Pam Library

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

TENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY, AUG 4, 1903.

THE BIG STORE

Hardware, Tools, Tinware, Graniteware, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c. Crockery, Glassware and Sundries.

The above-mentioned Goods can be purchased Cheaper at the BIG STORE than any other store in the district.

WHY?

Because our Good are marked as low as any other store, and in many cases lower, and then we allow a cash discount of 10 per cent.

FOR EXAMPLE—Large-size Peavies are generally sold for $2.00, we offer them at $2.00 less 10 per cent making $1.80

ALL THE ABOVE-MENTIONED GOODS AT THE SAME RATE.

Do you see why you should buy your Goods of

S. Leiser & Co., Ld.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

Just received large shipment of

IRON AGE

CULTIVATORS, SEED DRILLS, WHEEL HOES, ETC

VERY LATEST IMPROVEMENTS

Call and see them or write for catalogues and prices.

Telephone 82. Sole Agents for B.C. P.O. Drawer 563

Morris Chairs--- ADJUSTABLE

WE know nothing so good for the money in the Chair line.

10 Patterns of Oak Frames, at any price you can name, from ..... $10 to $30

with Cushions of Denim, Cretone, Velour, Tapestry or Silk. . . .

Name the price you can afford and we will send Samples of Covering, Styles of Frames, etc.

WEILER BROS., Victoria, B.C.

THE COMPLETE FURNISHERS.

New Stock

—OF—

LATEST PATTERNS

Suitings for Gents,

—and—

Costumes for Ladies.

T H. CAREY,

LADIES & GENTS TAILOR

Dunsmuir Ave., Cumberland

Practical conveniences that provide comfort and lessen work at the Magnet Cash Store.

We are Agents for the Campbell Manufacturing Company, Montreal Their Clothing is the best manufactured in Canada. Call and see the samples. The Corner Store, Stanley H. Rigge.

Strength and vigor come of good food, duly digested. "Force," a ready-to-serve wheat and barley food. adds no burden, but sustains, nourishes, invigorates.

Kitchen Helps at sensationally low prices at the Magnet Cash Store

LOCALS.

FOR WANTS, consult our Advertising Squares on inside page for anything required.

Soap, at 10cts. per box, going fast at the Magnet Cash Store.

Mrs F. D. Little returned from Victoria Thursday evening.

Hon. Jas. Dunsmuir returned to Victoria last Sunday evening.

Messrs H. Reifel and H. Mahrer drove in from Nanaimo yesterday.

Mrs Hy. Murdock, who went to Nanaimo a short time ago for her health, is, we regret to state, ill in the hospital there.

Geo. Gibson was taken to Nanaimo, Wednesday, suffering from a severe attack of appendicitis, which had come on him very suddenly.

Mr H. Moore was made happy yesterday by the arrival of a daughter, and as a consequence, Bert's arm is aching with hand shakes today.

Miss Lois Matthews, of Vancouver, and the Misses Matthews, daughters of Mr John Matthews, our manager here, were passengers from Vancouver by last boat.

The Well. Coll. Co. have made arrangements to put a wagon road into the Perserverance property, and prospecting will be gone into with a view to locating the large beds of coal supposed to exist there. Work will begin at once.

Fruit Season Essentials—uncommonly low prices at the Magnet Cash Store.

A letter from Mr D. H. Halliday, is too insultingly personal for publication, in this paper. We must decline it with thanks, and all future communications of the kind. Mr Halliday must learn to use respectable language if he desires his remarkable effusions to be taken notice of.

A delegation of men interviewed Messrs Little and Matthews last Friday, with a view to opening negotiations for resumption of work in the mines. They came as representatives of the W.F. of M., and as such were told they could not be received. They then made a visit as a deputation of the men, and as such, in answer to their inquiry, were informed that the terms upon which they could individually go to work were as before laid down—signing of a two years contract. with other terms the same as before the strike. The deputation, after a few further questions, withdrew to make their report.

A delegation called on Mr Matthews again yesterday, and asked the following questions:—If, when a miner was taken from the face, he would receive $3 a day? If the Company would be willing, at any time, to receive a deputation of the men? The answer to both these was "yes." A request that a thirty days notice clause be inserted in the contract was met by the assurance that any individual desiring to leave, could do so just as formerly, at a moments notice, by applying to the overman, the contract was simply to prevent a withdrawal in a body, entailing the closing of the mines. The delegates withdrew upon hearing this, evidently well satisfied and it now seems probable that a few days will see the end of the strike.

Telegraphic News.

Victoria, Aug. 1—Rev Howard Osborne who is reported in a despatch to have been proven a forger and expelled from the church, was formerly at New Westminster, Nanaimo, and latterly at Duncan's. He was charged with irregularities, and after the trial the Conference imposed a penalty to which he refused to submit, and he was expelled from the Methodist Conference of this Province.

Ralph Smith, who has been sick for some weeks, left for home today Questioned before leaving as to reports of his leaving Common's, said he had not been invited to run for local House, and it was not his intention to do so.

Nanaimo, August 1st—Inspector Morgan, who has returned from Cumberland, states that the question of the employment of Chinese is now, he has been officially informed, out of his hands. The two cases tried at Cumberland are to be carried to the Privy Council; and meanwhile matters are to remain as heretofore, the Company to continue the employment of Chinese until the validity of the law is decided. This will be a matter of some months. The Inspector states that the inquisition on the victims of the recent disaster will be held on the 12th inst.

Montreal, August 1—It is stated here in Conservative circles that the Laurier Government has decided to appeal to the country at an early date. From information learned elections will be held on October 12.

Nanaimo, August 1—The foreign coal shipments for July from here were 13,820 tons.

The following Cumberland pupils were successful in the Entrance High School, held in Vancouver:—Evelyn Bate 821, number of candidates 3, passed 1. Junior—Annie Hunden, 751—number of candidates 2, passed 1.

London, Aug 1—A.B Yalesworth, K.C., of Toronto, has been appointed to succeed the late Justice Armour on the Alaskan Boundary Commission.

Leadville, Aug. 1—Presd. Moyer has been fined $50 for carrying concealed weapons.

Victoria, Aug 1—Str Cottage City arrived yesterday afternoon with $390,000 in gold from Dawson, and $13,000 from Cassiar. Brought news of a new strike of placer gold in the Cassiar district near the headquarters of the Stikeen, where a shipment of gold was brought. Stampedes were on from Wrangel and other northern points when the steamer left. Further excitement was caused at White Horse before the steamer left Skagway by arrivals from the new field reporting very rich strikes were being made, many pans going as high as $3.

Vancouver, Aug 1—Below will be found the names of the candidates for teachers certificates who were successful in passing the examination held throughout the Province—1st class certificates—K. Bayns, J Campbell, L Coburn, J Martin, L Mowatt, M Paul, E Tarbell. Renewal certificate for length of service—A Bailey, J Halliday, A McDougal, J W Sinclair. 2nd class certificates—W Acheson, M Archibald, E Black, W Black, W Blair, S Clement, C Leany, F Murcheson, H Davidson, C Lord, M Mcfarlane, C Hardie, M Lucas, E McBride, E Henderson, E March, M McDowell, E Hobbs, L Mebuis, G Patterson, J Howitt, C Montgomery, R Pax

[Continued on last page.

The Magnet Cash Store

ARRIVED THIS WEEK.

Dolls, Baby Rattles, Fancy Shell Goods, Cup, Saucer and Plate, nice Present from Mother, Wife, Sister or Friend, Work Baskets, Baby Baskets, Toy Whips, Hammers, Hatchets, Carts just the thing for boys, Games, Fish Pond, &c.

Shaving Mugs, Brushes, Combs &c., &c.

T. E. BATE,

DUNSMUIR AVE., Cumberland

A QUEER PRACTICE.

During the search for the body of the drowned Japanese at the falls last week, the white searchers were mystified at seeing a boat, manned by two Japanese, in which was a rooster tied by a leg, slowly pulling about the pool. Finally, as they were passing close to another boat, the bird flew out in an attempt to escape, and being unable to do so, of course fell into the water. It was then explained that the corpse would be found at that place. Like the discovery of water by means of the hazel switches, so often proving correct, this actually happened, the body afterwards being fished up close to the place indicated.

If you are looking for bargains in kitchen needs the Magnet Cash Store offers the best opportunity offered for years.

Carrie Nation was said to have appeared at Comox last Saturday night. An impromptu game of baseball was in progress when she came suddenly on the scene, armed with her trusty hatchet. She wasn't going to allow any two baggers struck around her house. It is said that at the bat, and at catching, Dave and Jimmy excelled

A fire was discovered in an old stall in No. 4 mine last week, and gave some natural anxiety at first on account of the distance necessary to take water to extinguish the smoulder, which was found to be in a pile of cave rock. However, it was soon under control, and by Saturday was quite out. Several volunteers assisted in the work in order that the safety of the mine be insured.

Leave your measure for your Spring Suit at the Corner Store—hundreds of samples to choose from Fit. finish and material guaranteed—Stanley H. Riggs.

For Preserving Jars, all sizes, Rubber Rings for same, and Sugar, enquire prices at the Big Store; by so doing you can save money.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

EDITOR CUMBERLAND NEWS.

Dear Sir—Will Mr Bauer explain where he incurred twenty dollars expenses in taking Mr Davis to Victoria? CONTRIBUTOR.

MY HEART'S DARLING

BY W. HEIMBURG.

Lucie all that day had an unaccountable feeling of anxiety and apprehension; she went down three or four times to ask the porter if there were any letters for her. He had none. She wondered whether this silence was a good or bad sign. As she was standing thinking about this in the vestibule, a perplexed look upon her face, some men from a florist's passed her with gigantic laurel and myrtle trees, carrying them to the salon, the door of which stood wide open.

In the background hung a bright purple curtain, which the upholsterer was still arranging, and upon the improvised stage stood a gentleman with a white beard, talking to the landlord.

Wilken just then came down the stairs with a handsome lady in street costume on his arm. Her features bore a strong resemblance to his. As he passed Lucie heard him say "Mother" to her. A strong feeling of compassion seized her; she ran upstairs to Hortense, and threw herself weeping upon her neck.

The day passed. Toward evening Frau von Lowen got up; a letter had come, but from mademoiselle. It inclosed a small letter with a crest and a foreign postmark. "From papa," said Hortense, and put it back. She hastily ran though mademoiselle's scrawling French handwriting. "The old people are the same as ever; they play chess; and the horses are well," she said, taking a scissors and beginning to cut the letter, without reading it, in a thousand pieces.

Lucie gazed thoughtfully out on the beautiful Platz, lighted up with the glow of the setting sun. The numerous statues on the Hofkirche seemed dipped in red gold. Over the perforated towers of the Lutheran church, which stood in bold relief against the steel-blue sky, the narrow crescent of the new moon was clearly to be seen. The lamps were burning at the theatres, and the late comers were hurrying into the portals. The air was full of the perfumes which were wafted from the parks and gardens. A handsome carriage now rolled over the pavement. Lucie looked down as it stopped at the door of the hotel. Wilken, in his uniform, helped his bride elect to alight, and the parents followed. The young girl, in a pink dress, had her blonde braids fastened up to-day, and carried a bouquet of roses in her hand. Lucie started. Hortense had suddenly come and stood beside her.

"Shall I read to you?" she asked. "I see the pigeons flying over the Hofkirche in the evening twilight; it makes me think of Venice. Do you remember how we read the 'Merchant of Venice' there?"

At this moment there was a barouche at the door; the waiter announced: "Herr Weber." Hortense bowed assent.

"I had hardly expected to find grace in your eyes," he said, jestingly to Hortense; "but I heard with regret that you were ill, and came to make inquiries about you of Fraulein Walter. I thank you very much," he said, taking a chair which Frau von Lowen offered him. "I will not disturb you. I see you are suffering, you are so pale. I am only afraid that this merry-making just under you will disturb your night's rest. It is so odd that people like the old Herr von Norbert, who has such a handsome house, should celebrate a family banquet in a hotel."

Hortense, who had seated herself in an arm-chair, asked:

"Do you know these people?"

"Slightly. They have an estate near my property. I have met him at the club, and once at an agricultural society. He is an odd fellow, but an honorable man from head to foot, with all due respect to his queer notions. The ladies I scarcely know at all," he added. "I have always heard that Marie von Norbert was a very well-brought-up child. But pardon me, Frau Baronne, you look really ill; may I not send for a physician?"

Hortense shook her head: "I must beg you to excuse me for this evening."

He took his leave with a troubled look.

"The air is very close to-night," he said, softly, to Lucie. "I think we shall have a shower during the night."

Hortense sat still, her head resting on the back of the chair, not saying a word. It was quiet in the room, and very sultry. A shiver went through her as the first notes of the bridal song in "Lohengrin" floated up soft and sweet.

"I think it will be quieter in my room," said Lucie.

"Leave me alone!"

The girl seated herself silently opposite Hortense. The sweet strains of the band floated through the room then all would be still, and then the dance music would begin. A waltz! Now he has his bride-elect in his arms, and is flying with her through the rooms, and this fiancee has a father who is an honorable man, thought Lucie. Poor, poor Hortense!

"A telegram for Fraulein Walter!" cried the waiter, whose knock had not been heard, and he handed Lucie the small folded paper, lighted a candle, and disappeared.

"For me!" said the girl, in a faint voice.

She knew what it was without reading it. Her hands trembled as she opened the paper, and as she looked at it she stood motionless, her head bent as if she had received a blow.

"What is it?" asked Hortense, and came over to her. She took the paper out of Lucie's limp hand. "Mathilda passed away quietly to-day.—George," she read.

She did not dare to look at Lucie, but laid the paper silently upon the table. The music below had stopped for the moment. There was nothing to be heard but the girl's stifled, tearless sobs. Then Lucie roused herself, hastened to her room, and came back with her hat and cloak.

Hortense seized her by the arm.

"What are you going to do?"

"I must go," was the answer.

"To-night? I assure you, Lucie, you can not travel so; you are dreadfully unnerved. Wait till morning."

Lucie, without answering, tied the strings of her cloak about her waist.

"Do be reasonable, Lucie; you can not be of any use now. You will be there early enough to-morrow; you—"

But she stopped, the girl looked at her so indignantly.

"Do not try again to keep me from my duty," came from her trembling lips. "You have deprived me of her last words. You—"

She stopped, panting for breath, and turned away. On the table lay her gloves and veil; she snatched them up and went to the further door.

Hortense remained standing motionless in the same place.

"Lucie," she cried. The girl stopped and looked back. "I am afraid to let you go alone," said Hortense.

Lucie looked at her absently.

"Afraid? Why do you not come with me?"

"Because—because we could not reach our destination to-night; I am sure the trains do not connect. To-morrow, Lucie. Stay here!"

The girl hesitated. But a still pale face rose before her mind, that lay as if asleep.

"I must go," she said; "do not keep me. I can not stay;" and the next moment the door closed behind her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Lucie scarcely knew herself how she got to the station and in the railway carriage, or how the night passed, and the three hours of waiting at the little station, where the branch line from her home joined the main line. She had only one thought, one bitter regret; she had one picture before her all the time, and that was Mathilda's eyes full of tears with longing to see the young sister who had forgotten her in her gay life away from home.

When at last the train came to the station the day was beginning to dawn. She shivered as she stepped into the empty compartment. As it grew lighter she looked out into the misty June morning. She was familiar with the region through which she was going; the cloud-covered mountains over yonder, the outlying spurs of the Hartz Mountains, and the villages still sleeping quietly. The clouds in the east became lighter by degrees, but the sun could not dissipate them, and finally it began to rain—a light fine rain that threw a thick grey veil over the entire region. At the little stations where the train stopped peasant women got in with their market-baskets, here and there some gentlemen also going to the market-town. For a moment there would be some confusion between umbrellas and market-baskets, and there would be quiet again. At the station of the town there was more of a crowd and a longer delay. She listened as if in a dream to the bustle of the men and the pattering of the rain as it fell on the roofs of the cars.

Suddenly she sprung up and let down the window. Through the crowd a child was pushing its way; it was a boy of about twelve, whose thin little face beneath his light-blue cap had a peculiarly sad, wistful expression.

"Conrad," cried the girl, "Conrad!" The boy paused and came over. "Get in," said Lucie. "Are you going home?"

He had taken off his cap and bowed, but at the same time showed his ticket.

"I must go third-class," he said.

"Wait," she cried, getting out; and the next minute they were sitting opposite each other in an empty third-class compartment, and the train was beginning to move slowly on.

For a few moments they sat perfectly still; neither spoke a word. The little fellow, with his pale face, and eyes that seemed to ask what this incomprehensible bitter blow that had come to him meant, kept looking out of the window. Lucie could not speak for tears, as she saw before her the child whose mother had been taken from him so early.

"Father wrote yesterday," he began at last; "but Frau Muller did not tell me till to-day, nor let me go. I suppose he wrote to you too, aunt?"

The little boy pressed his lips tightly together to keep back his tears.

Lucie nodded, and then she sat by him and put her arm round him, and began to cry bitterly:

"The last time I was at home," said the boy, receiving her caresses with indifference, "on Sunday—mother thought you were coming, and had cakes baked. She felt sure of it, because she had written you she was ill. Why didn't you come, aunt?"

She wept still more bitterly; the child's reproach was like a dagger.

"She was not angry," said the boy, good-naturedly, "only sorry."

Lucie took down her handkerchief and gazed at the polished wood-work of the railway carriage, and then at the rain outside.

"She is to be buried to-morrow," continued the boy. "Herr Muller has given me a holiday. I may stay a week with father, because I am the eldest," he added, with some pride. "There is Schulzenskamp; we will soon be there!" With the same sad look in his childish eyes, he asked: "Are you going to stay with us, aunt?"

She nodded hastily, and smoothed back her hair from her tear-stained face.

"Is it true?"

"Yes, my boy."

There was not a soul in the tiny station at the edge of the forest. They stood on the gravel road in front of the little waiting-room, and looked at the weather.

"We shall have to walk," said the boy. "Father does not know you are coming, and I—always walk."

They followed the wood road—the old familiar path. The mist hung from every branch of the beeches, and the water stood in the ruts of the road.

"Give me your hand, Conrad," begged Lucie, as if the boy could be a protection to her, for in her bitter self-reproach she felt as if her brother-in-law might drive her from her sister's death-bed.

"The dogs, aunt; do you hear them?" asked the boy.

She nodded; there lay the house below them. "Go on first, and tell your father I am coming," she said, brokenly.

The little fellow ran on, but as he approached the house his steps became slower. Lucie saw how he trembled as he went up the steps to the hall.

Lucie followed him equally slowly. In the large hall, adorned with stags' horns, which in summer was also used as a dining-room, all was still as death, only the cuckoo clock ticked on the wall. The door of her brother-in-law's room was open, and out of it came a woman's voice, which Lucie did not know, comforting and remonstrating with him.

"For the children's sake, cousin, the poor little things! Who would have thought this would happen so soon? Come, do not have such wicked thoughts, but come and eat something."

Lucie crossed over and opened the door. She took a few steps into the room toward the man who sat so despairingly in the corner of the leather sofa, his head resting on his hand.

"George!" she said, and supported herself by the table; she looked ready to drop, and her white lips could not frame another word.

He looked up and raised himself.

"You come too late, Lucie!"

She stood perfectly still, with clasped hands. A small stout woman of about fifty, with her hair brushed stiffly down at the sides of her face, a stub-nose, and hard, light eyes, wearing a black apron over her lilac calico dress, and black ribbons in her cap, and a black handkerchief round her neck, stepped up to her.

"Ah! you must be the sister that the poor woman so longed for. Ah, yes! it is very hard when one comes and finds all is over. But you are wet as can be. Have you any dry things with you? Wait a moment; I will get you some hot coffee. One must eat and drink even at such times."

She took off the girl's hat and cloak, and went out with them. The Oberforster walked up and down the room; he trod heavily, and as if tired, and was bent over.

Lucie thought he looked years older. She placed herself before him with her hands clasped.

"Take me to her!" she begged.

He pointed with his hand toward the door.

"There lies what remains of her; she can not say anything to you."

(CONTINUED.)

Native Australian Tree Climbers.

A black never uses his knees when climbing. If the tree is small in girth, he sometimes uses a vine, passing it around the tree and holding on to it as he ascends. The most common way, however, is to ascend by means of notches cut into the tree or bark about one and a half inches deep and about three feet apart. Having fixed upon the side he intends ascending, the climber cuts a notch with his tomahawk about the height of his waist and another on a level with his head, but a little to the right or left of the lower notch, as the case may be. These notches are made by a few taps of the hatchet, first horizontally and then down at an agle of forty-five degrees. Having cut the two lower ones, the ascent is made by standing on the ball of the foot, with the great toe in the notch, while the climber cuts a fresh notch level with his head, and so on until the lower branches are gained.

Often the gum trees run eighty feet from the ground up to the lowest limb, the trunk of the tree being perfectly smooth. These notches are cut with great regularity, for, measured on a fallen tree, the distance between them seldom varies half an inch. In reascending a tree fresh cuts are made for every fresh ascent.

Out of every hundred young men called up for military service in Italy nearly 50 per cent have to be excused for physical unfitness.

The world uses up 4,000 tons of quicksilver in a year, and of this amount Great Britain's share is 1,600 tons. It is worth $11,000 a ton.

Should the Pope live another year he will celebrate his diamond jubilee as a bishop, his golden jubilee as cardinal, and silver jubilee as Pope.

Although about 45 per cent. of married couples celebrate their silver wedding, only one in a thousand live to celebrate their golden anniversary.

A Trying Time On Feeble Persons

All Who Are in Low Vitality Have Reason to Dread the Coming Weeks—Fortify Your System by Using

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

If you watch the newspapers for the next few weeks you will find that the death record is a large one, and made up largely of persons in advanced years and of weak constitutions.

Vitality seems to be at low ebb at this time of year, and the sudden changes of temperature and humid atmosphere are more than a weakened system can withstand. A little over-exertion, a little unusual exposure, a little neglect of the body, and health is undermined, physical break-down inevitable.

If you could but realize the reconstructive and upbuilding influence of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, it would be easy to convince you of the wisdom of using this preparation at this season of the year. When the blood is thin, weak and watery, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food enriches it by increasing the number of red corpuscles. When the nerves are exhausted, energy gone and strength declining, this great food cure builds up the system, restores and revitalizes the wasted nerve cells and rekindles the spark of life.

No physician can give you a better restorative than Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, for it is prepared in accordance with the most modern and most scientific principles, and contains in condensed form the most potent restoratives known to medical science. By noting the increase of weight while using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food you can prove for a certainty that new firm flesh and tissue is being added to the body.

Fifty cents a box, six boxes for $2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Great men who die at the right time are most likely to get monuments.

St. Andrews is the longest golf course in the world.

Two of a Kind.

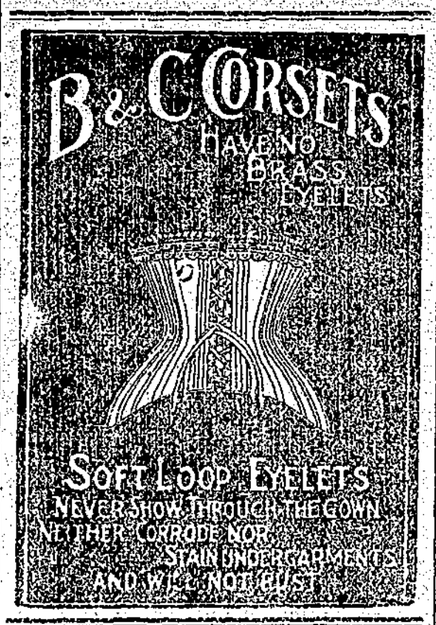
"I took great pains with that pudding we had for dinner," remarked the young wife.

"And so did I, my dear," rejoined the husband as he poured out a double dose of cholera mixture.

The Novel Reader.

Coddle—Whenever I see you, you are reading a novel. You don't mean to say you remember all of them?

Short—Dear me, no! It's because I don't remember them I like to read them.



A Wonderful Medicine.

Beecham's Pills

FOR ALL

Bilious and Nervous Disorders,

Sick Headache, Constipation, Wind and Pains in Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver and Female Ailments.

PREPARED ONLY BY THE PROPRIETOR,

Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Eng.,

Sold by all Druggists in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes, 25 cents.

Dutch people consume over 16lb. of coffee a head yearly—twice as much as their nearest competitors, the Belgians.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

£4 3s. 2d. is the Englishman's liquor bill per annum; £3 6s. 4d. that of the Scotsman, and $2 18s. the Irishman's.

No family living in a bilious country should be without Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter and prevent ague. Mr. J. L. Price, Shoals, Martin Co., Ind., writes: "I have tried a box of Parmelee's Pills and find them the best medicine for fever and ague I have ever used."

With a population of 41 millions, only 441 Japanese have fortunes of £50,000 or over.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Russia has more horses than any other nation, nearly 21 millions in all.

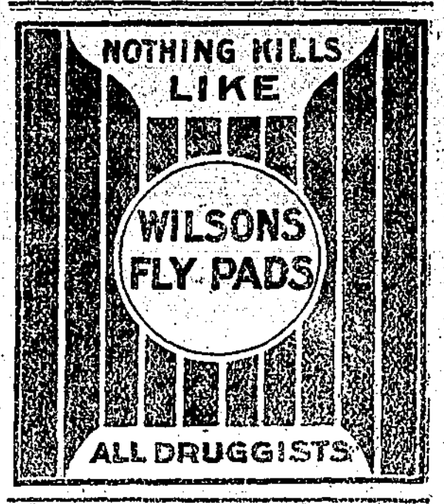
Much of the world's poverty results from lack of push.

Two court injunctions are equivalent to a pair of suspenders.

You can get more wind out of a 10-cent fan than you can out of a $10 one—and the same may be said of a ten-cent man.

If the conceit were taken out of some men their friends would be unable to identify the remains.

It's no disgrace for a man to be poor unless he becomes so because of idle, shiftless or vicious habits.



LADY AGENTS WANTED

Best Selling Skirt Supporter and Waist Adjuster ever introduced. Sells at sight. Good profit. Send 25 cents for sample and terms to agents.

BRUSH & CO., Dept. W. TORONTO.

$45—WEEKLY selling Acme Pump Governors. They make all pumps work easy, and fit all kinds (iron or wood). Mills run with half less wind. Agents exclusive territory. Its merits sell it. PUMP GOVERNORS, 174 Princess Street, Winnipeg.

The total national debt of the seven great powers is only about $38 in each $500 of their national wealth.

"AFTER FIVE YEARS"

By Frances Wilson

Copyright, 1901, by Frances Wilson

"We'll have ten, I think," she said in a meditative manner, leaning her cheek against two fingers of her left hand, "and perhaps some of those little cakes—the ones that are so tempting on the outside and all emptiness on the inside."

From her tone Lorrimer understood that she meant to intimate that the artistic unities demanded cakes of this description. He translated the order into man talk for the benefit of the obsequious waiter and then asked with the air of one who was used to being made a confidant of:

"What's the trouble? Because I've noticed that when you order tea it is an infallible sign of a disturbed conscience."

There was a flash of mirth in her eyes as they met his, and she clasped her hands on the edge of the table and leaned toward him, saying in a wheedling way:

"You're the greatest comfort to me. You're the only man I know, ever have known, save one, who always understands! With you it isn't necessary to dot one's i's and cross one's t's."

Having paid him this handsome compliment, she beamed at him across the narrow table and expectantly awaited the question which she knew was sure to follow.

"And the other fellow," he laughed, "the one who shares with me the proud distinction?"

"He's the trouble!" came the answer in a pathetic voice. Then with sudden vivacity: "Did you ever notice that there's something about the movements of the average waiter that reminds one of Spencerian writing? There's a flowing grace in the way that he removes a dish cover, a flourish in the way that he sets down a plate, which marks him as a human exponent of the Spencerian theory."

Their order had arrived, and it was not until she had poured the tea that she spoke again. Then she burst out indignantly:

"Nobody but a dreamer would think of such a thing as continuing a romance from the point where he left it five years before. It's absurd, you know," she continued candidly. "A person's feelings change from year to year!"

"From season to season would seem to me a more accurate statement," put in her companion, with a suave smile, "unless, indeed, my experience has been unusual."

"You do understand," she smiled. "You certainly do! Now you would know, wouldn't you, that if a woman were fond of you, say when leg o' mutton sleeves were in fashion, she might—probably would—feel very different by the time that the coat sleeves were de rigueur?"

Her face wore the hopeful expression of a person who has at last found a perfectly rational human being who will see things as they are. Lorrimer drained his cup and set it down deliberately before he replied. Then he said:

"Don't you think you would better begin at the beginning? You're a trifle incoherent, you know."

"That's just it! There wasn't any beginning! And evidently he thinks that there hasn't been any end. It was all so elusive and intangible and so sad! He left so much to the imagination. I think that was a part of his fascination for me. There was a look in his eyes at times that wrung my heart, and from pity I drifted by degrees into something more.

"When we parted, I knew that we were sworn to an eternal friendship—sort of ashes of roses affair, you know—and in my own heart I was fully determined never to marry. I was going to be one of those sweet, sad, strong women that you read about."

She screwed her forehead into a knot and looked at him deprecatingly.

"What happened?" he inquired in a sympathetic tone. "You haven't married, it is true, but I have never connected you in my thoughts with a hidden sorrow."

The occupants of an adjoining table rose to go, and her attention was engrossed for a moment by a love of a gown. Then she came back to Lorrimer and her story.

"I suppose that what happened was just—other men!" she said ruefully. "The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak."

"What in the name of goodness is troubling you then?" asked Lorrimer, thoroughly mystified.

"Why, I had a note from him this morning! He will be in town next Wednesday. His wife is dead!"

She composed her face to an expression of perfect propriety before making this announcement, though there was a faint twitching of her lips.

"Ah-h-h! I see. You fear that he is coming to claim his pound of flesh, and you're not of the same mind that you were when it was promised."

She nodded.

"It's not quite nice of me to tell you, but we're very old friends, and I'm really troubled. He's such a nice fellow—just a thoroughgoing idealist, and I know he thinks of me as cherishing his memory, and of course I do," she added quickly, "only not in just the way he thinks. He's had so much sadness in his life that I cannot bear to give him pain. I want him to see for himself that I am different now. I thought of fixing myself up like a perfect frump," she said anxiously, "to receive him and asking you to drop in at ten minutes past 5, not a minute later, so that there won't be any time for—

"Reminiscences?" prompted Lorrimer, and she assented.

The teapot was empty and the illusory cakes had vanished. There was a flutter of departing guests all about them, and they rose and made their way homeward.

At precisely 5 o'clock the next day Miss Barry was greeting Mr. Grantham with an expression in her dark eyes which was not well planned, if indeed it was calculated to reconcile him to his fate.

"You've grown, actually grown, since we last met," he said, his handsome, serious face lighting up with pleasure and with a ring of boyish pleasure in his voice which suddenly made her feel very world worn, very callous and very unworthy. "Tell me about yourself—all that you've been doing and thinking," he went on cordially, but with no trace of embarrassment, "and then I'll retaliate in kind."

"I've simply been growing worldly and horrid, and I'm not at all the sort of person that I was five years ago. I've given up my ideals, those exquisite chimeras which seemed so near to us that summer. You see New York isn't the proper habitat for the soul."

Grantham's deep eyes were bent upon her, half in doubt.

"I don't think you are quite fair to yourself," he began gently, and the look in his eyes made her wonder nervously how much longer it would be before Lorrimer appeared.

As if in response to her thought he was announced at that moment, and the three were soon chatting pleasantly. If Mr. Grantham felt any annoyance at the presence of a third party, there was no trace of it in his manner. His eyes rested upon Miss Barry with a look which struck Lorrimer as being of the sort that one gives to an admired but utterly unattainable object; he looked at her as one might look at some beautiful ideal to which he had ceased to aspire.

He also noticed that Miss Barry, with feminine inconsistency, had evidently repented of her determination to "look like a frump." There was something extremely up to date in the way that the dull pink broadcloth swirled around her slender figure, and her dark hair seemed to shine and ripple more exquisitely than usual. Lorrimer decided to seize the first opportunity that presented to hum:

> And, oh, I am glad that moment sad
> Was cheered by sight of me!

It was not until Mr. Grantham rose to go that he said:

"You know perhaps of the death of my twin sister, Mrs. Raymond? She died in Rome six months ago. It was a terrible shock to Mrs. Grantham."

There was a queer little inarticulate exclamation which seemed to come from Miss Barry's lips, while a shade of astonishment flushed across Lorrimer's face. The speaker looked from one to the other in a puzzled way and then continued:

"Mrs. Grantham was with her and will return on the Etruria next week. I want you to meet her, Miss Barry, and see our boys." His face was shining with pride. "I know you will love them."

Miss Barry murmured the usual commonplaces and then added maliciously, with a defiant look straight at Lorrimer:

"I was about to ask for Mrs. Grantham when Mr. Lorrimer joined us. I hope she is very well?"

Left alone, she and Lorrimer looked at each other in a nonplused manner for a moment. Then they both burst into peals of laughter.

She finally crossed the room and made a search in the small desk which stood in the alcove and came back, with her eyes bent upon the note in her hand. Sitting down beside Lorrimer, she held it out to him, looking rather foolish.

"It doesn't say that his wife is dead, but wouldn't you think so from the wording and—and from the other circumstances?" she pleaded. Then devoutly: "Goodness! I'm glad I wore the pink broadcloth!"

"So am I, dear," replied Lorrimer, and then he went on to say— But it would take too long to tell that.

Too Tight a Squeeze.

John Fiske, the historian, was a man of enormous stature, and extremely sensitive about any reference to his unusual size. On one occasion, when he was visiting a friend at his home in a beautiful town in Connecticut, the hostess and her daughter invited Mr. Fiske to drive with them one morning. The road is a picturesque one, which winds along the river at the foot of the mountains. At one point the hostess suggested that the party alight and walk a short distance through the field to get a particularly attractive view. Around this field was a high fence with no opening but a narrow stile. The ladies passed through and turned to wait for their guest. For a moment he contemplated the opening: to squeeze through was impossible; to climb over was equally impracticable. Finally his deep bass voice broke the silence: "Ladies, I think we would better continue our drive."

A Feat of Swordsmanship.

Napoleon, it is said, one day met an old one armed soldier and asked him where he lost his arm.

"Sire, at Austerlitz."

"And were you not decorated?"

"No, sire."

"Then here is my own cross for you. I make you chevalier."

"Your majesty makes me chevalier because I have lost one arm. What would your majesty have done had I lost both?"

"Oh, in that case I should have made you officer of the Legion."

Whereupon the soldier immediately drew his sword and cut off his other arm.

Rhinoceroses With Two Horns.

Several species of rhinoceroses, now extinct and only found in a fossil state, used to exist which had no horns at all. The name, meaning as it does "horned nose," is rather a misnomer in their case. Several kinds of rhinoceroses in Africa have two horns, one behind the other, but the extinct rhinoceros, known as the dyceratherium, had a pair of horns on its nose side by side.

It Wasn't All in Him.

"Johnny," said his mother severely, "some one has taken a big piece of gingerbread out of the pantry."

Johnny blushed guiltily.

"Oh, Johnny!" she exclaimed. "I didn't think it was in you."

"It ain't all," replied Johnny; "part of it's in Elsie."

English Brass.

The composition of English brass is about seventy parts of copper and thirty of zinc. "Prince Rupert's metal" contains 75 to 80 per cent of copper and on account of its golden color is employed to some extent in jewelry.

The kind of brass called tombac contains still more copper, nearly eighty-five parts in a hundred. It is the alloy used for the manufacture of what is called Dutch metal, an imitation of gold leaf. It can be rolled into sheets, and these can be beaten out till they are only fifty-three thousandths of an inch in thickness.

Two Sides to It.

Wife—It's hateful of you not to give me the bonnet I want. Ah, me! If you only knew how much I have to put up with!

Husband—Huh! If you only knew how little I have to put up with, you wouldn't ask me to put up for a bonnet.

A Versifier.

Scribbler—Would you call yourself a poet or simply a versifier?

Scrawler—Well, when the editor lights his pipe with my stuff it's a case of verse afire.

Runs Itself.

"Got a talking machine at home?"

"Yes."

"What did you pay for it?"

"Nothing; married it."—London Tit-Bits.

Mosquitoes are so numerous near the coast of Borneo that the streams of that region are in summer often unnavigable.

All For Love.

Reddy—W'y don't yer never wash yer face?

Petey—Sh! I want me goil ter t'ink I'm a chauffeur.

Hotel Bills In England.

The author of "Portugal Old and New" finds fault with English hotel keepers for using a printed form of bill on which the plain requirements of a simple traveler are lost amid a multitude of items. The result is that when a guest pays for a day's and a night's lodging he is positively almost ashamed at finding due registry of his having wanted neither liquors nor stationery nor warm baths nor douche baths nor shower baths nor pots of jam nor the hotel hairdresser and is apt to reflect what a poor shuffling impostor of a guest he is to have had so few requirements.

Slightly Different.

"Dat were a very excitin' jackpot I won las' night on a bluff," said Mr. Erastus Pinkley as he tilted his cigar and dropped his hat over his eye.

"Did you raise the opener?" asked Mr. James Coliflower.

No, sah; I opened a razor."

She Helped.

"Did she help you to propose?"

"Well, rather! She asked how many boxes of candy would pay for an engagement ring."—Detroit Free Press.

Avoid greatness. In a cottage there may be found more real happiness than kings or their favorites enjoy in palaces.—Horace.

A Bunch of Arizona Kicklets

[Copyright, 1903, by C. C. Lewis.]

The superintendent of the Giveadam Gulch stage line has not sent us our annual pass for 1903 yet. Must we call with a gun and shoot it out of him?

At the performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" last Monday night the cowboys shot fourteen kerosene lamps to pieces in honor of little Eva. If little Eva doesn't replace them, the theater will be pretty dim the rest of the winter.

Among the natural products found on Bill Williams mountain, which we own body and soul, are borax, soda, alum, potash, emery, rock salt, copperas, soap and sandstone, and yet we don't feel that we are quite happy.

We are not hoping for war, but we'd like Uncle Sam to know that if he ever gets into any trouble he can depend upon 250 men from this town at the drop of the hat. They are men who can stand up to anything, from a bar to a cannon.

How the report got over to Lone Jack that we had shot Captain Henderson during a quarrel we can't understand. We did dun the captain the other day for money he owed us, and he told us to go to— But there was no quarrel. We simply went—as far as we could.

M. QUAD.

Mathematical.

Johnny (aged eight)—When I was two years old and my big brother was six, was he three times as old as I?

Teacher—Yes.

Johnny—And when I was four and he was eight was he twice as old as I?

Teacher—Certainly.

Johnny—And now I'm eight and he's twelve is he only once and a half as old as I am?

Teacher—Yes. Why?

Johnny—Well, how long will it take me to catch up to him?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Misunderstood.

"What was the cause of the row in the cellroom?" asked the police captain.

"Two fellows came to bail Murphy out," said the lockup keeper.

"What of it?" asked the captain.

"Oh, just a little misunderstanding," answered the lockup keeper. "Murphy was looking for some one to get him out, but when these fellows said they would bail him out he thought they were insinuating that he was a tank, and so he sailed into them."—New York Times.

Always Ready.

The Woola-Woolas don't dread the 1st of May. They are ready to move at a moment's notice.—Chicago News.

Privilege of Invalidism.

Little Jane had heard her mother say that sick people demanded a great deal of consideration. A few days later Jane said:

"Mamma, I think it would be lovely to be sick."

"Why?" asked her mother.

"Oh, because sick people command so much consternation!"—Little Chronicle.

Uncommon Reticence.

Tess—I hear you became acquainted with Miss Travis the other day.

Jess—Yes, and she's such a remarkable girl. She told me she had been out of town for several months.

Tess—Yes, she was in Europe.

Jess—Exactly, and she didn't mention a word about it to me.—Philadelphia Press.

Not Worth the Trouble.

"You write your first name very well indeed," Miss Pinkie," criticised the writing teacher, "but you make a sad botch of the 'Johnson' part of it."

"What is the difference, Mr. Spencer?" asked the pretty girl. "I expect to change the Johnson part of it some day."—Chicago Tribune.

Not Too Precipitate.

"Ah, Gracie, dear," she said to the duke, "why don't you go to papa today? Delays are dangerous, you know."

"Yes, I realize that," he replied, "but I've only known you three days, and these get rich quick schemes always seem to be so risky."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Queer Laws About Stealing.

In the Isle of Man it was formerly the law that to take away an ox or a horse was not a felony, but a trespass, because of the difficulty in that little country of concealing or carrying them off, but to steal a pig or a fowl, which is easily done, was a capital crime.

A SAILOR'S MASCOTS.

Miscellaneous Collection That He Takes From the Shore.

Jack Tar is notoriously improvident, and most of our naval seamen when they get ashore spend their money, be it more or less, with a lavish hand. Shore leave is limited to twenty-four hours, but in that brief time the unrestrained sailor manages to run through about all the cash he carries with him. He plunges into a whirl of dissipation and is oftentimes cheated or robbed of a good share of his ready assets, but a percentage of the latter is also apt to go for anything that happens to strike his almost childish fancy. Mascots are the seafarer's delight, and whatever he may come across which seems to him to have a talismanic property he is bound to buy it if he can; hence when the "pier jumpers," as those on shore leave are technically called, return in well filled barges to the ship and under direction of the master at arms climb up to the deck they are likely to bring with them a miscellaneous collection of goats, dogs, parrots, monkeys, roosters, etc. One sailor on the Kearsarge, either in or out of his senses at the time, went so far as to purchase as a mascot a colored baby from its mother for the sum of 40 cents and came aboard with it in his arms. He was not allowed to retain it, however, and the child was eventually restored to its repentant and hysterical parent.

How many of the mascots may be kept on board lies within the discretion of the captain. A liberal policy is pursued in this matter. But manifestly there is a limit to the number of those that can be accommodated. The surplus is sent ashore without delay. When the returned "pier jumpers" are lined up while the ship's writer calls the roll to discover the laggards, it is one of the most perplexing duties of the officer of the deck to decide what dumb creatures may or may not be added to the vessel's menagerie. If the vessel is on her way homeward from the tropics, she usually carries a large variety of living presents for the home friends of the sailors. But these are only temporary tenants of the hold and would not be permitted to remain on board long.

FACTS ABOUT FOLKS.

In estimation of measurement men are more accurate than women.

Moral action in child life is more a matter of imitation than intellect.

Dull children are the most unruly, and unruly children are the dullest.

Sweet is tasted best on the tip of the tongue, sour on the edge and bitter at the base.

Mental images themselves constitute the motive, the springs of action for all we do.

Girls show less interest in material things than boys and admire the æsthetic more.

Those who have endured the most hardship in life are usually the least sensitive to pain.

Blushing comes from shyness and fear, is unnatural and morbid and is greater in women than in men.

Rapid readers do their work better, as well as in less time, and retain more of the substance of what is read than slow readers.

Watch Your Shoulders.

When standing before a looking glass, notice if your shoulders are the same height. Generally the right is higher than the left. The reason for this unevenness lies in the way one sits. You get into a comfortable chair at your desk, and at once you rest your right elbow on the arm of your chair or your desk, thus throwing one shoulder higher than the other. This is especially the case where one writes a great deal. When you notice that one shoulder is higher than the other, the thing to do is to change your way of sitting at your desk. Two simple exercises will be beneficial. The arm of the lower shoulder should be extended upward, the hand grasping a dumbbell. That of the higher shoulder should be lowered and made to support a heavy weight.

Soothing.

Pompous Customer—That insect powder you sold me the other day is no good. The cockroaches fatten on it.

Affable Salesman—Yes, sir. That's the first stage. They get fat on it and then die of apoplexy. Come round next week and report again. Anything I can do for you, ma'am?

Foretells Death by Sense of Smell.

There's an old superstition that a howling dog in front of the house of an ill person portends death. One prominent physician believes absolutely in it. This physician has a wonderfully acute sense of smell. Frequently, he says, he can foretell the coming of death within forty-eight hours of a patient's demise. Within two days of death, he says, a peculiar earthy odor becomes noticeable about a person about to die. He tells of one case where he became aware of the peculiar odor while talking to an apparently healthy man. That night the man dropped dead of heart disease.

The physician is far from attributing the peculiar manifestation to other than physiological reasons. His own sense of smell is abnormally acute.

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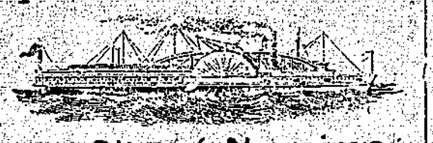

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Leaves Nanaimo Tuesday, 5 p.m., for Comox, connecting with s.s. Joan at Nanaimo.

Leaves Comox Wednesday, 8 a.m., for Nanaimo direct, connecting with train for Victoria.

Leaves Nanaimo Thursday, 7 a.m., for Comox and way ports.

Leaves Comox Friday, 7 a.m., for Nanaimo and way ports.

Leaves Nanaimo Friday, 2 p.m., one week for Ganges, next week for Ladysmith.

Leaves Ganges or Ladysmith Saturday, 7 a.m., for Victoria and way ports.

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JUNE 1st, 1903

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2—Daily.		No. 4—Sunday
A.M		P.M.
De. 9 00	Victoria	De. 4.00
" 9.28	Coldstream	" 4 28
" 10.24	Koenig's	" 5 21
" 11.00	Duncan's	" 5.55
P.M		P.M.
" 12 40	Nanaimo	" 6 41
Ar 12 35	Wellington	Ar. 7 37

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1—Daily.		No. 3—Sunday
A.M.		A.M.
De. 8 00	Wellington	De. 4 00
" 8 20	Nanaimo	" 4.15
" 10 02	Duncan's	" 5.55
" 10.42	Koenig's	" 6 30
" 11 38	Coldstream	" 7 27
Ar 12.06	Victoria	Ar 7.55

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GEO. L. COURTNEY,
Traffic Manager.

MUNICIPALITY OF
THE CITY OF CUMBERLAND.

THE POUND BY-LAW.

The Municipal Council of the Corporation of the City of Cumberland, enacts as follows:—

1. At such place or places as shall be designated by the Council from time to time a City Pound may be established and shall be maintained as such by the Corporation of the City of Cumberland.

2. The Council may from time to time appoint a Pound-keeper at such salary or remuneration as it may decide and appropriate out of the annual revenue.

3. The City Treasurer shall furnish the Pound-keeper with a book in which the Pound-keeper shall enter a description of every animal impounded by him, with the name of the person who took or sent the same to be impounded, the day and hour on which the animal came into his charge as Pound-keeper, the day and hour on which the same was redeemed, discharged, or otherwise dealt with or disposed of, the name of the person and the amount paid by the person redeeming the animal, or, if sold, the name of the purchaser, the amount that was paid for the animal, and the amount of the expense thereon, and the balance, if any, remaining over the above, the penalty allowance and expenses, and to whom the same has been paid, which balance, if any, shall, prior to making the return to the auditor, be paid over to the City Treasurer.

4. The Pound-keeper shall at the end of the month make a return to the City Clerk, in writing, comprising the above information and any other information he or the clerk may deem necessary, which return shall, if required, be verified by statutory declaration of the Pound-keeper.

5. The Pound-keeper shall pay over to the City Treasurer all money received by him once in every month, or oftener, if instructed so to do, and shall at all times produce his books for the inspection of any member of the Council, or the Auditor or the Treasurer, when requested to do so.

6. No horse, ass, mule, ox, bull, cow, cattle, swine, hog, sheep, goat or dog (except dogs registered as hereinafter mentioned) shall be permitted to run at large or trespass in the city at any time, or to graze, brouse, or feed upon any of the streets, squares, lanes, parks, alleys, or public places of the City, or upon any unfenced lots or unfenced land within the city limits, under the following penalties against the owners, or keeper, or persons having charge of the same, viz:—

For each ox, horse, mule, ass, bull, cow, or other cattle	$3 00
For each swine, hog, sheep, or goat or other animal	1 00
For each dog	0 50

7. If any of the animals mentioned in section 6 of this By-law (except dogs registered as hereinafter mentioned) are found at large or trespassing within the limits of the City of Cumberland, or grazing, brousing, or feeding upon any of the streets, squares, lanes, parks, alleys, public places of the said City, or upon any unfenced lots or land within the City limits, it shall be taken by the Pound-keeper or his assistant and driven, led, or carried to the City Pound and be there impounded, and it shall be the duty of the Pound-keeper so to impound such animals.

8. Any person or persons who find any of the animals mentioned in section 6 of this By-law, running at large or trespassing within the City limits in contravention of this By-Law may drive, lead, or carry the animal to the said Pound, and it shall be the duty of the Pound keeper to receive and impound the same, and pay for—

Horse, mule, bull, cow, or other cattle	$2 50
Each swine, hog, sheep, goat, or other animal	50
Each dog	50

9. It shall be the duty of all officers and constables of the police force of the said city, whenever they see or meet any of the animals mentioned within section 6 of this By-Law running at large or trespassing within the city limits in contravention of this By-Law or whenever their attention is directed by any person to any such animal running at large or trespassing as aforesaid, to immediately take charge of such animal, and drive, lead, or carry, or cause the same to be driven, led, or carried to the Pound.

10. The Pound-keeper shall daily furnish all animals impounded in the City Pound with good and sufficient food, water, shelter, and attendance and for so doing shall demand and receive from the respective owners of such animals or from the keepers or persons in whose charge the animals ought to be, for the use of the Corporation, the following allowance over and above the fees for impounding, namely:—

For each horse, ass, mule, bull, cow or other cattle, $1.00 per day.
For each swine, hog, sheep, or goat, or other animal, 50cts. per day.
For each dog 25cts. per day.

11. If the owner of any animal impounded, or any other person entitled to redeem the same, shall appear and claim such animal at any time before the sale thereof, it shall be the duty of the Pound-keeper or his assistant, to deliver up the same on receiving the amount in full of the penalty, and the allowance and the expenses chargeable for each and every animal, and in addition thereto if the animal redeemed is a dog, the annual tax therefor.

12. When the Pound-keeper is aware of the name and address of the owner of any animal impounded he shall, within 24 hours of the impounding, cause a letter or post card to be sent to such owner with a notification of such impounding.

13 It shall be the duty of the Pound-keeper, or his Assistant, before making delivery of any animal so impounded, before sale, or on payment of surplus money after sale, to obtain from the person or persons claiming the same, his, her or their name or names and residence, and to enter the same in a book, together with the date when such animal was impounded, and the date when the same was sold or redeemed as the case may be.

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

The columns of THE NEWS are open to all who wish to express therein views on matter 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 personal.

TUESDAY, AUG. 4, 1903

14. If no person shall appear to claim such animals or animal so impounded, within three days after the same may have been impounded, or if the person claiming such animal shall refuse or neglect to pay the penalty and the allowance and expenses chargeable thereon, it shall be the duty of the Pound-keeper to give at least five days notice of the sale thereof.

15. Such notice shall contain a general description of the animal or animals impounded, and shall be posted up in some conspicuous place at the Pound, where the same shall have been impounded, and also at the City Hall.

16. If at the expiration of the time specified in the said notice, no person shall appear to claim the animal or animals therein specified and referred to, or if any person shall appear to claim the same, but shall refuse or neglect to pay the penalty and the allowance, and the expenses accrued and charged on such animal or animals; it shall be lawful to sell the same, and the animal or animals shall be offered to public competition and sold to the highest bidder by the Pound-keeper at the City Pound.

17. If the animal be a horse, ass, mule, ox, bull, cow, or other cattle, it shall be advertised in a newspaper at least three days before such sale.

18. If, after the sale of any animal as aforesaid, the purchaser does not immediately pay the price thereof, the Pound-keeper may forthwith cause the animal to be resold, and so continue to do until the price is paid.

19. In case of the sale of any impounded animal or animals, the said Pound-keeper shall retain out of the proceeds of the sale sufficient to pay the amount of the penalty and the allowance and all expenses chargeable by him on account of the said animal or animals.

20. No person or persons shall break open, or in any manner directly or indirectly aid or assist in breaking open the Pound, or shall take or let any animal or animals thereout, without the consent of the Pound-keeper. Each and every person who shall hinder, delay or obstruct any person or persons engaged in driving, leading, or carrying to the Pound any animal or animals liable to be impounded under the provisions of this By-law shall, for each and every offence, be liable to the penalty hereinafter mentioned.

21. If any dog impounded as aforesaid is not redeemed within seven days after such impounding it shall be lawful for the Pound keeper to kill it in some merciful manner.

22. Every person who pays the annual tax for a dog as mentioned in the Revenue By-law, shall thereupon be entitled to have such dog registered, numbered, and described in a book to be kept for this purpose at the office of the City Treasurer, and to receive a metal badge or tag stamped with the year for which the tax is paid, and the number of the registration, and in case any dog shall be found at large within the Municipality at any time without such a badge or tag as aforesaid such dog shall be deemed to be at large within the meaning of Clause 6 of this By-law.

23. In the event of a dog being impounded and the owner proving to the satisfaction of the Pound-keeper or the City Treasurer that the annual tax had been paid and the metal badge or tag had been removed before the impounding of the dog, it shall be lawful for the Pound-keeper to release such dog from the Pound at once and enter the particulars in his book.

24. It shall be lawful for the Pound-keeper, or his assistant, or other persons aforesaid, to impound any dog running at large in the City and not wearing a metal badge or tag in accordance with the preceding section of this By-law.

25. No person shall keep or harbor any dog or other animal which habitually disturbs the quiet of any person, or any dog or other animal which endangers the safety of any person by biting or otherwise.

26. No horse or horses shall be left untied within the city limits, unless under the control of the owner or person in charge.

27. Every person convicted of an infraction of any provision of this By-law shall forfeit and pay therefore a penalty not exceeding fifty dollars.

28. A dog shall be deemed to be at large within the meaning of the provisions of this By-law when not accompanied by or under the control of the owner or person in charge

29. This By-law may be cited as the City Pound By-law, 1902, to come into effect the 1st day of March, 1903.

Read for the first time 20th day of October, 1902.

Read for the second time the 6th day of November, 1902.

Read the third time the 8th day of December, 1902.

Re-considered and finally passed the 30th day of December, 1902.

WESLEY WILLARD,
MAYOR.

L. W. NUNNS,
CITY CLERK.

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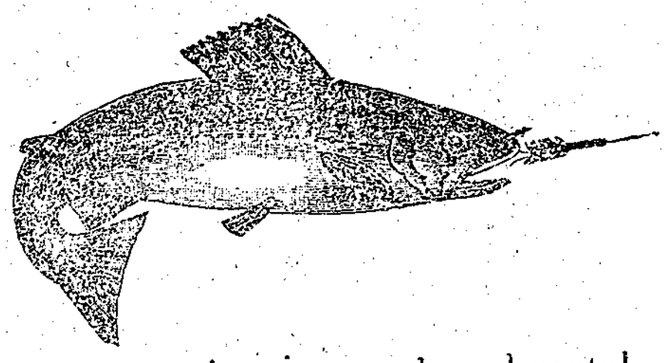

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NEWS OFFICE.

"GREGSON'S LATEST"

By CICELY ALLEN

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It had become a byword in the college town long before Gregson reached his junior year. There had been one little love affair after another, none of them very serious so far as Gregson was concerned, but with just enough sentiment and a few heartaches and tears on the part of the young women to leave memories like those of delicately crushed rose leaves.

First there had been the demure young daughter of Professor Deschelle, who was suddenly and not unwisely shipped off to Berlin for a year's finishing. Then Miss Bowdoin, daughter of a St. Louis millionaire, came to nurse her brother through pneumonia and after meeting Gregson remained so long that her father wrote inquiring whether they now quarantined nurses in pneumonia cases. The next little affair was more serious so far as the elder Gregson's purse was concerned, and some of the college men are wondering to this day how much Tottie Vaughn of "The Dazzler" company named as the price of withdrawing her suit.

After three years Gregson had what his friends irreverently termed "a rep" as a juggler with feminine hearts. The newest girl in town was quite generally referred to at the end of a week or so as "Gregson's latest," and hostesses remarked to their young guests: "Now, do look out for Harry Gregson, my dear. He is such a charming fellow, but an incorrigible, absolutely unprincipled flirt."

Perhaps these same married women and chaperons who shook their heads over him and then smiled understood and sympathized with him more than they realized. In reply to their remonstrance he would say plaintively: "Bless your heart, I can't help it, now, honestly. It is the girls who take this so seriously. I never do. Why can't they enjoy a dance, a few flowers, boxes of candy, an evening at the theater and other little trifles without expecting a proposal tacked on the end of these attentions? I don't want to marry them. I always tell them so, and then they get mad and say I'm a reckless flirt and I ought to go on the stage, where I could make googoo eyes at the leading lady all the while. Now, I think that's unjust. No one understands me. I just want to enjoy myself, to sip lightly of life's pleasures, but these women take life so seriously. If they want to be unhappy and hollow eyed and Ophelia-like and indulge in a hopeless, undying passion, why, I can't help that, now, can I?"

So it happened that when Gregson decided to go home with Disbrow for part of the vacation the sensation created was profound. Gregson away from Newport and the country club, a thousand miles from a yacht, buried on a midwest farm! What would the girls do, and what would Gregson do?

The intimacy between the two men was on the surface incongruous. Gregson was a typical city man, well groomed, well dressed and absolutely self contained. His grandfather had been one of the few millionaires of his day; his father was now one of the many. Disbrow came from a midwest farm, from which he had wrung by the literal sweat of his brow a course at the great eastern college. He wore ready made clothes, cared more for his books than his tub and was extremely self conscious, easily embarrassed. But between the two there existed a peculiar affinity.

Gregson drawled as he was packing his trunk for the trip: "Disbrow comes from the stuff our presidents are made of. He might be president some day, and then I'd be glad to know him and get a foreign post." Not for the world would he admit a disinterested affection for this awkward chap toward whom he had been so strangely and unselfishly drawn. And so he landed at the Disbrow farm with a selection of clothing which, though a credit to his good breeding in its simplicity, yet stamped him as apart from the men among whom he was to move for the next few months. Gregson would be well dressed in jeans and could give a certain twist to a bargain counter tie that made it quite his own. At least that was what Alice Davis had thought while he danced attendance upon her at the strawberry festival given by the Union church. Her eyes had told him this and more.

He was thinking it all over as he drove home alone, with the scent of loamy upturned earth bearing him company along the moonlit road. Alice lacked style. He could easily picture her as getting hopelessly tangled up in a trained gown. She displayed no wiles, subtle or otherwise, but was deliciously ingenuous. And those eyes! Those perfect lashes sweeping a peach blow cheek! What was she doing in this God forsaken country? He would ask her the next time they met. No; he would ask Disbrow when he got home. Come to think of it, Disbrow had had her picture, along with his sister's and mother's, on his wall at college. Perhaps she was a relative too.

Disbrow had stayed home. At the last moment his mother had been taken slightly ill, and he had explained to Gregson that he hated to leave her in that shape. She had worked so hard that he might go to college. And Gregson had not minded. He had met and been cordially received by many of the neighbors. Besides, a country festival was a novelty to him. Disbrow was waiting up for him, and they stopped for a smoke on the small porch, with masses of fragrant honeysuckles.

"Pretty girl, that Miss Davis, and rather a good sort, I imagine," said Gregson carelessly.

Disbrow's pipe was suspended midway in the air.

"You've struck it, Harry. No other words would describe her. She is a good sort, and"—there was a short pause, in which Disbrow seemed to be studying his pipe thoughtfully—"I've never quite been able to understand how she could love such an oaf as I. I'm not half fit for her, but we've been sweethearts for years, and I believe for her sake I can overcome almost any obstacle. She helped me pay the mortgage on this place and literally forced me to college. She's—she's a regular inspiration."

Gregson's pipe had gone out, and he did not offer to relight it. In a few moments he rose, stretched himself lazily and murmured with a depth of feeling quite out of keeping with his attitude:

"Man, you're to be congratulated. Love like hers can keep a fellow from doing lots of fool things."

The moonlight filtered through the poplar trees and the dormer window beyond which lay Gregson, his head propped on his elbow, his pipe puffing vigorously. He was thinking again of that innocent, half pleading face, of the wonder in her gentle eyes at his cleverly worded, half veiled compliments, of the flush that might come to her cheek when they met again and when he held her hand just a trifle longer than good form demanded. She knew so little and he so much. He thought of a delicate rosebud unfolding slowly, dreamily, until its throbbing, crimson heart lay bare, and he thought of Disbrow, plain, plodding Disbrow, who had a future to carve out for himself—and the rosebud. Then Gregson set his teeth hard on his pipe. It was out.

* * * * * * *

Gregson was sorting his mail. Most of the envelopes were small and distinctly feminine in their chirography. One bore his father's office address in the corner. He read this first and turned to Disbrow with an air of mingled surprise and regret that was a credit to his versatility.

"The pater wants me to run over to London on a little mission for him, so I'll have to be leaving tomorrow or next day. I'm no end sorry, especially about the fishing trip I won't have to Spirit lake; but business is business."

Disbrow was genuinely disappointed over the sudden termination of Gregson's visit. They had planned so many short jaunts up to the lakes, but during the fortnight already spent there had been too much for him to look after on the farm. He voiced this feeling as he watched Gregson pack.

"I wanted you to see more of Alice, too," he said. "She's not just the sort you're used to, but in her way she's one in a thousand. And you'd learn to like her."

"I know I shouldn't," answered Gregson, kneeling to fold some trousers. "Will you tell her for me, if I don't see her again, that I consider you the two luckiest people of my acquaintance, and I'm coming back when you are married and settled?"

But Disbrow did not catch the words murmured under the other man's breath, "but not until then."

"Silk" That Is Really Tin.

Of course British critics say that the practice of adulterating silk with tin originated in Germany. At any rate, it is common enough now.

All silk is mixed with more or less foreign matter to give it weight and stability. Vegetable substances were formerly used for the purpose. In dyeing silk the necessary boiling reduces its weight about one-fourth, taking out the natural gummy substances. The weight is sometimes restored with tannic acid. Tin is more common—most of all in cheap black silks.

Very soft "wash" silks are apt to be pure. Burn a scrap, and nothing remains but ash. A tin weighted scrap when carefully burned leaves a residuum like excessively fine wire gauze.

To Polish Wood.

To polish wood use pumice and water, then take boiled linseed oil for a bright surface.

How the Dress Coat Was Formed.

The present dress coat was the reresult of a compromise. The ordinary surtout coat being found on occasions inconvenient it was the practice to fasten back the lapels to two buttons at the back, with the result that in time the same were cut away altogether and the coat eventually made without them.

GROWTH OF RAILWAY FACILITIES

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy on C. P. R. Development and the Steady Growth of Traffic.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway company, has given to the press a reply to the statements that there was a freight blockade in the west, and furnished some facts and figures which are of great interest to the people of Western Canada in showing what the company has done towards giving this country a good railway service.

"There has been no 'breakdown'—as some are fond of putting it—in the Canadian Pacific Railway company.

"I will not alone prove my statement; I will demonstrate it," continued Sir Thomas.

"From a statement which has just been prepared, you will see that the total number of tons of freight carried one mile was in the year up to June 30, 1902 2,383,633,945; in the year to June 30, 1902, the aggregate was 3,247,922,167; while in the year of June 30, 1903 (which is conservatively estimated in part on the basis of the freight carried during May and June of last year), it is anticipated that the total will reach 3,788,632,649 tons.

"The increase in the tonnage carried one miles was in 1902 over 1901, 36.26 per cent., and in 1903 over 1902, 58.52 per cent.

"Similarly the increase in the number of barrels of xour carried in 1902 over 1901 was 31.87 per cent., and in 1903 over 1902 it was 36.42 per cent.

"Greater even was the increase in the number of bushels of grain carried; the figures showing an advance of 60.10 per cent. in 1902 over 1901, and the very remarkable—the abnormal—increase of 97.34 per cent. in 1903 over 1902.

"Now, figures do not make the most interesting reading in the world, I know, but those which I have given prove—if they prove anything at all—that the C.P.R. must in 1901 have been either greatly overburdened with cars or it has since that date added enormously to its carrying capacity.

"What other conclusion can you draw when you see almost twice as much grain carried this year as was carried last?

"What other alternative presents itself?

"This is not a question of what Mr. Jones or Mr. Smith or Mr. Anybody else may think; it is a question of fact.

NO. OF CARS IN COMMISSION.

"Let the figures speak once more. The number of freight and cattle cars in commission in 1901 was 21,932, while, in 1903, they have increased to 29,396, an increase of 34 per cent. or, including equipment ordered, but not delivered, 35.4 per cent. The capacity of these same cars has increased in the past two years by 53 per cent., or, including those which will be put in commission before the end of June, of 24.7 per cent.

"In 1901, the number of locomotives in the freight service was 527, while, this year, it has increased to 657, an advance of 24 per cent.

"To show that the company is alive to the exigencies of the case, I may say that orders have been given which, were the engines now in commission, would have brought the advance in this branch of the service up to 38.1 per cent.

"The capacity of the engines in question has gone up 37.3 per cent.

"The capacity of both the cars and the engines has gone up wonderfully in the last two years, larger cars and more powerful engines being constantly brought into requisition.

GROWTH IN FREIGHT EARNINGS.

"But the growth in the freight-earnings tell the most forceful story of all. During the year ending June 30, 1901, the freight earnings were $18,983,186; last year they were $24,199,428; while this year (always remembering that May and June are estimated on a basis of the two corresponding months of last year), the freight earnings will be $28,127,095.

"The increase in the freight earnings in 1902 over the year next preceding will thus be seen to have been 27.48 per cent., and in 1903 over 1902, 48.17 per cent.—figures, which I think, prove conclusively that the volume of trade flowing over out line is at once abnormal, extraordinary and unprecedented.

"There are some disadvantages attendant upon great prosperity.

"At no time has any country gone ahead with such marvellous strides has the Canadian Northwest in the last eighteen months.

"It would seem that this should be a source of unadulterated satisfaction, but, judging from the complaints that have come in from the west, the situation gives proof to the contrary.

It is claimed that the Canadian Pacific, as well as other western roads, is suffering from something approaching a freight blockade.

"As a matter of fact there is no blockade.

"A blockade is a state of affairs when nothing is moving, whereas freight is moving in the west in a larger volume and more rapidly than ever.

"The real difficulty of the situation is that freight is presenting itself in such vast quantities that all the rolling stock the railway companies have been able to provide is hardly adequate.

"Yet the great transcontinental road, and in fact all the Canadian roads, as well as their American competitors, have been striving to add to their motive power and to their rolling stock, ever since it became apparent that the true worth of the Canadian Northwest was known to the world. They have done much, and if those who are grumbling would carefully review the situation, they would find that instead of being dissatisfied they should give the greatest credit to the management of the Canadian Pacific railway for the really surprising amount of rolling stock they have succeeded in providing for western freight.

MANY PILGRIMS FOR CANADA.

"Never since the days of the crusades have so many ardent pilgrims sought a foreign shore. Every ship that has crossed the Atlantic has contributed its quota of eager, restless men, whose one goal was the fertile land of Canada's great Northwest. Such conditions are altogether unusual, and it should be a matter of congratulation that the Canadian roads have been able, on the whole, to do as well as they have.

"It is quite certain that they have done at least as well as their American competitors. Moreover, in the case of the Canadian Pacific, at least, the temporary scarcity of rolling stock and motive power will disappear so soon as their new shops at Hochelaga are completed. These will be models of what other roads should have, and in their completeness and size they will be entirely without a rival."

ADVICE TO NEWCOMERS.

Various Methods Employed in Preparing Land for and Sowing Crops Are Discussed by Agricola.

(Saturday Telegram.)

If Manitoba has only about 4,000,000 acres of land under cultivation and there are nearly 25,000,000 acres of arable land that may be cultivated, it is quite evident that breaking new land will go on for many years to come—yes, for generations. There are but few half sections owned by any farmer on which the land has all been broken. There are many half sections all under crop, but these are part only of big farms. New breaking has therefore to be done on most of our farms, although long settled, and our new settlers, who have purchased unbroken prairie have to commence at the beginning.

It is impossible to lay down any set rule to guide farmers in breaking. It all depends on the soil and the sod. The whole object of breaking or plowing is to secure a seed bed. Where the land is covered with a heavy mat of grass, the sod is full of rootlets, and requires rotting before it can be pulverized to make a seed bed. Such land should be skimmed with a breaker just deep enough to turn it, say 2 to 2½ inches in thickness, in the month of June, before the grass grows too long. In a month or six weeks this sod will be fairly well rotted, if the season has been wet, and grass shoots will be showing through the sod. It is then time to back-set it before harvesting begins. It is back-set by plowing lengthwise the same as in breaking, practically turned back by the same plow, only set a little deeper, so as to bring up not more than an inch of the new soil, which comes partly on top.

This new soil is acted upon by the sun and rains during the remainder of the season, and by the frosts of the following winter. It is ready for wheat the following year.

Farmers, who have time during the fall, oftimes disk this new breaking in order to work it up or pulverize it. Doing so makes a better, a mellower seed bed the following year. If not so worked, it should be worked in the spring by a similar process before sowing the wheat.

Sometimes, if the sod is not well rotted, perhaps a dry season, it is necessary to put the disk harrows over it two or three times, and even then it will remain in clods, tough ods which cannot be pulverized until plowed under again.

ABOUT BACK-SETTING.

This method was the general plan at first adopted by all settlers in all parts of the province. There are many districts, however, in which the sod is not tough, in which wild flowers and plants other than grass grow profusely. The soil in such districts is looser and much easier pulverized than when full of grass roots alone.

Farmers found, especially in dry breaking seasons that they could not keep the breaking plows in the ground to break 2 or 2½ inches. They had to keep down 3 inches and sometimes deeper. Again they continued breaking until they had not sufficient time to do all the back-setting before harvest, and it was never done. They found that the new breaking 3 inches deep or so was well rotted, and could be pulverized with disk harrows without back-setting. There are many farmers today who never think of back-setting a furrow, especially on land, as already explained, that is not soddy. They break from 3 to 4 inches deep. All scrub land comes under this list. When scrub has been cut and burned, the land is plowed with a strong scrub plow, drawn by three or four horses, stumps and roots are torn out gathered ready for seed without further plowing.

Some farmers assert that sowing on breaking without back-setting gives a poor crop the first, and even the second years, and that back-setting is the only way to start right. Others are just as emphatic in saying that it is all right to sow on breaking without back-set. The fact of the matter is that it depends altogether on the soil and the sod, as already explained.

One thing more about breaking. If it is a wet season, the sod when turned, will generally lie down flat, and thus ensure quick rotting. But if it be a dry season, the sod soon dries and stiffens, and is often seen in loops and, partly on the edge, with many hollow spaces under it. Instead of rotting it will dry out, and no amount of disking or harrowing will pulverize it. In such dry seasons the land should be rolled with a heavy roller each day as soon as plowed. This flattens the sods, closing up hollow spaces and preserves the moisture of the under soil and greatly increases the rotting process.

Origin of Mathematical Signs.

The sign of addition is derived from the initial letter of the word "plus." In making the capital letter it was made more and more carelessly until the top part of the "p" was finally placed near the center; hence the plus sign, as we know it, was gradually reached.

The sign of subtraction was derived from the word "minus." The word was first contracted in m. n. s. with a horizontal line above to indicate that some of the letters had been left out. At last the letters were omitted altogether, leaving only the short line.

The multiplication sign was obtained by changing the plus sign into the letter "x." This was done because multiplication is but a shorter form of addition.

Division was formerly indicated by placing the dividend above a horizontal line and the divisor below. In order to save space in printing the dividend was placed to the left and the divisor to the right. After years of "evolution" the two "d's" were omitted altogether, and simple dots set in the place of each. As with the others, the radical sign was derived from the initial letter of the word "radix."

The sign of equality was first used in the year 1557 by a sharp mathematician, who substituted it to avoid frequently repeating the words "equal to."

A Pleasant Old Legend.

Many years ago, sailing from Constantinople to Marseilles, we passed close under the lee of Stromboli, off the north coast of Sicily. The irreconcilable old volcano was not in active eruption, but from the crater a reddish smoke was rising, while from the fissures in its sides burst now and again tongues of lurid flame. "Ah," observed a sailor—the vessel was an English one—"Old Booty is at it again!" So far as I can remember there is a legend that one Captain Booty, a master mariner trading to the Mediterranean in the seventeenth century, became so notorious for drinking and swearing that he was seized upon by the fiend and carried off to the interior of Stromboli, from which he has continued ever since to utter profane language by means of tongues of fire and puffs of smoke. This, however, did not prevent the ghost of the profane skipper from frightening his widow, who resided in Lower Thames street, half out of her senses by appearing to her at supper time smelling strongly of brimstone.—London Times.

Robins.

American robins build plaster and dry grass nests in the crotches of trees, while the little English bird of the same name, only about half as big as its cousin in America, makes a soft moss nest on the ground. Its breast is a yellow, red or scarlet, much brighter than the American bird, and it sings even more sweetly, but it is of small value as an insect destroyer. The American robin, on the other hand, has a much duller, quieter coat, a more extended vocabulary, sounding many distinct notes of warning, fear, joy, etc., but not in so sweet a song, and is an inveterate worm and insect hunter. With only occasional lapses into vegetarianism, at strawberry and cherry ripe time, the American robin is really one of the most industrious allies the farmer can have.

Appreciative.

Weary—Yessir, dere ain't nobody can appreciate a fine dorg more'n me.

Wraggs—Dat so?

Weary—Yep; specially when he's on de right side of de fence.—New York Journal.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

The biggest town in New Zealand—Auckland—has 67,226 people; but Christchurch is a good second with over 57,000.

COLIC AND KIDNEY DIFFICULTY.—Mr. J. W. Wilder, J. P., Lafargeville, N. Y., writes: "I am subject to severe attacks of Colic and Kidney Difficulty, and find *Parmelee's Pills* afford me great relief, while all other remedies have failed. They are the best medicine I have ever used." In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body.

Typhoid germs have been found to retain their vitality for 21 days in garden earth, for 82 days in sand, and in ice for a year or more.

MINARD'S LINIMENT is the only Liniment asked for at my store and the only one we keep for sale.
All the people use it.
HARLIN FULTON,
Pleasant Bay, C.B.

The oldest warship in existence is the "Victory." She was launched in 1765, and is therefore 138 years old.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition hearing will be destroyed for ever: nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Few people are aware of the enormous military strength of Antwerp. Since 1860 $15,000,000 has been spent on her fortifications.

THOUSANDS OF MOTHERS Recommend Baby's Own Tablets. 'I would not be without them,' is a very familiar sentence in their letters to us. The Tablets get this praise simply because no other medicine has ever done so much in relieving and curing the minor ills of infants and young children.

Mrs. Levi Perry, Roseway, N. S., says: "I take great pleasure in recommending Baby's Own Tablets for colic and constipation. I have never found anything to equal them for these troubles." Besides curing colic, constipation and indigestion, Baby's Own Tablets prevent croup, break up colds, expel worms, allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth, sweeten the stomach and promote health-giving sleep. Guaranteed to contain neither opiates or other harmful drugs. Sold at 25 cents a box by all druggists or may be had by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The death rate of 271 of the largest cities of Europe and America has fallen from 21 per 1,000 in 1899 to 18 per 1,000 in 1900.

As every Asthmatic knows all too well, attacks of asthma come on without warning, usually from two to three in the morning. I strongly advise an immediate investment of $1.25 in the three following remedies:—Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Breast Tea, Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops, and St. Jacobs Oil, from your druggist so as to have them in the house ready for use at once.

Treatment. Take Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Breast Tea at night on going to bed, hot, and slowly. St. Jacobs Oil should be used as an outward application across the top portion of the chest, and on the throat, following the bronchial tubes or air passages. As the stomach is always more or less affected, and constitutes one of the indirect causes of asthma, Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops should be taken regularly. The food of the asthmatic should be carefully considered. Take plain, nourishing food, avoid rich dishes or starchy foods, as potatoes, and white bread. Remember that from the food the blood is fed, and from the blood the tissues are formed. This should never be forgotten. The diet which I have advocated is the proper food for the blood of the Asthmatic who has a tendency to dyspepsia, constipation and nervousness. The blood is the life, and where it is debilitated it must be made rich and pure, hence I recommend Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops, in conjunction with Hamburg Breast Tea and St. Jacobs Oil.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

Three hundred and seventy-five millions of herrings were landed at Yarmouth, England, last season, that being a record up to date.

J. FLETCHER'S GLAD NEWS

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured His Lumbago and he is a Sound Man.

Granton Man Shouts the Good News that There is a Cure for Kidney Disease and that Cure is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Granton, Ont., June 1.—(Special)—There is no uncertain sound about the statement of John Fletcher of this place. 'I am glad to let the public know that Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured me of Lumbago and now I am perfectly sound,' that is the way he puts it. Questioned as to the particulars of his cure Mr. Fletcher said:

"I had been troubled for a year with Lumbago and Kidney Troubles. My urine was of a very bad color and I could get nothing to help me.

"I consulted doctors but they could not help me and I was not in a very cheerful frame of mind when I decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"But it was a lucky day for me when I did. Almost from the first they gave me relief and I was soon entirely cured.

"Yes, my Lumbago is gone, my Kidney Complaint is gone and Dodd's Kidney Pills did it all."

Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure Kidney Complaint, whether the complaint takes the form of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lame Back, etc.

Two thousand feet of air mixed in the proportion of 7 to 1 with coal-gas will produce an explosion equal to that of 50 pounds of gunpowder.

COULD NOT WALK.

A Young Lady Tells the Torture She Suffered from Rheumatism.

Miss Myrtle Major, Hartland, N. B., is one of the thousands who have proved that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure rheumatism. Miss Major says: 'I suffered from the trouble for nearly a year. I had the advice of a doctor and took his medicine, but it did not help me. The trouble was located chiefly in my ankles, and the pain I suffered at times was intense. As a matter of fact at times I was quite unable to walk across the room, and for some six months I was confined to the house. I used liniments and other medicines prescribed for rheumatism, but they did me no good. Then some of my friends urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I acted on their advice and before I had used three boxes I began to feel better. I took nine boxes of the pills altogether, and before I finished the last box not a trace of the trouble remained. It is now nearly two years since I took the pills and as there has not been a symptom of the trouble since it proves that the pills make permanent cures."

Rheumatism is a disease of the blood and can only be cured by treating it through the blood. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills always cures this trouble. Good blood makes every organ in the body strong and healthy, and as every dose of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make pure, rich blood, it follows that they cure such troubles as anaemia, neuralgia, indigestion, heart trouble, kidney ailments, erysipelas, the after effects of la grippe and fevers, etc. They also relieve and cure the ailments from which so many women constantly suffer. See that you get the genuine pills with the full name, 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People,' on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The vaca marina is the largest of fresh water fish. It weighs up to 1,200 pounds. It is found only in the Amazon and Orinoco.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

Near Glasgow, Scotland, an old-fashioned Newcomen engine has been at work at a mine continuously since 1809. It develops 27 horse-power.

MESSRS. NORTHROP & LYMAN CO. are the proprietors of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which is now being sold in immense quantities throughout the Dominion. It is welcomed by the suffering invalid everywhere with emotions of delight, because it banishes pain and gives instant relief. This valuable specific for almost "every ill that flesh is heir to," is valued by the sufferer as more precious than gold. It is the elixir of life to many a wasted frame. To the farmer it is indispensable, and it should be in every house.

Baron de Hirsch's bequests to education support fifty schools in Galicia. There are 5,634 pupils and 247 teachers.

Wash greasy dishes, pots or pans with Lever's Dry Soap, a powder. It will remove the grease with the greatest ease.

Holloway's Corn Cure is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the small sum of twenty-five cents.

Men and bad eggs are all right till they go broke.

White Highland wool brings a shilling a pound, the record price of British wools.

AS RED MEN DIE.

By E. Pauline Johnson.

"Captive! Is there a hell to him like this?
A taunt more galling than the Huron's hiss?

"Captive! But never conquered; Mohawk brave
Stoops not to be to any man a slave;
Least, to the puny tribe his soul abhors,
The tribe whose wigwams sprinkle Simcoe's shores,
With scowling brow he stands and courage high,
Watching with haughty and defiant eye
His captors, as they counsel o'er his fate,
Or strive his boldness to imitate.
Then fling they unto him the choice: 'Will thou
Walk o'er the bed of fire that waits thee now—
Walk with uncovered feet upon the coals
Until thou reach the ghostly Land of Souls,
And, with thy Mohawk death-song, please our ear?
Or wilt thou with the women rest thee here?'
His eyes flash like an eagle's, and his hands
Clench at the insult. Like a god he stands,
"Prepare the fire!" he scornfully demands.

"The path of coals outstretches, white with heat,
A forest fir's length—ready for his feet,
Unflinching as a rock he steps along
The burning mass, and sings his wild war song;
Sings as he sang when he used to roam
Throughout the forest of his southern home,
Where, down the Genesee, the water roars,
Where gentle Mohawa purls between its shores,
Songs that of exploit and prowess tell;
Songs of the Iroquois invincible.
Up the long trail of fire he boasting goes,
Dancing a war dance to defy his foes
His flesh is scorched, his muscles burn and shrink,
But still he dances to death's awful brink.
The eagle plume that crests his haughty head,
Will never droop until his heart is dead.
Slower and slower yet his footstep swings,
Wilder and wilder still his death-song rings,
Fiercer and fiercer thro' the forest bounds
His voice that leaps to Happier Hunting Grounds.
One savage yell—then, loyal to his race,
He bends to death—but never to disgrace."

THE GREEK CHURCH IN CANADA.

Missionary in Montreal at Last Finds a Resting Place.

The gorgeous ceremonial of the Orthodox Greek Church is at length being presented in Montreal in a place more in keeping with its magnificence and the traditions of its history than has been the case in the past. A back room in the store of some Syrian or Greek merchant has sufficed for the ten years of the church's history in Montreal to accommodate the few worshipers who have gathered for the celebration of its mass, more mystic and occult than that of the Catholic Church of Rome, and to listen to the ministrations of Father George, the aged Syrian priest, formerly secretary to one of the patriarchs of the East, who cannot speak a word of either French or English, but is, according to his adherents, a powerful orator in the language of Antioch. But that is all changed.

A Picturesque Congregation.

On the first Sunday in April, almost under the shadow of Notre Dame, where five thousand of the flock of Leo the Thirteenth were gathered in honor of Palm Sunday, in a big upstair hall on the same street, scarcely furnished as yet with more than a few benches, but with the sanctuary duly veiled almost from the sight of the congregation by a heavy rood screen, and on the walls a few of the pictures that here replace the prohibited images, the faithful came for the dedication of their new church. The congregation was not large. There are only some 200 of the orthodox in Montreal, nearly all Syrians, and many of them do business on Sundays as well as on other days of the week. Among those that did attend were a good many children who received the rite of communion with their elders, according to Eastern fashion. With their dark faces, their brilliant, intensely black eyes, and the gorgeous coloring of the costumes they affected, they were easily the most picturesque congregation in the metropolis.

Father George.

Father George has worked long and hard for this attainment. In the eyes of all the orthodox of Montreal, and of hundreds of traveling Syrians in the peddling business, who visit Montreal once or twice a year, he represents the whole church. They know no superior to him, and it is, indeed, doubtful if he knows of any himself. The Bishop of San Francisco, who petitioned Parliament for incorporation as head of the Greeks of Canada last summer, and failed to secure his object, has a nominal headship over the church on this continent, but actually Father George is a missionary "in partibus infidelium," and leads his flock as he likes. He is a superbly typical priest, who may be seen around the church at almost any time, hearing confession or superintending the carpenters. In either event, wearing his long cassock, and his round high hat, with a projecting flange round the top, and in the latter case, probably smoking furiously at a cigarette of Turkish tobacco, "made in Montreal." His nearest colleagues are in the far Northwest, where among the other curious sects, there is quite a large representation of Syrians and Greeks.

Fresh Air.

Whenever you feel fatigued throw your chest out, take a dozen full, deep respirations of fresh air, and it will immediately revive you. Try this every day for a month and note the improvement.

SEE THAT FLOUR?

It's worth its weight in gold. It's the best seller because its quality is best. It is made by Ogilvie's mills, and it is made right, of the best wheat. It will make the whitest, sweetest, most healthful bread and the finest cakes imaginable.

BUY
OGILVIE'S
Hungarian Flour
and have THE BEST

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea
is always uniform and always the best. Try it

It Tells in the Show Ring

If you hope to exhibit your stock at the Fall Fairs, start now and get them in perfect health by using

Dick's Blood Purifier

It will help you to carry off the Blue Ribbon.
Fifty Cents per package.
LEEMING, MILES & CO., Montreal, Agents.

Housekeepers generally endeavor to secure the best value in tea; but in this only those who buy

GOLD STANDARD

are successful.

ARE YOU BUILDING?

IF SO USE EDDY'S
IMPERVIOUS SHEATHING
THE BEST BUILDING PAPER MADE.

It is very much stronger and thicker than any other (tarred or building) paper. It is impervious to wind, keeps out cold, keeps in heat, carries no smell or odor, absorbs no moisture, imparts no taste or flavor to anything with which it comes in contact. It is largely used not only for sheeting houses, but for lining cold storage buildings, refrigerators, dairies, creameries, and all places where the object is to keep an even and uniform temperature, and at the same time avoiding dampness.

Write our Agents, Tees & Persse, Winnipeg, for samples.

THE E. B. EDDY CO., Limited, HULL.

Education is a good thing, provided it does not unfit a man for honest labor.

There is nothing equal to Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such satisfaction.

To have what you want is wealth; to do without it is power.

No need fear cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine adapted for the young and old, rich and poor, and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

Some people sleep in church because consciences are quieted by going there.

Twenty-one different kinds of fungi are known to be luminous in the dark.

Belgium has 204 head of cattle per 1,000 acres. England has only 148 head.

Iquiqui, in Peru, has never seen a shower of rain, yet has 14,000 people.

Sunlight Soap will not injure your blankets or harden them. It will make them soft, white and fleecy. 7B

In order to win success a man must first fall in love with his work.

The "IMPROVED DEWEY"
DOUBLE STOCK WATERER
(Patented April 24, 1900.)
Attatchable to Tank Pipe or Barrel
Never gets out of order; no repairs necessary; so simple a child can attach it; unquestionably the only satisfactory Waterer made.
Every farmer needs one or more of them even if he does not raise more than FOUR HOGS.
—For Sale By—
ROBERT M. MOORE, - - WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

THE MANUFACTURERS OF
CARNEFAC
STOCK FOOD
TO ENCOURAGE ITS USE are giving the following prizes for competition at the Winnipeg Exhibition of 1903.

$175 IN GOLD At Winnipeg Exhibition...

FIRST PRIZE.
For the heaviest calf, any pure breed, or grade, born after the 1st January, 1903, fed on Carnefac Stock Food, $100 in gold.

SECOND PRIZE.
For the second Heaviest Calf, any pure breed, or grade, born after 1st of January, 1903, fed on Carnefac Stock Food, $50 in gold.

THIRD PRIZE.
For the third heaviest calf, any pure breed, or grade, born after 1st of January, 1903, fed on Carnefac Stock Food, $25 in gold.

CONDITIONS.
Only one entry will be allowed from each Farmer or Stockman, and stock must be exhibited at the Winnipeg Exhibition.
Evidence must be produced at the time of exhibition to show that the animals were fed on Carnefac Stock Food.
Carnefac has proven a decided success, bringing into condition and fattening where other foods fail. Send for leaflet, giving the views of veterinarians as to the merits of Carnefac. They all speak highly of it.

TRY CARNEFAC FOR YOUR STOCK.

W. G. Douglas, Manufacturer,
Princess Street, Winnipeg.
You can obtain it from your dealer.

ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY.
ubscription.....$2.00 a year,

W. B. Anderson, Editor.

☞ Advertisers who want their ad changed, should get copy in by 9 a.m. day before issue.

The Editor will not be responsible for the views, sentiments, or any errors of composition of letter correspondents.

Job Work Strictly C. O. D.
Transient Ads Cash in Advance.

The letter by Mr P. H. Scullin, reprinted in 21st issue, clearly shows that the thinking man, who belongs to any labour organization has seen into the tactics and guaged the motives of the Socialists of America. To quote him:—"The Socialists of today, knowing that the intelligent, conservative, industrious and thoughtful workman . . . detests the very name of Socialism, join our Unions and borrow our name, for the double purpose of hiding their deformity under the cloak of respectability, and debauching the minds of our unthinking members with their pernicious doctrine." He further warns trades-Union sts to "watch closely and unceasingly" this pernicious element, and asks the very pertinent question, with reference to the W.F. of M. deciding to adopt Socialism as their political creed, why they seek to call themselves trades-unionists. Mr Scullin is a man well known in Labour organizations. He is one who is competent to speak of this subject, from evident careful study and personal contact, and his judgment cannot fail to have a great influence on all true labour unionists, both in Canada and the United States. Evidence given before the Royal Commission went to show that the work of the W.F. of M. in this country was carried on the lines laid down by Mr Scullin. Posing as a Labour organization it was not long before it was found that under the rose, the doctrine of Socialism was being disseminated, and small wonder, it is, that the right-minded men of this town soon "had enough of the Federation." They had joined it as a Labour organization, and the discovery that it was being made a Socialistic hotbed disgusted them, and caused a sudden apathy. Thank Heaven, the average working man of Vancouver Island is of too healthy a mind to be badly influenced by this moral disease, they do not yet need Mr Scullin's timely warning, which however, is one which should be studied carefully by all working men. We note, that in conclusion, Mr Scullin is ready to meet any Spokane gentleman on the platform, no doubt he could be induced to enter into a controversy with any aspirant for honours political, Socialistic, or otherwise, who seek for that sort of thing on this side the line.

Wires—contd. from first page.

ton, HF Pullen, O Randall. A Redfern, Grace Robinson, R Sharp, K Shawale, M Sloan, Mary Smith, E Snider, W Snider, R Springer. R Stevenson, V Sweet, J Taylor, Jno Wright. 3rd class certificates—M Akenhead, H Archibald, M Atkinson, A Bennet, A Black. L Broer, G Calvert, B Carson, A Carss, E Carwright, E Gowan, M Crawford, M Curry, B Dickinson, M Donaldson, M Durham, A Elliott, E Haslam, L Leighton, J Lister, M Love, L McKeen, M Marden, A Martin, m miller, J moyer, D moore, F morrrison, J morrison. A McCrimmon, L McKinnon, m McNuth, N Pringle, J Ramsay, m Bear, J Richards, G Robinson, H Smith, Laura Smith, A Spencer, A Stephen, A Stewart, O Van, Lucy Wilkins, F White.

Nanaimo, Aug. 1—Reported here tonight that the relatives of the victims killed in the recent explosion in No. 6 mine, Cumberland, are endeavoring to bring suit against the Union Colliery Company for damages, under the Workingman's Compensation Act, which holds the Company to the extent of $1500 for each victim if it can be shown that such fatality was caused by negligence on the part of the employer.

Victoria, Aug. 1—Capt. Walbran has retired from the command of the A.G.S. Quadra last night, and Captain Chas. Hackett will succeed him.

San Francisco, Cal., August 3—Three foreign subjects, 2 Italians and 1 German were denied a landing by U.S. Inspector Grant, commissioner, today, on the ground that they had come to this country as contract laborers. They stated that their fare had been paid to this coast from Nanaimo and Ladysmith, and that they were on their way to Coos Bay to look for coal mines. Upon this assertion they were refused admission.

Extension, Aug. 3—Upwards of 1100 tons of coal a day are being taken out of No. 2 and 3 mines here daily. Yesterday the output reached 1200 tons, and as more men are being put to work daily it is expected that the output will reach 1600 daily in a few days. An attempt to load a lot of rock at the mines was detected last week and the five miners guilty of the offence received prompt notice to quit.

Vancouver, Aug. 3—Reports have it that Mr South's expenditure in connection with defending the charge against him which so completly collapsed, was considerably over $600. The Board of Children's Aid Society have the fullest confidence in the secretary and hope to obtain enough in donations to reemburse Mr South, though no money can make amends to him for the intense trouble and anxiety caused by the bringing of the charge.

Nanaimo, Aug. 3—W.E. Wilson, of the firm of Wilson & Co., the lumbermen, returned from Comox yesterday where he has just purchased 10,000 acres of timber lands lying in one stretch about two and a half miles from shore. He said he has now what without right purchases and options on enough timber to keep the mill at Fairhaven, the capacity of which is 300,000 feet a day, going for the next 50 years.

Vancouver, Aug. 3—Word comes from Cloverdale, B.C, that the house of Miss Marshall was entered by a burglar last night who demanded her money. She refused, and the burglar bound, gagged and blindfolded her, and after horrible tortures, until in an awful agony of mind, she told him where the money was He secured $40 and quantity of jewelery and departed. The description of the burglar is meagre.

D. N. McMillan, of the Pacific Packing Co., Puget Sound, taking advantage of the rebate on salmon, imported into the U.S., passed up the Gulf yesterday offering British Columbia fishermen an advance on the price of fish to what they would get at the canneries.

Nanaimo, August 3—New Westminster defeated Nanaimo at lacrosse Saturday by a score of 19-1.

Rome, Aug. 3—To-day's first ballot for Pope has been taken and apparently resulted in no election. Smoke was observed issuing from the Sistine Chapel chimney this morning, indicating the burning of the ballots.

Rome, 6.35 p.m., Aug. 3—A sixth ballot was taken this afternoon and proved useless, the smoke announcing that fact was seen issuing from the Sistine Chapel at 6.25 p.m.

The following "poetical" effusions have been sent us for publication from two Grantham residents.

GRANTHAM SCHOOL GATE.

We talk about the Prior Administrations,
But you ought to see the Grantham School Gate,
I know just what it cost.

But fools and knaves thay oft agree,
And cuncoct thair scheme at night,
But we believe in broad day light and have work done up right.

It was by grate brain power and renowned ability
The plans were drawn complete,
But lo thay was a public fake
Cause cow got in first night.

RATEPAYER.

You talk about this Island
And timber that's going to loss,
But look at our Grantham School Gates,
And know just what they cost.

RESIDENT.

Carborundum melts only at a temperature far above that ordinarily generated for smelting ores and metals. It is therefore proposed as a coating for fire-bricks, to be applied as a paste with sodium silicate, and tests have shown that a twelfth-inch coating protects the bricks from the greatest heat of ordinary work with metals.

Every person who wishes to buy good goods cheap, should visit the Big Store.

CALL AND INSPECT OUR STOCK OF FRESH

GROCERIES

JUST OPENED AT THE

CORNER STORE

STANLEY H. RIGGS.

W.—13

Cold Storage: Air Dry System.

Our facilities for Storing Perishable Articles are now complete. Eggs, Butter, Game, Fowl and Meats of kinds Stored at Reasonable Rates.....

$10= WARD will be paid for information leading to the conviction of persons appropriating or destroying our Beer Kegs

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NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, indorsed "Tender for Comox School," will be received by the undersigned up to four p.m. of Thursday, the 30th July, 1903, for the erection and completion of a one-room frame school-house at Comox, B.C.

Plans, specifications, forms of tender and contract may be seen on and after the 16th July, 1903, at the office of the Government Agent, Cumberland, and at the Lands and Works Department, Victoria.

Tenders will not be considered unless made upon the printed forms supplied for the purpose, and the agreement to execute a bond appended to the form of tender is duly signed by the contracter himself and two other responsible residents of the Province in the penal sum of $350 for the faithful performance of the work

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

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

Lands & Works Department,
Victoria, B.C., 11 July, 1903.

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A Large and complete Stock at the BIG STORE

10 per cent Discount for Cash

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NOTICE.

I hereby give notice that from date all Debts and Rents owing to me shall be made payable to Miss Janet Gieason, City.

WM. GLEASON.

Cumberland, May 8, 1903.

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