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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

NINTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, AUG. 13, 1902.

Fruit for Preserving

We expect to receive a large consignment of
PEACHES & APRICOTS
THIS WEEK FOR PRESERVING

WE OFFER
Granulated Sugar at $5.35 per sk.

Remember to leave your orders at the Big Store

SIMON LEISER.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.
61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B C.
HARDWARE, MILL AND MINING MACHINERY, AND FARMING AND DAIRYING IMPLEMENTS OF ALL KINDS.
Agents for McCormick Harvesting Machinery.
Write for price and particulars. P. O. Drawer 563.

Babies Look at this

—BABY CARRIAGES—
With Parasol, Hood or Canopy Tops, and Rubber Tire Wheels..... $14 to $35

—GO - CARTS—
That are adjustable to any position, complete with Parasol Top, Cushions and Rubber Tire Wheels..... $11.40 to $25

Our Assortment of Patterns was never as large as this seasons--Our Makes the Best

Write for Illustrations and give us an idea as to style wanted.

WEILER BROS., HOME FURNISHERS,
VICTORIA, B.C.

THE
HICKS & LOVICK PIANO CO.
AGENTS FOR
"MASON & RISCH" PIANOS.
"CHICKERING" PIANOS,
....AND THE....
VOCALION ORGAN.
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TRY US FOR
JOB PRINTING
Work of Every Description at Moderate Rates

K. of P. BANQUET.

Benevolence Lodge, No. 14, gave their friends another opportunity to partake of their hospitality last Tue-day evening, when they gave a banquet at the Union Hotel. The table was loaded with a bountiful supper, and after enjoying this, the brothers and their visitors spent a happy evening, enlivened with songs, toasts, &c. Chancellor Commander R. Robertson occupied the chair, and T. H. Carey the vice chair, in place of Vice Chancellor Geo. Robertson, who was unavoidably absent. Following is the programme:—

Toast...The King.....W H Campbell
Toast...President of U S A...D Richards
Song....."That's English you know,"
.....F Ramsay
Song....."A Mother's Farewell,"
.....D. Richards
Toast...City of Cumberland.....
.....Ald. Robertson
Song....Shamrock, Thistle and Rose
.....John Comb
Song...The Anchor's Weighed"..C Webber
Toast (Sister Societies)...A F A M, C. H Tarbell; I O O F, T. Bate; I O. O F. Camp, F. D. Pickard; L O.L., John McLeod; Druids, M Magnone; Woodmen, O. H. Fechner.
Song....."Old Quarry Knowe"..H Mitchell
Song....."Wont you buy my Neck Tie,".....Mark Coe
Toast...The Grand Lodge K. of P.
J. Thomson and T. H. Carey
Song....."The Veteran,".....Jos Horbury
Song....."Don't send my boy to prison,".....R. Gibson
Toast...Uniform.....T. H. Carey
Song....."Maid of Athens,"...J. Struthers
Song....."Sour Milk Cart,"...W. Whyte
Toast...Endowment Rank,"...H Campbell
Song....."I came over from Ire and,"
.....John Comb
Song....."I'm Living Easy,"...O Fechner
Toast...The Ladies...R H Hodson
.....and C P Vater
Recitation....Kissing Cup.....F. Ramsay
Song....."I'm going back to Dixie,"
.....R S Robertson
Speech.....Mr Wilson of Vancouver
Song....."My Old New Hampshire Home,".....T H Carey
Song....."Church Across the Way,"
.....D W Richards
Toast....Loyal True Blues.....T. Ripley
Toast....City of Nob Hill...W Wilson
.....and F Crawford
Song....."The Pardon came too late,"
.....R S Robertson
Recitation...Jacob's Ladder...H Campbell
Toast...Host and Hostess...R H Hodson
God Save the King.

Cumberland Electric Lighting Company.

Notice of Sale of Shares

According to a verbal agreement with the Public a limited amount of this stock will be sold from August 15th to September 13th inclusive. Shares will not be sold after above date.

Inquire of GEO CLINTON, President, or C. A. STAPLES, Secretary and Treasurer.

13-8-02 5t

MILLINERY.—Goods at Cost Price at MISS NASH'S Millinery Store, Dunsmuir Avenue.

PIC-NIC AND DANCE.

The Orange Lodge of Cumberland held a pic-nic at the beach on Coronation Day, winding up with a dance at the Riverside Hotel in the evening. Many couples took advantage of this and a very pleasant evening was spent. During the day the Cumberland Brass Band played at Courtenay.

LOCALS.

Who swiped the geese?

The school vacation has been extended a week on account of the hot weather.

We call our readers' attention to Mr Heatherbell's ad. of stock and poultry in this issue.

Electric light work is being pushed. Mr Hinton, with a gang of men, is up to prosecute the work.

Miss Best, the clever Phrenologist will remain in Cumberland over pay day. Room 3, Waverley Hotel.

Mr McPhee, of Courtenay, is marketing Yellow Transparent Apples of a very superior quality, the produce of his orchard.

Mr T. Williams, who lately returned from California with his mother, will, it is said, take over the old homestead upon the expiration of the present tenant's lease in the autumn.

Dr. Young, a Seventh Day Adventist Apostle, has erected a large tent at the junction of the Courtney River where services are held nightly and are largely attended by different sects.

MISS BEST, the Great Phrenologist and Palmist, (gold medalist) will be leaving shortly after Pay-Day, Aug. 23rd. Positively your last chance. Miss Best is staying at the Waverely House.

As will be seen by a notice in this issue, the Electric Light Company offer the public shares for sale during a limited period. This should be a good investment, and no doubt it will, in a short time, be as hard to get the light shares as it now is to the water shares of this place. At all events, Mr Clinton has kept his word and placed his stock on the market.

The premium list book of the Comox exhibition to be held on September 24th and 25th, is now out. Special prizes have been offered by Messrs Weiler, Craig, W. W. B. McInnes, M.P.P., L. A. Mounce, M.P.P., S. Leiser, and many others. The book is a decided improvement on those issued on former years, and the prizes offered will no doubt be very satisfactory to exhibitors.

We are informed that Mr Alex. Urquhart anticipates a visit to the Old Country shortly, accompanied by Mrs Urquhart. It is many years since Mr Urquhart left the land of his birth, and has had many a weary year of varying fortune in various parts of the world. Now, with well-earned and well-deserved independence, he and his hospitable wife, can visit their old home, secure in the thought that, owing largely to their careful bringing up, a good family of a son and several daughters will care for things on the farm properly during their absence on their well-earned visit.

The report of the Minister of Mines for the Province for 1901 is full of valuable information for seekers after metals. Half tones from photos of Queen Charlottes Islands, Skeena River, Peace and Parsnip Rivers, and the Coast District, as well as of other parts of the province, are profusely scattered through the book. Most interesting are the reports of Gold Com., Mr F. W. Valleau, of the Peace River country, and of the Skeena River and Queen Charlotte's Islands, by Mr H. Carmichael, provincial assayer. The deposits of mineral tar on certain small islands of this group are described for the first time in print.

Tracy Kills Himself

TO ESCAPE CAPTURE.

Seattle, Aug. 6.—Harry Tracy, the convict, desperado and many time murderer, died early this morning by his own hand.

Cornered in a swamp near Harrington, in Eastern Washington, Tracy was found by Sheriff's Cudahee's posse. He was shot in the leg between the knee and the hip. This wound, taken in conjunction with his other wounds, made it impossible for him to continue his flight. When he saw that he must certainly be captured or shot down, he turned his pistol on himself.

His dead body was found a few minutes later, when his pursuers dared to approach the place where he was last seen.

The deputies were distributed on all sides and they fired away into the brush where Tracy was concealed. Every time one of them showed himself Tracy took a shot, but no one was killed during the encounter By and by the replying shots from Tracy ceased, and some of the more venturesome deputies went in after him. They found him lying with his back against a log, a revolver in his hand, half turned towards his head. He was quite dead although blood was still trickling from a self-inflicted wound.

He was 27 years old, and the four last years had been spent in prison.

Letter to the Editor.

Editor "Cumberland News."

Dear Sir,—Allow me a small space in your paper to bring again to notice that old standing nuisance of cows running at large on the streets, breaking people's property and destroying gardens, and I would like to suggest that our City Council could yet make their record if they would take some steps to stop this evil, but as this matter has been brought before them so often I presume it is beneath their notice. Thanking you for thus troubling you.—I am, yours respectfully,

VOTER.

[Our correspondent has informed us that his garden gate has been opened, the latch raised by means of the horn, of a cow, who then entered and destroyed a pretty and useful flower and vegetable garden. —ED.]

The Coast Kootenay Railway.

The contract for the building of the Coast Kootenay railway was signed in Victoria on Aug. 1st, in accordance with the provisions of the Act passed by the Legislature last session. Mr Norman McLean, agent for the contractors, has gone East to finance the Company. The Act calls for the commencement of construction by the first of Sept., 1903. The Canadian Pacific and the American Great Northern which tap the Kootenay country will not look with favor upon the proposed new line, and the opposition of these great companies must be counted upon.

The semi annual meeting of the Dairymen's and Live Stock Association was held yesterday in the Town Hall, Agassiz, at 10 a.m. A notice for publication from the secretary, Mr Paisley, unfortunately arrived too late for publication last week.

A GIRL OF GRIT.

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

Copywright by R. F. Fenno & Co.

He checked himself abruptly and with a sudden peremptory "ß—sh," and came out to invite us most cordially to enter the box. There was nothing to show that any difference of opinion had but just agitated its occupants. Both husband and wife were smiling sweetly; the duke's voice (he was a small, spare man, with gleaming eyes and glistening teeth in his dark olive face) was now so smooth and silky that I could not imagine that it was the same I had heard in such harsh and rasping, angry tones. His manner, too, was full of that punctilious formality that goes with the highest breeding in the blue blooded don.

The lady (it was she who had been staring at me) sat now perfectly quiet and self controlled. There was no trace of emotion about her as she welcomed me, with marked anxiety to be pleasant and make me feel at home.

The entr'acte was not yet ended, and the duchess swept her soft draperies aside to give me room by her side in the front of her box, where I was in full view of the whole house, Frida Fairholme included.

"Why, Captain Wood, this is really kind of you," she began, "to take us in this informal way. Directly I read of your accession to old Mr. McFaught's fortune, I was most anxious to meet you. We knew your uncle—no?—well, your relative. Mr. McFaught was a friend of our family in the old days. I never knew him myself, but I have often heard my father speak of him and of his great wealth. Will you let me congratulate you—and, Pepe"—this was to the duke—"have you congratulated Captain Wood? Of course you have."

"Es claro—of course—I know that Captain Wood is one of the chief of fortune's favorites. But believe me, senor mio, you have also come into great trouble. Vast wealth is a terrible burden; to use it aright is a grave responsibility. Especially so when—you will pardon me, Captain Wood—it has come undeserved."

"But, Pepe, it is not fair to say that. Captain Wood was a relation—he had a right to inherit."

"I only mean that Captain Wood does not know, probably will never know, whether there were not others with greater claims—moral claims, I mean—on Mr. McFaught. That thought would always rankle with me. Vaya, I would rather it was you than me!"

"Do not let him disturb you, my dear Captain Wood. The duke has rather extreme views in theory, but he knows that wealth is wealth. Although we have no vast store, he would be sorry to surrender it."

We got very friendly, quite confidential, together, she and I, as we talked on, tete-a-tete, the duke having gone off somewhere with Lawford.

"Of course you have not yet tasted the joys of possession. It is all very new to you still."

"I hardly realize it, indeed, or what I shall do with it."

"Your first business, Captain Wood, believe me, will be to keep your fortune." She spoke very gravely, looking at me intently over her fan. "Half the world will be in league to rob you. Ah, but yes, I am in earnest! You men fall naturally into three classes—rogues, fools, and policemen."

"And to which, pray, do I belong?" I asked lightly, not taking this bitter remark at all seriously.

"Not the first, I am sure; it would be a bad compliment to say the second, but if you were wise, you would certainly become the third. A whole police force in your pay would not be too many to protect you."

"Are you in earnest?" I said, suddenly struck with something in her eyes.

"Very much so, Captain Wood. If I were a friend, an old friend, let us say, I would counsel you, strongly urge you, to be constantly on your guard, very much on your guard."

As she spoke a deadly pallor overspread her face, which was high colored, as is often seen in very fair haired women, even when still quite young. Her husband had returned silently. I might have said stealthily, and she first had caught sight of him standing there behind me. Why was she thus terrified? Because the duke had heard her last words?

Whether or not the Duke of Tierra Sagrada had even heard his wife when so earnestly counseling me to be upon my guard, I was unable to judge; at least, he made no sign. His manner was perfectly quiet and natural, and he spoke in an unconcerned tone when he pressed me to keep my seat in the front of the box.

At the next interval he said very courteously "Do you propose to stay for the 'Cavalleria Rusticana?' Would you care to accompany us? Our carriage is here. Susette will be very pleased to present you."

"You are very good," I said. "I should like to go very much if I may run away early. I have a couple of balls tonight."

It was a curious and not unimportant circumstance, when viewed by the light of later events, that the three houses I was to visit that night were within a stone's throw of each other.

The first, that of the Dos Rios minister, to which I was introduced by the Duke and Duchess of Tierra Sagrada, was in Rutland Gate. The next, Mrs. Collingham Smith's, was in Prince's Gardens, and the last, Lady Delane's, in Prince's Gate. My new friends would have sent me on in their carriage, especially when they learned I had not far to go. This near neighborhood was remarked on by the duke, when, observing that the reception did not greatly amuse me, he asked if I was not dying to get to my dancing, and where, exactly, I was going.

"You must let us send you on to Prince's Gardens in the carriage," he said, very civilly. "We have brought you out of your way to a not very bright entertainment and now we ought to speed your departure. We must stay on here for an hour or so more, but there is no reason why you should."

I protested that Prince's Gardens was only a few yards off, round the corner, in fact, and I really preferred to walk. Besides, I only meant to look in for a moment. My real destination was Lady Delane's, which was also quite close at hand.

"To be sure, yes, certainly, I know. Well, well, if you will not be persuaded. But the carriage is entirely at your disposition. Is that not so, Susette?"

It occurred to me that the duchess was not altogether pleased at this offhand disposal of her carriage. So I refused the kind offer and left them with the pleasurable sensation of having made a couple of charming new acquaintances.

There was another acquaintance, if I might so call him, whether friend or foe, waiting for me outside—the same shuffling, slipshod creature whom I had seen so often that evening. Directly I went out I saw him emerge from the portico of an unfurnished house and follow me to the very door in Prince's Gardens.

He was still on the watch when I left Mrs. Collingham Smith's, having found nothing to detain me there—no sign of Frida Fairholme, whom I had hoped to run down. I would now have confronted this pertinacious "shadow," calling him to account for thus dogging my footsteps, and if he gave no satisfaction, handing him over to the police. But it would have taken time and I felt I had none to lose.

It was already long past midnight. I might miss Frida, and that was not to be borne. Mrs. Fairholme, her mother, could give me no news of her charge. "Yes, Frida is here, somewhere. That is all I know," she answered in a weary, faroff, semi-somnolent voice, as, no doubt, she had answered a dozen similar queries. "But I have not seen her for an hour or more. I do wish, Mr. Wood, you would find her and bring her to me," she said plaintively.

As I wandered about dejectedly, all at once I heard, "Captain Wood, Miss Fairholme wants to speak to you," and I saw a hated rival, with no friendliness in his face, pointing to where Frida sat behind a great mass of flowering azaleas.

She was as gracious a sight as ever, one of the fairest and brightest of a sex created for the delight and torment of mankind. Her dress is beyond my powers of description. I think it was a pale blue satin with pink roses, but that is all I can say, except that from the feathery aigret that crowned her sunny hair to the tip of a tiny shoe pushed a little out, but working fretfully upon the carpet, she was the most absolutely charming woman I had ever seen.

"I don't think I shall speak to you," began Miss Frida, with a sniff. "What have you to say for yourself? Are you aware that I kept you three dances"—

I took a seat by her side without answering, and then, giving way to an elation I did not exactly feel, in spite of the great change in my fortunes, I laughed in her face.

"Really, Captain Wood, I am at a loss to understand this most idiotic proceeding," she went on, with great stateliness; "something must have happened."

"It has—something most strange and surprising. I have been looking for you the whole day, in the park, at the opera, at Mrs. Collingham Smith's, to tell you that—that—that— Do you remember once saying that you felt perfectly safe with me?"

"I withdraw it altogether. I now believe firmly that you are a dangerous lunatic, and I will ask you, please, to take me back to mother." She half rose from her seat.

[CONTINUED.]

A Treasured Iron Ring.

The Greeks have left us iron and gold rings of exquisite workmanship. One from Etruria, now in the British museum, has the hoop formed of the bodies of two lions and their paws supporting an engraving of a lion in heraldic colors.

Plague Stones.

Druidical remains, several "plague stones," erected about 1450 A. D., fifty old market crosses and forty stocks or their remains are among the ancient monuments now to be found in the West Riding of Yorkshire, England.

Good housekeepers should buy Blue Ribbon Tea, Coffee, Baking Powder, Jelly Powder, Flavoring Extracts, Spices etc., because they are the purest and most economical goods on the market.

Every up-to-date Grocer sells Blue Ribbon goods. Take our advice and insist upon having them.

Blue Ribbon Manufacturing Co.

A train big enough to carry the live stock which arrives in a single day in the Chicago stockyards would have to be 1⅔ of a mile long, and contain 2,397 trucks.

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

TO WEAK, NERVOUS AND EASILY TIRED WOMEN.

Given in the Story of One Who Had Suffered and Has Found Renewed Health and Strength.

From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.

It is a good many years sinnce the good wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was first recorded in the columns of the Sun, but during that period the sterling merit of the medicine has increased its reputation and every day adds to the number of those who have found health through the use of these famous pills. Many in this town have freely spoken of the benefit they have derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and to these another is added in the person of Miss Victoria Widdis. To a reporter of the Sun who had heard of her cure, Miss Widdis said: "Several years ago I became very much run down; I felt tired all the time, my blood was watery and I was in what the physicians called an anaemic condition. I was always weary and worn out, not able to do anything and yet not sick enough to be in bed. My heart bothered me with its constant palpitation, brought about by my extreme weakness. My appetite failed me and I was gradually growing worse. I had heard and read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to give them a trial. After using them a short time a decided change was noticable and it is no exaggeration to say that I felt like an entirely different person. My appetite returned and with it good blood and strong nerves. I can conscientiously say for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that they did me more good than I can tell. To all weak, nervous, easily tired, run down women, I say by all means give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial and you will be delighted with the result."

It is because these pills make rich, red blood that they cure such troubles as anaemia, shortness of breath, headache, palpitation of the heart, rheumatism, erysipelas, St. Vitus' dance, and the functional ailments that make the lives of many women a source of constant misery. The genuine pills always bear the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper on every box. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Williams' Medecine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A person 20 years old, has on an average, 42 years of life before him if he lives in the United States, 41 if he lives in England, and only 37 if his home is in Belgium.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

The lyre bird of Australia is the biggest song-bird in the world. It is nearly as large as a prairie chicken.

A mummy of an Egyptian king recently discovered has in its mouth a set of artificial teeth. The plate is of wood, and the teeth are knobs of brass.

Safe, Certain, Prompt, Economic—These few adjectives apply with peculiar force to Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil—a standard external and internal remedy, adapted to the relief and cure of coughs, sore throat, hoarseness and all affections of the breathing organs kidney troubles, sore, lameness and physical pain.

The Skerrymore lighthouse, off the Isle of Tyree, is the largest on the British coasts. It contains 4,308 tons of masonry and cost £90,268.

Australia has most churches in proportion to population; the United States stands next; England is third, and Spain takes fourth place.

How to Save School Children.

In The Ladies' Home Journal Edward Bok takes up the cudgel again against the cramming methods inflicted on school children, and urges as a step toward a reform of the abuse "that every parent who has a child at school send a note to the teacher that, under no circumstances whatever, will the father or mother permit any home study by the child."

"This may seem a very simple thing to do," he contends, "but often the simplest things are the most effective. If the teachers of this country should, within the next month, receive thousands of notes from parents to the effect pointed out, which they could—and I speak for hundreds of teachers when I say that they would gladly do so—hand to the heads of their schools, it would practically mean a readjustment of the entire system of study. This may be better understood when it is realized that the entire system of study during school hours in many thousands of schools is so arranged so as to allow for some of the work to be done by the pupils at home. Let this taken-for-granted study be stopped, and a change would at once have to be made. The studies at school cannot be increased in number, for already there are too many. The school hours cannot be lengthened because the tide has set in to shorten them. Hence, some studies would have to be thrown out, if home study were eliminated. And this is the result desired."

Our Atmosphere.

If great cold turned our atmosphere to liquid air, it would make a sea thirty-five feet deep over the surface of the whole globe.

New Woodwork.

New woodwork, it is said, is much more likely to be infested with obnoxious insect life, and in recently built houses the pursuit of moths and other disagreeable bugs, destructive and pestering, must be constant and vigorous.

A Washing Hint.

Add a few drops of ammonia to the bluing water to whiten the clothes.

As Parmelee's Vegetable Pills contain mandrake and dandelion, they cure liver and kidney complaints with unerring certainty. They also contain roots and herbs which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. A. Cairncross, Shakespeare, writes:—"I consider Parmelee's Pills an excellent remedy for biliousness and derangement of the liver, having used them myself for some time."

Uncertain People.

"I don't know them now," said a charming woman conclusively, when I asked her of the welfare of some erstwhile intimates. "They were so uncertain I gave them up." Do you know these uncertain people, who one day cannot live out of your pocket and the next treat you to a cool nod? I hear so often of them that they must exist, and must also be trying to their acquaintances. Another trying person is he or she who loves you and forgets the affection as soon as your back is turned. This sort will say the most abominable things of the recently kissed, hold them up to ridicule, and give folks the impression that dislike and scorn wait upon every thought of them. To see the reviler hobnobbing in the next hour with the reviled is to give slow-going change artists a jog. Nine times out of ten they exclaim: "How can she pretend to like that woman—or he that man—of whom they told me so and so?" Now nine times out of ten he and she do really rather like the friend they have abused, so that it should be said, "How can they abuse persons whom they like?" Yet one never hears that remark made, because inconsistency suggests many worse traits and not one good one, and because, alas! we are so much more prone to believe our friends are wanting than overstocked in the better traits.—Lady Gay in Saturday Night.

Mattress Hair.

The best quality of hair for mattresses comes from South America and is made from the manes and tails of wild horses steamed and culled.

The Erie Canal.

The Erie canal, in New York, was the first artificial waterway begun in this country. Ground was broken for this enterprise July 4, 1817.

Horses Wanted by the British Government!

Dick's Blood Purifier for Horses.

The great tonic medicine of the age. It tones up the system, rids the stomach of bots, worms and other parasites.

50 cents a package. Write for Book on Cattle and Horses. It is free.

LEEMING MILES & CO., AGENTS. - - - MONTREAL.

PUL-MO WILL CURE difficulty of breathing, tightness of the chest, wasting away of flesh, throat troubles, consumption, coughs, catarrh, colds, pneumonia and pleurisy.

A SAMPLE FREE BY MAIL to every sufferer.

PUL-MO is for sale by all druggists at $1.00 per large bottle, and 15 cents for small bottle, or direct from THE PUL-MO CO., TORONTO, ONT.

The olive will live longer under water than any other tree.

All the space between the cradle and the grave is filled with uncertainty.

Keep MINARD'S LINIMENT in the House.

The average pace at which a thunder-storm travels is 28½ miles an hour.

A battery of field artillery numbers 162 all ranks, 110 horses, six guns.

Chalk in the milk is a white lie.

SYRUP OF FIGS

ACTS GENTLY ON KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS, CLEANSES THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY; DISPELS COLDS HEADACHES & FEVERS; OVERCOMES HABITUAL CONSTIPATION PERMANENTLY. TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS, BUY THE GENUINE — MAN'F'D BY CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. LOUISVILLE, KY. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. NEW YORK, N.Y.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. PRICE 50c. PER BOTTLE.

Women's World

MRS. EMMY C. EVALD.

The Most Prominent Swedish Woman In America.

Mrs. Emmy C. Evald is a resident of Chicago and is said to be the most prominent Swedish woman in America. Mrs. Evald is the daughter of the late Rev. Erland Carlson, D. D., who came to Chicago half a century ago as one of the pioneers of the Swedish Evangelical Lutheran church. He was the pastor of Immanuel church for twenty-two years and gathered a strong congregation under his care. He was succeeded by his son-in-law, Rev. Carl A. Evald, D. D., who has served his flock twenty-seven years.

MRS. E. C. EVALD.

Mrs. Evald is an enthusiastic coworker with her husband and a minister's ideal wife. Mrs. Evald's interest in female suffrage grew out of her church work, and her husband is in full sympathy with her. Each woman as well as each man in the church is expected to pay an annual fixed fee. Upon the shoulders of the women also falls much of the burden of church work, and yet they are not permitted to vote in the church organization. In Sweden it is different. There the women are permitted to vote in church affairs. Mrs. Evald has long been an advocate of the Swedish system in her church, and upon the passage of the law making women eligible for the office of trustee of the University of Illinois she became an advocate of political woman suffrage.

Mrs. Evald's own beautiful home and well groomed children give her opponents no chance to cavil. Mrs. Evald is a clear eyed, clear minded, fair haired woman, trim of figure and clear cut in speech, with an earnestness and a genuineness that are calculated to carry conviction. Her activities have been numerous. She was the chairman of the Lutheran Women's congress during the exposition of 1893. She organized and for ten years has been president of a missionary society in her synod that has done much good. She was a member of the Chicago Woman's club for two years and until its meetings conflicted with her church duties. She organized the Swedish-American Woman's club and a Betsy Ross association to raise funds to preserve the home of the woman who made the first American flag.

A painting of two lovely daughters hanging in the Evald parlor shows that this busy woman also has found time amid her many activities to cultivate the gentle arts.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Warning to Mothers.

Mothers in teaching their little ones how to walk do not stop to think how the bones grow. The bones in a baby's legs are soft, half cartilaginous and very easily bent out of their proper shape. Care should be taken not to allow a child to walk too soon and above all not to keep him on his feet for too long a time, or when he is at all tired. When he is ready, he will try of his own accord, and he generally knows what he is about.

Urging a child to walk prematurely is productive of lasting injury, as bow legs are only too easily formed. Let a child creep as long as he wants to. Give him plenty of room to kick around in, and he will be strengthening his muscles and getting ready for work. Suppose he is backward about walking, what difference does it make? A child who follows his own ideas in learning to walk will succeed much better and learn self reliance at the same time.

The same rule holds good in regard to sitting up. If he is forced to sit up too soon, it will have a tendency to weaken his back and interfere with his growth. Older children should be taught to sit erect. When tired, insist upon a child lying down instead of sliding down in the chair until he is literally sitting on the end of his spine. Such a habit is easily formed and hard to correct, resulting in a poor carriage, bad form and narrow chest.

If you observe such a child, you will find he suffers from dizziness and headaches, as the curved form of the spine results in a pulling of the muscles at the back of the neck, and the difficulty is certain to be removed if the child is taught to sit properly.—United States Health Report.

Eclipse of the Honeymoon.

Romance gets but small chance nowadays. The modern man and maid are nothing if not severely practical and ostentatiously free from the romance which animated their grandparents. One by one are cast aside the traditions which for generations have clung about all that is associated with love's young dream. And now even the honeymoon is being sacrificed. Time was when brides and bridegrooms spent the first month of their married life entirely apart. It was supposed—and rightly, of a surety—that they would prefer to be away not only from their friends, but from all social distractions, during those first halcyon days when they realize that they belong to each other. By degrees, however, as marriage has come to be taken less seriously and love is spoken of as something old fashioned and essentially middle class, the honeymoon has been cut down, and it is a sign of the times and their spirit that there is a marked tendency on the part of brides to ignore the honeymoon altogether. Rumor has it that in due course its extinction is bound to be brought about. That the modern bride cannot endure the sole companionship of her husband for even the first few days of married life and that Benedict must have golfing or playhouses or the society of friends lest he should be bored by the woman he has just taken as a life companion is truly a pitiful exposure of the spirit in which the holy estate is entered upon by the present generation.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"New Women" of Antiquity.

The "new woman" is not so "new" after all, for, according to Altamire's "Historia de Espana," she flourished in Spain fully a thousand years ago.

At that time the teaching of religious law was not seldom intrusted to women professors. Girls enjoyed the same primary instruction as boys, and then devoted themselves to professional studies, some of which were practiced; for example, medicine and literature, serving in the latter domain as secretaries and writers in the caliph's civil service. So widespread was education among the women of Cordova that in a single ward there were 170 of them busied in copying the Koran. So highly was the education of women rated that a prince of royal Spanish blood wedded a negro slave woman merely on account of her intelligence and knowledge. Another prince was captivated by the woman who became his wife through hearing her improvise verses.

The Wedding Ring.

A long time ago the wedding ring was worn on the forefinger and was thickly studded with precious stones. People who have seen the old pictures of the Madonna in Rome will remember that in one or two of them there is a glistening ring on the forefinger of her right hand, but with Christianity came the wearing of the wedding ring on the third finger rather than the first. The old story of there being a vein that runs from that finger to the heart, says the Chicago Tribune, is nonsense. Its use originated in this way: The priest first put it on the thumb, saying, "In the name of the Father;" on the forefinger, adding, "In the name of the Son;" on the second finger, repeating, "In the name of the Holy Ghost," and on the third finger, ending with "Amen." And there it stayed.

Doctoring a Clock.

One of my clocks began to give jerky ticks and then refused to go altogether. I placed a cloth saturated with kerosene in the bottom of the clock, and the fumes arising loosened the dirt, oil and grit from the works, precipitating them to the bottom. I used a clean white bit of old muslin, so when the dirt began to drop I knew it by the dirty color of the rag. I removed it and in a day or two placed another saturated rag in the bottom of the clock. The fumes this time, as the dirt had all dropped, lubricated the works, and my clock has ticked along right merrily ever since.—Good Housekeeping.

Uses For Art Tickings.

The art tickings now so plentiful in the upholstery shops and department stores may be utilized for a variety of pretty and ornamental articles for household use and adornment. A sewing basket covered with a pretty design of cretonne and brightened by a ribbon bow or two is useful as well as pretty and for holding embroidery silk a cretonne roll is of much service. In the ornamental line is a scrapbasket lined with denim and covered with cretonne in effective pattern.

Don't Wear Mourning.

To all of womankind white is almost universally becoming. Children should never wear mourning, and girls and young women if they wear it should do so for only a short time. I do not approve of the conventional mourning dress for any one. If one must wear it, however, I beg the discarding of the hideous crape veil. It is heathenish. The world is a sad enough place without women walking around in crape veils.—Woman's Home Companion.

Proper Ventilation.

A direct draft from a window open at the top and bottom is a menace, and fresh air at that price becomes dangerous. The ideal way of ventilating a bedroom that is within reach of every one is to fit a board about four or five inches wide at the bottom of the lower sash. Then the room is well ventilated by the space at the middle of the window without a direct draft in the room.

Worn tablecloths can be made into serviceable napkins and traycloths as well as polishing towels for fine china and silver if the best parts are selected and neatly hemmed.

Frederika Bremer, a writer, did more to raise Scandinavian women to a level with those of other nations than did any other woman of her time.

Thread a needle over something white, and, even though very small, the eye will be quite clearly seen.

The woman who can't relish her own cooking is working beyond her strength.

WEALTH OF THE KLONDIKE.

Interesting Lecture Before the Canadian Institute by F. C. Wade, K.C.

Many interesting facts regarding the Klondike were given in a lecture at the Canadian Institute, Toronto, on a recent Saturday night by F. C. Wade, K.C., who has been Crown prosecutor at Dawson City since 1897, when the big rush began. Several fine limelight views were shown. The great paystreak gold belt, he pointed out, extends 3,650 miles, running from the southern boundary of British Columbia to the Arctic Ocean, parallel to the Rocky Mountains. There are about 800 square miles in the Yukon District proper, and the creeks being worked for gold have a combined length of about 50 miles. In 1898, after the great rush, Dawson had 30,000 men thrown in and 3,700 dead horses lay in the White Pass. Now the town has a substantial appearance, with well built houses, churches and warehouses, made of corrugated iron, and is merely a depot for the 20,000 or 30,000 miners, and has a population of but about 8,000. Many interesting facts were told of the climate and customs of the miners. An amusing instance of one of the old miners' jokes was told of in the case of Eldorado Creek, when the old miners, thinking it no good, posted a notice that the creek was reserved for Swedes. Swedes took the notice seriously, and all along the creek staked claims that averaged a value of $1,500 to $2,000 a foot.

Mixed Metaphors.

The following clever pot-pourri of metaphors, drawn from the terminology of various scenes, is from General Hale's welcoming address to the American Association for the Advancement of Science when the meeting was held at Denver: "And as Colorado as a whole extends the hand of welcome to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, we hope that your affinities will be such as to produce a true and stable compound; that the multiphase currents of your various activities will work in synchronism and produce a steady and irresistible torque that will keep the world turning; that your blood may remain uncontaminated by the bacilli of fever which cause delirum, or tuberculosis which leads to decay; that the resultant of your efforts will be in the direction of true progress, and that the centripetal force which holds you together in a conservative orbit will be in such equilibrium with the centrifugal force by which you throw off new ideas as to keep you from flying off on a tangent. We might wish you to remain always in perihelion or 'next' to the sun of prosperity, except that this would mean a state of rest and consequent stagnation. Instead of this may your velocity be accelerated and the differential coefficient of your curve be an ever-increasing variable until your path becomes asymptotic to the straight line of perfection, and may the final integral of your orbit be the summation of all that is worth knowing."

Rose Varieties.

There are 798 distinct species of roses in existence. A horticultural exhibition with a sample of every one of these queens of the floral domain in its midst of grandeur has not thus far entranced the world.

Rancid Butter.

Rancid butter may be sweetened by washing it with good new milk and then with cold spring water.

Modes of Sleeping.

The Laplander sleeps in a big reindeer skin to keep him warm. The East Indian also sleeps in a bag, but it is not airtight, and it is only intended to protect him from mosquitoes.

True Genius.

"I tell you that poet is a genius."

"A genius? Why, his stuff is the worst I ever read."

"I know."

"But why do you call him a genius?"

"Because he succeeds in selling it."

THE GOLDEN POPPY.

Dazzling, Blazing Blossoms That Greeted the California Pioneers.

Far out at sea gleaming sheets of dazzling gold arrested the gaze of the early explorers of California. Blazing along the Pacific coast, embroidering the green foothills of the snow capped Sierra Madres, transforming acres and acres of treeless plains into royal cloth of gold, millions of flowers of silky texture and color of gold fascinated the Spanish discoverers. An eminent botanist, Eschscholtz, at once classified the plant, and his followers conferred his name upon this the only native American papaver.

Dreamlike in beauty, fascinating from sheer loveliness, spreading in soft undulations over the land, the California poppy bloomed above the richest veins and arteries of gold the world has ever known, all unsuspected. A Circe, with powers to please, dazzle and charm by its enchantments, while it allures, lulls and mystifies, this flower of sleep seemed to draw by some occult process from the earth the elixir of gold, unfolding its blooms of gold as beacons proclaiming, "We are blooming above rich mines of gold."

There is ever a mystery about the poppy. It is a weird flower. It is almost sentient, with a life unknown to human kind. "While glory guards with solemn tread the bivouac of the dead" stealthily a sea of gore creeps over the old battlefields. Blood red, the poppies in waves and billows hold high carnival above the soil that covers the slain. Lord Macaulay says of the battlefield of Neerwinden: "The summer after the battle the soil, fertilized by 20,000 dead, broke forth into millions of blood red poppies. The traveler from St. Troud to Tirlemont who saw that vast field of rich scarlet stretching from Larden to Neerwinden could hardly help fancying that the figurative description of the Hebrew prophet was literally accomplished: that "the earth was disclosing her blood and refusing to cover her slain." Bayard Taylor in "The Lands of the Saracen" says he contemplated with feelings he could not describe "the old battlefields of Syria, densely covered with blood red poppies, blooming in barbaric splendor, gloating on the gore of soldiers slain."

However interesting the poppy may be to men of science and to lovers of the beautiful, it is yet more so to the people of California. This beautiful, weird, gold colored flower of gossamer texture belongs to California alone. Nowhere else in the world has it ever made its habitat. There it is naturally so profuse that it is related as a fact that, coming on a turn full face upon a blooming field of yellow poppies, dazzling in the sunshine, horses have been put to flight as from flames of fire.

Foods and Appetite.

In some good advice given in print by a physician the theory held by faddists in special foods, warranted to perform marvels of health and restoration, is exploded. "Don't," says this writer, "imagine that you can grow strong on foods that you dislike. Better fried ham and chocolate cake with a good appetite than a health cereal with milk and disgust."

One would hesitate, perhaps, to follow strictly the fried ham and chocolate cake dictum to the letter, but it is undoubtedly true that at the moment many persons almost starve themselves because they have no appetite for the various so called health foods, which alone they fancy they can eat. Above and beyond the choice of food is moderation in partaking of it and relish for what is eaten.

The East and the West.

A man from the west who was recently visiting Maine fell into conversation with a quiet old farmer on a train. He was full of the greatness of the west and talked about the big farms and big crops of his particular section and wound up by saying, "I suppose you do manage to pick up a living on these little Maine farms."

The old Maine farmer smiled sadly and replied: "Yes, and a few years ago some of us invested money in your section, and it is there yet. It was a permanent investment, I guess."

The western man changed the conversation.

A Poison Without an Antidote.

Some persons are advocating a substitute for death by electricity and hanging. They have advocated poisoning. Well, nothing could be more effective or painless than execution by means of a capsule filled with hydrocyanic acid. It might be served without the knowledge of the convict, and death would be so sudden and so certain that there could be no resurrection. A single drop placed on the tongue of a big dog causes instant death. A half teaspoonful taken by a man will cause him to drop as if struck by lightning. There is no antidote.

Truthful Debtor.

Long—Say, Short, I'd like to have that $10 you borrowed of me three months ago.

Short—Sorry, old man, but I can't give it to you at the present writing.

Long—But you said you wanted it for a little while only.

Short—Well, I gave it to you straight. I didn't keep it half an hour.

His Bill.

"Your young nephew William appears to think he knows much more than he really does know."

"Yes, he is a Bill that is stuck up, but not a Bill that is posted."

The productiveness of Formosa is so great that it is believed that the present population of 2,500,000 could be raised to 10,000,000 without exhausting the fertility of the soil.

The Welshmen for Canada.

The following extract from an article by Mr. W. L. Griffith, Canadian Government agent for Wales, in The Western Daily News, Cardiff, gives a picturesque sketch of the misfortunes of the Patagonian Welshmen who are likely to come to Canada shortly: When the idea of a Welsh colony in Patagonia was first mooted Wales was seething with political discontent. But, strong as this feeling undoubtedly was, it required much effort on the part of Professor Michael Jones of Bala and the Rev. Lewis Jones of Festiniog to prevail upon the small band of people which eventually made the venture. The motives of the self-deceived leaders in the movement will always remain open to debate. The attraction to the rank and file was the vision of free land, immunity from taxes, and the self-government so dear to the heart of the Welshman. Fired with these ideas, the imaginative Cymry saw visions of a Cymric Utopia. They had not only cherished these ideals, but they were prepared to do all in their power to compass their realization. They were brave, earnest, laborious, ready and willing to sacrifice self. It is pathetic to think of the shock these brave men and women encountered when they finally landed on the desert shores of New Bay, and discovered that the country they had fondly pictured as one of illimitable resource was nothing but a barren desert, and that their leaders, whom they implicitly trusted, had been guilty of carelessness, which was, perhaps, worst than inexcusable. In fairness it must here be stated that Professor Michael Jones squandered a private fortune on what had become his pet project. As they were without means the Welsh people were face to face with starvation. There was nothing to do but, to use an Americanism, "scratch for a living." The history of these people during the first years of the settlement entitles them to the greatest credit.

Past Votes on Prohibition.

Votes polled in the Ontario general elections, November, 1900, 426,083.

Votes polled for prohibition in Ontario plebiscite of 1894, 192,489.

Votes polled against prohibition in same plebiscite, 110,720.

Votes polled for prohibition in Ontario in Dominion plebiscite of 1898 (576,784 on list), 154,499.

Votes polled against prohibition in Ontario in same plebiscite, 115,275.

Decline of prohibition vote in 1898 from 1894, 37,990.

Increase in anti-prohibition vote in 1898 from 1894, 4,555.

Necessary to carry prohibition if same vote is polled as was cast in 1900, 213,042.

Votes of women cast in 1894, who cannot vote in October, 14,000.

Her Chilly Answer.

"Are you thinking of me?" asked the bore, as he noted her thoughtful mood.

"No," she answered, coldly. "The doctor advises me to avoid painful thoughts."

Mount Rewenzori.

Mount Rewenzori, in equatorial Africa, is about 20,000 feet high, has twenty miles of glaciers and is nearly always cloud covered.

Crown Points.

King George of Greece, the Duke of Sparta and Prince Nicholas will attend the coronation of King Edward VII.

Queen Alexandra has forwarded a donation of £10 to Mr. T. H. Roberts' fund for the relief of the survivors of the Light Brigade who charged with "the six hundred" at Balaklava.

The Dowager Empress of Russia owns the finest collection of Russian sables in the world. Among them is a mantle which keeps her cozy in winter sledge drives and in traveling. It has a lining worth $50,000.

Emperor William is fond of modern music and modern sculpture, but he has no sympathy with modern painting and poetry. Recently he spoke rather sharply of modern art, and is believed his enmity has a political source.

Ontario Forest Reserves.

The different forest reserves—Algonquin Park, the eastern reserve, Lake Temagami, and the Sibley reserve—are all stated to be doing well. Mr. Southworth, in his Forestry Report, recommends that the unpatented part of the Township of Sibley be added to the present reserve and created a permanent reserve under the Forest Reserves Act. Algonquin Park includes 1,109,383 acres of forest land; the eastern reserve contains 80,000 acres; Sibley Township 45,000 acres; Lake Temagami 1,408,000 acres.

WHAT HE THOUGHT OF HIM

A Postal Card Serial Story and a Lost Suit For Slander.

A certain Kansas man, so the story goes, wanted to tell a neighbor what he thought of him without laying himself open to a suit for damages. So he hit on the plan of sending him each day a postal card with only one word written on it in a large hand, in addition to the date obscurely tucked away in a corner.

The person receiving the cards recognized the handwriting and, suspecting something, kept them until they stopped coming, when he read them consecutively in the order of their reception. What he read was, "Ridiculous old Bill Jones is the meanest cuss in town," and he at once instituted a suit for slander against the sender.

The latter's lawyer, however, called attention to the fact that the postal card containing "ridiculous," though mailed first, was dated the day after the date of the card having the word "town." Moreover, a careful inspection would show that after the word "ridiculous" was an exclamation point, and after the word "town" was an interrogation mark, so that the series of postal cards might be made to read: "Old Bill is the meanest cuss in town? Ridiculous!" He claimed, therefore, that instead of slandering the plaintiff his client had defended him from slander, and this plea was sustained by the court.

But, all the same, everybody in town insisted that the first reading of the cards was the correct one, so that the writer attained his object.

Reasons For Pride.

There was present at a certain big dinner in England an American woman of prominence who was somewhat annoyed by a tactless English woman who undertook to banter her and who said:

"I take it for granted that you have no coats of arms in your new country."

"Of course no American family could have one unless it was borrowed from English ancestry," replied the former American.

"For instance, has your family any especial cause for pride over your grandfather?" persisted this particularly tactless female cad.

Then the American woman opened up and replied as calmly as possible under the circumstances. "Not much, perhaps, only that my grandfather on my mother's side received Burgoyne's sword when he surrendered at Saratoga and my grandfather on my father's side received the sword of Cornwallis at Yorktown."

A Small Legal Fee.

The smallest fee ever taken by an English counsel was sixpence, that fee having on one occasion been taken by the late Sir John Holker. Barristers' fees were in olden times much less than those now paid. An entry occurs in the churchwardens' accounts of St. Margaret's, Westminster, for 1476, showing that a fee of 3s. 8d., with fourpence for his dinner, was paid to Robert Flypott, counsel, learned in the law, for his advice.

In Nare's "Glossary" a barrister's fee was stated to be an angel, or 10 shillings. These are somewhat different figures from the 600 guineas paid to Sir Charles Russell a number of years ago at the Leeds assizes for less than three hours' work, or at the rate of over 3 guineas a minute.

In the Art Gallery.

"Ah," exclaimed Mrs. Oldcastle, who was again enjoying the splendors of her new neighbors' art gallery, "a Corot, I see!"

"Where?" asked her hostess, looking doubtfully at the canvas which seemed to claim the other's attention.

"There," answered Mrs. Oldcastle, pointing with her lorgnette.

"Well, now, I declare. I can't see a single crow anywhere around. You don't mean them little black spots in the left hand corner, do you? Them's clouds!"

The Limit of Chivalry.

There was once a man who zealously declared that woman has no right to invade the field of wage earning men. She should stay at home, where she belonged.

Finally his four sisters, three cousins and two aunts, who were without a masculine protector, gathered about him and inquired:

"Whose home? Yours?"

Whereat he perceived that theory ends where fact begins.

The Good and the Bad.

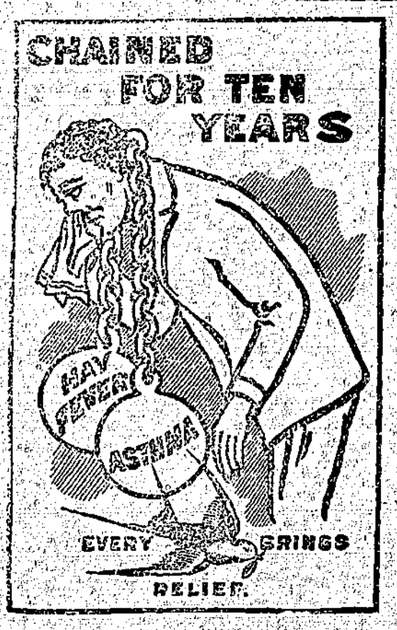
One ought to balance the good with the bad and also the length of time a man has lived to form a true estimate of his character. Polybius, the Greek historian, has an observation to the same effect. "There is no reason," says he, "why we should not sometimes blame and sometimes commend the same person, for, as none is always right, neither is it probable that he should be always wrong."

ASTHMA CURE FREE

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in All Cases.

SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL.

Write Your Name and Address Plainly.



There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. Wells, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and Asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full-sized bottle."

Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler,
Rabbi of the Cong. Bnai Israel.
New York, Jan. 3, 1901.

DRS. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO.,

Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful.

After having it carefully analyzed, we can state that Asthmalene contains no opium, morphine, chloroform or ether. Very truly yours,

REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

AVON SPRINGS, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901.

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.

Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene, for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as many others, I chanced to see your sign upon your windows on 130th street New York, I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her Asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease.

Yours respectfully, O. D. PHELPS, M.D.

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO. Feb. 5, 1901.

Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full-size bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have family of four children, and for six years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and doing business every day. This testimony you can make use of as you see fit.

Home address, 235 Rivington Street. S. RAPHAEL,
67 East 129th St., New York City.

TRIAL BOTTLE SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO., 79 East 130th St., New York City.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia at its present session for an Act to incorporate a Company with power to construct, equip, maintain and operate a single or double line of railway, to be operated by steam, electricity or any other mode or power, at and from the City of Victoria in the province of British Columbia, thence North west by the most feasible route to a point at or near Seymour Narrows in the said Province of British Columbia; and with power to construct, establish, maintain and continually operate a railway ferry steamship service for the purpose of transferring for reward passengers and passenger and freight cars from the said point at or near Seymour Narrows in Vancouver's Island to a point on the Mainland of the Province of British Columbia; and with further powers to build, equip, maintain and operate branches of the said railway from any point on the main line thereof to any point in Vancouver Island; and with power to build and operate tramways in connection with the said railway; and with power to build, construct, equip, maintain and operate telegraph and telephone lines in connection with the said railways and branches; and with power to generate electricity for the supply of light, heat and power, and for all, any and every other purpose mentioned in Sections 80, 81, 82 and 83 of the "Water Clauses Consolidation Act, 1897," and to do everything necessary or incidental to the carrying out of all or any of the objects referred to in the said sections; and with power to exercise all the powers given to the Company by Parts IV and V of the "Water Clauses Consolidation Act, 1897;" and with power to build, own and maintain saw-mills; and to carry on a general express business, and to build, maintain and operate bridges, roads, ways, ferries, wharves, docks, steamboats, steamships, coal bunkers, and other works; and to make traffic or other arrangement with railway, steamship or steamboat and other companies; and with power to expropriate lands for the purposes of the Company and to acquire land bonuses, privileges or other aid from any Government or Municipality, or other persons or bodies corporate, and with power to build wagon roads to be used in the construction of such railway and in advance of same, and to levy and collect tolls from all persons using, and on all freights passing over any of such roads built by the Company, whether before or after the construction of the railway, and with power to sell out its undertaking; and with all other usual, necessary or incidental rights, or privileges as may be necessary or conducive to the above objects, or any of them.

Dated at Victoria, B.C., this 24th day of March, A.D., 1902.

ROBERTSON & ROBERTSON,
Solicitors for the Applicants.

ASSESSMENT ACT AND PROVINCIAL REVENUE TAX.

COMOX DISTRICT.

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

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

Three fifths of one per cent. on real property.

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

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

Upon such excess of income—

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

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

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

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

If paid on or after 1st July, 1901:—

Four fifths of one per cent. on real property.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Provincial Revenue Tax $3 per capita.

JOHN BAIRD,
Assessor and Collector.

Cumberland, B.C., 11th January, 1901.
My 22

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.

ICE—ORDERS for outside Ports promptly filled at Lowest Market Prices.

UNION BREWING CO., LTD.

Phone 27. DUNSMUIR STREET P. O. Drawer 45.

ESTABLISHED 1877. INCORPORATED 1898.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL $100,000.

DEALERS AND EXPORTERS

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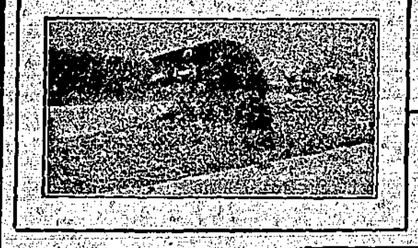

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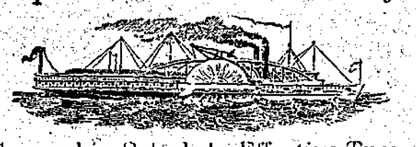

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W. B. ANDERSON, - - - EDITOR

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TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE
NOV. 19TH, 1898

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 Daily. A.M		No. Sa P.M
De 9:00	Victoria	De. 4:25
" 9:28	Goldstream	" 4:53
" 10:9	Koen g s	5:34
" 10:48	Duncans	6:1
P.M.		P.M.
" 12:14	Nanaimo	7:41
A 12:3	Wellington	Ar. 7:55

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

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

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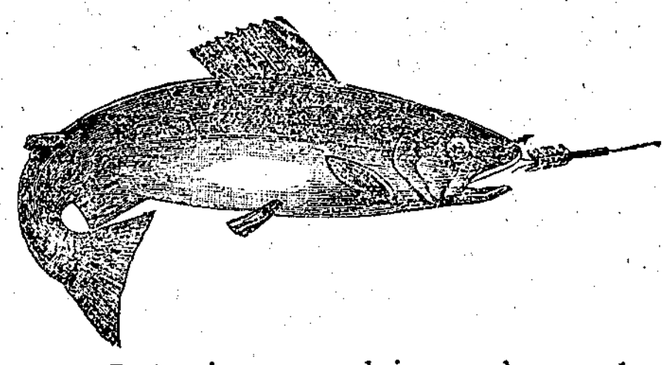

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BOWSER HAS A BOIL

IT ATTACKS BACK OF HIS NECK AND CAUSES LOTS OF TROUBLE.

Household Becomes Badly Torn Up Over It—He Gets Suspicious of Mrs. B. and Accuses Her of Attempting to Assassinate Him.

[Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis.]

IT made its first appearance on a Monday morning—Mr. Bowser's boil. He was ten minutes late at breakfast, and when Mrs. Bowser solicitously inquired if he had been hunting for a lost collar button he curtly replied:

"I have a word or two to say to you after breakfast on a certain matter."

He maintained a frigid attitude during the remainder of the meal, and she thought of the coal bill, the gas bill, the butcher bill and lost clothespins and wondered where the thunderbolt

"I WANT YOU TO LOOK AT THE BACK OF MY NECK."

would strike. When they went up stairs, he pulled off his coat and vest and pulled back his collar and said:

"I want you to look at the back of my neck. It has pained me all night. Isn't there a lump around there somewhere?"

"I can't say for certain," she replied as she inspected, "but I should think you were going to have a boil. There's a lump there, and it's fiery red."

"But how can I have a boil on the back of my neck?" he demanded as he drew away.

"They do come there, don't they?"

"If that's a boil, it's not my fault. What have I done to bring out a boil? Woman, I won't stand any nonsense about this thing."

"But if it's a boil can I help it?" she protested. "Your blood must have got out of order during the winter. You wanted buckwheat pancakes once a day, and buckwheat always brings boils."

He started for his office carrying his head stiffly, and soon after he had left the house the cook came up to say:

"You'd better go down town and see about a new cook, ma'am. If that turns out to be a boil on Mr. Bowser's neck, I wouldn't stay in this house for $100 a week. I was working for a man once who had a boil, and he got up in the night and tried to murder me."

Mrs. Bowser hoped against hope until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Then Mr. Bowser came home, two hours ahead of time. She saw the glare in his eye as he banged the hall door open, and she knew that the boil had blossomed out and become a fixture.

"Do you know what this infernal thing is?" he demanded as he sat down on the lounge and lifted his hand to his neck.

"I'm sorry if it's a boil," she replied.

"Well, it is, and it will probably cause my death before the week is out. It is the opinion of the doctor that poison has been injected into my system."

"But how could such a thing happen?"

He stared at her fixedly for half a minute and then bent such a ferocious look on the family cat, who stood eying him with anxiety, that the animal uttered a hiss and fled into the parlor. Mrs. Bowser at once went down to the kitchen to make a flaxseed poultice, and, although it was evident that Mr. Bowser regarded her as a would be murderess, she got his collar and tie off and the poultice on after a little argument. He had no appetite for dinner, and during the long evening he dozed and muttered and threw out dark hints.

Tuesday morning the boil was almost full blown, and Mr. Bowser went about with his head down as if hunting for lost pins. During the day and evening he had ten fresh poultices, and Mrs. Bowser made him gruel, tea and toast about once an hour. He had little to say, but it was evident that he knew she had arranged for that boil days beforehand.

Wednesday morning the boil had reached perfection and would have taken the prize at any county fair. The color was deep red, and the hardness was akin to a November pear. Mr. Bowser took up a position on the broad of his back on the lounge and only moved when fresh poultices were applied or the cat set up a wail. Seeing that he was helpless, the cook decided to stay on, but held herself ready for any sudden emergency. Along toward evening Mr. Bowser delivered a brief address on Lucrezia Borgia. It was leveled at Mrs. Bowser, and she understood.

Friday morning Mr. Bowser got up with a bad hump on his back, and as he ate his tea and toast he requested Mrs. Bowser to telephone for a lawyer to draw up his will and added with considerable zest that he should leave every dollar of his possessions to found an asylum for tramps. She telephoned, but the lawyer had gone off on an early fishing excursion, and his office boy declined the job. The cat was barred out of the room all day and word was sent to the cook that if she didn't stop banging the dishpan about, the hand of justice would clutch her throat with merciless grasp. There were moments when Mr. Bowser wanted Mrs. Bowser to hold his hand and promise that she would visit his last resting place once a week during the rest of her life, and there were moments when he charged her with getting up in the middle of the night to run a poisoned darning needle into the back of his neck to cut short his days. The bell was muffled, the curtains drawn and to all anxious inquiries the cook replied:

"No, he isn't dead yet, nor have they sent him away to an insane asylum, but we are prepared for the worst. He may sink away as softly as a canary bird or he may try to tear the house down before he goes."

Mr. Bowser was still alive when Saturday morning dawned, and, although he announced that his end was near, he insisted on creeping down stairs to his favorite lounge. Mrs. Bowser had used up five pounds of flaxseed and a pint of arnica on the boil, but was still hard at work and making no complaints. She announced a decided improvement, with signs of a burst, but he took no interest in her words. At noon, however, he aroused himself and admitted that he had not been the husband he ought to have been and asked her forgiveness for his many shortcomings. She freely forgave him, and an hour later he demanded to know why she hadn't struck him with the ax as he lay sleeping instead of resorting to poison. The afternoon waned and evening came, and it was necessary for Mrs. Bowser to visit the drugstore after more flaxseed. The druggist was a kind hearted man, and he did his best to cheer her. He had had thirty years' experience in the drug business, and in all that time he had never known a boil on the back of the neck to prove fatal. Such a boil, taken in conjunction with a head on collision, the collapse of a building or an earthquake shock, had brought about direful results, but alone by itself was not greatly to be feared. Mrs. Bowser returned home in more cheerful spirits, and as she softly opened the front door she was alarmed to hear Mr. Bowser dancing about and singing a verse of a topical song. At the door of the sitting room she beheld him cavorting about with the cat in his arms and the bandages off his neck, and as she cried out in alarm he turned and shouted:

"She's bursted! Come in, old woman, and have some toast with me!"

Mr. Bowser's boil had broken, and death had passed him by. He cackled and laughed and chucked her under the chin; but, suddenly remembering his policy, he drew himself up stiffly and said:

"Yes, woman, your fourteenth attempt to assassinate me has failed, and you can instruct your lawyer to see my lawyer tomorrow morning!"

M. QUAD.

His Experience.

She—Why do you think their affair isn't platonic?

He—Well, I never met a platonic widow.

Smoke Up.

Oh, the ladies fair of Gotham
Puff away at cigarettes;
They have stains upon their fingers
To the second joints, the pets;
They have smoking rooms and special
Brands that they may claim alone;
Scented fumes out of their noses
In long, grayish clouds are blown;
They must puff between the courses
When they seat themselves to eat.
Would you seek there for the maiden
Who is innocent and sweet?

—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

The Cabbage Cure.

Cabbage is an old cure for drunkenness. The Egyptians ate it boiled before their other food if they intended to drink wine after dinner, and some of the remedies sold as a preventive of intoxication on the continent are said to contain cabbage seed.

Chinese Women.

Every Chinese woman is practically a slave until her son marries. Then, as mother-in-law, she begins to rule, her son's wife being her subject.

Her Spring.

"If man sprang from monkey, what did woman spring from?"

"Don't know."

"Why, a mouse."

The Gift of Tongue.

Tom (inspecting theater bill of "Paolo and Francesca")—I say, 'Arry, ole man, 'ow d'yer pernounce these 'ere nimes?

'Arry (with all the modest condescension of a superior person)—Well, I'm free to admit I ain't much of a French schollard, but I should say it were pernounced "Polo and Frank Chester." Of course it's a kind o' sportin' piece

Tom (satisfied)—Ah, I see.

ON THE REBOUND

By GARFIELD MACNEAL

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Lillian Treadwell awoke on the morning of her thirtieth birthday to the sickening consciousness that she was an old maid. She parted the cretonne curtains of her bed, curtains covered with red roses, suggestive of summer sunshine, and turned her eyes toward the window. Rain beating against the panes and dull gray sky proclaimed a cheerless November day. She sighed. Then, stretching out a shapely arm, she took a silver hand mirror from the nearby dressing table and carefully studied her features. In the language of Shakespeare she saw "no deeper wrinkles yet," face long and oval, patrician in outline and expression, skin rather olive, eyes brown, deep and luminous, a mouth generously molded, and a wealth of brown hair. On the whole it was a notable face and one of character.

Dropping the mirror on the bed, she called, "Lois!" A French maid, neat, trim and smiling, appeared with the breakfast tray.

"Ah, ma'm'selle! A thousand congratulations on your birthday."

"My thirtieth, Lois! But thank you just the same."

"Ma'm'selle is still young, and already fame has come to you. And when your novel is published the world will be at your feet," said Lois with a comprehensive sweep indicating the world.

"Oh, yes, the novel," murmured her mistress, sitting up and starting in on her coffee and rolls, while the maid laid a bundle of letters and manuscripts on the bed.

Miss Treadwell opened the one bulky package and looked at the accompanying letter. It was from a great publishing house, formally expressing regret that they were unable to accept her novel.

She gulped down something in her throat. Her novel declined! Her first really original work, to which she had given the leisure hours of six years! Truly, this was a most delightful birthday gift.

"Lois," she said—and her voice trembled—"Lois, my novel has been declined."

"Ah, ma'm'selle, I am too sorry"—with quick sympathy—"but some other publisher will accept it."

Her mistress shook her head. "I shall not send it out again. I shall stick to back work. I can at least make a living at that." Then she added reflectively, "my life has been a failure."

Lois protested. She worshiped her mistress. "Ma'm'selle has been successful. You have a pretty apartment and everything you want."

"Other women, too, have pretty apartments and everything they want."

"Ah, yes, but they did not work for them," said Lois with a worldly shrug as she went in response to the electric bell, which at this moment buzzed loudly in the hall.

She reappeared with a huge white box. "Flowers, ma'm'selle, and a note," she said gayly.

Miss Treadwell cut the ribbon that held the box and disclosed a mass of violets. They seemed to look up at her tenderly yet shrinkingly as she bent over them. With a sigh of pleasure she took the note and studied the bold handwriting of the superscription. Her heart jumped. Surely it was Jack's! Dear old Jack had remembered her!

She slit across the end of the envelope while her fingers trembled and eagerly unfolded the paper.

"Dear Lillian," she read, "may I hope that this remembrance of your birthday will prove that I have not forgotten you? I have been in town two days. I secured your address from C.'s Magazine and send these flowers to warn you that I am coming to invade your sanctum sanctorum and talk over old times. Always your friend, Jack Ainsworth."

She started up, scattering letters and manuscripts on the floor. "Lois," she said decidedly, "I want you to lay out my new morning gown, the sea green one with the train."

Sitting down at her dressing table, she began a careful toilet. Her thoughts were busy with the past. Jack had been her girlhood friend in the little inland town where they were both born and bred. Again she was twenty-four and he was twenty-six. Why had he never spoken? She knew he loved her, and, perhaps, she had loved him, too, then. But when her mother's death left her alone in the world, she was seized with the desire to come to New York to try her fortune. Jack had advised against it, but a strange perversity made her deaf to his warnings.

At first they had kept up a correspondence. Soon even that link was broken as she was drawn more and more into the absorbing whirl of newspaper and magazine work. For five years no letters had passed between them. To be sure she had heard of him indirectly, how he gradually forged ahead from clerk in the railroad office to manager of the whole system, and she had been glad for his sake.

And now, after all this time, they were to meet. She wondered what he would be like. Doubtless he had lost the fresh, boyish beauty she so well remembered. He was past thirty now, she reflected with a sigh. Doubtless, too, his career as a man of affairs had made him brusque and cold. She had visions of bearded cheek and chin, and perhaps—glasses! Horrors! Had it really come to that? Well, she would live in the old days, and pay no attention to externals.

When at last Lois announced that Mr. Ainsworth was in the drawing room, she swept to her mirror and surveyed the graceful figure reflected there. Her gown of sea green fell in shimmering folds. Her hair was done beautifully, and some of the violets were clasped in the silver girdle at her waist. She could not fail to be satisfied.

This consciousness helped her to enter the drawing room with the perfect self possession of a woman of the world. With outstretched hand she greeted him as if they had parted but yesterday.

"Jack! How good of you to come to see me on my birthday—and to send me these lovely flowers," turning to a center table where the violets were displayed.

Jack Ainsworth gasped. Could this elegant woman with her perfect hair and silvery voice be his old friend?

"Lillian," he said, still grasping her hand, "is it really you?"

She smiled, and it was her old smile.

"Yes, Jack, it is I. You see, I am going the way of the world."

"Nonsense! You are perfect!" he cried vehemently.

She was no less charmed. There was no evidence of beard or glasses, though the boy had grown into the man—tall, athletic, clean shaven, with strong jaw and deep voice. His honest gray eyes feasted on her beauty. She flushed.

"Tell me what you have been doing all these years, Jack," she said finally.

"Oh, working hard—and following your career."

"Yes," she said, "you have done well for yourself and I am proud of you. As for my career, it has not amounted to much."

"Lillian," Ainsworth said, leaning forward eagerly, "do you know that you have not written a line I have not read. You ceased to write to me, but I did not forget, dear."

Miss Treadwell had forgotten the rain and the unfeeling publisher.

"Tell me, Jack, what brings you to New York?" she asked.

"I have been elected vice president of the road and must live here," he replied.

"Then I suppose you will marry and keep up an establishment?" with a pretense of lightness.

"I don't know," he said dubiously. "There never was but one girl for me, and she—she has achieved fame. She would not think of giving up glory to become the wife of a railroad man."

A feeling long dead woke in the woman. "But she might be willing, Jack, if you asked her," she said almost wistfully. "She might gladly give up all her false glory to find real happiness."

"If I thought that," said Ainsworth breathlessly, "I'd ask her in a minute."

She thought of the novel, of the back work, of the loneliness of her life which this friend of the past brought sharply before her.

"Jack," she said, "I've decided"—She paused, then went on rapidly, fingering the violets in her belt, "to give up literature for good."

Ainsworth started forward. "Do you really mean it, Lillian?"

"Yes, I do," she replied bravely.

"But why?" he inquired, doubting, puzzled.

She looked up at him, and he read it in her shining eyes.

He leaped forward and folded her in his arms, crushing the violets in his eagerness. "My darling!" was all he could say in trembling tones.

As for Miss Treadwell, with that embrace came the realization that woman was not made to live on mind alone.

"Lois," she called, after a little, "bring me the manuscript of my novel." She took it from the wondering maid and turned to Jack with a radiant smile. "Come," she cried gayly—"come to my study fire and help me make dust and ashes of my literary pretensions."

"Mammy's" Art Criticism.

The old negro "mammy" of the antebellum type is fast disappearing, and when one does meet with the genuine article there is generally reason to remember the occasion pleasantly, says the Baltimore Sun. Recently a gentleman was making some purchases in a small grocery in west Baltimore, when there entered the store one of those characters belonging to the days gone by.

Hanging conspicuously on the wall of the store was a large lithograph depicting an airily clad youngster in a field of waving grain. The picture immediately caught the eye of the newcomer.

"Who dat?" she asked the clerk.

"Why, that is George Washington," replied the clerk, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Huh!" grunted aunty dubiously. "Hit luks mo' lak Moses in de ambush."

They Still Name the Cook.

A queer custom, which prevails at no other court than that of Great Britain, is the announcement at the beginning of each course at a dinner of the name of the cook who has prepared the dishes served. The origin of this custom dates back to the reign of King George II., who made a great favorite of one of his cooks, promoting him to the rank of chief over the heads of all his seniors. This, of course, created great jealousy, and every effort was made to oust him from royal favor by rendering him responsible for the failures which were laid upon the king's table. Greatly incensed thereby and fearing to lose his post, he complained to the king in person, who immediately gave orders that henceforth whenever a dish was placed before him the name of the cook responsible for its success or failure should be announced in an audible tone.

He Was Rather "Close."

An English clergyman of the eighteenth century, the Rev. Mr. Jones of Blewbury, with a nest egg of £200 and a stipend amounting to £50 per annum, left at death the sum of £10,000. He had been rector of his parish for forty years, and during all that time only one person had been known to sit at his festal table. No fire was ever lighted in his house, nor was a servant kept. In winter he would visit his parishioners to keep himself from perishing of cold rather than light a fire at the rectory.

Speaking of "crocodile tears," did you ever see a whale blubber?—Kansas City Independent.

Poor Old Lady Beaconsfield.

There is nothing in his life, says Lord Ronald, that redounds more to Lord Beaconsfield's credit than the manner in which he treated his wife. She could never have been but a somewhat commonplace though good hearted woman. As she grew old she became a wreck of humanity, but the poor, faded, painted old lady was ever treated by her husband with a deference and regard truly touching. It was painful to see how, in what we are pleased to call the highest society, poor old Lady Beaconsfield was made a butt and a laughing stock. Knowing how sensitive Lord Beaconsfield was to anything approaching ridicule, I felt how bitterly he must have suffered when in a crowded hall or drawing room his hosts would what they called "draw out old Lady Beaconsfield" and laugh at her to her face, showing no reticence, regard or decent feeling for the poor husband, who, imperturbable as he ever appeared, was probably suffering acutely at the conduct of his ill bred hosts.

A Thief, but No Liar.

Magistrate (to new policeman)—Did you notice no suspicious character about the neighborhood?

New Policeman—Shure, yer honor, I saw but one man, an' I asked him what he was doin' there at that time o' night. Sez he, "I have no business here just now, but I expect to open a jewelry sthore in the vicinity later on." At that I sez, "I wish you success, sor."

Magistrate (disgusted)—Yes, and he did open a jewelry store in the vicinity later on and stole seventeen watches.

New Policeman (after a pause)—Begorra, yer honor, the man may have been a thafe, but he was no liar.

Names In Ireland.

A contributor to The Pilot finds that in every thousand of the population in Ireland 13.8 bear the name Murphy, 11.8 the name of Kelly and 9.2 the name of Sullivan. These three names lead all others by a long gap. The somewhat popular notion that the Mc's and the O's stand at the head of the list of Irish surnames is thus disposed of.

"Time!"

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
And the clock was striking the hour;
The hour rose up, indignant,
And struck back with all its power.

—Life.

Venus.

Telescopic observations show that the planet Venus appears to a distant observer far more nearly like the earth than does Mars.

The Teasel.

It is a striking fact that the teasel as an instrument for raising the nap on cloth has never been superseded or improved upon, though various attempts have been made in this direction, notably with an apparatus of fine wire.

Sago Palm.

One acre of the sago palm, which is one of India's valuable products, gives nourishment equal to 163 acres of wheat.

Virginians.

Virginians are nicknamed "Beadles," from a colonial functionary.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

Purity of Language.

The question of "purity of language" is a difficult one to discuss, for without doubt, the colloquial usage of a language differs radically from the written and literary expression of a people. No one who "talks like a book" can be said to "speak" good English; there is a picturesque carelessness of expression, a license in the use of adjectives, which marks the successful conversationalist. There are certainly words and phrases which are daily being born amid unique surroundings, which add strength and virility to the spoken language, which, when they become rooted in our literature, destroy its purity and style, simply because they are the outcome of conditions which are transitory, and occupy no fixed place in the development of our people. Words even as ornamentation, when they cease to express a certain fact, become superfluous and distort the language. What is meant by purity of language is lucidity, delicacy of perception, an intuitive feeling for words. One can cultivate this by calling the attention of children to the aptness of expression, just as you may cultivate their musical ear to appreciate the subtle shading of expression in the works of the great masters, or debase their musical taste by the twang of musical hall productions.—Lally Bernard, in The Globe.

A Poker Call.

He—Made an expensive call yesterday.

She—Who did you call on?

He—Three queens and dropped fifty plunks.

There are so many cough medicines in the market that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

Some men seek justice and some have it forced upon them.

WIRE WOUNDS.

My mare, a very valuable one, was badly cut and bruised by being caught in a wire fence. Some of the wounds would not heal, although I tried many different medicines. Dr. Bell advised me to use MINARD'S LINIMENT, diluted at first, then stronger as the sores began to look better, until, after three weeks, the sores have healed, and best of all the hair is growing well, and is not white, as is most always the case in horse wounds.

F. M. DOUCET.

Weymouth.

When the day breaks some men are too lazy to make use of the pieces.

Chronic derangements of the stomach, liver, and blood are speedily removed by the active principle of the ingredients entering into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. These pills act specifically on the deranged organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease and renewing life and vitality to the afflicted. In this lies the great secret of the popularity of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills.

If a spinster isn't as tall as she would like to be she should get spliced.

Lifebuoy Soap—disinfectant—is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases. 22

It is a deplorable fact that a girl can never get her first kiss but once.

How's This?

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

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

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

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

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

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

It took Harvey 26 years to perfect his work of the discovery of the circulation of the blood.

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

RAW WINDS AND WET WEATHER

cause the Colds that cause Pneumonia and Consumption.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

cures the cold, heals the lungs and makes you well. SHILOH cures Consumption and all Lung and Throat Troubles; and Coughs and Colds in a day. Positively guaranteed. 25 cents.

Write to S. C. WELLS & CO., Toronto, Can., for a free trial bottle.

Karl's Clover Root Tea Cures Headache

HALCYON HOT SPRINGS, B. C.

Without question the best and most effective springs in Canada for the cure of rheumatism, kidney or liver troubles. The medicinal qualities of the water are unequalled. Splendid hotel accommodation; fine fishing and hunting. An ideal spot for the invalid.

In Belgium each member of the House of representatives receives £16 16s a month if he does not live in Brussels.

TWO LETTERS

THEY PROVE THE PERMANENCY OF CURES BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Over Six Years Have Gone By and This Cure Still Stands—Only One of Many Such Cases.

St. Mary's Ferry, N. B., June 14.—(Special)—Mr. Thomas Harrison of this place has addressed two significant letters to the Dodd's Medicine Co., Toronto.

THE FIRST ONE.

St. Mary's Ferry, Dec. 18, 1895.

Gentlemen:

I feel it my duty to you and to the public at large to tell what Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for me.

About one year ago I began to suffer with severe pains over the region of my kidneys, followed by a very lethargic feeling.

When I lay down, it was torture to get up again.

This state continued for some time, and all the while I was still getting weaker and losing flesh rapidly.

My appetite was very much impaired, and at last I was obliged to call in a physician.

He gave my sufferings a very learned name, and doctored me for some time, but I got no better.

I called in several other physicians, but it was of no use; my sufferings got worse all the time until I began to despair of life.

A friend advised me to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. I was very skeptical, but was prevailed upon to commence a treatment; the first box made me feel some better.

I passed a stone that had formed in the bladder.

I continued the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills until I had used three boxes, and now believe that I have a radical and complete cure, as it is six months since I used any of the Pills, and have had no symptoms or return of the malady.

I know that my cure is due to Dodd's Kidney Pills, as I used no other medicine after commencing their use.

Yours truly,
THOMAS HARRISON.

THE SECOND ONE.

St. Mary's Ferry, N. B.,
March 24, 1902.

Gentlemen:

What I said in 1895 I can at this moment most emphatically substantiate.

I have never had the slightest symptom of a return of my old trouble.

Yours truly,
THOMAS HARRISON.

Many a man with a good scheme lacks the required nerve to push it through.

Cast-iron ploughs were introduced about 120 years ago, and much objected to on the ground that they poisoned the land.

MARKETS.

WHEAT.

Manitoba wheat has been exceedingly quiet. Exporters are doing nothing and buyers are hard to find, while the prices of wheat in the American markets have been stationary over the week, the prices of Manitoba wheat have declined 1¼c per bushel and at the close of business Saturday stood as follows: 1 hard, 74c; 1 northern, 72c; 2 northern, 71¼c, in store, Fort William, spot or delivery, first half of June. For later delivery than first half of June there are absolutely no buyers unless at a sharp reduction on the above quotations.

Liverpool Wheat—No. 1 northern closed on Saturday at 6s ½d.

FLOUR—Hungarian patent $2.15 per sack of 98 pounds; Glenora, $2; Alberta, $1.85; Manitoba, $1.70; and XXXX, $1.25.

GROUND FEED—Oat chop, per ton, $29; barley chop, $24; mixed barley and oats, $27; oatmeal feed, $15.50; oil cake, $30.

MILLFEED—Bran, in bulk, is now worth $16 per ton, and shorts $19.

OATS—There has been a better demand for oats this week and prices are firm as follows: No. 2 white oats Fort William, 42½c bushel; No. 1 white, in car lots on track, Winnipeg, per bushel, 45c; No. 2 white, 41 to 42c; feed grades 38 to 39c; seed oats, 50. At country points farmers are getting 29c to 31c for No. 2 white oats.

BARLEY—Movement is very light. We quote 46 to 48c for seed grades, and 42 to 45c for feed, in carlots, on track, Winnipeg.

FLAXSEED—Dealers are asking $2.00 per bushel for seed flax.

HAY—Receipts are light, and the market is $1 higher at $8 to $9 per ton for fresh baled. Loose hay is not offering to any extent.

POULTRY—The market is not a very active one just at present, owing to light supply. Live chickens readily bring 75c per pair, and turkeys are worth 11c per pound, live weight.

BUTTER—Creamery—Receipts are increasing as pasture is better in the country, and milk more plentiful. Dealers are paying 17c per pound at the factory for choice creamery butter, which is a reduction of 1c per pound from the price of a week ago.

BUTTER—Dairy—Farmers' butter is now coming in quite freely, and the market is better supplied than it has been for a long time. The quality of the butter is good, and dealers are paying 15c per pound for the best, with a range of from 13 to 15c per pound, commission basis. Bricks are not wanted.

CHEESE—New Manitoba cheese is now in the market, and daily becoming more plentiful. Commission houses are paying 11½c per pound for this cheese delivered here, but a lower price may be expected shortly, as stocks are increasing.

EGGS—The market is well supplied with eggs. Pickling is now over, and lower prices may follow. Buyers are still paying 10½c per dozen for fresh case lots delivered here.

POTATOES—Farmers' loads delivered in Winnipeg, 25c per bushel.

DRESSED MEATS—Beef, city dressed, per pound, 8 to 9c; veal, 7½ to 8½c; mutton, 10c; spring lambs, each $3.50 to $4.50; hogs, per pound, 7¾ to 8½c.

TALLOW—Local buyers are paying 5 to 6c per pound for tallow delivered here, according to the grade.

Hides—No. 1 city hides, 6½c No. 5½c, No. 3, 4½. Kips and calf, the same price as hides; deakins, 25 to 40c; slunks, 10 to 15c; horse-hides, 50c to $1.

WOOL is worth 6½c per pound for Manitoba unwashed fleece.

LIVE STOCK.

CATTLE—The market is pretty bare of cattle and anything good will readily bring 5½c and even 5¾c now. One buyer paid 5¼c for a bunch of inferior cows this week and seemed glad to get them at that. Stockers are going west in considerable numbers. Yearlings are worth as high as $16 per head at point of shipment. Two year olds are bringing $20 to $22 per head.

SHEEP—There is a good demand for sheep and lambs and supplies remain light. Some eastern cold storage mutton is still reported here but for the most part the market is dependent upon fresh arrivals for supply. Sheep are worth from 5c to 5½c per pound, off cars, Winnipeg, and lambs about the same.

HOGS—Live hogs are very scarce and packers have put up the price another ⅛c this week, making the quotation now for best weights, averaging between 150 and 250 pounds, 6½c, off cars, Winnipeg. Heavy and light weights are worth ¼c less.

MILCH COWS—Cows are very scarce, and good milkers readily bring $45 each in this market. As most of the stock offerings are poor, they bring less money, the range being from $35 to $45.

Four miles of trees have been planted on Winnipeg streets this season.

W. W. OGILVIE MILLING CO.

By Royal Warrant Millers to H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

OGILVIE'S HUNGARIAN
THE WORLD'S BEST FAMILY FLOUR.
ASK FOR OGILVIE'S.

OGILVIE'S GLENORA PATENT
THE WORLD'S BEST BAKER'S FLOUR.

You Want Money

MAKE WHAT YOU HAVE GO FARTHER BY SUBSCRIBING FOR

THE GLOBE
TORONTO

and get all the privileges of buying where you can buy the cheapest. It will put you in close touch every day with the bargains offered by the big stores, and business houses of Ontario. Take advantage of its HALF-PRICE OFFER and have the regular morning edition and Saturday Illustrated go to your address if you are living west of North Bay. Regular price $4.00 per annum. Sent to any address west of North Bay for $2.00 per annum and this advertisement. Address: THE GLOBE, Toronto

Page Woven Wire Fence

Owing to the variations of the Canadian climate, considerable allowance must be made in all fences for contraction and expansion, which makes an ordinary wire fence unserviceable, as when it expands it becomes so loose as to prove of little value. Note the continuous coil; this makes it elastic and self-regulating. The Page Wire Fence is made of "Page" wire, which is twice as strong as ordinary wire. Prices are particularly low this season. 50,000 miles of Page fences now in use. We also make Gates, Ornamental Fences and Poultry Netting. The Page Wire Fence Co., Limited, Walkerville, Ont. 2

ROSS & ROSS, General Agents, Box 633, Winnipeg, Man.

Many a bachelor who plans a happy fireside of his own eventually bumps up against a so-called furnace-heated flat.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Lumberman's Friend.

In Jewish marriages the woman always stands to the right. In every other nation that is the man's place.

HEALTH FOR LITTLE ONES.

Baby's Own Tablets Make Children Well and Keep Them Well.

If your children are subject to colic, indigestion or any stomach trouble, if they are troubled with constipation, diarrhoea, or any of the ills that afflict little ones, give them Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine will give relief right away, making sound, refreshing sleep possible. It will put children on the highroad to health at once. It is doing this today for thousands of children in all parts of the country. Mrs. R. L. McFarlane, Bristol, Que., says: "I take pleasure in testifying to the merits of Baby's Own Tablets. I have used them for my baby since she was three months old, and previous to using them she was a delicate child. She is now quite the reverse, as she is plump, healthy and strong. I think Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine in the world for little ones." These Tablets are good for children of all ages and dissolved in water or crushed to a powder they can be given with absolute safety to the youngest, weakest baby. Guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drugs. Sold by all dealers at 25c a box, or sent post paid by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schnectady, N.Y.

A well-built chimney 100 feet high will sway 3 inches to 4 inches in a high wind without ant danger of falling.

Many a deluge of trouble has come out of a pink cask.

Happy is the man whose wife possesses more prudence than vanity.

The white poplar can be used as a natural lightning rod.

There are times when the truth is almost as disagreeable as it is sublime.

Girls who make the greatest exertions to catch husbands are usually last in the race.

Lots of men, after laying up something for a rainy day, get discouraged because it doesn't rain.

Two washings with Sunlight Soap wear the linen less than one wash with common soap.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar 209

DON'T TAKE
a big cigar if you want a good one.
SMOKE LUCINAS
a medium size and get that sweet flavor all cigar smokers enjoy.
TRY ONE.
MANUFACTURED BY
GEO. F. BRYAN & CO.....WINNIPEG

The Office Specialty Mfg. Co. Ltd. Toronto
MANUFACTURERS OF
SHANNON FILING CABINETS,
LAND DOCUMENT FILE CABINETS,
CARD INDEX CABINETS.
These Cabinets save time and money. An office not complete without them.
P. O. BOX 393, Winnipeg, Man.
E. R. HAMBLY, Mgr. Western Branch

Fortunate is the girl who loses her temper and never finds it again.

MINARD'S LINIMENT is used by Physicians.

Many a good man blacks boots, and many a bad one blacks characters.

A 10 cent packet of
Wilson's
Fly Pads
has actually
Killed a Bushel
of Flies

No Oxford student may take his B. A. degree until after a residence of twelve terms.

W. N. U. No. 381.

Colliers were slaves in England up to the year 1775.

Were it not for the things we are going to do life would not be worth living.

The only other animal besides man found all over the world is the dog.

He is fullest of fault who thinks himself faultless.

The last time torture was used in England was in 1640, when a glover named Archer was put on the rack.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.
Subscription $1.50 a year, in advance

W. B. Anderson, Editor.

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

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

Job Work Strictly C. O. D.

Transient Ads Cash in Advance.

Premier Dunsmuir in England.

The Premier has been interviewed in England by a representative of the Birmingham Post, a leading English newspaper, who elicited much valuable information from Mr. Dunsmuir, the publication of which in Great Britain at the present time must attract increased attention to this Province. We give a short summary of the interview.

Mr Dunsmuir is of opinion "that very much could be done towards strengthening the Empire by attention to many details of a simple yet practicle nature. Imperial penny postage, he thought, would do more to bind the Empire together than some of the larger projects discussed. He did not see why there should not be a common currency for Great Britain, Canada and Australia, and for this purpose an Imperial Bond Bank might be organized. The Imperial authorities should give every advantage to Colonial industries. He thought it was absurd to buy supplies from foreign countries for the use of the army when they could be bought as cheaply and as good in Canada. Mr Dunsmuir said attention was being paid to the development of trade on the Pacific Ocean and thought that material might be obtained by the municipal authorities in London for block pavement, which could be shipped very cheaply from Vancouver and Victoria round Cape Horn. There is also a great trade to be developed through the whole of Canada and the Empire in these directions.

The building of another railway line through Canada to the Pacific Ocean north of the Canadian Pacific railway, and more direct, so far as British Columbia and the Northwest are concerned, will—if carried out—give a direct Western outlet to the great grain-fields of Manitoba and the Northwest; and we look to see large elevators being built at Victoria and Vancouver in connection with the forwarding of wheat. So far, the Pacific States have had the monoply of that trade.

I have nothing special to say about politics in British Columbia. There has been a good deal of uncertainty and unrest in political circles, but this is one of the matters which, in a new country, will regulate itself, and the prospects now are that stability is assured. British Columbia being a new country is passing from one state of things to another, and more permanent one, and owing to the prominence it has attracted as a field of enterprise for investments, many matters have been greatly misrepresented and exaggerated through the press.

I may say that notwithstanding the adverse criticisms which have appeared in London and elsewhere regarding British Columbia, that its credit has been splendidly maintained, and as compared with the price of British Consols, which is the only standard of comparison, our position is several points better than it was two or three years ago, and I am pleased to observe that in the London markets, British Columbian securities show a steady upward tendency, and the demand for investments has been demonstrated to me by the numerous enquiries I have received respecting the proposed new loan.

MONSOON

Dear Mrs B——, in reply to your inquiry as to which is the best tea to use, I would say that in my opinion it rests between the Blue Ribbon and Monsoon Packet Teas. If you like rich, strong tea, then Blue Ribbon is undoubtedly the best, but should your taste be for a delicate and very flavory tea I would advise you to call on C. J. MOORE for a packet of Monsoon. Personally, I drink Blue Ribbon in the morning and Monsoon at 5 o'clock, but then, you know, I am a perfect crank about tea.

Yours truly, SARAH GRUNDY.

FIRE AT WILLARD BLOCK.

Fire was discovered on Coronation Day on the roof of the Willard block. As soon as the alarm was given, whatever available men left in town rushed to the Fire Hall, sounded the bell, (which, however, got thrown out of kilter at the first pull) rushed the hose cart to the hydrant at the corner of 3rd street and Dunsmuir Avenue, and had a stream turned on in short order. Previous to this, Mr W. Ashman had climbed the roof and dashed a pail of water on the burning shingles, partially extinguishing the flame. A few moments sufficed to kill the fire, which had originated from sparks falling on the dry roof from the chimney.

PERSONAL.

Mrs R. Graham of Texada, is visiting friends at Courtenay.

Mrs F. Partridge and Webster are at the seaside for a holiday.

Mrs Hy Murdoch left last week on a visit to friends in Nanaimo.

G. R. Robson of the H.B. Co., Victoria, was a guest at the Union Hotel last week.

Mrs R. H. Pidcock of Alert Bay, is visiting Rev. Mr and Mrs Willemar at Courtney.

Mr A. D. Williams, formerly of Cumberland, is reported to have made a good sale of mining property in the Klondyke.

Miss Russell of Nanaimo, has been visiting Mrs Lowe and her uncle, Mr J. Skinner, of Hornby Island, and left for home last week.

Mr and Mrs Banks of North Yakima, are here on a visit to their brother and sister-in-law, Mr and Mrs T. E. Banks. They leave today for home.

The various Sunday Schools of Comox and Courtney held their annual picnic at Mr J. Piercy's beach on Tuesday, August 5th.

Mr A. Hamilton, so well known here, is shaking hands with old friends after his long absence. We understand he will stay in connection with the electric light works.

A number of Cumberland and Comox residents are taking advantage of the warm weather and have gone to camp at Oyster River, among whom are Mr and Mrs J. Roe, Mrs M. Piercy and Mrs Carwithen and family, and Mrs McPhee and party.

The lady, lately Miss Thomas, who arrived from England recently, gave us a surprise on Coronation Day by marrying Ralph R. Wilcox, a long respected resident of Comox. We wish them a happy time.

RUBBER - STAMPS.

Seals, Stencils, Price Markers, Printing Wheels, Numbering Machines, Band Dating, and Numbering Stamps, Check Perforators, Rubber Type, Printing Presses, &c., &c., &c.

Franklin Stamp Works,
VANCOUVER, B.C.
13-8-02 4t

RAMS.

SHROPSHIRE :: RAMS.

A Good Ram is half the Flock, so Improve your Sheep.....
—IT :: PAYS—

I have Pure Bred, and 7-8 bred RAMS FOR SALE, and prices right.

Place your orders now as possibly I will be out of the business next season.

I have also Pure Bred Black Minorca Cockerels for Sale at $2.00 each.

GEO. HEATHERBELL,
HORNBY ISLAND.
13-8-02 4t

FOR SALE, Cheap, a Good Bicycle in first-class condition.—Apply, "News" Office.

To Have something Swell.

Take a Dry Sponge and pour on it a bucket of water
It will swell every time sure. ....

BUT we are not selling sponges, our line is——

SWELL BUGGIES

of all kinds. We have just received a Car Load of Open and Top Buggies with Steel and Rubber Tires. Expresses of all kinds with Platform, Half-Platform, Duplex and Elliptic or Hog-nose Springs. Buckboards, Carts, Sulkies, etc., all of the most Up-to-Date Patterns and Finish. Guaranteed for one year by the Makers and ourselves. .. ..

NANAIMO STEAM CARRIAGE WORKS,
3-12-'02 STANLEY CRAIG, Prop.

MAGNET CASH STORE

New Lines of—
Rubber Garden Hose, Rakes, Hoes, Axes, Hose Reels, Spades, Shovels, Tarred and Building Paper, &c., &c.

JUST RECEIVED — *LAWN SWINGS.*

Dunsmuir Avenue, Cumberland, B.C.

A. H. PEACEY, Druggist & Stationer.

A NEW LOT OF
ROCHESTER & CANADIAN CAMERAS
PHOTOGRAPHERS' SUPPLIES.
PLATES, PAPER, MOUNTS, ETC.

NEW FANCY LEATHER GOODS
PURSES, CARD CASES, TOILET SETS.

Try a Bottle of
FRAGRANT OLD ENGLISH
LAVENDER WATER.

STORE OPEN Sundays from 9 a.m. to 10 a.m. and from 5 p.m. to 6 p.m.

Dunsmuir Ave., Cumberland, B.C.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, to all whom it may concern, that the Partnership existing between Wesley Hodgson and Joseph Fitzgerald, in the butcher business at Courtenay and Cumberland, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent.

Mr Hodgson will collect debts due to the firm and pay liabilities to the Creditors. All persons indebted to the said firm are requested to pay the money to Mr Hodgson, and all claims against them are to be sent into him without delay.

W. HODGSON.
JOSEPH FITZGERALD.

JOHN MUNDELL, J.P., witness to dissolution.
Courtenay, July 5th, 1902.

FOR SALE
MAPLEHURST FARM,
HORNBY ISLAND,
(COMOX DISTRICT),

Containing—
230 Acres. — 200 Acres Fenced.
About 400 healthy Bearing Fruit Trees.
70 Acres cleared up good, and in crops and hay-land.
62 Acres cleared up rough, but good pasture.
85 Acres bush—easy cleared.
13 Acres chopped and burned over.

The whole of the 230 acres is excellent land and will grow any kind of grain and root crops. Is suitable for beef, dairy or sheep.

15,000 Cedar Rails in boundary and field fences.

Large 7-roomed house—water in house 2 Story Bank Barn, 32 by 75 feet. Sheep Barn, Hen Houses, etc.

Buildings 5 years old. Abundance of good water. Nearly ½ mile frontage on Lambert Channel. 1¼ miles from Government Wharf.

Good Markets—Cumberland (Union Mines), Nanaimo and Victoria.

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