THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

SEVENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. SATURDAY, SEPT., 30th, 1899

1000 SNAPS

...AT...

...*THE BIG STORE*...

We have succeeded in buying a large lot of travellers' samples of general Dry Goods: Umbrellas, Hats, and Caps, Furs, Children's Hoods and Bonnets.

100 Ladies' Hats

No Two Alike.

These are the Newest and Latest Styles in the market.

FEATHERS, WINGS, AND ALL SORTS OF MILLINERY ORNAMENTS.

200 Lace Curtain Ends at

25 CENTS

These are bargains and are selling fast.
CALL AND SEE THEM.

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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.

WEILER BROS VICTORIA, B. C.

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Carpets,
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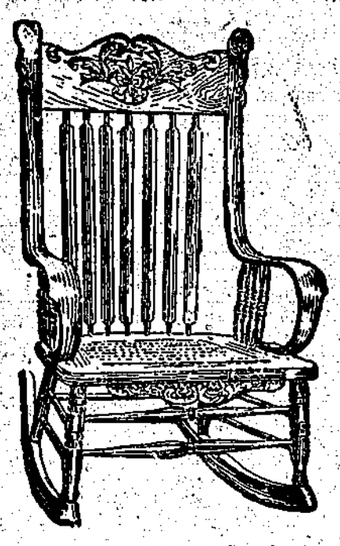

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PRESERVED NATURAL PALMS.

COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHINGS.

Largest and Best Appointed Showrooms west of Toronto.
Send for our Large Illustrated Catalogue—Mailed Free.

NOTICE.

Having sold out the livery business to McLaughlin and Carthew, I thank the public for the patronage bestowed upon me for the past two years, and ask continuance of the same to the new firm.

GORDON MURDOCK.

Saturday, Sept. 30th.

HOW IS THIS FOR SIZE?

The stalks of ensilage corn exhibited by Mr. Miller an which won thed Dunsmuir Special Prize at Courtenay Fair measured 11 feet. There is talk of sending them to Paris. The prize Savoy cabbage weighed 25 lbs. Mr. Williams raised on Grant & Mounce's farm cabbage which weighed 50 lbs. each. Onions shown at the fair weighed 2½ lbs.

Mr. Miller who won Special prizes for garden vegetables and fruit, exhibited 60 varities of the former and 26 of the latter.

LATE STRAWBERRIES.

Mr. Turnbull of Sandwich sent to THE NEWS office Tuesday five large, ripe strawberrtes picked that day on his ranch. We can vouch for their excellent quality.

A meeting of the employees of the U. C. Co. will be held this evening in Cumberland Hall, when the report of the Board for the past year will be read, a new board appointed and experiments made with the X ray instrument which the men have purchased. The apparatus cost over $600 and will be invaluable in treating cases. The miners are to be congratulated on their enterprise in procuring so very useful an aid to their medical attendnets.

WARSPITE CONCERT AT COMOX.

A grand concert, under the distinguished patronage and presence of the officers of H. M. S. Warspite, was given in the K. of P. Hall, Comox, on Saturday last and proved an unqualified success both as regards the pleasure given to the large audience who attended it and also the satisfactory financial result, which will go a long way towards reducing the debt of the Comox Church Fund. The hall, kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. Cliffe, was most tastefully decorated with flags; and the stage beamed brightly beneath a large number of exotics and beautiful flowers given by Mr. Davis. The decorations, which were well worthy of the occasion, harmonized with the mess uniforms of the officers and the rich coloring of the ladies' dresses. By eight o'clock nearly every seat was occupied —the officers and men of the ship turning up in large numbers. With naval punctuality, as eight bells struck, the curtain metaphorically speaking, went up, and the stage manager appeared on the scene in the person of Lieutenant Deacon. The entire arrangement and management of the concert has been in his hands, and no praise is too great for the excellent way in which every detail had been carefully considered and worked out for the comfort and pleasure of the visitors. His opening announcement showed that he is no novice at this kind of work: and he soon made his audience and performers feel at home with each other by his felicitous introductions as each new item came on.

The first item on the program was a selection from "The Shop Girl" by the Warspite's band. Before many bars had been played it was evident that the Flagship scores over all her predecessors in possessing a band of the higest quality: and under the able leadership of the chief bandmaster Mr. Fontanazzi we prophesy great things for it before many months of the commission are over. "The Shop Girl" is one of the most recent musical pieces that have proved such great successes in London. It is full of lively sparkling music and popular airs: and the applause that followed its its performance leaves no doubt as to its popularity in Comox.

The manager, who by the way is somewhat of a giant in stature and whose voice seemed to descend from the roof of the stage, next introduced Sub-Lieutenant Chilcott who sang "Nancy Lee." This song when it first came to the front created quite a furore: there is a swing and go about it and a range of tone so suitable for the majority of men's voices that for a time naught else but Nancy Lee was heard at any of the gatherings of musicial elite in the mother country. Mr. Chilcott possesses a strong baritone voice, and rendered the song in a truly nautical style. The refrain was taken up by the audience, and from every quarter came the assurance that

"The sailor's wife his star shall be."

There were several such stars of the first magnitude visible in the hall on this occasion, and from the applause whsch followed the song there can be no doubt that this bronch of astronomy will be actively studied during the next few months by many of the gallant tars present with a view of discovering new stars.

Mr. Fontanazza followed with a violin solo accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Wansbrough on the piano. The Chief Bandmaster is a violinist of the first water and a born musician; and his performance was marked by the highest skill and feeling. His technique is perfect; and his control of of his instrument masterly. In response to a universal demand for an encore he played Simonettis Madrigal, one of the sweetest dreamy compositions ever written for a violin.

Assistant Paymaster Dyer having been introduced to the assembly by the indefatigable and ubiquitous manager, charmed the ears of all present by singing that dainty musicial morsel 'Queen of the Earth.' The next item was given by Er Simerdown, one of the fine ship's company to be found on board the Warspite. He possesses a most cultured and deep bass voice and is not unknown on the London operatic stage. "The Bells of St. Mary's" allowed great scope for his voice: and his rendering of this song fully justified the sounds of the applause with which it was received. As an encore he sang "The Warrior Bold" in which he was able to display the full range of his wonderful voice. Assistant Engineer Haigh next sang a charming song called "Sweetheart Sue" in which he demonstrated in a delightful musical way and to evident satisfaction of all, especially the ladies, that sailors are the best and most constant of lovers. In response to the hearty encore which he received Mr. Haigh sang "The Lighthouse Keeper" with great artistic taste.

This ended the first part, and the Management announced that during the interval of of 10 minutes, when as a rule men require to discuss private business with each outside the Concert Room. Lieutenant Bromley would by special request cheer up the dropping spirit of those who remained by a series of reels and marches on the bagpipes. Nothing appeals more stronger to the Scotch sentiment than this instrument of torture: and so everyone remained and enjoyed the striking sounds as given by this Highland laddie.

The second part of the program opened with a selection from "The Belle of New York" by the band which gained fresh laurels for Mr. Fontanazza and his company. One of the great successes of the evening was the next song by the Chaplain the Rev. Mr. H. Wansbrough, who possesses a rich baritone voice and is a thorough musician and a skilled pianist. He chose as his theme the Sentry's song from Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe" in which he was accompanied by the string band. The song is full of humor and pleasant melody; and at its conclusion the audience was perfectly convinced of the fact

"That every boy and every gal
"That's born into this world alive
"Is either a little Liberal
Or else a little Conservative."

The humour of the song as well as the delightful way in which it was sang, called forth a most emphatic encore which was given by the Chaplain singing "The Skippers of St. Ives." Although the tradition recorded in thie song told strongly against the fair sex and is at variance with "Nancy Lee" and eth eart Sue", yet the ladies were the most demonstrative i the applause. That well known bass song "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." was next given by Mr. Smerdon whose voice gave most telling effect to the beautiful expressive words. It is said that good tenors are becoming rare: and the Warspite is therefore to be congratulated on possessing one of the few remaining in the person of Stoker Mills, who delighted everyone with a most exquisite rendering of "Mary of Argyle." For this he was encorec and sang "Mona" with much feeling and sweetness.

A Mandolin and Guitar duet by bandsman Altavilla and Mr. Fontanazza was received with rapturous applause and called forth a second piece, in which the skill of the mandolinist was displayed by his playing a most vivacious composition with his instrument placed behind his back.

Mr. Dyer next contributed the well known song "Star of my Soul," and added greatly to the succes he scored earlier in the evening.

The concert concluded with a performance by the band of Edward Germain's "Three Dances from Henry VIII." The music is extremely choice but very difficult: and the excellent way in which they were played, testifies to the high state of efficiency the band has attained to the few months of its existence. At the conclusion, the band played "God Save the Queen," the large audience demonstrating their loyalty by heartily joining in the national anthem.

The Rev. H. Wansbrough and Assistant Engineer Boyle deserve a large mead of praise for the very able way in which they accompanied the various singers on the piano, which was kindly lent by Mr. Macdonald. Great thanks are due to all who so generously contributed to the pleasure of the evening: the three cheers and one cheer more for Lieutenant Deacon showed that his labors had been fully appreciated.

We hear the concert realised $60

Anyone can play it.

What?

An . Autoharp.

PRICES, FROM $3 to $5.

Instruction Book, TEACHING YOU IN HALF AN HOUR how to play the Instrument, goes with each Autoharp

See those Fine

BANJOS & GUITARS
in the News' Window,

$8 to $20 each.

Chas. Segrave, Cumberland, B. C

PASSENGER LIST.

The following were the passengers who came up on the "City of Nanaimo Wednesday.

Miss Milligan, Girl Colstan, T Morgan J W Johnston, J Larges, S N Ricca, Thompson, Miss Morris, Miss Van Beck, C Reed, Mrs. Piket, T Colstan, Mrs. Dobeson, E McGregor, T Williams, W Harrison, Mrs. McDonald, H Mitchell, Mrs. Williams, G Hicks, Miss Bennett, Mrs. Colstan, Miss Dobeson, H Warren, J Manuel, S Rossanna, Miss McDonald, J Carpenter, H A Foster, Mrs. Kilpatrick, Miss L. Prmson, Mr. Hall, Baikie, Grieve, L C McDonald, H Reifel, Miss Malkin, M R Turner, J Henswo:th, R Rahy, Miss Edge, Mr. Malkin.

Stevenson & Cole stock of dress goods is superior in assortment and quality to any other north of Nanaimo.

There were quite a nnmber availed themselves of the opportunity of hearing the fine music by the H. M. S. Warspite's band on Thursday evening.

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.

THE LARGEST

and most Complete Stock of

Musical Instruments in B.C.

FLETCHER BROS.,
88 Government St.
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P. O. Box 143.

PIANOS, ORGANS,
GUITARS,
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All the latest Sheet Music and Folios. Finest Strings for all instruments. Agents for the popular Domestic Sewing Machines. Needles and parts for all machines. Send for Catalogue.

THE BROTHER OF JIM.

By WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

[Copyright, 1899, by the Author.]

The roar of nearby battle and the hissing of flying missiles overhead rendered the voices of the men indistinct and mercifully swallowed up some uncalled for oaths and ribald jests. Suddenly the darkness in the sunken road was softened and illumined by a red reflection from burning stacks and farm buildings on the invisible field.

The groups of men under the shelving banks, the long artillery train and the trees overhead took on the lurid hue of a dragon's grotto in a play, while the bank which shut off the view of the fire was lighted by a more than noonday brilliance against the fierce conflagration. The brightest light streamed across the very apex of the hill through which the road had been cut. The jagged stone wall was nearly leveled with the earth. Not a tree or bush broke the lighted expanse, in the very midst of which appeared the silhouetted figure of a man with head bent forward and hands clasped. His broken cap strap trembled below his chin, and his haversack, crowned by an inverted tin cup, was hitched up into an absurd hump on his back. At the man's feet, a bare earthen mound rose against the line of the broken wall, and something that looked from below like a crooked root growing out of the side of the mound seemed to grasp the red light of the flaming stacks. Around the dark figure the minie balls and fragments of shell wailed like a jerky harp.

"There ain't no flies on Henry," mumbled a wheel driver through a mouthful of hard tack.

"Come down from there, Price," cried the captain, who had walked back on the road, attracted by the light.

There was not the slightest movement in the bent figure.

"Price!" roared the captain.

Henry Price sank slowly to his knees and pressed his face to the red twisted root. The action of the man crouching

The silhouetted figure of a man.

over the mound was so strange and his position so perilous that the captain's anger gave way to a feeling of pity, which was half admiration for the fellow's insensibility to danger. He looked on for one irresolute moment, and then ordered a sergeant to bring Price down. This was not such a hazardous duty as might at first seem, for the noncommissioned officer had but to clamber up the bank and clutch the clothing of the oblivious man and drag him over the declivity. The two came down together out of the glare into the dull red light of the cut, followed by a drift of pebbles and dirt.

Henry Price scrambled to his feet without resenting the action of the sergeant or so much as noticing the presence of the captain. He took off his old cap and drew his hand across his damp forehead. His words were not addressed to the crowd about him, but rather to his own guilty conscience.

"It's my work. I did it."

"Did what, Henry?" asked the captain, laying his hand kindly on Price's shoulder.

The stricken man appreciated the friendliness of the action and recognized the presence of his commanding officer. He was eager to speak.

"It's my brother up there. I killed him. I've been waiting a year to find out for certain. I did it." Price threw up his arms with a gesture of despair. The light streamed down on to his ghastly upturned face and marked it with the color of blood.

In an instant he recovered himself.

"Listen, captain!" he exclaimed eagerly. "It was this way: He was in the southern army, Jim was. My regiment formed in this cut in the other battle. We were ordered up to the top of this very bank. As I came to the top—right there, captain—a soldier rushed in above me. Our guns went off together. That soldier was Jim. I saw his face as he fell. My God, I can never forget his look, captain. I was near enough to catch him in my arms, but my foot slipped, and I fell back into the road. I was mad to climb up again, but the rebs charged with a yell through the cut and swept us out. I hoped it was only a wound, but now I know the truth, Captain Sanderson—I did it." Poor Price was an abject picture of misery as he uttered the final three words, standing dry eyed in the red road. "You see," he continued, pointing upward, "Jim lay just there where he fell, until the burial party found him—and they didn't half do their work. Look, captain, that's his skeleton hand thrust out of his grave—Jim's hand, with the gray sleeve beaten into the dirt by the rain."

"My dear fellow," said the captain, "there is no certainty that it is your brother."

"Don't I know?" said Price, with a hopeless expression of conviction. "Jim lost his forefinger fooling with a gun when we were boys together. The very same finger is gone from that hand up there.

"I killed my brother!"

Price resented almost angrily the sort of sympathy that tried to throw doubt upon the identity of the remains. Several of the men who climbed up under the shelter of the bank, to whers they could get a near view of the mound in the fierce light of the conflagration reported the exact condition of the skeleton hand. The index finger was certainly wanting, and a rag of gray sleeve, beaten down and rotted by the rain, lay about the opening in the soil.

The only consolation that remained to the stricken and contrite brother was the sad duty of reburial and the erection of some object to mark the place. But for the restraint put upon him Price would have gone instantly about this work regardless of the scathing fire that swept the strangely lighted and exposed mound on the crest of the hill. He unhooked a shovel from one of the caissons and leaned impatiently on it awaiting his opportunity, but the final desperate struggle in the light of the burning buildings necessitated the hasty withdrawal of the battery from its cramped and defenseless position, and when quiet settled at last over the field Henry Price was separated from the sunken road by two lines of pickets, and morning found the battery a long distance from Groveton crossroads.

Soon after dawn Price presented himself before the captain at the roadside. His face was haggard and his appearance indicated that he had passed a sleepless night. He was received with all the respect and sympathy due to the brother of Jim.

"This is my last battle," he said. "I have had a warning. There's Jim back on the hill, half buried, and I shan't live to reach him. Promise me one thing, captain—after the fighting is over have him decently buried."

"Don't be silly," said the captain.

"Promise me, sir," said Price.

"If we hold the ground," said the captain, "I'll have everything done that you wish; but pluck up heart, my man. You'll live to grow gray hairs yet."

"My hours are numbered," said Price. "I am resigned to my fate now that I have your promise that you will look after Jim."

The captain was a kind hearted man, and the despondency of Jim's brother touched him. "Go back to the forge," he said, "and stop there. We'll cheat fate of its victim."

"That's not my style!" exclaimed Price, and he turned away from the interview with the indignation of a man whose courage had been impugned.

Before another night every extra duty man had taken a number at the guns. In the ragged garden of a burning house Henry Price stepped eagerly into a vacant place alongside a hot gun and put out his left hand to have the buckskin thongs of the blackened thumbstall knotted about his wrist.

"I reckon my time has come," he said, looking across at the man with the lanyard and glancing down at the boy whose place he had taken. "It might better have been me than Dick."

There was little time for talk in the midst of the fierce work that ensued in the neglected garden until the opposing battery was silent. When the firing did cease, the sooty cannoneers threw themselves down on the trampled weeds, except Henry Price, who walked about on the blackened and smoking turf before the muzzle of the gun, every movement of his nervous figure uttering the dumb accusation, "I did it." Every comrade knew that he was in the desperate mood which impels men eagerly to court death in some forlorn hope.

Henry Price was impatient of inaction and incapable of rest. When the battery blazed away again, puncturing the dun smoke with red flashes, and the return shells plowed the old garden between the hot guns, the tense excitement and the hard work filled him with grim satisfaction. When the man in front of him fell, he caught the grimy sponge and wielded it fiercely, glad to be uncovered, as if he had come that much nearer his fate. Once he fell himself as he sprang backward to give the gun an opportunity to bark, but it was only a tangle of trampled rosebushes that caught his heel instead of a message of forgetfulness.

In front of the tangled garden the fields sloped away for a mile into a broad valley, made up of pasture and grainfield and fenceless roads, away to the dark woods beyond the red railroad embankment. In the early darkness of that wild night Henry Price was half mad to shoulder a musket and get down into the line of his old regiment somewhere in the thunder of rifles that rolled over the valley.

The lines of stars pursuing each other fascinated him. His old regiment was somewhere in the action.

There was forgetfulness down there, and, for him, back on the hill, only the torture of memory. The long battle might end in that fierce conflict. He counted himself as a dead man. Why not have it over at once? He could wrench a gun from stiffened fingers and help himself to a cartridge box without asking. An irrepressible impulse impelled him to plunge into that fiery vortex as a moth flies into a lighted candle. He ran down the hill through the pasture. Nobody noticed the passing of a shadow into the darkness. The men in the battery were too intent on the vast display of pyrotechnics.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Something Like Preservation.

Irate Individual—Are you aware, sir, that you are fishing in preserved water?

'Arry (not quite so innocent as he would appear)—Preserved water! And is all the fish pickled, then? Blessed if I've seen any live uns about.—Punch.

Too Healthy.

"What is her objection to her octogenarian husband?"

"That he wasn't a nonogenarian when she married him."—Chicago Post.

A TRUSTY SKIPPER.

He Knew His Business and Was Promptly Engaged.

Since, happily, not a single life was lost when the mighty Paris grounded on the Manacles, there can be no harm in telling a little story of a wise and trusty sailing master we once met aboard a friend's yacht. Our man, not being satisfied to cruise about the Solent, wished to take the boat right round England, and, as a matter of fact, he did navigate her safely as far as from Ryde pier to Barmouth, a job that wants a bit of doing. But he funked taking her into Holyhead "on his own," for Holyhead is a most dangerous harbor and fairly abounds in sunken snags. So he cast about to find a pilot. Of the lot that presented themselves he gave the preference to an elderly sea dog with a rolling eye that spoke volumes for a concealed mine of humor within. Being a bit of a commodore himself, however, our host couldn't engage the professional skipper without catechising him.

"I presume you know Holyhead harbor pretty well?" he said.

"You bet I do."

"It's full of sunken rocks and snags, isn't it?"

"So they say."

"So they say! But you know just where they lie, don't you?"

"No, I'm jiggered if I do!" answered the pilot, and we were all aghast.

"Well, you're a pretty sort of a chap to undertake to take us in," cried our man with cutting sarcasm. "And you don't even know where the rocks are!"

"Probably," answered the old skipper, tucking about half an ounce of tobacco into an unseen hollow tooth; "but I know precious well where they ain't, an up to now that's always answered my purpose!" He was engaged.—Ally Sloper.

Use of Ivy Leaves.

Spotted, soiled or faded cloth gowns can be renovated by a decoction of ivy leaves. Pick about 20 young, green ivy leaves and place them in a jug or basin with a pint of boiling water. Cover and let them soak for two or three hours, when the fluid will be ready for use. Brush the garment thoroughly inside and out, spread smoothly upon a table, and carefully sponge with the ivy water. Wring dry and it will be seen that the garment has recovered its former color. Black silk can be cleaned in the same manner, but must be tightly rolled over a cloth wound round a roller and left to dry. Black lace is capable of the same treatment.

NEW MEXICO.

New Mexico wants to be a state. There are several persons in New Mexico and a good many head of stock.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

When Governor Roosevelt becomes president of the United States, New Mexico will have no trouble to get into the Union.—Kansas City Star.

A BRAVE WOMAN.

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

A PATHETIC LETTER.

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

A pamphlet in plain, sealed envelope, sent free, giving testimonials and full information, with directions how to take or administer Samaria Prescription. Correspondence considered sacredly confidential. Address The Samaria Remedy Co., Jordan street, Toronto, Ont.

Something Worth Knowing.

Father—You are wasting time—and time is money, you know.

Son—Is it? Then I wonder how long it will take to settle all my debts?—Ally Sloper.

A Well-Known Toronto Traveller Cured of Catarrh After Eight Years' Suffering.

JAPANESE CATARRH CURE CURES.

Mr. R. E. Fleming, the well-known and popular Toronto representative of Messrs. Ewing & Sons, Cork Manufacturers, Montreal, writes: "I have been a constant sufferer from catarrh of a severe and disagreeable type for eight years, which became worse each winter, in spite of the hundreds of dollars I spent with catarrh specialists and many remedies, which only afforded temporary relief. I tried Japanese Catarrh Cure about one year ago, and since completing this treatment have not felt the least symptoms of my former trouble. A few months ago I recommended it to a friend similarly affected, and he is now completely cured also. I can highly recommend it to any person troubled with this most annoying disease."

Japanese Catarrh Cure relieves cold in the head in one minute. Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents. A free sample will be sent to any person troubled with catarrh. Enclose 5-cent stamp. Address, the Griffiths & Macpherson Co., 121 Church street, Toronto.

Luxury.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "dere's only one time when I envies de rich."

"I'm ashamed of yer weakness."

"I don't blame you. But when I read about dese swells comin all de way from Europe as saloon passengers I can't help feelin a pang o' jealousy."—Washington Star.

New Songs Welcome.

New songs always sell well. It's such a relief to get rid of the last one that anything new will go.—Portsmouth Chronicle.

I was cured of painful Goitre by MINARD'S LINIMENT

BYARD McMULLIN.

Chatham, Ont.

I was cured of Inflammation by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

MRS. W. W. JOHNSON.

Walsh, Ont.

I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

J. H. BAILEY,

Parksdale, Ont.

His Way Out.

A certain Irish member of parliament, popular and a bachelor, had been very polite to the daughter of the house where he was visiting. When the time came for him to go, the too anxious mamma called him in for a serious talk. "I'm sure I don't know what to say," she went on. "'Tis reported all around that you are to marry Letitia."

"Just say that she refused me," quietly advised the parliamentarian.—San Francisco Argonaut.

MINARD'S LINIMENT is used by Physicians.

Birds as Ventriloquists.

Many birds form their sounds without opening their bills. The pigeon is a well known instance of this. Its cooing can be distinctly heard, although it does not open its bill. The call is formed internally in the throat and chest and is only rendered audible by resonance. Similar ways may be observed in many birds and other animals. The clear, loud call of the cuckoo, according to one naturalist, is the resonance of a note formed in the bird. The whirring of the snipe, which betrays the approach of the bird to the hunter, is an act of ventriloquism. Even the nightingale has certain notes which are produced internally and which are audible while the bill is closed.

ULCERKURE will heal fresh or old wounds in man or beast. It has no equal

The Strangest Part of It.

"There is one truly remarkable thing about the French duelist."

"I suppose you refer to the fact that he never hurts his adversary?"

"No; he doesn't even hit the innocent bystander."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Cramps and Colic

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

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

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

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

ECZEMA ON THE EARS

Caused a Winnipeg man great distress. Doctors failed to relieve him. Was cured by one box of

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

Mr. B. Nicholson, Manor House, Winnipeg, Man., states:

"For several months I was troubled with Eczema on my ears, and for weeks I doctored with a prominent Winnipeg physician, but to no avail. I was induced by a fellow-sufferer to try Dr. Chase's Ointment, which I did. The first application gave me instant relief, and before using the one box I was completely cured and have had no return of the wretched disease."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is an absolute cure for Eczema, Salt Rheum, and all kinds of itching skin disease. It is guaranteed to cure.

For sale by all dealers, or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

THE BIGGEST SAVINGS BANK IN THE WORLD

It Is Connected With the British Postoffice Department.

BY ALFRED R. ROWLEY.

The other day the Prince of Wales laid the cornerstone for the new buildings of the British Postal Savings bank. This is an institution which many wise Americans think we ought to copy and which may some day be established by Uncle Sam. Britannia wouldn't be able to keep house without it.

The British Postal Savings bank is undoubtedly the greatest savings bank in the world. It has more than 7,000,000 depositors, and its funds amount to more than $600,000,000. The vast sum held by the bank is made up of a great multitude of small savings, the average sum standing to an individual account only slightly exceeds £16. One in every five persons in England and Wales has an account in this bank.

It would seem rather strange to us to take our savings to the postoffice. Yet that is what the Briton does. One by one he drops his spare shillings into the capacious coffers and takes an immense satisfaction in watching them slowly grow into pounds. Even the British schoolboy saves his pennies through the medium of the postoffice.

No financial institution in all history has enjoyed so marvelous a growth as this. It was founded only 38 years ago. So quickly did it win the confidence of the public that a separate building for the accommodation of its headquarters staff soon became necessary. Extensions and additions which have since been made have been fully occupied as fast as completed, until no further accommodations near the general postoffice were possible without expenditure out of all proportion to the ends required.

Now a tract of five acres on the outskirts of London is being covered with immense buildings, in which are to be located the clerks who keep the books of this immense institution.

Although the new building will be the largest bank building in the world, money will neither be deposited nor withdrawn there, and probably a large proportion of the depositors will never so much as see the place. The actual money changing is done over the counters of 13,000 little postoffices all over the United Kingdom.

SCHOOL BRANCH OF THE BRITISH POSTOFFICE SAVINGS BANK.

The government makes no charge for carrying letters connected with its banking department and will take infinite pains to correspond with a boy in the northernmost town in the kingdom who wants to place as small a sum as 1 shilling into the hands of the postmaster general, even if, as frequently happens, he wants to draw it out again a few days later. And when that boy has saved as much as £1 he gets interest on it at the rate of 2½ per cent.

Aside from the comfortable knowledge that the bank can't break unless the government goes to smash, the chief beauty of the postal savings bank is its simplicity. You can open an account with 1 shilling at almost any postoffice in the land.

A stranger coming into one of these little postoffices and expressing a desire to open an account is asked to fill out a blank giving his name, address and occupation, gets a depositor's book, in which he writes his name, pays in his money and has the sum recorded in his book. He may make his next deposit in an office at the other end of the kingdom if he wishes to do so.

When he wants to withdraw the money, he has to send to the central department, in a free envelope, a notice of withdrawal, which he can get without charge at any postoffice. The central office sends back a warrant, which he presents with his deposit book at any postoffice. He signs the warrant in the presence of one of the clerks, and the handwriting is compared with his own signature in his deposit book, and the money is paid. If he is in a hurry for his money, he can get it in two or three hours from the time he asks for it by means of the telegraph.

No one is permitted to deposit more than $250 in one year, and interest is not paid on a larger total of deposits than $1,000. A deposit book may not be used as a security for a loan, and a deposit in the postal bank may not be attached.

The paternal care with which big John Bull looks after the infant department of his savings bank is almost funny. Two means are provided for the saving of children's pennies. One is the penny bank, and the other is the stamp card. The latter is most in use because it's so simple. The infant economist buys a stamp with each penny saved and pastes it in place on one of the forms furnished. When he has saved 12 pennies, he sends it in, and the government looks after that shilling as gravely as if it were £1,000,000. These stamps are sold by schoolteachers all over Great Britain, and thus every postoffice and every schoolroom becomes a branch of this great savings institution.

A MEAN TICKET SCALPER.

He Worked Off a Dead Ticket on a Deaf Mute.

"About two months ago," said a ticket scalper, "a good looking chap with a big roll of money came into my place and bought a pasteboard to Frisco. He was such an attractive, clever fellow that I took an instant liking to him, and I was rather shocked last week when he walked in looking like a tramp. He told me a fantastic hard luck story, declared he had lost all his money, admitted he had beaten his way into town on a freight and wound up by asking me to help him get back to the coast. 'Give me any old ticket that calls for Texas,' he pleaded. 'I don't care if it was issued in the year one.'

"In hunting through my stock I found an expired ticket to Dallas, and he pounced on it like a cat. 'Will you let me have this?' he asked eagerly.

"'I will if you'll tell me how you are going to ride on it,' I replied.

"'Why, it's dead easy,' says he. 'You see, I had a partner once who was deaf and dumb, and I learned the sign language. When the conductor comes along, I'll give him this ticket, and when he kicks I'll reply with my hands. Then he'll kick some more, and I'll give him another dose of signs. He won't be able to make me understand at all, and the deuce a bit will he understand himself. By that time the passengers will get interested, and a howl will go up against putting off a poor deaf and dumb man. The upshot of the affair will be that he'll lack the moral courage to fire me, and I'll get my ride to Dallas.'

"I was so amused that I let him take the ticket and kept on chuckling until a friend from Texas dropped in a few days later to have a chat. 'Did y' hear about that deaf and dumb man who was swindled by some scalper?' says he.

"'No,' says I, beginning to feel chilly down the back.

"'Well, it was an outrage,' he went on. 'Some infernal rascal sold him a dead ticket to Dallas, but the conductor was kind enough to carry him after he got the facts. I didn't hear the scoundrel's name, but the passengers have it, and they are going to show him up.'

"That's tough, isn't it? If I ever see that smooth gent again, I'm going to have some of his gore."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Well Rewarded.

Mr. Lucy, in The Strand, says that when the late Lord Barrington was made a peer of the United Kingdom people asked why. Members of the house of commons, ransacking their memories for suggestion of reason, recalled how one night, while Dizzy was still with us in the commons, he, awakening from profound reverie, could not find his eyeglass. He wanted to stick it in his right eye and take his accustomed survey of the house. With a haste and perturbation foreign to his impassive manner, he rooted about the recesses of his waistcoat, tugged at his shirt collar, peered on the ground at his feet, had given it up for a bad job, when Lord Barrington, who was sitting near him, quietly put his hand between the premier's shoulders and brought round the errant glass.

Dizzy, though not demonstrative, adds Mr. Lucy, never forgot a friend or a favor. So it came about five years later, when the reins of power were slipping out of his fingers, he held them for a moment longer to give Lord Barrington a seat in the house of lords and a place on the roll of the English peerage. At least that was what was said at the time in the private conversation of Lord Barrington's friends.

A Tax on Knowledge.

In June, 1833, Charles Knight began publishing the Penny Cyclopedia in England. It was an instructive popular work, sold in small parts at a small price—just the kind of book the government ought to encourage.

But governments figured differently then. The Penny Cyclopedia actually paid in taxes between $150,000 and $160,000 in 13 years, which sum was just about the publisher's total loss.

A complete set of the work weighed 35 pounds. Twenty thousand reams paid 6 cents a pound tax, or $42,000; the remaining 30,000 reams paid 3 cents a pound, or $32,000, while the tax on millboard and wrappers and other incidentals brought the grand total up to the sum named.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Successful Hold Up.

The following colloquy is reported between the late Mr. Spurgeon and a boy in his orphanage:

"Mis'r Spudgin, s'posing there was an orphin 'sylum an a bunnerd orphins in it, an all the orphins had uncles an aunties to bring 'em cakes an apples 'cept one orphin wot hadn't no one; oughtin somebody give that orphin a sixpence?"

"I think so," replied Mr. Spurgeon. "But why?"

"'Cause I'm him," said Bob.

The story goes that the "orphin" had the sixpence.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Savage Bachelor.

The Young Sweet Thing—I wonder how it is there is no good English equivalent for fiance?

The Savage Bachelor—How about idiot?—Indianapolis Journal.

A GIRL OF SOLID GOLD

Colorado Will Send a $1,000,000 Statue to the Paris Exposition.

BY MARK NORRIS.

A solid gold statue of an American girl, life size, will be the feature of Colorado's exhibit at the Paris exposition of 1900. It is estimated that about $1,000,000 worth of precious bullion will be used in the casting of this auriferous maiden.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, who in his decadent way has given us his idea of "The Quest of the Golden Girl," will now "feel like 30 cents." The golden girl he wrote about was a wishywashy sort of a creature for whom the average man would not ride three blocks on a trolley car. A quest after Colorado's golden girl, if successful, would be worth while.

Both Utah and Montana have been talking about sending a girl of gold to the big French exposition, but it seems that the Colorado fair commissioners have stolen a march on them.

The Colorado commissioners were considering for awhile the project of having their state represented by a golden model of Pike's peak, but have given it up for the statue.

Mr. F. D. Higbee of New York, who conceived and carried out the Montana silver statue project for the World's fair, is the author of this scheme, and he has closed a contract with the Colorado men. A syndicate of Colorado mine owners has agreed to furnish the necessary bullion as a loan to the state.

The life of the American girl is to be but five years, for the reason that the owners of the bullion set that limit on the loan. She is to be landed in Europe next February and left at the exposition throughout its duration.

At the close of that time it is the intention to take the statue to England and exhibit it to Queen Victoria. The model of the many American girls who have had the honor of an introduction to the queen will thus receive formal presentation to her majesty.

After that it is understood the model will be exhibited at the expositions at Buffalo and St. Louis.

By no means the smallest feature of the exhibit is the fact that Miss Bessie

MISS BESSIE O. POTTER.

O. Potter, the noted sculptress of Chicago, is modeling the figure in New York.

Miss Potter's work has attracted so much attention both in America and abroad that she needs no introduction. Her plaster cast of Mrs. H. H. Kohlsaat of Chicago, her "Mother and Child" and many other portrayals of modern women in plaster have made her famous, and she only recently returned from Paris, where she has been studying under Rodin, the sculptor who recently created such a furore by his "spiritual" representation of the novelist, Balzac.

Miss Potter is at present at work upon the model in New York, and it will soon be turned over to the Henry-Bonnard Bronze company, which is to cast the statue. This will be done in one piece, and this should be enough in itself to make the American girl in gold famous as an achievement.

Miss Potter is receiving the assistance and advice of St. Gaudens, the well known sculptor J. Q. A. Ward, president of the American Sculptors' society, and Daniel C. French, the designer of the well known bronze in the Boston cemetery called "Death and the Sculptor." Rodin has also passed favorably upon the figure.

The figure of the American girl is to be life size, and she is to stand upon a pedestal which will place her head about 12 feet above the foundation upon which the whole will stand. The pedestal will be 5 feet 8 inches high, and it will be made of native copper and silver, tastefully worked together.

Just what the pedestal will bear in the way of ornament and picture is not yet settled, but this is a matter which will be left largely to Mr. Higbee's taste. The latter will stay in Colorado for some time, and he will go about the state in company with the members of the commission. During this trip, it is said, the names of Colorado mines which are considered of sufficient importance to be placed upon the pedestal will be selected.

Four pictures will be chosen for the four sides of the pedestal, but the only one which has yet been selected is that of Kit Carson. The coat-of-arms of the state, among other things, will be one of the decorations, and various designs appropriate to the character and history of the state will be wrought upon the base. One of these suggested by Mr. Higbee is a bull train moving across the plains. The details are yet to be arranged.

The golden girl is bound to attract an immense amount of attention at the great exposition. It will prove a big advertisement for Colorado without doubt for a life sized statue of solid gold will be a striking object lesson to the Europeans concerning the great wealth of America.

Inharmonious After All.

"No; we couldn't agree," sighed the man. "I said I wasn't worthy of her, and she said I was. For the sake of harmony I yielded my opinion and said I was worthy of her, and she, not to be outdone in generosity, I suppose, yielded her opinion and said I wasn't."—Detroit Journal.

AN OLD STUN' WALL.

If ye only knew the backaches in an old stun' wall!
O Lordy me,
I'm seventy-three!
Begun among these bowlders, and I've lived here through it all.
I wasn't quite to bub's age there when dad commenced to clear
The wust of ninety acres with a hoss team and a steer.
And we've used the stun's for fencin, and we've built around the lot.
Oh, I've tugged and worked there, sonny, until, gracious me, I've sot
And fairly groaned o' evenings with the twinges in my back.
Sakes, there warn't no shirkin them days; it was tug and lift and sack.
For it needed lots of muscle, lots of gruntin, lots of sand,
If a feller calculated for to clear a piece of land.
Bub, it isn't any wonder that our backs has got a hump,
That our arms are stretched and awkward like the handle on a pump,
That our palms are hard and calloused, that we wabble in our gait.
There's the reason right before you round the medders in the state.
And I wonder sometimes, sonny, that we've any backs at all
When I figger on the backaches in an
Old
Stun'
Wall.

If ye only knew the backaches in an old stun' wall!
We read of men
Who with a pen
Have pried away the curses that have crushed us in their fall.
I don't begrudge them honor nor the splendor of their name,
For an av'rage Yankee farmer hasn't any use for fame,
But the man who lifted curses and the man who lifted stones
Never'll bear a mite of diff'rence in the Heavenly Father's tones.
For I have the humble notion, bub, that when all kinds of men,
The chaps that pried with crowbar and the chaps that pried with pen,
Are waitin to be measured for the things they've done below
The angel with the girth chain's bound to give us all fair show.
And the humble man who's tussled with the rocks of stubborn Maine
Won't find that all his labor has been thankless and in vain.
And while the wise and mighty get the glorious honors due
The man who took the brunt of toil will be remembered too.
The man who bent his aching back will earn his crown, my child,
By the acres he made fertile and the miles of rocks he piled.
That ain't my whole religion, for I don't propose to shirk
What my duties are to heaven, but the gospel of hard work
Is a mighty solid bedrock that I've built on more or less.
I believe that God Almighty has it in his heart to bless
For the good they've left behind them rough old chaps with humped up backs
Who have gone ahead and smoothed things with the crowbar and the ax.
For if all our hairs are numbered and he notes the sparrow's fall
He understands the backaches in an
Old
Stun'
Wall.

—Lewiston Journal.

The Pride of Trade.

Gentleman (who has engaged aged colored hackman to drive him from the station to the hotel)—Say, uncle, what's your name?

Driver—My name, sah, is George Washington.

Gentleman — George Washington! Why, that name seems familiar.

Driver—Well, fo' de Lawd's sake, I should think it ought to. Here I have been drivin to this station fo' 'bout 20 years, sah.—Harlem Life.

His Practice.

"Say, you knew Deacon Hardway's boy Hen, who went up to the city to study medicine, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes; I knowed Hen well. What about him?"

"He killed himself day before yesterday."

"You don't say! What was the matter? Couldn't he git no outside practice?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Necessity.

"There is a great deal of excitement in Paris," said one French official.

"Yes," said the other calmly.

"And discontent."

"Doubtless. But there isn't nearly as much discontent as there would probably be if there were nothing to get excited over."—Washington Star.

A Peril Averted.

First Tragedian—Just listen to this: "In California there are ostriches' eggs weighing three pounds."

Second Tragedian—Great Scott! Isn't it lucky our troupe didn't get a chance to play in California this year!—Chicago Record.

In War and Peace.

Krepps—Who's the scared looking little chap so completely under the influence of the big woman?

Higson—That's Sizboom. Got a brevet and a gold medal for daring work in the Philippines.—Philadelphia North American.

A Nice, Obliging Man.

While a good many of the funny stories of "She asked me to hold the baby" have been written and the subject consequently is somewhat frayed, still the scene that occurred in Madison square one night was funny. A jovial looking old gentleman was sitting on a bench beside a portly, well dressed woman who had a baby in her arms. The two got in conversation by the old gentleman remarking, "How well the baby behaves," for the little thing lay and slept peacefully wrapped in numerous veilings.

Presently the woman said she was going over to Fourth avenue to buy a bottle of milk and requested the old man to hold the baby. "Why, certainly," said he. "I've been a father and grandfather to so many that I know how to handle them." The woman went away and didn't come back. The old gentleman became nervous, but as the baby still slept on peacefully he waited until long past his own bedtime for the mother to return.

It was nearly midnight when he walked into the police station and handed over the bundle. Then he barely escaped arrest for trying to hoax the sergeant when the wrappings were thrown aside and there was disclosed a papier mache doll, one of those jointed things from Paris which admirably reproduce an appearance of life.—New York News.

He Held on to His Knife.

On the afternoon of June 1, 1872, an old painter named William McCullough while painting the bridge above the falls between the first and second Sister islands fell into the rapids. Instantly he was swept furiously toward the cataract, but whirled into lesser waves so that he struck against and seized a rock not far above the brink. Hundreds quickly gathered on the shore and watched, all eager to help, but ignorant what to do. Among them was Thomas Conroy, who secured a coil of rope, fastened one end to a tree on shore and with the other end in his hand waded out as far as he could and occasionally swam, the water being from 18 inches to six feet deep.

He aimed far up stream to allow for the power of the current and at last with great difficulty reached the unfortunate painter and bound him to himself with the rope. They were swept off their feet several times on the way back to shore, but the rope had been firmly fastened, and they finally landed safely. When they reached shore it was found that McCullough still clutched his putty knife firmly in his hand, having held it during the three hours he had been on the brink of the falls.—F. A. Acland in "Adventures at Niagara," in Youth's Companion.

Parnell's Ghosts.

As you are always glad to hear about haunted houses in Ireland, writes a correspondent, may I add a curious story with regard to the home of the late Irish leader? The story is made more credible by the fact that there was something in the late Charles Stewart Parnell's majestic isolation which reminded one strangely of the gloomy grandeur of the mountains surrounding his home. In the square entrance hall there is a billiard table, and the story is that the ghosts of the old house amuse themselves in this spot after nightfall. No matter how the billiard balls are left upon the cloth at the time the household retires, they will be found in a different position the next morning.—M. A. P.

Landseer and the Dog Tax.

On one of Landseer's early visits to Scotland the great painter stopped at a village and took a great deal of notice of the dogs, jotting down rapid sketches of them on a piece of paper. Next day, on resuming his journey, he was horrified to find dogs suspended from trees in all directions, or drowning in the rivers, with stones around their necks. He stopped a weeping urchin, who was hurrying off with a pet pup in his arms, and learned to his dismay that he was supposed to be an excise officer who was taking notes of all the dogs he saw in order to prosecute the owners for unpaid taxes.

Then He Didn't Eat.

An English merchant was invited by a Chinaman to dine with him. Neither could speak the other's language, and a conversation was carried on by means of gesticulations and signs. Among the dishes was one which seemed very savory. The Englishman had an idea it was duck, but to make certain he pointed to the dish and pleasantly insinuated, "Quack, quack!"

The Chinaman wagged his head and said: "No-ey, no-ey! Bow-wow-wow!"

Sympathy.

Probably the reader has heard voices which the following will recall to mind:

"I know Mr. Pidgerly is a good man," said one of the members of the family after the caller had gone, "but it makes me so tired to hear him talk!"

"I know why it is," said another member of the family. "You feel like clearing your throat all the time to help him out."

Choice of Evils.

"Mrs. Smith, you don't seem to mind your two boys quarreling."

"No. When they're quarreling, I know they're too busy to hatch up mischief."—Chicago Record.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.—

M. E. Bissett Editor.

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

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

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

SATURDAY, SEPT., 30th, 1899.

VANCOUVER'S BAD BOYS.

Thieve and Sleep Out of Night and Won't Suit Gaol or Reformatory.

From the Vancouver News-Advertiser.

There are a number of very bad boys in this city, but before condemning them it would be well to ask to what extent their parents are to blame for the wrong-doing of their sons. The police have this week arrested four lads who are suspected of petty thieving and the officers are hunting up other suspected culprits. Detectives Butler and Wylie have the matter in hand. They had quite a search on Tuesday evening when they caught two of the small boys sleeping in an empty wagon at the rear of Center & Hanna's parlors. The wagon belonged to the B. C. Delivery Company.

Mr. Butler, on lifting up the wagon curtain, saw the sleeping boys, one named Bertie Oliver and the other Duncan McConnell.

"Hullo!" said Butler.

"Hullo! Mr. Butler," answered the boy Oliver. "What do you want me for?"

Mr. Butler: "Why are you sleeping out here?"

Oliver: "How would you like your father to come home and lick you when you are in bed and asleep? My father always licks me then."

Mr. Butler: "Who's the other boy?"

Oliver: "Wake up, Kid, come on. His name is Duncan McConnell. I suppose you are going to take us to the police station?"

Mr. Butler: "Yes."

Oliver: "I s'pose that sack stealing business will come on now?"

Mr. Wylie: "Are there any other boys sleeping round here?"

Oliver: "Yes; some kids sleep round here nights in the barns and stables. They get in through the hole in the back of the wall."

The detectives hunted around but did not find any other boys then. These two were taken to the police station and on Wednesday the detectives arrested two more, young Emery and Alfred Robinson. These boys are all accused of petty thefts, such as taking cigars, bags and other things from stores. They came up before Police Magistrate Russell on Thursday afternoon. They all pleaded "guilty."

Both the police and the magistrate are in doubt as to what is the best thing to do for these boys. The magistrate does not desire to send them to New Westminster, while he feels that it would be of little service to them to send them to the so-called reformatory at Victoria. It is suggested that a reformatory should be built here in Vancouver and run on proper lines. A few days ago the Women's Christian Temperance Union held a meeting at which a resolution was passed in favor of the erection of such an institution, but as the resolution was not sent to the proper authorities little is likely to come of it.

FOUR MILLION FOR A YACHT.

Huge Fortunes Sunk in Building Sumptuous Pleasure Craft.

The new steam yacht Victoria and Albert, which has been building for the Queen at Tenby, will be on completion the handsomest and fastest yacht any British sovereign has possessed. It will rank only second to the Emperor of Russia's wonderful yacht, the Polar Star, which is said to have cost close upon £1,000,000.

Nothing more lavishly elaborate than the fitting and decoration of the Polar Star could easily be imagined. Money has been drilled into her frame in hundredweights. The decorations of the dining saloon alone, which will seat 150 guests, cost approximately $100,000. Exquisite paintings by some of the most celebrated artists adorn the saloons and cabins, and all the woodwork is elaborately carved. There is a fine library and music-room aboard and a beautiful white marble fountain, while some of the ornaments are of the rarest.

The Standart, the Czar's smaller steam yacht of 4,300 tons, is much more frequently used than the Polar Star. She cost slightly over $2,600,000. This is only about half the price of the Polar Star, but the Standart is one of the most sumptuous yachts afloat.

There is accommodation aboard for a crew of 300, 20 officers and 80 passengers. There are three magnificent suites of apartments devoted to the use of the Emperor, Empress and Dowager Empress, a fine library, a billiard room and a music saloon.

The dining saloon is pannelled in tulip-wood; the door handles, finger plates and the lamps fittings are of heavily carved solid silver. There is a fine marble bath-room with heavy silver fittings, and the walls and doors of the principal cabin are elaborately inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl. So many improvements and additions have been made to her appointments since she was first completed that she is now worth probably half as much again as she originally cost.

The German Emperor's famous steam yacht, the Hohenzollern, of nearly 4,000 tons, was, considering her beauty and purpose, a comparatively inexpensive vessel, costing probably less than $1,000,000. She has a very beautiful interior and splendid accommodation for crew and passengers alike, and is considered one of the fastest, smoothest-going yachts afloat.

ON A WARSHIP.

The first thing that strikes a land man on boarding a warship is how busy everyone seems to be. Of the whole twenty-four hours each moment is devoted to some particular work, and each of the six-hundred men, making up the Warspite's complement, always knows exactly what he has to do. It reminds one of a boarding school afloat.

A visit to a warship is full of interest, especially when you have courteous officers, like those of the Warspite, to show you around and explain the details that go to make up a monarch of the sea.

On the quarter deck of the Warspite is one of the four largest guns the ship carries. It is placed on a sort of table heavily armoured, and can be moved around to cover a half circle range. The ammunition is brought up to the gun from the magazine through a sort of tube. The projectiles are so heavy that they have to be carried to the breech of the gun on a little trolley and hoisted in with a pulley. Two or three levers close the breech when the gun is loaded, an electric button is pressed and a shot weighing 275 lbs flies away 11 miles. There are many small quick-firing guns on the ship which can send out several shots in a minute. A medium sized one makes a rather formidable looking ornament in the ward-room. Lee-Medford rifles and heavy revolvers stacked suggestively here and there, remind one that life on a warship may be very exciting sometimes.

The most interesting place on ship is the 'conning tower' on the upper fore deck. This is where the captain stays during an engagement. It is round and the walls and roof are built of steel 8 inches thick. Between the top and the walls is a space all round the height of which can be altered at will so that those inside can see every thing that is taking place around. In the tower are a wheel and speaking tubes connecting with all parts of the ship, so the Captain can direct the ship's every movement. Electric wires also run to all the guns and the captain can discharge each from his station in the tower.

The officers' cabins are light and airy and the Admirals apartments are——well, rather comfortable. It must be nice to be an Admiral, in peace time at least.

The best part of a visit to the Warspite is that you are made to feel thoroughly at ease from the moment you step on board. When you go to the ward room it seems just like taking tea at a friend's house. This kindly tact of naval people is what makes British ships so popular everywhere they go.

In Comox, everyone used to look forward to the Imperieuse's arrival as to that of an old friend and we are sure her sister ship already shares her popularity in the little village.

Observations

An essay in the Fortnightly entitled 'The Dying of Death' furnishes a very striking illustration of the materialistic tendency of the age. The writer says truly that "perhaps the most distinctive note of the modern spirit is the practical disappearance of the thought of death as an influence directly bearing upon practical life."

To die always seems a something that can happen others but not our selves. When we stand beside the corpse of a dead friend, we look on the cold, still form with awful wonder. Here is a mystery passing the comprehension of the wisest that ever lived. We can never understand death. It is what we have never experienced. We have only seen it in others and hence, however deeply we may be impressed by its presence, the thought of it seldom, very seldom, strikes home to us as concerning us directly. But after all, there is nothing in the world so terribly personal.

'The fear of death is being replaced by the joy of life. The flames of hell are sinking low, and even heaven has but poor attractions for the modern man."

We doubt whether the last sentence is quite correct. It is true enough that hell and its terrors no longer frighten as they did in the past, but if there is anyone so satisfied with the half bitter joys, the littleness of much that goes to make up life as never to yearn for something higher and nobler than earth can afford, he is a poor wretch who indeed deserves pity. It is difficult to imagine such a grovelling spirit.

The writer referred to tells us we are too busy to think of death, and that is to a great extent true, but when he remarks on 'the disappearance of hell from modern theology,' we are led to wonder what kind of theology he means. It is hardly the theology of the Bible.

"At the root of half the socialism of the day is the thought that this life is the only one with which men have practically to do." And just herein lies the weakness of socialism. Its leaders plan as though with the little intellect of man could the ideas of the great Creator be comprehended and His designs improved on. They start with a false premise and build a house on sand. Others come and seeing the house fallen begin to build anew and the result is ever the same. They do not look to the foundations.

"Our little system have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord art more than they."

We can doubtless do much to ameliorate social conditions. To make them perfect is impossible. As long as earth lasts, so long will there be poverty and suffering. And this is not unjust, for this life is only part of our life and earth is not Heaven.

BANQUET.

Last Saturday evening some 40 persons, including the staff of No. 6 Shaft, sat down to a banquet given by the Union Coll. Co. in honor of the completion of the new shaft. The menu was the best the Union Hotel could provide and the guests did it full justice.

The first toast,, proposed by Mr. A. McKnight, was to the U. C. Co. and the success of No. 6 Shaft. Mr. Matthews responded.

The next toast, proposed by Mr. McGregor, was responded to by Mr. W. B. Walker. Mr. Matthews proposed 'our host and hostess' which was responded to by Mr. Davis who favored the company with several good songs.

In the course of his remarks proposing the toast, Mr. McGregor referred to the pleasing and somewhat unusual fact that during all the time work went on at No. 6 not a single person was seriously hurt.

During the evening, Mr. James Baickwell gave a song with guitar accompaniment. Mr. Murdoch sang his with cornet and Mr. C. C. Segrave with banjo accompaniment. Messrs. McGregor, Segrave and Graham sang a trio and Mr. Hutchinson gave 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.' Then followed selections on Mr. Segrave's phonograph. A song Mr. L. Smithers concluded the festivities at 2 a. m.

THE OTHER SIDE.

In reference to Mr. J. P. Davis' collection of flowers etc. which were not exhibited at the Fair and concerning which some incorrect statements appear to have gotten abroad, Mr. J. J. Miller, President of the A. & I. requests the NEWS to state that (1) Mr. Davis did not apply for membership or entry, consequently could never have been refused.

(2) On the contrary, Mr. Miller suggested to Mr. Davis that he should exhibit.

(3) Mr. Miller at a meeting of the Board, held on the 10th inst. suggested Mr. Davis as judge for fruit in case an expert should not come.

It seems from the above that if Mr. Davis did not exhibit at the Fair he has no one to blame but himself. We publish this statment in justice to Mr. Miller. Of course, if anyone else has anything to say, he is welcome to say it through the News.

Union Brewery.

Fresh Lager Beer THE BEST IN THE PROVINCE

STEAM—Beer, Ale, and Porter.

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

HENRY REIFEL, Manager.

THE H.B.A.VOGEL Commercial College,

P. O. BOX 347, VANCOUVER, B. C.

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SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS.

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and am agent for the following reliable insurance companies: The Royal London and Lancashire and Norwich Union. I am prepared to accept risks at current rates. I am also agent for the Standerd Life Insurance Company of Edinburgh and the Ocean Accident Company of England. Please call and investigate before insuring in any other Company.

JAMES ABRAMS.

Notice.

CHANGE OF CORPORATE NAME.

Notice is hereby given that the Union Colliery Company of British Columbia, Limited Liability, intends to apply to His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor for permission to change its name to that of the "Wellington Colliery Company, Limited Liability."

Dated Victoria, 18th July, 1899.

DAVIE, POOLEY & LUXTON, Solicitors to the Union Colliery Company of B. C., Limited Liability.

M. W. WAITT & Co.

—DEALERS IN—

Pianos & Organs, Musical Instruments

—AND—

Musical Merchandise

Phonographs and Graphophones.

SAFES, BILLIARD TABLES, TYPEWRITERS, LAWN TENNIS, HOCKEY and GOLF GOODS.

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SUNDAY SERVICES

TRINITY CHURCH.—SERVICES in the evening. REV. J. X. WILLEMAR rector.

METHODIST CHURCH.—SERVICES at the usual hours morning and evening. Epworth League meets at the close of evening service. Sunday School at 2:30. REV. W. HICKS, pastor

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

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

Cumberland Hotel

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MRS. J. H. PIKET, Proprietress.

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

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HUGH GRANT & SON.

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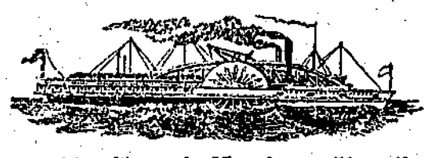

Steamship City of Nanaimo will sail as follows, calling at way ports as freight and passengers may offer.

Leave Victoria for Nanaimo Tuesday 7 a.m.
Nanaimo for Comox, Wednesday 7 a.m.
Comox for Nanaimo Friday 8 a.m
Nanaimo for Victoria, Saturday 7 a.m.

OR Freight tickets and Stateroom apply on board,

GEO. L. COURTNEY, Traffice Manager

FOR SALE: Old papers. Apply at NEWS Office.

PURE MILK

delivered by me daily in Cumberland and Union. A share of patronage is solicited.

JAMES REID.

CANADA IN ENGLAND.

ovincial Six Per Cents.—Mr. Tarte Poorly—Electric Railway Board—Personal.

ondon advices under date September tate that there have been several purases of British Columbia 6 per cent. ds recently, and consequently the ce has advanced from 113 to 118. her government securities are unanged.

he London Star says: "The Hon. J. el Tarte, minister of public works of nada, who lately underwent a very ous operation in Paris, for which he specially voyaged to Europe, is untunately not pulling round as satisctorily as was expected."

It is announced that Mr. Charles ugustus Verner, director of the Southn Punjaub railway, the Dooars Tea ompany, and of the Russian Petroleum d Liquid Fuel Company, has been cted to fill the vacancy in the direcrate of the British Columbia Electric ilway company, caused by the death Mr. Reginald Northall-Laurie.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Barnard have ought their lengthy visit to a close, and iled on the 31st ultimo on the Dominn liner Dominion for Montreal. On e same day Mr. John Cobeldick left the Allan steamer Californian. Sir arles Tupper had returned to London d intended to sail for Canada on hursday, the 17th.

Among the recent arrivals from the minion is Capt. J. F. Crean, of the ronto field battery, who has been apnted inspector of the Gold Coast conbulary, with headquarters at Accra.

A case of considerable interest to shipg men was before Collector of Cusms A. R. Milne yesterday, the owner the steam freighter Oscar being conicted of an unlawful carriage of passeners and fined $101, with costs—the fine eing merely the supposed collection of res, although in reality the Oscar has ot yet been paid a single dollar for the vice that brought trouble upon her. hen all the circumstances of the case re explained, it is altogether probable at a refund will be allowed, for the nduct of the steamer and her owner roughout the transaction has been te the reverse of that of wilful violats of the law. The offence and its unishment arose out of the keen comtition of Oriental business, the agent the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, when their inshiu Maru was here, doing a master troke of business by making a roundp of the Japs employed at the Fraser iver canneries and desirous of going ome at a specially cheap rate. They ad to be got down from the river econonically, too, and so the steamer Lapring was originally chartered to handle em as live stock. The Lapwing broke er eccentric while off Trial island, and he Oscar was pressed into service, her wner being deceived in several importnt particulars as to the nature of the ork and the acquiescence of the authrities to the use of the Oscar under mergency pressure. After the trip had een made and the 101 Japs delivered in Victoria, the Oscar's people commenced o learn that all was not as they had een led to believe. Complaint of their aving carried passengers was eventually made to the collector, and he had no other course than to convict. A penalty was not imposed, but the $1 for each passenger which is supposed to have been collected—but which the Oscar has never received—was ordered confiscated. The collector will at the sase time transmit a special report of the exceptional circumstances of the case, in view of which a refund will no doubt be ordered. It is not the Oscar that the authorities desired to punish for illegal passenger handling—there are others that are quaking.

AUSTRALIAN FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

Notwithstanding the large sums annually expended by the Australian people on popular amusements of every description, there exists among them a thrifty and provident spirit, as shown by the rapidly increasing accumulating funds in colonial savings banks, and various forms of industrial investment; also by the number of friendly, co-operative, and other laboring class societies. In New South Wales nearly all the leading friendly societies in the United Kingdom are fully represented. The Manchester Unity I. O. O. F. has in that colony eleven districts, embracing 159 lodges, of which 69 are in the Sydney district, the others being scattered over the whole of the colony. There are 19,175 members, the great majority being good on the books, the total amount of Grand Lodge and lodge funds being £241,179. The Grand O. O. F. comes next, with 120 lodges, 11,426 members, and £83,071 united funds. The Independent O. O. F. has 65 lodges, 5,016 members, and £41,884 united funds. The National Independent O. O. F., possessing six lodges, 711 members, and £2,161 united funds. The Ancient Order of Foresters has 56 lodges, 5,199 members, and £34,115 united funds. The order of Royal Foresters, 25 lodges, 1,823 members, and £25,925 united funds, and the Irish National Foresters, five lodges, 284 members, and £1,097 united funds. The United Ancient Order of Druids has 60 lodges, 49 in Sydney and suburbs, and 11 in the Newcastle district, with 6,196 members, and £28,714 united funds. Then comes the Grand United Order of Free Gardeners, Independent Order of Rechabites, Sons and Daughters of Temperance, Protestant Alliance, Friendly Society of Australasia, Loyal Australasian Benefit Society, Hibernian Australasian Benefit Society, Australasian Holy Catholic Guild, Australian Oddfellows' Union, and nearly thirty others, representing a total of 321 lodges, 21,345 members, and £138,591 united funds. The total number of lodges in the colony is 817, with 69,124 members, of whom 63,074 are good on the books. The lodge funds amount to £398,562, and the district, or Grand Lodge funds, to £197,902, forming a total of £596,464. According to Mr. Coghlan, the New South Wales government statistician, the number of members admitted during 1897 was 8,548, while 8,593 were lost from all causes. The total cases of sickness came to 11,054, and the average amount of sick pay was £5 2s. 4d. per member. The total receipts were £252,865, and the expenditure amounted to £218,991, while the total funds were £596,464, as shown above, or £8 12s. 7d. per member enrolled. The benefits promised by friendly societies are, in kind, much the same in all societies, and usually comprise medical attendance and medicine for a member and his family, sick pay, generally £1 per week for the first six months, reduced thereafter to 15s. or 10s.; allowance in the event of the death of a member's wife, and funeral money to his wife on the death of a member. The colonial Friendly Societies' Act limits the amount payable on the death of a member to £200, and no annuity can be granted above £50, but there is no limit to the amount of sick pay, although the rules of some societies limit the total amount receivable weekly to 42s., nor to the number of societies to which one person may belong, and from which he may receive benefits, but the combined benefits must not exceed the above-mentioned amounts. In addition to the friendly societies properly so called, some of the registered trades unions give benefits analogous to those of the societies mentioned above. The benefits, however, are usually smaller in amount, seldom exceeding 12s. a week for sick— and £7 in case of death. A few trade unions also make allowance to their members when they are out of employment. The New South Wales Friendly Societies' Act affords every facility for the establishment or expansion of these useful institutions, and efforts are being made to place those in existence on a secure basis, several having been founded by old members of English orders who had emigrated to Australia before the light of public investigation had been thrown upon the business of the societies in Great Britain, and an exposure made of the unscientific principles on which they were being conducted. This is recognized by the societies, which now admit that the recognition of accumulated funds solely as profits, is a mistake; also that new members should be admitted only on condition that their payments are made in accordance with a properly adjusted scale of contributions.

ART EXHIBITION.

Mr. Bell-Smith Returns With a Collection of Paintings by Prominent Artists.

Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, R. C. A., whose collection of water-colors excited the admiration of the art lovers of Victoria last year, is here again with a very interesting exhibition of paintings in oil and water colors. They will be on view for a week at Mr. Sommers', 50 Government street, and include some fine examples of the work of several artists well known in the East. Mr. W. W. Blatchley's little water colors cannot fail to delight those who like to look on the bright and pleasant side of nature. They are full of light and color, and the subjects are well chosen. Mr. C. M. Manly, A. R. C. A., must be a veteran in water-color work, for his handling gives evidence of thorough knowledge of his work and great facility. His scenes in Devon are very artistic and satisfying. Miss Spurr has evidently had English training, as her method is quite academic. Her color is warm, and, like Mr. Manly, she has got some of her best notions in old Devon. Perhaps one of the gems of the collection is by an artist who unfortunately contributes but one picture. "Golden Evening," by Mr. F. McG. Knowles, is full of subtle color and the warm glow that comes at sunset. It is not a surprise that this artist has recently received the honor of election to the rank of academician. All that has been said of Mr. Knowles may be repeated in reference to Mr. F. S. Challener. He, too, sends but one, and a charming bit it is. Like Mr. Knowles he delights in warm glows, and his high talents have received the same recognition. Mr. Henry Martin has several broadly painted water colors of interesting Old Land scenes, including Melrose and Muckross abbeys.

Of Mr. Bell-Smith's work it can be said that the high qualities shown in his former exhibition are all well displayed, and in one or two of his pictures he reaches a higher standard. His chief picture is "London Bridge." Here the many varied characters to be met with on this world's highway are shown with life-like fidelity, and the wet pavement and general humidity of the whole scene will recall London to many who have been there. He shows several other street scenes, all full of the spirit of the great metropolis.

The pictures may be seen every day, and none should miss them.

1899. PROVINCIAL. 1899.

EXHIBITION

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

The Royal Agricultural and Industrial Society of British Columbia

WILL BE HELD AT

New Westminster, B. C.

OCTOBER 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th.

$15,000 IN PRIZES. $15,000

OPEN TO THE WORLD.

A Round of Pleasure for Four Whole Days.

HORSE RACES. BICYCLE RACES. CHAMPIONSHIP LACROSSE. AQUATICS. NAVAL AND MILITARY SPORTS. GYMKHANA. BASEBALL. FOOTBALL. BAND TOURNAMENT

MAGNIFICENT ILLUMINATIONS

Grand Concert each evening.
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Monster Excursions from all points, at greatly reduced rates.
For special features see small handbills.
No entrance fee charged for Exhibits.

EXECUTIVE—His Worship, Mayor Owens, T. J. Trapp, W. J. Mathers, Geo. D Brymner, R. F. Anderson, Ald. J. F. Scott, Ald. M. Sinclair.

For Prize Lists, Entry forms, and full particulars, write to

T. J. TRAPP, President. ARTHUR MALINS, Secretary.

W. H. KEARY, Commissioner.

Society Cards

Hiram Looge No 14 A.F. & A.M., B.C
Courtenay B. C.

Lodge meets on every Saturday on or before the full of the moon.

Visiting Brothers cordially requested to attend.

R. S. McConnell,
Secretary.

Cumberland Encampment.
No. 6, I. O. O. F., Union.

Meets every alternate Wednesdays of each month at 7:30 o'clock p.m. Visiting Brethren cordially invited to attend.

CHAS. WHYTE, Scribe.

Bulbs for Fall Planting.

20,000 Holland Bulbs to arrive in September; 5,000 Japan Lilies to arrive in October; 1,500 Bhododendrons, Azaleas, Magnolias, Roses, etc., to arrive in October.

Thousands of Roses, Camellias, Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, etc., growing on my own grounds for the fall trade. Catalogues free.

M. J. HENRY, Vancouver, B. C.

RE GEORGE FORD, DECEASED.

NOTICE is hereby given that all creditors and other persons having any claims upon the estate of George Ford, late of Hornby Island, deceased, who died on the 23rd day of May, 1899 and whose will was proved in the Supreme Court of British Columbia on the 18th day of August A. D., 1899 by John Ford and George Hetherbell, the executors therein named, are requested to send by post in writing prepaid particulars of their claims to the undersigned, Solicitors for the executors, on or before the 15th day of October, 1899 after which date the Executors will proceed to distribute the Estate amongst those entitled thereto, having regard only to those of which they shall then have notice.

All persons indebted to the said estate are requested to pay their indeptedness to the Executors or the undersigned.

Dated this 17th day of September, A. D., 1899.

DUMBLETON & ANDERSON, Solicitors,
39½ Langley St., Victoria, B. C.

COURTENAY Directory.

COURTENAY HOUSE, A. H. McCallum, Proprietor.

GEORGE B. LEIGHTON, Blacksmith and Carriage Maker.

ST. ANN'S ACADEMY,

Humboldt Street, Victoria, B. C.

THE SCHOOL YEAR BEGINS FIRST MONDAY OF SEPTEMBER AND ENDS THE LAST WEEK OF JUNE

The Course of Study is divided into five grades: Primary, Junior, Preparatory, Senior and Graduating, and comprises Reading, Spelling, Elocution, Grammer, Rhetoric, English Literature, History, Geography, Botany, Astronomy, Natural History Geology, Geometry, Latin, Paysie's Algebra, Arithmetic, Linear and Map-Drawing, French conversation compulsory for those who learn the lauguage.

Due attention is paid to plain Sewing, Darning, Mending, etc., etc. Weekly instructions are given in domestic economy, politeness, and all that constitutes lady-like deportment.

Special attention is paid to pupils preparing for Teachers' Examination. In the COMMERCIAL CLASS, iustruction is given in Penmanship, English, Book-Keeping, Stenography, Typewriting and all the branches of a business education.

For further information address

THE SISTER SUPERIOR.

Having Received

A New Stock, we are prepared to turn out at short notice

Visiting Cards, Business Cards, Laundry Lists, Billheads, Letterheads, Envelopes, Receipts, Statements, Dodgers, Tickets

and general work at moderate prices. **The News.**

The New England Hotel.

M. & L. YOUNG, Props.

Victoria, Vancouver Island.

C. H. TARBELL.

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GORDON MURDOCK'S . . LIVERY.

Single and Double Rigs to let

—at—

Reasonable Prices

Near Blacksmith Shop, 3rd St.
CUMBERLAND, B. C.

IF YOU HAVE A WATCH THAT DOES NOT GIVE SATISFACTION BRING IT TO

Stoddart.

OPPOSITE Waverley Hotel.

J. R. McLEOD

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

SCAVENGER WORK DONE.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 Daily. A.M.		No. 4 Saturday P.M.
De. 9:00	Victoria	De. 4:25
" 9:28	Goldstream	" 4:53
" 10:14	Shawnigan Lake	" 5.39
" 10:48	Duncans	6:15
P.M.		P.M.
" 12:24	Nanaimo	7:41
Ar. 12:40	Wellington	Ar. 7:55

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1 Daily. A.M.		No. 3 Saturday. A.M.
De. 8:05	Wellington	De. 4:25
" 8:29	Nanaimo	" 4:39
" 9:55	Duncans	" 6:05
" 10:37	Shawnigan Lake	" 6:46
" 11:23	Goldstream	" 7.32
Ar. 11:50	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.

O. H. FECHNER,

LEADING BARBER and TAXIDERMIST

Keeps a Large Stock of Fire Arms, Amunition and Sporting Goods of all descriptions.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

THE SUMMER GIRL'S FRILLS.

Popular Things In Parasols, Veils, Gloves, Belts, Ties, Etc.

Narrow strips of black velvet extending from the stick to the end of the parasol give a sun ray effect which is much desired, and when closed the parasol appears to be striped. Lilac flowers are brocaded on light blue grounds, and many silk parasols are veiled with gauze and gossamer materials, held down by incrustations of lace outlined with frillings of infinitesimal ribbons. A chou of ribbon or chiffon is indispensable on the handle.

Embroideries are perhaps to be accepted as a leading decorative detail of parasols, carried out in silks and wondrous drawn ribbon work. Pale pink peau de soie, stitched over with trails of tiny pink flowers and banded thrice about with narrow black bebe ribbon, is a pretty instance of this.

An odd thing in shapes takes a pagoda form, every alternate spoke in the wire descending deeper than its fellows.

Very chic summer sunshades boast a covering of lace cream, white or black, and here an immense variety of striking contrasts is conducted with consummate taste; also are there some covers of embroidered grass lawn.

A great predilection is shown for black and white parasols. Black silk ones are striped with white, and dainty white taffeta is striped perpendicularly with black velvet. Essentially for the matron comes a parasol of black moire, applique with tinted butterflies and hemmed up on the outside with a deep lace border to correspond.

The tale of handles—natural wood, crystal and pearl overlaid with silver and silver or gold jeweled with tur-

SMART PARASOLS.

quoise, amethyst, etc.—would be too long to tell. White or colored chiffon linings elaborately gathered and puffed with a bow to match tied upon the handle distinguish the latest and smartest examples of the season's parasols. The novelty of the season has five gores in place of the usual eight and a very long handle.

Four button gloves of finest, softest French kid are popular in white, lavender and mastic shades, with block or self stitchings and pearl stud buttons.

The poor neglected bonnet is coming to the fore, toquelike, but still a bonnet, with strings, jet sequins and stiffened leaflets to resemble feathers mingled with osprey in the front. A light blue French straw has a wealth of roses at the side. Veils are almost as important as the hats, and fashion tends to fine spider net in black and white yelling.

Stylish stocks for silk or muslin waists are of taffeta, the ends cut pointed and stitched, and these may be either long or short. The narrow string tie for general wear hardly needs mention. Two pretty ties are the "princess," a medium sized bow with long, broad ends reaching to the waist, and the "once over" Ascot, which is very swell.

The serviceable and fashionable belt for general wear is of leather, narrow, and with barness buckle. The dressier style consists of a six inch ribbon and narrow clasps, which include many metals and gems galore.

A Hot Weather Soup.

There is nothing nicer in hot weather in the way of soup than a clear clam bouillon, says Table Talk. Scrub well 50 hard shelled clams and rinse to remove all sand and dirt. Place in a kettle with one and a half cupfuls of boiling water, cover closely and keep near the front of the fire until the shells open. Strain the liquor through doubled cheese cloth, add sufficient boiling water to reduce the saltiness of the broth, season with white pepper and serve with tiny oyster crackers. If fresh clams cannot be had, the canned bouillon may be used.

On the Slippery Steep.

Some men get on in life because
They like to do their best,
And many a toiler rises just
To keep up with the rest.

There's many a man who wins because
Good luck falls in his way,
But never a one by grieving o'er
A chance missed yesterday.
—Washington Star.

Inexplicable.

"I read in the newspaper," said Mr. Snaggs, "that the merchants of Manila never think of wrapping up a customer's purchases and that Manila is practically a city without wrapping paper."

"Then how did the place get its name?" asked Mrs. Snaggs.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

OLD LETTERS.

The house was silent, and the light
Was fading from the western glow;
I read, till tears had dimmed my sight,
Some letters written long ago.

The voices that have passed away,
The faces that have turned to mold,
Were round me in the room today
And laughed and chatted as of old.

The thoughts that youth was wont to think,
The hopes now dead forevermore,
Came from the lines of faded ink
As sweet and earnest as of yore.

I laid the letters by and dreamed
The dear dead past to life again;
The present and its purpose seemed
A fading vision full of pain.

Then, with a sudden shout of glee,
The children burst into the room;
Their little faces were to me
As sunrise in the cloud of gloom.

The world was full of meaning still,
For love will live, though loved ones die;
I turned upon life's darkened hill
And gloried in the morning sky.
—Frederick George Scott in Boston Transcript.

SALMON FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Stories About This King of Fish by an Experienced Angler.

"A salmon doesn't take the fly as a trout does, and it never rises to one while it is passing up or down stream," said an experienced angler for this king of fish. "It is only while the salmon is lying at rest in pools, the reposing water at the foot of some rapid or the silent starting place of such a rapid that it will respond to the fisherman's cast.

"Salmon may be moving along by the thousand in the deep stretches of a stream that extend perhaps for a mile between rapids, but the angler might drop his flies above them for a month if it were possible without even being rewarded by a single rise. The pool is the place to whip and the time early morning or late in the afternoon. If the epicurean denizen of the pool is so inclined, there is sport ahead for the angler. He drops his fly lightly on the water, and then the salmon in the humor will rise to it and seize it at once. Then the excitement begins. It is divided between the fish and the angler. The more the salmon tries to get out of trouble the deeper he gets the fisherman in. The fish no sooner feels the hook in his jaw than he seems to realize that he has got to get it out as soon as possible. Then things begin to boil. The first thing the fisherman knows a hundred feet of line has spun from his reel, and he thinks he is in for a long chase down stream, when suddenly the salmon doubles and dashes straight back toward the boat. Then there is work for the angler if he expects to reel in the slack of the line and get it taut again in good time.

"No sooner is the line taut once more than the salmon feels its tension through the hook in its jaw, and the chances are that he will shoot upward and out of the water his entire length and more. Taking his header, he dashes madly down into the depths again, tearing this way and that way, darting around and around and making lively work for the fisherman and the handler of his boat. After an exciting series of maneuvers such as this the mad fish may take it into his head to start down stream like a steam engine, putting the guide at his best to keep the boat near him. The salmon may lead a chase of a mile in this way, then stop suddenly and resume its leaping and doubling tactics.

"The fight may last an hour or more, and if the angler is skillful and cool and his guide or gaffman dexterous and watchful the contest should have but one ending, and eventually the glittering prize will be stretched at the bottom of the canoe. If the angler is not skillful and cool, the fight will also have but one ending. The glittering fish will not be stretched on the bottom of the canoe, but in a very short time will be at the bottom of the pond, no doubt congratulating himself that his foeman was not worthy of his steel."

A Philadelphia Scheme.

"Give me a glass of sherry," he said to the man behind the bar. "Don't fill the glass too full."

The bartender winked at me and put the sherry bottle and a wineglass on the bar. The middle aged man felt carefully in the tail pocket of his coat and drew therefrom an egg. Breaking the shell, he emptied the contents into the wineglass and poured enough sherry on top of it to fill the glass to the brim. Then he tossed the drink off, laid down 10 cents and walked out.

"That beats me," I exclaimed when he was out of hearing. "Ever see it done before?"

"Yep, several times by him," answered the bartender. "One of the sort that plays 'em close, you know. Saves 5 cents every time he takes a drink, for the regular price of sherry and egg is 15 cents, as you probably know. Where does he get the eggs? Search me. Guess he must have hens or else stand in with a man who does, for the eggs he brings here all look just as if they were newly laid. Good day!"

A Country With One Policeman.

There is one country in the world, and probably only one, which gets along with a single policeman; that is Iceland. Iceland is peopled by the descendants of vikings, including many famous warriors and heroes, but they are so lawabiding that they have no need of policemen. The solitary officer, in spite of his great responsibility, has a very easy time. He is maintained more for ornament and dignity than for use. The Icelanders think it would not do to have a capital without a policeman, and so they keep one. This police force is large in one sense. Its member is six feet high, broad shouldered and handsomely uniformed.—Green Bag.

Fin de Siecle.

'Twas ever thus, since childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
My automotor's out of power,
And the charging station's miles away.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

KNEW THE ROPES.

A Lawyer Who Was Not Hunting Litigation Over Land.

It's the canny old bird that cannot be caught with the bird lime of litigation.

You've probably heard of Lawyer Hackett of Somerset. A little while ago he purchased some land over which there had been a lawsuit for years, until the parties had spent half a dozen times what the land was worth. Hackett knew all about it. Some of the people wondered why he wanted to get hold of property with such an incubus of uncertainty on it. Others thought that perhaps he wanted some legal knitting work and would pitch in redhot to fight that line fence question on his own hook.

That's what the owner of the adjoining land thought. So he braced himself for trouble when he saw Hackett coming across the fields one day.

Said Hackett, "What's your claim here, anyway, as to this fence?"

"I insist," replied the neighbor, "that your fence is over on my land two feet at one end and one foot at least at the other end."

"Well," replied Hackett, "you go ahead just as quick as you can set your fence over. At the end where you say that I encroach on you two feet set the fence on to my land four feet. At the other end push it on to my land two feet."

"But," persisted the neighbor, "that's twice what I claim."

"I don't care about that," said Hackett. "There's been fight enough over this land. I want you to take enough so you are perfectly satisfied you have got your rights, and then we can get along all pleasantly. Go ahead and help yourself."

The man paused, abashed. He had been ready to commence the old struggle tooth and nail. But this move of the new neighbor stunned him. Yet he wasn't to be outdone in generosity. He looked at Hackett.

"Squire," said he, "that fence ain't going to be moved an inch. I don't want the blamed old land. There warn't nothin to the fight but the principle of the thing."

Now, isn't human nature an interesting study?—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

IT WAS A GREAT JOKE.

But the Finish Was Not Funny For the Clever Young Man.

One of the clerks employed at the Public Safety building made the usual weekly call on an east end young woman a few days ago. He had with him a pair of handcuffs that he had put in his pocket for her amusement. He intended to play a practical joke on her. He would lock one of the cuffs on his own wrist, he told himself, and at a favorable opportunity slip the other on to her wrist and lock it. Then he would exclaim:

"Now we're tied!"

That would be a clever play on words, for the slang for married is "tied." Besides it might give her a hint of—well, she ought to know anyhow that he wasn't calling there once and twice a week merely to talk about the weather. After he would lock the manacle on her wrist he would pretend to have lost the key and would have a good laugh at her expense in the end.

The plan worked splendidly. She looked as if she thought it rather clever when he said, "Now we're tied!" But she soon began to coax him to take it off. He declared that he had lost the key and that there wasn't another key in town that would fit the lock. When he saw that she might get angry if he carried the joke too far, he reached in his pocket for the key. Then he remembered that he had put it in an envelope so that he would not lose it, and he had left the envelope on his desk in the Public Safety building.

The father of the young girl was called in and asked to go out and look for a policeman. He found one, but he hadn't a handcuff key with him. The only way out of the difficulty was to take the handcuffs to a key. So the joker and the young lady boarded a car and rode to the Oakland police station. They tried to hide the handcuffs, but that only attracted attention to them. The girl said she felt small enough to fall through a crack in the car floor. The young man would have given a month's wages for the key.

"It isn't far," she said to him when they came out of the police station. "I can go home alone."

Reversed the Verdict.

Not long ago a prominent citizen of New Orleans went raging into the electric light company's office and declared that one of their wires had killed a pet tree on his premises.

"That tree," said he, "has been standing there for 20 years, and we regarded it as one of the family. My children played under it when they were babies, and it is associated with some of the pleasantest memories of my life. When it began to die, we all mourned, and we could not imagine what ailed it until yesterday, when I noticed that a wire was lying right across a branch. My poor tree has been electrocuted, and I feel as if murder had been done in my house."

Considerably moved, the agent of the company went to view the scene of the tragedy and found the tree still alive, but feeble. When he came to trace the wire, he discovered one end nailed to the roof of an old barn and the other twisted around a discarded pole. It had been cut off for at least two years and forgotten. But the occasion demanded something, so he made the following report:

"Tree alive; wire dead. Wire evidently killed by tree. Bill inclosed."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Time is like a river made up of the events which happen, and a violent stream, for as soon as a thing has been seen it is carried away, and another comes in its place, and this will be carried away too.

Despite all his refinement the light and habitual taking of God's name in vain betrays a coarse and brutal will.—E. H.

A WOMAN REFORMER.

She Is Directress of Tea Saloons For the Church Army.

One of the most unique reform movements in the country is that conducted by the Church Army, of which Colonel Henry H. Hadley is at the head. The Church Army has recently opened in New York what is known as a tea saloon, which has been attracting attention from physicians and reformers all over the world.

Associated with Colonel Hadley in his work is Miss Sara Wray, who is directress of the women's work of the Church Army. She was for four years his as-

MISS SARA WRAY.

sistant in St. Bartholomew's Mission, and before that worked for several years in the Whitechapel district in London, living the life of the people themselves and giving them practical lessons in the decencies of life by scrubbing floors, tidying gowns, washing children and even preparing the dead for burial.

Miss Wray is at present directing the work of the "tea missionaries" who are urging the value of tea as a substitute for beer among the women of the tenements.

Probably the best known feature of the Church Army's work is the Open Door division, at 76 Allen street, situated in a house which was one of the vilest dens of New York's east side. The place was suppressed by Police Captain Chapman in one of his crusades against vice, and the mission was started primarily to afford a refuge for the women rendered homeless by this crusade. It has grown, however, to a center of temperance and reformatory work for the whole neighborhood.

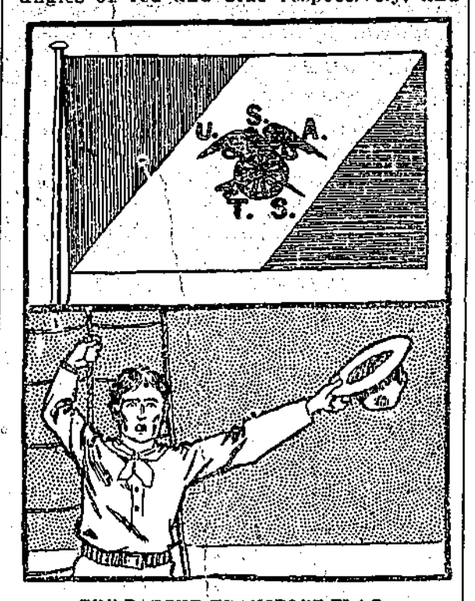
OUR TRANSPORT FLAG.

National Emblem Patented by an Enterprising Citizen.

The flag which is now flown from the main truck of every United States transport and which tells in the language of bunting that the ship below is one used by Uncle Sam for carrying his fighting men across the water is a patented affair. The government purchases the right to use it from an enterprising private citizen who invented the design and secured a patent on the same. This is said to be the first instance on record of a flag being patented.

The patentee is William F. Coston. The war department approved the design submitted by the patentee, and seven flags were purchased by the government during the war with Spain. The following description was furnished by Mr. Coston:

Opposite corners, the upper one the nearer to the staff, are right angled triangles of red and blue respectively, and



THE PATENT TRANSPORT FLAG.

the remainder, a diagonal strip between the triangles, is white. In the white field is a wheel crossed by a sword and a key and surmounted by an eagle. Thirteen stars adorn the rim of the wheel, and the letters "U. S. A. T. S." encircle the design.

A full authorization to make the flag was issued by the war department in January, but the patent was not given until May 13. The flag was first hoisted on Jan. 1 on board the transport Port Victor, now the McClellan, Captain William C. Brickley master. The log of that day contains the following entry:

"Today, at noon, all hands called to quarters, and the first flag of the transport service was hoisted on the main with all honors."

A special flag for the postal service has also been designed, and the department is about to adopt it to be flown on all boats carrying United States mails.

THE VERDICT.

The Santiago papers are agitating the question of annexation. A year ago starvation was the principal topic of discussion.—Minneapolis Times.

The scientists have about finished their study of cyclones. They know all about them now, except how to predict and how to prevent them.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Colonial Dames do not appear to be represented in the International Council of Women, but they are able to fight their own battles.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Germany might make some money selling those small Caroline islands in lots of one to people who can't get along with their neighbors.—St. Paul Dispatch.

If England provokes Oom Paul to a fight, it is not improbable that the history of her American colonies will be repeated in South Africa.—Topeka State Journal.

A voting contest to determine who is the most beautiful woman in Ohio has been started. They are always voting or getting ready to vote in Ohio.—Chicago Times-Herald.

And now comes a New York scientist with the information that a man may live indefinitely on the simple diet of sugar and whisky. In what proportion?—Kansas City Times.

A man in New York offers to cure poverty for $1. The scheme looks reasonable. If he can get enough customers, his own poverty will be cured.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Two captured Spanish cannon have been placed in a Philadelphia park beside a statue of Columbus. In the course of time history is often strangely mixed.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Imagine Hamlet's exclamation of "Wormwood, wormwood!" dished up into "Absinth, absinth!" by Sarah Bernhardt. Still, Clement Scott says you are bound to admire her Hamlet.—Boston Herald.

The family war between the Bakers and the Whites in Kentucky is said to have filled 3,000 graves since it began nearly 60 years ago. And it was all caused by a woman, it is said. Such is life, sometimes.—Boston Globe.

POULTRY POINTERS.

Too much stimulating food often causes over egg production.

As soon as the young turkeys get strong enough give them a free range.

An over fat hen will not lay at all or her eggs will be worthless for hatching.

Hens will readily eat parings or any kind of vegetables if they are well cooked.

Raise thoroughbred chickens. They cost no more in the long run and fry much better.

Chickens once stunted seldom regain their vigor even with the most careful breeding.

Brahmas, Cochins, Plymouth Rocks and Langshans are easily fattened, especially if fed on corn.

It is a good plan whenever a hen comes off with a brood of chicks to grease her breast and under her wings for lice, or her chicks will suffer.

A good way to prevent fowls from flying over the fence is to stretch a wire along the top, the wire being on the inside about six inches from the top and parallel with the top.

In dressing capons for market it is always best to leave the feathers on the head, tail and first joint of the wings, as evidence that they are what they are claimed to be.—St. Louis Republic.

WRITERS AND PAINTERS.

Sardou, like Balzac, keeps a store of notebooks and scrapbooks for use in his work.

The late Rosa Bonheur was a headstrong girl in childhood, and the only way to keep her quiet was to give her paper and scissors to cut out silhouettes of the cat, the dog or the horses at the neighboring cab stand.

Pierre Loti's entry into the diplomatic service is thus explained. The novelist had long desired to visit central Asia. With a view to facilitate his journey he has been intrusted with a diplomatic mission to Persia and Afghanistan.

Maurus Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, has applied for space for an individual exhibit at the Paris exhibition. He will display his novels in every edition and every translation that has been printed, and he has written over 300 books.

J. G. Brown, the famous painter of street arabs, complains that the type is rapidly disappearing. "I had no trouble in getting models a few years ago," he says, "but now I have to hunt far and wide for one that will serve the purpose."

THREE STRIKES.

In spite of all efforts to bolster it up the evidence multiplies that interest in the great American game of baseball is on the wane.—Canton Repository.

It is said that some of the League ball players' averages are doctored to make them appear better than they really are. The whole baseball situation needs doctoring.—Ridgewood (N. J.) News.

Baseball needs reforming. Rowdyism should be suppressed at any cost. Only competent umpires should be engaged. Then there are too many League clubs. The circuit should be reduced to eight clubs. This would eliminate from the game those clubs that put men in uniforms and go masquerading about the country with them as ball players.—New York Herald.

PACIFIC RUSSIA.

The Cramps can testify that Russia is not disarming at a dangerously rapid rate.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Russia can disarm herself for peace by selling her guns at cost to nations that do not believe in the scheme.—New Orleans Picayune.

Russia hardly got telephone connection with the peace conference when she organized a boom in the gun trade.—San Francisco Chronicle.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

WHIM-WHAMS.

A Galaxy of Jests From the Yonkers Statesman.

Miss Kittenish—I love those songs they used to sing 40 or 50 years ago.

Mr. Doggerel—Do you sing them yet?

Yeast—Will you take your talking machine with you to the country?

Crimsonbeak—No; my wife's going along.

Chollie—Mollie said I was good enough to eat.

Dollie—She probably thinks you are a lobster.

She—Do you suppose we are ever to have any rain?

He—Oh, yes; as soon as the picnic season comes.

She—Do you believe empty wells are unhealthy?

He—No; not if they are empty ink wells, I don't.

Bill—Did the lecturer make many gestures in his speech?

Jill—Why, he had to; the flies were something terrible!

She—I believe you are a woman hater.

He—No; honestly, I've never been married in my life!

She—Have you seen any of the automobile baby carriages yet?

He—No. I have not. I haven't been to Brooklyn in a long while.

Demanded Information.

"I am surprised," said the professor, "that the value of the mushroom is not more widely understood. Now, a mushroom is both palatable and wholesome. It"—

"Excuse me, professor," said the barbarian, who had been nervously toying with his war paint brush, "but before I get into this argument with you, let me understand one thing. Are you talking about vegetables or bullets?"—Washington Star.

Odd. Isn't It?

"I cannot understand," said the sweet young thing, "what Kipling meant by 'half devil and half child.'"

"Nor I," said the savage bachelor, "when both phrases mean essentially the same thing."

In the meanwhile the small boy boarder continued to play that the hall was a railway and that he was a freight train.

ULCERKURE—Recommended by stockmen as best cure for wounds and sores

STAGE GLINTS.

The small estate left by William (Old Hoss) Hoey is in litigation.

Charles Frohman will manage seven theaters in New York next season.

Ten dollars was the price for seats for "Tristan and Isolde" in London.

The box kite has already been utilized for theatrical advertising purposes.

John Drew will be seen here next season in Haddon Chambers' new play, "The Tyranny of Tears."

"In Days of Old," Edward Rose's new play, which George Alexander produced in London, is a failure.

Ethel Chase Sprague (Mrs. Frank Donaldson) has denied a statement that she would return at once to the stage.

The verdict for $10,000 against Nat C. Goodwin in the suit of John M. Maxwell of Chicago has been set aside and a new trial granted.

At the London Lyceum next winter, while Irving is making his American tour, a subscription season of 22 Shakespearean plays will be given, including some that are infrequently acted.

"Charley's Aunt" is doing more than many celebrated works to carry the fame of the English stage to the continent. It has been played 400 times in Paris and is performed at regular intervals at the Cluny theater in order not to lose the copyright.

Louisville is trying to supply a second Mary Anderson. A 19-year-old society girl, Eugenie Thais Lawton, made her professional debut there as Juliet, and her performance was greeted with enthusiasm, the local critics crediting her with genius and predicting a great future for her. She is described as beautiful of face and figure.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Indiscriminate.

The path of glory ever since
Time first began was rocky.
The public first salutes a prince,
And then salutes a jockey.
—Washington Star.

Alloway & Champion

BANKERS AND BROKERS

362 MAIN ST., WINNIPEG.

Listed Stocks bought, sold, and carrried on margin.

Write us if you wish to exchange any kind of money, to buy Government or C. N. W. Co. Lands, or to send money anywhere.

MERRY MOMENTS.

A Song of Prunes.

Throughout the drift of centuries, since first the world was young,
The bards have tuned their lyres up and cleared their throats and sung
Glad songs of fruits and flowers, of the orchard and the field,
And puffed up nearly everything the soil has deigned to yield,
And so I crave attention while your humble servant tunes
His lyre to the topmost pitch and sings a song of prunes.

Oh, prunes! though thou art fit to grace the banquet of a king,
Yet dost thou to the lowly board of humble peasants bring
Thy pulpy fatness full of joy and flavors rich and deep—
Oh, is there aught on earth so rare and yet so good and—cheap!
And could I twang a thousand harps through centuries of Junes,
My one and all triumphant theme would be a song of prunes.

But, oh, the hidebound, sorry prune, with visage pinched and lean,
We meet in boarding house resorts is not the sort I mean!
Give me instead the puffy prune, inflated with its juice,
That makes strawberries and the like to me of little use,
For did I own a thousand mouths and twice as many spoons,
I'd still employ them, every one, to get my fill of prunes!
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

DO NOT DELAY.—When, through debilitated digestive organs, poison finds its way into the blood, the prime consideration is to get the poison out as rapidly and as thoroughly as possible. Delay may mean disaster. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a most valuable and effective medicine to assail the intruder with. They never fail. They go at once to the seat of the trouble and work a permanent cure.

A Pointer.

Little Willie—I guess sister Grace won't want to go ridin on your tandem much longer.

Mr. Simperling—Why?

Little Willie—They was a feller with a nottomobile here last night, and I heard her say today that she thought the horseless carriage had come to stay.—Chicago Times-Herald.

PREVENT DISORDER.—At the first symptoms of internal disorder Parmelee's Vegetable Pills should be taken to immediately. Two or three of these salutary pellets, taken before going to bed, followed by doses of one or two pills for two or three nights in succession, will serve as a preventative of attacks of dyspepsia and all the discomforts which follow in the train of that fell disorder. The means are simple when the way is known.

Cheap Gas.

The gas war in New York profoundly affects many relations of life.

For instance, the conventional farmer of the humorous prints, upon entering his room at a New York hotel, starts violently.

"I see no 'Don't Blow Out the Gas' sign," he faltered, betraying much uneasiness.

The bellboy says:

"No; gas has got so cheap in New York that we don't care any more."—Detroit Journal.

Keep MINARD'S LINIMENT in the House.

First Family.

Miss Primm—Perhaps you wouldn't think that I belong to one of the first families?

Mr. Simms—Indeed I would, then. Fact is, I'd take you to be the oldest daughter of Shem.—Chicago News.

During the Hot Spell.

Aggie—Harry, dear, I don't believe you love me as well as you once did!

Harry (pale but resolute)—Aggie, darling, you give me so little opportunity between ice creams to prove my devotion!

ULCERKURE has no equal for sore shoulders says manager of Greenway farm

THE TROTTING CIRCUIT.

Willie Martin has resigned from the Fleischmann stable and will ride for Pat Dunne.

George H. Mills will do the starting at the July and September meetings at Du Bois, Pa.

It is said William Deasy's Hard Times, 2:25¾, has worked several miles way below 2:20.

It is said that Matt Byrnes, who once trained for "Prince George" Lorillard, will train a string for Pierre Lorillard.

Charles Myers has a good mare in his stable for the fall races in Bonnie Maid. She shows rare speed these days.

It was said recently that Martimas, last year's Futurity winner and the winner of the Canadian Derby, will be a starter in the Brighton handicap.

Ben Masseth of Butler, Pa., has a pair of good new ones in Florist, 3, bay gelding, by Dexter Prince, dam by Electioneer, and Sans Gene, brown mare by McKinney, dam by Elmo.

John Madden has bought McMeekin from C. T. Patterson. Mr. Madden thinks the colt has had too much racing and will let him have a rest before attempting to get him into condition.

A. P. McWilliams, a Bridgeport (Pa.) horseman, has his gray gelding by Electrotype, a son of Electioneer, dam by Amber, in Frank Jackson's stable. He is a 5-year-old and is stepping miles in better than 2:30.

One difference between Arion, 2:07¾, and his brother Eclectic is that the first named once changed hands at $125,000, while the "brother of Arion," as Eclectic has always been known, sold for $125 some days ago.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Lumberman's Friend.

SPRAINED BACK!

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

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS THE CURE.

Here is the proof:—

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

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

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

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

JINGLES AND JESTS.

Agricultural Courtship.

A potato went out on a mash
And sought an onion bed;
"That's pie for me," observed the squash,
And all the beets turned red.
"Go away," the onion, weeping, cried,
"Your love I cannot be;
The pumpkin be your lawful bride,
You cantaloupe with me!"

But onward still the tuber came
And laid down at her feet;
"You cauliflower by any name,
And it will smell as wheat;
And I, too, am an early rose,
And you I've come to see,
So don't turn up your lovely nose,
But spinachat with me!"

"I do not carrot all to wed,
So go, sir, if you please,"
The modest onion meekly said,
"And lettuce, pray, have peas!
Go, think that you have never seen
Myself or smelled my sigh,
Too long a maiden I have been
For favors in your rye!"

"Ah, spare a cuss!" the tuber prayed,
"My cherryshed bride you'll be;
You are the only weeping maid
That's currant now with me!"
And as the wily tuber spoke
He caught her by surprise
And, giving her an artichoke,
Devoured her with his eyes.
—St. Louis Republic.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

Men Often Do.

"Just one little kiss," he pleaded.

"But only a little one," she said, relenting.

"Of course," he replied. "How could I look for a big one from so small a mouth?"

And after that he got as many as he wanted.—Philadelphia North American.

"IT IS A GREAT PUBLIC BENEFIT."—These significant words were used in regard to Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil by a gentleman who had thoroughly tested its merits in his own case—having been cured by it of lameness of the knee, of three or four years' standing. It never fails to remove stiffness as well as lameness, and is an incomparable pulmonic and corrective.

Blew Himself Off.

Bentley—How did Larkins meet his death? When we left him last night he seemed unusually jolly.

Vosburg—He tried to blow out the electric light in his room and burst a blood vessel.

They Dissolved Partnership.

Jack—Bessie and her brother Bob are twins, are they not?

Mabel—They used to be, but when Bob's hair began to turn gray Bessie couldn't afford to be of the same age.

An Arrangement.

"Say, young feller, I wanter hire yer catch me some fish."
"What'll yer gimme?"
"W'y—w'y, half der fish yer catch!"

(Trade-Mark.)

USE ALBERT SOAP.

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

MASTER MECHANIC'S EXTRAORDINARY.

Sold at all Drug Stores.

'Tis not in mortals to command Success, Shakespeare says, but to deserve it. Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea has done both.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Thunder can be heard nine miles away.

Pearls are sometimes found in mussel shells.

There are 65 steamers on the Swiss lakes. The largest can transport 1,200 passengers.

The pina cloth of the Filipinos is made from the fiber of the pineapple leaf. The cloth is very expensive.

If all the landed surface of the earth were divided up and allotted in equal shares, each human inhabitant would get a plot of about 23½ acres.

The sword of a naval officer is one of the most peaceful and useful tools on board of a ship. Orders cannot be given with it and it cannot reach the enemy that is being shelled.

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 and 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.

MEN AND MANNERS.

"Addison," says Pope, "was charming in conversation with intimates, but should a stranger be present he subsided into silence."

Southey was sedate, stiff and so wrapped in the garb of asceticism that Lamb once told him that "he was m-made for a m-monk, but somehow the c-cowl didn't fit."

Coleridge was luminous in conversation and invariably commanded listeners, yet the old lady rated his talent lowly when she declared that she had no patience with a man who had all the talk to himself.

Ben Johnson used to sit silent in learned company and "suck in," as Fuller said, "not only his wine, but their several humors." Like Shakespeare, he held the mirror up to nature, but chose some times to look in the glass himself.

Important to Cyclists and Lacrosse Boys.

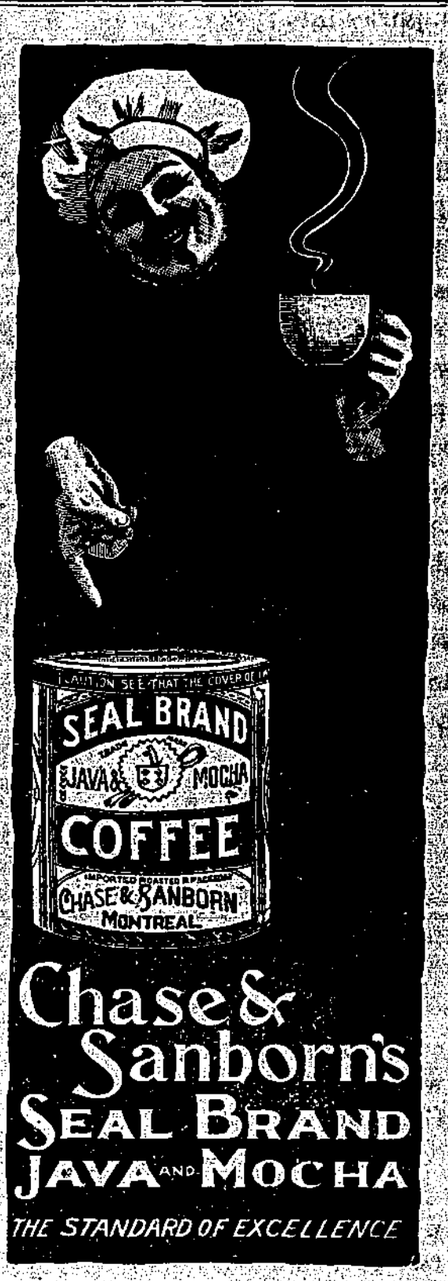
Mr. Mack White, the well-known trainer of the Toronto Lacrosse Club and Osgoods Hall Football Club, writes: I consider Griffith's Menthol Liniment unequalled for athletes or those training. I have used it with the best success, and can heartily recommend it for stiffness, soreness, sprains and all forms of swelling and inflammation. All druggists, 25cts.

From Samoa.

Tell not of your sorrows, ye laboring men,
Write not of your trials with eloquent pen;
'Tis your turn to join in a pitying sigh
As you notice my present condition, for I
Am a king who is out of a job.

I ne'er learned a cakewalk. I can't even play
The banjo, nor warble the songs of the day
To catch the light coin of the mob;
My only resource—'tis a small one, you'll own—
Is to seek a small junkshop and barter the throne
Of a king who is out of a job.

'Twould have been a slim chance, but I might have pulled through
Had kings stuck together as workingmen do,
But they left me deserted to sob.
They cry "divine right," but they don't seem to like
The plan of declaring a general strike
For a king who is out of a job.
—Washington Star.



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

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

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

LEST YOU FORGET, note that we buy Butter, Cheese and Fresh Eggs for export—that we handle Gasoline Engines and Horse Powers, and that our "Alexandra" and "Melotte" Cream Separators are the best in the world. Correspondence solicited.

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

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THE ONLY PRINTERS' SUPPLY HOUSE IN THE NORTHWEST.

We keep a large stock always on hand of TYPE, PRINTERS' MATERIAL AND PRINTERS' MACHINERY. Can fit

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out Daily or Weekly Papers or Job Outfits on few hours' notice. READY - PRINTS, STEREO - PLATES and PAPER and CARD STOCK also supplied on short notice.

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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.—

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

Job Work Strictly C. O. D.

Transient Ads Cash in Advance.

SATURDAY, SEPT., 30th, 1899.

In reference to the report of a miners' meeting, which appeared in the NEWS of September 15th, and which the courteous Herald states 'on reliable authority' to be false, we beg to say the facts were given to us by a miner WHO WAS PRESENT and published merely as a news item, as anyone with common sense might see. We have made enquiries into the matter and find our report was correct. As to the Herald's 'reliable authority,' we presume he is the same truthful individual who told the exploded Chinese telegram tale which the Herald had not the fairness or honesty to take back. Concerning the reported threat that the U. C. Co., would discharge men not employing Chinese, we have been informed by several miners and the managers that the charge is ABSOLUTELY FALSE. Further information on the meetings will be furnished next week. Meantime, we recommend a study of the Ten Commandments to the Herald and its 'reliable authority.'

Prize List.

Comox Fair.

DIVISION A.

DURHAMS.

Best Bull three years old and upwards, 1st W. Robb. Best Bull Calf, 1st S. J. Piercy.

JERSEYS.

Best Bull, three years old and upwards, 1st W. Lewis. Best Bull, two years old and upwards, 1st A. Urquhart. Best Bull Calf, 1st A. Urquhart.

HOLSTEINS.

Best Bull, one year old and upwards, 1st S. F. Crawford. Best Bred Cow, in Calf or Milk, 1st S. F. Crawford. Best Bred Heifer Calf, 1st S. F. Crawford; 2nd J. Berkley.

GRADED CATTLE.

Best Bred Heifer, two years old, 1st J. McPhee; 2nd J. Berkley. Best Milk Cow of any kind, special prize by Brackman & Ker, quantity to be judged by weight, quality to be judged by Babcock tester, 1st J Berkley; 2nd T. Cairns.

DIVISION B.

DRAUGHT HORSES.

Best Colt, two years old, 1st W. Roy; 2nd W. Grieve. Best Draught Team, 1st W. Lewis.

GENERAL PURPOSE HORSES.

Best Stallion, thoroughbred, 1st W. Huband. Best Colt, two years old, 1st T. Williams; 2nd C. Bridges. Best General Purpose Team, 1st T. Cairns. Best General Purpose Horse, 1st W. Grieve. Special Prize given by Mr. Jas. Dunsmuir, M. P. P., for best general purpose team, 1st T. Cairns.

ROADSTERS.

Best Colt, two years old, 1st W. Roy, 2nd H. Lucas. Best Colt Suckling, 1st S Piercy. Best Buggy Horse, 1st B Crawford 2nd W. Roy. Saddle Horse, 1st Rev. J A Durand; 2nd.....

DIVISION C.

ANY KIND OF PURE BRED SHEEP.

Ram Lamb, one year and over, 1st A Urquhart.

GRADED SHEEP.

Two Ewes, two syears and over, 1st A. Urquhart; 2nd H. Stewart. Two Ewes, syearlings, 1st A. Urqhart; 2nd H Stewart. Ewe Lamb 1st A Urqhuart; 2nd H. Stewart.

DIVISION D.

BERKSHIRE PIGS.

Boar, one year old and upwards, 1st A Urquhart; 2nd T Cairns. Sow, over one year old, 1st S. Piercy; 2nd W. Hodgson. Sow, under one year old, 1st W. Hodgson.

GRADED PIGS.

Two Pigs, under nine months old, 1st.....2nd W Hodgson.

DIVISION E.

POULTRY.

Any kind of turkeys, 1st C Bridges; 2nd E Creech. Pekin Ducks, 1st W Mathewson. Aylesbury Ducks, 1st.....; 2nd T. Cairns. Rouen Ducks, 1st E Creech; 2nd C Bridges. China Geese, 1st C Bridges. Brown Leghorn, 1st W Hodgson; 2nd T Cairns. Bantams, 1st E Creech; 2nd C Bridges.

DIVISION G.

GARDEN VEGETABLES.

Brace of Cabbages, 1st J McPhee; 2nd J J Miller. Six Turnips, 1st J J Miller; 2nd J Halliday. Carrots, 1st B Crawford; 2nd J J Miller. Table Corn, 1st J Halliday; 2nd T Williams. Parsnips, 1st T Cairns; 2nd J Miller. Beets, 1st J Miller. Squash, 1st T Cairns. Six Tomatoes, 1st T Williams; 2nd J Miller. Cucumbers, 1st J Mason; 2nd B Crawford. Two cauliflowers, 1st J Halliday; 2nd J Mason. Kohl Rabi, 1st J Haliday; 2nd J Miller. Onions, yellow, 1st H Stewart; 2nd M Ball. Onions, red. T Cairns. Button Onions, 1st J J Miller. Shallots, 1st S. Piercy; 2nd J Mundell. Garden Peas, 1st J J Miller. Citron Melons, 1st J J Miller. String Beans, 1st W Hodgson; 2nd J Mason. Scotch Kale 1st J Mason. Brussel Sprouts, 1st M Ball; 2nd J Miller.

DIVISION H.

FIELD PRODUCE.

Mr. J Knight took 1st prize for the following field products:

Sheaf of Barley; Sheaf of Oats; Half Bushel of Spring Wheat; Half Bushel of Barley; White Peas; collection of seeds and grains, not less than six kinds and five pounds of each.

Early Rose Potatoes, 1st H Stewart. Elephant, 1st J Miller. Pride of the Market, 1st W. Hodgson; 2nd J Mason. Three varieties of any other kind of potatoes, 1st J Mason; 2nd B Crawford. Six Swede Turnips, 1st M Ball; 2nd J Halliday. Mangolds, 1st A Urquhart; 2nd B. Crawford. Sugar Beets, 1st M Ball. Carrots, white, 1st B Crawford. Collection of Vegetables, 1st J Miller: 2nd J Halliday; 3rd J Knight. Two Heaviest Pumpkins, 1st C Bridges. Sheaf of Eusilage Corn 1st J. Miller, 2nd T Williams.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Rev. J. Durand will hold service in St. John's Church to-morrow, Sunday, at 11 o'clock.

Mr. Reifle of Nanaimo registered at the Cumberland Wednesday.

Mrs. Morris of Vancouver is visiting her sister, Mrs. L. W. Hall.

Mr. Gideon Hicks and Miss Lillian Armson of Victoria, came up this week.

Mrs. Piket returned Wednesday from a visit to Vancouver.

WANTED—to purchase a number of pigs.

KEE FUNG.

Chinatown.

OUR

Millinery Opening..

Has been somewhat delayed by carpenters and painters and will be on

Monday and Tuesday...

OCTOBER 2nd and 3rd,

when we will show a

SUPERB DISPLAY

—OF—

Hats, Mantles, Ladies' Jackets, Tailor-Made Costumes, etc.

Everybody Invited

Stevenson & Co

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Little went down to Victoria Friday morning.

Mrs. Kilpatrick returned this week from Vancouver.

Concert in the Methodist Church Tuesday night.

MR. Abrams and a number of other witnesses went down to Victoria Friday to attend the Trent Bridge trial.

MISS MALKIN of Vancouver came up to Comox on a visit Wednesday.

Vancouver Knignts of the Grip continue to arrive regularly.

Mr. Thos. Morgan, Inspector of Mines, registered at the Union Hotel this week.

Mr. Jno. Williams returned home Wednesday from Seattle and other points.

Henry F. Pullen, 2nd A, late of Sydney, has been appointed to the staff of Union School, vice Miss Nickerson, resigned.

The Enterprise publishes a very flattering sketch of Cumberland, while describing the reception accorded to Wellington and Nanaimo visitors.

WHARF NOTES.

The Amur, Capt. Le Blanc, coaled at the wharf Wednesday. She was on her way down from the Skeena and carried 14,600 cases of salmon and a number of passengers. The Captain reported meeting heavy fogs which delayed the steamer considerably.

The new chimney for the brick yard at the Wharf has been completed and adds greatly to the appearance of the works.

The ground for the new school has been cleared.

Our popular operator, Miss McDonald, has removed her household gods to the Wilson Hotel.

The following inventors have recently been granted patents by the Canadian government through the agency of Messrs. Marion and Marion, Solicitors of patents and experts, New York Building, Montreal, who will send their "Inventors Help" FREE to any address.

63578.—Freeman Payzant, Lockport, N. S., Solderless cane,

63754.—L. A. W. Godwin, Halifax. N. S. Stiffening broom.

63767.—F. J. Buote, Tingish, P. E. I., Proof Presses.

63768.—W. H. Tobey, Tupperville, Ont. Automatic feed regulator for boilers.

63670.—S. S. Grant, Montreal, Adjustable nose guard for eyeglasses.

63790.—J. B. Girard, St. Aime, P. Q. Wind wheels.

WOMEN AS INVENTORS.

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

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

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

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

CUMBERLAND HOTEL ARRIVALS.

A. Suckling, Creed Slater Co., Vancouver.
J. Hemsworth, Victoria.
M. R. Turner, Vancouver.
H. Reifle, Nanaimo.
Fred Hall, Victoria.
J. P. Malkin, Vancouver.

FOR SALE OR FOR RENT.

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

GO TO

CAREY the Tailor

For Your Next Suit of Clothes.

GOOD FIT

—AND—

PRICES RIGHT

CALL AND SEE.

Having purchased the large and well-assorted stock of Mr. A. W. Rennson, I am prepared to do business with the people of Comox District.

You will find in my stock everything found in a First Class Grocery Store, also a good line of Crockery, Tinware Agateware and Hardware. Flour and Feed always on hand.

Inspection invited and a fair share of your patronage solicited.

I Remain,
Yours Faithfully,
F. J. LEIGHTON.

Comox Sept, 15th.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor Cumberland News:

I have had the pleasure of seeing a copy of the resolutions passed at the miners' meeting, in your town on the 17th inst. A set of resolutions, which stamps every man who acquiesced or voted, aye, on the same, I say, stamps him as a liar. Take for instance, the one which reads as follows: Whereas, owing to the scarcity of white labor, the former resolution to exclude Chinese be rescinded, and be it resolved, we take them in again. I have mislaid the copy, but it reads as above. How will that look to their brethern at Wellington, Extension and Alexandria, who are out of employment?

If that band of men will consent to have their photo taken, I guarantee to sell a hundred of them, so that when we ship the Chinese back to the land they came from, we can include the Union miners. There are large coal deposits in China, and then we can send them along to work with their equals, by their own admission, viz, the Heathen Chinese. MINER.

Wellington, Sept., 25th, 1899.

We have placed a splendid stock of Boots and Shoes in our new store and it will pay intending purchasers to buy here.

Stevenson & Co.

Mr Alex. Graham is back from Texada, where he has been working for some time, and is working at the Cumberland. It seems like old times to see Alex back again.