her name.

With this sympathetic companionship Elmer Stearns was content and rarely felt lonely during the long winter evenings. He kept early bedtime and spread a shawl on the foot of his bed for Clover, and the two friends slept as only healthy, free hearted animals can.

The winter passed, and one sloppy April day Elmer called at the stable for his dog. Mike, the groom, came forward with sorrow pictured on his kind face.

"I don't know anything about it at all, but the door must hev been unlocked. I've been here every minute of the day except just two hours. I missed her about 4 o'clock, and I walks over and looks in the stall, and the door was a bit of a crack open and no dog inside."

Elmer went to his boarding house to see if the dog had been there, then back to the office and then to the police. Next day he advertised, and for many days he tried every possible means to trace the missing dog and finally decided she was stolen and beyond his reach.

The summer days dragged on, and the heat of the city became almost intolerable. Elmer had promised himself a vacation in the mountains, but hunting without Clover would be sorry sport. However, the weeks set apart for him on the schedule of the great business house were at hand, and he was wondering moodily what he should do with them as he walked to his boarding house one sultry August day.

As he neared the house he started suddenly, for on the steps sat a brown and white dog, gazing wistfully at him. Gaining his room, he took the great dog bodily in his arms and hugged her tight, and they rolled and frolicked together on the dusty carpet.

So Clover and her master took a two weeks' hunting trip, and they were short and happy weeks. They returned together rather reluctantly and mounting the dingy stairway to the stuffy city room began to unpack.

As they were thus occupied there came a sharp ring at the doorbell, which was answered by Mrs. Nubbs. She drew herself up stiffly when she faced a blue coated officer.

"Does any of your boarders keep a dog?" he queried.

"Well, I should say not," she answered fiercely. "What sort of a house do you think I have here. One of my young men did bring a dog here, and I told him never to let me see a dog come into this house. That was six months ago, and I ain't never seen a dog come in here since."

"The man and dog passed in here," said a young woman standing by the officer's side.

So they instigated their search, and in due time knocked at Elmer Stearns' door.

"There he is!" cried the girl, and to Elmer's unbounded astonishment she rushed into the room and began to lavish caresses on Clover.

"There is some mistake here," he remarked quietly. "May I ask why you manifest so much interest in my dog?"

"Your dog!" cried the girl. "I'd like to see you prove it."

"Let the dog speak for herself," he suggested mildly. Clover stood looking from one to the other with sad eyes.

"Sit here, please," said Elmer, "and I will go quite to the other side of the room. Now we will call her together and see what she will do."

"Clover, come here," the man said quietly.

"Come, Lucky, Lucky," pleaded the woman.

Clover stood with her tail and ears dropping. The woman was nearer. In passing her Clover stooped and allowed the girl to stroke her and even licked her cheek. But the dog's eyes were on Elmer, and as soon as posible she broke away and came to him.

"You see," cried the girl, "she came to me first your own proof is against you. Let us go, officer. Come, Lucky."

And placing her hand on Clover's collar she led her out of the room and down the stairs. Elmer heard a cab door slam and sat down wearily, wondering what to do.

He decided to wait quietly for the dog's return and watched eagerly each night for it. Two weeks went by, when John Locke invited him to spend the evening at his home. "It's a meeting of a little informal card club," he explained, "without constitution or bylaws. The host can invite one friend, and a sceond invitation makes you a member."

Elmer's evenings were long now; so, though he disliked cards, he went.

He met 15 pleasant young people and among them Miss Esther Daly. He recognized her instantly as the young lady who had claimed his dog, but she showed no sign of recognition.

Before the evening was over he was head over heels in love. When a man reaches the age of 30 without a love affair, he is apt to make a short cut of it. Elmer Stearns received an invitation from the next hostess and was thus installed a member of the Informal club. At the weekly meetings he met Esther, and soon they were on excellent terms.

At last it was her turn to entertain the club and there he met Clover. The dog was overjoyed and plainly showed her pleasure. Esther was surprised and said it was very unusual for her to show any interest in a stranger. As for Elmer, he snubbed Clover unmercifully in spite of her joyful whines and manifestations of love for him.

Clover thought it over sadly as the gardener tied her rope that night, and she decided on a desperate course. She knew the way quite well now to her old master, though she had made it before in the daytime. The rope was a new thing since she had gone home before, and she resented it.

She set her firm teeth in it and managed to tear away a few shreds, but it was a big rope and she tore her mouth more than she did the rope. Then she strained her collar and the metal edge cut her neck, but she strained hard and it came over her head with a jerk and she was free.

Elmer was awakened by a scratch on the front door and ran down stairs without waiting for clothes. Clover slipped in up stairs in her old way and soon both were asleep.

He telephoned Esther in the morning that he had found Lucky and would bring her back that evening. Clover's tail hung lower and lower as she found herself near her former home—for home it had never become to her—but Elmer urged her on.

"How strange that she should have come to your rooms," said Esther, "and last night she seemed to be glad to see you. Have you some mysterious power over dogs or"—and then came the gleam of recognition Elmer had always feared—"yes," she said breathlessly, "you are the man."

He answered by calling Clover to him and putting her through many clever tricks. Then he told her frankly all about Clover, while the dog sat by whining dolefully and keeping on the side of his master farthest from Esther.

The girl's cheeks burned hot at the close of the recital. "Uncle Harry gave him to me on the date you lost him, my twentieth birthday. I supposed he bought him, but he must have picked him up on the street. Whatever shall I do to make it up to you?"

"There is one way that would more than make up, dear," he said.

"I'll try," she whispered, "and you shall take Clover home with you till—then, and," she added, with laughing eyes, "Clover shall go on the wedding trip."

A Proud Moment.

Oh, if only me mudder could hev lived ter see a great baseball captain er leanin on her son's shoulder!—New York Evening Journal.

A WAYSIDE CONVERSATION.

Fame and Death upon a day
Met and chatted on the way.

"Greeting, friend," in kindest tones
Murmured Death, with happy smile.
"Let us rest beside the way.
Need we hurry all the while?"

"I must hurry," answered Fame;
"Farther down the way I haste.
One abides there whom I must
Bid my sweetest fruits to taste."

"Rest you, rest you, brother mine,"
Death insisted graciously;
"But an hour ago that one
Answered to a call from me."

Fame and Death upon a day
Met and chatted on the way.

—Josh Wink in Baltimore American.

SPOILING AN EGYPTIAN.

How a Tramp's Heart Was Touched by Kindness.

....BY W. R. ROSE....

The tramp sank his spade deep in the earth, and as he drew it up and flung the dark, rich earth aside voices came to him through the nearby window. He straightened up and listened for a moment. His mouth slightly parted, his lips half closed. He crept nearer the window and leaned on the spade. For fully ten minutes he scarcely moved. A dark scowl crossed his face and lingered there.

The tramp was tattered and torn, and his face was inflamed, and his eyes were bleary, but there was still a heart beneath his soiled and ragged coat, and that heart had been won by kindness.

When he came limping up to the farmhouse that morning, the farmer had looked at him askance, and the farmer's dog had blinked up at his master as if awaiting the word to hustle the stranger down the lane.

And then the farmer's wife had come to the door, a gentle faced woman with a soft voice, and she listened to his story and brought him bread and meat and told him to rest in the shade of the apple tree. And somehow the gentle faced woman reminded him of the mother whose precepts he had disregarded and whose heart he had broken, and such a lump had risen in his throat that for a time he found it quite impossible to eat. And when he finally disposed of the food and drank a cup of water from the cool depths of the ancient well he wandered down to a little brook that flowed in the ravine that skirted the orchard and bathed his face and hands and straightened his tangled hair. Then he came back to the house and, rapping at the door, asked the gentle faced woman if she had any work he could do.

"Art still here?" she asked in a soft voice. "I thought thee had gone."

"I'm still here," said the tramp, as he drew his tattered hat from his head. "I have a chronic way of wearing out my welcome. But if you have any work to do that will enable me to pay for the food you gave me, I'm in the humor to do it."

She looked at him a little doubtfully and read the secret of his downfall in his fiery visage and softly sighed.

"What I gave thee, I gave willingly," she said, "and without thought of recompense. But if thee is really in earnest about desiring work, thee can take the spade that leans against the well box yonder and spade up my flower bed here."

The tramp replaced his hat and found the spade and set to work.

And while he was working he heard the sound of wheels, and looking through the vines at the house corner saw a horse and light wagon stop in front of the farm house. Presently a man came up the pathway—a man of light build, with bright eyes and a heavy black mustache. He was dressed in a rather extreme style, and even the tramp—who was once a gentleman himself—knew that this was not a gentleman.

Presently the farmer, busy in the barn, was summoned to the house by his wife's call. It was nearly a half hour later that the tramp heard the loud voices within.

It was the voice of the farmer that was raised.

"You got that note by a scoundrel trick!" he cried. "Your partner asked me to sign an order for ten bushels of Bolgian oats, and now you say I signed a note—a note for $700! God, man!" It would ruin me to pay it!"

"It's for value received all right enough," said the stranger in a cool, even voice. "I don't know anything about your signing it, but the signature is yours and that's all we care to know. If you refuse payment, we will simply have to sue and sell you out."

The tramp listening at the window could hear the farmer pacing heavily up and down the room, and he thought that he heard the farmer's wife sobbing.

"I'll see a lawyer," said the farmer doggedly.

"Certainly," said the stranger. "See him, and he'll tell you fast enough that there's no help for you. No, my man, you are in for it. Better sell something and settle."

"I'll see a lawyer," groaned the farmer.

"Very well," said the stranger. "We are disposed to be as lenient as possible. See your lawyer, and if you are not willing to pay up promptly when I come for satisfaction day after tomorrow, at this hour, why, we will have to commence suit. Good day."

The tramp heard the door open and peering through the vines saw the stranger walking leisurely down the pathway. Then he turned and rapped at the door. There were tears in her eyes as the farmer's wife opened it.

"Madam," said the tramp, "I have reconsidered my willingness to spade up your flower bed. There's your spade."

And before she could reply he had turned and was walking quickly along the lane that led to the woods. As soon as he was out of sight of the house he broke into a run. Just before he entered the woods he looked over his shoulder and saw the stranger leisurely driving along the road below.

The tramp knew that the road over which the stranger was driving dipped to the left to cross the little ravine and then wound round the woods to the right in a long curve. He knew he had plenty of time to cut across and reach the road before the stranger and his deliberate horse arrived.

The tramp, familiar with human deception in many forms, knew all about the particular system of swindling of which the farmer was the victim. It was an easy game when played by a clever sharper on an unsuspecting and unsophisticated countryman. All it required was a glib tongue, a little flattery, a pretended business mission and a substituted sheet of paper. Then in due time came the confederate with his bold front and the fatal note.

The tramp was lurking by the roadside as the man in the light wagon came up. He lounged out into the highway.

"Hello, Bill," he said.

The driver drew up suddenly and stared at the figure at the horse's head.

"What's that?" he cried.

"It's your name, laughed the tramp. "Bill—Bill Sutherland, sometimes called 'the Gopher.' How are you, Bill?"

The stranger scowled darkly.

"What do you mean?" he snarled. "I don't know you."

"Glad of that, Bill," said the vagabond. "Three years of tramping change a man. But I know you, and that's enough."

"What do you want?" growled the stranger.

"Bill," said the tramp, "I want a little assistance. You might not think it, but I'm hard up."

He had come to the side of the wagon as he spoke and stood with one hand on the dashboard.

"Is this a hold up?" said the stranger and, shifting his whip to his left hand, slipped the right behind him.

"Steady, Bill," said the tramp as he reached forward and caught the stranger's arm. "None of that. Your pocketbook isn't there, it is in your breast pocket. I'll trouble you for it."

"Curse you!" screamed the stranger. "Let go of me!"

And he struck the tramp with all his force across the head with the whip. The vagabond shrieked with pain and the next instant had grappled the stranger and with a remarkable show of strength drew him from the wagon and hurled him heavily to the ground.

The startled horse ran a little way and then, turning sharply, started into a fence corner and stood there trembling.

The tramp stood by the prostrate and unconscious man and drew from his pockets first the loaded revolver and then the long pocketbook. He hastily opened the latter and assured himself that what he wanted was there. Then he thrust the book into his own ragged breast pocket and drew himself up. The stranger was rousing from his swoon.

Presently he sat up and looked around with a confused air. The tramp a few feet away, was quietly regarding him, revolver in hand. The stranger put his hand to his breast pocket.

"Curse you," he growled, "this is highway robbery!"

"You ought to know," said the tramp quietly. "It's one of your leading accomplishments. Get up."

The stranger arose.

"Pick up your hat," said the tramp. "Now go and get your horse into the road."

He followed close behind as the stranger backed the light wagon into the highway.

"I'll kill you for this," the despoiled one snarled.

"Don't trouble yourself," said the tramp. "Just climb into the wagon and start your horse. I'll see you off. Step lively, please." And he flourished the revolver.

The stranger obeyed. He gave the tramp a look that was meant to be malevolent, and the tramp returned him a smile. Then he touched the horse with the whip and drove away.

The vagabond watched until a curve in the road hid him from sight, and then he darted into the woods again and swiftly retraced his steps. Presently he recrossed the ravine, and then he paused. He slipped the revolver into an inner pocket and then took a slip of paper from the stranger's book. A moment or two later he knocked at the farmer's door.

It was opened by the farmer's wife. Her eyes were still red with weeping.

"Thee here again?" she said.

"Yes," replied the tramp. "I've come back to pay you for that good dinner." He pressed a little forward, and she gave way before him, and he passed into the house.

At the window sat the farmer with his head bowed over a huge volume that lay open across his knees. He looked up wondering as the tramp entered. The vagabond raised his hand to his hat, and then remembered and let his hand fall again.

"I am glad to see a little fire in your fireplace," he said, "because I want to add to it." He moved a little nearer the window. "See, dear lady," he softly said, "here is your pay. Look, but don't touch it."

Impelled by his earnest manner the woman came closer and glanced at the slip of paper he opened before her eyes.

"Father!" she gasped.

The old man started and arose with the book in his arms.

"What is it?" he asked. The vagabond pushed the note nearer him. "My note!" he cried. "Wh-where did you get it?"

"I spoiled an Egyptian," laughed the tramp. "It tells about the process there," and he pointed to the big book. "Now watch me." He stepped quickly to the fireplace and held the note in the flame until it was entirely consumed.

"Thank God!" murmured the old man, with a sigh of relief.

"Thee has been hurt," cried the woman; "there is blood on thy forehead."

"It is nothing," said the vagabond. "There, you see, the debt is paid. I won't ask for a receipt. You'll be troubled no more. Goodby."

"Stay!" cried the aged couple in one breath.

"No," said the tramp. "I cannot stay. The Gopher may be looking for me, and I wouldn't have him see me here."

"And why hast thou done this great service for us?" the old lady asked.

"You were kind to me," said the tramp very softly, "and you made me think of my mother. Goodby." And he was gone.

He hurried down to the brook in the ravine and, tenderly removing his hat, carefully bathed his wounded head.

Then he started again for the woods.

"I fancy the prayers of that dear old lady will do me good," he said as he gave a hasty backward glance at the farmhouse.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Rallying Rapidly.

Surgeon (after the operation)—I am glad to be able to assure you, Mrs. Tyte-Phist, that the danger is now over, and your husband will recover. We have successfully removed the appendix vermiformis, and it is of such a unique formation that I shall preserve it for use in my medical lectures.

Mr. Tyte-Phist (opening his eyes)—You'll allow me something for it, I suppose, doctor?—Chicago Tribune.

Record Trout.

England's record trout weighed 25 pounds. It was caught in the Avon at Salisbury. Scotland can show one of 29 pounds, caught in Loch Stenness, in Orkney.

STALKED BY VULTURES.

While a Man Was Trailing a Buck the Birds Followed the Man.

I met with a curious and not altogether pleasant experience, writes an Anglo-Indian correspondent who has done a good deal of large and small game shooting in India, when I was one day stalking a black buck. Between me and my quarry lay a large flat field of black cotton soil bordered by a very low, straggling and thinly growing hedge of small babul trees. My only way to get a shot was to cross this, keeping the bushiest tree between me and the buck, who had not much to browse on and was therefore seldom motionless. I proceeded to do the hundred yards on the flat of my stomach. This on loose, hard baked black cotton soil was no joke. I pushed my rifle on ahead; then, wriggling past it until the muzzle was near my knee, I would pass it on in front again, and so on.

Progress was slow, and I was so absorbed that I failed to observe shadows crossing and recrossing my path and circling round until I had gone some 50 yards. Then the whirring of wings attracted my ears, and almost at the same moment a vulture landed on the ground not 20 yards away. I looked up. The air was alive with these repulsive looking birds. Then it flashed across me that I was being stalked! Doubtless these birds were attracted by my extraordinary method of procedure and mistook me for a wounded or dying man making a final effort to reach some shady spot. This was especially possible, as the experience occurred in a famine district where deaths by the wayside were not infrequent. By looking up I had evidently shown myself to the buck, for he was now off at full tilt. I therefore took not shot at the vulture at 20 yards, but did not allow for the sighting sufficiently and missed him. The thought of being waited for by a flock of vultures while very much alive and well was, to say the least, uncanny.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Burden Bearers of the East.

In the east the camel today, as in the days of Solomon, is the principal beast of burden in peace and in war. Across the pitiless desert he strides, his great pack, nodding as he swings along. Down the old, old trail that winds through the hills of Lebanon, blinking, they come in pairs, bringing cedars to the sea. But the most remarkable of all freighters is the eastern hamal, the human burden bearer. All or nearly all the freight of Constantinople is handled by the hamal. He wears on his back a regular pack saddle, thin at the top, where it rests on his shoulders, and thick at the bottom, where it ends at his hips. A broad band circles his forehead, and when he leans forward the saddle presents a flat, level surface.

Cheap.

Lover—You are getting prettier every day.

Sweet Girl—Just now I am living on brown bread and water to improve my complexion.

"How long can you keep that up?"

"Oh, indefinitely."

"Then let's get married."

Comparing Notes.

Mrs. Slowboy—My husband's so lazy that if it wasn't for me I don't believe he would get up in time to go to bed.

Mrs. Rounder—My husband's different. He scarcely goes to bed in time to get up.

Bombay is an immense city, with land and sea shipping equal to the best. It has large commerce and trade and manufacturing interests. Its buildings are said to be the finest in India.

When Lot's wife was turned to salt, he probably started to look for a fresh one.

FRUIT AND FLOWERS

HOW WE MARKET FRUIT.

Why Not Accommodate the Consumer?—A Hint From Foreigners.

A few weeks ago there came to my place two bright young men from Belgium, graduates from a university, who had been traveling over our states for six months visiting our transportation industries. They had money and leisure and intended to locate here, and they had decided that the fruit industry offered the greatest inducement of anything they had discovered in America. They criticised some of our methods. They said to me:

"One trouble is you place your stuff in the market at any place at all, whether it is overloaded or not, and then, too, you put it in a barrel. If I want to buy an apple, I buy two for 5 or three for 10 cents. I pay $10 a barrel at that rate, but I can buy the whole barrel at $1.75 to $2. But if you are staying at a hotel you don't have any room for that much. You force a family to buy a barrel, and the way they have of living in flats and all that sort of thing you have no place to put them unless they are put under the bed, and that is not a good place to put apples. And then if you buy a small quantity you pay an extravagant price."

It seems to me the one great business point in our fruit market today is the lack of putting the fruit up properly, that our peach package of five-eighth or one-half bushel is pretty large for family consumption, therefore they are dumped on the stands. A member of the family goes and buys a quart or two and thinks he has done his duty.

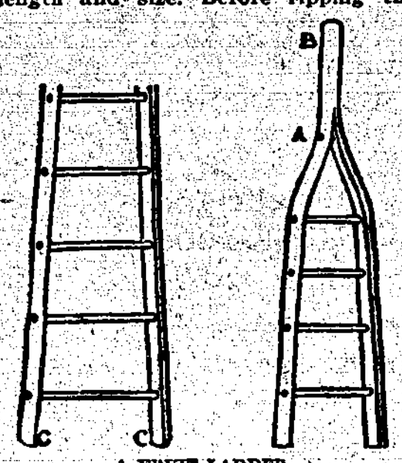
We curtail the consumption of our fruits when we put them in a basket so large that it has to be broken. We may also curtail it by using too small a basket. The question to be thought out and planned out is the largest possible limit we can sell our productions. I have spoken to you about the necessity of growing fine fruit. There is not going to be any room in a little while for the man who grows inferior fruit nor for the man who packs fruit dishonestly or carelessly, says J. H. Hale of Connecticut.

Changing the Color of Flowers.

A foreign investigator tells of using alum, hydrochloric acid and caustic potash to change the color of flowers. Watery extracts were made of various red, purple and lilac colored flowers and dilute solutions of the chemicals mentioned added. The alum changed the lilac to blue and the rose color to lilac. Hydrochloric acid changed the lilac and the light red to a copper red, and in some cases the lilac was changed to green or brown. Potash transformed the rose and lilac to green or yellow. Similar results were obtained when cut flowers were placed in solutions of the above or by watering with them plants grown in pots.

Convenient in the Orchard.

The fruit ladder shown in the illustration from Farm and Fireside can be made of any tough pole of the desired length and size. Before ripping the



A FRUIT LADDER.

pole bore holes for the rungs. A is a bolt to prevent splitting. In use B will fit any crotch of the tree, and C C will rest upon the ground and not upon one leg, like common ladders.

Halesia or Silver Bell Tree.

Halesia tetraptera, popularly known as snowdrop or silver bell tree, so called because of the resemblance of its flowers to the ordinary snowdrop, is one of our prettiest shrubs or low growing trees for large lawns or parks. It is of a low spreading habit, blossoming profusely in April or May.

Its pure white pendent flowers are about five-eighths of an inch in length and hang in clusters on last year's growth. The leaves are about the size of those of the syringa, of a fine healthy color without gloss, says American Agriculturist.

A Useful Climbing Shrub.

Lycium chinense (Chinese Matrimony vine) is a graceful climbing shrub which is very useful for covering rocks, stumps of trees or anything else where a tall growing vine is not required. Neither the leaves nor flowers are particularly ornamental, but the graceful habit of the plant commends it, together with the fact that in the autumn the bright scarlet fruit gives it a very attractive appearance. There is a variety, macrocarpum, which is an improvement on the ordinary form in that the fruit is larger and hence more conspicuous.

A Bed of Begonias.

The different varieties of begonia vernon make fine ornamental beds, the rich dark shades taken on by the foliage of some sorts forming a fine contrast to the green leaved sorts. The dark leaved sorts are especially fine for bordering beds of any green leaved plants.

THE BATTLE CONTINUES.

Conundrums Fly Thick and Fast in the Editorial Rooms.

"When is the ship of state a cattle ship?" casually asked the exchange editor.

"When Texas steers," the information editor replied. "Why is an Egyptian longing for a freshet on the Nile"—

"Like a boy that has outgrown his trousers? On account of his high water pants. Farfetched. Why is a last will and testament"—

"Like coloring the hair of a strawberry blond? Red after you dye. Don't do anything like that again. How can you tell a shepherd dog?"

"By its fleece. What's the difference between a lobster salad"—

"I don't know. You'll have to tip the waiter to find out. What's the difference between a Greenland iceberg and"—

"One's fig paste and the other's pig faced. Why are the sea waves"—

"Sad? Nothing to wear but serge. What's the difference between a real estate agent"—

"Lots. Why is a mackintosh"—

"It isn't. There's a difference. One's your rain coat and the other's your own Kate. Why is a mob"—

"All riot. Let it go at that. How would you gain the friendship"—

"Of a farmer's daughter? Cultivator. Why is a yarn sock"—

"Nit! It isn't. Why is a dairy farm"—

"Cheese it! Why is satan"—

"Oh, whip him around the stump!"

Whereupon several of the other editors offered to arbitrate the difficulty, and peace was finally restored.—Chicago Tribune.

Bedtime.

Mrs. Hippo—Pa, quit telling those children stories and rock them to sleep at once!—Chicago News.

An Unappreciated Invention.

"I have invented a lawn mower that won't make any noise," said the earnest young man.

"To whom do you expect to sell it?" inquired the hardware merchant coldly. "You don't suppose people will get up at 5 o'clock in the morning for the sake of shoving one of these machines around in dead silence, do you? Lawn mowers are not made merely to cut grass. Their principal purpose is to have fun with the neighbors."—Washington Star.

An Artless Dodger.

Citizen—I want a perfectly noiseless lawn mower.

Dealer—You are a very considerate person.

Citizen—Yes, I have to be. If I can't get up early and cut the grass without the neighbors hearing me, I'll have to lend that lawn mower seven times before I get to use it again myself.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Adaptation.

"Snicker's jokes are very thin," complained Dinsmore.

"Perhaps he makes them that way for your special benefit," suggested Winterbottom.

"How's that?"

"To enable you to see through them."—Ohio State Journal.

Rapid Removal.

"How did you get rid of that unsightly bowlder?" asked the tourist while the change of horses was being made.

"Easy enough," responded Amber Pete. "We just started a little yarn about an Injun battle being fought aroun' the rock, an' the souvenir hunters chipped it all away."—Chicago News.

Copious Revenge on Mankind.

Clarence—Billy, if you were disappointed in some great love or high ambition would you get even with this bitter world by becoming a hermit?

Billy—No, sir-ee. I'd buy a cheap cornet and move into a thickly populated flat.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Typical Fire Escapes.

Guest—What precautions have you here in case of fire?

Hotel Clerk—We have fire escapes from every floor. All you have to do is to make your way to one of them and fall off.—New York Weekly.

Without the Outward Semblance.

"How would you define diplomacy?" asked the student.

"Diplomacy," answered the man of experience, "is the art of conducting a quarrel without becoming visibly angry."—Washington Star.

Greek Meets Greek.

Mr. Gold Brick—How do you do, sir? Haven't I met you before somewhere?

Mr. Pure Maple Sugar Cake—Oh, say, now, don't try any of your citified games on me. We're close kin.—Chicago Record-Herald.

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jy5 THIS OFFICE.

ASSESSMENT ACT AND PROVINCIAL REVENUE TAX.

COMOX DISTRICT.

NOTICE is hereby given, in accordance with the Statutes, that Provincial Revenue Tax, and all taxes levied under the Assessment Act, are now due for the year 1901. All the above-named taxes collectible within the Comox District are payable at my office, at the Court House Cumberland. Assessed taxes are collectible at the following rates, viz:—

If paid on or before June 30th, 1901:—

Three-fifths of one per cent. on real property.

Two and one-half per cent. on assessed value of wild land.

One-half of one per cent. on personal property.

Upon such excess of income—

CLASS A.—On one thousand dollars and not exceeding ten thousand dollars, one per cent. up to five thousand dollars, and two per cent. on the remainder:

CLASS B.—On ten thousand dollars, and not exceeding twenty thousand dollars, one and one-half per cent. up to ten thousand dollars, and two and one-half per cent. on the remainder:

CLASS C.—On twenty thousand dollars, and not exceeding forty thousand dollars, two and one-half per cent. up to twenty thousand dollars, and three per cent. on the remainder:

CLASS D.—On all others in excess of forty thousand dollars, three per cent. up to forty thousand dollars, and three and one-half per cent. on the remainder.

If paid on or after 1st July, 1901:—

Four-fifths of one per cent. on real property.

Three per cent. on the assessed value of wild land.

Three-quarters of one per cent. on personal property.

On so much of the income of any person as exceeds one thousand dollars, in accordance with the following classifications; upon such excess the rates shall be, namely:—

CLASS A.—On one thousand dollars, and not exceeding ten thousand dollars, one and one-half per cent. up to five thousand dollars, and two and one-half per cent. on the remainder:

CLASS B.—On ten thousand dollars, and not exceeding twenty thousand dollars, two per cent. up to ten thousand dollars, and three per cent. on the remainder:

CLASS C.—On twenty thousand dollars, and not exceeding forty thousand dollars, three per cent. up to twenty thousand dollars, and three and one-half per cent. on the remainder:

CLASS D.—On all others in excess of forty thousand dollars, three and one-half per cent. up to forty thousand dollars, and four per cent on the remainder.

Provincial Revenue Tax $3 per capita.

JOHN BAIRD,
Assessor and Collector.

Cumberland, B. C., 11th January, 1901.

My 22

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RE COAL MINES REGULATION ACT.

EXAMINATION FOR CERTIFICATE OF COMPETENCY.

NOTICE is hereby given that an Examination for Certificates of Competency as Managers of Mines will be held on the 1st day of August, 1901, at the Court House, Nanaimo, B.C., and at Fernie, B.C.

Candidates, not under twenty-three years of age, desirous of presenting themselve for examination, must deliver to Mr. Thomas Morgan, Chairman of Board of Examiners, Nanaimo, on or before the 15th day July, 1901, notice of such intention, in writing, together with a certificate of service from their former, or present employers, testifying to at least two years' experience underground.

The examination will be in writing and will include the following subjects viz.:—

1. Mining Acts and rules.
2. Mine Gases.
3. General Work;
4. Ventilation.
5. Mining Machinery.
6. Surveying and Levelling.

Any further particulars required may be obtained on application to Mr. Morgan, Chairman of Board of Examiners, Nanaimo, B. C.; Mr. Archibald Dick, Inspector of Mines, Cranbrook; and Mr. J McGregor, Inspector of Mines, Nelson, B.C

RICHARD McBRIDE,
Minister of Mines.

Department of Mines,
18th June, 1901. je24,4t

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Taking Effect Tuesday, Oct. 16th, 1900.

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Sails from Victoria Tuesday, 7 a.m. for Nanaimo and Way ports.

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Sails from Comox and Union Wharf, Thursday 8 a. m. for Nanaimo and Way ports.

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Farmers desirous of being supplied with Blasting Powder at cost price for clearing land can obtain blank forms of requisition from the Secretaries of the Farmers Institutes:

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John Stewart, Nanaimo-Cedar, Starks Crossing, Nanaimo.
J. H. Smart, Motchosin, Motchosin.
C. K. King, Victoria, Cedar Hill.
E. Walter, Islands, Ganges Harbor.
E. A. Brown, Delta, Ladner.
H. Rose, Surrey, Surrey Centre.
A. H. P. Matthew, Langley, Langely.
Alex. Philip, Richmond, Vancouver.
A. M. Verchere, Mission, Mission City.
G. W. Chadsey, Chilliwack, Chilliwack.
Wm. Green, Kent, Agassiz.
J. M. Webster, Maple Ridge, Webster's Corners.
John Ball, Matsqui, Abbotsford.
A. H. Crichton, Oboyoos, Kelowna.
W. P. Horsley, Spallumcheen, Armstrong.
S. M. McGuire, Salmon Arm, Salmon Arm.
J. W. Smith, Kamloops, Kamloops.
H. Percy Hodges, Okanagan, Vernon.

Department of Agriculture, Victoria, B. C., May 8th, 1901.

J. R. ANDERSON,
Deputy Minister of Agriculture

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

Issued Every Wednesday.

. B. ANDERSON, - - - - EDITOR

The columns of THE NEWS are open to all o wish to express therein views on matt- of public interest.

While we do not hold ourselves responsi- e for the utterances of correspondents, we serve the right of declining to inser' mmunications unnecessarily personally.

EDNESDAY, SEPT. 11, 1901.

RESERVE.

NOTICE is hereby given that all the appropriated Crown lands situated hin the boundaries of the following as are hereby reserved from pre-emp- n, sale or other disposition, excepting der the provisions of the mining laws the Province, for two years from the te hereof, pursuant to the provisions of b section (5) of section 41 of the 'Land t,' as amended by section 6 of the and Act Amendment Act, 1901,' to en- le the Industrial Power Company of C., Limited, to select therefrom timber nits for wood pulp and paper manu- turing purposes, as provided by an reement bearing date the 13th day of ie, 1901, viz:—

AREA 1—All the surveyed land on h sides of Kingcome River, and the d surveyed between Kingcome Inlet d Bond Souud.

AREA 2—Commencing at the north- t corner of Lot 1; thence following up river at the head of Thompson's und and its branches, a distance of ten es, and having a width on each side reof of one mile.

AREA 3—Commencing at the north- boundary of Lots 45, 55 and 56, on Kle-na-Klene River; thence north ng the said river and its branches five es, and having a width on each side one-half mile, including all surveyed ds.

AREA 4—Commencing on Wakeman und at the south-west corner of Lot 61; nce west on the 51st parallel of lati- e to a point north of Embley Lagoon; nce south to said lagoon; thence th-westerly following the passage be- en Kinnaird Island and Pandora ad to Mills Passage; thence to Queen arlotte Sound; thence south-easterly ng the shore line of Noel Channel, easterly along the centre of Fife und to Village Point; thence north sterly to the north of Trivett Island he mouth of Kingcome Inlet; thence h along the west shore of Wakeman und to the paint of commencement.

AREA 5—Consisting of Harbledown Turner Islands.

W. S. GORE,
Deputy Commissioner of Lands & Works.

nds and Works Department,
Victoria, B.C., 22nd June, 1901. jy2,4t

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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
" 10:9	Koenig's	" 5.34
" 10:48	Duncans	" 6:15
P.M.		P.M.
" 12:14	Nanaimo	" 7:41
A. 12:3	Wellington	Ar. 7:55

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1 Daily, A.M.		No. 3 Saturday, A.M.
De. 8:05	Wellington	De. 4:25
" 8:26	Nanaimo	" 4:39
" 9:52	Duncans	" 6:05
" 10:37	Koenig's	" 6:46
" 11:18	Goldstream	" 7.32
Ar. 11:45	Victoria	Ar. 8:00 P.M.

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Have been making for 37 years the TIP UP—22 Short R. F. $2.50

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Same with 10-inch barrel 7.50

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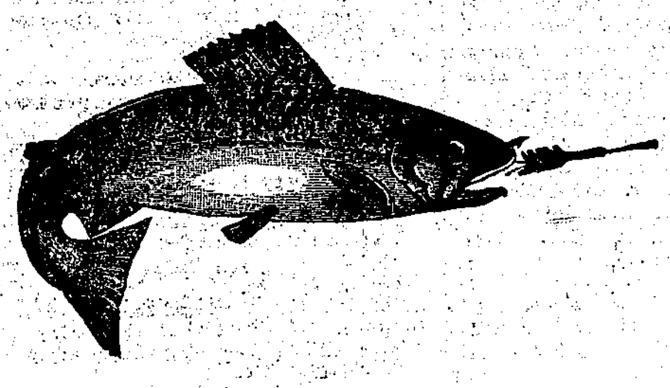

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NEWS OFFICE.

BRITISH CIVIL LIST.

WHERE THE MONEY VOTED TO KING EDWARD VII. GOES.

Much of It Is Said to Go to Provide Sinecure Offices for Members of the Aristocracy—Some Very Curious and Quaint Survivals of the Days When Show Was Everything.

The civil list amounts to £385,000. This sum is divided as follows: Expenses of the household, £72,500; salaries of the household and retired allowances, £131,260; royal bounty alms and special services, £13,200; unappropriated, £8,040; the monarch's privy purse, £60,000.

When we turn to the details of this expenditure we find that a great portion of it goes to provide sinecure offices for a large number of members of the aristocracy of both sexes. Let us take a few items, says Reynold's Newspaper. First there is the kitchen, which is managed by what is known as the board of green cloth, the steward of which is the Earl of Pembroke, whose salary out of the taxes is £2,000. The master of the household is another titled person, Lord Edward Pelkam-Clinton, who takes £1,158. The comptroller is another aristocrat, Viscount Valentia, M. P., who takes £904. Then there is a treasurer, at present vacant, to whose office another £904 attaches. All these sinecures are in the gift of the Government of the day. Of course there are also connected with this kitchen department cooks and scullions and a "first gentleman porter," a "corner of the verge"—an ancient but obsolete office for holding inquests on people who die suddenly or accidentally in the royal palaces—and other quaint survivals.

Out of the public purse again come such court officials as Gernian secretary, Indian munshi and Indian attendants, French readers, Highland attendants, grooms in waiting, grooms of the privy chamber, grooms of the great chamber, marine painter, sculptor, laureate, pages of the back stairs, pages of the presence, state pages, bargemaster, keeper of the swans, sergeant-at-arms, gentleman-at-arms, yeomen of the guard, master of the buckhounds, lord great chamberlain, hereditary grand falconer, whippers in, gentlemen ushers, daily waiters, gentlemen ushers of privy chamber, gentlemen ushers quarterly waiters, master of the ceremonies, master of the music, mistress of the robes, ladies of the bedchamber, extra bedchamber women, maids of honor, groom of the robes and many other highly salaried offices ranging from £2,000 a year downward. Thus the captain of the yeomen of the guard—another peer, Earl Waldegrave—receives £1,200 a year, the captain of the gentlemen-at-arms, Lord Belper, £1,200, while the keeper of the crown jewels has £300 a year. Between them they divide £131,260 annually of public money.

Late Premier of Tasmania.

The Hon. N. E. Lewis, lately Premier of Tasmania, was the youngest of Australian Premiers. He is now a member of the Federal Cabinet, but without portfolio, because the constitution only provides for seven Ministers, and Mr. Barton was not able to select them on state lines. Hence Tasmania has had to give way to Victoria, which has two representatives in the Cabinet instead of one, a difficulty that has been solved by inviting Mr. Lewis to its Councils as an honorary member. Born at Hobart in 1858, he has the advantages of a colonial training as well as the advantages of an English university career, a distinction he shares with no other member of the Ministry. He was called to the English bar in 1883. Returning to Tasmania, he was admitted a barrister, and in 1886 was elected for Richmond. Six years later he became Attorney-General in the Dobson Ministry, and when it retired he acted as leader of the Opposition. He was one of the Tasmanian delegates to the Federal Convention, which met in 1897, and again in 1898. In the following year he succeeded Sir Edward Braddon as Premier, a post he still retained at the commencement of this year.

Family Secrets.

"Papa's got a new set of false teeth," said little Willie.

"Really?" replied the visitor. "I didn't know your papa's teeth were false."

"Oh, yes, and say—I'll bet a hat they'll cut down the old set and make me wear 'em."—Philadelphia Press.

March of Knowledge.

Tommy Tucker, after a surreptitious meal of unripe apples, was heard apostrophizing his stomach.

"Look here," he said, "if you go to kicking up too much fuss, I'll have you taken clear out. I don't need you, nohow!"—Chicago Tribune.

Killed Him First.

Mr. Reader—I see the sultan has killed his private physician.

Cy Nick—The sultan has established a worthy precedent: some folks sit around and let the doctor do it.—Ohio State Journal.

Suburban Elegance.

Mrs. Jones—Does your husband travel?

Mrs. Brown—Oh, no; he carries his dressing case to town every day to bring back our meat and vegetables.—Chicago Record-Herald.

KEIR HARDIE FLAYS TRUSTS.

Leader of English Workingmen's Party Says the Nation Must Control—Uses Strong Language.

Keir Hardie, M. P., leader of the English workingmen's party, has given out the following signed statement on the effect of J. Pierpont Morgan's trust enterprises. He says:

Considerable alarm has been caused by the action of J. Pierpont Morgan in stretching his paw across the Atlantic and clutching our steel and shipping trades in his grasp. The trust constitutes a modern menace

KEIR HARDIE.

to progress. It places the producer and consumer alike at the mercy of the over rich. The trust is more rapacious than the robber barons were of old. It is the bandit of commerce, the vampire of trade, bowelless and rapacious.

The trust is a veritable daughter of the horse leech and, like hell and the grave, can never be satisfied. The trust is dangerous to national life and destructive of freedom of the individual. Its operations can only be successful through intimidation of the workingman, corruption of the press and control of politics. These form the working stock in trade of the trust system.

Part of the means by which these ends are to be secured is the crippling or destruction of trades unions. What is to be done? I reply that either the nation must own the trusts or the trusts will own the nation. Democracy, by which is meant the rule of the common people, is a sham and delusion so long as labor is economically enslaved. Socialism offers, in my opinion, the only way of escape.

Monopoly is inevitable, and the question at issue all over the world is whether this monopoly, in the means of life is to be privately owned and controlled and conducted solely and exclusively with the object of putting money in the pockets of the shareholders or is to be owned and controlled by the nation and conducted so as to produce the highest possible happiness and the greatest personal freedom. Socialists advocate the latter as the better way.

Indisputably True.

"I can tell you," said he, "how much water runs over Niagara falls to a quart."

"How much?" asked she.

"Two pints."—Tit-Bits.

Very Amusing.

Wife—What's funny in that letter you are reading?

Husband—It's from Bobson. He asks if I don't want to pay him that $10 I owe him.—Smart Set.

So Cool.

Barber—Well, young man, and how would you like your hair cut?

Tommy—Just like papa's, if you please, with a little round hole in the top.—King.

The Situation Reversed.

Miss Robbins—Do you mind if I ask Dr. Coddles to join us?

Willie—Oh, Miss Wobbins, this is so awfully sudden, don'tcherknow.—Life.

Information Always Ready.

Mrs. Talkly—Here's something in the paper about some town where the curfew is still kept up. What does curfew mean?

Mr. Talkly—It means a law to limit the number of dogs in the town. Curfew, in short, means fewer curs. Don't bother me any more.—Stray Stories.

Misquotations.

A writer in the Pall Mall Gazette has been making a collection of common misquotations. The list is a long one, and to a large number of people who pride themselves on their stock of quotations will come as something of a shock. In some cases the misquotation seems preferable to the correct rendering. The following are some of the most common (the misquotation is given first as follows:)

"Charity covereth a multitude of sins," for "Charity shall cover the multitude of sins."

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," for "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

"Make assurance doubly sure," for "Make assurance double sure."

"Falleth as the gentle dew," for "Drop as the gentle rain."

"The man that hath no music in his soul," for "The man that hath no music in himself."

"Fresh fields and pastures new," for "Fresh woods and pastures new."

"The even tenour of their way," for "The noiseless tenour of their way."

SMALLEST ENGLISH EDIFICES

"THE SMALLEST CHURCH IN ENGLAND" AND CHRISTENDOM.

DISPUTES CURRENT OVER FACT

A Curious Incident—Stranger Leaving It One Sunday Said It Was the Tiniest Church, With the Shortest Parson, the Briefest Text, and the Smallest Collection He Had Ever Seen.

Many years have elapsed since, in a shower of rain worthy of the district, we descended from the Styhead Pass and gained the welcome shelter of the Ritson roof-tree. It was then we learned that we were gazing on "the smallest church in England;" also that three years' contributions to the collecting-bag amounted to less than two shillings in all, and we were filled with awe. The same night the subject cropped up at table d'hote. The assertion was made and promptly contradicted—the smallest church was undoubtedly in the Isle of Wight. That night the assertion was again made, and like a lightning flash came the contradiction—the smallest church in England was undoubtedly in Sussex. Had we had a month to spare we would have remained at Wastdale Head and made our collection at ease.

Now the church at Wastdale Head is said to be 42 feet long by 16 feet wide, which gives an area of 672 square feet, a sitting accommodation for fifty or sixty persons, and the lie to those who insist on it being the smallest church in the Kingdom, for Lullington Church, in Sussex, is easily smaller, as its total area of 256 square feet and its accommodation for thirty people at the utmost, together with a very large pulpit, proves. Lullington, it may be mentioned, was once owned by Sir Philip Sidney, who was lord of the manor, and the village is mentioned in the "Doomsday Book," the church, moreover, is really the chancel of a much larger building destroyed in the Cromwellian era. A stranger who formed one of a congregation of twelve, who listened to a diminutive preacher deliver a sermon, having taken as his text the thirty-fifth verse (consisting of two words) of the eleventh chapter of St. John's Gospel, remarked on leaving the building that it was the tiniest church, the shortest parson, the briefest text, and the smallest collection (eighteen pence), that had ever come within his experience, but then he was never at Ventnor before the Church of St. Lawrence was restored.

Before the late Lord Yarborough added ten feet to the chancel, a new porch, and a bell-turret to this building, the Isle of Wight edifice was undoubtedly the most diminutive of our churches, and is often said to be the smallest to this day, by loyal but untruthful natives, but the restoration added 120 square feet to its area, which now amounts to 360 square feet, or 104 square feet more than the Sussex church, and 30 square feet less than the "smallest" church that stands on a hillside, 400 feet above sea level, overlooking the Bristol Channel at Culbone, near Porlock in Somersetshire.

We had imagined that we had arrived at the real and only "smallest" church when we added Lullington to our collection, but a paragraph in The Pall Mall Gazette regarding the Devonshire home of the new Governor of New Guinea elicited the statement that Brent-tor owns the smallest church, not only in England, but in Christendom, and our hearts sank within us until we discovered that the Tavistock church, which is said to have been built by a merchant who, overtaken by a storm at sea, vowed to erect a church on the first point of land he saw, was 37 feet 1 by 14½ feet, which gives an area of 536½ feet; not until we discovered that the merchant, though he did his best, had failed to usurp Lullington of the right to be regarded as the smallest of the small, did we with a sigh of relief breathe freely again. As Brent-tor has an altitude of 1,100 feet, which made it come in useful in days of yore as a landmark for sailormen entering Plymouth Sound, and as the Church of St. Michael de Rupe stands near the summit, it can afford to smile—to laugh would be unchurch-like—at the pretension of Paddlesworth in claiming the "highest ground."

The lath and plaster church at Hazeleigh, Essex, with its ten pews only; the parish church of Frinton, in the same county—it was at Frinton that Captain Bushell, the wreck-searcher, and Cornelius de Tulbury, "who could poison with impunity," resided—gave us a severe fright lest they should be more diminutive than our Lullington edifice, and re-open the oft-discussed question; but although no actual figures are forthcoming, we believe they are no smaller than the churches at Wotton, near Leith Hill, and Warlingham, in the neighborhood of Croydon, both of which edifices are larger than the Sussex church.

A small church that has not many champions is that of St. Peter's, Cambridge, which is situated on the Castle Rise. As its length is 25 feet and its breadth 16 feet, with regard to area it comes in order of minuteness just after the church of St. Lawrence and Culbone church.

Of the parish churches of Grove, in the district of Leighton Buzzard; of Chilcombe, in Dorset, and Sutton Bonnington, Leicestershire, except that their size is diminutive, we know but little. The two first named parishes, we learn, contain but twenty inhabitants apiece, and of the latter church it is said that if the officiating clergymen is anything over the average height, he runs a good chance of striking his head against the arch above the pulpit.

This article would be incomplete if we failed to mention that the parish church of Cranford is said to be the smallest church in Middlesex, or that Nicholaston parish church, near Oxwich Bay, Glamorgan, though its length is but 47 feet, cost between £6,000 and £7,000 to restore, and is now the most elaborate church for its size—it will accommodate a congregation of fifty—in the principality.

Of a church that once stood at Hollington, near Hastings, Charles Lamb said it was so tiny that it seemed dropped by some angel for the use of a hermit. No edifice of like character exists to-day, at all events in England, but the Black Forest can boast of a Kapelle 12 feet long by 9 feet wide that would, whilst making Lullington church look small in one sense, make it appear immense in another.—Country Life Illustrated.

WINE VAULT WORKERS.

They Drink Large Quantities of Wine, but Are a Gloomy Lot—Their Quarters Described.

Even to the non-bibulous there is something novel and impressive in the spectacle of a vast underground world "peopled" with millions of bottles of champagne, on the contents of which a fleet might float, and where thousands of pounds' worth of wine run in the gutters as little regarded as so much water.

These underground "temples of Bacchus" are seen at their best under the Old World town of Epernay or the Roman architecture of Rheims, where the corridors, hewn out of the solid rock, stretch in all directions for miles, and where the floors descend one below another, like the different levels of a mine, to a depth of 140 feet.

Along these miles of corridors are stacked hundreds of thousands of bottles of wine, undergoing the processes of refining and maturing, and a walk along them may be as fraught with danger as to cross the line of fire in a battle, for at any moment a bottle may burst and hurl its fragments at you with something of the force of shrapnel.

Into these vaults hundreds of workmen disappear at 6 o'clock every morning, only to emerge into the upper air 12 hours later. Unfortunately, the conditions that are best for the wine are almost as uncomfortable as one could conceive for the human population of the vaults. All the year round, whether in the height of summer or the depth of winter, a uniform temperature of 45 degrees must be maintained, and the air is so saturated with moisture that it runs in rivulets down the walls, and the screens which separate the cellars are heavy with it.

In the damp, dark corridors behind these screens are men whose sole duty it is to run the thousands of bottles, one by one, and give them a slight shake, so as to dislodge any sediment that has formed; and this process, probably the most monotonous and under the conditions of cold, moisture and darkness, the most dreary that falls to the lot of working man, is repeated hour after hour and day after day for a whole lifetime.

An expert worker will turn as many as 60 bottles a minute and maintain this rate for ten hours a day, handling 36,000 bottles in a day's work. Is it any wonder that after years of monotonous drudgery these men develop all kinds of strange moods and fancies? They become gloomy and taciturn, and get the strangest ideas into their heads. Some of them persist that the vaults are haunted, and profess to see eyes glaring at them from obscure corners and figures flitting past them—possibly the eyes of men who have turned bottles before them, and cannot refrain from revisiting the haunts of their earthly days.

But naturally all the work in these underground worlds of Bacchus is not of this lugubrious description, for here a small army of men and girls are engaged in cooking, putting on the tinfoil which makes the bottles so pleasing to the eye, and labeling.

The corking is done at the almost incredible rate of a hundred bottles an hour. The bottles are handed in rapid succession by a boy to the "disgorger," who with marvellous dexterity whisks out the corks, discharging any sediment that may have collected, fills them up with champagne, and passes them on to the corker. The corking has for many years been done by machinery, the machine seizing the cork, compressing it to the proper size, and pushing it into the neck of the bottle. The bottles are then ready for the girls, who put on the finishing touches with tinfoil and labels.

As may be expected, these processes, especially that of disgorging, are not free from danger, for at this stage a bottle of champagne may be as risky a thing to handle as a live bomb, and accidents more or less are fairly common. It is estimated that at Rheims alone £10,000 worth of champagne is waisted every year through the bursting of bottles.

Although these hundreds and thousands of workmen are allowed a practically unlimited supply of ordinary wine, some of them drinking as many as three bottles a day, it is remarkable that drunkenness is almost unknown among them.—London Tit-Bits.

Hon. J. Rose Innes, K. C.

Hon. J. Rose Innes, K. C., who has been appointed Chief Justice of the Transvaal—its first under British rule—is the son of the late Under Secretary for Native Affairs at the Cape. He married a niece of Sir Gordon Sprigg, at present Premier of Cape Colony. Mr. Innes was educated at Gill College, Somerset East, and at the Cape University. Entering politics in 1884, after six years he became Attorney-General in the Rhodes Ministry. After the Jameson raid he was sent by the High Commissioner to Pretoria for the purpose of watching the trial of the raiders in the interests of the British Government.

MEXICAN MATTERS.

Fifty thousand men are at present employed on public works in Mexico.

Nearly one-fourth of Mexico's foreign trade was handled through the port of Tampico last year.

The 20 Mexican banks reported in the government reports show a combined capital of $70,000,000.

The foreign trade in Mexico, both import and export, now amounts to an annual value of $140,000,000.

The public debt of Mexico amounts to $115,178,612 payable in gold and $123,118,982.20 payable in Mexican silver.

Last year Mexico manufactured 376,000,000 packages of cigarettes and 119,000,000 cigars. This is an increase of 10 per cent over the previous year.

The Mexican army of more than 25,000 men is supported upon a trifle more than a million Mexican dollars a month. The Mexican congress does not cost a million dollars a year.

Henequen will continue to be Mexico's most important article of agricultural export for a good many years to come. The value of this fiber shipped during the last fiscal year was over $26,000,000. Coffee comes next in importance, with a value for the export crop of nearly $11,000,000.

PERT PERSONALS.

Speaker Henderson lacks the snap of Reed and as a consequence has a quieter time.—Atlanta Constitution.

Possibly the emperor of Austria desires to elevate the throne by marrying Mme. Schatt, the actress.—Memphis Appeal.

It looks as if it would be a good investment for Francis Joseph to engage Czar Reed at a Schwab salary to run his reichsrath for him.—Pittsburg Times.

The king of England cannot play golf well; but, as his partiality for tweeds is known, he will probably retain the esteem of his Scotch subjects.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Tesla is now talking of sending a wireless message through the earth—not around it, as reported. The probabilities are the electrician will find this more difficult than some of his recent performances of talking through his hat.

THE COOKBOOK.

An onion for soup should be stuck with cloves and added after the stock has been skimmed.

Sardines dipped in boiling water, skinned, boned and pounded in a mortar make excellent sandwiches.

An addition to the list of sauces served with vanilla or banana ice cream is pineapple sauce. The sauce is made with the shaved fruit cooked in sugar as for preserving.

Pineapple used in the place of lemon in tea is a little out of the ordinary. Either the fresh fruit or that which has been preserved may be used, and a very little in a cup of tea has the effect of a cordial.

FLOWER AND TREE.

A new species of nasturtium, whose distinctive feature is its profusion and continuous flowering, has been developed in the greenhouses of the University of Nebraska, where experiments have long been in progress.

Plants need a good deal more water as the days grow longer and warmer than they do in midwinter. They should be given all they can make use of. Watch the surface of the soil, and whenever it looks dry give more water.

A FEW FIRSTS.

The first French colliery was opened in 1722.

Paraffin oil was first used for lighting purposes in 1826.

India rubber was first used for effacing pencil marks in 1770.

The first book ever printed in Switzerland bears the date of 1470.

Letting 'Em Down Easy.

Roberts—Have you heard anything about Thompson's affairs since the failure? When does he expect to resume?

Peters—Just as soon as the creditors become reconciled to the fact that they won't get a cent.

The ancient Mexicans had a year of 18 months of 20 days each.

Some Polynesian languages have only seven consonants.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

HER FATHER WAS A DRUNKARD

A Plucky Young Lady Takes on Herself to Cure Her Father of the Liquor Habit.

STORY OF HER SUCCESS.

A portion of her letter reads as follows:—My father had often promised mother to stop drinking, and would do so for a time, but then returned to it stronger than ever. One day, after a terrible spree, he said to us: It's no use. I can't stop drinking. Our hearts seemed to turn to stone, and we decided to try the Tasteless Samaria Prescription, which we had read about in the papers. We gave him the remedy, entirely without his knowledge, in his tea, coffee, or food regularly according to directions, and he never knew he was taking it. One package removed all his desire for liquor, and he says it is now distasteful to him. His health and appetite are also won His health and appetite are also wonderfully improved, and no one would know him for the same man. It is now fifteen months since we gave it to him and we feel sure that the change is for good. Please send me one of your little books, as I want to give it to a friend."

SENT FREE TO ALL.—A sample of Tasteless Samaria Prescription gladly Sent Free with full particulars in plain sealed envelope. All letters considered sacredly confidential. Address The Samaria Remedy Co., 30 Jordan street, Toronto, Ont.

THE

Woman's Christian Temperance Union

ADOPT THE

"SAMARIA PRESCRIPTION"

FOR the CURE of DRUNKENNESS

Letter from Mrs. George Grant, of Paisley, Ont., giving particulars of a cure effected by "Samaria Prescription," resulting in its use and adoption by the Paisley Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

(Copy)

Paisley, Ont. December 11th, 1900.

The Samaria Remedy Co.,

30 Jordan Street, Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—I penned a few lines to you some time ago,—as a member of the temperance cause, I wrote for information; at that time I had in my mind friends whose son was a great cause of anxiety and trouble on account of his drunken habits. I strongly urged the friends to try the remedy I saw advertised in the Toronto Globe. They did so. It was the Samaria Remedy that was administered and I am pleased to inform the company the medicine was helpful; the young man has not drank a drop since, breaking off from old companions; and special prayers on his behalf, all aided in breaking the chains.

At the last meeting of the W. C. T. U. here, I introduced your medicine for the cure of the liquor habit, and a resolution was passed, "That inasmuch as it is the aim of this organization to help the poor inebriate, we should recommend this remedy in homes where persons are addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors." Now, sirs, wishing you a successful career in your noble work, and feeling that assistance can be given in the precincts of home by the hand of mother or wife, trusting God may open up useful avenues for your labors, Yours very respectfully,

(Signed) MRS. GEORGE GRANT,
On behalf of Paisley W. C. T. U.

FREE SAMPLE and pamphlet giving full information, testimonials and price sent in plain sealed envelope. Enclose 2c stamp. Address THE SAMARIA REMEDY CO., 30 Jordan St. TORONTO, Ontario

He who would his peace dethrone only need his work postpone.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

New Zealand, with a death rate of less than 12 per 1000 a year, is the most healthy of all the British colonies.

LOPPED IT OFF

Towne—Has he sent you a check for your services?

Browne—Yes, but it isn't for the amount I expected, although I sent him a bill.

Towne—Your writing's bad. Maybe he didn't decipher the amount.

Browne—I'm afraid he did decipher it. I wrote $100 very plainly, and he sent $10.

FAGGED OUT.—None but those who have become fagged out know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parmelee's Pills.

NO SUGGESTIONS.

"I must say," remarked the physician, "your husband is in a bad way. Any arrangements you may want to make"—

"Oh, doctor," she cried, "I could never think of marrying again."

A STRANGE FLOWER.

One of the strangest botannical curiosities in the world is the "Wonder-Wonder" flower found in the Malay peninsula. It is simply a blossom without leaves, vine, or stem, and grows as a parasite on decayed wood. This extraordinary flower is something like a yard in diameter, and has a globular cup in the middle with a capacity of five or six quarts.

THE COMMONEST OF ALL TROUBLES

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS ARE USED MORE FOR BACKACHE THAN FOR ANY OTHER KIDNEY AFFECTION.

Bright's Disease Not So Frequent of Late Years—Dodd's Kidney Pills Undoubtedly the Cause—Diabetes Also Far Less Prevalent.

Matane, Que., July 8.—(Special)—Not only in this neighborhood but throughout the Province of Quebec there is a marked decrease noticeable in the number of cases of Bright's Disease reported. This fact is undoubtedly due to the wide use of Dodd's Kidney Pills in the earlier stages of Kidney Disease.

Bright's disease at one time was the cause of a large proportion of the deaths in this province. It was considered incurable and until Dodd's Kidney Pills were introduced in was incurable. Not so, however, now. Dodd's Kidney Pills have almost wiped the disease out. Nor is Diabetes heard of now to any great extent.

The most common form by which Kidney Disease manifests itself is Backache, and here Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing their most active work. They are recognized as the surest and quickest cure for Backache ever invented. They work on the sound principle of going to the root of the trouble—the kidneys—wherein they differ from all other backache medicines except imitations of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They do more than merely relieve. They positively and permanently cure, as thousands of people are ready to testify.

O. Dionne, a well-known resident of Matane, says, "Dodd's Kidney Pills have made a grand success in curing me of Backache, and I recommend everybody to keep them in the house. They are a wonder as a remedy for Backache and Disease of the Kidneys."

When a politician is weighed in the balance he is usually found wanting—an office with a big salary and little work.

Beddock, June 11, 1897.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs,—MINARD'S LINIMENT is my remedy for NEURALGIA.

It relieves at once.

A. S. McDONALD.

The "old curiosity shop" immortalized by Dickens, which is situated in Portugal street, a delapidated thoroughfare lying behind the Law Courts, London, is to be demolished. The residence of Mrs. Gamp, in Ginggate street, Holborn, is also being destroyed.

When a girl weighing 180 pounds answers to the name of "Birdie" the eternal fitness of things gets an awful jolt.

Over 2,000 sailors and marines of the United States navy have joined the temperance league of the Naval Young Men's Christian association.

A CHILD'S SUFFERING

HER MOTHER FEARED SHE WOULD NOT REGAIN HER HEALTH.

She Was First Attacked with Rheumatism and then With St. Vitus' Dance—She Was Unable to Help Herself and Had to be Cared for Almost Like an Infant.

From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.

Among the much respected residents of Orangeville is Mrs. Marshall, who lives in a pretty little cottage on First street. For some years her twelve-year-old daughter, Mamie, has been a sufferer from rheumatism combined with that other terrible affliction—St. Vitus' dance. In conversation recently with a reporter of the Sun, Mrs. Marshall told the following story of her daughter's suffering and subsequent restoration to health:—At the age of eight," says Mrs. Marshall, "Mamie was attacked with rheumatism, from which she suffered very much, and although she was treated by a clever doctor her health did not improve. To make her condition worse, she was attacked with St. Vitus' dance, and I really gave up hope of ever seeing her enjoy good health again. Her arms and limbs would twitch and jerk spasmodically and she could scarcely hold a dish in her hand, and had to be looked after almost like an infant. While Mamie was in this condition a neighbor who had used Dr. William' Pink Pills with beneficial results in her own family advised me to try them in Mamie's case. I had myself often heard these pills highly spoken of, but it had not occurred to me before that they might cure my little girl, but now I decided to give them to her. Before she had completed the second box I could see a marked change for the better, and by the time she had taken five boxes she trace of both the rheumatism and St. Vitus' dance had vanished, and she is now as bright, active and healthy as any child of her age. Some time has elapsed since she discontinued the use of the pills, but not the slightest trace of the trouble has since made itself manifest. I think, therefore, that I am safe in saying that I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only restored my child to health, but have worked a permanent cure."

Rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance and all kindred diseases of the blood and nerves speedily yield to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the cures thus effected are permanent, because this medicine makes rich, red blood strengthens the nerves, and thus reaches the root of the trouble. These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine or will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SORROWS OF RESEARCH.

"Did you succeed in finding any illustrious ancestors?"

"No, but I scared up a lot of kin folks that I didn't want to know at all."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

New South Wales has paid £743,000 in fifteen years for the destruction of over 24,000,000 noxious animals—kangaroos, wallabies, dingoes and others.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound, unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the hea thy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

Pianos enable girls to show their fingerings and their rings at the same time.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Money invested in knowledge pays the best interest.

The man who lives to no purpose lives to a bad purpose.

When Li Hung Chang Grinned.

Once during a dry season in China the viceroy, Earl Li Hung Chang, called on the American minister, Mr. Conger, and spoke of the weather.

"Yes," said Mr. Conger, "it seems to be dry everywhere. It is dry in my country too. I read in one of our papers the other day that in many places in the west the people were praying for rain."

"What!" said the earl. "Do your people pray to their God for rain?"

"Oh, yes," said the minister, "they often pray for rain."

"And does their God send it when they pray for it?" asked the earl.

"Yes, sometimes their prayers are answered and sometimes they are not."

"All the same like Chinese joss, hey?" said the earl, with a grin and a chuckle.

May Know Too Much.

"Do women who have had the advantage of advanced education make good wives?" asked the bachelor thoughtfully.

"If you ever marry," he said, "and find occasion to frame up a real good excuse for a protracted session at the club, you will discover that it is possible for a woman to know too much."—Chicago Post.

Annual Loss of Fertility.

The loss of fertilizer from rains cannot be estimated. The water courses carry millions of tons of plant foods to the sea. The Nile alone pours more than 1,000 tons into the Mediterranean every 24 hours. The annual loss from the earth's soil is greater than the entire deposits of guano, even before they were exhausted. Unless a large portion of the fertilizer is reclaimed from the sea a time may come when the world's average yield of crops will be exceedingly low.

"We are what we feed on," quoted Mr. Kixson, laying down his book "and I am willing to say the author is right. For instance:"—

"I am already a believer," Mrs. Hixson interrupted. "You will insist on having lobster for supper always."

And Mr. Hixson, mortified, grew very red.

Girls in love should be asked to look closely at the number of fatal cases of after taking scattered round every neighborhood.

Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victims before they are aware that danger is near. If attacked do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. A. G. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure.

If the reports of the farmers are true, the Lord invents a new bug with an increased appetite every spring.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

To sign your name to another man's note is considered a bad sign.

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most-to-be dreaded disease dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and, after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be witnout them for any money.

The man whose education is finished helps to swell the undertakers' bank balance.

AND IN COLD WEATHER.

"When did the window blush?"

"When it saw the weather strip."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Sorrow adds less to the undertaker's income than little green apples.

THE COUGHING and wheezing of persons troubled with bronchitis or the asthma is excessively harassing to themselves and annoying to others. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil obviates all this entirely, safely and speedily, and is a benign remedy for lameness, sores, injuries, piles, kidney and spinal troubles.

Mean souls, like mean pictures, are often found in fine-looking frames.

Clubs are places where men go when they want to get rid of themselves.

Youth sucks the sugar-coating and leaves the bitter pill for old age to chew.

The Truth at Last.

"Oh, doctor, is it very dangerous to swallow cement?"

"Very dangerous, indeed."

"And gutta percha, doctor?"

"Very serious."

"And porcelain—oh, doctor, is it very poisonous?"

"Excuse me, madam, have you attempted suicide?"

"No. I've swallowed one of my false teeth."—Pearson's.

Interrupted Lecture.

Mr. Highstuff—This mania for stock gambling is deplorable. It seems hardly possible that thinking beings—

"Great Scott! P. D. G.'s have fallen 17 points, and I'm long on 'em! Quick, where's my hat?"—Chicago News.

Muleted.

"Talk about hard luck," said Jimmy Dores. "I broke into a lawyer's house last night an' the lawyer got the drop on me an' advised me to git out."

"Huh!" exclaimed the other crook, "you got off dead easy."

"Dat ain't all of it. Den he charged me $10 for his advice."—Philadelphia Press.

You might as well compare a Drunk Line Railway with a corduroy road as Blue Ribbon Ceylon with any other tea

In India elephants over 12 and up to 45 years of age are deemed the best to purchase, and will generally work well until they are 80 years old.

FRAGRANT

SOZODONT

a perfect liquid dentifrice for the

Teeth and Mouth

25c

New Size SOZODONT LIQUID, 25c
SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER, 25c
Large LIQUID and POWDER, 75c

At all Stores, or by Mail for the price.
HALL & RUCKEL, New York.

ALL-WOOL MICA ROOFING Reputation for durability established. 10 years trial. A home industry. Encourage it. BEWARE of American Paper Felting, which cracks in our climate. For samples and testimonials apply to

W. G. FONSECA, (Sole Agent.)
South Side, 176 Higgins Ave., E., Winnipeg
Issuer of Marriage Licenses.

AGENTS WANTED.

We are in need of a few reliable Agents throughout the country to handle our

GASOLINE LAMPS AND SUPPLIES.

Good profit and quick sales. For particulars address

THE INCANDESCENT GAS LAMP Co.,
313 Main St., Winnipeg.

BIG STOCK OF

TYPE

AND

MATERIAL.

Everything for the Printer.

TORONTO TYPE FOUNDRY CO.

LIMITED.

175 OWEN ST., WINNIPEG

SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER 25c

A writer who has given considerable attention to the subject expresses the belief that our existing school system consists in lumping together masses of school children in what are called classes, and stuffing into their heads collectively a quantity of knowledge based, not upon the individual bent of each child, but upon a fixed code and curriculum. The principle is to set forty or fifty children thinking and doing precisely the same thing. The result is inevitable. There is a top of the class and a bottom of the class. Those who reach the former are regarded as the clever ones; those who remain at the latter are regarded as dunces. The classification is wholly unfair and grossly idiotic. All that it really reveals is the perniciousness of a system which creates stupid children by forcing upon their brains subjects for which they are not receptive. The fool of the Latin class might distinguish himself in natural history; but the pedagogue goes on stuffing him with syntax and grammar, regardless of the fact that his mind is absorbed in beetles and that he never attends school without a pocketful of mice. Not only must this method of teaching "enbloc" be abolished altogether, but teaching in itself, as we understand the term, should be rigorously avoided. Every encouragement should be given to pupils to think. There should be less reading and more reflection. The pernicious system of learning by rote ought to be inscribed upon the penal code. Hanging would be too light a punishment for the teacher who destroys the minds of his charges by making them commit "Casabianca" to memory.—Nelson Economist.

It seems to be the opinion of many, that pheasants may be shot this year. This is not so. Some years ago, an Order-in-Council was passed, prohibiting the shooting of these birds at any time. That order has never yet been cancelled for this district, and this may only be done by petition. Consequently, any one shooting pheasants this year, will be breaking the law. Quail of all kinds are also absolutely protected, hence, any person barbarian enough to destroy any of those birds which were imported last spring, will be a law-breaker, as well as a brute.

Complaints are again before us regarding the cow bell nuisance. Church goers complain that during divine worship cows are grazing in the adjoining lots, and at times it is impossible to hear or give attention to the service. Another person complains of shade trees and shrubbery being completely destroyed by cows during early morning hours. Is it possible to have the nuisance abated? Ask the Council.

CUSTOMS RETURNS.

Following are the customs returns for the month of Aug., 1901:

Imports dutiable	$381
" free	533
Duty collected	145

GEO. ROE, Collector.

G. F. Drabble died 10:30 p.m. on Tuesday at Union hospital.

No Chinese are employed in growing, preparing or packing Blue Ribbon Tea. Are you drinking it?

LOCALS.

Miss Nicholson of Extension, is visiting her aunt Mrs H. Murdock.

H. Reifel paid us his customary visit Wednesday to Friday.

Miss Tarbell has returned to school duties in Vancouver.

Mrs Alex. Armstrong and family leave this week to take up their residence in Vancouver.

Mrs Peacey returned on Friday from an extended visit to Toronto. Mr Peacey met her at Vancouver.

Mrs Starrett of Victoria, has been appointed teacher at Hornby Island public school.

Miss Gartley of Nanaimo, who has been the guest of Mrs John Piercy, left for her home by Thursday's steamer.

Rumor has it that the wedding bells will shortly ring for the sacrifice of an estimable young lady of Comox.

A reading room meeting Thursday at 7:30 p.m., in the old school house, to consider advisability of continuing or winding up business.

The ladies' aid of the Presbyterian church entertained Mrs Garnet before her departure for Nanaimo at tea at the residence of Mrs Chas Whyte, a pleasant evening was spent, and Mrs Garnet was presented with a handsome pearl handled butter knife and silver berry spoon in appreciation of her services as a valued member of the church and aid.

We noticed an old acquaintance in town last week. Mr Steve McNeill, who in the old days, lived with other bachelors in what was called the "Union Hotel," at the far end of the old camp. He has lately been in the Yukon, but intends staying down this winter with his wife and family in Nanaimo.

Joseph Pluto, or to be correct, J. P. Prondzinski, was taken to the Asylum Thursday. Joe is an Austrian, and has lived for some time in one of the cabins near the Comox Road, where he had a little garden. As he had been drinking heavily lately, it is the general opinion that he has a bad attack of the D. T.'s, and will be all right in a few days with proper treatment.

If you are needing anything in the harness line be sure and get prices before buying elsewhere. It will pay you to patronize home industry. I can supply you harness at the following prices: Single harness at $15, $20 and $25, (hand made); imported harness at $10, $12 and $18. Repairing promptly and neatly done.

s11 W. WILLARD.

WANTED—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation; $936 salary per year payable weekly; $3 per day absolutely sure and all expenses; straight, bona-fide, definite salary no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 334 Dearborn, St, Chicago.

The arrivals by Wednesday's train were: A. B. McNeil, Wm. Roe, Mrs Greenaway, B Armstrong, J. Stewart, S. McKnight. Those on Friday morning were: Mr and Mrs Peacey, Mrs Robertson and son, Miss McRae, J. Chalmers, H. and F. Piercy, Messrs Keenan, Graham, McFarland, Swan, Taylor, Tha, and Mrs Armstrong.

The outgoing passengers on Wednesday were: Mrs Jno Doney, Mr and Mrs McIntyre, Misses Gartley, Bennie, McDonald and Garnet, Mesdames Mellado, Bates, Garnet and Messrs Guthrie, Webster, Coomb, Hoggan, Constable Thomson and J. Pluto.

Those who left on Friday were Miss B. Bertram, Miss Tarbell Mrs Gordon, Mrs Williams, Mrs Kilpatrick, and Messrs Comerford, McAffy, Hutcheson, Dodds, Turner and McKnight.

WOMEN AS INVENTORS.

Some of the most valuable as well as important inventions have been patented to women, among which may be numbered the first cook stove, a permutation lock having 3,000 different combinations, a machine for making screws (invented by a little girl) which revolutionized that industry, and the valuable Burden process of making horse-shoes, which resulted in a saving over the old process of many millions of dollars per year.

The first patent to a woman was granted in 1808, and since then the number has increased to many thousands.

These facts are interesting, not only because indicating the rapid and almost marvelous growth of woman's intellect, but also from the fact that the inventive genius of woman invades fields, in which one would scarcely credit her with any interest, much less knowledge. We would not be surprised that a hat-pin, corset, glove-fastener, etc., should be invented by women, but when we learn that such inventions as telescopes, making marble from limestone and dams and reservoirs, are evolved, people began to be interested.

In Canada, also, women are becoming interested in inventions as is evidenced by the large number of women applicants seeking patents through Messrs Marion & Marion, of Montreal.

TO THE DEAF.

A rich lady cured of her Deafness and Noises in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, gave $10,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Address No. 14517, The Nicholson Institute, 780 Eighth Avenue, New York, U.S.A.

H.M.S. Virago was in Comox on Sunday.

Campbells Bakery.

Always on hand a varied assortment of CAKES, PIES, PASTRY, &c.
Minced Steak Pies on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Dunsmuir Ave.

Magnet Cash Store

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Sporting Goods AND Fishing Tackle

Shells Loaded to Order

A court of enquiry is being held in Victoria, when the Islander disaster will be fully investigated. Three more bodies have been recovered, one being that of W. J. Bracelin, another of Fred Rekate, and the other an unknown man in laborer's dress. Passengers by the Danube state that large amounts of wreckage are to be seen and judging from the amount of drift from the wreck seen on the shores the entire superstructure of the vessel had blown out when she sank. All bodies recovered to date had life belts on, and it is thought unlikely that other victims will be found as the water runs very swiftly and the coast is so rugged. The bodies of P. Burke an oiler and A. E. Kendall were interred at Ross Bay cemetery, Victoria. They had been previously buried at Juneau, but were exhumed by order of their relatives in Victoria. Kendall came to Victoria eight years ago as valet to Admiral Stephens on H. M. S. Royal Arthur, and leaves a widow and child. It is now learned that the gold of the Bank of Commerce, amounting to $500,000, was not on the Islander, having previously been sent on a U. S. steamer to Seattle.

The resignation of Mr Cory S. Ryder, of Extension, Vancouver Island, of the office of Justice of the Peace, is accepted. Mr Ryder acquired ephemeral notoriety through having been chosen by the Hon. Joseph Martin as his first Minister of Finance.—Columbian.

FOR SALE

A few choice Shorthorn heifers, yearlings and 2-year olds. Will make good milk cows.

Apply to H. E. CHURCH,

s11 Comox.

LOST

On the 22nd August, a gold ring lettered Yukon. A reward of $5 will be paid on returning same to Chas. Bridges or Riverside hotel.

ag28 ROBERT GRANT.

Columbia Flouring Mills Company

ENDERBY, B. C.

Hungarian,

Three Star,

Wheatlets 10-10's

Strong Bakers

R. P. Rithet & Co.,

(LIMITED.)

Agents, - Victoria, B.C.

NOTICE

The Wellington Colliery Co.

LIMITED LIABILITY.

NOTICE is hereby given that a meeting of the Stockholders of the Wellington Colliery Company, Limited Liability, to authorize the increase of the amount of the Capital Stock of the Company from One Million to Two Million Dollars, will be held at the office of Company, Store Street, Victoria, on WEDNESDAY, the 3rd day of October next, at 11 o'clock in the afternoon.

Dated Victoria, 3rd August, 1901.

JAMES DUNSMUIR.
JOSEPH HUNTER.
R. W. DUNSMUIR

e4,td

NOTICE.

Broken into four premises, one white and black cow. Tip of left ear marked. Owner may have same by proving property and paying costs and damages. If not claimed within 30 days will be sold.

MRS. M. MATTHEWSON,

s11,1t Upper Road, Comox. B.C.

CORPORATION OF THE

CITY OF CUMBERLAND

All owners of cows in Cumberland and Union are requested to remove the bells, or proceedings will be taken to prevent them running at large.

By order,

LAWRENCE W. NUNNS,

s4 City Clerk.

Cumberland, B.C., 28th Aug. 1901.