THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

SEVENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. SATURDAY, SEPT., 9th, 1899

BENEFIT CONCERT.

In aid of the family of the late Stewart Torrance.

CUMBERLAND HALL

FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 15th, AT 8 O'CLOCK, P. M.

Under the direction of

Miss Bertram.

General Admission, 25 cents.

TENDERS will be received up to September 12th, for the privilege of selling of selling refreshments on the rercreation grounds, Saturday, September 16th.

F. STODDART,
Sec'y Committee.

H B A VOGEL COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.

P. O. Box 347, Vancouver, B. C.

We teach business, Book-keeping, Shorthand, Tppewriting, and the general Engiish branches. The Demand for office help is larger than the supply.

Send for illustrated Prospectus.

NOTICE.

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

JAMES ABRAMS,
Sec'y to Trustees.

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

. . BIG STORE . .

PURSES, from 10 cents to $4.50
BILL-BOOKS, at 50 cents
PIPES, from 15 cents to $2.00
PEARL BUTTONS, White and Smoked, all sizes
HAIR PINS, from Invisible to Extra Strong
DIAMOND PINS, at 50 cents
WIRE HAIR-BRUSHES, at 25 cents
SIDE COMBS, a Nice Assortment
BEAUTY PINS, from 5 cents each
CUFF BUTTONS, Men's and Ladies'
COLLAR BUTTONS, all Kinds
BLACK TOILET PINS, Dull and Bright
CORSET and SHOE LACES
HOSE SUPPORTERS, Ladies' and Children's
NEEDLES, PINS, THIMBLES
HAIR COMBS, Steel and Rubber
BUTTON HOOKS
KID HAIR CURLERS, and everything else in this line usually found in a Dry Goods Store

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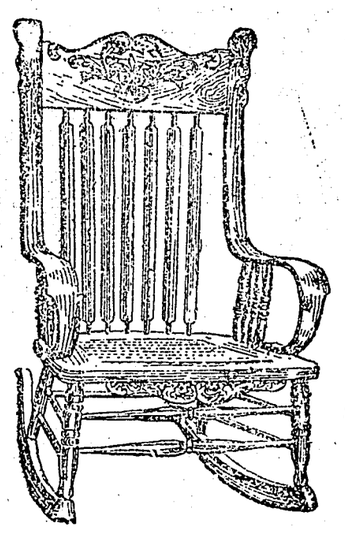

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LOCAL NEWS.

Mrs. E. Dobbs came up last boat.

Mr. W B Anderson is up from Vancouver.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hicks returned last week.

Mrs. Willard returned this week from a lengthy visit to Victoria.

Mrs. Brown returned Wednesday from a visit to Wellington.

Mr. Jas. Abrams has fitted up a neat office in the Nash building.

Mrs. D W Richards returned home last boat.

Come to the celebration next Saturday. The parade will be good.

Mrs. Dowdell and family came up from camping this week.

Mr. G W Clinton went down to Victoria Friday.

Mr. P Dunne is over at Texada.

Cyclists are hard at work practising this week. Whoever wins will have to get a move on.

Rev. Mr. Gray held service at the Presbyterian Mission, Comox, last Sunday.

Mr. L. W. Nunns returned last Wednesday from a three week's visit to Victoria and Vancouver.

Miss Sarah Jones, of Nanaimo is visiting friends in Comox.

Rev. W. Hicks occupied the pulpit of Mount Pleasant Methodist Church, last Sunday.

Mrs. Mellado has our thanks fo a beautiful boquet of Dahlias—the nfiest we have yet seen.

Miss Nellie Tarbell, who is attending Vancouver High School, is very pleased with her new surroundings.

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

It is expected that coal will be got out of the new shaft, No. 6, Monday. The seam is a good one and the quality of the coal better even than anticipated.

Mr. Harlan Smith, who was in Comox last summer pursuing archaeological researches, is reported to have discovered a mummy preserved in Egyptian fashion, near Harrison Lake.

Victoria, September 6.—John Weiler, founder of the firm of Weiler Bros. one of the largest in B. C. died this morning aged 75.

We have received from the Nelson B. of T., a very nicely gotten up booklet illustrated with cuts of that city and the surrounding country. An ad of this kind is just what Comox District needs to bring visitors up every summer.

Miss Bertram deserves hearty support for her benefit concert, which is advertised in to-day's NEWS. Her object is amost worthy one, and we are sure the people of this town will do all they can to make the concert a success, financially and otherwise.

LOST—Thursday, a gold nugget pin with a small piece of quartz in centre. Return to this office and get reward.

The Herald got out a programme for Labor Day which is one of the most artistic we have yet seen. The typographical work is splendid. Congratulations to the editor and his skillful staff. The Herald also published a small but neat special edition on that day.

Grand Celebration!

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16

In Honor of Wellington

..Excursionists..

Programme:

Allegoric Procession to Meet Excursionists at the Train.

JOHN BULL & UNCLE SAM TO LEAD.

Baseball .·. Football & Lacrosse Matches.

100 yds dash. 200 yds hurdle race. 440 yds foot race. One mile foot race. One mile novice bicycle race. One mile, open, bicycle race. Three miles, lap, bicycle race. Five miles handicap bicycle race. Obstacle race. Old man's race. Girl's race—under 12 years. Boys' race—under 12 years. Boy's and girls' race—nine years. Boys' sack race—12 years. Boys' sack race—nine years. Married women's race. Slow bicycle race. Blind men's wheelbarrow race. Ladies' nail driving contest.

BALL GAME—ITALIAN.

Dance in the Evening at Cumberland Hall.

The congregation of St. John's Catholic Church of Comox was augumented last sunday by members of the Warspite's company. Excellent music was furnished by some of the bandsmen. The violin solos were exquisite. Service is held there every Sunday while H. M. Ships are in.

The excursion to Texada this week was smaller than the first, only about 70 persons going over. However, as the day was very fine, those who did go enjoyed the trip immensely. The excursion train did not get back to Union till 10 p. m. Thursday. The City went up to Campbell River during the day.

PASSENGER LIST.

Per steamer "City of Nanaimo,' Wednesday, September, 7th.

M Bassoni, Mrs. Willard, J Dolman, Mrs. Carlson, J Thompson, Mrs. White, Mrs. Richards, Mr. Elkington, Mrs. Cook, Skinner, Mrs. Graham, Mrs. Brown, Miss Ford, Mr. Vass, M Martin, Mrs. Beck, S Thompson, Mrs. E. Dobbs, Miss Moss, Mrs. Elkington, J Findley, Mrs. Kendall, Rev. Mr. Hicks and wife, Mrs. Bassona, Mrs. Mesher L Nunns, C Carlson, Girl Carlson, M Wilson, Mrs. Parks. H. Searle, Mrs. Johnston, G Ramsay, Girl Brown, D Stevenson J Coburn and Wife.

LOST—Thursday, a star shaped society pin, studded with pearls. Return to this office and get reward.

A. & I. ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of the Directors of the Comox A. & I. Association was held in Courtenay Hall, on Saturday evening, at which the judges were appointed for the fair, on Sept 21st.

Experts are expected from Vancouver and Westminster to judge butter and fruit. It was decided to compete for the district exhibit prize at the Provincial Exhibition at Westminster, and that one of the Directors should be sent in charge of the exhibit..

Excursion rates have been secured on the steamer, "City of Nanaimo," from Victoria and Nanaimo to Comox on fair week, and a big crowd is expected. An excursion is also promised from Texada.

In addition to the programme of sports being arranged there will be a football match between the sailors of H. M. S. Warspite and the local club. The ship's band will furnish music during the afternoon.

Notice.

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

By order
FRANCIS D. LITTLE,
Manager.

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WOMAN AND HOME.

THE CLEVER PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO TEACHERS' CLUB.

The Daughter Who Works—The Cradle of Coeducation—Take Care of Your Hands—How She Was Presented—A College Cook.

Miss Mary E. Lynch, president of the Chicago Teachers' club, has been one of the most active workers for the betterment of the grade teachers since she came to Chicago. She was born in Lafayette, Ind., the birthplace of many newspaper men who came to Chicago and achieved prominence. She taught in the Lafayette schools for more than seven years. Then she taught in the country schools of Tippecanoe county, Ind., for two years. Miss Lynch decided to change her field in 1890 and obtained a partial certificate in the public schools here in that year. She received her first

MISS MARY E. LYNCH.

appointment as primary and grammar teacher March 1, 1890, and was assigned to the Wicker Park school. She was awarded a full certificate in June, 1897. Her progress was rapid after that time. Her merit as a teacher was quickly recognized. She was assigned successively to the Brown, Bancroft and Boulevard schools. She was made head assistant of the Chase school in June, 1895, which position she now holds. She is next in line of promotion for a principalship. Miss Lynch was one of the most energetic workers for the increase of the salaries of the grade teachers. She was the vice president of the federation for district No. 2 and was always in favor of peace and good will among the teachers. She acted as the presiding officer of the federation at a critical meeting and showed her ability in wielding the gavel in the interests of peace.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Daughter Who Works.

Economy is of necessity the watchword in most families, and the question of how to do this without sacrificing a certain self respect is often puzzling. A mother often hesitates to forfeit the social position her daughters occupy by permitting them to go out to work. Fortunately we are reaching a position where it is no longer considered derogatory to one's social standing in any American community for a girl or woman to earn her own living or at least help fill the family purse. There never should have been such a prejudice in a democratic country, but it did exist in some communities not many years ago, and a girl or woman who had to earn her living was practically ostracised from the society she formerly moved in.

"What to do to earn the honest penny" is a more important question today than "Will society like it, or will my friends desert me?" There are thousands of women who partly solve the problem by doing odd things at home. They paint, design, embroider and sew for money and at the same time keep intact their home life and relationships. This is the ideal work for women, and it is a pity that all who feel the necessity of earning something for the family support cannot find such remunerative fields of employment open to them. The honest wife or daughter who conducts the household in an economical and systematic way earns money that is rarely credited to her. Probably the only way to make this appear evident in some households is to run the household on the best plan possible and charge the costs up just as if no special stress to save had been made. Then every time anything is actually saved through foresight and labor let the money represented by the economy be put aside. At the end of a year this sum will amount to quite a little, and it can be spread out then on the family ledger to represent the profits of economy. Every green vegetable for the table raised by the housewife in the kitchen garden or the eggs collected from the hens should go into this economy fund after the cost of seeds and feed for the chickens has been deducted. A set of economy books kept in this way will yield a great amount of pleasure and instruction. It may also open the eyes of some other members of the household to the actual money value of a woman's work in the home.

The Cradle of Coeducation.

"It is now about 65 years since for the first time in the history of our country young ladies studied the higher branches in the same classroom with young men and publicly received the degree of bachelor of arts from Oberlin college, the cradle of coeducation," writes Edward A. Steiner in Woman's Home Companion.

"In the year 1841 'three women graduated and were the first young women to receive a degree in the arts,' and in 1844 two women applied for admission to the theological seminary, were admitted and finished the course, although they did not receive a degree. One coveted privilege these young ladies were not permitted to enjoy—that of reading their essays on commencement day. The professor of rhetoric was their proxy. Such an ardent woman's rights advocate as Lucy Stone had to suffer under this humiliating discrimination, but not without vigorous protest. Her essay was not read by the professor of rhetoric, for the simple reason that it was never written. In 1859 that barrier was broken down by the pent up energies of many generations of irate female students, who here, as everywhere, obtained their rights if they wanted them.

"The living of the young ladies must have been very plain, for they paid only 75 cents a week for board, and they paid that by work at the rate of 3 cents an hour. I find nowhere a record of class parties and not a trace of a class picture, and I know that there existed no such frivolous thing as a chocolate drop There were four women to enter the first regular freshman class. Though the frivolities of modern college life were not permitted, love could not be kept out, and Mary F. Kellogg, one of the four, afterward became the wife of ex-President Fairchild. The mother of Dr. Barrows was also one of those pioneers of coeducation, and she certainly did not dream that at a crisis in the history of her alma mater she would give her beloved son to be the leader of that noble institution."

Take Care of Your Hands.

There is a great knack in using the hands gracefully which seems to be but little understood by girls and women generally. Hands blush. Did you know that? If you are conscious of your hands they will grow red and angry looking. If you forget them they will return to their normal color. If hands are homely in shape despite the best one can do they should be shielded with sleeves that drop over the hand.

Thin hands can be made plump by rubbing them with cream. Hands that are crimson when they are held down often pass for exceptionally pretty hands because their owner deftly contrives to keep them up so that the blood shall not settle in them.

Children should not be allowed to "crack their knuckles." It causes their knuckles to enlarge in a hideous way.

Some hands are naturally pretty and some are naturally homely, but many homely hands can be greatly improved by judicious care. One's employment has a great deal to do with the look of the hands, of course, and the harder the work is on the hand the more care is required to keep it in good condition. An abnormally small hand is not attractive. The hand should be in proportion to the rest of the body. It should have character, too, and should be used expressively. Indeed the hand does much to express the character. When its owner is a nonentity, the hand is merely a machine. When its owner is an individual, the hand follows suit.

To keep the hands smooth use a few drops of this lotion after washing:

Three ounces of rosewater.
One ounce of glycerin.
Ten drops of carbolic acid.
Ten grains of bicarbonate of soda.
Cost, about 20 cents.—Gentlewoman.

How She Was Presented.

It costs more to make one's debut in England than in America, for over there a girl is not properly introduced till she has been presented at court, and the cost of launching a daughter in society is something to drive impecunious fathers into a lunatic asylum. One girl who came up from her Berkshire home to be presented has given an account of what she endured and what her father's pocketbook suffered. First, a large, aristocratic and handsomely furnished house was rented in London for the season—nearly every one rents his town house now—and a big rent charged. Then began the work of laying in a wardrobe.

This girl first paid a visit to a place where corsets are made to order. She had a pretty figure, but madame insisted that she must have an 18 inch waist to be beautiful. She was measured and fitted for riding, opera and ordinary corsets, and the bill came to $100. Twenty-five pairs of the smartest boots and slippers added to the bills. A score of pretty hats, to go with various dresses, made a big hole in $500, and three times the amount went to the dressmaker. A riding habit cost $50, a bicycle suit the same and several dozen pairs of gloves to match were no small item.

The presentation dress cost $600, though it was plainly made of exquisite white satin broche. For a fee of $15 a lady came and taught the young woman the court bow, the way to courtesy and carry her train. This was hard work for the debutante, and she said she was as tired after an afternoon with her teacher as though she had spent the time on the golf links. And after all the time and trouble it was but a few brief seconds she spent in the royal presence.—Exchange.

A College Cook.

One of these days some enterprising girl is going to earn her way through college by acting as cook, just as the poor and plucky young men earn their way by taking waiters' places. Bright and blessed be the dawn that heralds in that day! Then there will be intelligence and inventive power and artistic pride back of the saucepans and the gridiron. Then students will not be fed on veal loaf and corn bread, eggs boiled hard, stewed prunes and the like. There will be succulent and tempting luncheons. Things will be doubly nourishing, because they will be palatable. No more cream gravies like kite paste; no more tough brown steaks; no more coffee weak one day, muddy the next and burned the third; no more stringy and watery stews; no more "boiled greens" in place of civilized and emulsive spinach; no more gluey rice; no more bread puddings; no more dingy mashed potato. Each viand, from Irish stew to halibut, sauce Hollandaise, will be done to a turn and no further, seasoned to the queen's taste, served piping hot or ice cold, never in the lukewarm condition which made even an apostle use ugly words about spewing out of his mouth. And then, too, the gentle art of cooking will be raised to its rightful position, just as that of nursing was as soon as educated girls went into it professionally. The chemistry of cooking and its relation to hygiene will be deemed as fitting for a young lady's attention as toying with a chafing dish, stirring a mayonnaise or making creamed dates. Is this too much to dream of? The fact is, I have been dining at Foster hall and longing for a different state of things.—Observer in Chicago Post.

What Slippers Will Do.

"I am afraid," said the girl, "that you'll have to sew the buttons over a little."

"Yes," assented the clerk, "I believe I will. You've worn slippers a great deal, haven't you?"

"Certainly," she replied.

"I thought so," he said. "Slippers make such large, knotty ankles."

The girl blushed a little at the uncomplimentary allusion to that portion of her foot. "But everybody wears them," she argued.

"Yes, I know," he returned; "but nobody ought to. Slipper wearing, when indulged to any great extent, spoils the shape of the foot. Slippers are worn for various reasons. Some women like them because they are comfortable, others because they imagine their feet look better in low, fancy shoes and still others because they are convenient. The fact of the matter is, slippers are not a bit more conducive to ease than high shoes, if the latter are selected judiciously. Indeed they are less comfortable in the long run, for the woman who is addicted to slippers is bound to have swollen feet a good part of the time, and when she finds it necessary to wear high shoes the inconvenience greatly exceeds the pleasure she has previously derived from slippers. For that reason the beauty is purely imaginary, for there is nothing attractive in bulging, overgrown ankles.

"Convenience is the only good point that can be really urged in favor of slippers. The ankles need support, and if they don't get it they not only become deformed to a certain extent, but their strength is impaired."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Largest Family on Record.

In the Harleian manuscript, Nos. 78 and 980, in the library of the British museum, mention is made of the most extraordinary family that has ever been known in the world's history. The parties were a Scotch weaver and his wife (not wives), who were the father and mother of 62 children.

The majority of the offspring of this prolific pair were boys—exactly how many is not known, for the record mentions the fact that 46 of the male children lived to reach manhood's estate and only four of the daughters lived to be grown up women. Thirty-nine of the sons were still living in the year 1630, the majority of them then residing in and about Newcastle-on-Tyne.

It is recorded in one of the old histories of Newcastle that "a certyne gentleman of large estaytes" rode "thirty and three miles beyond the Tyne to prove this remarkable story." It is further related that Sir J. Bowers adopted ten of the sons, and three other "landed gentlemen" took ten each. The remaining members of the extraordinary family were brought up by the parents.—London Woman's Life.

Proper Care of the Finger Nails.

"Soft white hands are always one of the principal points of a refined appearance, and for that reason women of all ages have most carefully attended to their hands," writes Mrs. Humphry, advising plain girls how to be pretty, in The Ladies' Home Journal. "The care of the hands cannot be said to be neglected nowadays, when so many persons employ the manicure, who scrapes the nails and makes them of a lovely pink, pushes back the skin from the little white moons at the base, cuts the nails in a crescent which exactly follows the outline of the half moons and ends by washing the hands in a preparation that makes them both smooth and white, temporarily, if not permanently. The hands look extremely well after the manicure's task has been finished, although Erasmus Wilson says that the nails should never be scraped nor cleaned with any instrument save the nailbrush. The only other implement needed is the small ivory presser."

About Jewel Wearing.

Few out of the large number of women who possess brilliant jewels wear them becomingly. Strange as it may seem, brilliant jewelry in close contact with the face is unbecoming, and the neck is the worst possible place for its display. It is shown to best advantage on the hair or corsage where the hair or material of the gown separates it from contact with the skin of the wearer.

The possession of jewels, such as diamonds, emeralds, rubies, pearls, etc., implies wealth, but the vulgarity of wearing jewels simply because they are costly is undoubted, while the wearing of much jewelry during the morning or upon the street is equally so.

Many of the cheaper grades of jewels are very beautiful and are becoming to the majority of women—corals, pink and red, just now so fashionable, cameos and carved ivory are most effective and are, in most cases, more becoming than the flashy jewels of untold value.

Sixty-six Ways to Make Coffee.

"George," said Mrs. Ferguson, who, having finished her breakfast, was glancing over the "miscellany" column of the morning paper, "I see there are now 65 ways of making coffee."

"Does the paper say so?" asked Mr. Ferguson.

"Yes."

"Well," said Mr. Ferguson, tasting the cup of coffee by his plate once more and pushing it away from him, "without knowing what the 65 ways are, or anything about them, I am willing to go on record as saying that Bridget's method of making coffee is the sixty-sixth."—Youth's Companion.

Too Much Sister-in-law.

Sisters in China evidently exercise a greater influence over their brothers' lives than they do in America. The case is cited in a Chinese journal of a native, aged 40, who has married and divorced 35 wives and is now married to the thirty-sixth. He was first married when 18 years old, and the reason alleged for this extraordinary example of inconstancy is that he has a younger sister of extremely jealous and quarrelsome disposition, who, from the moment that a bride enters the house, institutes a system of persecution which soon drives the unhappy woman to ask her husband for a divorce.

Keep Children Employed.

The children who are not kept employed will get into mischief. If you do not find them an occupation they will find one for themselves, and it will, most likely, be one to which you will say, "Don't do that!" Find the children employment and so cultivate their tastes and help them to form good habits. Make it a rule that anything begun must be finished. Whatever is done should be done to the best of the little one's ability, and neatness and care should always be encouraged and praised.

An authority in the matter of meats for children says that they should never have pork, veal or any of the internal organs that are used as food, like liver, kidneys, etc., except sweetbreads. These are both nutritious and easily digested. Shellfish or crustaceans, too, should not be a part of the regular diet of children.

The Princess Waldemar of Denmark has devoted herself to the welfare of the national fire brigade. She thinks that firemen are the bravest citizens, and she does all she can to help and encourage them. She often turns up at a fire and watches the proceedings.

To soften hard water take one ounce of quicklime to four gallons of water. Stir it thoroughly, and when it is settled pour off the clear solution, and it will be enough to add to two barrels of hard water.

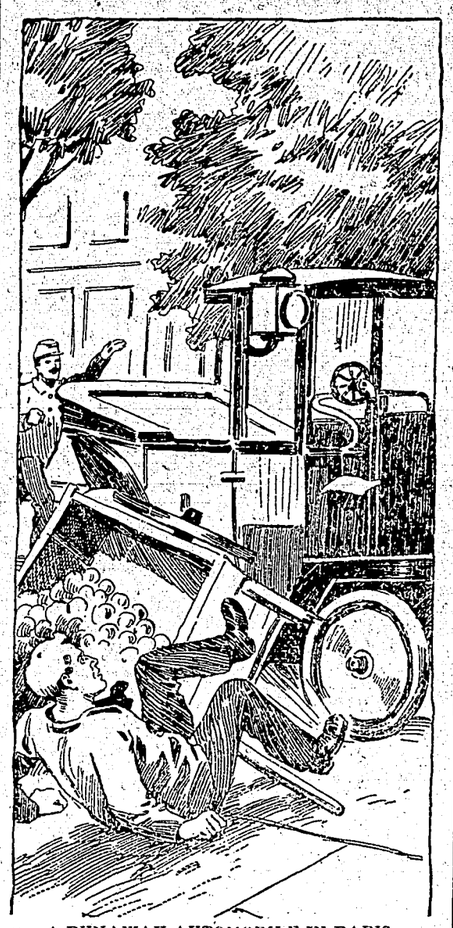
AN UP TO DATE MISHAP.

How Runaway Automobiles Terrorize Parisian Boulevards.

Runaway horses used to furnish an occasional diversion on the Paris boulevards, but these incidents have now become somewhat rare. A more modern accident has made its appearance. Today it is the runaway automobile, which now and then runs amuck in the streets of the French capital, frightening pedestrians, smashing other vehicles and causing the excitable gendarmes no end of trouble.

The accompanying illustration, taken from a Paris paper, illustrates one of these up to date mishaps. A motor carriage, left standing unguarded at the curb by its conductor, has in some way been set in motion, perhaps by the jostle of other carriages or by a defect in the machinery. It has torn along the boulevard, acquiring momentum at every new revolution of the wheels. In its mad course an apple cart has been upset. The careless conductor and all the gendarmes in the vicinity are giving chase.

A runaway automobile presents a difficult proposition. It cannot be scared to a standstill by waving a coat or blanket



A RUNAWAY AUTOMOBILE IN PARIS.

and there are no dragging reins for a heroic policeman to seize. It will not swerve aside to avoid running over helpless women and children, as even frightened horses will sometimes do. It dashes blindly ahead, reckless of any destruction it may cause to itself or other things. The only chance of stopping it before it is smashed to pieces against a wall is to jump aboard and clamber up behind, where the controlling machinery is located.

The Trapper's Story.

I have always been of the opinion that owing to his keen sense the bear is our first game animal and should be protected by law. His depredations on live stock are not worth taking into account, and I am quite ready to agree with an old trapper who was sleeping soundly in his cabin one day when an eastern man in search of hairbreadth stories of adventure knocked at his door. The door was opened by the trapper's partner, to whom the visitor made known his errand.

"Bill," said the younger man, "this feller wants to hear some narrer escapes you've had from bear."

The old man, rubbing his eyes, looked the stranger over and said:

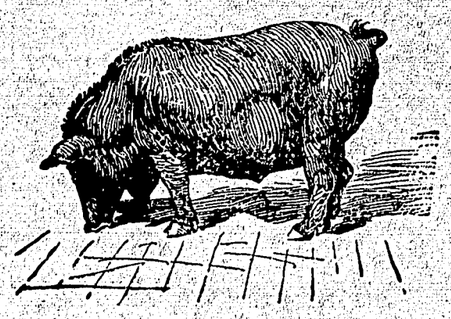
"Young man, if there's been any narrer escapes the bear's had 'em."—W. E. Carlin in Ainslee's.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN

THE PIG ON THE OREGON.

He Runs From the Souvenir Hunters When Neptune Is on Board.

My father is an officer on the United States steamship Oregon. One day, when I was on board of her, while she was at the Brooklyn yard, I saw the black pig which was taken off the Cristobal Colon and was named Blanco by the sailors out of compliment to the Spanish general. One of the officers told me that Blanco used to be very sociable and come up to



"THIS IS THE PIG."

have his back scratched, but so many people have pulled bristles out of his back that the poor pig runs whenever he sees any stranger coming toward him. What will souvenir hunters take next?

When the Oregon crossed the equator, Neptune and his suit came on board, as they always do when a ship crosses the line, to initiate the landlubbers into the mysteries of the deep. The sailors are first shaved with a large wooden razor, and then tipped over backward into a tank with about four feet of water in it, so that they get a good shaking up and wetting.

Father's Chinese servant was so afraid that he would be ducked that he hid behind the curtain in father's stateroom all day, except when he was waiting on the table during mealtimes. — Catharine Greene Stephenson in St. Nicholas.

Clever Lad's First Enterprise.

A New England furrier has lately received a new proof of the energy and thrift of the rising generation, says The Youth' Companion.

He received a correctly worded and most businesslike letter, sent from a Massachusetts town by a person who asked several questions in regard to the variety of skins the furrier purchased, the sizes desired and the price paid.

He promptly returned an answer—for which his new correspondent had inclosed a stamp—and, after giving the information requested, he wrote:

I should like to know how long you have been in the business and whether you are at present dealing with other firms.

He did not receive an immediate reply, but in a day or two there arrived from his new correspondent a batch of most desirable skins.

He acknowledged their receipt in a manner satisfying financially and otherwise, and by return mail came a letter, through which glowed a boy's irrepressible pride:

DEAR SIR—I am glad the skins were satisfactory. Will send more later. I am 12 years old, and this is my first enterprise. Y'rs resp'y,
HENRY ——.

Two Opinions.

RALPH'S.

I wish that girl had been a boy!
I hoped a boy would move next door.
For girls are always prim and neat.
I know she'll be a bore.
She will not want to wade or run,

She'll never, never catch a ball,
Nor climb a tree, nor fly a kite—
Girls are no fun at all.

WINIFRED'S.

Oh, I'm so sorry he's a boy!
Two girls could have such splendid times
At sewing doll clothes, playing tea,
Or reading tales and rhymes.
Of course he'll hit me with his ball
And make a dreadful lot of noise
And play at soldiers all day long—
There is no fun in boys!
—Marion Beatty in Youth's Companion.

Truths For Girls.

Never mind about the dimples if there's sunshine in your smile.

At least one little act of kindness a day and an easy pillow at night.

Vacation planning is all right, but don't let the summer dreams interfere with spring school duties.

Neatness of dress first, and style may come as an afterthought.

One frown a day when she's in her teens will wrinkle a girl's forehead like a crone's by the time she is 20.

Try making yourself as agreeable to your brother as if he were some other girl's brother. It will pay to win his boyish confidence.

How many thoughts a day for mother's comfort do you give?

Farmer Clovertop—Wot did that there boy o' yourn learn at college?

Farmer Hayrick—Well, he learned Greek an Latin an football an fencin an a lot o' things.

Farmer Clovertop—Fencin, hey? Waal, I don't see as how your fences looks any better nor mine.—Philadelphia Record.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

HIS SEASHORE SCHEME.

It Seemed a Veritable Klondike, but the Landlord Knew Better.

He was a new arrival at the seashore, and everything he saw seemed to interest him. Of course he went to the beach during the bathing hour and after a brief survey of it became abstracted and thoughtful. He walked the entire length of it and then made a circuit up by the bathhouses, studying every detail of the surroundings.

"Do you know," he said later when he had hunted up the proprietor of the hotel at which he was staying, "that you're overlooking a golden opportunity?"

"Wait until you see your bill," suggested the proprietor, with the calm assurance of a man who knows he has done the best he can.

"Oh, that has nothing to do with it!" returned the guest rather irritably. "There is a chance to make a fortune here entirely outside of the hotel business."

"Possibly, possibly," replied the proprietor, "but you have to be pretty sharp to run a shell game here without getting into trouble with the authorities."

"Who wants to run a shell game?" demanded the guest. "My scheme is as legitimate as—as—any theatrical attraction there is in existence. Will you go into it with me if I prove it to you?"

"My capital is pretty well tied up in this hotel," said the proprietor cautiously.

"Practically no capital is required," urged the guest. "Just say the word, and I'll let you in on the ground floor."

"Let's hear about it," returned the proprietor, "and if it is at all plausible you can count me in."

"Well, the first thing to do," explained the guest, "would be to rent the bathing beach and put a high board fence around it. The living picture exhibition there during the bathing hour is simply superb, but it ought not to be free. I'd make all men and old maids pay an admission fee."

The proprietor shook his head.

"It wouldn't do," he said. "We tried it once."

"What was the trouble?" asked the guest.

"Two of the prettiest girls there were here got mad about some trifle one day and just out of spite they cut an additional six inches off the skirts of their bathing suits and insisted on going in outside of the inclosure. They kept that up for a week, and we didn't make enough money to pay the gatekeeper."—Chicago Post.

ULCERKURE Heals the Worst Barb-Wire Cuts.

Suitable, but Never Used.

Motto for cooking school, "Forgive Us This Day Our Daily Bread."—New York Truth.

A Maxim Modernized.

"Take the goods the gods provide thee," this is wisdom's deepest lore,
But while taking don't neglect to keep on hollering for more.
—Detroit News.

Mediæval.

"I wouldn't mind the death so much," said the man who had been condemned to die on the wheel, "if it wasn't for one thing."

"What is that?" triumphantly hissed the chief inquisitor.

"This wheel you use looks like such a confounded low grade affair."—New York Truth.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

One Effect.

"Gentlemen," wrote the editor of the Boomville Terror, "the Klondike fever has hit this community hard. Please send me at once, by express, four pounds of cap K's and the same amount of lower case k's. Can't get this week's paper out till they come."—Chicago Tribune.

Some Difference.

Hewitt—How did you come out on your bets yesterday?

Jewett—I broke even. How did you come out?

Hewitt—Even broke.

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.

Unappreciated Muse.

"Gracious," exclaimed the night singing tomcat as he cleverly dodged the professor's bootjack, "how sadly inconsistent you are!"

"How inconsistent?" gasped the learned man.

"You teach the beauties of poetry during the day," replied the sagacious animal, "yet now you would discourage my mews."—Catholic Standard and Times.

An Exhibit on Wheels.

"Henri, when we move, I want an open van."

"Our stuff may get rained on."

"I don't care; I want the neighbors to see what lovely furniture you buy for me."—Chicago Record.

A SHORT ROAD to health was opened to those suffering from chronic coughs, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, lumbago, tumors, rheumatism, excoriated nipples or inflamed breast, and kidney complaints, by the introduction of the inexpensive and effective remedy, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil.

A Victim of Yellow Fever.

Washington, June 9.—General Brooke at Havana has reported to the war department that Private Charles Woodfin, Company A, Fifteenth infantry, died of yellow fever at Puerto Principe June 4.

Many a man who has promised to lay down his life cheerfully for the woman he loves will be found ten months later shying at the idea of oiling the hardwood floors.—Minneapolis Journal.

The goat produces more milk annually in proportion to its live weight than any other animal kept for milk production.

Remedy for Sore Throat.

This is just where Griffiths' Menthol Liniment is so very valuable. Apply it to the throat and chest when going to bed, and the soreness and inflammation will become immediately relieved. No other liniment has ever given such universal satisfaction as this remedy. Sold by all druggists, 25 cents.

A Gift That Won Her.

The prettiest story of the giving of presents that I know anything about is a chapter in the life romance of an adorable little woman who is the wife of an ex-senator from a state in the middle west. She was a widow when the senator first met her and he a widower. It was the afternoon of life with both of them, but he wooed her with the ardor of a boy and the persistence of a man. At one time she had definitely made up her mind that her duty forbade her to marry him, and she told him so. She was deaf to his pleadings, and he went away, asking only that he might give her some gift in token of his unalterable affection. She would accept nothing but a trifle—a book, she said, and a book he gave her. It was the most magnificent edition to be had, and on the back was emblazoned the title, "Paradise Lost."

But later he added to his library—their library, in fact—"Paradise Regained."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Social Agonies.

"How did you get on with Miss Biggs, to whom I presented you?"

"Didn't get on at all. First time I opened my mouth I called her Miss Baggs."

"Well?"

"She glared at me and I said, 'Oh, I beg pardon, Miss Boggs.'"

"Yes?"

"Then she walked off and left me."—Chicago Record.

ULCERKURE—Swift Cure for Poison Oak or Ivy.

His Platform.

"I," said he, "am an antitrust man, every time."

It was noticeable that there were subdued murmurings to the effect that he always wished to be trusted for his ante, but what would you? Are not the voices of calumny always active?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

When Paw Was a Boy.

I wisht 'at I'd of been here when
My paw he was a boy;
They must of been excitement then—
When my paw was a boy;
In school he always took the prize,
He used to lick boys twice his size—
I bet folks all had bulgin eyes—
When my paw was a boy.

They was a lot of wonders done
When my paw was a boy;
How grandpa must have loved his son,
When my paw was a boy;
He'd git the coal and chop the wood
And think up every way he could
To always jist be sweet and good—
When my paw was a boy.

Then everything was in its place,
When my paw was a boy;
How he could rassle, jump and race,
When my paw was a boy!
He never, never disobeyed;
He beat in every game he played—
Gee! What a record they was made
When my paw was a boy!

I wisht 'at I'd been here when
My paw he was a boy;
They'll never be his like agen—
Paw was the moddle boy;
But still last night I heard my maw
Raise up her voice and call my paw
The worst fool that she ever saw—
He ought of staid a boy!
—Georgie, Chicago Times-Herald.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

20 YEARS TORTURE.

A Belleville Lady, Whom Doctors Failed to Help, Cured at Last by Doan's Kidney Pills.

No one who has not suffered from kidney disease can imagine the terrible torture those endure who are the victims of some disorder of these delicate filters of the body. Mrs. Richard Rees, a well-known and highly respected lady of Belleville, Ont., had to bear the burden of kidney complaint for over 20 years and now Doan's Kidney Pills have cured her when all else failed.

Her husband made the following statement of her case: "For 20 years my wife has been a sufferer from pain in the back, sleeplessness and nervousness and general prostration. Nothing seemed to help her. Doctors and medicines all failed, until we got a ray of hope when we saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised as a positive cure.

"She began to take them and they helped her right away, and she is now better in every respect. We can heartily recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to all sufferers, for they seem to strike the right spot quickly, and their action is not only quick but it is permanent.

"I cannot say more in favor of these wonderful pills than that they saved my wife from lingering torture, which she had endured for 20 years past, and I sincerely trust that all sufferers will give Doan's Kidney Pills a fair trial."

LAXA-LIVER PILLS Cure constipation, biliousness sick headache and dyspepsia. Every pill guaranteed perfect and to act without any griping, weakening or sickening effects. 25c. at all druggists.

Americans After a Souvenir.

"I don't like this souvenir fad. It seems un-American to me."

"Well, it isn't un-American. If you had about 30 real simon pure aboriginal Americans chasing you across a 30 mile prairie, as I have, trying to get your scalp for a souvenir, you would hold different views."—Indianapolis Journal.

Burrows, Stewart & Milne, Limited, Hamilton, Canada, have issued a circular to the stove dealers stating that the fire which occurred in their factory last week will not interfere with stove business or repairs. The part of the building burned was the mounting shop, which will be rebuilt inside of two weeks.

Fortunately the large concern's stock of stoves, furnaces, and scales, which is very heavy at this time of the year, escaped fire, owing to their very large premises.

A Compliment With a String.

Miss Keene—Do you know, Mr. Tubbs, that vawze always reminds me of you?

Mr. Tubbs—Of me? How's that?

Miss Keene—Oh, it's so large and shapely, and—

Mr. Tubbs—Ahem! Yes?

Miss Keene—And there's never anything in it, you know!—Jewelers' Weekly.

Something Wrong Somewhere.

"What's that?"

"This paper has a long article about a new hero, and I've been unable to find anywhere in it a single word about his having been the black sheep of the family."—Boston Traveler.

TO THOSE OF SEDENTARY OCCUPATION.—Men who follow sedentary occupations, which deprive them of fresh air and exercise, are more prone to disorders of the liver and kidneys than those who lead active, outdoor lives. The former will find in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills a restorative without question the most efficacious on the market. They are easily procurable, easily taken, act expeditiously, and they are surprisingly cheap considering their excellence.

Heart Failure.

Hyson—How did the Blank murder case come out?

Foochow—Oh, the woman was cleared of the charge!

Hyson—But how could that be? She shot the man deliberately, and he died instantly, as at least half a dozen persons testified.

Foochow—I know, but the defense had a medical expert. He made a post mortem examination of the man whom the woman shot, and he declared that it was a case of heart failure.—Boston Transcript.

A SURE CURE FOR HEADACHE.—Bilious headache, to which women are more subject than men, becomes so acute in some subjects that they are utterly prostrated. The stomach refuses food, and there is a constant and distressing effort to free the stomach from bile which has become unduly secreted there. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are a speedy alterative, and in neutralizing the effects of the intruding bile relieves the pressure on the nerves which causes the headache. Try them.

A Public Church.

Probably the only public church in the world is at Cynthiana, in Posey county, Ind. It does not belong to any certain denomination, but is open to all creeds who desire to hold services there. The church was built by the Wilkinson family, one of the pioneer families of that county.

The church stands about a mile south of Cynthiana. It is a neat little building and will accommodate about 1,000 people. The church is looked after by a board of trustees. Near the church is a cemetery, where all the Wilkinsons are buried in a row. The burial ground is public, and the farmers living in the neighborhood see to it that the place is not neglected. Every spring the farmers lay aside their work for a day and put the old burial ground in good shape.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE MASTER MECHANIC'S EXTRAORDINARY Best Tar Soap in the World MADE BY THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL.

EDDY'S....
TELEGRAPH MATCHES
FIRST in 1851. FOREMOST in 1899
The MOST of the BEST MATCHES for the Least Money.
COUNT THEM FOR YOURSELF AND SEE.

Everyone wants the best value for his money. Buy Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea and you will certainly get it.

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

MONEY BACK Test the sincerity of this store and its ability to fully satisfy you by this offer—a standing offer and guarantee. We cheerfully refund the money for any goods returned uninjured. This is the liberal policy on which we are building up the mail order business. We must please you; failing to please we fail to keep you as a customer and we have wasted our money in advertising. Our Catalogue tells of Dry Goods of all kinds, Clothing for Men and Women, Gloves and Hosiery, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Drugs, Books, Hardware, China and Glassware, Groceries and Provisions, Carpets and House Furnishings, Furniture, Wall Papers and Pictures. Catalogue and Samples free if you write

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

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

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

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

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

FIRE, LIFE, MARINE INSURANCE.
The Canada Accident Assur. Co'y, a clear and reliable policy giving indemnity for total or partial disablement without extra charge.
The American Surety Co'y, the largest guarantee company in the world.
W. T. KIRBY,
345 Main St., - - Winnipeg.

WANTED—Men and women everywhere to distribute samples and advertise California Orange Syrup; $2 per day and expenses paid; cash every week; particulars for 2-cent stamp. CALIFORNIA ORANGE SYRUP CO., San Francisco, Cal.

But the Girl Plays On.

[After Longfellow.]

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old fashioned country seat,
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw,
And there, throughout the livelong day
Jemima plays the pi-a-na.
Do, re, mi,
Mi, re, do.

In the front parlor, there it stands,
And there Jemima plies her hands,
While her papa, beneath his cloak,
Mutters and groans, "This is no joke!"
And swears to himself and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,
"Do, re, mi,
"Mi, re, do!"

Through days of death and days of birth
She plays as if she owned the earth.
Through every swift vicisitude
She drums as if it did her good,
And still she sits from morn till night
And plunks away with main and might
Do, re, mi,
Mi, re, do.

In that mansion used to be
Free hearted hospitality;
But that was many years before
Jemima monkeyed with the score.
When she began her daily plunk,
Into their graves the neighbors sunk.
Do, re, mi,
Mi, re, do.

To other worlds they've long since fled,
All thankful that they're safely dead,
They stood the racket while alive
Until Jemima rose at five.
And then they laid their burdens down,
And one and all they skipped the town.
Do, re, mi,
Mi, re, do. —Harlem Life.

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

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

WHITE STAR

That means a guarantee of PURITY and EXCELLENCE.

WHITE STAR BAKING POWDER

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

TRY IT.

THE DYSON-GIBSON CO.

is the kind that housekeepers who want only the best always buy. Packed in pound and two-pound tin cans, it comes into the home with all its natural aroma and strength. **Protected by our Seal,** the consumer knows that its purity and strength have been untampered with. Your grocer sells this kind, but be sure our seal and name is on the can you buy.

Chase & Sanborn.

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., 9th, 1899.

An industry that may hereafter prove of importance in this district is grapeculture. Mr. Williams has grown some very good grapes on Grant and Mounce's farm this year, and we have heard of others who have been equally successful. Of course, the attempt is merely an experiment as yet, but if it can be shown that small quantities can be grown, there is no reason why large areas should not be successfully cultivated. At Cowichan, on the E. & N., grapes are grown from which wine of good quality is made.

We would be glad to publish letters from farmers and others on the subject.

H. M. S. Amphion, most popular ship with Victorians of any in Her Majesty's squadron, has the homeward pennant flying this morning, with orders to sail for Acapulco on the first leg of her journey back to the Motherland at 10 o'clock. With her go the heartiest good wishes of every citizen of British Columbia's capital for each and every one on board, from Captain Finnis to his cabin boy.

It is not probable that the Amphion will be seen again on this station—for many years at least. There is a difference of opinion as to what ship will succeed her, H. M. S. Vindictive having been reported as commissioning at Chatham to take her place. The Vindictive is, like the Amphion, a twin-screw cruiser of the second class, but she is somewhat more modern in type, and is a vessel of 5,750 tons register, as against the Amphion's tonnage of 4,360; while her power is exactly double that of the old favorite—10,000 i. h. p., whereas that of the Amphion is 5,000.

The report is also revived that a battleship of the first class will form part of Admiral Beaumont's squadron, and in this connection it was stated at Esquimalt yesterday that H. M. S. Royal Oak, a sister ship of the Royal Sovereign, is shortly to be detached from the Mediterranean fleet, to come to the North Pacific, as the first battleship ever stationed in these waters. The Royal Oak is a twin-screw battleship of the first class, fully armored, with a tonnage of 14,500 and 9,000 i. h. p. She carries upwards of 600 men, and is a floating fighting machine second to none that America has ever seen.

But while this would undoubtedly make her a more interesting craft to the careless visitor, it could not give her the Amphion's place in the hearts of Victorians, who well remembered the ship and her hearty, whole-souled officers and men on every occasion she has been stationed at Esquimalt.

It was on her former commission here, in command of Captain E. Grey-Hulton, about ten years ago now, that the Amphion passed through the greatest adventure that any warship has in Pacific waters this century—and continued to float. She was at that time on her way to Vancouver, carrying the then Governor-General of Canada, Lord Stanley of Preston, and his distinguished party. It was a day of dense fog; yet time pressed, [illegible] was running at half speed. In rounding into Haro strait there was a crash, an ominous sound of ripping, and a hole upwards of 125 feet long and from 2 to 12 feet wide had been torn in the steel hull.

At the same instant the ship was wheeled as though on a pivot, and while the crew threw canvas mats over the side which drew into the gaping wound and lessened the inrush of water, a course was shaped for Esquimalt, the ship running at full speed through the murky night. Realizing that there was no available place to beach her, and hurriedly calculating her floating life by the rate of her water-taking, her officers concluded that they had a chance to save the ship by running for it. And they did it, so coolly that the distinghished people on board never knew until long months later how desperate a chance they had taken. Esquimalt was made and the dock entered with an hour or two to spare.

Observations

A CANADIAN POET.

The Victoria Times lately published a poe n by Chas. G. D. Roberts which, we think, deserves a place in our Canadian Readers. It is good verse and the sentiment is patriotic. How many teachers think of fostering the spirit of patriotism in their pupils? They have the best opportunity of doing so. Do they take advantage of it? There is not a land in all tho world with a nobler, more glorious history than our own Canadian Home. From the day when first Cartier sailed up the St. Lawrence down through the stormy years the Canadians held the land against English and Indian foes and later when French and English Canadians united to defend their common home in 1812, Canada has not wanted heroes in the cause of Heaven, home and freedom.

Mr. Roberts is a Nova Scotian and was formerly professor of English Literature in King's College, Windsor.

CANADIAN STREAMS.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

O rivers rolling to the sea
From lands that bear the maple tree,
  How swell your voices with the strain
Of loyalty and liberty.

O holy music heard in vain
By coward heart and sordid brain,
  To whom this strenous being seems
Naught but a greedy race for gain.

O unsung streams—not splendid themes
Ye lack to fire your patriot dreams!
  Annals of glory gild your waves,
Hope freights your tides, Canadian streams.

St. Lawrence, whose wide water laves
The shores that ne'er have nourished slaves!
  Swift Richelieu of lilied fame!
Niagara of glorious graves.

Thy rapids, Ottawa proclaim
Where Daulac and his heroes came!
  Thy tides, St. John, declare La Tour,
And, later, many a royal name!

Thou inland streams, whose, vales secure
From storm, Tecumseh's death made poor!
  And thou small water, red with war,
'Twixt Beaubassin and Beausejour!

Dread Saguenay, where eagles soar,
What voice shall from the bastioned shore
  The tale of Roberval reveal
Or his mysterious fate deplore?

Annapolis do thy floods yet feel
Faint memories of Champlain's keel,
  Thy pulses yet the deeds repeat,
Of Poutrincourt and d'Iberville?

And thou fair tide, whose plains now beat
With march of myriad westering feet,
  Saskatchewan, whose virgin sod
So late Canadian blood made sweet!

Your bulwark hills! your valleys broad,
Streams where de Salaberry trod,
  Where Wolfe achieved, where Brock was slain—
Their voices are the voice of God!

O sacred waters, not in vain,
Across Canadian height and plain,
  Ye sound us in triumphant tone
The summons of your high refrain.

* * *

CONCERNING MUSIC.

Of all the Arts first taught by gods to the children of men none speaks to the soul with such power as music. Sculpture appeals to the admiration of physical beauty as do painting and archetecture. Only indirectly do these affect the higher sense, the faculty which feels beyond what the eye sees. But music reveals to the spirit hidden realms. It raises the soul above the things of earth. It penetrates even to the throne of the Most High and angels delight the Author of creation with this divine art. Surely music is exalted far above all the other gifts of man. The paintings which from remote ages have decorated the tombs of Egyptian kings, the banquet halls of the mighty, dead these thousand years, and the great Cathedrals of Christendom, those monuments to man's faith in the God of his ancestors: the triumphs of sculpture—from the massive sphynxes of the Nile down the corridors of Time to the dome of St. Peters—all shall crumble with the dust of worlds.

Music alone shall survive the wreck of creation and its notes welcome heroes to the home of angels.

* * *

The above is music as it can be. But oh! music as it generally is is another thing. You go out to spend an evening and someone asks a young lady to sing. She immediately begins to twist her head to one side till you think her neck will be dislocated. Then she grabs the chair and says she "has a cold, can't sing anything" (that's a fact) etc. Party No. 1. coaxes a little, tells her she has a sweet voice (and a few more lies.) Finally, the young lady assumes a look of mingled martyrdom and joy, springs up from her chair and makes a bee line for the unhappy piano. There she seats herself, chases one hand with the other over the keyboard, makes two or three grabs at the keys and gives a shriek (i. e. if the piece is operatic.) Shriek follows shriek with few intermissions for about fifteen minutes or so, and the audience murmur "How classic" and make beleive they like it. Now that's the worst of playing the hypocrite. If you praise her 'piece,' she will go and do it again. So will young men. They are just as bad. Music is an awfnl thing sometimes.

COMOX NOTES.

Commander Garnons Williams of the Warspite has rented Glenartrney, Mr. Macdonald's cottage.

Lieut. and Mrs. Henderson and Miss Henderson are staying at Mrs. Holmes'.

Lieut. and Mrs. Glennie are at Mrs. Church's

Mr. Cecil Martin, who was at Mr. McDonald's some years ago, is doing well up north. He has a good claim up there and also in Comox. He intends prospecting the latter Christmas.

Glad to hear Misses Emma and Maggie McDonald have had an increase in salary. Good services deserve to be well compensated.

Miss Emma McDonald had the pleasure of hearing Godfrey's band while on her trip to Victoria.

Mr. Maurice McArdle has a claim on Helmcken Id. which promises well. Medium ore assays from $13.50 to $43 per ton copper alone, from $1.50 to $2 gold, and $1.40 silver. He has made arrangements with Mr. Treat of Texada to prospect it, and will proceed north in a week or so.

Why will any man be so impertinently officious as to tell me all prospect for a future state is only fancy and delusion? Is there any merit in being the messenger of ill news? If it is a dream, let me enjoy it since it makes me both the happier and better man—Addison.

Union Brewery.

Fresh Lager Beer THE BEST IN THE PROVINCE

STEAM—Beer, Ale, and Porter.

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

HENRY REIFEL, Manager.

SUNDAY SERVICES

TRINITY CHURCH.—Services in the evening. Rev. J. X. Willemar rector.

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

ST. GEORGE 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.

For Your Job Printing

GIVE US A TRIAL.

WE PRINT

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"Dominion creek and its tributaries will in all probability turn out a considerable amount of gold, both this summer and next winter," said one of the late arrivals from Dawson yesterday. A great deal of work is being done on the creek and benches, steam thawers being used on many claims. A strike was recently made on Caribou creek, which enters Dawson at No. 27 below upper discovery. As high as 75 cents to the pan was taken out, but the average was 10 cents.

A year ago Caribou creek claims sold well. As much as $10,000 and $12,000 was received for individual claims. Considerable development work has been done, but no pay-streak has ever been found in the creek, which is probably 5 miles long. As there was nothing found in the creek claims, it was concluded that the pay-streak must be in the hillside, and the result of prospecting was the location of pay opposite No. 9, about 200 feet up the hillside.

Messrs. Neil and Dougall McArthur, of this city, have let eight lays on their claim, No. 33 below upper discovery, on Dominion, some to Victorians. The laymen are: William Giles and William Clements, Lee Bros. and Wood, John McGillivary and John Ross, Angus McGillivary and William Rose, Alex. McArthur and Alex. Graham, John Cameron and Frank Hay, Duncan McPhail and Mr. McKenzie; Malcolm McDonald, Bob Franks and Thomas Carl. A great many of these parties had lays on this claim last season, and about the same number of lays were let last year as there are this. The laymen all did well, making from $1,000 to $4,000 each.

A rich strike is reported on No. 36 above on Sulphur, owned by Alexander McDonald and others. The pay-streak has been crosscut for 170 feet, and its width has not yet been determined. There is 4 feet of pay gravel, it is claimed, that will average 20 cents to the pan on a portion of the claim, while on the other side phenomenally rich dirt has been found, running from $1 to $32 to the pan. It took 11 months to locate the pay-streak.

Another of the men reported to be drowned in Five Fingers rapids has "come to life." This time it is Judge I. T. Irwin, formerly of Snohomish, Washington.

A dog owned by Mrs. Pike, who conducts a grocery store in Dawson, brought the hand of a human being to a litter of puppies for food. The supposition is that the hand is from the remains of Bert Scott, who was drowned in the Klondike river from a canoe upsetting about two months ago. Deceased owned No. 49 below on Bonanza, and his relatives have offered a reward of $10,000 for the recovery of the body.

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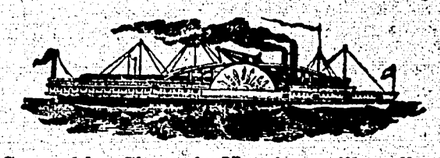

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112 A

WHITE HORSE COPPER.

Two Hundred Thousand Tons of Ore Said to Be in Sight.

F. G. Hinde Bowker, manager of the British American Corporation, Limited, with headquarters at Klondike City, who arrived on the Tees, is well pleased over the outlook of the late copper and gold discovery located 4 miles west of White Horse. According to the statements of Mr. Bowker, an old-time pioneer of the Yukon, the ledge has been traced for a quarter of a mile with a continuous cropping, and it comes to the surface at different points for fully 10 miles to the westward. He stated that the assays per ton show 15 per cent. in copper, from $3.50 to $20 in gold, and from 2 to 10 ounces in silver. These assays were taken from samples, secured at different points along the face of the ledge. The ledge matter shows a width of fully 300 feet, trending east and west, with a dip of about 80 degrees.

Mr. Bowker believes that this is the same copper ledge that crops out at Lake Hootchi, where Mining Expert Henry Bratnober has sixty claims located for the London Exploration Company. This district is about 55 miles west and east and across range from White Horse. The company has taken up twenty-three claims containing 160 acres each, occupying a tract of land a half-mile square. About a dozen men are sinking shafts on the ledge, while another force of men are cutting a trail 4 miles long, connecting the mine with White Horse.

Three Camps have been established, including one at White Horse, for the pack train and store.

Mr. Bowker estimates that the ledge now shows in sight fully 200,000 tons of ore. Should the ore prove profitable to work, a smelter will be erected to handle the product.

The crops throughout the province have been very severely damaged by the recent rains, but just how badly it is as yet hard to state, as much of the grain which was at last reports apparently ruined may have been saved by the return of fine weather. A representative of the Brackman & Ker Milling Co., who made a tour through the Delta district, on the Lower Fraser, writing on Wednesday, gives a very blue report of the prospects. He says there are 2,000 tons of hay in the field which he considers ruined, while the oat crop has been badly damaged, much of it having been knocked down, which will make it hard to cut. He did not visit Sea and Lulu islands, but was given to understand that the conditions there were similar to those in the Delta.

In Chilliwack all the hay was housed before the wet weather commenced, and the farmers had just got nicely to work harvesting their grain when the rain commenced. As a consequence there is a considerable quantity of wheat sprouting in shocks, and the oats and peas which were not cut are lying down.

On Vancouver Island all the hay was in before the wet weather commenced, and some grain was cut, but the damage was not very serious.

From the Okanagan valley Messrs. R. P. Rithet & Co., owners of the Columbia mills, Enderby, receive a daily report. That received yesterday pictures the conditions as very serious. The writer says the mill will have to handle a great quantity of damaged wheat, and if the fine weather did not come soon, all the wheat in the Okanagan Valley would be more or less damaged.

It is pleasing to quote one man who keeps posted on the conditions in the agricultural districts and holds a more optimistic view. Mr. D. R. Ker, managing director of the Brackman & Ker Milling Co., says this is not the first time that there have been early rains and reports of crop ruination. A man going through a district just after or during a rain receives the bluest kind of reports, but nine times out of ten as soon as the fine weather comes the farmers find that the damage was not nearly as bad as they expected. Of course, said Mr. Ker, a lot of the grain will be discolored, but he hardly thinks much of it will be entirely ruined.

THE YUKON SCANDALS.

From the Toronto Mail and Empire.

The Yukon scandals occupied a great deal of attention of parliament, as they had already of the civilized world. It was the desire of the people, seeing that the official rascalities had been subjects of universal complaint, that full investigation should be made, that the wrongs should be righted, and that the offenders should be punished. Twice did Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper move for a judicial enquiry. In the later instance the crimes were catalogued, and Sir Hibbert offered not only to prove that they had been committed, but to serve without remuneration as a prosecuting counsel before a Royal Commission, and to resign his seat in parliament if he failed to make good his charges. Twice did the government refuse investigation. Twice did it opose the probing of this iniquity. It had reasons for shrinking from publicity, and for covering up the offences which have been discussed the world over, and have cast disgrace upon the fair name of Canada. Evidently it knows that if the case were ventilated, the rottenness and greed of the Siftonian regime would be exposed, in so far as it has affected the gold mining region of Canada. The public would see that the gold territory was selected for exploitation purposes, and that partizans were rewarded with appointments there that they might enrich themselves contrary to law by the capture of auriferous lands which ought to belong to the people. It was in defence of Mr. Sifton rather than of the officials that investigation was, with such violence and heat, denied. It was because the scandal resulting from his administration would have necessitated his expulsion from the cabinet if officially brought to view that the ministers and all but three of their supporters united in slamming the door of the Yukon in the faces of the people. In the United States Secretary Alger's war administration has been examined, and the Secretary has had to resign. Here in Canada, where an investigation has never before been refused, the government is afraid to enquire too closely into Mr. Sifton's acts.

Two disgraceful incidents marked the Yukon discussion. In one Mr. Sifton was the chief actor. Sir Hibbert Tupper charged that Mr. Sifton's late law partner, Mr. Philp, had applied for and had secured gold dredging leases in the Yukon district; also that when inviting others to join him in the ownership of these concessions he represented that Mr. Sifton was a silent partner in the speculation. Mr. Sifton made a dramatic reply to this accusation. Holding up a return of the leases granted, he asserted that Mr. Philp had not even received a dredging lease, and that his name was not on the list. On examination it was found that the minister had deceived parliament, and that on the very list before him Mr. Philp was entered as having received four mining concessions of five miles each. The other unfortunate circumstance involves another minister not named. The London Times had expressed regret at the refusal of the government to permit an investigation of this Yukon scandal. Reuter's news agency subsequently published a long despatch from Ottawa, reporting that Sir Hibbert Tupper had publicly withdrawn his charges, and that for this reason no investigation was needed. The statement that Sir Hibbert had withdrawn his charges was untrue. It was cabled across the Atlantic at the public expense by one of the ministers. Reuter's agency, on receiving it, protected itself from all blame for the untruth it contained by intimating that the story was published "by request."

1899. PROVINCIAL. 1899.

EXHIBITION

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W. H. KEARY, Commissioner.

PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

Directors of the B. C. Agricultural and Industrial Association Have a Proposal to Make.

A meeting of the directors of the British Columbia Agricultural and Industrial Association was held last evening to consider a proposal to hold a provincial exhibition, commencing next year. The idea is to have all the cities and towns in the province join in this movement, at any rate those situated in the vicinity of agricultural districts, and let the cities and towns take turns in having the exhibition. A committee was appointed to confer with the directors of the Royal City Association during the exposition at New Westminster next month, and also with the directors of the smaller associations throughout the province. This committee consists of Messrs. H. D. Helmcken, M. P. P., Noah Shakespeare, R. Seabrook, Dr. S. Tolmie and A. J. Dallain.

THE BLACK SCOURGE.

Mobs Bent on Lynching in Pursuit of Negro Fiends in Three States.

Louisville, Kentucky, Sept. 5.—Mobs are chasing negroes in Kentucky, Tennessee and Georgia for assaulting women. At Fulton, Ky., Matthew McFall, a negro, attempted to assault Lillian Clapp, aged four. He escaped and the citizens are scouring the country for him.

A well-armed posse of farmers in Sullivan county, Tenn., are close on the trail of an unknown negro who has been followed from near the hamlet of Piney Flats to a point in the mountains near the Kentucky line. The negro attempted to assault Abner Snalling's daughter. Snalling, the father, leads the mob.

At Shelbyville, Gib Ray, colored, was arrested on a charge of assaulting Mary Hays. He was guarded all night at the gaol by a posse of officers. The sheriff slipped him out yesterday morning, and he is going towards Lewisburg, the mob following.

Lenora Olden, aged 15, was assaulted Sunday night on one of the principal streets of Chattanooga by Tom Downs. Her recovery is doubtful. Gaoler Nick Bush arrested Downs near the Georgia state line yesterday morning. The negro element is excited, and a half brother of the girl has organised a mob to lynch Downs.

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TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 Daily. A.M.		No. 4 Saturday P.M.
De. 9:00	Victoria	De. 4:25
" 9:28	Goldstream	" 4:53
" 10:14	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	" 7.37
Ar. 11:50	Victoria	Ar. 8:00 P.M.

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

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CUMBERLAND, B. C.

THE KING'S ROSE DIAMOND.

By GEORGE GRIFFITH.

[Copyright, 1898, by the Author.]

"I'll tell you, Jossey, these chaps know as well as I do that I took a parcel of stones from Ridley tonight, and before long Lipinski will be here with a search warrant to look for them. Now, if he doesn't find any he'll reckon that I've planted 'em, and I'm going to run 'em as you say. That means that we shall be watched and that every one who goes out of camp, especially any one belonging to me, will be stopped and searched, and so the missis'll have about as much chance of getting those stones down to Cape Town and on to the steamer as I would.

"Now see how my plan works out. They know I've got stones from Ridley, but they don't know what stones. See? They come here with their warrant, arrest us both and search us, find this other little lot on you and jump to the conclusion that they're the right ones and that I've just given 'em to you, but there's no proof of that, and they can't get one, for you'll play the funk, own up and swear you bought 'em from a Kaffir, while I do the indignant virtuous lay.

"You needn't be afraid of Ridley. They don't want him yet. They'll wait for him and nab him when convenient. It's me they want. De Beers would give a good bit just now to plant me on the breakwater for a few years while they put this amalgamation business through. That's where my game comes in. This parcel should pan out at £36,000 at the very least, and that's just what I want to fight these amalgamators on their own ground.

"If I got nabbed, the whole game would be up, but if you go for me, Jossey, I'll make my fortune, and yours, too, my pippin. Muratti will go flying up sky high, and it won't be a matter of thousands then, Jossey; it'll be millions, my boy, millions, and you shall have your share when you come out, never fear.

"You know, if you were left to yourself, Jossey, you'd never make £1,000 in a century of blue moons, let alone £10,000 in three years or so. Come, now, what do you say? You'll have to look sharp, for they may be here any minute—ah, yes, I thought so! There's the official knock. Now, don't act the goat and fly in the face of good fortune. Here's the goniyahs. That's it in your waistcoat pocket. Now, button your coat. That'll do!"

"Well, gentlemen, good evening. What can I do for you this evening, if it isn't morning already?"

"You can hand over that parcel of diamonds you got from Frank Ridley tonight, Mr. Muratti, and then you can come with us," replied Inspector Lipinski politely, but still a trifle stiffly. "I've a search warrant here, but you'll save us a lot of trouble and yourself and household a lot of inconvenience by passing over the stones at once. We know they're in the house."

"Then you know a mighty lot more about my house than I do myself, Mr. Lipinski," snapped the little man somewhat viciously. "There are no diamonds here but what are my own lawful property, and they're all cut stones, so I'm afraid I can't give you what you've come for. But of course if you've got a warrant you can act on it, though it's a piece of most unwarrantable tyranny. And this a British colony too! Why don't they call it penal settlement and have done with it? Shall I ask my wife to get up and come down?"

"I hope there'll be no necessity for that," replied the inspector, with a pleasant smile. "But now, gentlemen, we must get to work, please. It isn't pleasant for any of us, I know, but it's our duty, and it must be done."

The formality resulted exactly as the astute Mickey had predicted it would. The diamonds, a parcel of stones worth about £200 at first cost, were promptly found in Jossey's pocket, and he played the tyro in I. D. B. with a perfection that was by no means all art.

Mickey of course did the virtuously indignant relative and disappointed benefactor without a flaw, not only at the moment of discovery, but at the police court the next morning. So well indeed did both play their parts that to Inspector Lipinski's intense disgust the magistrate refused to send the chief criminal to the special court for trial, and so after providing generously for the defense of his erring relative he left the courthouse a triumphantly whitewashed man.

At the next sitting of the special court Jossey got five years, and the same train which took him to Cape Town happened also to take Mrs. Michael Muratti, who, for reasons of health, had been advised to take a trip to Europe to avoid the worst of the hot season in Kimberley. Inspector Lipinski still had his suspicions, but even they did not go so far as to put a value of about £30,000 on the high and hollow heels of the lady's dainty French made boots.

* * * * * * *

Nearly five years later Michael Muratti, Esq., was sitting at the writing table in the library of his town residence in Lancaster Gate. He was reading a letter and swearing softly under his breath at every line of it. When he had read it through for the second time, he crushed it up in his hand, stuffed it into his trousers pocket, went and stood on the hearth rug with his short, sturdy legs wide apart, and said to a life sized portrait of himself which hung in the middle of the opposite wall:

"No, bust me if I do! I've been generous to both of them, and I can't stick it any longer. I'll give 'em just another £1,000 apiece for old times' sake, and that's the lot. Half a million apiece, whew! Why don't they ask for the whole caboodle at once? I'll see them selling fried fish first."

The explanation of this resolution may be briefly given as follows: Thanks to exemplary behavior and a certain amount of judiciously applied influence, Mr. Muratti's scapegoat had got off with a little over three years. The day he came out he received the welcome but not unexpected intelligence that through the death of a relative in London he had come into about £5,000 ready cash and property and securities yielding about another £1,000 a year.

The same evening he renewed the acquaintance of Frank Ridley, who had been discharged without any assigned reason in a few weeks after the great coup which had proved so worthless to him. The bank had been advised by cable that a leaf had been stolen out of Mr. Muratti's London checkbook and cautioned not to cash any checks without further notice. Hence the first £2,500 had not been paid. The I O U Mr. Muratti had laughed at. The stones had cost him quite enough already or would do so before he had done with Jossey, and he didn't propose to pay any more.

It was a case of dog eating dog, but Ridley could do nothing without disclosing the whole transaction, and that would mean not less than ten years on the breakwater for him, so he grinned and bore it and waited till Jossey came out.

Meanwhile Mr. Muratti grew and flourished exceedingly. Everything he touched turned either to gold or diamonds, though he never touched anything illicit after the last big deal.

He was quite a great man now; but, as every one knows him, there is no need to repeat that, and there was not a cloud on his financial or social horizon save his connection with Jossey and the present impossibility of getting introduced to the Prince of Wales.

He had given Ridley a couple of thousand in cash on Jossey's strong representation and fondly thought that would settle his unprovable claim for good, but that was just where he had made the biggest mistake of his life. Jossey came out of penal servitude a very different person from the shiftless ne'er do well that he was when he entered it. It had done him a lot of good. It had put backbone into him, and besides he had learned many things that he wotted not of before.

To be continued.

Every One's Pay Day In China.

The Chinese have only one holiday in the year, and that is at the new year, which date is movable, but generally falls some time in February. This is the time they square up everything and pay off all their debts. Any one not being able to pay all his accounts and to start the new year with a clean sheet is posted as a defaulter and is looked upon with suspicion by every one. It is considered a family disgrace not to pay one up at that time.

A LITTLE STREAK OF BLACK.

It Proved a Case and Cost a Man's Heirs a Fortune.

"Speaking of insurance frauds," said a gentleman who has been in the business (business of insurance, not fraud), "I am reminded of a case which is so singular that I feel I ought to assure you in advance that I can personally vouch for the story. Some years ago a merchant, who was insured for $12,000 in a company I then represented, was killed in a peculiarly shocking manner. He had arranged to go on a hunting trip and was in his room, packing up his camp kit, when a loud explosion was heard, and the family, rushing in, found him lying before a closet with the entire top of his head blown literally to atoms. He was barefooted and in his underclothes, and a double barreled shotgun lay across the body. Its leather case was open, and the floor and everything pointed to the theory that in taking the weapon from the closet, one of the hammers had caught on some clothing and accidentally exploded the charge.

"Of course, it was important to know whether it could have been a case of suicide, for such an act voided the policies, but there was nothing whatever to point to an intention of that kind. I made a careful examination and had about determined to recommend immediate payment when I happened to notice a curious circumstance. The rear trigger of the shotgun was black and gummy with oil, which had evidently exuded from the lock while the weapon was in the closet, but the front trigger was perfectly clean and bright.

"Like a flash, a strange thought entered my mind, and, stooping down, I looked at the underside of the dead man's right foot. There was a small but perfectly distinct streak of black oil on the ball of the great toe. That infinitesimal smear cost the heirs exactly $12,000 and made the tragedy as plain as daylight.

"As it afterward proved, the man was on the verge of ruin and evidently planned to kill himself in such a way that his family would receive his insurance. He arranged everything to give color to the theory of accident and at the last moment cocked the gun, put the muzzle under his chin and pressed the trigger with his toe. If he had taken the precaution to wipe off the oil, the truth would never have been known, and, as it was, the facts were kept from the public. But no claim was ever made on the insurance company."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

On the Verge.

He considered it a parental duty to see that his daughter kept only the very best marriageable company.

"Mary," said her father, "you have been going with that Mitchell fellow for more than a year now. This courtship must come to a termination."

"Oh, pa, how can you talk so? He is, oh, so sweet and nice!"

"Ah!" And the fond father arched his eyebrows. "Sweet and nice, eh? Has he proposed?"

"Well, pa, not exactly." And the girl hung her head and fingered the drapery of her dress. "He hasn't exactly proposed; but, then, last evening, when we were out walking, we passed by a nice little house, and he said, 'That's the kind of cottage I am going to live in some day,' and I said 'Yes,' and then he glanced at me and squeezed my hand. Then, just as we got by, I glanced back at the cottage, and—and I squeezed his hand, pa."

"Oh, ah, I see! Well, we'll try him another week or two."—London Tit-Bits.

Thrashing a King.

During the Ashanti campaign there was a grotesque exhibition of a native policeman's indifference to the "divinity that doth hedge a king." General Colley, then the major commanding the transport column, writing to his sister, describes how one monarch had his foolishness driven out of him by "the rod of correction." He says:

I am afraid one's idea of the majesty "that doth enshroud a king" is not exalted in this country. At one station on my way down I heard a row in camp during the night and the next morning sent to inquire what it was. A native police corporal of mine, a first rate fellow, came up and saluted.

"Heard row in Mankassin camp last night, sir. Found king making great noise, gambling with his subjects. Very bad form, sir. Gave king great thrashing, sir."

A Visitor Expected.

Caller—Are you the editor?

Prizefighter—Yes. I'm the head hitter. What do you want?

Caller (going)—Nothing, thanks.—

A SKILFUL PHYSICIAN

Could only give temporary relief to Mr. Parson, who suffered for thirteen years with KIDNEY DISEASE and BLADDER TROUBLE.

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS MADE HIM WELL.

Mr. A. W. Parson, Martinville, Que., writes: "I was a sufferer from kidney disease and bladder trouble for 13 years, and had a constant desire to urinate with its accompanying weakness. Medicine prescribed by a skilful physician only gave me temporary relief. The trouble would recur at very awkward times. I was persuaded to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I obtained relief after one dose, and before I had finished the first box felt better than I had for many years."

The abundance of evidence that is published from time to time must convince the most skeptical of the wonderful curative properties of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, the world's greatest kidney cure. A trial is the only better proof we have to offer.

One pill a dose. Twenty-five cents a box, at all dealers, or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

P. O. DRAWER 1287.

J. D. O'BRIEN

148 Princess St., Winnipeg,

GRAIN AND STOCK BROKER.

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

OUTWITTING ROTHSCHILD.

The Scheme of a Shrewd Dealer Worked on the Astute Banker.

An amusing story, told in the "Memories of an Old Collector," makes clear the tricks in trade to which an unscrupulous dealer in antiquities will resort in order to get a large sum for his wares. The two parties were Alessandro Castellani, the clever dealer, and Baron Adolph Rothschild of Paris.

Castellani had managed to get hold of a superb enameled ewer, together with the dish on which it stood. He knew that Baron Adolph had a fancy for objects of this kind, but he also knew that no Rothschild was ever so carried away by his fancy as to pay more than was reasonable for anything that pleased him. Castellani, who in trade was what Machiavelli was in politics, devised a bit of strategy.

The baron, on arriving in Rome, visited Castellani's shop and was shown the best things the dealer had, except the enameled dish and ewer. When everything else had been inspected, Castellani drew from a hidden cupboard the dish, but not the ewer. The baron was so pleased with the dish that he agreed to buy the lot of which it was a part, for one of the custom of the shop was not to sell a rare specimen apart from the group of which it formed the principal object. The baron paid heavily for the whole, lamenting that there was no ewer to stand on the dish, and departed for Florence.

There he was visited by an agent who told him of an old lady who wished to sell several beautiful majolica pieces. He visited her house in the country and was disappointed, as the majolica lady, seemingly chagrined, left the room to order refreshments, and the baron saw through the open door of a bedroom a ewer covered by a glass shade on which rested a wreath of immortelles.

When the lady returned, the baron asked permission to examine the ewer. It was brought out, and the baron saw that the enamel was of the same work as that of the dish he had bought, but he wished to be certain that the foot of the ewer would fit into the hollow of the dish. He inquired the price of the ewer and was told by the lady that it was not for sale, as it was the only souvenir she possessed of her husband.

The baron went back to his rooms, had the dish unpacked and found that the foot of the ewer fitted it perfectly. The next day the baron sent the agent to offer the old lady a princely sum for the ewer. He brought back a refusal to sell. But at last the widow's scruples were overcome.

Castellani, with his Italian cunning, had planned the whole affair. The agent who called and the old lady who was sentimental were his aids in making the baron pay a much larger sum than he would have given had ewer and dish been sold, together. The Italian shopman's scheme had taken in the Jewish banker, reputed one of the most astute of business men.

A WOMAN'S PLUCK WINS.

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

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

We will send our pamphlet free, giving testimonials and all full information with directions how to take or administer Samaria Prescription. Correspondence considered sacredly confidential. Address The Samaria Remedy Co., Jordan street, Toronto, Ont.

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.

Catarrh Cured After Fifteen Years' Suffering.

JAPANESE CATARRH CURE CURES.

Mr. John Crow, 421 Keefer Street, Vancouver, B.C., writes: "After receiving invaluable benefit from Japanese Catarrh Cure, I consider it my duty to add my testimony for the benefit of fellow sufferers. I had been a great sufferer from catarrh for fifteen years; and during that time I tried almost every remedy I ever heard of for this trouble, and a score of doctors; but the result was only temporary relief; and in each case the catarrh returned. I used six boxes of Japanese Catarrh Cure over one year ago, and since that time have been completely free from catarrh."

Japanese Catarrh Cure is the only permanent cure for catarrh yet discovered; the first application relieves, and six boxes are guaranteed to cure the worst case of catarrh, or money will be refunded. We will also be pelased to send a sample to any person troubled with this disease. Address, The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., 121 Church Street, Toronto. Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents; six for $2.50, with guarantee.

Playing Beethoven or Mozart.

There are passages in Beethoven which have not been heard by the modern ear, simply because the modern piano is not the piano they were written for, and on the piano they were written for they produce a totally different effect to the effect they produce on the modern piano. The best pianists either boldly play the loud passages of Beethoven and Mozart with about 30 times the intensity of tone the composers wrote for, or "fake" the instrument as an oboist does when his oboe gets quarter of a tone flat in the middle of a symphony.—Saturday Review.

C. C. RICHARDSON & CO.

Dear Sirs,—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT in my stable for over a year and consider it the very best for horse flesh I can get and strongly recommend it. GEO. HOUGH.

Livery Stables, Quebec.

A Great Opportunity.

The casual observer in the Chicago court might have thought the case an ordinary "drunk," but from the strained, tense air of the spectators and the look of repressed excitement on the judge's face it was plainly more important.

"Officer," said the justice, "repeat the charge, that there may be no mistake."

"He wor thot drunk, your honor," responded the bluecoat with evident care, "thot whin Oi arristed him he wor seein double."

"Make haste, then!" almost shouted his honor, "Go and have him make a census of the city."—New York Sunday Journal.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns etc.

The Pedestal.

"I see they are getting contributions for a statue of Van de Air, the baseball player, but no provision is being made for a pedestal."

"I am told that they expect to represent him in the act of stealing a base."—Detroit Journal.

Well Invested.

Herdso—Did you ever bribe a policeman?

Sedso—Yes.

Herdso—How?

Sedso—Gave $1 to advise the cook to stay.—Up to Date.

ULCERKURE Heals All Old or Fresh Wounds.

He Knew What He Wanted.

He was a little darky on a Virginia farm, and, of course, he was very fond of sweets. There was a young lady also on the plantation who always took it upon herself to correct any mistakes of speech which she heard him make. Now, our little darky wanted some molasses one day up at the farmhouse kitchen, and he plainly said, "Please, ma'am, can I have some 'lasses?"

"Jonas," said she severely, "you should say 'molasses,' not 'lasses.'"

"How kin I say mo' 'lasses when I ain't had none yit?" whined Jonas.

And since then she lets Jonas alone.—New Orleans Item.

Save the Babies.

Thousands of them die every summer who could be saved by the timely use of Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

There is not a mother who loves her infant but should keep on hand during the hot weather a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

There is no remedy so safe and so effective for the diarrhœa of infants, and none has the endorsation of so many Canadian mothers who have proved its merits, and therefore speak with confidence. One of these is Mrs. Peter Jones, Warkworth, Ont., who says: "I can give Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry great praise, for it saved my baby's life. She was cutting her teeth and was taken with diarrhœa very bad. My sister advised me to get Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I got a bottle and it cured the baby almost at once."

A BRAVE OLD TEXAN

"Long John" Williams, the Veteran Indian Fighter.

BRAVEST OF THE OLD RANGERS.

How He Killed Fire King, the Dreaded Comanche Chief, In Single Combat—Other Notable Instances of His Valor.

One of the most picturesque characters in Texas is "Long John" Williams. He has for years been a companion of "Big foot" Wallace, another noted man in the southwest. He is a friend of Jack Hays, a famous Indian fighter, a noted ranger, rough rider with Ben McCullough and Sull Ross and the high private who ordered General Lee away from the firing line at the Wilderness. He came out of the woods on San Jacinto day and staid in town long enough for a photographer to get a snap shot at him.

"There is a man who has certainly been in more battles than he has got hairs in his head," said an old veteran. "And if there ever lived a man," said another, "to whom the word fear conveyed absolutely no meaning that man is 'Long John' Williams."

His long hair hangs down over his shoulders as a constant reminder of a serious vow that he made during the war between the states.

Mr. Williams, like General Sam Houston and hundreds of others in Texas, was opposed to the war. They had fought long and well to secure the independence of the Lone Star republic, and when admitted to the union of states they had

"LONG JOHN" WILLIAMS.

solemnly pledged their honor, their lives and fortunes to the maintenance of the Union. Texas was carried away into the rebellion by Wigfall and a lot of his fire eating followers with a hurrah, and "Long John" Williams shouldered his musket and went with the boys who had rode with him against the Indians and Mexicans on a hundred fields. One hot day in Virginia, when bullets were raining upon the Confederate columns and the air was full of shrieking shells and whistling canister, "Long John" Williams, intoxicated with the joy of battle, shouted:

"Come on, comrades! Old Stonewall says we must drive the enemy, and I swear to you that no steel shall ever touch my hair until we have entered Washington city in triumph!"

He has kept his vow, and in consequence of that fact strangers, he says, call him an Ishmaelite, and school children regard him with curiosity. He has not cut his hair for about 36 years.

By all the noted frontier celebrities "Long John" was regarded as one of the most fearless and daring Indian fighters that ever rode with the old ranger columns. When a mere boy, he was carried off into captivity by the Comanches and kept in their camp for two years. During this period he accumulated a fund of knowledge concerning the customs and modes of warfare of the savages that was of great value to him when he returned to Texas and became a guide and leader with the ranger companies.

At a time when the united tribes were acting in concert under Buffalo Horns and Fire King "Long John" went alone into the Tonkama camp and induced them to break away from the Comanches and form an alliance with the Texans. This was a master stroke in diplomacy that was worth a dozen victories to the Texans, for these allies did most excellent service and remained faithfully attached to the people of the frontier and helped them fight their battles as long as there were enough Tonkamas to maintain tribal existence.

Upon another occasion "Long John" was a second time captured by his old friends, the Comanches. When he reached their camp in the Santa Rosa mountains, beyond the Rio Grande, he was surprised to find that the Indians had about 15 white women and children in captivity, whom they were forcing to do the most menial service. Some of these poor unfortunates had been tortured and made to run the gantlet, and others had been beaten until they were maimed for life.

Their sufferings appealed so strongly to "Long John" that he went to the tepee of old Buffalo Horns and volunteered to return to San Antonio and obtain a ransom for these prisoners. He did it, too, and freed the captives, although at great risk.

The next year "Long John" pursued a body of Indians that had been raiding the settlements on the Brazos. For two or three days the retreating and pursuing forces were in sight of each other. The Texans were well aware of the fact that the Indians outnumbered them, and they were patiently watching in the hope of obtaining some advantage.

One morning just after breaking camp in the region of country where the city of Fort Worth has since been built, they were very much surprised to find the Indians drawn up in line of battle along the crest of a low range of hills. It was evident to the most inexperienced recruit that it would have been madness to attack them, for the Indians were swarming over the hills like blackbirds.

In this emergency "Long John" rode forward between the two lines and signaled for a parley. The Texans soon afterward saw a big chief, glittering with bright ornaments and proudly swaying under a panoply of gaudily colored plumes, gallop into the valley and circle around the daring Texan, threateningly brandishing a glittering spear.

This chief was Fire King, one of the most fearless and warlike savages that ever fought the people of the frontier. "Long John" challenged him to combat, and the chief promptly announced his willingness to abide by the result of the battle between himself and Straight Talk. The terms were soon arranged, and the two warriors rode back to their respective commands to make their comrades acquainted with the stipulations of the cartel.

The combatants rode at each other in a swift gallop. The Indian circled around his enemy and raised a loud warwhoop as "Long John" dropped over on the side of his horse to escape the shower of arrows that were falling about him. One of these wounded him in the thigh, but he was perfectly familiar with the tactics of his antagonist, and when a favorable moment arrived he fired under the neck of his horse and sent a ball crashing through Fire King's shoulder.

The Indian's right arm dropped helplessly by his side, and "Long John" rode straight at him in a furious gallop with a yell of triumph. The Indian accepted this bold maneuver, and when the two horses met both rolled in the dust. "Long John" was the first to regain his feet, and he threw his bowie at Fire King and drove it to the hilt in his breast. The Indian signaled that he had received his death wound, and, slowly staggering to his feet, he steadied himself against a little tree and in low, weird tones began to chant the Comanche death wail.

The Indians, who had been anxiously watching the combat, knew what had happened, and they all joined in the mournful wail. Five young warriors came into the valley and stood about their adored chief, tenderly supporting him in their arms until he sank on the grass in a pool of blood. "Long John" mounted his horse, and, after courtly saluting the young warriors, who were preparing to bear away the body of the brave chief, he rode back to the line of Texans.

While the boys were grasping his hands and making him blush under a shower of compliments a deputation of Indians drove a band of stolen horses and cattle into the valley and left them there in charge of some 10 or 15 captives whom they released in accordance with the orders that had been given by their chief before he rode so gayly out to fight his last duel.

CARELESS ALL AROUND.

A Free and Easy Transaction In Which $5,000 Was Involved.

"I was stopping at a village tavern in Wisconsin," said the Buffalo man, "and it was an hour past midnight when the landlord knocked on my door and aroused me from sleep to say that a gentleman wished to see me. I was mightily surprised, of course, but I tumbled out of bed and lighted the lamp and opened the door. There stood a well dressed stranger, who made all sorts of apologies for disturbing me at such an unreasonable hour, but asked if he might enter. I let him in, wondering whether he was a detective or an assassin, and, after fidgeting around for a minute, he said:

"'The fact is I stopped here one night about a week ago and left a package of $5,000 in the straw bed. I am awfully sorry to bother you, but I'd like to get the money and be gone.'

"I was knocked out, of course, but pulled the covers off the bed and told him to search. There was a feather bed on top of a straw tick, and he searched the tick without finding the package. I was feeling that he had some grounds to suspect me, when the landlord entered and asked:

"'Are you the man from Cleveland who stopped here one night last week?'

"'Yes.'

"'And did you leave $5,000 in the straw bed?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, my old woman found it, and it's lying on the mantlepiece down stairs.'

"I had the curiosity to go down with them," said the Buffalonian, "and there on the mantel, mixed up with spectacles, clay pipes and door keys, was the package which had been found four or five days before, as if it were only an old book. When it was handed to the stranger, he said, 'Much obliged,' and started off, and as he went the landlord replied, 'Don't mention it,' and locked the door after him. Everything about the affair was so cool and careless that I've been mad ever since."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A RASCALLY GENIUS.

HE WAS A BANK CASHIER AND AN EXPERT SCOUNDREL.

This Clever Rogue Used Johnny Hope, the Notorious Bank Burglar, as His Tool In a Job That Was as Smooth as It Was Successful.

"One day in the autumn of 1870 'Little Johnny' Hope, probably the most finished and successful bank burglar who ever worked a drill in this country, was walking along Sixth avenue, New York, enjoying his parole and the mellow sunshine," said an old detective. "As he swung along he was accosted by a prosperous looking man whom he did not know, although the man addressed him as 'Mr. Hope.' 'Little Johnny' took the stranger into a cafe and asked him things.

"'In the first place, how did you know me?' he inquired of the stranger.

"Well, it appeared that 'Little Johnny' had been pointed out to the stranger by a detective who was so shady that he afterward did time for secretly 'extending aid and succor to the enemy'—i. e., a famous band of New York crooks.

"'Well,' said 'Little Johnny' to the stranger, 'What's your graft?'

"Then the stranger 'up and told' him what his 'graft' was.

"'I'm the cashier of a bank up in Westchester county,' said he to 'Little Johnny' Hope. 'The directors don't know anything about it, but I'm short in my accounts. There's only one way out of it—the bank'll have to be robbed by professional cracksmen. That will let me out, and in addition I'll get my rake off from the robbery. I want you to rob the bank. You'll find $35,000 in cash in it on the night you arrange the job—I'll attend to that. Of course I want my bit out of the—$10,000 at least. I've always heard that you are square in these divisions, and therefore I'll trust you to hand me my share after you've done the job for putting you on to it.'

"'This sounds good enough to eat,' replied 'Little Johnny,' who could see a man trap as far as a 12 inch gun will shoot. 'Fact is, it's so sweet that it's almost cloying. You give me a couple of days to investigate you, and then we'll talk business.'

"They appointed another meeting at the same place two days later, and in the meantime Hope looked into the job. He found that his man really was the cashier of a prominent Westchester county bank. So when the cashier called upon him at the appointed time he was ready to talk business.

"'You'll have a hard night's work,' said the cashier, 'for in order to avert suspicion I'll have to leave the vaults and safe all locked up tighter'n a drum, as usual. You'll need several assistants.'

"'You just pass those details up to me,' replied Hope. 'Every man to his trade. They don't make 'em so strong that I can't get into 'em.'

"Then all of the details were arranged, and the robbery was fixed for a certain night of the following week. The cashier was especially solicitous that he should get his share of the proceeds of the crib cracking. Hope assured him that if there was $35,000 in the job $25,000 would be enough for himself and his associates, and the cashier would get the rest.

"On the night fixed 'Little Johnny' and three of his best men went up to the town in Westchester county and pulled off the job. It was a matter of four hours before the gang, after overpowering and tying and gagging the night watchman, got into the main safe. They found it empty. They then tackled the smaller safes. These, too, were empty. 'Little Johnny' was mad, as can be readily imagined.

"'It was the first and last time I ever played the part of a "good thing" in a job like that,' he said afterward.

"Now, that was pretty clever work on the part of the cashier, wasn't it? He had simply looted the bank himself, and the robbery which he had arranged was simply to cover up his own trail. There have been 'Napoleons of finance' without number developed from the ranks of bank cashiers, but I never heard of a cleaner bit of work than that. It was, I think, a bit of absolute genius.

"Of course 'Little Johnny' and his assistants had only to pack their tools and get back to New York. They weren't in a position to say anything about how they had been fooled. 'Little Johnny' had to read in the afternoon papers the account of how the bank had been robbed of cash and securities 'approximating $100,000 in amount' and grind his teeth. The bank's failure was announced a few days later.

"Two months after that it fell to my lot to handcuff myself to 'Little Johnny' and to take him up to Sing Sing on a New York Central train. At one of the stations not far from Sing Sing I noticed his face suddenly darken with rage, and I asked him what was up. He pointed out a slick looking man who was sitting in a dogcart beside the station, and he cursed him in a bloodcurdling way for two minutes before he was able to tell me the story I've told you. The man in the dogcart was the cashier who had been crafty enough to put it all over 'Little Johnny' Hope, probably the most wily criminal in his particular line who ever operated in this country. The failure of the bank hadn't hurt the cashier at all in the estimation of his townsmen—bank was robbed by cracksmen, d'ye see, and how could the cashier help it? Oh, that cashier was good, all right!

"Well, it wasn't up to me to say anything about what 'Little Johnny' had told me, although I frequently saw the cashier flying high in New York after that. I lost track of him after a couple of years, however, and concluded that he had struck out for the west or somewhere or other with his beautifully contrived rakedown from the Westchester county bank."

An Odd Source of Income.

A church in London still possesses an income originally given to it for the purpose of buying faggots for burning heretics.

A STANDARD BEARER.

The Republican Candidate For Governor of Ohio.

The Republican candidate for governor of Ohio, George Kilbon Nash, is a native of that state and is 56 years old. He is a civil war veteran, a lawyer and a politician of long experience. He has the backing of Senator Hanna in his gubernatorial race.

At 22 years of age Mr. Nash entered Oberlin college, but soon left that institution to enlist in the One Hundred and Fiftieth Ohio volunteer infantry. In 1865 he began the study of law and was admitted to the bar two years later and

GEORGE KILBON NASH.

began the practice of his profession at Columbus. In 1870-2 he was prosecuting attorney of Franklin county and in 1879-81 attorney general of the state. In 1885 he was appointed a member of the supreme court commission, a body which was co-ordinate with and had the same jurisdiction as the supreme court of Ohio and was created as a means of assisting that court in expediting decisions in the large number of cases that had accumulated on the supreme court docket.

In 1880-3 Mr. Nash was chairman of the Republican state executive committee and conducted the canvass in Ohio in the campaign that elected General Garfield to the presidency. In 1892 he was a delegate to the Republican national convention at Minneapolis, where he supported the nomination of Mr. McKinley.

A self made man, Judge Nash is said to be well equipped in the knowledge of his profession and occupies a leading place as a citizen, lawyer and jurist.

A DETROIT PORTIA.

Will Talk of Women In Law In London.

One of the most interesting papers to be read before the International Council of Women, which assembles in London on June 26, is that on "Women In Law," by Miss Octavia Bates of Detroit. Women from all parts of the world will be there, and few of them have any knowledge of law or their own standing before the courts. But Miss Bates will tell them all about it, for she is a modern Portia.

Miss Bates is a brilliant young woman, and she may be relied upon to treat her subject in a highly original and entertaining manner. Doubtless she will surprise some of the delegates from countries where women have not been so progressive as in the United States.

She is a graduate of Ann Arbor university and also of its law school and has al-

MISS OCTAVIA BATES.

ready taken two degrees, B. A. and LL. B. Her favorite form of law is studying it under its international aspect, which is nothing if not abstruse.

Miss Bates has a fine mind and expresses herself with great directness, lucidity and fluency, and she has already conquered four foreign languages. Personally she is a handsome woman, with a magnetic presence, possessing the charm of naturalness and sincerity. She is the possessor of a large private fortune, so that her advanced knowledge in law has come to her as a pleasure and pastime and not as a necessity.

As a clubwoman Miss Bates is widely known. She has been a member of the National Federation of Clubs and is now in the National Council as chairman of the standing committee on domestic relations under the law. She has also been president of the Detroit Women's club.

SELECTIONS

PERFECT ACOUSTICS.

A Convention Hall In Which You Can Hear a Pin Drop.

An interesting test of the acoustic properties of Convention hall was made on a recent afternoon. The janitor happened to be on the stage, and Benjamin Taylor, the superintendent of the building, was at the main exit, 240 feet away. The janitor happened to drop a light threepenny wire nail on the floor of the stage. Mr. Taylor heard it and looked up. No one was near, the only other person in the hall at that tim being the janitor.

"Did you drop a nail?" asked Mr Taylor.

"I did," replied the janitor.

"Drop it again," said Mr. Taylor "I want to hear it again."

The nail was dropped again, and again it was heard distinctly. This led to a series of experiments that were interesting as showing the perfect acoustics of the building and the ability of the sounding board to project sounds into the remote corners of the structure.

A reporter was present during the tests, which were listened to from the remote parts of the building. Complete quiet could not be gained in the building on account of the water dripping from the eaves and splashing on the sidewalk from the roof drain pipes. Nails of various sizes were dropped on the stage from a height of four or five feet. The noise made by their striking the boards seemed to be magnified somewhat. A tenpenny nail made a distinct clatter; a threepenny nail was quite loud. When the janitor stooped, his knees cracked, and the noise was very apparent. Then a silver dime was dropped, and the noise of it was heard very distinctly. The noise of a soft felt hat striking the floor was louder than any of the other tests. Then some one asked that a pin be dropped. It was thought impossible that it could be heard. The janitor was seen to fumble with the lapel of his coat. In a moment he raised his hand. The next moment the sound of the pin striking the floor was distinctly heard. Some one suggested that the janitor drop a hair, but he said that he had none to spare.

Every one went to the roof garden, and the tests were repeated. The distance from the stage was 260 feet, but the pin could be heard striking the stage with quite as much distinctness as from the ground floor.—Kansas City Star.

Desserts For Royalty.

Emperor Francis Joseph's chef estimates the cost of desserts for the royal table at $105,000 a year, the total table expenditures being $260,000 a year. The remnants of wines and articles of food are sold to leading Vienna dealers and the proceeds go to augment the salaries of the kitchen personnel, which are often doubled in this way.

At the royal courts of Italy and Spain the expenses for desserts have been reduced to a minimum.

The queen of England controls the expenses of the household herself and allows very little margin for her kitchen and cellar chefs.

At the Russian court fabulous sums are spent for after dinner delicacies. Wines costing from $100 to $150 and cigars worth about the same find their way every day to the table of the czar, whose order is that a bottle of wine, no matter how costly, and whether opened or not, shall never be put twice on the royal table.

An Unpleasant Experience.

The Philadelphia Record says: "Conductor Penn Little of the Reading railway, who was painfully injured a few weeks ago by being thrown from the top of a car at Nicetown, is aware now that great rivalry exists among undertakers and florists in this city. The day following his accident he received 22 proposals from various undertakers who wanted the job of burying him, the rates running from $55 to $360.

"Florists from all over the country sent their rates for 'gates ajar,' broken columns, pillows and vacant chairs. One gardener called in person, and Little, meeting him at the door, succeeded in getting 50 per cent discount off market prices before he made himself known as the man supposed to be dead."

The Quantrell Booty.

It is generally believed in Missouri that a great part of the booty taken by Quantrell and his famous raiders from Lawrence, Kan., in September, 1863, now lies buried in a great mound 150 feet high in Bates county, Mo. From time to time searching parties have dug great holes in the mound in search of the plundered treasure, but none has succeeded in finding anything. Another party of treasure seekers has now gone to the spot to take up the search, its members claiming to have found documentary evidence which will assist them.

His Interest.

"I want to see the airship an established factor in our everyday life," remarked the skeptic.

"You think it would be a particularly useful institution?"

"No; I'd like to live that long. That's all."

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., 9th, 1899.

THE TIMES AND THE CHINESE.

The Times of September 2nd, takes the question of Chinese in coal mines for its theme and deals with it as might be expected of one totally unaquainted with the practical working of a coal mine. We have not space for the whole article, but shall quote parts which the Times evidently considers strong points. For example:

"The Colonist forgets that the Chinaman who cannot spell or read the word "gas" is also totally ignorant of what gas means, its dangers and the great care that must be exercised in places where it is likely to be. The Chinaman who cannot read this word or understand it when spoken must be, as anyone can see, a source of danger in coal mines where gas is the main terror of the miner's life."

Anyone with a fair knowledge of the facts is aware that the above is altogether incorrect. Because a man is illiterate it does not at all follow that he is ignorant in any case. As we pointed out in a previous article, fifty years ago many miners in England were illiterate, but no one ever held their presencc in a coal mine to be dangerous.

In the next place, there is not a Chinaman employed underground in these mines who is not fully aware of the danger of gas—whether he can spell the word or not does not seem to affect the case. What he does know is that if he sees words chalked anywhere, in the mine, it means danger, just as every miner understands. Again, we have the testimony of underground managers to the effect that generally speaking, Chinese are more careful than white men, and though Chinese have hitherto been freely employed, we have never yet heard of an accident in the mines attributable either to the carelessness or ignorance of a Chinaman.

The Times says further:

"In this lies the strongest argument against the employment of Chinese in mines—they cannot be made to understand the nature of this element which coutinually menaces the coal miner's life. It would be as sensible to allow a Senegambian negro who had never seen a firearm or gunpowder to be employed in a powder-magazine or cartridge factory, as to allow a Chinaman ignorant of the nature of gas to enter a coal mine."

That is no argument at all. For if only those who 'understand the nature of this element' (gas) were permitted to work in a mine we can safely say, without wishing or meaning to cast any reflections, that seventy-five per cent of the white men now working in mines would have to be excluded. Why? Simply because it requires a considerable scientific as well as practical knowledge to understand the nature or causes of the existence of gas. The Times forgets, also, that the Chinese employed underground have nearly all been working for many years. Moreover, no inexperienced Chinaman is ever given charge of a stall.

The whole of the Times' editorial is weak and betrays a lamentable ignorance of the question it endeavors to treat of, but it is only what might be expected from a writer who up to a month ago was unaware of the manufacture of good coke in British Columbia.

EDUCATIONAL TESTS.

If the Semlin government is sincere in its desire to apply educational tests to Oriental labor, why does it confine its efforts to the comparatively few individuals who are employed underground in one coal mine as laborers? Chinese laundrymen are interfering everyday with white laundrymen. Why is a law not passed to prescribe an educational test for laundrymen? Every one who has had occasion to send his clothes to a Chinaman to be washed knows the extreme difficulty of convincing the unenlightened heathen that he should have brought back four shirts and eight collars instead of three of the former and six of the latter. Surely if there is a field of industry in which an educational test is necessary it is here. Then there is the Chinaman who sells fresh fish, and who assures his would-be customer, when asked as to the freshness of his salmon, that "him catchee this day." Now we submit to this paternal government, which according to the News-Advertier is bent upon producing great social reforms, that it is highly desirable that an educational test shall be applied to the Chinese fishmonger, and he should be compelled to satisfy an inspector that he knows what "catchee" means. Possibly it might be well to apply the test to the householder, so that latter will understand that when John says "catchee" he may possibly mean that he got the fish that morning from some one who had it for a week, and is not referring to the date when the salmon was extracted from the water. The educational test applied to the Chinese in the Union mines is said by the CUMBERLAND NEWS to be their ability to spell the words "gas" and "danger." This is a fine healthy test. It is probably the intention of the government to introduce another regulation, providing that before gas makes its appearance in a mine it shall send in its card. Will some sane individual explain why a man should be any safer in a mine because he knows how to spell "gas" than if he did not? If the test were his ability to smell gas or scent danger from afar, we could see a lot of sense in it.

Speaking of educational tests, we suggest that one should be applied to members of the Executive Council for the province of British Columbia, and that it should consist of the ability to repeat the Ten Commandments. This might guard against any further "deliberate falsification of the records of the council." We propound this question for the consideration of the public: Which is the more dangerous to the body politic, a Chinaman in a coal mine who cannot spell "gas," or a man in the Executive Council, who stands charged with falsification of the records? The possibilities of the educational test are simply immense.—The Colonist.

COMOX DISTRICT AS HUNTING AND FISHING GROUND.

Now that the hunting season has opened, we would call the attention of sportsmen to Comox. In the whole province there is not another district which can offer such excellent ground for hunting and fishing and at the same time all the advantages of good accomodations right on the spot. Within a few yards of the farmhouses, deer, grouse, pheasant, bear and panther are common. Around Hamilton Lake (about one mile from Cumberland,) elk abound, as also all through Comox valley. We have known of many farmers shooting fine deer in their grain fields and orchards.

In Comox Bay, salmon and whitefish are plentiful. A salmon weighing 80 lbs. was recently caught and though this was an unusually large one, big fish are not by any means the exception. The average weight is from 15 to 20 pounds. In the Courtenay River (flowing into Comox Bay) several trout weighing from 15 to 20 lbs. were captured within the last month. The average weight is from two to four lbs. And there are lots of them. In one of the valley streams, two men lately captured 250 trout in a day and a half's fishing.

These are not 'fish' stories, but common every day occurences.

It must not be concluded that Comox is a wilderness inhabited only by game. On the contrary, it is one of the most beautiful and productive farming districts in British Columbia. Of the latter fact one has only to attend the Agricultural Fair held in September each year to be convinced. Comox village is a pretty little settlement on the borders of Comox Bay. Of the other towns and villages in the district, Cumberland, Union and Courtenay are most important. The first two are busy coal mining centres and all are within a radius of 10 miles.

Good board can be obtained at very moderate rates in first class hotels or private houses.

In Comox Harbor there are at this season one or more ships of the British Navy and their persence enlivens the district and takes away the monotony that usually pervades the country (for city people.)

HOW TO GET HERE.

If you are not blessed with sufficient of this world's goods to own a steam launch or yacht, a commodious passenger boat, the City of Nanaimo, will convey you from Nanaimo to Comox village on Wednesdays. The steamer returns on Fridays and there is besides a mail by stage on Saturdays. The fare is low and the accomodation on board is excellent—the two chief considerations.

We publish the above facts for the benefit of those unacquainted with this district, feeling sure that once a sportsman comes to Comox, he will be so delighted with it that he will not fail to come again.

We have much pleasure in republishing the following poem by Mr. Eric Duncan which lately appeared in the Colonist. Among the many contributions on the subject daily published in the large city papers and magazines, this poem certainly deserves a high place, both for the common sense view it takes and the artistic skill with which it is written. The poem is the more worthy of note as being written byone who has practical knowledge of the toiler's lot and whose broad well tilled acres demonstrate the truth of his poem to things as they are.

THE ENEMIES OF SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the Colonist:

Sir: It is not the "Man With the Hoe," but the unemployed (or ill-emp oyed) of the cities that menace the existing conditions of society.

"THE MAN WITH THE HOE"
(The Other Side.)

Lo, here I stand, the independent man,
The first of men, who won, when time was youug,
By strength of arm, from Nature's niggard grasp,
All needful things for those who looked to me.
Have multiplied inventions numberless
And down the lagging ages subtle braine
Evil and good, but none to supersede
My trusty hoe. While thorns have risen and gone
To darkness, it snines brighter than when forged
Of yore by Tubal Cain.
Ye book-worms pale,
Why point at my slant brow and rugged hands;
Why wonder at my shoulders bent and wry?
Full well ye know that I support the world
Whereon ye feebly crawl. Great Atlas I,
Kings, nobles, millionaires, all hang on me;
I, self sufficient, have no need of them;
They, should I leave them, soon would starve and die.
Ye pinched and pent in cities look at me,
I breath the dewey frehness of the earthe
In open fields, resounding with the song
And jubilance of bird and beast, while ye
Jostle each other in smoke and grime
For leave to labor, at the beck of gold.
Ye herding fools come out where there room
Come out and fill the earth's waste plac up;
Make howling deserts laugh with runni brooks,
Turn pathless woods to green rejoici fields.
Dot the vast lonesome plains with cheer homes,
Work for yourselves, live healthily, conte
On products of your own. If ye do th
The last curst Anarnhist will quit the gl

ERIC DUNCAN

Comox, B. C.

If the celebration Saturday is success, there will be a big crow from Nanaimo and Wellington t to the A. & I. Exhibition. T farmers will see the point.

STEVENSON & CO.

Straw sailors

The balance of our stock of ladies' sailor hats must be cleared out. We place them at the small price of 25 cents each.

We have a few pairs of ladies' chocolate cloth top button and lace shoes worth $3.50 per pair, now going at $2.50

Boys' Small Washing Blouses 40c. and 50c.

Flannelettes

We have just to hand some extra values in Flannelettes. It will pay you to see them before buying elsewhere

We have a few of these Blouses left which we reduced to 50 cents.

Children's Rubbers & Ladies' Rubbers at

STEVENSON & CO.

GO TO

CAREY the Tailor

For Your Next Suit of Clothes.

GOOD FIT

—AND—

PRICES RIGHT

CALL AND SEE.

Notice.

CHANGE OF CORPORATE NAME.

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

Dated Victoria, 18th July, 1899.

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

M. W. WAITT & Co.

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Pianos & Organs.

Musical Instruments

—AND—

Musical Merchandise

Phonographs and Graphophones.

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

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Bulbs for Fall Planting.

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

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

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