THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

NINTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1901.

SUCCESS

Our Sale has been a decided Success.
It is still on, and
—BARGAINS—
Are still to be had.
On Saturday next the 21st inst., we will offer the following special lines:
About 500 pairs of Ladies Shoes.
A quantity of Ladies and Children's Knitted Underwear.
Men's and Boys Clothing.
Boys Sweaters.

FOR PARTICULARS SEE HANDBILLS.

.....*The BIG STORE*.....

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

RUBBERS RUBBERS

FOR FALL TRADE

Men's Youths and Children's Rubbers
Waterproof Coats, Pea Jackets and Sweaters,
Hats and Caps, Ladies Jackets.
Our Stock of Groceries Cannot be Beat

——GIVE US A CALL——

C. J. MOORE.

WIRE NEWS

Victoria, Sept. 18—Positive assurance has been received from Ottawa that the duchess will accompany the duke to Victoria.

Revelstoke, Sept. 18—F. G. Faquier, government agent, was tried here today under the speedy trials Act, for misappropriation of monies received by him, and pleaded guilty and was sentenced to two years imprisonment.—Herald.

Westminster, Sept. 18 The hotly contested election between Hon J. C. Brown and Mr Thos. Gifford ended tonight in the return of the opposition candidate by a majority of 52 over his opponent. Both sides had worked well for their men, and although in the past few days it looked as if the government candidate would be returned, today the outlook early in the forenoon began to look black for Mr Brown, and as the time wore on it was generally conceded that Mr Gifford would head the poll.

The result of the election was as follows:

Gifford	563
Brown	511
Majority for Gifford	52

Buffalo, Sept. 17—Leon T. Czolgosz, the assassin of President McKinley, was arraigned before Judge Edward Emery in the County court at 3 o'clock this afternoon on the indictment of murder in the first degree in shooting President McKinley in the Temple of Music at the Pan-American exposition on September 6. Again the stubborn prisoner refused to plead, or even utter a word or sound, and his counsel Moran L. Lewis, entered a plea of not guilty.

The accused will be tried in the Supreme court next Monday morning.

Chicago, Sept. 17—Emma Goldman today received two unsigned letters, the writers of which threaten to take her life at the first opportunity. One of them which was postmarked Washington, D. C., says: "If ever you are a free woman a bullet shall strike you just where it struck the President. Your devilish tongue shall incite no more the murder of good and honorable men."

Miss Goldman said of the letters: "They may do it, you can't tell." She affected a laugh, but anxiety and a tinge of fear were plainly visible in it.

Chicago, Sept. 18—Emma Goldman was arraigned today and her bail fixed at $20,000.

Fredensburg, Denmark, Sept. 17—King Edward, King Christian, Queen Alexandra and the Empress Dowager of Russia, surrounded by the princes and princesses and their families, today personally expressed in special audiences granted to the American minister. Mr Swenson, their deep sympathy and indignation at the death of Mr McKinley. King Edward's closing words to Mr Swenson were the following:

"Convey my heartfelt sympathy for the loss of so grand a man to so great a nation, a man who was so good a friend to Great Britain."

New Seam Uncovered Near Ladysmith by Wellington Colliery Company.

Nanaimo, Sept. 12—(Special)—Inspector of Mines Morgan says the Wellington Colliery Company have discovered a new seam of coal one mile and a half north of Ladysmith, near the creek. An outcrop on the surface was inspected by Messrs Settle and Bryden, and a seam six feet and a half wide was uncovered.

THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

That the man who shot the grouse and her brood before the season opened, deserves the warmest corner in the next world.

That all public officials are paid servants of the people and are expected to do their duty without fear or favor.

That there is the greatest danger when we think ourselves safest.

That the person has no conscience who will go into a store and ask the obliging clerk to take down half a dozen bales of goods for inspection and then ask for 5 cents worth of crockery buttons.

That the poor printer refuses to take more than seventy-five subscriptions in salt pork and produce.

That if you wish concise and full reports of the day's doings and the coming winter's entertainments patronize THE CUMBERLAND NEWS for your job work.

That the man who does not hesitate to tell you the truth to your face is the one to be trusted in private as well as public affairs.

That Dave Richards will shave shampoo and cut your hair respectably.

Mr Hy. Campbell received news of a sad accident which befell his brother at Abbotsford two weeks ago. He, with his brother Hugh, was engaged in scaling a tree for bark using a small charge of powder, the unfortunate victim was standing fifty or sixty feet from the tree, when the force ejected a piece of rock which flew and struck him in the eye destroying it completely and smashing his nose, while the other brother who remained close to the tree was uninjured. Mr Campbell was immediately brought to New Westminster for medical assistance. At last accounts the injured eye was removed, and the doctors thought there would be a chance of saving the other. Mr Campbell's father arrived home just two days after the accident, having been visiting his daughter, Mrs J. B. McLean of Cumberland.

The U.A.O.D. No. 3, of Cumberland, on Monday evening last gave a supper in honor of a departing member, Bro. J. Crosetti, D.D.P.N.A., who shortly leaves on a visit to Italy. Speeches were made and toasts drank to Mr. Crosetti, who responded feelingly.

CUMBERLAND FOOTBALL CLUB.

The Cumberland Football Club held their first general meeting of the season in the Waverley hotel on Wednesday night last. There was a good attendance, Richard Pearson taking the chair. The meeting opened with a statement of the club's present standing which very satisfactory. Then followed a lively discussion on the name the club was to be called. It was decided to call it The Cumberland Athletic Football Club, the costume to be white pants, red and white sweaters, horizontal stripes. The following officers were next elected: H. Farmer, captain; J. Walters, sub. capt.; T. White, treas.; Richard Pearson, sec. It was decided that the membership fees be fifty cents a month. With general satisfaction and visions of "the cup," the meeting terminated with three cheers for the Cumberland Athletic Football Club.—"Sport."

The annual harvest thanksgiving service was celebrated at Trinity church on Sunday last. Appropriate music was sung, also the usual harvest hymns. During morning service the induction of Rev. Mr Cleland as incumbent for Cumberland parish took place, an impressive and beautiful ceremony, after which the warden, Mr Bate presented the keys of the church to Mr Cleland, an old and honored custom. The sacred edifice was beautifully decorated with lovely flowers, autumn leaves and fruit, and the artistic work reflects great credit on the ladies of the congregation who undertook the task. The members of the congregation feel greatly indebted to Mrs Little for the quantities of vegetables, and beautiful flowers given them by her to aid in the work.

After the service the Ven. Archdeacon Scriven announced that the ladies of the Guild would hold a reception at the residence of Mr and Mrs Collis this evening at 8 o'clock to which all friends and members of the church were invited.

On Friday evening last the choir informally presented the Ven. Archdeacon with a parting gift—a dressing case,—as a small token of the gratitude which they feel towards him for his patience and kindness to them when acting as choir master during the past four months. The Archdeacon has made himself deservedly popular during his stay in Cumberland, and will be greatly missed. He took a keen interest in church and Sunday School work and was without doubt the right man in the right place.

A lively fracas took place down camp Sunday night. Turner, a coloured man, drew a gun on Jefferson, another colored man. Jefferson took the gun away and gave the aggressor a sound thrashing. After he had released him, Turner threw a lamp, which struck Jefferson above the eyes, and badly cut him. Jefferson then repeated the dose of pummelling. Judge Abrams, on Monday, fined Turner $10 and costs.

THE LOOM OF DREAMS.

I broider my life into the frame;
I broider with dreams my tapestry;
Here in a little lonely room
I am master of earth and sea,
And the planets come to me.

I broider my life into the frame;
I broider my love thread upon thread.
The world goes by, with its glory and shame;
Crowns are bartered, and blood is shed;
I sit and broider by dreams instead.

And the only world is the world of my dreams,
And my weaving the only happiness,
For what is the world but what it seems,
And who knows but that God, beyond our guess,
Sits weaving words out of loneliness?

—Arthur Symons in Saturday Review.

"None But The Brave;"

Or, The Way a Coward Lover Won His Sweetheart.

By PRINCE T. WOODS.

Copyright, 1901, by Prince T. Woods.

"Don't say that, Mary! You know I love you, and"—

"Now, Tom Dalton, stop right where you are. I've told you often enough that I like you. You have been my friend and playmate ever since I was a little girl, and I shall always like you as a friend. No, sir; I won't listen to any lovemaking. I won't marry you, sir, and that's the end on't. I will marry no one but a brave man, and I don't love anybody, and"—

"But, Mary, surely I"—

"There you go again, sir. If you ever mention love to me again, I will never speak to you, as sure as my name is Mary Hart."

"Oh, if you put it that way I'll really have to retire, for I couldn't survive the punishment. How do you know I'm not the brave man?"

"And I've known you all these years, and—but I won't have it brought up again, and there's an end on't, sir."

"Well, well! 'If a woman will, she will, and if she won't she won't, and there's the end on't,'" quoted Tom gayly. "Every dog has his day, Mary. What do you say to a sail down the bay? Let's have that mother of yours and take a run down to Elm Island for dinner at Cobb's farm and a bath at the short beach. It's a fine morning for a sail, and I'll be bound I'll learn to swim this time."

"Tom Dalton, if there ever was—well, I know there wasn't. And I really began to think you were serious, sir. But mother never would venture out in that crazy knockabout of yours. Wouldn't it be jolly? I'd love to go."

"It is all right about the knockabout. She is high and dry for a new coat of copper paint. Captain Doyle has his new schooner Willie and told me this morning he should run down to Elm come flood tide. What do you say, Mary? And—you know I was in earnest and"—

"Say, I'm off to mamma at once." And before he could declare what he was in earnest about she was running swiftly up the pier, shouting back to him, "You naughty boy, I'll bet you a box of chocolates I am first at the house, sir."

Mary Hart was the only daughter of the widow of Colonel Hart of the Indian service.

The colonel had been both soldier and business man, and when he had been killed in a jungle fight, soon after Mary's birth, he had left his widow a comfortable income.

She had come to America and settled in one of the quiet New England seashore villages in a cozy cottage adjoining the estate of Mrs. Dalton, who was an old school friend. The young people had grown up together and had been friends since childhood.

Tom Dalton, a happy go lucky young man, had inherited an independent income from his father and now, having passed his finals at the law school, was about to practice his profession in Boston. He loved Mary Hart with all his heart, but in spite of himself he could not be serious about his lovemaking, though bound to win her.

And the little minx herself threw difficulties enough in the way by bringing him sharply to account whenever he attempted to broach the subject. She didn't propose to love or be loved, and if she ever could be so foolish it must be a brave man.

"None but the brave deserve the fair, and you aren't brave. You know you are not, sir."

Flood tide found them skimming down the bay on the natty little schooner Willie in a spanking breeze, jumping at the sea like a mettlesome horse, while Captain Doyle stood at the wheel extolling her virtues to Mrs. Hart. The young people were camped comfortably on the deck at the windward side of the mainmast.

"Great, isn't it?" said Tom. "Now what would you say to a lobster chowder for dinner?"

"Tom, you villain! You have been plotting this spree with Cobb. You know I dote on lobster chowder."

"Down there last week. Told 'em we'd be down. Tried to get mother to come, but she wouldn't step her foot in anything smaller than a liner."

"And you never told? I can hardly believe it. I never know when to believe you, sir."

"Fact! Sure enough this time, isn't it, Captain Doyle?"

"Fact, sure," said the skipper. "Me an Mr. Dalton had a bit of a run down to Elm last Tuesday. Tight bit of weather coming home, too."

"Thomas Dalton, do you mean that you were down here in last Tuesday's gale and never told? And you let us think you had been detained in Boston on business."

"Got it straight from Doyle," quoth Tom.

The Cobbs were on the beach to welcome them. Master Harry had hauled his pots that morning and there would be lobster chowder for dinner at 2 o'clock. Would they try a dip at the short beach by the runway between Elm and Elm, Jr.? They would—that is, the young people would, and Mrs. Hart would watch the sport from the beach.

Once in the water, Mary's spirits seemed bubbling over and she was soon daring Dalton to try a race to a dory moored a short distance from the beach. He seemed reluctant at first, and was sure it was too near the current of the runway, but to take a dare from Mary and have her taunt him with a lack of courage was too much for a young man of his temperament.

She was wading toward the boat, and when but a few strokes from it, called back laughingly: "Will you swim for it, Tom? If you reach it first, I'll be your prize, sir."

He was striking out after her as soon as the words had left her lips.

She had nearly reached the dory and, confident of winning the race, put her hand up to catch the gunwale, missed it and suddenly discovered she was out of depth and in the runway current.

"Tom!" she cried, and then all Tom saw was a pair of frightened upturned eyes and a terror stricken face as she swept under the surface.

A fine predicament for a lover who was not a brave man and who had barely learned to swim! Drawing a deep breath, blind to all danger and with no thought but to save her or die with her, Tom struck out into the current and under the surface.

His heart thumped wildly as he felt a mass of that sun gold hair come into his grasp, and in a moment more they rose to the surface. Through his salt dimmed eyes Tom saw a bit of rope and grasped it. They had come up under the stern of the dory, which had swung into the current with them, and he was now firmly gripping a bit of painter which hung over the stern.

In a few minutes more he had lifted her over the side, clambered in after and was chafing her hands briskly. Mrs. Hart's cries from the beach had brought the Cobbs to the scene, and Master Harry was running a dory down the beach to the rescue.

It had all happened in a very few minutes. Mary opened her eyes, smiled and said, "You needn't rub all the skin off my hands, sir."

"Thank God! She is all right," said Tom fervently.

"Tom, dear, you reached the dory first. Kiss me, sir! You won!"

And then Master Harry's boat grated alongside.

British Barristers' Wigs.

The wigs worn in English courts were formerly made of human hair, and it is on record that the white hair of a woman who lived to be 106 years old was sold for that purpose for £50. In 1827 the old form of powdered wig—which was somewhat of a nuisance because the powder came off and the hair frequently required recurling—was superseded by the horsehair wig.

Only about 100 of these legal ornaments are made annually. A good article will last for a quarter of a century, and, moreover, barristers do not altogether appreciate new wigs, as they suggest that the wearer is new to the business and consequently has not had much experience.

The cost varies from 1 to 12 guineas. The former price purchases an ordinary article, while the latter is the sum paid for what is known as a "full bottomed" wig, which is usually worn by the leading barristers on the occasion of a great trial. It is also the kind which adorns the head of the speaker of the house of commons.

Most of the horsehair is imported, but the home product is the best and is that used in the costliest wigs.—London Standard.

Photographing Closed Pages.

Library rules ordinarily forbid the removal of valuable books and engravings from the premises, so that there is trouble in obtaining photographic copies of pictures or plates, the introduction of artificial light or even of a camera being commonly prohibited. A method of getting over this difficulty which has been tried recently with success is to coat a piece of cardboard with a phosphorescent substance and, after sufficient exposure to the sun, place it at the back of the picture to be reproduced. Then (supposing that the picture is in a book) a dry plate is put against the face of it, and the volume is closed. This can be managed very easily by manipulating the dry plate under a cloth that covers the book.

The dry plate is allowed to remain from 18 to 60 minutes, according to the nature and thickness of the paper. Then it is withdrawn, under the cloth as before, and put into a dark box for subsequent development. It is stated by the inventor of this process that if films are used instead of dry plates a large number of copies of different engravings in the same book may be made at the same time.—Saturday Evening Post.

A BET AND SOME BADINAGE.

You Can Find Out a Man's Nationality if You Go at It Right.

With a little bunch of whiskers on his chin and a broken clay pipe in his mouth a little fat man went into a saloon on the corner of Grand street and the Bowery where a crowd of east side statesmen had gathered to swap stories and have a smile. The crowd got into an argument as to the nationality of the newcomer.

"He's a Dutchman," remarked a physician who was in the party.

"No, he ain't," said an ex-assemblyman. "I'll bet drinks he's a Frenchman."

"Bet he's Irish," said the congressman.

"I'll bet the drinks he's German and prove it," said the doctor.

Then, going over to the little fat man, who had just ordered a glass of beer, the physician said:

"My good man, I have met you before some place."

"Well, it wasn't in church," was the answer, "for you don't look like an honest man."

"Was it in jail?"

"And how did you get there?"

"I wasn't there," said the doctor, "but I just made a bet that you were a man of education. Have you ever read the Bible?"

"No."

"Do you know anything about Dickens' works?"

"Mebbe I was the foreman there."

"I'm not talking about an iron foundry."

"You've got enough talk for a gashouse."

"I can get you a good job in the gashouse," remarked the doctor.

"What doing?"

"Weaving out smoke."

"And will you shovel it in?"

"No," said the doctor, "but you seem to be a smart man. Have you ever read Shakespeare?"

"No."

"Have you ever read Byron, Thackeray or Goldsmith?"

"No."

"Have you ever read Browning, Chaucer or any of the poets?"

"No."

"Well, what have you read?"

"I have red hair, sir."

"But what do you know?"

"I know enough to mind me own business, and that's more than you know," replied the little man, and when the crowd laughed the doctor blushed and said:

"The drinks are on me; he's Irish."

THE JAPANESE THEATER.

Its Quaint Stage Arrangements and the Sociable Audience.

As a rule, the only things that fascinate the tourist in a Japanese play are the quaintness of the stage arrangements and the weird unintelligibility of the acting. The stage is enormous, and the actors reach it by walking through the audience on two platforms extending from the back of the auditorium to the footlights. Properties are removed during the performance by attendants in black cloaks, who are supposed to be invisible.

As a rule, two long plays are presented consecutively, with a tableau between, and the performances begin at 10 in the morning. You leave your shoes at one of the many teahouses around the theater and enter your box to find it supplied with a tobacco box, tea and cakes, with luncheon to come. The voices on the stage at once strike you as hard and artificial and either too shrill or too gruff. But the reason is plain. "The traditional samisen, a three stringed guitar, follows the performer like a curse from start to finish. Unless he pitched his voice above or below its notes he could not be heard." There is no doubt of the effect on the audience. Especially do the wonderful facial expressions of the actors work upon the women. A rush to the "tear-room" during a pathetic passage is quite common. There the susceptible playgoer may weep her heart out in comfort.

As men and women are not allowed to appear on the same stage the female parts are taken by men. On the other hand, at some theaters where the performers are all women you may see male parts sustained by actresses. This is only one among the many conventions and restrictions which hamper the drama in Japan. Another is the extraordinary ascendency of the actor over the author. A successful actor is the darling of the people. Purses are thrown at his feet as he walks toward the stage, and love letters are sent to his dressing room, for "the Japanese matinee girl is very susceptible." He may make £5,000 in four weeks. The author is only one member of a kind of committee which devises the play, and his remuneration is trumpery.—London Academy.

Gray and Grey.

An investigator declares that "in Great Britain the form 'grey' is the more frequent in use, notwithstanding the authority of Johnson and later English lexicographers, who have all given the preference to "gray." In answer to questions as to their practice the printers of The Times stated that they always used the form 'gray;' Messrs. Spottiswoode and Messrs. Clowes always used 'grey;' other eminent printing firms had no fixed rule. Many correspondents said that they had used the two forms with a difference of meaning or application, the distinction most generally recognized being that 'grey' denotes a more delicate or a lighter tint than 'gray.' Others considered the difference to be that 'gray' is a 'warmer' color or that it has a mixture of red and brown. There seems to be nearly absolute unanimity as to the spelling of 'the Scots Greys,' 'a pair of greys.'"

Kidding Kidley.

Kidley—What a fellow Sharpe is to wander away from the subject.

Manning—As for example?

Kidley—I was saying to him that it was an awful thing for the cannibals to eat of their own kind, and he said, "Don't you eat sardines?" Nothing to do with what we were talking about, you see. I haven't yet got over puzzling over what he was driving at.—Boston Transcript.

MR. JOBSON'S PHOTO.

HE WANTED HIS PICTURE TAKEN TRUE TO LIFE.

The Photographer Was Given No Say in the Matter, and When the Proofs Came Home There Was Trouble in the Jobson Household.

"This would be a good occasion for us to have some pictures made," said Mr. Jobson while down town with Mrs. Jobson the other day. "It's been about eight years since I was photographed, even if you have had that operation performed three or four times a year, and I don't suppose I ever would face a camera again if I had to make a separate expedition to a photograph gallery. What kind will we have taken?"

"Well, really," replied Mrs. Jobson in a mildly demurring tone. "You know I dressed so hurriedly and in such old things this morning on account of the weather that I'd so much rather wait until some other time, so that"—

"So that you can prink and primp yourself to look about 19 years of age, I suppose," snapped Mr. Jobson. "So that you can get pictures taken that'll give your relatives out in the far west the idea that you're getting two years younger every year and that at the present time you look like a young woman just out of Vassar and about 42 years younger than your husband, eh? Is that your idea? Is that"—

"Not at all," said Mrs. Jobson, "but it's natural for a woman to like to look her best when she's photographed, and"—

"Yes, but it's not natural for a woman to like to look natural when she's photographed," cut in Mr. Jobson. "I suppose, Mrs. Jobson, that there are several hundred photographs of you kicking around the house, and not one of 'em looks any more like you than I look like the Apollo Belvidere. They all look like fancy pictures of actresses who've spent several hours in making up their eyebrows and in dusting off their countenances with flour and in scattering red lead over their features.

"I want to be pictured just as I am, without one plea, and I don't want the man that springs the camera on me to try to bamboozle me into the idea that I look like a leading man in a society show. We'll just sit for some photographs now, Mrs. Jobson, and I'll be willing to bet big money that the pictures'll be the most natural we ever had taken, because we haven't lain awake nights trying to think out schemes for beautifying ourselves and decorating ourselves to appear as we are not."

Mrs. Jobson had to agree, of course, and Mr. Jobson gave her no chance to do any surreptitious "making up."

"Now, sir," said he to the photographer when they ascended to the operating room, "let's have no foolishness about this. We're plain folks, and we want to be taken just as we look in real life, without any idiotic ornamentation," etc. In short, he addressed the operator just in the manner that operators particularly dislike on the part of sitters.

Mrs. Jobson had the first sitting, and the operator took a lot of pains with her. He gently applied the powder puff to her grayish hair so that the high light would bring it out in a sort of Rembrandt effect, and he also used a make up pencil upon her eyebrows, Mr. Jobson meantime waiting in the next room. Mrs. Jobson hastily removed these evidences of "make up" before the operator summoned Mr. Jobson for his sitting.

Mr. Jobson had certain ideas of his own as to how a photograph ought to be taken which he did not hesitate to express to the operator, who, only having been taking photographic negatives for a matter of a quarter of a century or so, could not be expected to know much about it. Mr. Jobson utterly declined to permit the photographer to fix a head rest behind his head, and when the operator mildly suggested that Mr. Jobson might improve his appearance by going to the glass and arranging his somewhat tousled hair Mr. Jobson was quick to call him down.

"My hair is fixed all right to suit me," he answered testily. "I don't want to look like an Italian barber. I don't wear my hair plastered down nowadays, and I never will. I think I observed to you that I wanted to be photographed the way I look every day. Just you fire ahead the way I'm sitting now, and you'll make no mistake, so far as I'm concerned."

So the operator shrugged his shoulders slightly, and getting the proper focus on Mr. Jobson, as he sat with his shoulders bent forward, his hair sticking up and an expression of terrible ferocity on his features, he pressed the bulb and told Mr. Jobson that that would be all and that the proofs would be ready on Thursday.

Mrs. Jobson was sitting in an easy chair looking at the proofs and faintly smiling when Mr. Jobson came home from the office on Thursday afternoon. She quickly erased the smile from her features and handed the proofs to Mr. Jobson without a word. Mr. Jobson took them to a window and examined them. Mrs. Jobson's were about the best pictures she had ever had made. Both of the poses were easy and graceful, the lighting was admirable, and in general Mrs. Jobson showed up on the proofs as an exceedingly handsome and well preserved woman. Mr. Jobson, having declined the use of the head rest, had moved when both of his negatives were exposed, his attitude was that of a man with extremely round shoulders straining to look through the bars of a prison cell, and his tousled hair and vindictive expression added to the generally calamitous effect which the two proofs produced upon the beholder.

Mr. Jobson examined his proofs for half a minute without a word with a darkening countenance. Then he turned to Mrs. Jobson with an expression of awful calm.

"Madam," he said, "this is the end. This is positively and finally the end. It was not enough that you should hatch a conspiracy to get me to have my photograph taken against my will when I was feeling badly, but when you put up a job with that photographic sharp to have him make a caricature of me that resembles a caged gorilla in an advanced stage of consumption you pass the limit. I shall make equitable arrangements for your maintenance, but from this moment you may consider that this establishment is as good as broken up."—Washington Star.

Citing an Exception.

Smith—Kindness always conquers.

Jones—Oh, I don't know! I once knew a man who tried it on a mule.

Smith—Well?

Jones—His funeral was largely attended.—Chicago News.

The True Poker Flat.

In 1852 Poker Flat produced $700,000 in gold bullion in a single month and celebrated the event with a triple hanging. Then came the public spasm of virtue which caused the John Oakhursts and the "outcasts of Poker Flat" to depart from thence and die of cold and starvation on the snow bound road to Sandy Bar. There are no "Oakhursts" nor "Uncle Billys" in Poker Flat today, and when the stranger makes the slow descent and suddenly by a sharp turn in the trail comes upon the famous camp he finds in that huddle of cabins little to remind him of the Poker Flat of 1852.

The famous slope presents almost a picture of utter ruin. There are but eight persons living in the old town, while a hundred dead ones sleep in the cemetery. Some of the graves are marked with wooden headboards, some with stakes, but many have nothing above them. Nearly all of them were laid to rest without religious rites save a Bible reading by old Charlie Pond, who, though a professional gambler, was selected for the religious office owing to his excellent voice and oratorical ability.

In 1853 and 1854 there were 2,000 souls in Poker Flat and 15 stores, 5 hotels, 3 dance halls and 7 gambling houses. There is but one man left today of that original company. He is an old and grizzled veteran, who delights to tell how in 1856 a circus came to town and sold 1,500 tickets of admission at $20 each.—W. M. Clemens in Bookman.

A Day Dream of Tennyson.

In the "Life of Tennyson" occurs the following:

"A kind of waking trance I have frequently had, up from boyhood, when I have been all alone. This has generally come upon me through repeating my own name two or three times to myself silently, till all at once, as it were out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality, the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being, and this not in a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, the weirdest of the weirdest, utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction but the only true life. This might be the state which St. Paul describes, 'whether in the body I cannot tell, or whether out of the body I cannot tell.' I am ashamed of my feeble description. Have I not said the state is utterly beyond words? But in a moment when I come back to my normal state of 'sanity' I am ready to fight for mein liebes Ich and hold that it will last for æons and æons."

The New Rabbit.

"Why, where did you come from, Uncle Jasper?" I said to the old darky who had sent the house girl in to tell me that he wanted to see me.

"I come f'um Decatur, Miss Alice," he said. "I got to Atlanta 'bout two hours ago, but I didn't 'low you wus ready to see nobody."

"Did you come on the train?" I asked.

"No, ma'am; dat I didn't. I come in on de rabbit."

"On what?"

"On de rabbit. You sholy done heerd er de new rabbit dey's got."

"Oh," I said, "you mean the rapid transit?"

"Yessum, de rabbit transhunt. Dat's whut I tol' you. She ain't de color er no rabbit"—bursting into a laugh—"but she sho do git ober de groun' lak one."

A Cement Which Resists Acid.

In some branches of industry a cement which is proof against the influence of acids is absolutely essential, and such a substance can be prepared by melting together one part of India rubber with two parts of linseed oil. This should be gradually incorporated with three parts of white bole so as to form a plastic mass. This when heated softens but very little. Though it does not easily dry upon the surface, when once set it is not affected at all by hydrochloric acid and but very little by nitric acid. Its drying and hardening is materially promoted by mixing with one-fifth of its weight of litharge or minium.

Reassuring.

Young Lady—What is the matter, captain?

Yacht Captain—Oh, the fact is we have broken our rudder.

Young Lady—Oh, I wouldn't worry about that. The rudder is mostly under water, you know, and it isn't likely people will notice it.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

THE OTHER WAY.

Started on the Way of Life,
And it was broad and fair,
And wickedness was carried on
In spired temples there,
And over every arching door
That led to shame and sin
Were carved the words, "'Tis free for all
Who care to enter in."

And Grace and Virtue darkly hid
In foul, forbidding lanes,
There doors were locked and curtains drawn
Across the gilded panes,
And they that sought to enter there
Were called upon to pay,
And preachers at the corners cried
To men to keep away.

And as I journeyed there I saw
That where the doors were wide
Few sought the wicked pleasures that
Were free to them inside,
But everywhere were skulking men
Who went to kneel before
Sweet Grace and Virtue where they sat
Behind the guarded door.
—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

Monkey Worship.

Except in India the monkey does not seem to have been regarded as sacred by any heathen people. But in central India the native, from the same motives as operate in his tiger veneration, regards the monkey as sacred and deems it a fearful crime to kill one. Strange as it may seem, there is in England a case of a monkey so highly regarded as to be represented on the tombstone of its noble mistress, though why is not known. And of all places, this is at Windsor castle. In St. George's chapel is the monument to the Countess of Lincoln, of bygone days, and carved with her ladyship's figure on the monument itself is the figure of her favorite pet—a monkey. No wonder that the native Hindoo who visits this spot goes away with the idea that Englishmen, too, veperate his sacred animals.

It Answered the Purpose.

"I can't see," said the visitor, "why you have your genealogical chart hung so high. Such things are extremely interesting, but no one can examine it where it is."

Here Mr. Porcine took him gently by the arm and led him into the library, where they could be alone.

"Mrs. Porcine," he explained, "was bound to have one of them things, and as we didn't have one right handy I just framed my prize greyhound's pedigree and hung it high."—Chicago Post.

Athletes are short lived, and giants seldom live out the allotted time of threescore years and ten. They expend too much vitality.

FEVER AND AGUE AND BILIOUS DERANGEMENTS are positively cured by the use of Parmelee's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effusions from the blood into the bowels, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

Some women entertain for the pleasure it gives them of not sending invitations to some other women.

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

Nell—So far as style is concerned, he is a perfect goose.

Belle—Yes; he still persists in wearing duck trousers.

The total cost of the English secret service for 1900 was only $65,000.

I was cured of a severe cold by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Oxford, N.S. R. F. HEWSON.

I was cured of a terrible sprain by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
FRED. COULSON,
Yarmouth, N.S. Y. A. A. C.

I was cured of Black Erysipelas by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Ingleville. J. W. RUGGLES.

Nearly 10 per cent of those who have won the Victoria Cross are military and naval doctors.

At the end of June the defence forces of the Commonwealth of Australia were declared to be 61,223 men and 15,000 cadets.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

The cost of maintaining royalty in Great Britain entails an average expense of threepence upon each citizen of the kingdom.

Conceit may puff a man up, but it is not a good prop.

He who talks of the unalterable laws of man is an unalterable fool.

He that lacks money, employment and content is without three good friends.

HER HUSBAND WAS A DRUNKARD

A Lady Who Cures Her Husband of His Drinking Habits Writes of Her Struggle to Save Her Home.

A PATHETIC LETTER.

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

SENT FREE TO ALL.—A sample package of Tasteless Samaria Prescription 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

When you face a difficulty never let it stare you out of countenance.

FROM THE PLAINS OF THE WEST.

NEWS OF ANOTHER SUCCESS ON THE PART OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

An Alberta Man Reports His Entire Satisfaction With the World Famous Remedy—Blood Disorder the Cause of His Trouble—Dodd's Kidney Pills Have Removed it and He Is Thankful.

Blairmore, Alberta, July 22.—(Special)—Dodd's Kidney Pills are just as well thought of in the Great Northwest as they are any place else in the world. The people have confidence in them. They do as they are claimed to do.

Nor is the claim a small one. Dodd's Kidney Pills are claimed to cure some of the most dangerous and deadly maladies that flesh is heir to and what is more, they do it. The proof is positive. Thousands and thousands of reputable people attest it.

For instance, every one knows Bright's Disease meant at one time meant the sentence of death. Does it now? Ask Arthur Colely, of Somerset, Man. He was cured of Bright's Disease, the last stages of it, by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure the lesser disorders of the human system arising from Kidney Disease with just as much certainty, and an even greater promptness. Of these Skin Eruptions, such as Boils and Pimples, arising from an impure state of the blood are not the most uncommon or the least distressing. Dodd's Kidney Pills, by improving the action of the kidneys, purify the blood, and Boils and Pimples immediately disappear.

Walter H. A. Noble, of Blairmore, Alberta, writes in this connection "I had been troubled with Pimples all over my face and Backache. I tried everything to cure it, all kinds of medicine, but failed.

I was told to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and did so at once. I got three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and took one after every meal. They cured me. They are the only things that ever did me any good. I will always use Dodd's Kidney Pills in case of sickness and advise all other sufferers to do so."

Fencing in hot weather is apt to make people feint.

Lots of fellows who can read a menu in French, haven't the price.

A DINNER PILL.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with indigestion or dyspepsia.

Some wives find it easier to patch up a quarrel than to darn socks.

Nell—She's a flighty sort of girl.
Belle—Yes, the fellows say she's a bird.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

A rolling stone may gather no moss, but after all, moss has very little commercial value.

The weather man is certainly hot stuff.

CHRONIC DERANGEMENTS OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BLOOD are speedily removed by the active principle of the ingredients entering into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. These pills act specifically on the deranged organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease and renewing life and vitality to the afflicted. In this lies the great secret of the popularity of Parmelee's Vegetable pills.

The message to the collar is "wilt thou?"

It isn't worth while to get hot over an ice bill.

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.

Don't send for a doctor if you happen to have cold in the ice chest.

If every dog has his day, there must be a lot of dog days to go round.

No Maude, dear, there is no excessive heat from a mountain range.

It is poor economy to buy ordinary tea when Blue Ribbon Ceylon can be had at a reasonable price.

THAT ENDED THE LESSON.

It was a sultry afternoon and the teacher of a geography class was endeavoring to get a few good answers before closing the lesson.

Now, boys, the word 'stan' at the end of a word means 'place of.' Thus we have Afghanistan, the place of the Afghans; also Hindoostan, the place of the Hindoos. Now, can anyone give me another example?

Yes, sir, said the smallest boy proudly; I can. Umbrellastan, the place for umbrellas.

Some doctors would rather stick to theories than build up a practice.

New English words are constantly being made to fill the needs of modern inventions. To give some idea of the tremendous growth of the language, the words and phrases under the letter A have increased in 50 years from 7,000 to nearly 60,000.

I owe no man a penny, said he proudly. They gazed on him with wondering admiration. No man on earth? The only two persons to whom I owe money are my landlady and washerwoman!

The town of Nasso, in Sweden, has a female contingent in its fire brigade.

"That dull Miss Whigs doesn't seem to have a particle of imagination."

"Yes she has, she thinks she can sing."

PALE AND DEJECTED

THE TRYING CONDITION OF MANY WOMEN

Subject to Headaches, Dizziness and Heart Palpitation. They Grow Discouraged and Prematurely Old.

From the Review, Windsor, Ont.

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine that ever gave me any real benefit," said Mrs. R. K. Harris, a well known resident of Windsor, to a representative of the Review recently. "I do not know exactly what my trouble was; doctors seemed unable to tell me, though I thought myself it was consumption. I had a constant racking cough, and a constant feeling of languidness. My blood seemed to have turned to water, and I was very pale. I had a feeling in my chest as though some foreign substance was lodged there. The slightest noise made me nervous; I was dejected all the time and could not scarcely do any household work. I tried medicines, but they did not help me in the least. Doctors did not seem able to help me or tell me what ailed me, although their bills increased with alarming rapidity. I grew so weak, and so despondent that finally I decided to take a trip to Colorado to see if a change of climate would benefit me. While contemplating this trip I read in a paper one day the testimonial of a person whose symptoms were almost identical with my own, who was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I decided to give them a trial and purchased a box. When that box was done I got another, and found gradually that the pills were helping me. The trip to Colorado was abandoned, and I continued using the pills until I had taken eight or nine boxes when I felt like an altogether different person. I became the picture of health, and felt it too. It is several years since I used the pills, and I have not had any return of the trouble. I am positive Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved me from an early grave, and I cannot recommend them too highly to those who are afflicted as I was."

It is the mission of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to make rich, red blood, nourish the nerves, tissues and various organs of the body, and thus by reaching the root of the trouble, drive disease from the system. Other medicines act only on the symptoms of the disease, and when such medicines are discontinued, the trouble returns—often in an aggravated form. If you want health and strength, be sure the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on the wrapper around each box. If your dealer cannot supply you the pills will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

IT WAS ENOUGH.

"I hear Jones is dead, and it was only yesterday that I met him. Do you know what was the matter?"

"Milk, cucumbers and beer."

"Oh!"

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Love is blind, and yet lovers pull down the blind.

The rich consumptive's coffers won't keep him from coughing.

EXCELLENT REASONS exist why Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil should be used by persons troubled with affections of the throat or lungs, sores upon the skin, rheumatic pain, corns, bunions or external injuries. The reasons are, that it is speedy, pure and unobjectionable, whether taken internally or applied outwardly.

An interesting experiment was recently made by a Frenchwoman. With a view to testing the sustaining powers of chocolate she lived upon that for sixty days, and lost but fifteen pounds in weight in the interval.

Wigg—Is she a professional musician?

Wagg—Well, she professes to be.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

A man's idea of a phenomenon is another than who never loses his collar button.

An old bachelor says the friendship of women is always a plot against a third.

There is in the heart of most women such a deep well of love that the winter of old age cannot freeze it.

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 healthy 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.

Patent needles and pins are made to the number of 175 different varieties.

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

MASH AT NIGHT.

An Expert Tells Why He Gives Poultry Soft Food in the Evening.

In my effort to obtain results which seemed to me satisfactory I have endeavored to imitate nature as far as my limited knowledge gave me a conception of her methods and to improve on them where, in my judgment, improvement was possible.

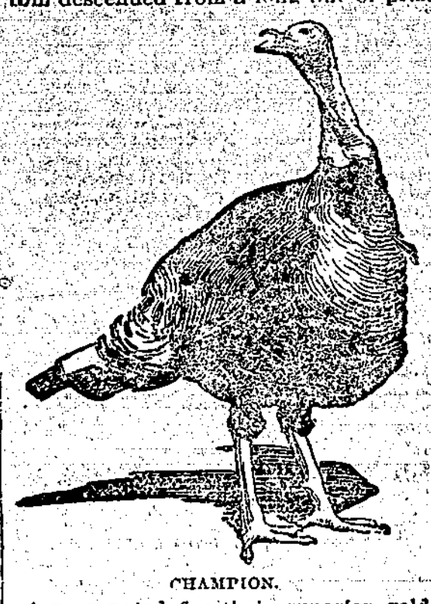
In observing wild birds it has seemed to me that they hunt food about all day long, and in my fancy I have pictured them as often going to their roosts at night with their hunger but partly appeased.

Fowls will not exercise for the sake of exercise. Given a full crop and they will doze until hunger prompts them to move. This has been my experience and the experience of all with whom I have conversed on the subject. Given a mash in the morning they apparently do not see the grain thrown in litter for them to scratch for.

With my first lot of fowls I followed the beaten paths given in poultry literature of the day and fed "all they would clean up quickly" of mash in the morning as instructed. "All they would clean up quickly" bothered me a bit, for I found their appetites to vary considerably, a pen of 12 fowls cleaning up anywhere from one to six pounds, so that when making the mash I was at a loss to know how much meal to use. The noonday meal of grain scattered in litter seldom interested them, and their scratching was spasmodic and rare. I changed the bill of fare and fed them mash for the noon meal and after awhile secured exercise in the forenoon. Another change, and mash was fed at night and by this method was secured constant exercise throughout the day. This seems to me more in line with and perhaps an improvement on nature's way. A careful sprinkling of small quantities of grain in deep litter during the day imitates nature in that it compels the fowls to seek for their food grain by grain, while the feeding of mash at night is the improvement on nature's way, which insures a full crop daily just before going to roost. I prefer mash to grain at night because it digests quicker, bringing birds from the roosts the next morning with a sharpened appetite, while a full grain feed is often but partly digested in the morning. One night an accidental dropping of grain after they had eaten all they would of mash surprised me by causing the fowls to jump for it greedily. I thought it over and the next night fed about half of the quantity they cleaned up the night before, then gave another portion and a third with about ten minutes' interval between each and noted they ate fully one-half more in this way. Since then I have repeatedly tried feeding them at once the full quantity they ate the night before, but I never had them finish it. In short, by feeding small quantities at a time I was coaxing them to eat more than they otherwise would. In theory, as in fact, I have never been able to see anything but improvement in results as a consequence of this method of feeding night mash, and it has always obtained here since.—A. J. Silberstein in Reliable Poultry Journal.

A Fine Bronze Tom.

The illustration shows a grand young tom descended from a long line of prize



CHAMPION.

winners noted for their superior golden bronze plumage. He was bred and owned by Mrs. Charles Jones, Paw Paw, Ills.—Poultry Keeper.

A Common Mistake.

It is a mistake to undertake to breed too many varieties. I have made and am making that mistake. The result is that I have been obliged to spend nearly $5,000 for buildings and appliances to properly house and separate so many birds. So much capital cannot profitably be invested in breeding varieties that may be classed as belonging strictly to those that appeal to the fancy without regard to utility. If you can afford it, keep as many varieties of bantams as you like, but do not expect "immense profits," for they are not to be made in that way. I speak from experience, for while I sell every year a very large number of birds at good prices I still have to consider my chickens as a hobby, to be settled for like other hobbies, out of the proceeds of more serious and less attractive business enterprises.—A. E. Blunck in Poultry Monthly.

THE GREATEST BORE.

It's the Man Who Has Just Moved Into the Country.

The man in the rear seat of the open car looked wan and haggard.

"No," he replied in answer to a question, "I'm not sick, but I'm tired—very tired. I've just been talked at for two hours by a friend who recently took a summer home in the country. It's the first time he ever lived in the country in his life. That's why I'm tired. If you are wise, which I'm not, you'll never permit a man who has spent a couple of months in the country or in the suburbs for the first time in his life to jam you up against a pillar and converse at you.

"He takes it for granted you don't know the difference between a turnpike and a tollgate. He is perfectly convinced from the beginning that you don't know what a chicken looks like except when you see it swimming around in the gravy of a potpie, and he regards it as a matter of course that the only kind of a bird you've ever seen outside of a circus or a picture book is the common or garden variety of English sparrow.

"He wants to tell you about those radishes that he planted himself and that actually seem to be growing right out of the ground, and he expects you to be startled over this. He shouts at you that you ought to see his lawn and the lawn mower he has picked up at a phenomenal bargain for the purpose of beautifying this lawn.

"He insists upon expatiating at great length upon the superiority of his particular kind of garden hose to all other kinds of garden hose. He's got a few hens out in his back yard, and his amazement over the fact that they actually do lay, sure enough, really and truly eggs—egg—eggs—and not bogus, would be imitation eggs, is written all over him, and he's got to talk about it or burst. He has seen a man driving quite a flock of honest Injun cows past his house, and he can't get over it—cows, you know, that we get the milk from, and going right past my house, with the bells around their necks a-tinkling!

"And there's a peach tree and a cherry tree on his place, and he's going to be able to pick peaches and cherries right in his own yard—what d'ye think of that! If you don't exhibit signs of collapse over the wonder of this, he thinks you're jealous. But he goes on to tell you that you don't know what the meaning of a bird's song is—that you think you do, but you don't. Then he describes with great minuteness all the different brands of birds that fly around his place—specimens of the eggs of which you robbed about 30 years ago—and endeavors to whistle imitations of their respective songs.

"He's a whole heap of a bore, is the garrulous man passing through his first experience away from the city, and he needs to get next to himself a few times."—Washington Star.

It Answered the Purpose.

"I can't see," said the visitor, "why you have your genealogical chart hung so high. Such things are extremely interesting, but no one can examine it where it is."

Here Mr. Porcine took him gently by the arm and led him into the library, where they could be alone.

"Mrs. Porcine," he explained, "was bound to have one of them things, and as we didn't have one right handy I just framed my prize greyhound's pedigree and hung it high."—Chicago Post.

Lost by a Head.

Pat—Arrah, now, but railways are a moighty foine invintion, annyway.

Friend—I shouldn't have thought you could see much to admire in them, Pat, seeing that you lost your leg in a railway accident.

Pat—Faith, an didn't Oi get £200 damages? Begorra, if it had only been my head Oi'd have owned the loine.—Tit-Bits.

Becoming a Frog.

Miss Gull—Mr. Jonkley was telling me about a remarkable tadpole he has in his aquarium.

Miss Gill—What was remarkable about it?

Miss Gull—Why, he says when he got it it was only an inch long, but in a week or so it had grown two feet.—Philadelphia Press.

His Exalted Mission.

Woman of the House—You've been here half a dozen times and got nothing. You ought to have learned something by this time. What do you keep on coming for?

Tuffold Knutt (with impressive dignity)—I ain't no common tramp, ma'am. I'm around studyin conditions.—Chicago Tribune.

A Case of Need.

Jinks—Why are you forever bothering me about that bill I owe you?

Minks—I need the money.

Jinks—Then you ought to be able to sympathize with me. I need the money too.

Her Redeeming Feature.

"The Briggs family think everything of their servant girl."

"Is she neat and clean?"

"No. But she likes to run the lawn mower."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Long, Long Ago.

Miss Hautton—Mamma has a portrait of me that was painted when I was a child of 6.

Miss Pepprey—Ah! By one of the old masters?—Philadelphia Press.

Improved Witchcraft.

"I suppose the witch in your new play rides a broomstick?"

"Broomstick? What ails you? She rides a carpet sweeper."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Simple Problem.

"This potato is only half done, my dear," said he crossly.

"Then only eat half of it, my love," she replied affectionately.—Tit-Bits.

A Proper Excuse.

"Please excuse William from school today," wrote the boy's mother to the teacher, "as he sat up late last night studying his lessons and is too sleepy to come today."—Tit-Bits.

Mankind's Extremes.

So indolent are some of us
Our salt is more than we are worth,
And some are so industrious
We try to own the blooming earth!
—Washington Star.

Easier All Around.

"Late again, Jane! You're always behind time. It's no use talking to you. I shall have to get another girl."

"I wish yer would, mam. There'd be plenty of work for the two of us."

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.

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, legitimate salary, no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 334 Dearborn St., Chicago.

SMOKE
KURTZ'S OWN
KURTZ'S PIONEER, or
KURTZ'S SPANISH BLOSSOM
CIGARS
The Best in B.C. and made by Union Labor in
Kurtz & Co's
Pioneer Cigar Factory,
Vancouver, B. C.

For Sale!

Two very desirable 4-Roomed Cottages in the best residential part of Cumberland. Bargains. Owner leaving the country. Bona fide intending purchasers apply at
jy5 THIS OFFICE.

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,
City Clerk.

s4 Cumberland, B.C., 28th Aug. 1901.

Union Brewery.

Fresh Lager Beer THE BEST IN THE PROVINCE
STEAM Beer, Ale, and Porter.

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

HENRY REIFEL, Manager.

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BEFORE BUYING
A Gun,
Rifle,
Ammunition
Or anything in the
Sporting Line
CALL AND SEE
O. H. FECHNER,
Of Cumberland.

He Can Save You Money on all Purchases.

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 pereonal property.
On so much of the income of any person as exceeds one thousand dollars, in accordance with the following classification; 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

Black Diamond Nursery

QUARTER WAY, Wellington Road

HUTCHERSON & PERRY.

20,000 Fruit Trees to choose from.
Large Assortment of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs and Evergreens
Small Fruits in Great Variety.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.
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Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

VICTORIA COMOX ROUTE.

Taking Effect Tuesday, Oct. 16th 1900.

S. S. "City of Nanaimo."

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

Sails from Nanaimo, Wednesday 7 a.m., for Union Wharf, Comox and Way ports.

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

Sails from Nanaimo, Friday 4 a.m. for Comox and Union Wharf direct.

Sails from Comox and Union Wharf, Friday 6 p.m. for Nanaimo direct.

Sails from Nanaimo, Saturday 6 a.m. for Victoria and Way ports.

FOR Freight tickets and State room Apply on board.
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GOVERNMENT DISTRIBUTION OF STUMPING POWDER.

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.

Henry Hills, Secretary Farmers' Institute, Alberni.
A. Halliday, Comox, Sandwick.
H. De M Mellin, Cowichan, Somenos.
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. Bose, 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, Okeyoos, Kelowna.
W. P. Horsley, Spallumcheen, Armstrong.
S. M. McGuire, Salmon Arm, Salmon Arm.
J. W. Smith, Kamloops, Kamloops.
H. Percy Hedges, Okanagan, Vernon.

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

J. R. ANDERSON,
Deputy Minister of Agriculture

Henry's Nurseries and Greenhouses

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Bee Supplies, Seeds, and Fertilizers.

Agricultural Implements, Fruit Baskets and Crates.
Fruit and Ornamental Trees.
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WHITE LABOR ONLY.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.
Issued Every Wednesday.
W. B. ANDERSON, - - - EDITOR

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

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

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 25, 1901.

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 of July, 1901, notice of such intention, in writing, together with a certificate of service from the foreman or superintendent under whom they have served, 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

RESERVE.

NOTICE is hereby given that all the unappropriated Crown lands situated within the boundaries of the following areas are hereby reserved from pre-emption, sale or other disposition, excepting under the provisions of the mining laws of the Province, for two years from the date hereof, pursuant to the provisions of sub-section (5) of section 41 of the Land Act, as amended by section 6 of the 'Land Act Amendment Act, 1901,' to enable the Industrial Power Company of B.C., Limited, to select therefrom timber limits for wood pulp and paper manufacturing purposes, as provided by an agreement bearing date the 13th day of June, 1901, viz:—

AREA 1—All the surveyed land on both sides of Kingcome River, and the land surveyed between Kingcome Inlet and Bond Sound.

AREA 2—Commencing at the north east corner of Lot 1; thence following up the river at the head of Thompson Sound and its branches, a distance of ten miles, and having a width on each side thereof of one mile.

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

AREA 4—Commencing on Wakeman Sound at the south-west corner of Lot 61; thence west on the 51st parallel of latitude to a point north of Embley Lagoon; thence south to said lagoon; thence south-westerly following the passage between Kinnaird Island and Pandora Head to Mills Passage; thence to Queen Charlotte Sound; thence south-easterly along the shore line of Noel Channel, and easterly along the centre of Fife Sound to Village Point; thence north-westerly to the north of Trivett Island to the mouth of Kingcome Inlet; thence north along the west shore of Wakeman Sound to the point of commencement.

AREA 5—Consisting of Harbledown and Turner Islands.

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

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

Notice.

Riding on locomotives and railway cars of the Union Colliery Company by any person or persons—except train crew—is strictly prohibited. Employees are subject to dismissal for allowing same

By order
FRANCIS D. LITTLE
Manager.

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Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 Daily. A.M.		No. 4 Saturday P.M.
De. 9:00	Victoria	De. 4:25
" 9:28	Goldstream	" 4:53
" 10:9	Koenig's	" 5:34
" 10:48	Duncans	" 6:15
P.M.		P.M.
" 12:14	Nanaimo	" 7:11
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.

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

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

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

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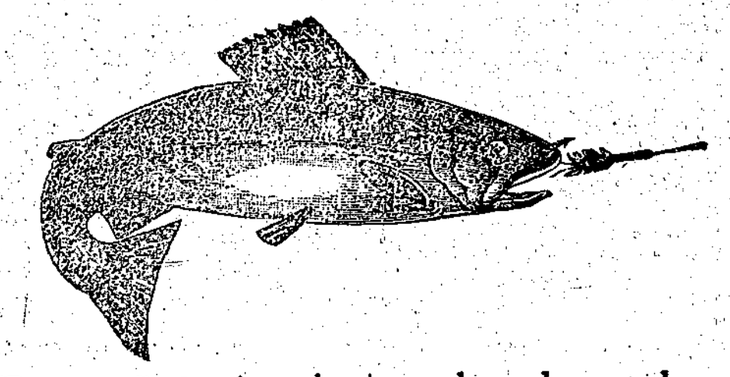

Fancy Inlaying in wood and metal.
French Polishing.
Apply
NEWS OFFICE.

A GODDESS OF AFRICA.

A Story of the Golden Fleece.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBONE

Hastings waited not to argue the pro and con of that question, since he was quite in a fever to continue his task. He had travelled many weary leagues, had encountered innumerable perils from wild beasts and still wilder men, in order to enjoy this hour, and now that it had come his whole being thrilled with the sensation of victory such as but few men experience, and then only once in a lifetime.

Again he was on his knees beside that most wonderful pile, which had lain here as if slumbering through the ages—again his eager hand chased the glowing balls of color as they rolled among the baser images, as though playing a game of hide and seek.

In the hunt these golden vessels were tossed aside as though representing little value, which was possibly the truth when a comparison was made with those gems of Ophir, such as the Queen of Sheba might have brought as presents to Solomon when she came with such pomp to test his wonderful wisdom.

At last every fugitive jewel had been successfully cornered and carefully captured. There were two small bags of them, bags that bulged with riches as their like had certainly never done before, for seldom in the history of Mother Earth could so much wealth have been compressed into so small a compass.

Deliberately Rex took some cord and proceeded to tie up the mouth of each diminutive sack, and when this had been completed, he slipped them into the side pockets of his stout coat.

Sometimes it is but a step between absolute poverty and the wealth of a Croesus—this is a strange world in which we live, and singular adventures befall the chosen few. At least it falls to the lot of but a select number to pick up a fortune ready made and slip jewels worth perhaps a cool million into his pockets. Perhaps Hastings was born under a lucky star.

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE ROAD TO HADES.

When he had thus made sure of the quart, or so, of glistening gems that may have once bedecked the form of the ugliest of idols, Rex found that he could condescend to smaller things.

The queer images and vessels fashioned out of pure gold claimed his attention. Their intrinsic value must be quite a snug dot, if one could but convey them to the busy marts of men, where such things were scrambled for with the most feverish eagerness.

Really, he was surprised to see how calmly he could view such a collection of the most precious of metals; but then when one has already dined upon the most exquisite of viands, he is able to look upon an ordinary feast without emotion, though at another time the sight of the same spread might set his mouth to watering.

Picking up a couple of the least cumbersome of the images, he lugged them out of the receptacle and planted them at the feet of the working artist, who halted in his labor long enough to vouchsafe the antiques a scrutinizing glance and then say:

"Found 'em all right, eh—well, they are daisies, now, I'll admit. Get Jim and the rest to assist, old boy. I'm too much engaged, you see—really, wouldn't put a stop to my sketch for all the gold in Africa. Haggard and his King Solomon's mine to the contrary," and he scratched away for dear life.

Bludsoe was quite ready to help, and the others also came quickly to the front, so that in an exceedingly brief space of time the little pile of golden relics had been switched from the interior of the old barbarian god to a spot in the middle of the chamber.

Lord Bruno had finished his sketch of the remarkable three-headed deity and condescended to inspect the collection with the eye of one who might be called a connoisseur.

And forsooth, it was a sight well worthy the attention of prince or peasant, a brave accumulation of quaint vessels that bore such mute though eloquent testimony regarding the cunning and skill of ancient goldbeaters in the days when the Pharaohs reigned over Egypt.

The professor actually went down on his knees before the treasures, as did the reprobate children of Israel before the golden calf. To him the intrinsic part was as tinkling brass when placed in comparison with their amazing historical value.

Even the cowboys were quite taken with the oddity of some among the images, and Red Eric burst into a loud laugh as he snatched up one that appeared to be half way between a gorilla and a man, with a certain suspicious leaning toward the Egyptian style of sculpture as witnessed in the temple of Luxor.

That laugh, how weird it sounded—a dozen tongues seemed to take it up—from one end of the chamber to another it was echoed, and hustled back and forth with the rapidity of a tennis ball in a hard fought championship game.

It was as if the grave assemblage of hideous old gods had been given the breath of life, and were mocking the merry cow-puncher, whose merriment came to a speedy end.

At the same moment, as though there might be some connection between the mad, rebounding echo, and the spirits that haunted the ruined temple of Azor, the brilliant light which had served them so well all this while, suddenly went out, not even deigning a parting flicker in farewell.

Exclamations arose, for the first thought that flashed over them was that there might be something supernatural about it all—they had heard of a curse being left with a hidden treasure, a poisonous vapor perhaps, fastened in a Pandora box, that would immediately finish any one who dared open it.

All of them were plain, practical men of good common sense, and when the first shock had departed they found themselves ready to laugh at the thrill which had involuntarily swept over their frames under the impulse of that queer coincidence.

"The powder has given out," spoke up the Englishman in a voice that showed no trace of a tremor—"be patient a moment, my hearties. I've another package handy, and we'll soon have plenty of light."

Then a match crackled—puff! the darkness was shattered, and in its stead came that same dazzling light which had before permeated almost every crack and cranny in the great low ceiled chamber.

Hastings uttered an exclamation.

"What now?" demanded the Briton, recognizing in this cry a note of alarm, and perhaps believing Rex had been shaken by a sudden winnowing of wings overhead, as some gigantic bat beat the air, frightened at the new food of light.

"Yonder—I could swear I saw a crouching figure, a giant black, suddenly spring out of sight behind that leaning god."

All eyes were instantly glued upon the spot he indicated, but no sign remained of the phantom figure. Rex believed he had seen.

"Possibly a delusion," said Lord Bruno, as he bent over the treasure-trove and examined some of the queer conceits that were fac similes of the barbaric gods with which they were even then surrounded.

Rex had some good stubborn Scotch blood in his disposition, and having taken hold it was hard for him to let go. He shook his head in a negative way, saying:

"Of course that would be a possibility, but I am far from willing to admit that my eyes deceived me. Here is Bludsoe—perhaps he too saw it vanish like the smoke on a windy day—how is it, Jim?"

The cowboy confessed that he had been looking in another quarter when the light resumed sway, and therefore failed to see what Rex mentioned, as no sign of its presence hovered about the spot when he did fasten his eyes upon the angle.

"Still, it's an easy thing to make a dead certainty of it. Come with me, Mr. Hastings, and unless the thing of evil possessed the wings of a bat we'll be sure to discover some sign of his presence, I swear."

Rex instantly understood what he meant to imply. The dust that lay so promiscuously around would betray the fact whether a human being had entered the chamber in that quarter or not.

Jim Bludsoe, ere trusting himself in such a subterranean trap as the black temple of Azor, had prepared for an emergency by securing several billets of wood to serve as torches should the occasion warrant.

Possibly they were not equal to the lightwood flambeaux he might have secured had he been given a better opportunity, but they promised to answer the purpose.

One of these he now dipped in the glowing furnace on the pan. It immediately took fire, and while its puny flame held no comparison with the intense glow of the flash-light, still he was satisfied.

Rex followed at his heels, leaving the others busily engaged in stowing the golden images that were worth five times their weight in sovereigns, into a couple of leather saddle bags, fetched for the purpose.

Straight over to the spot designated by the adventurer, Jim Bludsoe stalked, holding the blazing torch above his head.

Rex, even while quivering from excitement, could not but remark what a wonderfully fine picture the athletic cowboy made as he moved on, for you see Rex had been somewhat of an artist in days gone by, and once that spirit finds lodgment in a man it never leaves him.

A dozen strides and Bludsoe was at the spot—he swept his torch in advance as he bent low. Almost immediately Rex heard him give an exclamation, and from its exultant ring he knew in advance that his suspicions were confirmed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Getting Serious.

Briggs—Well, I have had to give up flirting.

Griggs—Why?

Briggs—I found it was affecting my heart.—Detroit Free Press.

The Variety.

"Dogs of war!" said he. "What an expression! Of what breed are these dogs?"

"Pointers," I replied. "At least some of them are—West Pointers."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

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.

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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	13.20
Winnipeg to Roland, Miami, Belmont, Hartney & Brandon, Mon., Wed and Fri.	10.45		18.15
Brandon, Hartney, Belmont, Miami, Roland, to Winnipeg, Tues., Thurs and Sat.		[illegible]	16.30
Winnipeg to Portage la P. and intermediate stations, daily ex Sun.		8.00	10.25
Portage la P. and intermediate stations to Winnipeg dly ex Sun.	18.30		20.45
Winnipeg to stations on Beaver and Delta branches, Tues. and Thurs		8.00	14.20
Beaver and Delta br'ch stations, to Winnipeg Tues. and Thurs.	11.55		
Winnipeg to Portage la P., Gladstone.	16.35		20.45
Dauphin, etc., Mon. Wed. and Fri.		8.00	16.00
Dauphin, Gladstone, Portage la Prairie, Winnipeg Tues., Thurs. & Sat.	13.00		20.45
Winnipeg to Wp'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		13.00
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

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY TIME TABLE

	LV	AR.
S. S. Marie, Owen Sound, Toronto and East, Via Lakes, Mon., Thurs and Sat	21.50	6.30
Tues., Fri. and Sun.		
Montreal, Toronto, New York and east, via all rail, daily	21.50	6.3
Rat Portage and intermediate points, Mon., Wed. & Fri.	[illegible]	18.00
Tues., Thurs. & Sat		
Rat Portage and intermediate points, Tues., Thurs, and Sat.	14.00	[illegible]
Mon., Wed. and Fri.		
Molson, Lac Du Bonnet and intermediate Points. Thurs only	7.30	13.15
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, Moose jaw and intermediate points daily ex Sunday	[illegible]	10.10
Gladstone, Neepawa, Minnedosa and intermediate points, daily ex Sun.	8.30	19.1
Shoal Lake, Yorkton and intermediate points, Mon., Wed. and Fri	8.30	19.10
Tues. Thurs., and Saturday		
Rapid City, Hamiota, Minota, Tues., Thurs. and Sat.	8.30	19.10
Mon., Wed. and Fri.		
Morden, Deloraine and intermediate points, daily ex Sun	7.40	19.2
Napinka, Alameda and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., Thurs. & Sat.	7.40	19.20
Mon., Tues., Thurs. and Fri		
Glenboro, Souris, and intermediate points, daily ex Sun.	7.30	18.45
Napinka, Melita, Alameda and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., Fri.	7.30	18.45
Tues., Thurs. and Sat.		
Pipestone, Reston, Arcola and intermediate points, Mon. Wed., Fri.	7.30	18.45
Tues., Thurs. and Sat.		
Frobyshire, Hirsh, Bienfait, Estevan, Sat.	7.30	18.45
Mon.,		
Greina, St. Paul, Chicago daily	14.10	18.5
Stonewall, Tuelon, Tues. Thurs, Sat	12.20	18.30
West Selkirk, Mon, Wed, Fri	18.30	10.0
West Selkirk, Tues. Thurs, Sat		
Emerson, Mon, Wed and Fri	7.50	17.10

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

Jack Horner.

Jack Horner of the Christmas pie really existed, though whether he deserved the title of "good boy" is exceedingly doubtful. He was, however, a fortunate rogue. When Henry VIII. suppressed the monasteries and drove the monks from their nests, the title deeds of the Abbey of Mells were demanded by the commissioners. The Abbot of Glastonbury determined that he would send them to London, and, as the documents were very valuable, and the road infested with thieves, it was difficult to get them to the metropolis safely. To accomplish this end, he devised a very ingenius plan. He ordered a savory pie to be made, and inside he put the documents — the finest filling a pie ever had — and entrusted this dainty to a lad named Horner to carry up to London to deliver safely into the hands for whom it was intended. But the journey was long and the day cold, and the boy was hungry, and the pie was tempting, and the chance of detection was small. Lo the boy broke off a piece of the pie, and beheld a parchment within. He pulled it forth, innocent enough, wondering how it could have found its way there, tied up in pastry, and arrived in town. The parcel was delivered, but the title deeds of Mells Abbey were missing. The fact was that Jack had them in his pocket. These were the juiciest plums in the pie. Great was the rage of the commissioners, and heavy the vengeance dealt out to the monks. But Master Jack Horner kept his secret, and when peaceable times were restored he claimed the estates and received them.

Slate Pencils.

Slate pencils were formerly all cut from solid slate, just as it is dug from the earth, but pencils so made were objected to on account of the grit which they contain, and which would scratch the slate. To overcome this difficulty, an ingenious process has been devised by which the slate is ground to a very fine powder, all grit and foreign substance removed, and the powder bolted through silk cloth in much the same way in which flour is bolted. The powder is then made into dough, and this dough is subject to a very heavy hydraulic pressure, which presses the pencil out the required shape and diameter, but in lengths of about three feet. While yet soft the pencils are cut into the desired lengths and set out to dry in the open air. After they are thoroughly dry, the pencils are placed in kilns, where they receive the proper temper. Pencils made in this manner are not only free from all grit and of uniform hardness, but are stronger than those cut out of solid slate. For these reasons they have superseded the old kind. Over twenty-five millions of these pencils were made and sold in 1899 by one American concern in Chattanooga.—Exchange.

Evolution.

CHAPTER I.

"What is your name, little boy?" asked the teacher.

"Johnny Lemon," answered the boy. And it was so recorded on the roll.

CHAPTER II.

"What is your name?" the high school teacher inquired.

"John Dennis Lemon," replied the big boy.

Which was duly entered.

CHAPTER III.

"Your name, sir?" asked the college dignitary.

"J. Dennison Lemon," responded the young man who was about to enroll himself as a student.

Inscribed in accordance therewith.

CHAPTER IV.

"May I ask your name?" queried the society editor of the "Daily Toil."

"Jean D'Ennice Le Mon," was the reply of the swell personage in the opera box.

And it was duly dotted down.

The Conductor's Ready Answer.

The Metropolitan Street Railway company has in its employ a philosopher in the person of a Broadway conductor. It was late in the evening, and his car on its up town trip had reached the vicinity of the city hall. As it passed one of the taller office buildings a stout woman, clutching him by the arm, exclaimed:

"Oh, conductor, how many stories high is that building?"

"'Leven," laconically replied the conductor, without so much as an upward glance. The woman sank back with a sigh of satisfaction.

Just then a small man with a large traveling bag rushed in almost out of breath.

"I say, conductor," he gasped, "what time can I get to the Grand Central depot?"

"'Leven," was the quiet reply.

"That's good," commented the small man, evidently relieved.

At this juncture another man climbed aboard that wanted to know about what time the car would reach the Gilsey House.

"'Leven," again replied the conductor, with a weary look.

When questioned as to the uniformity of his answers, he replied:

"Yes. You see, if you hesitate about answering 'em, they git worried, but if you have an answer ready they're satisfied. Now, about this time of night, I always say '11 Leven.' It's a good, handy number, easy to say. Other times I use other numbers. I allus have a lot of stock answers on hand. It saves time and trouble."

The Queen and Jenny Lind.

There is a pretty story told of Queen Victoria and Jenny Lind which shows how the modesty of two women, the queen of England and the queen of song, caused a momentary awkwardness which the gentle tact of the singer overcame.

It was on a night when Jenny Lind was to sing at Her Majesty's Opera House that the queen made her first public appearance after the memorable Chartist day.

For the great artist, too, this was a first appearance, for it was the beginning of her season at a place where the year before she had won unparalleled fame. It happened that the queen entered the royal box at the same moment that the prima donna stepped upon the stage. Instantly a tumult of acclamation burst forth.

Jenny Lind modestly retired to the back of the stage, waiting till the demonstration of loyalty to the sovereign should subside. The queen, refusing to appropriate to herself that which she imagined to be intended for the artist, made no acknowledgment.

At length, when the situation became embarrassing, Jenny Lind, with ready tact, ran forward to the footlights and sang "God Save the Queen," which was caught up at the end of the solo by the orchestra, chorus and audience. The queen then came to the front of her box and bowed, and the opera was resumed.

Only a Little Higher Temperature.

"Yes," he said, "I expected a warm welcome."

"And you didn't get it?"

"I got a hot reception."

"Oh, well," was the consoling comment, "it's only a matter of degrees."—Chicago Post.

Sixpence Too Much.

An Irishman who had jumped into the water to save a man from drowning on receiving a sixpence from the rescued man looked at first at the sixpence and then at the man, saying, "Be jabers, I am overpaid for that job."

After the Scrap.

"Cassidy, who wor th' lasht man to come to th' mixed ahil pahty?"

"Ut wor a toi, Dugan, betwane th' policeman awn th' ambulanche surgeon."—Chicago News.

Health and Vitality For the Old People.

Wasted muscles, shattered nerves and failing strength may result from old age as well as from disease. As old age creeps on vitality is lowered, the heart beats more slowly, the blood becomes thin and watery and the power of resistance is lessened. It is the old people above all others who require the new life and energy which comes with the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Scores and hundreds of old people depend on Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to restore their exhausted nerve force and replace their wasted tissues. It calms and quiets the nerves, gradually and certainly enriches the blood and builds up the system, and makes old people feel again the thrill of new life and vigor in their shrivelled arteries. From childhood to old age this famous Food Cure is the greatest blessing which medical science has bestowed on mankind.

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

50 cts., 6 boxes for $2.50. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

WHY ENGLAND LOSES

A MISLEADING DESPATCH WHICH IS UNWORTHY OF THE TRUTH.

BRITAIN'S TELEGRAPHIC SYSTEM

The Situation in 1900—The Press Blamed for the Deficit Admitted in the British Commons — Government Ownership Pays at 15 Cents—Radical Reforms Were at Once Brought About.

On the 11th of May in a cablegram from London the claim was set forth that England is finding her ownership of telegraph lines unprofitable, that the annual loss is placed at $3,500,000. Henniker Heaton, Conservative, called attention to this, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, chancellor of the exchequer, admitted the correctness of the figures, but said they were due to public eagerness for more rapid communication than the revenues warranted and that unprofitable extensions must be discouraged. The Chancellor gave no answer to the question: Was the Government prepared to lease the owned lines to a private company?

The information contained in the brief dispatch is so misleading, so unworthy the truth, that that noted publicist Mr. George A. Schilling, calling attention to the true facts in an interesting letter to the press. He said: In the Century Magazine for April, 1900, W. S. Harwood, an economic writer of authority, writing on the "Success of the Government Telegraph in Great Britain," says:

"The newspapers of Great Britain under the present system make large use of the telegraph, and the rate for their telegrams is so ridiculously low that the Government losses about £200,000 ($1,000,000) every year on this department of the service. Of course the larger the volume of newspaper business the greater the loss. In certain years the Government loses $1,500,000 on its newspaper service. The newspapers apparently have the Government by the throat, and they seem in no haste to loosen the grasp."

It seems monstrous to contemplate that in a great national experiment with national ownership the public press should be the greatest obstacle in the way of ultimate success, but this is the case in Great Britain. A true test of public ownership of telegraph lines will never be had in Great Britain until either by legislation or awakened consciences the newspapers are brought to a fair payment for services rendered.

For telegrams sent between 6 p. m. and 6 a. m. the English newspapers pay now 1 shilling (24 cents) per hundred words, as against the ordinary press rate in the United States (at night) of ¼ cent per word. The English press for each additional 100 words after the first hundred pays twopence (4 cents). In 1899 the newspapers of the Kingdom received 750,000,000 words, an average of about 14,000,000 words per week. This enormous business, of course, called for extraordinary expenditures on the part of the Government and added innumerable employes to its telegraph staff. And it is this expense which goes farther in causing the annual deficit in the telegraph account than any other one thing.

On the other hand, the report of the postoffice departement for 1899 show that the public, excluding all press messages, franks and Government business, sent 3,000,000 more messages than they did in 1898, and this business was handled at a profit to the Government of $850,000. There could not have been a deficit but for the expensive and absurdly cheap-rated press business.

In 1869, the year before the Government took entire control of the telegraph and when exorbitant private rates were in effect, the total number of public messages handled was 7,000,000. In 1899, under Government ownership, over 90,000,000 messages were sent. In 1869, under private corporation control, the average charge for public messages was 50 cents; in 1899 it was, inclusive of address, 15 cents.

The Government bought the telegraph lines in 1869 for $33,750,000. From that time on Mr. Harwood notes in his excellent article:

"It is only necessary to say that one may send a telegram of twelve words between any two points in the United Kingdom for 15 cents, confident that every possible effort will be made to protect its contents and hasten its delivery, and that this is accomplished with no increase in taxation, the business being not only self-supporting, but so far profitable as to insure it against the need of parliamentary appropriations."

Prior to 1870 four telegraph companies controlled the wires in Great Britain. The rates charged for messages were excessively high. It cost about $1—from 3 to 6 shillings (or .72 to $1.44) at different times—to send a telegram of twenty words from London to Dublin. The systems were incomplete and the service very bad. The interests of the public were always subordinate to everything else—something that always happens when public service corporations have full sway over public needs.

With the Government once in control radical reforms were brought about. Irrespective of distance a uniform rate of 1 shilling (24 cents) for twelve words was introduced.

Many predicted that such a rate would entail a heavy loss on the Government. It did not. The revenues increased so rapidly that a reduction in rates was had, and one may now send a twelve-word message any distance within the Kingdom for sixpence, or 12 cents of Canadian money, with one-half penny for each word of the address and 1 cent for each additional word after the first twelve.

The public, which willed the extinction of the private telegraph corporations, has directly profited by the Government's ownership, and any deficit (of considerable proportions) may be charged directly to the newspapers, which have insisted upon a press rate absolutely dishonest, when compared with the service given and benefits derived.

The Boer war and the trouble in China must have entailed upon the Government lines during 1900 an enormous and unprofitable press business, which will account for the marked deficit in the revenues of that year. It must be only a question of time when the English public will appreciate this, and insist that the press be not exempt from any burdens which it carries itself.

The general public of Great Britain annually pays the Government lines about $12,000,000. The newspapers of the Kingdom paid the Government for telegraph service in 1898 $665,000 and in 1899 $670,000. Yet the Government handled for the press during these two years 12,200,000 messages, as against 140,000,000 for the public.

Over 13,000 miles of wire were added to the service in 1899, and there are now more than 11,000 public telegraph offices in the Kingdom. The highest praise is given the character of the service rendered, the operators employed are of such ability that but eight have been discharged during the last fifteen years, employes are not paid as high as in Canada and the United States, but are pensioned when old age comes, and accuracy is required of them.

The annual reports of the postoffice department of Great Britain show that since 1869 the newspapers of that country have caused a total loss (through inadequate rates) to the telegraph service of fully $30,000,000. This should be carefully weighed by any critic of government ownership before hastening to declare that Great Britain has not had financial success with her telegraph lines, publicly owned.

BLACKIE'S LITANY.

The Day Book of the Scotch Professor Brought to Light.

London reports that Stodart Walker, a nephew, has selected and transcribed the manuscript, "The Day Book of John Stuart Blackie." The book starts off with a characteristic litany, from which are taken the following typical clauses:

"From the presumption of orthodox theology to define God in socialistic terms, from the degrading superstition that worships God with blind ends and the negative sense.

"Good Lord, deliver me!

"From beggars for my clients, from fools for my worshipers, and from sluts for my servants,

"Good Lord, deliver me!

"From the impertinence of youthful critics, from the vanity of small poets, and from the unreasoned giggle of silly young ladies,

"Good Lord, deliver me!

"From the barren subtlety of lawyers, from the slippery shiftiness of politicians, and from the blind restlessness or calculated selfishness of commercial speculators,

"Good Lord, deliver me!

"From a man that simpers sweetly, from a woman that laughs loudly, and from a young woman ambitious to play the young man,

"Good Lord, deliver me!

"From a scholar who smells of books, from a sportsman who smells of horses, and a mother who smells of babies,

"Good Lord, deliver me!

"From genius without sense, from talent without love, and from creeds without humanity,

"Good Lord, deliver me!

"From a spinner of fine phrases, a spinner of senseless rhymes, and a woman who paints,

"Good Lord, deliver me!

"From the three infallibles, the Roman pope, the editor of a party newspaper, and a woman when she is in the wrong,

"Good Lord, deliver me."

Understood at Last.

"Hello, Central. Give me one triple nought South."

"What?"

"Don't you catch it? One zero, zero, zero South."

"Wh-a-t?"

"South one double nought, nought."

"Can't you speak plainer?"

"One thousand South — ten hundred South. Get it now?"

"Oh, you mean South one ought, double ought. All right."

He Was Cautious.

Wederly—The doctor says I must take more exercise. Do you think I ought to begin with dumbbells?

Mrs. Wederly—Suppose for a starter you come out with me this afternoon and wheel the baby carriage?

Wederly — I — er — really, Mary, I couldn't think of it. I don't want to overdo the thing the first day.—Chicago News.

HISTORICAL NOVELS.

CAREFULLY PREPARED LIST OF ENGLISH WORKS OF THAT NATURE.

It Will Doubtless Prove of Great Service to the Intelligent Reader and Student of English History, as It Shows the Reign Treated of, the Name of the Novel and the Author.

In this carefully compiled compendium of historical English novels the paragraph begins with the reign of period treated of, the names of the novels follow, and then is given the author's name:

Alfred and Saxon Kings—"Harold," Bulwer.

William I.—"Hereward," Charles Kingsley.

Richard I.—"Ivanhoe," Scott; "Deventoys," Julia Pardoe; "The Talisman," Scott; "Forest Days," G. P. R. James.

John—"Eustace Fitz-Richard," G. P. R. James.

Edward I.—"Castle Dangerous," Scott; "The Lances of Lynwood," Charlotte M. Yonge.

Henry IV.—"Agincourt," G. P. R. James.

Henry VI.—"The Woodman," G. P. R. James; "Caged Lion," Yonge; "Last of the Barons," Bulwer.

Henry VII.—"Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck," Mrs. Shelley.

Henry VIII.—"Darnley," James.

Edward VI.—"The Constable of the Tower," Ainsworth; "The Tower of London," Ainsworth; "Cardinal Pole," Ainsworth.

Elizabeth—"Kenilworth," Scott; "Gowrie," James; "The Stolen Mask," Collins.

James I.—"Fortunes of Nigel," Scott; "Arabella Stuart," James; "Guy Fawkes," Ainsworth.

Charles I.—"White Gauntlet," Reid; "The Sitters at Home," Martineau; "The Cavalier," James; "John Inglesant," Shorthouse.

Cromwell — "Henry Masterton," James; "Woodstock," Scott; "The Last of the Fairies," James.

Charles II.—"The Robber," James; "Peveril of the Peak," Scott.

James II.—"Lorna Doone," Blackmore.

William and Mary—"The King's Highway," James; "Dorothy Foster," Besant; "Henry Esmond," Thackeray; "Devereux," Bulwer.

George I.—"Lucy Arden," Grant; "Rob Roy," Scott; "Henry Smeaton," James.

George II.—"Gipsy," James; "Waverley," Scott.

George III.—"Surgeon's Daughter," Scott; "Virginians," Thackeray; "Barnaby Rudge," Dickens.

William IV.—"Felix Holt," George Eliot; "Ten Thousand a Year," Warren.

Victoria—"Coningsby," Disraeli; "Endymoin," Disraeli; "Two Years Ago," Kingsley; "Yeast," Kingsley; "Vivian Grey," Disraeli; "Phineas Finn," Trollope; "My Novel," Bulwer; "Lothair," Disraeli.

THE BLACK BULL OF HOLBORN.

The Famous Sixteenth-Century Hostelry Nears Its End.

The Black Bull, Holborn, is one of the last survivors of famous old London inns, and that house, too, is doomed. It is strange that it has lived so long when the nature of the trade by which it was maintained has so entirely changed. It has taken fifty years to accomplish its downfall. The Black Bull was established about 260 years ago, and from it for many years the stage coaches which journeyed to the eastern counties started. Every morning punctually at 10 o'clock the Cambridge coach departed. The house was a fine specimen of the old-fashioned inn, with a gallery outside the first floor, over the yard which the wings enclosed, in that respect resembling the famous Talbot inn in the Borough, and the Four Swans, Bishopgate. For many years, however, this courtyard has not formed part of the inn, and the rooms in which so many generations of travelers have slept have been let out for lodgings.

In the old days of Holborn valley, with Snowhills rising on the east and Holborn hill on the west, when a drag had to be placed on omnibus wheels for the descent and the steepness of the road killed many a brave horse, the Black Bull stood on the rise, but the making of the viaduct brought the roadway to a level with the inn. One curious custom was long observed, many a last glass of ale being supplied from the house to condemned criminals on their way to Tyburn—their final privilege in this world. It is not unlikely that a new hotel may be built on the site of this sixteenth century house; whether it will retain the black and gold bull for a sign remains to be seen.—London Pall Mall Gazette.

A Wonderful Gold Mine.

One of the most wonderful mines is the Mount Lovell gold mine in Tasmania, which was discovered in 1881. This was thought to be of iron, mixed with gold. It was first worked as a gold mine, but was afterwards found to contain copper, gold and silver, and the ore was reduced after modern processes of smelting copper. The results were so great that the company was reorganized with a capital of about $4,500,000, a railroad was built from the mines to the smelting works and within a short time the company had five smelters treating 11,000 tons of ore a month. This company paid its first dividend in 1897.

THIEVES OF BOMBAY.

They Are Said to Be the Most Adroit in the World.

To enter a zenana, or the women's apartment in a native house, where all the family treasures are kept, is the ambitiob of every native thief. This, however, is no easy matter, for the zenana is in the centre of the house, surrounded by other apartments occupied by over wakeful sentinels. In order to reach it the thief burrows under the house until the tunnel reaches a point beneath the floor of the room to which access is sought. But the cautious native does not at once enter. Full well he knows that the inmates of the house sometimes detect the miner at work and stand over the hole armed with deadly weapons, silently awaiting his appearance. He has with him a piece of bamboo, at the end of which a bunch of grass represents a human head, and this he thrusts up through the completed breach. If the vicarious head does not come to grief the real one takes its place, and the thief, entering the zenana, secretes himself; or, finding everything already favorable for his purpose, proceeds to attempt what seems an impossible undertaking.

This, indeed, is no less a task than to remove from the ears and arms and noses the earrings, bracelets, armlets, bangles, and noserings of the sleepers without awakening them, and to get safely away with his plunder.

Who but a dacoit would be equal to so delicate, dangerous, and difficult a piece of work? But the dacoit seldom fails.

"These adroit burglars," says my authority, "commit the most daring robberies in the midst of the English army. Knowing the position of the tents, they mark out one which is occupied by an officer of high rank, and creep silently toward it. Arrived at the tent, their sharp knife makes them a door in the canvas, and they glide undiscovered into the interior. Indeed, so wonderfully adroit are they that even the very watch-dogs do not discover them, and a thief has been known to actually step over the body of a dog without disturbing the animal."

Called Down the Corporal.

With great trouble a small body of men were busy hoisting a heavy log to the top of the blockhouse that was being repaired, after an assault in one of the campaigns of the War of American Independence.

As the log swung to and fro, the voice of the little man was heard encouraging the workers with "Heave away! There she goes! Heave, ho!"

By-and-by there rode past an officer in plain clothes, who asked the little man why he did not help the others.

"Sir," was the pompous reply, "I am a corporal!"

"Indeed," said the other; "I did not know that. I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal."

Dismounting without further ado, the officer lent a willing hand until the job was done. Then, wiping the honest sweat off his brow, he turned to the little man and remarked:

"The next time, Mr. Corporal, you have a bit of work like that in hand, and too few men to do it, send for the Commander-in-chief, and I'll come and assist you."

With which offer and rebuke General Washington left the astonished corporal to his own reflections.

His Personal Schedule.

"Marse William," wrote the old colored citizen, "ef you thinkin' er anything ter gimme in de Christmus time hit mout be you'd lak ter know jes what I needs. Marse William, hey you got an overcoat what you don't want, er a beaver hat dat seen some service, er a pa'r er britches what don't fit you, or a weskit, speckled or unspeckled, er a undercoat wid de sleeves frazzled, er a pa'r er shoes what run down at de heel, en ten cents to git my dram wid? Ef you hez, Marse William, dese tings is what de ol' man needs, en needs dem bad."

A Little Too Fast.

"Look here, sir," said the irate customer to the dry goods clerk, "you sold me this piece of goods warranted a fast color. It was green when I bought it, and now it has turned to a sickly blue in less than two weeks."

"Well, madam," expostulated the clerk, "you could hardly expect a color to go faster than that."—Leslie's Weekly.

Better.

"Well, madam," said the doctor, bustling in, "how is our patient this morning?"

"His mind seems to be perfectly clear this morning, doctor," replied the tired watcher. "He refuses to touch any of the medicines."

Strikingly Affected.

First Scientist—I hear that your dog went mad and bit Professor Snagroots. Any serious results?

Second Scientist—Yes, the poor beast is barking in Latin and Greek!—Chicago News.

Cheap Literature.

A publishing house in Germany, the object of which is to supply good literature to the masses at a low price, has sold in the last twenty-five years 650,000 copies of Schiller's "William Tell," more than half a million copies of "Hermann and Dorothea," and 300,000 copies of "Faust" at the price of five cents each. Among the translations Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward" has had a sale of 250,000 copies.—London Times.

The Professor's Wooing.

The experience known as "popping the question" is the bugbear of every man, however confident of his charms or fluent of speech. Many original ways of asking young women to marry them have been resorted to by bashful men, but perhaps the most brilliant suggestion came to a learned German professor, who, having remained a bachelor till middle life, at last tumbled head over ears in love with a little flaxen-haired maiden many years his junior.

One day, after vainly endeavoring to screw his courage to the sticking point, the learned man came upon his Gretchen as she sat alone, darning a stocking, with a huge pile of the family hosiery on the table. The professor aimlessly talked on general topics, wondering how he could lead up to the subject nearest his heart, when all at once a happy thought came to him.

Leaning forward, he put his big hand on the little fist doubled up inside the stocking and said, hesitatingly:

"You darn very beautifully, fraulein. Would you like to darn my stockings only?"

Fortunately the fraulein was not so simple as she appeared. She grasped the significance of the question immediately, and lost no time in answering "Yes."

Trapped by Its Portrait.

If an old English writer be true in his observations, the pheasant must be a very simple bird, for he declares that it puts its head in the ground and thinks that all its body is then hidden. This is just what our old friend the ostrich does in the African desert. The same author says that it was also captured by another curious plan. A picture of the bird was painted on cloth and then placed in a spot where it was sure of being seen. By and by a silly pheasant coming along catches sight of the portrait and goes up to have a close view of the new neighbor. While engaged in inspecting the canvas the fowler draws near from behind and throws his net over the unwary art student.

Old Churchyards.

It would appear that certainly so early as about A. D. 750 spaces of ground adjoining churches were inclosed and consecrated for burial, and by a canon of the ninth century every grave was to be esteemed sacred, to be adorned with the sign of the cross and to be preserved from trespass and violation by dogs and cattle. Many churchyards have a history far older than the churches which stand in them, being originally places appropriated to religious assemblies, divine service being performed there, until at length the church was added for greater honor and convenience.

It has been noted as a curious fact that in a large majority of cases the churchyards are on the north side of the church and on the north side of the road leading to them. There is a superstition among many old fashioned folk that the north side of the churchyard is less sacred than the rest of the consecrated ground. "To be buried there," wrote Durandus, the great fourteenth century ecclesiastic, "is, in the language of the eastern countries, to be buried out of sanctuary." Hence the position was largely appropriated to the graves of suicides, unbaptized persons and excommunicates.—Notes and Queries.

Not Like Town Kitchens.

The delicious odor of a big, roomy country kitchen only whets one's appetite instead of dulling it as town kitchens do. And as to there being anything disagreeable in dining in the thinks of the old kitchen and its roar of every home in the country. Every boy with country blood in his veins thinks of the old kitchen and its roaring fire and shining pots and pans and rows of dazzling platters when he thinks of home, that and the quaint little bedroom in the L. But the parlor, with its hundred and one silent injunctions to subdued conversation and prim propriety, that is remembered but as the torture chamber of youth. It, too, may have its memories for the girls, but the kitchen holds the boy's imagination fettered in golden memories.—American Kitchen Magazine.

Where He Lost It.

"And so you have lost your ball, my little boy? Well, don't cry any more. Here's sixpence to get another one. Where might you have lost it?"

"Boo-hoo! It's gone clean through your parlor window, sir."

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.
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W. B. Anderson, Editor.

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To know Blue Ribbon Tea is to love it. Are you drinking it?

LOCALS.

Hello Mickey! How is Winchester Brown?

Get your fall suit made at Carey's a perfect fit.

School Inspector Netherby paid the Union public schools a visit on Friday afternoon.

The rainy season has set in, get your rain coats from S. Leiser.

The beautiful shade trees in front of Mr Partridge's cottage are being rapidly destroyed by cows.

Mrs Langman's cottages have been greatly improved by new fences.

A knitting machine is shown in Moore's window, just the thing for a family to knit the winter sox with.

At the m al service held in Victoria in memory of the dead president, Rev. Mr Wm Hicks sang Gounod's beautiful solo "Forever with the Lord."

Don't forget to purchase all your sporting goods from the Magnet Store, everything of the best quality.

Wm. Ford was on Monday fined $100 and costs for supplying liquor and resisting arrest. E. Parker $50 and costs, Edward, an Indian, for imbibing. $10 and costs. For and Edward paid their gnes. Parker remains in gaol.

Several of our Comox and Cumberland young ladies are attending the High School at Vancouver. Amongst them are Misses McKenzie and Crawford of Comox, and Miss E. Smith of Cumberland.

Constable Thompson's St. Bernard captured two prizes at Nanaimo dog show. For best St. Bernard bitch and for best St. Bernard exhibited.

The death is recorded in Victoria of Mrs Janette Moody. The deceased was an aunt of Messrs Dalby.

The Colliery Medical Committee meets Saturday at 8 p.m. in Cumberland hall, to elect new board.

A new shaft will shortly be commenced behind Black Lake to tap the No. 4 body of coal. The work of sinking to bedrock is now being proceeded with.

Upon visiting No. 4 slope Monday, Mr Matthews discovered that the water was up to No. 10 level, just below the burnt section. It is anticipated that Saturday next will finish the flooding, when preparations for pumping will at once be proceeded with.

We were misinformed when we mentioned last week that the memorial service at the Methodist church for the president had taken place on the preceding Sunday. The edifice had simply been draped, but the sermon was not preached until the following Sunday after the funeral. All true Americans should have attended, especially as the late, lamented president was a member of the Methodist church.

A number of our townspeople took advantage of the excursion rates to pay Nanaimo a visit. Amongst those who went were noticed Mrs Ramsay and family, Mrs W. Mounce, Miss Miller and Jim and Bob Grant, Miss Abrams, Mrs Riggs, Mrs McDonald, Miss McDonald and Miss C. Mounce.

Miss K. McDonald, late of the Cumberland hospital, was successfully operated on for appendicitis at Nanaimo. Her mother and sister left for Nanaimo on Thursday to visit her. Miss McDonald's many friends wish her a speedy recovery.

PERSONAL

Mr McArthur left on Thursday for Nova Scotia where he has been offered a lucrative position.

Mrs Riggs and daughter will be guests of Mrs Garnet while in Nanaimo.

Two old friends—Messrs Abe Hamilton and J. Fulcher, came up last week.

Mrs D. R. McDonald is home again after a long visit to her home in Nova Scotia.

Mrs Dunbar who has been Mrs Little's guest returned to her home in San Francisco on Sunday evening.

Rev. Mr Cleland arrived on Friday's train and registered at the Cumberland. Mrs Cleland is expected in a week or more.

Master Judson McPhee of Courtney, left last week to attend Columbia College, New Westminster, with a view to taking the matriculation exam. for McGill.

A clerk who always watches the clock will always be a clerk; that is, if he can find a situation Another point is do not measure your monetary worth by your estimate of value entirely. A clerk who only tries to give just sufficient work to meet the estimated value, as he estimates it, of his services will seldom get the advance in wages he covets

Make yourself worth more pay and you are sure to get it. Be honest with your employer. Do not do, or say, things behind his back that you would not do or say in his presence. If you cannot pattern after your employer's example, you can at least set him a better one.

The clerk who only does the work that he is told to do will never be of great value. See things yourself and never mind if it takes a few moments of overtime to do them, attend to the work personally, and never mind if the clock tells you it is quitting time.—B.C. Budget.

A block of land in Ladysmith has been selected by the Premier for a hospital in that place. It is understood that Mr Dunsmuir will liberally endow the institution.—Times.

Sandwick, Sept. 23, 1901.

EDITOR CUMBERLAND NEWS,—Allow me to explain to the judges of stock at our exhibition that the meaning of the words "best bred," as applied to cattle is not the fattest or heaviest but the nearest to thoroughbred.

Verba sapientia, etc.,

S. F. C.

COMOX ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

The Comox Agricultural and Industrial Association will hold its annual exhibition at Courtney, tomorrow, at which the following efficient programme of sports will be carried out and an enjoyable day guaranteed to those who attend:

1. 1 p.m—Football match, 4 teams competing, entrance fee, $2.50; first prize value $22; second prize value $11.

2. 2 p.m—Bicycle race, open to residents of Comox District, entrance fee, 50cts.; first prize, value $10; second prize, value $5.

3. 2:15 p.m—220 yard foot race, open, entrance fee 50cts; first prize, value $10; second prize, value $5.

4. 2:30 p.m—One mile bicycle race, open, entrance fee 50cts.; first prize, value $10; second prize, value $5.

5. 2:45 p.m—100 yard foot race, open, to be run in heats; entrance fee 50cts; first prize, value $10; second prize, value $5.

6. 3 p.m—One mile bicycle race, open to boys under 14 years of age; entrance fee 25cts; first prize, silver tray given by A. H. Peacey, value $3 50; second prize, value $2.

7. 3:15 p.m—Tug-of-war, 4 teams competing; entrance fee, $2.50; first prize, value $24.50; second prize, value $10.50.

8. 4 p.m—Farmer's race, 220 yards, entrance fee, 50cts; first prize, goods given by Simon Leiser, value $5; second prize, value $2.50.

9. 4:15 p.m—Old man's race, 100 yards; prize, an umbrella given by Waller & Partridge, value $3.

10. 4:30 p.m—Sack race, 100 yards, entrance fee, 50cts; first prize, value $5; second prize, value $2.50.

11. 4:45 p.m—Horse race, open to horses owned in Comox, 1 mile dash; entrance fee, $2.50; first prize, $25; second prize, $10.

UNION WHARF NOTES.

While the U.S.S. Albatross was coaling at Union Bay last week, four of her officers, Dr. C. S. Buller, C. R. Miller, A. J. Hepburn, and F. M. Chamberlain, visited the school there.

They each addressed the pupils, telling many thrilling tales of their travels, which were greatly enjoyed by the children, who, one and all, pronounced the visit only too short.

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.

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

CORPORATION
OF THE
CITY of CUMBERLAND

Cumberland, Sept. 25, 1901.

MRS. NICHOL,

Dear Madam,—The Mayor and Aldermen desire me to convey to you their deep sympathy in your late sad bereavement and to express their high appreciation of your late husband's services to the town during the time in which he held office as Alderman.

His high intelligence and integrity of purpose both in public and private life have rendered his services as Alderman, most valuable to the town; his kindly nature and wide tolerance endeared him to all classes and sects who felt, that with that kindly nature, was to be found a strong determination to do right and redress wrong where ever he met with it.

If these are the feelings of the outside world, how much more keenly must those of his own family feel the loss of a husband and father. Lamenting his untimely death met in the execution of his duty, not however with hopeless sorrow, but in the sure and certain hope of a happier meeting on that further shore where there shall be no more sorrow and every tear shall be wiped away.

Yours obediently,
LAWRENCE W. NUNNS,
City Clerk.

Hand Made Single
...HARNESS...
$15, $20 and $25 for Rubber Trimmed.
Factory Harness $10, $12 & $18
☞ Repairing Neatly Done while you wait.
W. WILLARD.
s11

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.

Columbia Flouring Mills Company
ENDERBY, B. C.
Hungarian,
Three Star,
Wheatlets
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 11:30 o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated Victoria, 3rd August, 1901.

JAMES DUNSMUIR.
JOSEPH HUNTER,
s4,td R. W. DUNSMUIR.

NOTICE.

As I shall soon be leaving Cumberland, I will sell my furniture, household goods, sewing machine and bicycle; any of which may be seen at my house.

s18,2t DR. BAILEY.

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.