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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

NINTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, AUG. 6, 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

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—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.

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VICTORIA, B.C.

THE

HICKS & LOVICK PIANO CO.

AGENTS FOR

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"MASON & RISCH" PIANOS.
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LOCALS.

A Chinaman was killed by a fall of top rock in No. 5 shaft last week

Miss McKay of Vancouver is spending the summer holidays with her cousin Mrs McPhee at Courtney

H. Tracy is expected to arrive here some time next week. He says he is tired of chasing around after Cudihee and Devery.

The True Blues gave a picnic Tuesday of last week at J. Piercy's beach, and wound up with a dance in the Agricultural Hall at Courtenay in the evening. Both picnic and dance were well attended.

The names of successful candidates for teachers' certificates belonging to this district are as follows:—3rd class. Evelyn B. Bate, Cumberland; Dora ne Crawford, Comox; Edna Harrison, Cumberland; Mary Milligan, Sandwick; Ka be ine McArdle, Comox.

On Wednesday afternoon last the marriage was celebrated, at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs Cowie, of Miss Piercy, the oldest daughter of the late Walter Piercy, and Mr J. Parkin of Sandwick. In the evening a dance was given at the home of the groom's mother to which a number of relatives and friends were invited. The bride was the recipient of many useful and beautiful presents.

The band serenaded Dr Gillespie and his bride last Wednesday evening. The Doctor, in thanking them, said he was glad to be back again, and mentioned that Mrs Gillespie was surprised at the proficiency of the band in a far away place like this, she to some extent, sharing the popular Eastern belief that this is a wild and wooly west indeed. We can assure Mrs Gillespie that the Doctor has himself but lately returned from the war path, and with a highly-prized prisoner.

Mr R. Grant of the Riverside, has a neat fence curving around the approach to his snug hotel. Rather, he had. It is now no more! Last Tuesday evening, a tornado visited Courtenay, and swept every picket off as clean as a whistle. The destruction was complete and terrible. Some people are so unkind as to hint that here was no tornado, but that the pickets were pulled off by a Cumberland contingent which attended the T. B. picnic, driving a 30 minute grey team (n. b. 30 minutes to the mile). We don't believe this, but stick to the tornado theory. True, the Bad Man let out a yell once that split a big fir tree, but even this would not drive pickets off. No! Bob can't yell that loud, no sirree!

What nearly resulted in a fatal accident happened last Saturday, when J. Gilmore drove up to Mrs Walker's late place of business to move some goods to her new premises. Just as he arrived there and stopped the team, one rein fell to the ground, and he stood on the pole of the truck and attempted to reach it. The team got startled at something and began to run. Jemmy held on for a while, but was eventually thrown to the ground between the two horses. He emerged after the wagon passed, badly bruised, but fortunately alive. The team ran up between the Waverley and the Magnet, then out by the alley, down Dunsmuir Ave. again, and were brought up near their own stable without much damage having been done.

WIRE NEWS.

London, July 29—Mr Chamberlain's appearance in the House of Commons to-day was marked by a speech which won the applause even of such opponents as Mr Labouchere. Mr Chamberlain dealt comprehensively with the past and future of South Africa.

"We have no intention," he declared, "that the Boers should break with their old traditions. We desire that they should preserve all the best characteristics of their race, and hope that they will shake hands with us, thus securing the prosperity in South Africa, under the flag which protects different races and different religions."

That sentiment was the keynote of his speech.

• • •

Portland, Ore., July 29.—Frank Carlson is dead as a result of a fierce hand-to-hand duel fought with Geo. Baldwin on Saturday night. The latter is in jail charged with murder.

The two men fought in the presence of their immediate relatives to settle a quarrel, which had as its starting point a dispute over the affections of two waitresses. Carlson received a knockout blow in the stomach, from which he instantly died. Baldwin immediately surrendered himself to the police pleading that he had done the deed in self defence.

• • •

Wm Williams, of South Wellington, badly mangled last week.

About 11.40 last night, as the special train taking the Ladysmith people home from the opera was leaving South Wellington, a most unfortunate accident occurred.

The train had scarcely got headway on when the headlight revealed to the engineer a dark object lying on the rails directly in the way of the train. He at once shut off steam and applied the air brakes but the momentum of the train was too much and the man—for so it proved to be—was hit by the cowcatcher and pushed along the ties for some distance before the train had stopped.

On examination the unfortunate man was discovered to be Wm. Williams of South Wellington, who works at Extension. He had probably been coming home and had lain down on the track to sleep. His feet were toward the engine and his back and hips and the back of his head were terribly mangled. He was immediately gathered up and brought to Nanaimo hospital in an unconscious condition, where Dr Drysdale attended his injuries. —HERALD.

• • •

Victoria, July 30.—A special to the Colonist says: It is now well understood that the Hon. R. W. Scott will succeed Sir Oliver Mowat as Lieut.-Governor of Ontario. Sir Oliver wants a second term, but the stalwarts of the party think that that the Lieut.-Governor, after 39 years continuously in office ought to be satisfied.

Mr Scott will be succeeded as Secretary of State by Senator Templeman, of Victoria, who accepted a seat in the cabinet without portfolio some months ago on the understanding that he would be provided for before many months elapsed.

Another interesting report is current here that Lord Strathcona will retire from the High Commissionership and will be succeeded by Sir Wm. Mulock.

PERSONAL.

F. M. Young came up Wednesday on legal business.

Miss Powell of Victoria is the guest of Mr. and Mrs Riggs.

Mrs Kirkwood of Nanaimo, is visiting her sister, Mrs T. Horne.

T. Morgan, mine inspector, paid us an official visit last week.

Hon. Judge Harrison was a passenger from Nanaimo Wednesday.

Mr Owens Nanaimo's capable piano tuner, is in town for a few days.

Mrs Dee returned to Nanaimo Friday, after visiting Cumberland friends.

Mr P. Dunne is back again with us. He intends going into business again here.

Messrs H. Reifel of the Union Brewing Co., and A. Anderson, Great West Life Assurance Co., did the town Wednesday.

Dr Gillespie and his bride arrived from the East Wednesday. The Doctor's many friends are glad to see him back, and join the "News" in welcoming him and Mrs Gillespie.

ACCIDENT ON THE LAKE

Sunday evening, a party of fishermen returning from the head of the lake had the misfortune to capsize their boat and narrowly escaped drowning. Fortunately, Mr Edmonson came along, shortly afterwards and picked them up, else they must soon have been chilled in the cold lake water. Most of their gear was lost.

The following sums were collected in Cumberland in aid of the widow and children of the late Matthew Gibson, Courtenay:—

D McDonald..	$5 00	N McFadyen.	1 00
J L Roe....	2 50	Jas Strang....	1 00
N Concina...	1 00	J Beckman...	1 00
C Grant....	1 00	Wm Maxwell.	50
H E Mounce.	1 00	H Cameron...	1 00
C Nelson....	1 00	J Furbow....	1 00
C R Birdrick.	1 00	R Halcrow...	1 00
W McLennan	2 00	J P Watson..	5 00
J Cleland...	2 00	G C Smith...	1 00
K Grant.....	2 50	Wm Reilly..	75
J B McLean..	1 00	Mrs McDonald	1 00
J A Carthew.	1 00	Mrs McDonald	50
J Woodland..	2 00	A Friend....	50
Geo Smith...	1 00	R Wilkinson.	2 00
Dr Gillespie..	2 00	D Daniels....	1 00
C A Staples..	2 00	Mrs R Smith.	1 00
T E Bate....	1 00	D Anthony...	1 00
Sam Shore...	2 00	W C White..	1 00
Wm Gleason.	2 00	M Mitchell...	1 00
Mrs Walker..	2 00	J Ripley.....	1 00
A H Peacey..	2 00	Mrs J Smith.	1 00
T Edwards...	1 50	Mrs Creech...	50
D Kilpatrick.	1 00	Mrs Mellado..	50
T Carey.....	1 00	J Kesley.....	2 00
R Robertson..	2 50	Geo Grieve...	1 00
O H Fechner.	1 00	C Pillisbury..	1 00
G S——.....	1 00	G D McLean.	1 00
S H R.....	1 00	H Murdoch..	1 00
E W Barrett.	1 00	D Thomson..	1 00
H Walker...	50	D Bennie....	1 00
Paull's Studio	1 00	J Bennie.....	1 00
Jas Abrams..	1 00	C Whyte.....	1 00
Jas Reid.....	1 00	J B Bennett..	2 00
Tom Banks..	1 00	Mrs J Mounce	1 00
J W Bowes..	50	T White.....	1 50
W Willard...	1 00	H Harford...	1 00
L W Nunns..	1 00	G W Clinton.	2 50
J Comb.....	50	Mrs Horne...	1 00
Miss Nash...	1 00	W Harrison..	1 00
T D McLean.	1 00	Joe Potter...	1 00
B Moore.....	1 00	C J Ellis.....	1 00
A McCallum.	2 00	A McKnight..	1 00
A Friend....	2 00	R Short.....	2 50
F Scavarda...	1 00	T A White...	1 00
C H Tarbell..	1 00	H Tanaka....	1 00
F Dallos.....	1 00	J R Gray....	1 00
T R Brown...	50	C S grave....	1 00
J Magnone...	50	D Stevenson..	50
J McLeod....	1 00	H Mitchell...	1 00
Mark Coe....	50	R Coe, snr...	1 00
C B.....	1 50	R Coe, jun...	1 00
Mrs Matthews	2 50	T Harwoods..	1 00
H Martin....	2 50	W Chadwick.	1 00
J Gillespie...	1 00	T Horbury...	1 00
A Armstrong.	2 50	A England...	1 00
Wm Reid....	3 00	J McGune...	1 00
Geo McMillan	1 00	H Campbell..	1 00
Robt Abrams.	1 00	R Hornall....	1 00
H Miller....	50	J E Calnan...	1 00
G Robertson .	1 00	J Watson....	1 00
Marocchi Bros	2 50	W Hayman...	1 00
J Baird.....	1 00	D Walker....	1 00
J Denton....	2 00		

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

A GIRL OF GRIT.

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

Copywright by R. F. Fenno & Co.

"Hello! Hello! I'm taking a holiday. Those galoots eastward won't bite, and I thought I'd give myself an airing in the park. Never expected to see you," which was a deliberate lie, for I had reason to know later that he had come out for that very purpose. "See your name in the papers. Presume it's you? They've got the whole story. Fine fortune, young sir; fine. Wish you joy."

I thanked him, not overcordially perhaps, for the man bored me, and I guessed that his was only an early attack upon my new found millions.

"Now, Captain Wood, I am delighted to have met you, for I may be able to give you a little advice. You will be assailed on all sides. You capitalists are the natural game of the promoters. Give them a wide berth. There's a mass of villainy about. Don't trust them—not a man of them. If you're in any difficulty, if you've got a few thousands to play with at any time, you come straight to me. I shall be delighted to serve you—for yourself, mind, and for the sake of old times, for I knew Bully McKaught well."

"Ah, indeed! Tell me about him. You knew him." I was eager to hear more of the man from whom my strangely unexpected fortune had come.

"I knew old McFaught—knew him well and did business with him, but not so much as I could have liked—worse luck! If I could have got upon his shoulders, I should have waltzed into unbounded wealth. But you had to be with him, not against him. He made some men, but he ruined more—stock, lock and barrel. It don't matter to you anyhow whether he piled up the dollars on dead men's bones or robbed the saints. Guess you can freeze on to what he gathered."

I laughed a little uneasily; but, after all, who was this Lawford, and why should I care for what he said? It was probably untrue.

"Will you be going over to God's country any time soon, Captain Wood? Wish you'd take me with you. You'll want a sheep dog, and I guess I'm pretty fly."

"You're very good. I shall remember, but I doubt my going just at present. Now, I think I'll turn in here." We were passing the portals of my club, the Nelson and Wellington, commonly called the N. and W.

"This your shanty? Pretty smart place. I take it. Can they fling a Manhattan cocktail any?"

But the hint was lost on me. I had had enough of Mr. Lawford and wished to be well rid of him.

"Well, good day," he said. "If you change your mind about crossing the pond, be sure you send for me. But I suppose London's good enough for you. It's a pleasant place, I reckon, with the spondulics to spend, and I guess you can have the best it holds now, if it's worth the buying. See you next time."

Could I? There was one thing I hungered for keenly, and was by no means certain of securing. Lawford's chance words brought it home to me with much emphasis. My chief object at this time was to try how far one fortune would favor me with another.

How would Frida Fairholme be affected by the news of my great good luck? I had been asking myself this momentous question ever since I had seen Mr. Quinlan. At one time I hoped for the best, next moment I was as greatly cast down. Now I leaned against the railings in the row, in my best hat and frock coat, with a brand new flower in my buttonhole, hoping she might see me and that I might get the chance of a word.

But she never came, and at last I left the park, disappointed and disconsolate, and returned to my rooms to dress for dinner. Here some one pushed past me just as I was letting myself in with my key; a man meanly dressed, one of the poor waifs, as I thought, who so often infest street corners, ready for any job.

The incident made no particular impression on me at the time, but it was brought home to me as one link in a chain of singular events that were near at hand.

CHAPTER IV.

A MILLIONAIRE'S FRIENDS.

Directly I was inside the house, Savory handed me a letter from Lawford:

Dear Captain Wood—When I left you in Piccadilly, I ran up against some friends who are much set upon making your acquaintance. They are the Duke and Duchess of Tierra Sagrada. He is a Spanish don, she an American beauty; Susette Bewater they called her in New York, where she and her family were well acquainted with your uncle, Mr. McFaught.

Won't you come to the opera tonight to be introduced to the duchess? They beg me to say that their box is No. 27A, upon the pit tier, where they will be entirely delighted to receive you. Send back a line at your early convenience and oblige, yours very faithfully,

RUFUS W. LAWFORD.

I had no engagements that night but a couple of balls, for neither of which, after my disappointment in the park, I was now very keen. Besides, I had no wish to be very late that night. I saw on my table an official "box" straight from the office and knew that it contained the great scheme for the attack on New York, which was referred to me for examination and report. I meant to give it my best attention in the early morning hours next day and so promised myself to get to bed betimes. A little good music would soothe me, I thought, so I wrote a few lines accepting the invitation and proceeded to dress.

It was then, as I stood before the glass in the window that gave upon the street, I caught a glimpse of the same forlorn creature looking up at my house. Was it mere accident? After I had heard that day the smallest matter all still unexplained assumed a certain importance.

When I left the club after dinner my "shadow" was still there. He sank slowly and, as I thought, reluctantly out of sight when I entered the

Savory handed me a letter from Lawford.

hansom and told the cabby to drive to Covent Garden. Remembering Mr. Snuyzer's communication but a few hours before, this espionage caused me some uneasiness. Yet it was done so clumsily that I half believed the fellow wished rather to attract than escape my notice. Of this I had soon a clear proof.

When I alighted from the cab just short of the colonnade approach of the opera house, I saw him, heard him, just at my elbow, having transferred himself there by the same mysterious process that brings a tout all the way from a railway station to your front door to unload the luggage.

"Don't take no more cabs, guv'nor," he whispered hoarsely in my ear, and next moment he was gone. Who had sent him in such a roundabout way to tell me this? Who, indeed, had set him on to watch me? It must have been a friend, of course, and I gave the credit to Mr. Snuyzer. They were evidently smart people, Messrs. Saraband & Sons, when there was a chance of business coming their way.

The night was not over yet—a night of dark doings and unexplained mysteries, all of which seemed to center in me. I could not quite believe—why should I?—that the scraps of conversation I was now to overhear referred to me. And yet, had I been gifted with second sight—had I, indeed, been more alive to the warnings I had received—I might have been spared much misery. But I am anticipating.

When I reached the opera the act drop was down, and I thought to cast a look on the house before I made my way to the box where I was bidden. My hosts were strangers, and I rather wished to see Lawford first, that he might present me to them in due form. So I entered by one of the side ways into the stalls and stood there watching the audience for a time.

In the midst of this I became suddenly aware that a pair of bright eyes were fixed upon me from another direction, and I saw that I was an object of interest—more of a passing interest, perhaps—to a well dressed, charming woman in a box on the pit tier.

Then suddenly Lawford touched me on the back, saying:

"Oh, oh! So you are here. Come right along. Let me present you to the duchess. She's mightily set upon seeing you," and he led the way along the corridor to the box No. 27A.

As we got close to it I saw the door was ajar and I was attracted by the sound of voices talking Spanish, which I knew. Lawford held me back, possibly fearing to be indiscreet and to intrude upon some family quarrel. What was said did not impress him, perhaps, for I think he did not understand Spanish. The voices were raised high enough to be plainly audible to any one outside—a man's, coarse, harsh and menacing; a woman's in reply, pleading softly, yet firmly.

"You know the conditions and you are bound to assist. The man has been handed over to us. He is our game, our quarry. What he has must be ours—all of it, the whole vast fortune."

"I would much rather be left out of the business. I despise myself so! I hate and detest the part you would have me play. I will not go against him."

"Sanctissima Virgen! Defend me from a woman's scruples. I tell you you must—there is no alternative. Captivate him, win his devotion. Why not? He is a comely youth (guapo chico); you have made eyes at worse. You must and shall. By heaven, if I thought you meant to play me false"—

[CONTINUED.]

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 CHEMIST IN EMBRYO.

Hank Timmons' boy Bob poured a pint of castor oil in the molasses jug when the folks were away to church last Sunday, and Hank's folks always have mush and molasses for supper Sunday night. Doc Reed, who tended on Hank's family, said the family wouldn't have suffered more if they had eaten a peck of Candy Cascarets.—Independent.

A THOUSAND THANKS

JEAN BOIVUE IS VERY HEARTY IN HIS EXPRESSIONS OF GRATITUDE.

In Graceful Sentences He Pours Out His Praise of Dodd's Kidney Pills the Remedy Which Has Done So Much For Him.

St. Elzear, Que., June 2.—(Special) It is a well known characteristic of our French Canadian people that they are fearless and enthusiastic in their praise of anything or anybody that has befriended them.

No one is more capable of more gracefully expressing gratitude than the average French gentleman.

A recent case illustrates this point. Mons. Jean Boivue has for many years been afflicted with a terrible malady of the kidneys.

He suffered a very great deal of pain, and his disease forced him to rise every hour during the night.

He was advised to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, and after taking a short treatment, found himself completely cured.

His gratitude knew no bounds and ever since he has recommended to all his friends the wonderful remedy which cured him so promptly and completely.

When he finds anyone who has no confidence in them, his first act is to give them some pills, and explain to them how to use them, and he has found this method very soon convinces the most skeptical of the truth of the statement he makes that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the greatest medicine in the world.

Mons. Boivue says:

"Dodd's Kidney Pills are good.

"I know this because while at one time I suffered very severely from Kidney Disease, now I am well.

"Not long ago I used to have to get up several times during the night, now I can sleep well all night without rising.

"You can believe me, I am glad to have regained my health, and I say thanks a thousand times to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

There is a preacher in South Carolina who preaches when he is asleep. There are some others who preach while the congregations sleep.

One trial of of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle and see if it does not please you.

How readily you are fooled by the smooth stranger! But your neighbor can't fool you; you watch him.

The county of London has 35,008 persons to the square mile, the county of Westmorland 84.

Siam Likes Odd Numbers.

The number of rooms in a house, of windows or doors in a room, even of rungs of a ladder, in Siam must always be odd.

Honeycomb.

The bees were the first canners, and their goods will keep for all time if stored in the right kind of an apartment free from frost and dampness.

Army Foods.

All European armies have certain extras weekly in the way of food. Sugar is given in England and France, two gallons of beer in Russia, half a gallon of wine in Italy, three pounds of fish in Spain and five ounces of butter in Belgium.

Enteric Fever.

Men over forty are practically proof against enteric fever.

SOURCES OF KNOWLEDGE.

You May Learn Something From Everybody You Meet.

One of the most useful success habits one can form is that of learning something from everybody with whom he comes in contact. No information which can be acquired is too trivial to be ignored.

Constantly measure yourself with the men you meet. You will find that every one can teach you something which you did not know before and which, perhaps, you would never have a chance to learn again if you did not acquire it from him.

Daniel Webster once made a great hit in arguing a case before a jury by repeating a story which he afterward said he had not thought of since he heard it fourteen years before. But Webster was always picking up something for future use. His famous reply to Hayne, the greatest speech ever delivered on the American continent, was largely made up of little reserves which he had picked up here and there in his reading, from studying men and from observation.

Many a prominent novelist has collected material for his stories by making notes of his conversations with those he has met and by observation. Charles Dickens got a great deal of the matter for some of his novels in this way.

One young man will go to a lecture and after spending an hour listening to the helpful, inspiring words of some prominent man will leave the hall or lecture room without having derived any benefit from the address. Another young man will attend the same lecture with an ambition to learn something. He will drink in the speaker's sentences as if he were never to hear such words of encouragement and inspiration again. At the conclusion of the address he will determine that he will make more of his opportunities in the future, that he will read more, think more, study more, be more than he ever was before. Such a young man has a purpose and is determined to learn something from everything he comes in contact with and from everybody he talks to. The other has no ambition, does not throw himself into what he does, lets his mind wander hither and thither, so that he never wholly understands what people are saying and therefore never derives any benefit or information from those with whom he converses.

Big Queensland.

To give some idea of the size of Australia, Queensland alone is half as big again as Germany, Austria and Hungary put together. Its area is 668,497 square miles.

South Carolinans.

South Carolinans are "Weasels," "Sand Hillers" and "Rice Birds," the first an allusion to the thinness of the early natives, the second to their place of residence, the third to a common crop and bird which feeds on it.

Horse Health

is one of the most important things for every farmer to consider.

Dick's Blood Purifier

will build up a run down horse.

It tones up the system, rids stomach of bots, worms and other parasites which undermine an animal's health.

50 cts. a package.

LEEMING MILES & CO.
AGENTS. - - - MONTREAL.
Write for books on Horses and Cattle.
IT IS FREE.

Knowledge embraces many subjects, but after all there is only one subject that is really worth embracing—woman!

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

You often hear people say: "Blast my luck!" Ever hear them praise their luck? Is there such a thing as good luck?

BRIGHT BABIES.

Are a Joy to Mothers and a Treasure in the Home.

All babies should be bright, good natured and well. If you have a child that is sickly, fretful, nervous, restless at night, or suffers from stomach or bowel troubles of any sort, give it Baby's Own Tablets and it will soon be well. There is no other medicine in the world will so safely and speedily cure indigestion, sour stomach, colic, constipation, diarrhoea and teething troubles. Thousands of grateful mothers speak of this medicine in words of warmest praise. Mrs. Fred. Power, 18 Scollard street, Toronto, says: "My baby suffered greatly from indigestion. She was pale and very thin and would cry with pain in the stomach, and sometimes would not sleep either day or night. I got a box of Baby's Own Tablets, and they have made a great change in my little one. She now digests her food readily, is not troubled with the pain in the stomach, and has grown quite plump. I do not know of any medicine that can equal Baby's Own Tablets for little ones."

This medicine is guaranteed to contain neither opiate or other harmful drugs. Children take the tablets as readily as candy and crushed to a powder they can be given to the smallest, weakest baby. Sold at all drug stores, or sent post paid at 25c a box by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE.

Mrs. Hauskeep—"Bridget, what do you mean by all that disturbance down in the kitchen?"

Bridget—"Shure, it ain't me, ma'am. It's Miss Ethel."

"Oh! Has she got back from the cookery school?"

"Yis, ma'am; an' she's gettin' ready to thry an' bile an egg, ma'am."

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Before marriage a man considers his best girl a little dear; after marriage he usually considers her a little extravagant.

144,063 English children under 14 years of age are wage-earners, out of the 5,601,249 who attend school.

The only town in a civilized country which is ruled and managed by colored men, is Eatonville, in Orange County, Florida.

It often happens that the straight of a crooked story is not very interesting.

WILSON'S FLY PAD
POISON
THE BEST
FLY KILLER

HECTOR

A Story In Which a Dog Plays the Principal Part.

Not that son of Priam, the beloved of Andromache, but still a real prince of his race and greatly beloved by one small woman. A magnificent mastiff is Hector, as brave and bold, not to say as gallant and noble, as many a hero with two legs less. As for dogs not being able to think, any one who can entertain such an idea deserves to live in "a chill condition of doglessness" to the end of his days. I will tell you about Hector, and you may judge for yourself.

Having been suddenly thrown upon my own resources, as so often befalls a girl brought up in luxury in this swiftly whirling maelstrom of our American life, I determined to cultivate the only decided talent I possessed, that for painting. Dresden was recommended to me as a place both cheap to live in and offering unusual facilities for art study. I accordingly went there. Without a chaperon? Certainly. I was to be a person of affairs, and what was a business woman to do with so costly, not to say inconvenient, an appendage as a chaperon? All winter I studied and copied in the gallery, and when summer came I took the little steamboat which runs up and down the Elbe, bowing its smokestack so deferentially to all the bridges, and hunted up picturesque castles to sketch.

"Lieben-felsen" was the beautiful old schloss I fell specially in love with, so I finally persuaded an old couple who lived near it to take me to board for a few weeks. They had rather a nice little house and a garden that sloped down to the water's edge. There, under the overhanging trees, I used to sit for hours gazing up at the massive towers just on the other side of the castle wall. Now and then a feeling of loneliness swept over me, and my heart yearned for some of the pleasures of my joyous past.

One morning I asked my landlady if any of the numerous German laws would be infringed if I should go in swimming. At first she declared I would drown immediately, but when I assured her that I had known how to swim since a child she finally consented, with a protest as to the general unusualness of American behavior.

How refreshing it was! What happiness to plunge fearlessly into the cool, clear water! Not a living soul was to be seen, not a sound to be heard. Suddenly a great splash startled me. I felt my bathing dress seized between the shoulders and myself dragged vigorously out of the water upon the bank. I was thoroughly terrified, but, fortunately, made no resistance. As I looked up an enormous head appeared, and a large pair of eyes gazed inquiringly into mine.

I had always loved dogs, but this monstrous disturber of my peace was so formidable that I dared not move. He, too, was motionless, and I read on his collar the name Hector. At last I raised my hand very gently and patted him on the neck, and, to my infinite relief, I perceived a slight vibration in the tip end of his tail. Just as I was wondering how far I dared presume upon that friendly symptom he lapped his rough tongue all over my face. Then I sat up and laughed, and he jumped and frolicked, as large as a young lion, as gentle as a kitten.

Presently I tried to go back into the water, but to this he forcibly objected, and I was obliged to submit. When I returned to the house, he accompanied me, to the terror of my hostess. "He belongs up at the schloss," she explained. "The young graf is always traveling, and almost all the servants are afraid of him."

"Poor fellow!" I thought. He has been lonely too. That is what we read in each other's eyes. After that Hector and I were inseparable. He came every day, and we explored all the surrounding country together. I am sure he thought—yes, thought, just as much as you or I can think—that he saved my life and consequently ought to appoint himself my guardian. To me he seemed like a living link to the beautiful old castle, a protector and faithful friend.

One morning as we were returning from a long walk I saw advancing that always novel sight to American eyes, a woman and a dog harnessed together, dragging a cart. In this instance the cart was full of vegetables. It was evidently a market frau taking produce to town. Now, Hector was a true knight, valiant, loyal and gentle, but he possessed also that other characteristic of knighthood—he brooked no intruders, and no sooner did one of his kind appear than he challenged him to combat. I knew this and trembled, but hoped for the best.

Unluckily, however, that plebeian dog as he approached presumed to give a defiant bark, which settled his fate. Instantly Hector gave one spring and, seizing his boastful adversary, shook him out of his harness in less time than it takes to tell of it, overturning the cart and scattering the vegetables in every direction. I was distressed beyond measure and called Hector in the most commanding tones I could assume. Then I coaxed him, all of which he entirely ignored. Meanwhile the other one of the span was by no means quiet.

She was indeed perfectly furious. She abused Hector, she abused me, she abused the aristocracy, to which she seemed to think we both belonged, as highway robbers and assassins! In my desperation I picked up a stick to compel Hector to obedience, but she mistook my motive and advanced upon me in a rage. "Silence!" We turned quickly. Just out of the wood came a young man in uniform, evidently an officer. The dogs stood still in an instant, and I rushed forward and grasped Hector's collar.

He did not consent kindly to being led off, but the other dog had been pretty well chastised by this time. Hector felt his knightly powers had been duly established, and he quieted down in a deferential sort of way, as if he were only consenting to it on my account. Then the market woman began to wail that her wares were spoiled and she might as well go home, but when I gave her some money, and the gentleman kindly added some too, she harnessed herself and her dog again and resumed her journey. Then I turned to thank my preserver. Hector, whose collar I still held, was restlessly dragging me forward, so we walked on together.

"I am so sorry," I began, "that my dog should have made such trouble."

He smiled. "Happily," he said, "the damage was not irreparable."

"I am very much obliged to you for interfering just now," I went on rather excitedly. "It gave me a chance to bring Hector away."

"It was courageous of you to do it," he replied. "He is a huge beast for you to defy."

"Well," I protested, "he would not hurt me. He is such a noble fellow, and we are very fond of each other, Hector and I. Indeed he has been my best friend all summer."

He looked down on me and smiled again. "I am glad of that," he said, "for Hector is my favorite dog."

This, then, was the count, and I had been claiming his property. No wonder Hector had quieted down at his voice!

He must have read the disappointment and mortification in my face, for we had just arrived at the castle gates and Hector had bounded away into the grounds when he raised his military cap with graceful courtesy and said: "Fraulein, we shall let Hector choose between us. If he prefers you, I shall never claim him and shall, moreover, admire his taste."

He walked toward the gate while I went on, but Hector rushed out past him to me and whined pathetically; then he ran back to the count and stood defiantly in his path. To humor him his master came out again, and I turned and faced him. Hector's joy was unbounded. He jumped around us both wildly and showed by every sign in his power that he had no intention of "cleaving to the one and forsaking the other." It was so evident and so amusing that we both laughed heartily, which seemed to establish a friendliness at once.

"He is determined we shall not part, fraulein. Will you permit us both to accompany you home?" They did so, and on the way I assured the count of my intention to return shortly to the city, when he would probably have his favorite's undivided affection again.

The next morning when I took my accustomed place out under the trees Hector soon came trotting gayly along the bank, holding in his mouth a small object of dark blue and red cloth, which he deposited at my feet. I picked it up. It was a military cap. You may call it accident if you like and say any dog will pick up a hat and carry it off, but you will see how mistaken you are. After awhile Hector's tail as he lay at my side began to hammer the ground with gratified thumps, and I looked up questioningly. The count came toward us laughing, to get his cap, he said, but he must have forgotten his purpose, for he stayed to watch me sketch, and the next day he came again and the next.

I did not return to Dresden as soon as I had intended. Indeed, I finally decided not to return at all, but to make my home in the beautiful old castle. I had always been opposed to American girls marrying foreign noblemen, and the count had had, he told me, a most disapproving opinion of American girls in general; but, you see, Hector had made up his mind—yes, his mind—not to spare either of us, and he is such a fine fellow we could but acquiesce in the matter.

Destructive Earthquakes.

In 1693 an earthquake overturned fifty-four cities and towns; Catania and its 18,000 inhabitants were wiped out of existence and more than 100,000 lives were lost altogether. In 1702 Yeddo, Japan, was ruined and 200,000 people killed. In 1731 Peking lost 100,000 by an earthquake. In 1754 100,000 were engulfed at Grand Cairo. The following year Lisbon was wrecked the second time, losing 60,000 people. The same year Kaschan, Persia, with 40,000 people, was totally destroyed. In 1759 Baalbec, Syria, was destroyed, 20,000 persons being killed. The same number perished at Allepo in 1822. In 1851 Melfi, Italy, was laid in ruins and 14,000 lives lost. In 1857 in Calabria and elsewhere not less than 10,000 perished by earthquake shocks. One authority on the subject estimates that in the years between 1755 and 1857 the kingdom of Naples lost not less than 111,000 of its people by earthquakes.

Soldiers of the Civil War.

The muster of rolls of the Union armies of the rebellion show that out of 2,000,000 in round numbers three-fourths were native Americans; Germany furnished 175,000, Ireland 150,000, England 50,000, British America 50,000 and other countries 75,000—in all about 500,000 foreigners. Forty-eight per cent of our soldiers were farmers, 27 per cent mechanics, 16 per cent laborers, 5 per cent professional men, and 4 per cent were of miscellaneous vocations. The average height of our soldiers was 5 feet 8¼ inches, including the large number of recruits from seventeen to twenty years of age. Out of about 1,000,000 men whose heights were recorded there were 3,613 over 6 feet 3 inches, and some were over seven feet.—Army and Navy Journal.

MOLDY OR WORMY CORN.

A Cause of Disease In Horses In Kansas and Adjoining States.

Serious losses in this and adjoining states are occurring at the present time as a result of feeding wormy, moldy corn, either when it is fed as a grain ration or when obtained by pasturing in the stalkfields or when fed upon the cut corn fodder. The disease is an inflammation of the brain or spinal cord and its coverings (meninges), associated with a breaking down of the nerve tissue of the brain. It is popularly called "staggers" or "mad staggers," because of the prominent symptoms shown.

The symptoms are those of a brain disease. The animal appears blind and only partially conscious. There is often a tendency to turn in a circle to the right or left and a staggering or a straddling gait. There is usually a trembling of the muscles. As the disease progresses the animal becomes delirious and easily excitable. In many cases the animal will stand with the head or breast against a wall or manger and push. Animals will often eat when badly affected apparently from force of habit, not because they are hungry. In some cases animals will die in a few hours after they are first noticed ailing. Most of them die within a few days. A few live a week, rarely longer. In a few cases the spinal cord is diseased, while the brain remains nearly normal. In these cases there is inability to control the muscles or the animal may be unusually sensitive, the least irritation of the skin, even by touching the animal, often causing it to kick violently. Where the spinal cord only is affected the animal frequently recovers. Laxative food should be given, and iodide of potash in one dram doses dissolved in water can be given once daily for three or four days. Mules are rarely affected by this disease.

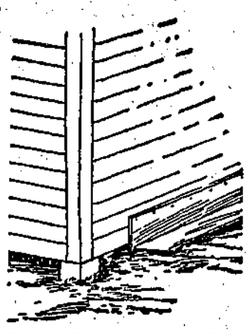
Practically all cases where the brain is the seat of the disease die, and all methods of treatment so far have proved of no value. The animal should be placed where it will be comfortable and cannot injure itself or other animals and supplied with soft laxative food, such as thin bran mashes. The only treatment for the disease is preventive by avoiding the wormy, moldy corn. Care should be exercised in handling a horse to avoid injury, as the animal is irresponsible and often in a delirious frenzy.

In some cases horses do not begin to die for a month after being turned into the stalkfields, and they may contract the disease a week and in some cases ten days after the moldy corn has been withheld.

Moldy or wormy corn does not seem to be injurious to other animals and can be fed to cattle and hogs without danger.—U. S. Mayo, Kansas Station.

Protection Against Wind and Cold.

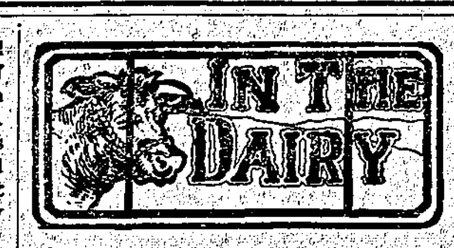
Many farm buildings permit the wind to sweep under them because they have no tight foundation. Such a condition causes much suffering to the animals confined inside. The Farm Journal suggests that a simple way to bank such a building is to lay down a strip of the stout, red building paper that is now sold so cheaply in the manner shown in the cut. Tack the upper edge or put on laths along the upper edge and lay a narrow strip of board along the edge upon the ground. It costs but a trifle to go all around a building in this way.



EASY WAY TO BANK A BUILDING.

Friday Marriages.

Friday is the unlucky day of the week, but it seems to have no terrors for those matrimonially inclined. Friday holds a fair average with other days of the week for marriages solemnized.



The skimmilk calf has come to stay. Men have learned by experiments and by careful feeding that skimmilk is the cheapest and best feed for a calf, especially for the dairy calf, says J. L. Smith in Kansas Farmer. The greatest trouble is the danger of overfeeding. Most people seem to think that because skimmilk isn't very rich they must give the calf lots of it, so they pour it down him by the bucket without stopping to think what a calf's stomach is like, and the result is that they soon have a lot of "potbellied" calves.

When the calf is a few days old, he is taken away from the cow and put into a pen or shed to be taught how to drink skimmilk. Then the fun commences. If the calf will not drink the milk right off and is a little stubborn, the fellow who is trying to feed him usually gets mad, jumps straddle of the calf's neck, backs him up into a corner, grabs hold of the calf's head with both hands and rams it down in the milk to the bottom of the pail. Then the calf gets mad and bawls and tries to get away, gets strangled and finally succeeds in spilling the milk.

It is best to have a little patience with the calf and remember that it does not have very much sense at first. After it has sucked the cow two or three times it should be taken away and put in a good clean pen and fed on its mother's milk for a week or two. Then begin to gradually reduce the whole milk and add a little skimmilk each day until within a couple of weeks it will be on skimmilk alone. A good substitute for the fat removed is a little cornmeal given after drinking. This will also keep them from sucking each other. Overfeeding, irregular feeding or feeding cold, sour milk is very apt to cause scours with the calves.

To feed skimmilk fresh from the hand separator on the farm is the best way, because it is always warm and sweet. The skimmilk from the creamery is all right, but in warm weather it will not keep sweet very long unless it is sterilized well and thoroughly cooled when brought home. If the milk is fed with a little meal and clean bright hay, calves can be raised on skimmilk.

Separating the Cream.

If milk is to be used for butter making, keep it as warm as possible and set it to rest for creaming at once, says a Pennsylvania dairyman in New England Homestead. The warmer the milk when set the more complete will be the separation of the cream from the milk at any given lower temperature, and the more rapidly the temperature falls the more rapid will be the separation of the cream from the milk.

Milk Needs Careful Handling.

I am very careful when milking my cows to have them clean as well as to keep my hands and those of my hired man clean, says M. Dickinson in American Agriculturist. My stables are always in the best of condition. The milk is run from a hand separator directly into the milk cans. Each skimming is kept separate and hauled to the creamery by itself.

A noted western man riding across the country and noticing thousands of acres of cornstalks standing in the field from which the ears had been jerked said, "The farmer is conducting the only business in the world that allows a man to lose 45 per cent of his capital stock and at the same time to live." Out of our great corn crop of nearly 2,000,000,000 bushels annually only a very small part of the fodder is turned to much account, says Kansas Farmer. At the very lowest estimate the stalks yielding one bushel of corn are on an average worth 10 cents for feed, even including the great corn regions, a total of $200,000,000 lost. In the south generally little value is attached to cornstalks as fodder. In the west many farmers let their cattle roam in the fields and pick off some leaves, eat a little of the stalk and trample the rest down. Nearly the whole of a cornstalk except a very little of the thin, hard outside coating affords nutritious fodder if it is cut at the proper time and well cured. It needs to be cut when not so green as to mold in the shocks, but not so ripe as to lose all its succulence and become woody. Experience and observation will generally indicate to every one the proper time for cutting it.

Plant Fodder Corn.

Fodder corn is a cheap and valuable food to retain the milk product during July and August, when the pastures dry up and cattle lose in flesh and milk. It may be cut up and mixed with feed, fed whole or used as ensilage. Every farmer keeping cattle for dairy purposes should raise a large field of it each year for summer and winter use. Sow upon good land in drills about three feet apart and keep well cultivated. If seed corn especially adapted for that purpose be used a much larger field per acre can be had than by using field corn.

Thrashing Corn Fodder.

Haul the shock corn to the barn and run it through the thrashing machine. This cuts and slits the stalks all fine, shells and separates the corn and beaks up the cobs. This process leaves the fodder in fine shape for feeding stock, as there is no waste, and if managed so as to run it from the machine into the barn is certainly a great saving.

About the best product which is being turned out from the cornfields of the country is the boys who plow and care for the crop; who husk it when ripe and graduate from the cornfields into legislature, senate chamber and judicial bench; who become the brainy, forceful, managers of great business enterprises and make history for their country.

So rare a thing is it that the portrait of a young man who graduated with honor from one of our western agricultural colleges and went straight from the college back to his farm is given in the papers. This thing will not be so rare after awhile, for the farm conducted along scientific lines is in the near future going to offer better financial promise than are any of the so called professions.

Would you try to fatten twenty 100 pound shotes this winter with corn at 55 cents a bushel? No, we would not. In the latitude of southern Minnesota the winters are too cold to make the fattening of any animal during the cold weather a profitable operation. We would winter these pigs over, keep them growing, no more, and along the first of April put them up and sell the last of June as 300 pound hogs.

We are reminded that the ways of the world are far more humane than they were in the good old days. Political conditions made an army of vagrants and tramps in the time of King Henry VIII. in England, and he disposed of them by hanging them, no less than 72,000 vagrants being hanged during his reign of thirty-six years. Times improved some during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, for she hanged only about 400 a year.

A Minnesota man claims that by the careful breeding of wheat he is going to be able to supply a variety of wheat which will produce fourfold more than any we now have. We do not believe that this can be done, and if it could be it is doubtful if such discovery would be of any real benefit. Wheat pulls the life out of the best of soils fast enough as it is and, one year with another, is one of the least profitable crops which can be raised.

When the stock die in the cornstalk field, it becomes a very expensive pasture ground. They have died by the thousand all over the corn belt recently, whether from smut poison or from impaction or what it matters not, and it does not seem to have made any difference whether care was used in introducing them to the new feed. The fact remains that there is death in the cornstalk field, and if one can't cut the stalks up he had better burn them up.

Without any sort of sense or reason man manifests the same inveterate enmity toward all kinds of hawks, owls, eagles and their kind that he does toward snakes, when, with the exception of the few venomous snakes, the entire list of birds referred to and nonvenomous snakes should be rated as among his best friends, as they constitute nature's most effective agency to limit the number of the rodentia—rabbits, mice, rats, gophers. This is a lesson which needs preaching over and over.

We are asked about the fall sowing of clover seed—for instance, on a field of rye in middle September. We have never known a fall sowing of clover north of latitude 42 to be a success. The plant is too tender to endure the extreme cold of the winter. We have known clover to be sown among corn at the time of the last plowing in July and come through all right, but in that case the plant had time to get better rooted and stronger. The best time to sow the clover seed is in the spring as early as possible.

The man who last August was cussing Providence and bewailing his bad luck as he looked at his withered cornfield and offered to sell it, and in not a few cases selling it at the rate of $3 or $4 an acre, in November found that the field yielded forty bushels of good corn to the acre, worth $20, and a ton and a half of fine fodder, worth $12, or more than one-half what his farm was worth at $60 per acre. This was really the worst case of agricultural grunting and cussing that we ever came across.

Mineral Waters.

An enormous capital is invested in the mineral water industry in Great Britain. It is probably not overestimating the figure to put it at £15,000,000, while the workers employed will number not far short of 100,000.

THOROUGHLY CHINESE.

Canton Is One of the Oldest Cities In the World.

Canton, the capital of the province of Kwangtung, has a population of about 2,600,000 and is one of the oldest cities in the world, and until the port of Hongkong was opened it was the export city of the empire. Its old walls and fortifications, with their old guns, are all now obsolete and entirely neglected, remaining only as monuments of departed ages. They have never been of service except as warning of danger to an invading foe and no doubt had the desired effect until the last half century.

Canton is said to be absolutely and thoroughly Chinese, and there is no other city in the empire that is more so. There it exists today, with its narrow streets, its old temples, its wealth, its extreme poverty and its peculiarly constructed buildings, and when one considers the habits and customs of its people and their achievements in the arts so characteristic of that country, its ancient history so resplendent centuries ago, unless that history is a fable, and sees there now so much that is filthy and repugnant to common decency and civilization the present state of the country needs but to be seen to be condemned.

No stranger is respected or safe from insult within its limits unless he has official or military bearing or is in care of a trusty guide—one of their own countrymen, armed with plenary license and power.

Friendly Foes in Kentucky, 1862.

In these matters of principle not a hand was raised to prevent a free choice. No feeling of personal hatred stood between those who saw life's duty differently. A neighbor to the right of a little home called one evening on his neighbor to the left. He kissed the children and shook hands with the parents.

"I may not see you again. Tonight I go to join Morgan," he said.

The host went to his little wardrobe, took therefrom his greatcoat, thrust a pistol into the pocket and threw it over the arm of his guest. Both were poor men, and winter approached. The recipient attempted to return it. "No," said the donor, "no you take this coat. Your path is to be one of privation; besides, I won't need it. Tomorrow morning I start north to enlist. My government has overcoats to spare, and pistols too. You who go south may find neither. God bless you, friend. May we return to meet again."—Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

Through Other Spectacles.

Some very good stories are told of the impression made upon those who attend for the first time the very high church Episcopalian service, with its elaborate ritual and its extraordinary musical features, at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin. The reply of a very prominent Catholic priest when asked by the friend who had taken him there how he liked the service: "Well, really, I prefer the simple ritual of my own church," is a current story at the clubs.

Even more amusing was the comment of the elderly Scotchwoman whose relatives said to her as they were leaving after the service:

"Well, Aunt Janet, did you enjoy the service?"

"A' weel," said Janet in response, "it's verra interestin', but what a w'y to spend the Sabbath!"

A Wrestle With German.

An estimable woman of Milwaukee is an earnest member of a local German class, but her method of pronouncing some of the words, at least in one specific instance, aroused the mirth of her companions. At a recent meeting of the class one of the questions in the day's exercise was, "Are you not glad that you are able to learn German?" This query was in the foreign language, and the answer was, "Ja, gewiss," meaning, "Yes, certainly." It so happened that this particular woman was called up to read the question and answer. She got through the question all right, but convulsed the class by reading the answer this way, "Ya; gee whiz!"

Don't Be a Pest.

If you can't oblige people in any other way, you can at least let them alone. Half the troubles of people are due to idle and impudent interference in their affairs. Half the time when you make a vigorous kick there is no kick coming to you. One of the worst habits people have is making each other unnecessary trouble. Life is hard enough at best. Don't be a pest. If you can't help others, you can at least let them alone.

Beards In Old Russia.

The Russians had an old law by which any one who drew hair from another's beard should be fined four times as much as for cutting off a finger, and the importance and value of the appendage are further illustrated by the fact that, although the loss of a leg was estimated at 12 shillings, the loss of the beard was estimated at 20.—London Globe.

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. E. 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. Beat 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 of 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 accessary 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 freight 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

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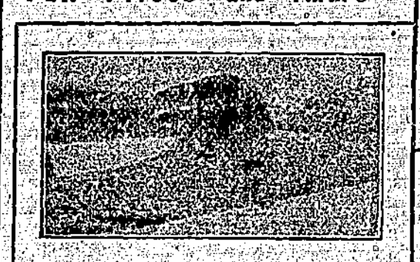

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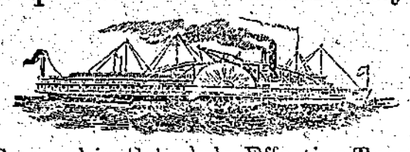

Steamship Schedule Effective Tuesday, January 21, 1902

S. S. "City of Nanaimo."

Leaves Victoria Tuesday, 6 a.m., for Nanaimo, calling at North Saanich, Cowichan, Musgraves, Burgoyne, Maple Bay, Vesuvius, Chemainus, Kuper, Thetis and Gabriola.

Leaves Nanaimo Tuesday, 3 p.m., for Union Wharf and Comox direct.

Leaves Comox and Union Wharf Wednesday, 12 noon, for Nanaimo and way ports.

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

Leaves Comox Friday, 7 a.m., for Nanaimo direct.

Leaves Nanaimo Friday, 2 p.m., for Victoria, calling at Gabriola, Fernwood, Ganges, Fulford and North Saanich.

Leaves Victoria Saturday, 7 a.m., for Island Ports, calling at North Saanich, Cowichan, Musgraves, Bergoyne Maple Bay, Vesuvius, Chemainus, Kuper, Thetis, Fernwood, Ganges, Fulford and Victoria, when freight or passengers offer.

Special arrangements can be made for steamer to call at other ports than those above mentioned when sufficient business is offered.

The Company reserves the right to change sailing dates and hours of sailing without previous notice.

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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

Issued Every Wednesday.

W. B. ANDERSON, - - - - EDITOR

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

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

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 6, 1902.

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TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE
NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 Daily. A.M		No. 8a P.M
Dp 9:00	Victoria	Dp. 4:25
" 9:28	Goldstream	" 4:53
" 10:0	Koen g s	" 5.34
" 10:48	Duncans	" 6:1
P.M.		P.M.
" 12:14	Nanaimo	" 7:41
Ar 12:3	Wellington	Ar. 7:55

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

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

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

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

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

Notice.

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

By order.
FRANCIS D. LITTLE
Manager.

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

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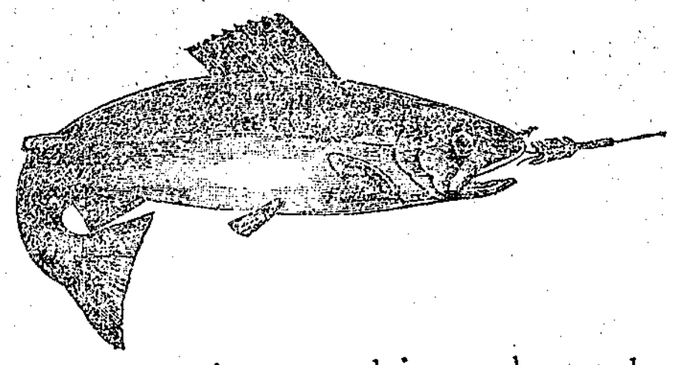

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NEWS OFFICE.

BOWSER IS TOUCHED

SOUGHING WINDS BRING FEELINGS OF SYMPATHY TO HIS BREAST.

The Old Fellow Grieves For the Suffering—Would Lighten Burdens of Misery Ridden Humanity With Kind Words and Sympathy.

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

THE Bowsers had finished their dinner and settled down for the evening, and all was going well, when Mr. Bowser suddenly noticed that the winds were banging the rear blinds with lonesome sounds, and he grew reflective. Mrs. Bowser looked up from her book and noticed the sad look on his face and inquired if he was not feeling well.

"I was thinking of how many sorrowful hearts there are in the world tonight," he answered. "Hark to that

"MY DEAR SIR, I KNOW JUST HOW YOU FEEL."

long drawn sigh of the wind! You might almost believe it a wail of grief from a stricken people."

"Yes; every one has his sorrows," she answered, but at the same time wondering if this was the beginning of one of his tantrums.

"Thousands of hearts are aching for kind words," he went on, "and yet we sit here in utmost selfishness and have no thought or care. It is indeed a selfish, cruel world, and I for one am ashamed of myself."

"But one person can do so very little."

"But do we even do a little? Has either one of us during this long week spoken one single word of cheer to sorrowing humanity? I have gone around selfishly intent on money making, and you have sat here and bossed the cook around as if she were a slave, and the recording angel has found nothing to our credit. I tell you, Mrs. Bowser, it is not right. Our conduct is simply shameful."

"I don't feel any stings of conscience," she said as she remembered that the cook had been out two afternoons and three evenings during the week and had came home almost tipsy on two occasions.

"And why don't you? Because you have a frozen turnip in your breast. You really seem delighted at the sorrows of others. You'd go out of your way to say mean things to a man whose heart was breaking. I have known you to read of an earthquake which destroyed 20,000 people at one fell swoop and smile over it."

The family cat had settled herself down for a quiet evening, but Mr. Bowser's tones warned her that a circus was on hand, and she got ready to take a front seat at the performance.

"If you wish me to turn the house into a sorrowful asylum, it can be done," said Mrs. Bowser. "We might advertise in the papers that words of cheer will be spoken here free of cost."

"By thunder!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser as he rose up, with his right arm sawing the air, "but it's no wonder that pedestrians sheer off from our gate and that stray cats never venture across our back yard. Intuition must warn them against your cold heartedness. Only yesterday I stood at our gate and sought to coax a homeless dog inside, but he looked up at your windows and howled dismally and fled. Woman, I wouldn't have your heart for all the money ever coined."

Mrs. Bowser wanted to give him back as good as he sent, but prudence closed her lips, and quiet reigned for a couple of minutes. It might have reigned longer but for another strong blast of wind. Mr. Bowser, who had been walking about, stopped and shivered as he heard it and then made a sudden resolve.

"I shall do my duty whether you do or not," he said as he passed down the front hall.

"Are you going out?"

"I am. If a few kind words of mine, spoken to men who wander about in these wailing winds with no hope in their hearts, will lift them up for the moment, those words shall be spoken. You needn't sit up for me, and if that blamed old cat is still looking cross eyed when I return I will jump her out of the window."

Mrs. Bowser let him go without another word, and he had not yet turned the first corner when he came upon a man backed up against the fence. He appeared to be just such a man as was aching for kind words, and Mr. Bowser laid a gentle hand on his shoulder and said:

"My dear sir, I know just how you feel, and I don't blame you for it. You have sought for one sympathetic soul in this cold world, but have failed to find it, and your heart"—

"Look here, old cock," interrupted the man as he flung off the hand, "I'm waiting here for my girl to come out and go to the show with me, and don't you get too funny!"

"Aren't you a man with a burden of sorrow?" asked Mr. Bowser as he stepped back.

"Not by a jugful, old funny, and you can pass right on. I'm a journeyman plumber, I am, and the burden of sorrow is on the man who pays for the solder. If I were you, I wouldn't drink any more tonight."

Mr. Bowser passed on. There was a tickling in his right ear, but nevertheless when he had gone a block farther and encountered an old woman lugging a big basket he stopped her to say:

"Madam, the world has used you cruelly, and you are making your way homeward tonight with the feeling in your heart that no one cares whether you live or die."

"And who be you?" asked the woman as she backed off and looked around for a policeman.

"I am one who desires to speak kindly to you and bid you believe that sympathetic hearts still beat."

"Oh, you are! Well, now, let me tell you that I am carrying home my laundry work, and if you make a grab at this basket I'll yell out and bring people who'll have you in jail in five minutes!"

"My dear woman, you can't believe any such thing of me. I left my own fireside not ten minutes since to"—

"Then go back to it. You are either an old masher or you want to snatch me basket. Off you go or I'll yell out!"

Mr. Bowser tried once more. He tackled a sad faced, hump shouldered young man whom the cold world had refused to sympathize with, but had scarcely uttered ten words when he was interrupted with:

"And is it asking me to go somewhere and take a drink with you?"

"No, sir. What I wish to let you know is that I sympathize with you in the way this heartless world has used you."

"And there's no drink?"

"No, sir."

Five minutes later Mrs. Bowser heard a great clatter on the sidewalk, and as she ran to the front windows she saw Mr. Bowser gallop through the gate pursued by four or five men with burdens of grief. It was a close race, but he got up the steps and into the house ahead of them.

"Well?" she asked as she confronted him in the hall while the pursuers banged at the door.

"I see how it is!" he gasped as he began to climb the stairs. "It's another of your put up jobs to have me assassinated, but it has failed, and tomorrow we will have a talk and settle about the alimony. Not a word, madam, not a word! If any one calls for me, say that I cannot be seen!"

M. QUAD.

Outbunkoed.

Slick Pete—Say, I'm through! Here I've been in the bunko biz for twenty years, and a kid sticks me wit' a day before yesterday paper!—New York Journal.

Pa's Opinion.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what effect do the laws of gravitation have on people?

Pa—They probably keep a lot of people down in the world, my son.

Second Thought.

"Only the good people go to heaven, you know."

"It must be already crowded with the first husbands of remarried widows."—Boston Transcript.

Function.

It is a formal dinner,
And I am there, you see;
Were "I" to drop quite out of "it,"
Why, "it" would be a "t."

Cushing's Way.

"Caleb Cushing would go into the street and ask information of the shabbiest negro if in that way he could learn what he wished to know," said one who was associated with him in Washington.

Lobsters and Crabs.

In buying lobsters and crabs the heaviest are the best. The male lobster, though generally smaller, has the best flavor.

Big Earthworms.

Earthworms six feet long are found in Gippsland, Victoria. They live in burrows on the sloping sides of creeks and are the largest variety found in the world. It must be a burly bird which picks up the worm in Gippsland.

Yawning.

It is not merely a common saying that yawning is "catching," but the highest scientific authorities say that it is unquestionably true.

OLD KENESAW'S LAST BATTLE

The Story of a Dying Veteran.

BY CHARLES B. YOUNGER.

"Old Kenesaw is dying!"

Had some careless attendant left a door or window open that winter morning and allowed the bitterly cold wind to sweep through the corridors and wards of the great hospital, there would have been no more shuddering among the hundreds of patients than was caused by this whisper, passed rapidly from cot to cot, from nurse to nurse, speeding across to be disseminated among the hundreds of students in the adjoining buildings.

"Old Kenesaw is dying!"

The attending physician, summoned hastily by the alarming symptoms, had stopped but a moment to hand his snow covered cap and ulster to the receiving nurse. A glance into the contorted, agonized face of the venerable patient, a touch of the pulse, the briefest study of the paroxysms that were but the surface indications of the terrible torture within, and the doctor turned away with a look of utter despair and helplessness.

"No hope, doctor?" The head nurse had witnessed other death struggles, and it is said that nurses become inured to such scenes. But the girl's interpretation of the doctor's manner left her presenting a picture of abject misery. "Oh, dear, dear, to think that kind Old Kenesaw must suffer so!" Through her wet eyes she looked at the poor, wasted old body writhing and twisting upon the cot. "Oh, doctor, if you are quite sure he cannot recover, is there no way—can't you make the end less painful?"

Dr. Blank had turned away from the scene and was looking vacantly out of the window. If he made no immediate response to the nurse's appeal, it was because he was revolving the same perplexing problem in his own mind. Although he had grown gray in the hospital service, Dr. Blank was for the first time face to face with a most violent case of angina pectoris, but he recognized it as hopeless beyond all human means.

What could be done to ease Old Kenesaw in a losing struggle with death? The battle could end but one way, and it was tearing the very heart from the victim and subjecting him to the worst torture man can experience.

Aside from the moans of the dying man the little room was quiet. The few seconds that the doctor stood there pondering seemed an age to the nurses and the internes, who first glanced in sadness and terror at the patient, then in appeal to the silent man at the window. Presently the doctor's dark, hopeless countenance changed, and hope was discerned in his quick command:

"Send for Ainsley. Take my horse and buggy and get him here quickly as possible."

Then, as an interne hastened through the hall to carry out these instructions, the sad news spread over the great buildings, whispered by nurse to nurse, by patient to his neighbor in the next cot:

"Old Kenesaw is dying!"

Never was a man more truly loved. Many years before he had come to the hospital suffering from old age and the ailments contracted in the southern swamps during four years' service in the civil war. Broken in health, without a home or relative, depending upon his scanty pension to hold strong soul and shattered body together, he drifted into the free clinic and asked for treatment. As "No. 74" he had first become known to the nurses and internes, but after he had related his war experiences to them and had told and retold with glistening eyes of his greatest battle his title was changed to Old Kenesaw Mountain and in time to Old Kenesaw.

When Old Kenesaw enlisted with the army of patients, it was thought he would eventually be relieved and discharged. After two months of good care the old warrior was again fairly comfortable, but he evinced no desire to depart from the hospital, and, in fact, no one wanted him to go. He had become a sort of general factotum, and his services were regarded as well worth his bed and board.

Old patients and new internes, nurses, medical students, the entire hospital staff and even the visitors at the institution came to know him familiarly. His slow, shuffling step and the cheery click of his cane on the hardwood floors were as familiar as the scheduled visits of the nurses and always as welcome, if not more so.

Old Kenesaw had access to every nook and corner of the hospital. The patients drew inspiration from his kindly old face, and his stories of camp and battle served as a tonic.

To the children in the hospital Kenesaw was the incarnation of all that was good, kind and helpful. He was their chum, their never failing friend. He would creep to the cots of the little sufferers, chase away thoughts of pain and bring smiles to their wan faces with his inexhaustible fund of stories.

Once when a child, scaling the dizzy heights between life and death, had cried for some goldenrod it was of record that Old Kenesaw had trudged eight miles to find a large bunch of the flaming yellow flowers and placed them where the child could see them. He lured the little patients to sleep with his quaint old lullabies when nurses' words and doctors' opiates had failed. Small wonder they all loved Old Kenesaw, the friend, the comforter and the confidant.

The shadow that had fallen over the hospital when his fatal illness was announced was momentarily lifted. There was unusual activity in the halls. An attendant had driven Dr. Blank's horse to the entrance almost at a gallop. A tall man with coal black hair and piercing black eyes jumped out and hastened into the building. A nurse was waiting to show him to the patient's side.

Just outside the door of Old Kenesaw's room Dr. Blank met the new arrival, John Wilbert Ainsley, the celebrated hypnotist. There was a hasty conversation in whispers, a brief history of the life of the patient, and Professor Ainsley knew what was expected of him. "We must hurry," said Dr. Blank, "and, for God's sake, Ainsley, don't fail."

The hypnotist nodded his head, and the two men noiselessly entered the room. The great specialist recognized in this a supreme test of his skill and resolved that his brilliant record should not suffer. He stepped briskly to the bedside and took the wrinkled hand of the patient in his own. Then, without a word, he gazed fixedly into the eyes of the dying man.

The veteran, half unconscious by reason of the terrible pain he was suffering, at first paid no heed to the powerful figure bending over him. For a few moments he groaned and tossed about, but slowly, surely, the stronger one was gaining the mastery.

Old Kenesaw now glanced into the penetrating eyes and turned away, but again he looked and again. He seemed powerless to look elsewhere. Gradually the moaning ceased; he became less frantic. Presently the body was motionless. The thin lips moved, but no sound came from them. Only his rapid, labored breathing could be heard.

Thus far the hypnotist had said nothing. His dominating mind and intent gaze alone had silenced the cries of pain, quieted the tortured body and made the mind of his subject insensible to the terrific process that was fast bringing his life to an end. But he was going further. Seizing both the patient's hands in his own, he shouted:

"Here comrade, comrade! Wake up! Come, come; it will never do to lie there! Come on, or the ambulance corps will be picking you up! The bullet stunned you, old man. Come on! They need us at the front. Don't you hear the cannon booming and the rifles cracking? Kenesaw! Kenesaw! Kenesaw! Hooray, we've got 'em on the run!"

The illusion had gone home. As the dying veteran listened to these startling words he drew himself up to a sitting posture and passed his wrinkled old hands over his glazing eyes as if to remove something that was obscuring his vision. Great beads of perspiration stood out upon his pale face, and an unearthly fire came into his eyes. The lips that had failed a few minutes before now found utterance:

"Hist! Is that you, Cottrell, old pard? Give me your hand! Thought I had lost you in that last charge. No, no; it don't hurt now; jest a scratch. Where's our company? Sure! That's our guidon half way up the mountain. Hooray! Give it to 'em, boys! Come on, Cot; give me your hand, old pard. It seems a bit smoky, but come on; we've got 'em on the run. Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!"

As the final shout of triumph came from his lips he sank back upon the pillow, and the sweet smile lingering on the furrowed old face told that he had died happy. Old Kenesaw had fought his last battle.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Knowledge Is Power.

An illustration of the truth of this proverb is found in Mr. J. G. Bertram's book, "The Harvest of the Sea." It seems that a monopoly of the extensive fisheries of Scotland and England once came into the hands of a man who kept his agents at the principal stations and required them to furnish him all facts that came to their knowledge.

At one of his stations in the far north the fishing had been unsuccessful for the greater part of the season, and there was no prospect of improvement when he looked into the matter. Upon examining his agent's letters from that place for some years back he found by a comparison of dates that at a certain place herrings were likely to be found. He accordingly instructed his agent to send his boats to that spot.

The fishermen laughed at the idea of a man sitting some hundreds of miles away and telling them where to get fish, but as his orders were positive they had to obey, and the consequence was that they returned next morning loaded with herrings.

Snakes' Legs.

There are two very finely prepared skeletons of big snakes in the National museum in Washington, and in making them ready for exhibition the utmost pains were taken to preserve the cartilaginous extremities of the ribs, which with ordinary treatment are lost. Without these little pieces of cartilage the serpent's skeleton can hardly be said to be complete, inasmuch as they are the feet upon which the reptile walks, as it were. In fact, a snake walks on the ends of its ribs and in that manner achieves locomotion.

Some big serpents, however, like the boas and pythons, really have hind legs, though they are quite rudimentary. Pythons, you know, are constrictors, crushing their prey in their toils. They have no poison glands, but they can bite terrifically with their many teeth, which turn inward like hooks, so that a person once seized would have little chance of disengaging himself save by chopping off the head of the animal.

Unanimous.

We like to see the right succeed,
No matter what betide,
The reason is that all of us
Are always on that side.

Matchmakers.

It takes the constant labor of 60,000 people to make matches for the world.

London Likes Fowls.

It is the opinion of leading salesmen that London consumes no fewer than 15,000,000 fowls a year, which if evenly divided among the population would allow about three per head per annum.

Morocco Mail Carriers.

Mail carriers in Morocco are said to avoid the risk of losing their places by oversleeping by tying a string to one foot and setting the end on fire before going to sleep. The string, they know from experience, will burn so long, and when the fire reaches their foot it is time for them to get up.

Goats' Milk.

A German sanitarium regrets that so little use is made of goats' milk. Its advantages over cows' milk are, he says, that it is richer, more like human milk and absolutely free from germs of tuberculosis.

Items About Alfalfa.

American Agriculturist finds that several years ago alfalfa was tried in Louisiana by the experiment station and gave satisfactory results. When sowed in October on well prepared land at the rate of fifteen to twenty pounds of seed per acre, a first cutting can be secured in March or April. As much as eight cuttings a year may be expected.

This legume seems to do fairly well in certain sections of Ontario, but as a rule it is not generally satisfactory. The hairy vetch yields a much greater amount of green fodder and is in many ways more desirable. It is much more profitable than the common spring vetch.

Alfalfa grows well on various kinds of soil, provided the subsoil is open and porous. A rich, somewhat sandy loam, with a deep and loose or gravelly subsoil, well supplied with lime, is most favorable.

Alfalfa in New Jersey was best cured by leaving it in the swath long enough to become well wilted, then putting into shocks to complete the curing process.

Alfalfa will last four to ten or more years, depending upon the character of the soil, methods of manuring and cutting.

The Working Cow.

In some parts of Europe they make a practice of working cows in the yoke as we do or used to do oxen, excepting that possibly as they want milk they are careful to feed well and not overwork. This led to a series of experiments at Stockholm, Sweden, in testing the milk of cows so treated, and they found that the milk was reduced in quantity by the exercise, but its quality was so much richer in butter fat that the working cows actually produced more butter than cows equally good that had no other exercise than they found in gathering their food in the pastures. This opens up a new possibility, remarks American Cultivator.

Greasy Collars.

A cloth dipped in ammonia and rubbed thoroughly on a coat collar will remove the greasy look. Velvet collars may be treated in the same way, but must be held in front of a hot iron directly after to raise the pile.

Potted Plants.

It is necessary to supply food to any large plant growing in a small pot. The soil gets so full of feeding roots that nourishment must be supplied extraneously. A good fertilizer supplies the plant with food quite as sufficiently as would repotting.

Varnish Stains.

To remove varnish from the hands rub them with a little methylated spirit, wipe with a soft rag and then wash thoroughly with soap and water.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

"SHAKE, OLD BOY!"

An exchange tells of a lady who decided to scare her hard drinking husband so that he would reform. To do this she procured the costume of a devil, which she saw at a masquerade. The next time the erring spouse came home feeling happy, she donned the costume. As he opened the door she stepped forward and said, in a sepulchral tone:

"Come with me, I am the devil!" The reply to her greeting was:

"Zat so? Shake, old boy! I'm your brother-in-law; I married your sister."

Hard and soft corns cannot withstand Holloway's Corn Cure; it is effectual every time. Get a bottle at once and be happy.

No man has yet found out who can use good judgment when his hair stands on end.

Cannot Be Beat.—Mr. D. Steinback, Zurich, writes:—"I have used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in my family for a number of years, and I can safely say that it cannot be beat for the cure of croup, fresh cuts and sprains. My little boy has had attacks of croup several times, and one dose of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil was sufficient for a perfect cure. I take great pleasure in recommending it as a family medicine, and would not be without a bottle in my house."

The only applause a married woman gets is that from her kin when she successfully fools her husband.

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 a good woman stays away from church and hears after that there was almost no one there, the burden on her conscience increases.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Lumberman's Friend.

Count your blessings. If you sleep in a cold house, where all the fires go out at night, remember that in the warm steam-heated houses, bedbugs winter as well as summer.

Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. If attacked, do not delay in getting a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly, and thoroughly subdues the pain and disease.

A cemetery widower is always gayer than a court house widower. Somehow, the court house widower is still a little afraid of her.

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.

HER PECULIARITY.

"You must find that impediment in your speech rather inconvenient at times, Mr. Barnes."

"Oh, everybody has his little peculiarity; stammering is m-mine."

"Well, really, I was not aware that I had any peculiarity."

"Do you s-stir y-your t-tea with y-your r-r-right hand?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"W-well that is y-your p-p-peculiarity—in-most p-people u-use a t-tea s-s-spoon."

Keep MINARD'S LINIMENT in the House.

Oh, well, time drags on now, but think of the time when your only way of measuring it will be by the medicine you take.

There is many a merry ha! ha! at your expense that you don't know about.

THE BEST PILLS.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "We have been using Parmelee's Pills, and find them by far the best pills we ever used." For delicate and debilited constitutions these pill act like a charm. Taken in small doses the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

Henry VIII.

Henry VIII. was enormously fat and easily overheated. At the slightest exertion his face became purple.

Soldierly Birds.

On a parade ground at Calcutta are several adjutants, or argalas. These birds, which belong to the stork tribe, walk up and down the ground, and they look so much like soldiers that at a distance strangers often mistake them for grenadiers.

If You Could Look

into the future and see the condition to which your cough, if neglected, will bring you, you would seek relief at once—and that naturally would be through

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

SHILOH cures Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all Lung Troubles. Cures Coughs and Colds in a day. 25 cents. Guaranteed. . . . . .

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

Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the Blood

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.

We imagine that the two most gruesome tasks in the world would be to shave a dead man and curl the hair of a dead woman.

WEAK AND HELPLESS

THE CONDITION OF MRS. WM. WESCOTT, OF SEAFORTH.

Suffered From Headaches and Dizziness—Could Not Stand the Least Exertion.

From the Sun, Seaforth, Ont.

Mrs. Wm. Westcott is well known to nearly all the residents of Seaforth. It is also well known to her neighbors and friends that she passed through a trying illness, but is now, happily, in robust health. To the editor of the Sun, Mrs. Westcott recently gave the particulars of her case for publication, merely in the hope that her experience might be of some benefit to some other sufferer. She said: "For some time past my health was in a bad state my whole system being badly run down. I was troubled with headache, much dizziness, my appetite was poor and I could not stand the least exertion. I consulted different physicians, but their treatment did not seem to benefit me, and I gradually became so bad that I was unable to attend to my household duties. I then tried several advertised medicines, but without any beneficial results, and I began to despair of getting better. One of my neighbors strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and somewhat reluctantly I consented to do so. After I had taken the second box I began to note a great improvement in the condition, and by the time I had used five boxes I was fully restored to my former good health, much to the surprise of my neighbors and relations. I do not suffer the least now from those headaches and dizzy spells; my appetite is good and I can attend to my household duties with the greatest ease. In fact, I feel like a different woman, and all this I can say is due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. All who suffer from a run-down constitution should give these pills a trial."

When the vitality is low; when the blood needs to be replenished, enriched and purified; when the nerves are weak and require strengthening, there is no other medicine can take the place of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is because of their direct specific action on the blood and nerves that these pills cure such troubles as anaemia, nervous headache, dizziness, palpitation of the heart, rheumatism, sciatica, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, kidney and liver ailments and the functional troubles that make the lives of so many women a source of almost constant misery. Do not take any but the genuine, which have the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all dealers, or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Some girls have an idea that they are truly literary if they lie on a rug before a fire place while reading a book.

MINARD'S LINIMENT is used by Physicians.

MARKETS.

The market for Manitoba wheat has been somewhat stagnant. Wheat is not in demand by exporters, prices being out of line, but a good deal of spot wheat has been needed to cover contracts on May sales and has tended to hold prices up. Latterly spot wheat has fetched from ¼ to ½c over June delivery. At the close of Saturday's business values were as follows: 1 hard, 75¼c; 1 northern, 73¼c; 2 northern, 71½c, in store, Fort William, delivery first half of June. No buyers for later delivery.

Liverpool Wheat—No. 1 northern closed on Saturday at 6s 5d.

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 is an active demand for oats for shipment and the market is firmer. No. 2 white oats Fort William, 41c per 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—There has been a good demand for seed barley and the market is firmer. Supplies are very light. We quote 46 to 48c for seed grades, and 42 to 45c for feed, in car lots, 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—Live chickens are coming in rather freely, and are now selling at 75 cents a pair, with prospects of lower prices next week. Turkeys are worth 11c per pound live weight. Ducks and geese are not offering.

BUTTER—Creamery—Fresh made creamery butter is now commencing come in and is worth 18c per pound at factory points.

BUTTER—Dairy receipts are becoming quite liberal, as pasture is now getting good in the country and the cows are giving more milk. Farmers' wives have also more time now to make butter, and they are able to market it. The market is weaker, and 1 cent below its level of a week ago. We quote fresh made dairy in tubs or rolls at 15c per lb commission basis here, for best quality. Inferior grades rule lower according to quality. The market is completely bare of old stock.

CHEESE—Dealers are offering 11½ cents for new Manitoba cheese, delivered in Winnipeg.

EGGS—The market has declined another ½c per dezen. Produce houses are paying 10½c per dozen for fresh case eggs, delivered in Winnipeg.

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

DRESSED MEATS—Beef is very scarce, and has advanced ½c this week. 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.

Hides—No. 1 city hides, 6½c No. 2, 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.

SENECA ROOT—The market is expected to open at about 30c per pound.

LIVE STOCK.

CATTLE—Fat cattle are still scarce and badly wanted in the local market. The pasture is getting better and grass cattle will soon be available. Reports from the west say that many young cattle have perished in the recent storms in Alberta, but that otherwise the cattle are doing well and getting plenty of pasture. Butchers are now paying a full 5¼c for best animals, and from that down to 4¾c for inferior grades. 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—About 5 to 5½c per lb is the value off cars, Winnipeg.

HOGS—Best packers' weights 6⅜c per pound off cars, Winnipeg. Other grades bring proportionate prices.

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.

HORSES—There is a good steady demand for horses for both farm and general use, and dealers find no difficulty in disposing of all they can secure. The market is being largely supplied from Ontario. There are some Montana horses selling. Prices continue high.

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.
OGILVIE'S GLENORA PATENT
The World's Best Baker's Flour.

ASK FOR OGILVIE'S

WHEN BUYING WHY NOT GET THE BEST?

STEPHEN'S PAINT

PURE READY MIXED

FOR
ELEVATORS, BARNS, HOUSES, FLOORS, ROOFS
CARRIAGES, WAGONS, OIL AND VARNISH STAINS

PAINT FOR ALL PURPOSES.

SOLD BY UP-TO-DATE HARDWARE DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

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G. F. STEPHENS & CO., Limited, ... WINNIPEG.

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Is what you get if you have

THE GLOBE

TORONTO
CANADA'S LEADING NEWSPAPER

Coming into your home regularly. You can have it for $2.00 per annum by taking advantage of the

GREAT HALF-PRICE OFFER

made to everyone living west of North Bay. The regular price is $4.00. By cutting out this advertisement and sending it with $2.00 you can have it for a whole year. Address: THE GLOBE, Toronto.

EDDY'S PARLOR MATCHES

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

¶ Try our Parlor Matches. They produce a quick LIGHT without any objectionable fumes.

THE E. B. EDDY Co., Limited
Hull, Canada.

CONSUMPTION Prevented and Cured.

Four marvelous free remedies for all sufferers reading this paper. New cure for Tuberculosis, Consumption, Weak Lungs, Catarrh, and a rundown system.

FREE.

Do you cough?
Do your lungs pain you?
Is your throat sore and inflamed?
Do you spit up phlegm?
Does your head ache?
Is your appetite bad?
Are your lungs delicate?
Are you losing flesh?
Are you pale and thin?
Do you lack stamina?

These symptoms are proof that you have in your body the seeds of the most dangerous malady that has ever devastated the earth—consumption.

You are invited to test what this system will do for you, if you are sick, by writing for a

FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

and the Four Free Preparations will be forwarded you at once, with complete directions for use.

The Slocum System is a positive cure for Consumption, that most insidious disease, and for all Lung Troubles and Disorders, complicated by Loss of Flesh, Coughs, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis and Heart Troubles.

Simply write to the T. A. Slocum Chemical Company, Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto, giving post office and express address, and the free medicine (the Slocum Cure) will be promptly sent.

Persons in Canada seeing Slocum's free offer in American papers will please send for samples to Toronto. Mention this paper.

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POOR KID

The nasty pipe made him sick.
A nice sweet

LUCINA CIGAR

would have made him happy.

MANUFACTURED BY
GEO. F. BRYAN & CO..... WINNIPEG

The Office Specialty Mfg. Co. Ltd. Toronto

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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

Your friend is so quiet. But what a blab your enemy is!

One cent wise
One dollar foolish
To use any but the best

SUNLIGHT SOAP

REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar 207

When older women gossip before a girl it is a sure sign that they consider she is grown up.

Monkey Brand Soap cleans kitchen utensils, steel, iron and tinware, knives and forks, and all kinds of cutlery. 20

W. N. U. No. 380.

Some people will lose five dollars for the privilege of attending to your business.

The man who is always figuring where he will come in will find himself cast out at the end.

How many different "figures:" you find among women!

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.
Subscription $1 50 a year, in advance

W. B. Anderson, Editor.

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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.

The Island Mines.

The news from Mt. Sicker mining district is very encouraging. In the Lenora, last week, a ledge of high grade ore was struck above No. 1 tunnel, after drifting through 17 feet of the soft schist, in which the pay rock is generally encountered, the miners have come upon a body of ore, into which they have driven 20ft. without reaching a wall. The aerial tramway is being pushed ahead and is nearing completion, and large ore bins are being constructed. A large gang of men are building roads and getting out logs for the mill. The new machinery is thoroughly up-to-date and the ore from the mine is handled easily. The present developments, and the large quantity of ore blocked out, show that the Lenora will soon become a paying mine. Everything is steadily going ahead around the townsite. Work is being pushed ahead on the Richard III, which is in the same formation as that in which lie the ore bodies of the Tyee and Lenora, so that the owners expect to encounter the main ore at any time. In the Alberni district, the mineral claims are attracting attention. Messrs J. K. Clarke, of Montana, Henry Barrell, agent of the London Exploration Co., H. G. McQueen, a well-known mining expert of Portland, and Capt. John Irving, recently paid a visit of inspection to the Nabmint mine, which they consider a good property. They express the opinion that the district will become an important one. We may mention that a few weeks ago a group of mineral claims on Salt Spring Island were bonded to some Scotch capitalists. Some new discoveries have been made on Rupert Arm. Mr James H. Little of Port Townsend, reports that he has staked off some promising looking claims on Quatsino Sound. Mr Little says the Comstock group is one of the richest propositions on the West Coast. They have "a mountain of copper, a great deal of which runs 16 per cent. in copper, and for a long time will only have to quarry, &c. The Crofton and Ladysmith smelters will soon be in operation, and there is no doubt the mines now developed will be able to supply sufficient work to keep them busy. It will be seen from the foregoing that the Island "is all right," so far as paying rock is concerned, and there is plenty of room for prospectors, with the chances as good, if not better than in any other section of the Province.

COUNTY COURT.

Before Judge Harrison — There was but one case, Edwards vs. Gleason, dispute as to addition made to house owned by defendant. Judgment for plaintiff with costs.

MONSOON
TEA
DIRECT from the GROWER to the CONSUMER
C. J. MOORE. Sole Agent

GOOSE SAUCE.

At this season of the year, many fishing parties are made up to take advantage of the pleasant trip to, and good fishing of Oyster River. Many leave here in the evening, drive up in the cool of the night, and are ready for the early morning's sport. A party lately, going up at this time—after dark—when passing a farm house, were tempted by the soft persuasive chuckling of a band of young geese in the barnyard. Two got out of the rig, and proceeded to round up the web feet. When they had the band well-cornered, one of them said "I'll have one of you for dinner to-morrow." At this juncture, the farmer's heavy hand fell on his shoulder "and I'll have you," quoth he. A wet rag was crisp in comparison with the wilting process which just then overcame the mighty hunter.

DO CROWS REASON.

The following stories of the crow we have on the authority of "Unbeaten Tracts in Japan." They are related as happening in Yezo, the northern island of the empire, where these birds are a feature of the country:—

"There are millions of them, and in many places they break the silence of the silent land with a babel of noisy discords. They are everywhere, and have attained a degree of most unpardonable impertinence, mingled with a cunning and sagacity which almost puts them on a level with man in some circumstances. Five of them were so impudent as to alight on two of my horse, and so be ferried across a river. In the Inn garden at Mori I saw a dog eating a piece of carrion in the presence of several of these covetous birds. They evidently said a great deal to each other on the subject, and now or then one or two of them tried to pull the meat away from him, which he resented. At last a big strong crow succeeded in tearing off a piece, with which he returned to the pine where the others were congregated, and after much earnest speech they all surrounded the dog, and the leading bird dexterously dropped the small piece of meat within reach of his mouth, when he immediately snapped at it, unwisely letting go the big piece for a second, and two of the crows flew away with it to the pine; and with much fluttering and hilarity they all ate it, the deceived dog looking vacant and bewildered for a moment, after which he sat under the tree and barked at them. —From "Our Dumb Animals."

FERN ROCKERIES.

Happily nature is fond of variety. Otherwise she would not constantly treat herself to changing forms and changing types. Now that summer is well on the way to maturity and the fresh blossoms with which she delighted our eyes in the early spring are no longer a novelty, she begins to slowly uncurl the plumy leaves of the ferns until in the dark moist corners of the woodlands or on the borders of the mysterious marshes they bravely flaunt their fronds as the banners of autumn's vanguard. Nothing that summer brings is more worthy of admiration than the slender green fern, shy and retiring as the first violets of spring.

Ferns are not difficult to cultivate if the gardener will only remember that they require a shady, damp, place of residence. If they are carried home from the wood, it is always a good idea to scoop up with them the soil in which they have been growing. This is, as a rule, rich, black earth.—Women's Home Journal.

Mr Ash formerly of the "Islander" staff, and now of the "Free Press," was united in marriage to Miss Grace Addison of Victoria. Mr Ash when in Union was a prominent member of Grace Methodist Church choir and had many friends here who will congratulate him on his new era of existence.

Advertise in the News.

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
FRAGARANT 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 1 mile frontage on Lambert Channel. 1¼ miles from Government Wharf.

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

Good shooting — Deer, grouse and ducks plentiful.

Price,..... $6000
1-3 cash, balance, 6 per cent.

Also, 246 Acres adjoining—good land, at $8 per acre.

Also, several Good Grade Jersey Cows, Heifers to calve, and Yearling and Heifer Calves.

Apply GEO. HEATHERBELL,
HORNBY ISLAND.

14-5-02

VIOLIN

D. THOMSON. - - - TEACHER

Music for Dances, &c., supplied at short notice. Orders left with Mr E. Barrett, at the Big Store, will be promptly attended to.

Subscribe for the NEWS.

SALE OF
Farm Stock and Implements
APPLY—"NEWS" OFFICE.
2-7-02

Baldness Successfully Cured
By PROF. SCHAFFNER
The Old "NEWS" BUILDING.

A remarkable cure effected. Cures baldness of long standing by the use of PEERLESS HAIR RESTORER and ELECTRIC MASSAGE TREATMENT, both of which combined destroy all germs and invigorate the roots which stimulates circulation of the active forces that feed the hair follicles.

From one to two months treatment will Restore Baldness of long standing
Daily Treatment $15 per month.

Parasites cause all hair trouble. Dandruff is caused by a germ which saps the hairs vitality. Vaseline and oils are of no benefit to the hair, as dandruff germs thrive in them, as well as in all grease. To cure dandruff, which is preceded by, and a sure indication of, falling hair, it is necessary that the dandruff germ be eradicated. From one to three bottles of the Peerless Hair Restorer will cure the worst chronic case.

VIOLIN TUITION.

PROF C H. SCHAFFNER CONSERVATORY GRADUATE, has decided to locate permanently in Cumberland is prepared to give lessons to a limited number of pupils on the Piano, Violin and voice culture. WHITNEY BLOCK.