

# THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

NINTH YEAR

CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, AUG. 27, 1902.

## FLOUR FLOUR

### OCOLIVIES HUNGARIAN —AND THE— LAKE OF THE WOODS

—ARE THE BEST—  
**BREAD FLOURS**  
Made in the Dominion,  
**FOR SALE** at and on view in the windows of  
**THE BIG STORE**

## SIMON FEISER

## Nicholles & Renouf, Ltd.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

HARDWARE, MILL AND MINING MACHINERY,  
AND FARMING AND DAIRYING IMPLEMENTS  
OF ALL KINDS.

Agents for McCormick Harvesting Machinery.  
Write for prices and particulars. P. O. Drawer 563.

## Babies Look at this



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

—GO-CARTS—  
That are adjustable to any position, com-  
plete with Parasol Top, Cushions and Rub-  
ber Tire Wheels. \$11.40 to \$25

Our Assortment of Patterns was never as  
large as this season—Our Makes the Best

WEILER BROS., HOME FURNISHERS  
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AGENTS FOR

WRITE FOR EASY  
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TRY US FOR  
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Work of Every Description at Moderate Rates

## FERNIE RELIEF FUND

The following amounts have been received to date by the local treasurer of the Fernie Relief Fund, and the lists of subscribers are hereby enclosed.

Employees W. C. Co., \$577.25  
Union Wharf, 22 00  
K. K. K., 200 00  
Mayor Willard, 82 00

\$881.25

and we have great hopes of sending an even \$1000.00 to Fernie.

G. W. CLINTON, Treas.

Armstrong A.	\$2.00	McKenzie D.	3.00
Abrams R.	1.00	McAllister R.	5.00
Astri L.	1.00	McNeal R.	2.50
Armstrong W.	2.50	McLean Wm.	2.50
Anderson P.	4.50	McLeod J. R.	2.50
Ashman W.	3.00	McNeill John.	2.50
Allison Geo.	2.50	McNeill Alex.	3.00
Allari Lewis.	1.00	McLellan Wm.	2.00
Anthony Wm.	3.00	McIntyre A.	1.00
Bennett T.	1.00	McLeod A.	2.00
Beckman J. D.	2.50	McWhinnie A.	2.00
Barnes Jos.	4.00	McKinnon A.	2.00
Bardson B.	2.00	McLao J. B.	2.00
Bradley A.	2.50	Morgan H.	1.00
Bilgus J.	2.00	Melado B.	1.00
Baine D.	3.00	Miller H.	1.00
Bennie J.	3.00	Murdoch H.	3.00
Barber O.	3.00	Magnus Seco.	1.00
Bono P.	1.00	McQuinn M.	2.00
Barr W. F.	1.50	Morgan A.	1.00
Bartholdi P.	1.00	Maxwell W.	3.00
Brolia A.	1.00	Monte F.	3.50
Babick Nick.	1.00	Michels A.	1.00
Barbison J.	1.00	Minard J.	1.00
Baldwin J.	1.00	Marsden J.	2.00
Brown J.	2.00	Maxwell J.	1.00
Brown Thos.	1.00	Moucho P.	1.00
Birgund E.	1.00	Martins A.	1.00
Bradley P.	2.50	Martins L.	1.00
Bramberg A.	1.00	Matheson J.	2.50
Bryant J.	1.00	Mathews J.	10.00
Bevilier J.	4.00	Martins E.	1.00
Coe R.	3.00	Martins A.	1.00
Coe L.	3.00	Mack S.	1.00
Coe M.	3.00	Moore Wm.	3.00
Cook T.	1.00	Nelson James.	2.00
Cawford E.	3.00	Nailor Thos.	2.50
Cameron H.	2.50	Nicholson A. H.	2.50
Collins J.	2.50	Oversby Geo.	2.50
Cortez V.	3.50	Oleson O.	1.00
Crossan A.	3.00	Pollock Robt.	3.00
Chaffin Jos.	3.50	Potter Jos.	2.00
Clarkson A.	3.00	Potter James.	2.50
Coeper G.	3.00	Phillips J.	1.00
Cassella B.	1.00	Pacott H.	1.00
Carey W. J.	1.50	Pease Thos.	3.00
Crozzie J.	1.50	Parks F.	3.00
Cherry M.	2.00	Parks E.	1.00
Cherry A.	2.00	Pickett P.	1.00
Cornwall Wm.	1.00	Pickard Fred.	2.50
Colombo P.	1.00	Ramsay F.	2.50
Colombo E.	1.00	Robertson Geo.	3.00
Colford R.	1.00	Robertson K.	2.00
Connors Wm.	1.00	Richards T.	3.00
Chadwick W.	3.00	Ross M.	2.00
Cumple H.	1.00	Ross Dom.	1.50
Calnan E.	2.00	Reid E. B.	1.00
Clinton G. W.	5.00	Reed H.	1.00
Carbidge C.	2.00	Roblin Phil.	2.00
Corra S.	2.00	Robinson A.	50
Denton J.	2.00	Richards G.	3.00
Dirkes Fred.	3.00	Richardson G.	2.50
Delpont Tony.	1.00	Ripley Thos.	3.00
Dongella Tony.	2.50	Robertson J.	3.00
Dougan H.	1.00	Reid J.	5.00
Ducas J.	1.50	Roy David.	3.50
Daniels D.	2.00	Ruava A.	2.00
McCoover Jos.	2.50	Stevenson D.	3.00
Dougan P.	2.50	Smith G. C.	1.00
Dodds Jann.	2.00	Smith James.	3.00
Edmondson J.	2.50	Skinner F. B.	3.00
Ellis H.	1.00	Saas Chas.	3.00
Ellis J.	2.00	Sewart Danl.	5.00
Elyard A.	1.00	Seant Jos.	2.50
East John.	1.00	Strang J.	2.00
Finn J. J.	1.00	Stuart R.	5.00
Francis D.	1.00	Sevens O. P.	3.50
Francis J.	1.00	Somerville D.	1.25
Finner H.	3.00	Savia D.	2.50
Faith W. J.	3.00	Sommerville A.	2.00
Favero A.	2.00	Stewart D.	3.00
Francis Sam.	2.00	Stant Jos.	2.00
Gieves G.	1.00	stant J.	1.00
Ginsberg E.	2.00	Stevenson J.	3.00
Gillespie J.	3.00	Strubers J.	3.00
Gillespie A.	2.00	Strang Robt.	3.00
Glen H.	2.00	Saples Dr.	5.00
Gibson R.	3.50	Thomson Wm.	1.00
Guthrie J.	1.00	Thomson Wm.	1.00
Gibson J.	2.00	Tobacco Jos.	3.50
Gray Alex.	3.00	Tobacco James.	3.50
Gray J. K.	3.00	Toman A.	2.75
Gillis Danl.	2.00	Tha D.	1.00
Hutton W.	2.00	Tobacco John.	2.50
Harrison Wm.	1.00	Trotbull Jas.	2.50
Hudson R.	5.00	Tanz E.	1.00
Hudson W.	2.50	Turner Thos.	3.00
Hutchinson B.	3.00	Tinta Jos.	1.00
Hutchinson J.	3.00	Vinchuti J.	2.00
Hurbury J.	3.00	Vater Chas.	3.00
Horbury Jos.	3.00	Varneut M.	3.50
Hennessey Mike.	3.00	Vark E.	1.00
Hodden D.	2.00	Vass R.	2.00
Harcod E.	5.50	Vas Sami.	3.50
Harris H.	1.00	Walker Albert.	3.00
Hurd Geo.	1.00	Walker Wm.	1.00
Heywood A.	3.50	Walker David.	3.00
Hilcrow R.	3.00	Walker Nick.	1.00
Hill J.	1.00	Walker Harley.	1.00
Henderson S.	2.00	Wain A.	3.00
Horne Thos.	2.00	Webber Chas.	2.50
Johnston W.	3.00	Webster John.	2.50
Johnston John.	2.00	Wrausick P.	1.50
Johnston J. B.	2.50	Wair Thos.	1.00
Jonas D.	4.00	Wraye Jas.	1.00
Jaynes F.	2.00	Willie Robt.	4.00
Kernan W.	2.00	Williamson J.	3.00
Kealey John.	3.00	Watson J. P.	3.00
Knyhet G.	1.00	White W. C.	2.50
King Harry.	3.00	Whyte Walter.	3.00
Little F. D.	10.00	Watson Jas.	2.00
Leighner W.	1.00	Wilson M.	3.00
McKnight A.	5.50	Walker Jos.	3.00
McKnight R.	2.00	Walker Alex.	2.00
McDonald D. R.	3.00	Whalen Pat.	2.50
McGuire J.	3.00	Whyte Bob.	2.00
McFadyen N.	1.00	Whyte Chas.	3.00
McDonald D. P.	1.00		

Wilson Walter	\$2.75	McLaughlin G.	\$2.50
Young R.	2.00	McLaughlin A.	1.00
From Union Bay	1.00	McLane C. A.	2.00
Beveridge F.	1.00	McLaughlin J.	1.00
Cameron Alex.	1.00	McIntosh J.	1.00
Cook John.	1.00	Marshall W.	1.00
Harwood John.	50	Ray T. L.	1.00
Hudson Jos.	1.00	Read A. S.	1.00
Humphrey	1.00	Rashworth A.	1.00
Jones Geo.	50	Sargenot Wm.	1.00
Manson M.	2.50	Shillito G.	1.00

## LOCALS

Miss Olive Dingwall resumed her duties as principal of Union Wharf school on Monday 18th.

Wedding bells will ring shortly for the marriage of two popular young people of this town.

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

Mr Judson McPhee of Courtney, leaves early in September to attend McGill University, Montreal.

Alderman Partridge had the misfortune to burn his hand and arm very badly on Sunday with burning fat.

Persons desirous of purchasing a first-class piano should do so now while Mr Hicks is in Cumberland. No unreliable agents employed.

Miss M. Milligan has been appointed teacher for Lady Smith public school. Duties to commence as soon as work on the building is completed.

Miss Dora Crawford of Comox left for the scene of her duties at Fernie last week, where she has been engaged as a school teacher for the last six months.

Mr and Mrs Geo. Roe of Courtney paid Alhambra, French Creek, and other stopping places, a visit last week, driving both ways—a most enjoyable time was spent.

The public schools re-opened on Monday, the 18th, after a seven weeks holiday. The attendance is larger than usual. A number of the pupils are still camping out.

Miss K. McArdle of Comox took charge of the public school at Grantham on the re-opening of that school. Her appointment gives entire satisfaction.

The picnic to be held on Monday (Labor Day) to Gartley's Point and Union Bay promises to be a success if the weather holds good. Train leaves at 10 a.m., returning at 5 p.m. Fare—Adults, 40c; children, 10c. The proceeds to be devoted to the Public School Library Fund.

Miss Jennie Torrance, of Comox, was married at Vancouver on the 9th inst. to Mr H. A. McDonald of Victoria. The ceremony took place at the residence of her aunt, Mrs Beveridge. Her sister, Miss Maggie Torrance was in attendance during the ceremony, while the groom was supported by Mr James Smith of Keefer Street.

## Cumberland Electric Lighting Company.

### Notice of Sale of Shares

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

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

13-8-02 5t

## FATAL ACCIDENT.

John Calverly late of Nanaimo was the victim of an unfortunate accident last week. He was a driver in No. 6 mine and in pursuance of his duties on the evening of the accident, the mule he was driving hauled the box off the track, causing it to strike a post, knocking it out and letting the stringer fall on the unfortunate boy, who was partly crushed and suffocated before relief could be obtained. At the inquest the verdict given was accidental death. The remains were taken to Nanaimo for interment, accompanied by his father who came up on receipt of the sad news. Many beautiful floral offerings were sent by numerous sympathizing friends in Cumberland.

## FUNERAL.

The remains of John Arreno, who died in Victoria, were brought to this city for burial on Tuesday last. The deceased had suffered for some time with a broken back and had been an inmate of the Cumberland hospital before being sent to Victoria where he died. The funeral ceremonies were conducted by the Druids, of which he was a member and from the R. C. Church to the cemetery of the same denomination on Wednesday morning last.

## VOTERS' LISTS.

Will be Cancelled on August 31st and New Applications Received.

According to the Act introduced by Joseph Martin, and passed during the last session of the legislature, existing voter lists will be cancelled on August 31st and new lists made out, in pursuance of the provisions of the act.

Applications to put on the new lists will be received from September 1st to September 28th, when the lists will be closed for revision. A new form of application has been adopted, and the blanks will be obtainable before the commencement of next month.—TIMES.

## WHARF NOTES.

S.S. Tepic and two scows loaded coal for Vancouver Friday.

S.S. Tepic and two scows were in on Monday for coal for the C.P.R.

H.M.S. Grafton has been engaged in target practice for the last few days.

S.S. Tepic and scows loaded coal Wednesday for Vancouver consigned to the C.P.R.

Barge Robert Kerr was over from Vancouver Saturday in tow of the s.s. Lorne for a cargo of coal.

S.S. Cluittan was in on Thursday for a cargo of coal for MacDonald, Marpole & Co. of Vancouver, she also took bunker coal.

S.S. Eagle was in from Alert Bay for coal Saturday. Captain Brown reports that salmon are running in large numbers at the Nimkisk River, the cannery at Alert Bay being taxed to its utmost to take care of the fish as they are landed by the fishermen.

S.S. Tees was in on Monday bound down from the Northern Canneries. She had a heavy cargo of canned and salted salmon on board, also quite a heavy passenger list chiefly Japs and Chinese. She took bunker coal and sailed for Vancouver.



## A GIRL OF GRIT.

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

Copyright by R. F. Fenno & Co.

Of course Captain Wood was being kidnaped and carried off. I reckoned that up on the spot, and gathered myself together then and there to give chase to the cab. I followed it steadily



He was seeing two ladies to their carriage, down the Kensington road, losing my distance, of course, very fast. By the time I reached High street I had lost the cab.

But a man at an early coffee stall had seen it pass, holding straight on the main road toward Holland House. I heard of it again at St. Mary Abbott's terrace, and was told that it had turned up Addison road. I traced it by Holland road to Shepherd's Bush Green, and there a herring was drawn across the scene.

I was on the track now of two cabs, one going by the Shepherd's Bush or Uxbridge road, the other by the Starch Green road. I followed the first, and drew blank. It was a night hawk working home to his stables, and where he and by, I caught the chap settling into his crib. He swore he hadn't had a fare for the last two hours, and I could see he was speaking truth, for his horse had not turned a hair.

I went back then to the Starch Green road, asking all and several for my galloping hansom cab. There were very few people about at this early hour, only the policemen, and they looked very shy at my tramp's clothes, giving no answer. At last a couple of decent farm folk bringing in milk told me they had passed a hansom with a worn horse on the far side of Hammersmith bridge, in the district of Barnes.

By the time I reached the Strathallan road it was broad daylight. I found a long road of detached villa houses, each in its own garden, many with stables adjoining. I figured it out, as I walked up and down this road twice, that one of these cottages was just suited for the purpose of sequestering Captain Wood, if he could be got to it. He could be driven straight into the stable yard; the cab would be no more seen when the coach house door closed behind him, and no one, neither the neighbors nor the police, would be a bit the wiser as to what mischief was being worked inside.

It took me just two hours to examine the entrance gates of every villa house with stables in that road. In three of them there were the new tracks of wheels marked plainly in the thick lying summer dust. I could not discover which were the most recent, but I carefully noted the numbers of these houses, meaning to put a watch upon them all.

I called up the boy Joseph Vials, a very smart young squire, too, from the office in Norfolk street, as soon as I could get a telegram through. By the time he arrived I had narrowed my investigations to a single point for further observation.

The day had so far advanced that the business of life was well begun. I saw the blinds drawn up in two of the houses, the front doors opened, the women helps busy shaking the mats and washing down the stoops. Presently some of the young folks ran out into the gardens, and I could see the family gatherings round the breakfast tables, from which on the early morning air came the smell of hot coffee and English breakfast bacon, with the temptation of Tantalus for a starving man who had been out all night. All this while the third house remained closed, hermetically sealed. It was closed up, tight shuttered, not a sign of life in it. When I reached my lodgings in Norfolk street I was pretty well washed out. But I turned in for an hour and at 10 a. m. woke much refreshed. As I dressed with care I pondered deeply over this business and the course that I should adopt. My first and most urgent duty was to secure the release of Mr. Wood, always supposing that my gentleman was the person actually carried off in the cab. At present I had no certainty of this, only a bit more than strong suspicion. Yet if I could ascertain that he had not returned home I should be justified in taking surmise for fact.

First I went to Clarges street. The man there remembered me, but looked strangely when I inquired for Captain Wood.

"You have not heard the news, then?" he said.

"What in thunder is there to hear more than I have to tell you?" I asked, nettled at thinking some one was before me.

"Why, that the captain has met with an accident. He slipped up somehow last night or early this morning and hurt himself badly."

"Who told you that story? Do you believe it?"

"I believe the captain's own handwriting."

"What did he say exactly?" I was quite taken aback, as you may suppose, but did not want to show it too much.

"Here, read it for yourself. It's not all his own, of course, and you will understand why. But that's his name at the bottom there sure enough."

It was written on good gray note paper in a fair running hand, and it said:

Savory, I've come to grief driving home. Horse slipped upon the curb, and I was thrown out of the cab. Some kind people picked me up and are taking good care of me. But I shan't be able to move hand or foot for some days. Send me by bearer portmanteau of things—shirts, dressing gown, dittoes, checkbook, letters, papers and the rest. Yours, W. A. Wood.

17A Laburnum Street, Harrow Road.

"And you sent them? How?"

"By the cab that brought the letter."

"Why didn't you go with them yourself?"

"I thought of it certainly, and I wish I had."

"You may well wish that. And now, if you will be guided by me, you'll go and find out 17A Laburnum street right away, if there's any such place at all."

"Oh, but there is. It's in the directory."

"Is that so? Well, if you come across Mr. Wood there I'll run you for next president of the United States. You've got just the face for a postage stamp."

"What in the name of conscience d'ye mean? What's appened to him, then?"

"It's my opinion that Captain Wood has fallen among thieves, brigands, worse—ruffians, who'll hold him to ransom for blackmail, rob, murder him. God knows what, unless some of us can circumvent their blackguard maneuvers. And I am going to try. I don't believe in cab accidents and Laburnum streets. You may, so you'd better go and judge for yourself."

But he was not going to find him in Laburnum street. I was pretty sure of that, but it was right to look there on the off chance that this story was true. For myself I was more than ever persuaded of foul play, and I considered I was bound to lay the whole matter before the London police.

I was not very well received at Scotland Yard. They told me to get proper credentials, a certificate from the American consul. I was terribly rolled, but not to waste time I took a cab straight to Great St. Helen's, where of course I was perfectly well known. One of the senior clerks came to me directly.

"What can we do for you, Mr. Snuzzer? Want an introduction to the metropolitan police? Why, certainly. Reckon it's no use asking what you're after? Big case?"

He was a friend and had often given me information in a small way. I thought perhaps he might help me now, for I'd heard from you they were mostly Americans working this conspiracy, and it was likely enough they'd know at the consulate whether any big "toughs" and "bunko men" were in London just then.

"It's something to do with the McFought millions," I said. "You've heard, no doubt, of that young Englishman's luck?"

"Why, yes. He was here this very morning, only an hour ago." It was then about 1 o'clock. "Captain William Aretas Wood they called him. Is he your client?"

It hit me like a blow, this news, for I saw at once what it meant. Captain



"The woman called him a dreadful dog and tried to stop him."

Wood could not be lying injured in a street off the Harrow road and walking about Great St. Helen's. I wanted no more proof of foul play.

"We are acting for Captain Wood. Case of attempted fraud. They've soon found he's fair game. But what brought him here, if I may ask?"

"Some question of legal powers. Granting attorney to representatives in New York, assigning certain properties by deed to trustees. Legal business. The law, you know, requires the signature to be given in the presence of the United States consul."

"You saw Captain Wood, did you, yourself?"

France's Vineyards. The vineyards of France cover 4,288,037 acres.

If possible, do not associate with those who anger you.

It is a great pity that a young man is not as saving with his money as an old man is with every piece of twine he finds.

## MONTHS OF PAIN.

CAUSED BY A TUMOR OF THE BREAST.

Mrs. J. M. Timbers, of Hawkesbury, Tells How She Obtained Relief After Doctors Had Failed.

From the Post, Hawkesbury, Ont.

Mrs. James M. Timbers is well known to nearly everybody in Hawkesbury, Vankleek Hill and surrounding country. She was born in Vankleek Hill, but since her marriage, twelve years ago, has lived in Hawkesbury, and is greatly esteemed by all who know her. Mrs. Timbers is one of the many thousands who have proved the great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and gives her experience for the benefit of other sufferers. She says: "While nursing my first child I suffered from a nursing tumor under the left breast. The first symptom was a sharp pain followed by a growth, which gradually increased in size until it became as large as an egg. It was exceedingly painful and caused me great suffering. I consulted a doctor, who gave me medicine, but it did me no good. Then I consulted another doctor, who said I would have to undergo an operation. In the meantime, however, the tumor broke, but would not heal, and as a result I was feeling very much run down. At this time my attention was directed to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I began using these. I soon felt that they were giving me increased strength, and after using a few boxes, the tumor disappeared, and I was as well as ever I had been. My health has since been good, and I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These pills cure troubles like the above, because they make rich, red blood and drive all impurities from the system. Through their action on the blood they also cure such troubles as: anaemia, heart palpitation, erysipelas, scrofula, skin eruptions, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance and the ailments that make the lives of so many women miserable. The genuine always bears the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all dealers in medicine, or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## AN EGG'S TRAVELS.

How a Canadian Egg Found a Home at Windsor, England.

A chance whim of a little girl has given a history to a hen's egg. Mrs. Beeson, of 13 Bexley street, Windsor, purchased some eggs, and upon one she discovered some writing. It read thus: "Peggy Wright, Harrow, Ontario, Box 386. The one that gets this egg, please write. I will, answer." The egg found its destiny, after traveling between three and four thousand miles in the Royal borough of Windsor, not far from Harrow-on-the-Hill in the Old Country, and the invitation to correspond was accepted by Mrs. Beeson, who sent a Christmas card to the unknown writer. This brought the following reply: "Harrow, Jan. 9th, 1902.—Dear Mrs. Beeson and Children.—Received your letter and Christmas card on Dec. 23rd. I was out at a friend's when I wrote my name on the egg, which Mr. John Stocker sent away with the others. My friend said, 'I wonder who will get that egg?' So I find that Leghorn egg took a trip to the Old Country. I hope it was good. I am going to school, am 14 years of age, and glad to say happy and cheerful. There is plenty of everything here. My father is of English descent and my grandfather on my mother's side came from England. There are hundreds of English people here who came poor but are well off to-day. You do not see any beggars on the streets, as all have plenty to live on. My eldest sister is at the Methodist College, St. Thomas, Ontario. I suppose the Canadian contingent that served in South Africa, when it came to Windsor, was very nice. I send you a Christmas card, wishing you all the compliments of the season." The writer's hope for the goodness of the egg is hardly realized in the way she thinks, as the shell is still unbroken. Its possessor treasures the egg in its entirety too much not to be able to resist the attractions the shell covers. Were every egg to have its place of origin stamped upon it, geography might be taught through the kitchen, and tempt more of our people to join the National Poultry Association, whose efforts are all directed to fostering poultry-rearing in the Old Country.—Windsor (Eng.) Chronicle.

## Black Walnut.

Black walnut is less than half the weight of a corresponding quantity of ebony.

Every year we make war on the mosquito, and every year the mosquito fights back.

"Kings are only men," says a wise contemporary. Yes, indeed, and sometimes they are only boys.

Ragtime music has been prohibited on the recreation piers in New York. This is another of the horrible acts of the reformers.

An optimist is a man who thinks he can take a few cheap tools and a back door yard and keep his table supplied with green stuff.

Philadelphia has a baby that drinks five gallons of milk at a meal. O yes, of course you know right away that it is a baby elephant.

It will be a long time before that new Castolane baby will be old enough to call papa to account for wasting mama's money.

People who have investigated the matter say that the swearing habit is becoming more common than it was a few years ago. So are automobiles.

How will King Alfonso's subjects like his admission that he does not like bull fighting himself, and that he would like to introduce horse racing as a substitute?

## MORE SPRING POETRY.

When the sap begins to rise,  
When the world goes northward flies,  
When the buzzard's in the skies,  
When we hear the robin's cries,  
When the horsemen advertise,  
Then it's spring.

When the geese begin to nest,  
When the frogs wake from their rest,  
When the bene all do their best,  
When the schoolboy sheds his vest,  
And takes a bid out in his chest,  
Then it's spring.

When the horse begins to shed,  
When the brood-mare makes her bed,  
When the gambler's neck turns red,  
When the candidate are led,  
And to the nearest bar are led,  
Then it's spring.

## The Puma Winds.

The puma winds of the table lands of Peru, South America, are dry and parching, nothing similar being known outside of Africa or Persia. When they prevail, it is necessary to constantly wear a mask to protect the face.

It is easy to have too much of a good thing; two sweethearts at one time, for example.

## Minard's Liniment is best Hair Restorer.

Orders have been issued in India for the return to store of all ammunition containing dum-dum bullets.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

One of the highest shot towers in the world is to be found in Villach, in Carinthia, where there is a fall of 249 feet.

Great Britain and Ireland import about 265,000,000 pounds of cheese each year. Canada supplies about 60 per cent of the whole.

Still Another Triumph.—Mr. Thomas S. Bollen, Sunderland, writes: "For fourteen years I was afflicted with Piles, and frequently I was unable to walk or sit, but four years ago I was cured by using Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. I have also been subject to Quinsy for over forty years, but Electric Oil cured it, and it was a permanent cure in both cases, as neither the Piles nor Quinsy have troubled me since."

English is studied by 95 per cent of the students attending the higher schools in Egypt.

## Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

When it is announced that a woman will entertain informally, it means that she will buy things ready made at the baker's.

## Colorado

for your

## Summer Outing

Peaks three miles high,  
snow-clad in July—  
flashing trout streams—  
big game—camping—  
mountain climbing.  
Ask for our book—  
"A Colorado Summer."

## Santa Fe

C. C. CARPENTER, Pass. Agt.  
503 Guaranty Bldg.,  
Minneapolis, - - - Minn.



## Syrup of Figs

ACTS GENTLY ON  
KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS

CLEANSSES THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY;  
DISPELS COLDS, HEADACHES & FEVERS;  
OVERCOMES HABITUAL CONSTIPATION PERMANENTLY  
TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS.

BUY THE GENUINE—MAN'D BY  
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.  
LOUISVILLE, KY. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. NEW YORK, N.Y.  
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. PRICE 50c. PER BOTTLE.

Reputation is the shadow cast by character, and dependent on the light in which it is seen.

SLEEPLESSNESS is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer more or less from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Paralee's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

No woman should ever use a swear word than the law allows to her preacher.

There are 2,740 murders yearly in Italy; 2,400 in Russia; 1,600 in Spain.

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Tourist Rates to all points in  
ONTARIO, QUEBEC,  
MARITIME PROVINCES  
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One of the most delightful trips, with every modern convenience for the comfort of passengers.

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C. E. McPHERSON  
Gen. Pas. Agt., Winnipeg.



# IN THE No. 7 MINE

By PERCIVAL RIDSDALE

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"Tain't no use cryin'," said Paddy McGann. "If the boss bounces me tomorrow, I has got to go, but I hate to leave you, Billy; I just hate to."

Billy was Paddy's lead mule in the No. 7 mine, a big rawboned animal, with a philosophic countenance and a reputation with all except Paddy of having a vicious temper.

"It ain't right," cried Paddy, "and I ain't a-goin' to stand it." Oh, Billy, if I had lots of money d'you know what I'd do? Well, I'd buy you and take you up to the surface and let you do nothin' but eat grass and run around the fields. Say, how long has it been, Billy, since you saw the sky? Guess it must be all of seven years."

Billy looked contemplative.

"Well, never mind; there's a good time comin' some day. And say, Billy, if I don't get even with Evan Jones—well, you can kick me for a duffer. It won't be long before I'm as big as he is, and then we'll both get even with him. You say, what's the matter, Billy?"

For Billy had shaken off the nose bag with a jerk, and with ears cocked, eyes staring and nostrils agape he was looking down the gangway.

"What is it?" began Paddy, and then, sniffing the air, he cried, "Why, it's smoke, Billy."

The mule whinnied, and there was a note of terror in the long, low cry.

"Smoke," cried Paddy again, "and it ain't no powder smoke neither! Say, Billy, she's afire!"

Down the gangway they sped. Paddy was mystified. Where could the smoke come from? There was nothing along the gangway which could burn. It was all rock. He stopped suddenly, horrified. The air current had changed. He was in an outbreak, but the air was rushing inward, and it was bringing the smoke. But why should it come into the outbreak? It—but as he asked himself the question Paddy knew what had happened. Some one had left the door open, and the diverted air current was sweeping into the workings, carrying the smoke with it.

Billy pulled at the restraining hand, but again they dashed forward, and again they stopped, for Paddy was crying:

"The shift, Billy—the shift! They is in there. They don't know, Billy. They'll all be killed!"

Far up the gangway and at one side in a remote working the inside foreman and thirty men had gone in the early morning to block an old opening. Paddy knew what that meant. They were isolated, and the smoke would not reach them until the very last. By that time the surrounding chambers would be so full of it that escape would be impossible.

This flashed through Paddy's mind before he could bring Billy to a stop. Almost without thinking he had determined what to do. There were two things he could in a moment or two reach a safe place or he could go back into the smoke and warn the men. He might be overcome before he could find them, and might find them only to die in their company, but he did not think of these things. With a pull he turned Billy around.

"You've got to help me, Billy!" he cried. "I can't reach them alone." Billy shivered and whinnied.

Clinging around the mule's neck, he choked and gasped for breath. It seemed that with each inhalation liquid fire poured down his throat, while his eyes, though closed, were like balls of fire. How it was faring with Billy Paddy did not know. He felt the mule gasp as he stumbled along, and once when Billy stopped, trembling, and moaned out his agony in a long despairing scream Paddy had all he could do to smother the sobs in his own throat and urge the mule on. At last, and it seemed an age, the smoke grew lighter, for they were outracing it, and the farther they got from the entrance to the gangway the lighter it became. Then they reached the spot where the idle working commenced. Billy dashed down the narrow opening and, with long gasp, drank in great gulps of the comparatively untainted air. Then they sped until Paddy knew he was safe to the working in which the men were. Could he find them? Much—his lives and his—depended on his ckeness.

He slipped off Billy's back and dashed from one opening into another, fling his eyes to see any faint glimmer of light. He found himself shivering and knew that the heading gradually filling with the smoke, he had not found trace of the men. Pried in his vexation and then sed in the utter vainness of his es. His eyes and his throat were ling to smart again, and his h was short. He stuffed his berchief in his mouth, but the re- his slight. Once or twice he had to and lean against the rough rib

of the heading, but he stumbled on again. Then almost as he fell into an opening he saw light. Gathering all his strength, he raised his voice in a long shout. There came an answer.

"Hurry! Danger!"

Then they came with a rush. There was no need to ask questions. The workings were already filling with smoke, and the men dropped every- thing and ran. One by one they passed Paddy. As the last one passed the boy he shouted back:

"Tell the boss!"

"Tell the boss!" "Tell the boss!"

The words rang in Paddy's ears like the roar of a waterfall. All at once a cold and inquiring nose was thrust into his face. It was Billy. With the touch Paddy's senses returned, and he knew what the words meant. Evan Jones, the inside boss, the man who was to discharge him on pay day, was somewhere inside, ignorant of the danger which in a few moments would overtake him. Even now there might not be time. Paddy said nothing to Billy. Breath was too precious. Instead he grasped Billy's mane and swung himself on the mule's back again. Then straight down the pas- sage they went until, after some min- utes, they came upon Evan Jones.

"She's afire!" gasped Paddy.

The boy's face told the foreman there was no time to ask questions, but as he swung himself up beside Paddy and laid his head low on Bil- ly's back to avoid bumping against the low hanging roof he cried:

"Where are the others? Do they know?"

"They ran when I told 'em!" gasped Paddy.

"Cowards!" muttered the foreman. The working was rapidly filling with smoke, but Billy gallantly breasted it beneath the double load, and so they came to the opening upon the gang- way. In the darkness they dashed in- to it, only to recoil the next moment.

"It's full of smoke!" cried the fore- man.

Billy, terror stricken, shook them off and would have plunged back down the passage, but for Paddy's restraining hand.

"It's our only chance," said Jones. "We must make it. Give me your hand."

"But Billy?" questioned Paddy.

"He'll have to find his own way out. We can't bother with him."

"Go ahead," said Paddy. "Me and Billy'll get out together."

"Fool!" cried Jones. "Come on!" he called as he ran.

Paddy drew off his coat and, throw- ing it over the mule's head, tried to lead him out, but Billy would not move.

"Billy," cried the boy, "don't you know I'll take care of you? Come!"

Billy whinnied and then, with a big shake, sprang down the passage, dragging Paddy after him. The fore- man was already some distance away, but Billy's burst of speed soon brought them together again. Paddy, keeping his feet in a remarkable manner, passed the foreman, and they dashed on into the smoke. Paddy's head was swimming, and his eyes were bursting from their sockets. He seemed to spin along like a top. Then there came a crash, and he found himself on the ground huddled against Billy. The mule sank down with a pitiful cry of pain. His leg was broken.

It seemed ages after that when Paddy opened his eyes to find a lot of an- xious faces gazing into his. He was helped up, and a distant roar, like the voice of many people, fell upon his ear. He saw he was at the head of the shaft and that a number of men stood around. Evan Jones bent over him and said:

"Don't cry about Billy. You did all you could to save him, and you were nearly gone when I found you and brought you out. We both had a nar- row shave, and so did the other fel- lows, and we all owe our lives to you. The people want you to say something. Are you strong enough?"

Raised by willing hands, Paddy was greeted by a roar of cheering, and when he found his voice he said, al- though he could hardly hear himself speak: "Don't say nothin' to me about it. It was Billy done it all. Billy, he was!"

But he could say no more, and, turn- ing to his mother, who had forced her way to his side, he burst into sobs and hid his tears on her bosom.

**The Difference of an Inch.**

At one of the reunions of the Army of the Cumberland several former of- ficers of the Union army fell to dis- cussing the wounds they had received during the civil war. At last one of their number turned to Colonel B., a tall, fine, soldierly looking man, who had remained silent during the discus- sion, and said:

"Well, colonel, you seem to be the only one of the party who escaped un- injured."

"Oh, no, I didn't," answered the colonel quickly. "I was shot at An- tietam. A bullet went through my nose, taking the gristle out." He wrig- gled his nose from side to side to prove the truth of his statement.

"Ah, well, you were quite fortunate, after all," said Major M. consolingly. "If the bullet had struck a half inch further in, your soul would have been

launched into eternity."

"Yes," said the colonel, "and if the blamed thing had gone a half inch fur- ther out it wouldn't have hit me at all."—Lippincott's.

**Man's Monuments.**

Mr. James Ricalton, writing of the wonderful old ruins of monuments and shrines at Anurajalipoord, the city of the sacred bo tree in Ceylon, says: "From the days of the mound builders man has shown himself to be a monu- ment erecting being. The Christians have their cathedrals, the Mohammed- ans have their mosques, and the Bud- dhists have their shrine tombs, de- signated differently in different coun- tries as pagoda, tope and dagoba.

"The pagodas of China are entirely dissimilar to those of Burma, and the dagobas of Ceylon are quite unlike those in either country, yet all serve the one purpose of relic sepulture. They are not altogether a thing of the past. They are still erected near the temples, but those of modern construc- tion are small and unimportant when compared with those that have with- stood biennial monsoons for 2,000 years. Even their half buried ruins are stupendous."

**Ships of the Ancients.**

Large ships were not unknown to the ancients, and some of the most moor- attained dimensions equal to ships of modern times. Nevertheless they were unmanageable monstrosities, almost at the mercy of wind and wave and ut- terly unfit to cope with the fury of a hurricane.

**The Cubit.**

The cubit (Latin cubitus, an elbow) is a Russian standard of length from the point of the elbow to the end of the middle finger.

**Hobson's Choice.**

In the time of Charles I. one Hobson let horses to the students at Cam- bridge. He would never break his rule of letting the horses in strict rotation. Persons wanting a horse must take the one whose turn it was to go or they could have none; hence the saying, "That or none."

**The Philosophic Loser.**

The horseman sighed: "That little jolt was only fair, you see. Some years ago I broke the colt. And now the colt breaks me!"

**Short Lived.**

"His musical compositions achieve some little popularity, but not for long."

"That's so, just like my day notes, as it were."

**In the Woodlands.**

Woodland dreamers now may find Eeds as soft as silk, While the deep and shaded springs Cool the butter-milk.

**LIVE STOCK MEN IN FAVOR.**

Special accommodation is given to Exhibitors Who Have Live Stock to Show.

**Americans Are Coming.**

The work of getting the grounds and buildings of the Winnipeg Indus- trial Exhibition in shape for the big Fair, July 21-25, is progressing most favorable, and long before open- ing day most of the important changes will have been made. The management announced to-day that more attention will be paid this year to the requirements of live stock ex- hibitors. Each stable will be pro- vided with two stalls for feed and storage purposes, and accommodation has been arranged in each stable for men who find it necessary to remain always with their stock. Great in- terest is being manifested by live stock breeders across the border in the big cattle show in connection with the Industrial and fancy cattle and horses will be brought in from several states. The large prizes of- fered has no doubt started this in- terest.

The speeding events, particularly the free-for-all, which is for a purse of \$3,500, has also awakened interest in American sporting circles and a number of horses from the other side will be entered for the most impor- tant events.

While the exhibition management is very modest in regard to the great scope of the Fair, this year, enough has been given out in regard to it to convince the most conservative that it will eclipse all former ex- hibitions, both in the attractions and in the amount of money expended.

The special attractions are suffi- ciently sensational and original to attract thousands who would prob- ably not visit the Fair for the ordi- nary displays and exhibits. The management has secured the Jabour Oriental, Carnival, Circus and Man- agerie Co., which includes one of the best and most completely trained ani- mal shows on the continent. Ja- bour will bring to Winnipeg ten sepa- rate and distinct shows, under a spread of canvas 325 x 625 feet. The fireworks this season will prove to be the best spectacular produc- tion ever offered patrons of the Fair. "The Burning of Moscow" will be graphically shown, and the manage- ment has gone to large expense to have it perfect in every detail.

## MAJOR CROFOOT, G. P.

THE OLD SKINFLINT MEETS HIS HAT- TER THROUGH A BLUNDER.

As Usual, Jolles Him and Organizes the Electric Headgear Company For His Benefit—The Victim Is Now Looking For the Major's Scalp.

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

It was a blunder that Major Cro- foot got into the hat store. He was looking for the cigar store next door and made a mistake. He had been owing the latter \$2.50 for a year and had let him severely alone in consequence, and to brace right into



"SHAKE HANDS WITH ME."

his store and come face to face with him was an unpleasant situation. The major was equal to it, however. He just gasped once, and then extended his hand and genially exclaimed:

"But I am glad to see you—glad in- deed. Beautiful weather, isn't it—most beautiful. By George, but you are look- ing well!"

"I am well, sir," stiffly responded the hatter.

"Well, and full of business, and I congratulate you. I must complain a little of your bookkeeper, however. I like to pay my bills once a month, and I've often wondered that he didn't send me in a statement of account. Don't I owe you for a hat or some- thing?"

"You do, sir. You have owed me \$2.50 for a year or more, and you have been billed right along every month. In addition to that I've sent a boy to your office five or six times."

"Dear me, but what a misunder- standing!" sighed the grand promoter as something like sincere anxiety shone in his eyes. "How could the carrier have disposed of those letters, and at what office could your boy have called? Well, well, but it's lucky I came in. I must speak to my secretary about this matter. I'm not paying him \$100 a week to throw bills rendered into the wastebasket. You must have thought I didn't want to pay?"

"Yes, I thought you a deadbeat," was the honest reply.

"Dear me, but see how you have wronged me! Yes, it must have looked that way to you even when I was drawing checks for others of from \$5,000 to \$10,000 each. I suppose you have heard of some of my stupendous enterprises?"

"No; I haven't."

"But you should read the papers, man. Six of the biggest syndicates and trusts on earth and more coming. Com- bined capital of the six amounts to over \$2,000,000,000. Why, I've upset Wall street three or four times over."

"I hadn't heard of it," replied the hat- ter, becoming somewhat interested, but determined to have that \$2.50 before the major left the store.

"I see you haven't, or you wouldn't think I was dodging a debt of \$2.50. Can you cash a certified check for \$21-250.73?"

"Of course not; but you must have a few dollars in cash about you."

"Not a dollar, as it happens; but you can run over to the bank with me after we have finished our talk. I am glad I found you alone. Can you guess why I came in here?"

"I guess it was by accident," smiled the hatter.

"My dear boy, but you will have your joke," replied the major as he slapped him on the back. "I've had you in mind for the last two weeks, but didn't want to say anything until I could tell you definitely about the whole busi- ness. Excuse me, but that hat looks as if it would fit me. Ah, but it is a fit—a perfect fit! As I was saying, I wanted to be able to tell you all about it."

"Well, what is it?"

"Are you satisfied with this little store and your little business?"

"I have to be."

"But if you had a store covering a whole block—if you controlled the hat trade of America, of Europe—if your name was a household word from New Jersey to Hindustan?"

"It will never be," sighed the hatter as he almost forgot the \$2.50.

"Ha, my dear boy! Shake hands with me; receive my congratulations! To- day I just finished the articles of in- corporation of the Electric Headgear company, and I am here to make you an offer."

"What have you got up?"

"The greatest thing on earth, and the idea is all my own. My dear boy, do

you know what the effect of electricity is on the human body?"

"It's good, I believe."

"It's better than all the drugs in the world. The idea is to have a slow cur- rent of it passing through the body all day long. We can't carry a battery around under our arm, but we can make hats and caps and charge 'em with electricity. We can have a posi- tive pole in the hat or cap and a nega- tive in the coat pocket, the boot, on the wrist. We can have a soft, seduc- tive current stealing up and down and back again, dissolving our lumbago, rheumatism, neuralgia and other afflic- tions as we walk about—all done from the hat and perfectly wireless, and the demand for those hats will reach in- tens of millions. Hats can be brought back and recharged for 10 cents apiece when the current gives out; won't in- terfere at all with the styles or mate- rial, but you tack a dollar on to the price; costs only 5 cents to charge one, and you have a clear profit of 95 cents. What do you think of it?"

"It may be a great thing," slowly re- plied the hatter, who was wondering if it couldn't be applied to horse blan- kets and carpets as well.

"Great thing! Why, it's the biggest money maker outside of G—ondra. The profits for the first six months can't be figured at less than \$3,000,000—not a cent less. Man, you may look upon yourself from this moment as a mil- lionaire. You can go out and buy dia- monds, horses, houses—anything you want."

"How—where do I come in?"

"Why, you are to be sole agent for the wholesale and retail sale of our hats. You make 100 per cent profit on every hat, no matter what the price. America, Europe, the world, must buy of you or go without an electric hat. A year or two ago, when I was practi- cally penniless, you sold me a hat on tick. You have never sent a bill. You have had perfect confidence in my financial integrity, and this is your re- ward. Shake hands with me while I say you deserve it all."

"But I don't—I can't catch on," pro- tested the puzzled hatter. "Where is the company, your factories, your hats?"

"My dear boy, it's such a sudden sur- prise," laughed the major. "I'll give you an hour to think it over, and then I'll drop in again. We shall want \$7,000,000 to start business with, and as I can't put in but \$4,000,000 I'm going to see a capitalist about the balance. Any of 'em will jump at the chance. We build and equip 100 factories. We make the hats and sell 'em to you at 100 per cent profit. You sell 'em at wholesale and retail and make the same figure. First year's sales can't be less than 50,000,000; and there you are. All comes from having faith in my financial in- tegrity, and you think it over and be prepared to sign contracts when I come back."

"For ten minutes after the major left the hatter was in a brown study. He was just about to smile enthusiastically when he caught sight of the grand promoter's old hat and at the same in- stant recalled the debt of \$2.50. It dashed upon him that he had been done out of two hats, and he raised his voice and called out:

"The sleek old bill! Why, I'll find him and drive him into the ground for this!"

M. QUAD.

**In Luck.**

Critic—You have written a good many books, I know, but have you produced anything that will live for a gen- eration?

Author (very thoughtfully)—Well, I have eleven chil- dren.

**The Golf Craze.**

From the window she saw him com- ing up the steps.

"He comes!" she exclaimed joyfully.

There was a bit of ice on the top step. He struck it. Then he struck each of the other steps in succession.

"Heavens!" she cried. "He has fooled his approach!"

**Good Job if the Pay Is Right.**

Whyte—What is your idea of a sine- cure?

Black—Superintendent of lines for a wireless telegraph company.

**Our Song Birds.**

"Do you speak English, madam?" in- quired the interviewer.

"Ver' leet!" replied the operatic ce- lebrity, smiling sweetly. "Only zis, 'How I love America!'"





## A GIRL OF GRIT.

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

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"Of course Captain Wood was being kidnapped and carried off. I reckoned that up on the spot, and gathered myself together then and there to give chase to the cab. I followed it steadily."



He was seeing two ladies to their carriage, down the Kensington road, losing my distance, of course, very fast. By the time I reached High street I had lost the cab.

But a man at an early coffee stall had seen it pass, holding straight on the main road toward Holland House. I heard of it again at St. Mary Abbott's terrace, and was told that it had turned up Addison road. I traced it by Holland road to Shepherd's Bush Green, and there a herring was drawn across the scent.

I was on the track now of two cabs, one going by the Shepherd's Bush or Uxbridge road, the other by the Starch Green road. I followed the first, and drew blank. It was a night hawk working home to his stall, and where he and by I caught the chair settling him, his crib. He swore he hadn't had a fare for the last two hours, and I could see he was speaking truth, for his horse had not turned a hair. I went back then to the Starch Green road, asking all and several for any galloping hansom cab. There were very few people about at this early hour, only the policemen, and they looked very shy at my tramp's clothes, giving no answer. At last a couple of decent farm folk bringing in milk told me they had passed a hansom with a worn horse on the far side of Hamersmith bridge, in the district of Barnes.

By the time I reached the Strathallan road it was broad daylight. I found a long road of detached villa houses, each in its own garden, many with stables adjoining. I figured it out, as I walked up and down this road twice, that one of these cottages was just suited for the purpose of sequestering Captain Wood, if he could be got to it. He could be driven straight into the stable yard; the cab would be no more seen when the coach house door closed behind him, and no one, neither the neighbors nor the police, would be a bit the wiser as to what mischief was being worked inside.

It took me just two hours to examine the entrance gates of every villa house with stables in that road. In three of them there were the new tracks of wheels marked plainly in the thick lying summer dust. I could not discover which were the most recent, but I carefully noted the numbers of these houses, meaning to put a watch upon them all.

I called up the boy Joseph Vialls, a very smart young squire, too, from the office in Norfolk street, as soon as I could get a telegram through. By the time he arrived I had narrowed my investigations to a single point for further observation.

The day had so far advanced that the business of life was well begun. I saw the blinds drawn up in two of the houses, the front doors opened, the women helps busy shaking the mats and washing down the stoops. Presently some of the young folks ran out into the gardens, and I could see the family gatherings round the breakfast tables, from which on the early morning air came the smell of hot coffee and English breakfast bacon, with the temptation of Tantalus for a starving man who had been out all night. All this while the third house remained closed, hermetically sealed. It was closed up, tight shutters, not a sign of life in it. When I reached my lodgings in Norfolk street I was pretty well washed out. But I turned in for an hour and at 10 a. m. woke much refreshed. As I dressed with care I pondered deeply over this business and the course that I should adopt. My first and most urgent duty was to secure the release of Mr. Wood, always supposing that my gentleman was the person actually carried off in the cab. At present I had no certainty of this, only a bit more than strong suspicion. Yet if I could ascertain that he had not returned home I should be justified in taking surmise for fact.

First I went to Clarges street. The man there remembered me, but looked strangely when I inquired for Captain Wood.

"You have not heard the news, then?" he said.

"What in thunder is there to hear more than I have to tell you?" I asked, nettled at thinking some one was before me.

"Why, that the captain has met with an accident. He slipped up, somehow last night or early this morning and hurt himself badly."

"Who told you that story? Do you believe it?"

"I believe the captain's own handwriting."

"What did he say exactly?" I was quite taken aback, as you may suppose, but did not want to show it too much.

"Here, read it for yourself. It's not all his own, of course, and you will understand why. But that's his name at the bottom there sure enough."

It was written on good gray note paper in a fair running hand, and it said: Savory, I've come to grief driving home. Horse slipped upon the curb, and I was thrown out of the cab. Some kind people picked me up and are taking good care of me. But I shan't be able to move hand or foot for some days. Send me by bearer portmanteau of things—shirts, dressing gown, dittoes, checkbook, letters, papers and the rest. Yours, W. A. Wood.

17A Laburnum Street, Harrow Road.

"And you sent them? How?"

"By the cab that brought the letter."

"Why didn't you go with them yourself?"

"I thought of it certainly, and I wish I had."

"You may well wish that. And now, if you will be guided by me, you'll go and find out 17A Laburnum street right away, if there's any such place at all."

"Oh, but there is. It's in the directory."

"Is that so? Well, if you come across Mr. Wood there I'll run you for next president of the United States. You've got just the face for a postage stamp."

"What in the name of conscience d'ye mean? What's appened to him, then?"

"It's my opinion that Captain Wood has fallen among thieves, brigands, worse—ruffians, who'll hold him to ransom for blackmail, rob, murder him, God knows what, unless some of us can circumvent their blackguard maneuvers. And I am going to try. I don't believe in cab accidents and Laburnum streets. You may, so you'd better go and judge for yourself."

But he was not going to find him in Laburnum street. I was pretty sure of that, but it was right to look there on the off chance that this story was true. For myself I was more than ever persuaded of foul play, and I considered I was bound to lay the whole matter before the London police.

I was not very well received at Scotland Yard. They told me to get proper credentials, a certificate from the American consul. I was terribly rolled, but not to waste time I took a cab straight to Great St. Helen's, where, of course I was perfectly well known. One of the senior clerks came to me directly.

"What can we do for you, Mr. Snuzzer? Want an introduction to the metropolitan police? Why, certainly. Reckon it's no use asking what you're after? Big case?"

He was a friend and had often given me information in a small way. I thought perhaps he might help me now, for I'd heard from you they were mostly Americans working this conspiracy, and it was likely enough they'd know at the consulate whether any big "toughs" and "bunko men" were in London just then.

"It's something to do with the McFaught millions," I said. "You've heard, no doubt, of that young Englishman's luck?"

"Why, yes. He was here this very morning, only an hour ago." It was then about 1 o'clock. "Captain William Aretas Wood they called him. Is he your client?"

It hit me like a blow, this news, for I saw at once what it meant. Captain



"The woman called him a dreadful dog and tried to stop him."

Wood could not be lying injured in a street off the Harrow road and walking about Great St. Helen's. I wanted no more proof of foul play.

"We are acting for Captain Wood. Case of attempted fraud. They've soon found he's fair game. But what brought him here, if I may ask?"

"Some question of legal powers. Granting attorney to representatives in New York, assigning certain properties by deed to trustees. Legal business. The law, you know, requires the signature to be given in the presence of the United States consul."

"You saw Captain Wood, did you, yourself?"

France's Vineyards. The vineyards of France cover 4,288,037 acres.

If possible, do not associate with those who anger you.

It is a great pity that a young man is not as saving with his money as an old man is with every piece of twine he finds.

## MONTHS OF PAIN.

CAUSED BY A TUMOR OF THE BREAST.

Mrs. J. M. Timbers, of Hawkesbury, Tells How She Obtained Relief After Doctors Had Failed.

From the Post, Hawkesbury, Ont.

Mrs. James M. Timbers is well known to nearly everybody in Hawkesbury, Vankleek Hill and surrounding country. She was born in Vankleek Hill, but since her marriage, twelve years ago, has lived in Hawkesbury, and is greatly esteemed by all who know her. Mrs. Timbers is one of the many thousands who have proved the great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and gives her experience for the benefit of other sufferers. She says: "While nursing my first child I suffered from a nursing tumor under the left breast. The first symptom was a sharp pain followed by a growth, which gradually increased in size until it became as large as an egg. It was exceedingly painful and caused me great suffering. I consulted a doctor, who gave me medicine, but it did me no good. Then I consulted another doctor, who said I would have to undergo an operation. In the meantime, however, the tumor broke, but would not heal, and as a result I was feeling very much run down. At this time my attention was directed to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I began using these. I soon felt that they were giving me increased strength, and after using a few boxes the tumor disappeared, and I was as well as ever I had been. My health has since been good, and I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These pills cure troubles like the above, because they make rich, red blood and drive all impurities from the system. Through their action on the blood they also cure such troubles as anaemia, heart palpitation, erysipelas, scrofula, skin eruptions, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance and the ailments that make the lives of so many women miserable. The genuine always bears the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper, around every box. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## AN EGG'S TRAVELS.

How a Canadian Egg Found a Home at Windsor, England.

A chance whim of a little girl has given a history to a hen's egg. Mrs. Deeson, of 13 Bexley street, Windsor, purchased some eggs, and upon one she discovered a "somewhat" writing. It read thus: "Pearl Wright, Harrow, Ontario. Box 388. The one that gets this egg, please write. I will answer." The egg found its destiny, after traveling between three and four thousand miles in the Royal borough of Windsor, not far from Harrow-on-the-Hill in the Old Country, and the invitation to correspond was accepted by Mrs. Deeson, who sent a Christmas card to the unknown writer. This brought the following reply: "Harrow, Jan. 9th, 1902.—Dear Mrs. Deeson and Children.—Received your letter and Christmas card on Dec. 23rd. I was out at a friend's when I wrote my name on the egg, which Mr. John Stocker sent away with the others. My friend said, 'I wonder who will get that egg?' So I find that Leghorn egg took a trip to the Old Country. I hope it was good. I am going to school, am 14 years of age, and glad to say happy and cheerful. There is plenty of everything here. My father is of English descent and my grandfather on my mother's side came from England. There are hundreds of English people here who came poor but are well off to-day. You do not see any huggars on the streets, as all have plenty to live on. My eldest sister is at the Methodist College, St. Thomas, Ontario. I suppose the Canadian contingent that served in South Africa, when it came to Windsor, was very nice. I send you a Christmas card, wishing you all the compliments of the season." The writer's hope for the goodness of the egg is hardly realized in the way she thinks, as the shell is still unbroken. Its possessor treasures the egg in its entirety too much not to be able to resist the attractions the shell covers. Were every egg to have its place of origin stamped upon it, geography might be taught through the kitchen, and tempt more of our people to join the National Poultry Association, whose efforts are all directed to fostering poultry-rearing in the Old Country.—Windsor (Eng.) Chronicle.

## Black Walnut.

Black walnut is less than half the weight of a corresponding quantity of ebony.

Every year we make war on the mosquito, and every year the mosquito fights back.

"Kings are only men," says a wise contemporary. Yes, indeed, and sometimes they are only boys.

Ragtime music has been prohibited on the recreation piers in New York. This is another of the horrible acts of the reformers.

An optimist is a man who thinks he can take a few cheap tools and a back door yard, and keep his table supplied with green stuff.

Philadelphia has a baby that drinks five gallons of milk at a meal. O yes, of course you knew right away that it is a baby elephant.

It will be a long time before that new Castellane baby will be old enough to call papa to account for wasting mamma's money.

People who have investigated the matter say that the swearing habit is becoming more common than it was a few years ago. "So are automobiles."

How will King Alfonso's subjects like his admission that he does not like bull fighting himself, and that he would like to introduce horse racing as a substitute?

## MORE SPRING POETRY.

When the sap begins to rise,  
When the wild geese northward flies,  
When the buzzard's in the skies,  
When we hear the robin's cries,  
When the horsemen advertise,  
Then it's spring.

When the geese begin to nest,  
When the frogs wake from their rest,  
When the hens all do their best,  
When the schoolboy sheds his vest,  
And takes a bad cold in his chest,  
Then it's spring.

When the horse begins to shed,  
When the brood cow makes her bed,  
When the gobbler's neck turns red,  
When the candidates are led,  
And to the nearest bar are led,  
Then it's spring.

## The Puma Winds.

The puma winds of the table lands of Peru, South America, are dry, and parching, nothing similar being known outside of Africa or Persia. When they prevail, it is necessary to constantly wear a mask to protect the face.

It is easy to have too much of a good thing; two sweethearts at one time, for example.

## Minard's Liniment is Best Hair Restorer.

Orders have been issued in India for the return to store of all ammunition containing dum-dum bullets.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

One of the highest shot towers in the world is to be found in Villach, in Carinthia, where there is a fall of 249 feet.

Great Britain and Ireland import about 285,000,000 pounds of cheese each year. Canada supplies about 60 per cent of the whole.

Stim. Another Triumph.—Mr. Thomas S. Bullen, Sunderland, writes: "For fourteen years I was afflicted with Piles, and frequently I was unable to walk or sit, but four years ago I was cured by using Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. I have also been subject to Quinsy for over forty years, but Electric Oil cured it, and it was a permanent cure in both cases, as neither the Piles nor Quinsy have troubled me since."

English is studied by 95 per cent of the students attending the higher schools in Egypt.

## Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

When it is announced that a woman will entertain informally, it means that she will buy things ready made at the baker's.

## Colorado for your Summer Outing

Peaks three miles high,  
snow-clad in July—  
flashing trout streams—  
big game—camping—  
mountain climbing.  
Ask for our book—  
"A Colorado Summer."

## Santa Fe

C. C. CARPENTER, Pass. Agt.  
503 Guaranty Bldg.,  
Minneapolis, - - - Minn.



## Syrup of Figs

ACTS GENTLY ON KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

CLEANSSES THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY;

DISPELS COLDS HEADACHES & FEVERS;

OVERCOMES HABITUAL CONSTIPATION PERMANENTLY.

ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS TO GET

BUY THE GENUINE—MADE BY

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. NEW YORK, N.Y.  
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. PRICE 50c. PER BOTTLE.

Reputation is the shadow cast by character and dependent on the light in which it is seen.

SLEEPLESSNESS is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the fancier, the business man and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer more or less from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Paralee's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

No woman should ever use a swear word than the law allows to her preacher.

There are 2,740 murders yearly in Italy; 2,400 in Russia; 1,600 in Spain.

## Canadian Northern Ry

## Eastern

## ...Tours

—via the—

## Great Lakes

Tourist Rates to all points in

ONTARIO, QUEBEC, MARITIME PROVINCES

and EASTERN STATES

One of the most delightful trips, with every modern convenience for the comfort of passengers.

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For dates of sailing and reservation of berths apply to any agent of the Canadian Northern Railway, or to

GEO. H. SHAW,  
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Travel by the C. P. R. and be assured of SOLID COMFORT.

First-class C. P. R. Sleepers on all through trains.

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Those desiring information in regard to any part of the world reached by the C. P. R. or its connections are requested to apply to any C. P. R. representative or to

C. E. McPHERSON  
Gen. Pas. Agt., Winnipeg.



# IN THE No. 7 MINE

By PERCIVAL RIDSDALE

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"Tain't no use cryin'," said Paddy McGann. "If the boss bounces me tomorrow, I has got to go; but I hate to leave you, Billy; I just hate to."

Billy was Paddy's lead mule in the No. 7 mine, a big rawboned animal, with a philosophic countenance and a reputation with all except Paddy of having a vicious temper.

"It ain't right," cried Paddy, "and I ain't a goin' to stand it. Oh, Billy, if I had lots of money d'you know what I'd do? Well, I'd buy you and take you up to the surface and let you do nothin' but eat grass and run around the fields. Say, how long has it been, Billy, since you saw the sky? Guess it must be all of seven years."

Billy looked contemplative.

"Well, never mind; there's a good time comin' some day. And say, Billy, if I don't get even with Evan Jones—well, you can kick me for a duffer. It won't be long before I'm as big as he is, and then we'll both get even with him. You say, what's the matter, Billy?"

For Billy had shaken off the nose bag with a jerk, and with ears cocked, eyes staring and nostrils agape he was looking down the gangway.

"What is it?" began Paddy, and then, sniffing the air, he cried, "Why, it's smoke, Billy."

The mule whinnied, and there was a note of terror in the long, low cry.

"Smoke," cried Paddy again, "and it ain't no powder smoke neither! Say, Billy, she's afire!"

Down the gangway they sped. Paddy was mystified. Where could the smoke come from? There was nothing along the gangway which could burn. It was all rock. He stopped suddenly, horrified. The air current had changed. He was in an outbreak, but the air was rushing inward, and it was bringing the smoke. But why should it come into the outbreak? If—but as he asked himself the question Paddy knew what had happened. Some one had left the door open, and the diverted air current was sweeping into the workings, carrying the smoke with it.

Billy pulled at the restraining hand, but again they dashed forward, and again they stopped, for Paddy was crying.

"The shift, Billy—the shift! They is in there. They don't know, Billy. They'll all be killed!"

Far up the gangway and at one side in a remote working the inside foreman and thirty men had gone in the early morning to block an old opening. Paddy knew what that meant. They were isolated and the smoke would not reach them until the very last. By that time the surrounding chambers would be so full of it that escape would be impossible.

This flashed through Paddy's mind before he could bring Billy to a stop. Almost without thinking he had determined what to do. There were two things—he could in a moment or two reach a safe place or he could go back into the smoke and warn the men. He might be overcome before he could find them, and might find them only to die in their company, but he did not think of these things. With a pull he turned Billy around.

"You've got to help me, Billy!" he cried. "I can't reach them alone." Billy shivered and whinnied.

Clinging around the mule's neck, he choked and gasped for breath. It seemed that with each inhalation liquid fire poured down his throat, while his eyes, though closed, were like balls of fire. How it was faring with Billy Paddy did not know. He felt the mule gasp as he stumbled along, and once when Billy stopped, trembling, and moaned out his agony in a long despairing scream Paddy had all he could do to smother the sobs in his own throat and urge the mule on. At last, and it seemed an age, the smoke grew lighter, for they were outracing it, and the farther they got from the entrance to the gangway the lighter it became. Then they reached the spot where the side working commenced. Billy dashed down the narrow opening and, with a long gasp, drank in great gulps of the comparatively untainted air. Then on they sped until Paddy knew he was close to the working in which the men were. Could he find them? Much—their lives and his—depended on his quickness.

He slipped off Billy's back and dashed from one opening into another, straining his eyes to see any faint glimmer of light. He found himself coughing and knew that the heading was gradually filling with the smoke, yet he had not found trace of the men. He cried in his vexation and then shouted in the utter vainness of his efforts. His eyes and his throat were beginning to smart again, and his breath was short. He stuffed his handkerchief in his mouth, but the relief was slight. Once or twice he had to stop and lean against the rough rib

of the heading, but he stumbled on again. Then almost as he fell into an opening he saw light. Gathering all his strength, he raised his voice in a long shout. There came an answer.

"Hurry! Danger!"

Then they came with a rush. There was no need to ask questions. The workings were already filling with smoke, and the men dropped everything and ran. One by one they passed Paddy. As the last one passed the boy he shouted back:

"Tell the boss!"

"Tell the boss!" "Tell the boss!" The words rang in Paddy's ears like the roar of a waterfall. All at once a cold and inquiring nose was thrust into his face. It was Billy. With the touch Paddy's senses returned, and he knew what the words meant. Evan Jones, the inside boss, the man who was to discharge him on pay day, was somewhere inside, ignorant of the danger which in a few moments would overtake him. Even now there might not be time. Paddy said nothing to Billy. Breath was too precious. Instead he grasped Billy's mane and swung himself on the mule's back again. Then straight down the passage they went until, after some minutes, they came upon Evan Jones.

"She's afire!" gasped Paddy.

The boy's face told the foreman there was no time to ask questions, but as he swung himself up beside Paddy and laid his head low on Billy's back to avoid bumping against the low hanging roof he cried:

"Where are the others? Do they know?"

"They ran when I told 'em!" gasped Paddy.

"Cowards!" muttered the foreman. The working was rapidly filling with smoke, but Billy gallantly breasted it beneath the double load, and so they came to the opening upon the gangway. In the darkness they dashed in to it, only to recoil the next moment.

"It's full of smoke!" cried the foreman.

Billy, terror stricken, shook them off and would have plunged back down the passage, but for Paddy's restraining hand.

"It's our only chance," said Jones. "We must make it. Give me your hand."

"But Billy?" questioned Paddy.

"He'll have to find his own way out. We can't bother with him."

"Go ahead," said Paddy. "Me and Billy'll get out together."

"Fool!" cried Jones. "Come on!" he called as he ran.

Paddy drew off his coat and, throwing it over the mule's head, tried to lead him out, but Billy would not move.

"Billy," cried the boy, "don't you know I'll take care of you? Come!"

Billy whinnied and then, with a big shake, sprang down the passage, dragging Paddy after him. The foreman was already some distance away, but Billy's burst of speed soon brought them together again. Paddy, keeping his feet in a remarkable manner, passed the foreman, and they dashed on into the smoke. Paddy's head was swimming, and his eyes were bursting from their sockets. He seemed to spin along like a top. Then there came a crash, and he found himself on the ground, huddled against Billy. The mule sank down with a pitiful cry of pain. His leg was broken.

It seemed ages after that when Paddy opened his eyes to find a lot of anxious faces gazing into his. He was helped up, and a distant roar, like the voice of many people, fell upon his ear. He saw he was at the head of the shaft and that a number of men stood around. Evan Jones bent over him and said:

"Don't cry about Billy. You did all you could to save him, and you were nearly gone when I found you and brought you out. We both had a narrow shave, and so did the other fellows, and we all owe our lives to you. The people want you to say something. Are you strong enough?"

Raised by willing hands, Paddy was greeted by a roar of cheering, and when he found his voice he said, although he could hardly hear himself speak: "Don't say nothin' to me about it. It was Billy done it all. Billy, he was—"

But he could say no more, and, turning to his mother, who had forced her way to his side, he burst into sobs and hid his tears on her bosom.

**The Difference of an Inch.**

At one of the reunions of the Army of the Cumberland several former officers of the Union army fell to discussing the wounds they had received during the civil war. At last one of their number turned to Colonel B., a tall, fine, soldierly looking man, who had remained silent during the discussion, and said:

"Well, colonel, you seem to be the only one of the party who escaped uninjured."

"Oh, no, I didn't," answered the colonel quickly. "I was shot at Antietam. A bullet went through my nose, taking the gristle out." He wriggled his nose from side to side to prove the truth of his statement.

"Ah, well, you were quite fortunate, after all," said Major M. consolingly. "If the bullet had struck a half inch further in, your soul would have been

launched into eternity."

"Yes," said the colonel, "and if the blamed thing had gone a half inch further out it wouldn't have hit me at all."—Lippincott's.

**Man's Monuments.**

Mr. James Ricalton, writing of the wonderful old ruins of monuments and shrines at Anurajapoor, the city of the sacred bo tree in Ceylon, says: "From the days of the mound builders man has shown himself to be a monument erecting being. The Christians have their cathedrals, the Mohammedans have their mosques, and the Buddhists have their shrine tombs, designated differently in different countries as pagoda, tope and dagoba."

The pagodas of China are entirely dissimilar to those of Burma, and the dagobas of Ceylon are quite unlike those in either country, yet all serve the one purpose of relic sepulture. They are not altogether a thing of the past. They are still erected near the temples, but those of modern construction are small and unimportant when compared with those that have withstood biennial monsoons for 2,000 years. Even their half buried ruins are stupendous.

**Ships of the Ancients.**

Large ships were not unknown to the ancients, and some of the most roomy attained dimensions equal to ships of modern times. Nevertheless they were unmanageable monstrosities, almost at the mercy of wind and wave and utterly unfit to cope with the fury of a hurricane.

**The Cubit.**

The cubit (Latin cubitus, an elbow) is a Russian standard of length from the point of the elbow to the end of the middle finger.

**Hobson's Choice.**

In the time of Charles I. one Hobson let horses to the students at Cambridge. He would never break his rule of letting the horses in strict rotation. Persons wanting a horse must take the one whose turn it was to go or they could have none; hence the saying, "That or none."

**The Philosophic Loser.**

The horseman sighed: "That little jolt was only fair, you see. Some years ago I broke the colt, and now the colt breaks me!"

**Short Lived.**

"His musical compositions achieve some little popularity, but not for long."

"That's so; just thirty day notes, as it were."

**In the Woodlands.**

Woodland dreamers now may find Beds as soft as silk, While the deep and shaded springs Cool the butter-milk.

**LIVE STOCK MEN IN FAVOR.**

Special accommodation is given to Exhibitors Who Have Live Stock to Show.

**Americans Are Coming.**

The work of getting the grounds and buildings of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition in shape for the big Fair, July 21-25, is progressing most favorable, and long before opening day most of the important changes will have been made. The management announced to-day that more attention will be paid this year to the requirements of live stock exhibitors. Each stable will be provided with two stalls for feed and storage purposes, and accommodation has been arranged in each stable for men who find it necessary to remain always with their stock. Great interest is being manifested by live stock breeders across the border in the big cattle show in connection with the Industrial, and fancy cattle and horses will be brought in from several states. The large prizes offered has no doubt started this interest.

The speeding events, particularly the free-for-all, which is for a purse of \$3,500, has also awakened interest in American sporting circles and a number of horses from the other side will be entered for the most important events.

While the exhibition management is very modest in regard to the great scope of the Fair, this year, enough has been given out in regard to it to convince the most conservative that it will eclipse all former exhibitions, both in the attractions and in the amount of money expended.

The special attractions are sufficiently sensational and original to attract thousands who would probably not visit the Fair for the ordinary displays and exhibits. The management has secured the Jambou Oriental, Carnival, Circus and Managerie Co., which includes one of the best and most completely trained animal shows on the continent. Jambou will bring to Winnipeg ten separate and distinct shows, under a spread of canvas 325 x 625 feet. The fireworks this season will prove to be the best spectacular production ever offered patrons of the Fair. "The Burning of Moscow" will be graphically shown, and the management has gone to large expense to have it perfect in every detail.


## MAJOR CROFOOT, G. P.

### THE OLD SKINFLINT MEETS HIS HAT-TER THROUGH A BLUNDER.

As Usual, Jolies Him and Organizes the Electric Headgear Company For His Benefit—The Victim Is Now Looking For the Major's Scalp.

(Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis.)

It was a blunder that Major Crofoot got into the hat store. He was looking for the cigar store next door and made a mistake. He had been owing the latter \$2.50 for a year and had let him severely alone in consequence, and to brace right into



"SHAKE HANDS WITH ME"

his store and come face to face with him was an unpleasant situation. The major was equal to it, however. He just gasped once and then extended his hand and genially exclaimed:

"But I am glad to see you—glad indeed. Beautiful weather, isn't it—most beautiful. By George, but you are looking well!"

"I am well, sir," stily responded the hatter.

"Well and full of business, and I congratulate you. I must complain a little of your bookkeeper, however. I like to pay my bills once a month, and I've often wondered that he didn't send me in a statement of account. Don't I owe you for a hat or something?"

"You do, sir. You have owed me \$2.50 for a year or more, and you have been billed right along every month. In addition to that I've sent a boy to your office five or six times."

"Dear me, but what a misunderstanding!" sighed the grand promoter as something like sincere anxiety shone in his eyes. "How could the carrier have disposed of those letters, and at what office could your boy have called? Well, well, but it's lucky I came in. I must speak to my secretary about this matter. I'm not paying him \$100 a week to throw bills rendered into the wastebasket. You must have thought I didn't want to pay?"

"Yes, I thought you a deadbeat," was the honest reply.

"Dear me, but see how you have wronged me! Yes, it must have looked that way to you even when I was drawing checks for others of from \$5,000 to \$10,000 each. I suppose you have heard of some of my stupendous enterprises?"

"No; I haven't."

"But you should read the papers, man. Six of the biggest syndicates and trusts on earth and more coming. Combined capital of the six amounts to over \$2,000,000,000. Why, I've upset Wall street three or four times over."

"I hadn't heard of it," replied the hatter, becoming somewhat interested, but determined to have that \$2.50 before the major left the store.

"I see you haven't, or you wouldn't think I was dodging a debt of \$2.50. Can you cash a certified check for \$21,280.73?"

"Of course not; but you must have a few dollars in cash about you."

"Not a dollar, as it happens; but you can run over to the bank with me after we have finished our talk. I am glad I found you alone. Can you guess why I came in here?"

"I guess it was by accident," smiled the hatter.

"My dear boy, but you will have your joke," replied the major as he slapped him on the back. "I've had you in mind for the last two weeks, but didn't want to say anything until I could tell you definitely about the whole business. Excuse me, but that hat looks as if it would fit me. Ah, but it is a fit—a perfect fit! As I was saying, I wanted to be able to tell you all about it."

"Well, what is it?"

"Are you satisfied with this little store and your little business?"

"I have to be."

"But if you had a store covering a whole block—if you controlled the hat trade of America, of Europe—if your name was a household word from New Jersey to Hindustan?"

"It will never be," sighed the hatter as he almost forgot the \$2.50.

"Ha, my dear boy! Shake hands with me; receive my congratulations! To-day I just finished the articles of incorporation of the Electric Headgear company, and I am here to make you an offer."

"What have you got up?"

"The greatest thing on earth, and the idea is all my own. My dear boy, do

you know what the effect of electricity is on the human body?"

"It's good, I believe."

"It's better than all the drugs in the world. The idea is to have a slow current of it passing through the body all day long. We can't carry a battery around under our arm, but we can make hats and caps and charge 'em with electricity. We can have a positive pole in the hat or cap and a negative in the coatall pocket, the boot, on the wrist. We can have a soft, seductive current stealing up and down and back again, dissolving our lumbago, rheumatism, neuralgia and other afflictions as we walk about—all done from the hat and perfectly wireless, and the demand for those hats will reach into tens of millions. Hats can be brought back and recharged for 10 cents apiece when the current gives out. Won't interfere at all with the styles or material, but you tack a dollar on to the price; costs only 5 cents to charge one, and you have a clear profit of 95 cents. What do you think of it?"

"It may be a great thing," slowly replied the hatter, who was wondering if it couldn't be applied to horse blankets and carpets as well.

"Great thing! Why, it's the biggest money maker outside of Goldonda. The profits for the first six months can't be figured at less than \$3,000,000—not a cent less. Man, you may look upon yourself from this moment as a millionaire. You can go out and buy diamonds, horses, houses—anything you want."

"How—where do I come in?"

"Why, you are to be sole agent for the wholesale and retail sale of our hats. You make 100 per cent profit on every hat, no matter what the price. America, Europe, the world, must buy of you or go without an electric hat. A year or two ago, when I was practically penniless, you sold me a hat on tick. You have never sent a bill. You have had perfect confidence in my financial integrity, and this is your reward. Shake hands with me while I say you deserve it all."

"But I don't—I can't catch on," protested the puzzled hatter. "Where is the company, your factories, your shops?"


"My dear boy, it's such a sudden surprise," laughed the major. "I'll give you an hour to think it over, and then I'll drop in again. We shall want \$7,000,000 to start business with, and as I can't put in but \$4,000,000, I'm going to see a capitalist about the balance. Any of 'em will jump at the chance. We build and equip 100 factories. We make the hats and sell 'em to you at 100 per cent profit. You sell 'em at wholesale and retail and make the same figure. First year's sales can't be less than 50,000,000, and there you are. All comes from having faith in my financial integrity, and you think it over and be prepared to sign contracts when I come back."

For ten minutes after the major left the hatter was in a brown study. He was just about to smile enthusiastically when he caught sight of the grand promoter's old hat and at the same instant recalled the debt of \$2.50. It flashed upon him that he had been done out of two bats, and he raised his voice and called out:

"The sleek old bilk! Why, I'll find him and drive him into the ground for this!"

M. QUAD.

**In Luck.**



Some Change.

Critie—You have written a good many books, I know, but have you produced anything that will live for a generation?

Author (very thoughtfully)—Well, I have eleven children.

**The Golf Course.**

From the window she saw him coming up the steps.

"He comes!" she exclaimed joyfully.

There was a bit of ice on the top step. He struck it. Then he struck each of the other steps in succession.

"Heavens!" she cried. "He has fooled his approach!"

**Good Job if the Pay Is Right.**

Whyte—What is your idea of a sine-cure?

Black—Superintendent of lines for a wireless telegraph company.

**Our Song Birds.**

"Do you speak English, madam?" inquired the interviewer.

"Ver' leet!" replied the operatic celebrity, smiling sweetly. "Only zis, 'How I love America!'"



## DOUBLED THE COLLECTION

A Scotchman's Scheme For Increasing the Church Contribution.

In a small town in England there is a rich congregation which is not characterized by lavish liberality. Time after time the minister had vainly appealed to his people to contribute more generously to the funds of the church. The members would indeed give something, but it was nearly always the smallest silver coin of the realm that was placed on the plate. A shrewd Scotchman who had recently come to the place and joined the church was not long in noticing this state of affairs, and a remedy soon suggested itself to his practical mind.

"I'll tell you what," he said to one of the officials, "if you make me treasurer I'll engage to double the collection in three months."

His offer was promptly accepted, and sure enough, the collections began to increase until by the time he had stated they were nearly twice as much as formerly.

"How have you managed it, Mr. Sandyman?" said the pastor to him one day.

"It's a great secret," returned the canny Scot, "but I'll tell you in confidence. The folk I saw, mostly gave threepenny bits. Well, when I got the money every Sabbath morning I carefully picked out the small coins and put them by. Now, as there's a limited number of threepenny pieces in a little place like this, and as I have most of them at present under lock and key, the folk must give sixpences at least instead. See that's the way the collections are doubled."

### Diamond Cutters.

Speaking of women in the jewelry business, a diamond merchant said:

"In other branches of the jewelry trade, than diamond cutting women have made some unqualified successes. Not one of Eve's daughters, from royalty down, I should say, that isn't an artist in the wearing of diamonds. Many are well versed in the tricks of buying and selling them, while others give excellent satisfaction in polishing, setting them and preparing them for the market."

"But when it comes to the real cutting of the stones they lack the patience, judgment and steadiness of nerve which constitute the expert stock in trade. It would seem that diamonds have the same effect upon the woman who wishes to shape them that they do on the girl who sees one of them sparkling in her new engagement ring—puts her in a tremor of excitement; hence diamond cutters are invariably men."

### Kruger and the Queen's Ball.

The following letter was written by the private secretary of President Kruger of the Transvaal, in reply to an invitation from Johannesburg to attend a ball given in 1891 in celebration of Queen Victoria's birthday:

"In reply to your favor of the 12th inst. requesting me to ask his honor, the state president, to consent to the making use of his name as patron on the occasion of a ball to be given at Johannesburg on the 29th inst., I have been instructed to inform you that whereas his honor considers a ball as Baal's service, for which reasons the Lord ordered Moses to kill all offenders, whereas such is consequently contrary to his honor's principles, his honor cannot consent to the misuse of his name in connection with such a ball."

### A Strange Feasting Custom.

There was a strange custom in the Isle of Lewis when the people used to gather to the church of St. Mulvey at night, each family bringing provisions and each family furnishing a peck of malt, which was brewed into ale. One who was chosen for the purpose waded into the sea up to his middle and poured out a cup of ale, calling on a sea god called Shony to favor the people through the coming year. The people, after seeing the ceremony performed, returned to the church and then went to the fields to spend the rest of the night in revelry.

### Books With Leaves Uncut.

A book the leaves of which are uncut possesses no value of an intrinsic character beyond one that is cut, but really less. For that matter, if it is to remain uncut, it is as valueless as it is useless. There are book collectors, however, who place a premium upon books with uncut leaves and so commend them in their advertisements and circulars. There are persons who load certain shelves in their libraries with uncut books. Of course they are not for use and are not used and are valueless except for keeping.

### The Eternal Feminine.

Bride of a Day (aboard train)—Do stop talking a little while, dear.

The Other Half (tenderly)—Why, darling, are you tired of me so soon? Bride of a Day—No, dearest, but I am curious to hear what those two women behind us are saying.

### Not a Stranger.

Uncle Henry—So you got swindled first thing? Didn't I tell you to beware of strangers in the city?

Jediah—But this chap wasn't a stranger Uncle Henry. He knew me right off—actually called me by name.

# 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.

## CHAINED FOR TEN YEARS



EVERY BRINGS RELIEF.

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

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

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

DR. 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.

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, 1 Nov. 1900. 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.

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

Home address, 235 Rivington Street.

S. RAPHAEL, 67 East 129th St. New York City.

TRIAL BOTTLE SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL.

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

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

### NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia at its present session for an Act to incorporate a Company with power to construct, equip, maintain and operate a single or double line of railway, to be operated by steam, electricity or any other mode or power, at and from the City of Victoria in the province of British Columbia, thence North west by the most feasible route to a point at or near Seymour Narrows in the said Province of British Columbia; and with power to construct, establish, maintain and continually operate a railway ferry steamship service for the purpose of transferring for reward passengers and passenger and freight cars from the said point at or near Seymour Narrows in Vancouver's Island to a point on the Mainland of the Province of British Columbia; and with further powers to build, equip, maintain and operate branches of the said railway from any point on the main line thereof to any point in Vancouver Island; and with power to build and operate tramways in connection with the said railway; and with power to build, construct, equip, maintain, and operate telegraph and telephone lines in connection with the said railways and branches; and with power to generate electricity for the supply of light, heat and power, and for all, any and every other purpose mentioned in Sections 80, 81, 82 and 83 of the "Water Clauses Consolidation Act, 1897," and to do everything necessary or incidental to the carrying out of all or any of the objects referred to in the said sections; and with power to exercise all the powers given to the Company by Parts IV and V of the "Water Clauses Consolidation Act, 1897," and with power to build, own and maintain saw-mills; and to carry on a general express business, and to build, maintain and operate bridges, roads, ways, ferries, wharves, docks, steamboats, steamships, coal bunkers, and other works; and to make traffic or other arrangement with railway, steamship or steamboat and other companies; and with power to expropriate lands for the purposes of the Company and to acquire land houses, 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

# Cold Storage:

Air Dry System.

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

ICE==

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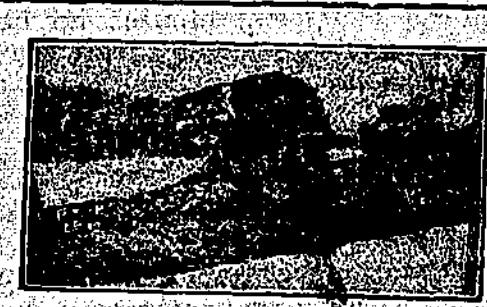
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### Nanaimo & Nanaimo Ry.



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, Musgrave, 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, Musgrave, Burgoyne, 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.

GEO. L. COURTNEY,

Traffic Manager

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A rich lady cured of her Deafness and Noises in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, gave \$10,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Address No. 14517 The Nicholson Institute, 78 Eighth Avenue, New York, U.S.A.



# THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

Issued Every Wednesday.

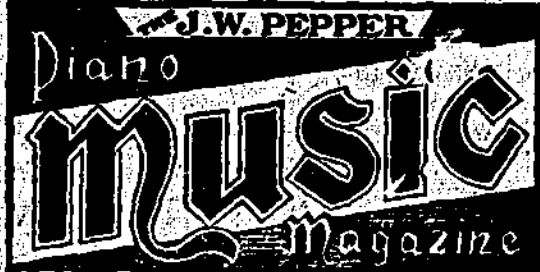
W. B. ANDERSON, EDITOR

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.

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MEMORANDUMS

ENVELOPES

BUSINESS CARDS

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BILLS OF FARE

Etc., Etc., Etc.

## CONCERT PROGRAMMES

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MENUS

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## Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE

NOV. 19TH, 1898

## VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 Daily.	No. 3a
A.M.	P.M.
De 9:00	Victoria.....
9:23	Goldstream.....
10:9	Koenig's.....
10:48	Duncan's.....
P.M.	P.M.
12:14	Nanaimo.....
A 12:3	Wellington.....

## WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1 Daily.	No. 3 Saturday.
A.M.	A.M.
De 8:05	Wellington.....
8:20	Nanaimo.....
9:52	Duncan's.....
10:37	Koenig's.....
11:15	Goldstream.....
Ar 11:45	Victoria.....

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

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

A. DUNSMUIR G.M. L. COURTNEY  
President Traffic Manager

## Notice.

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

By order

FRANCIS D. LITTLE  
Manager.

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cashire and Norwich Union.

am prepared to accept risks a

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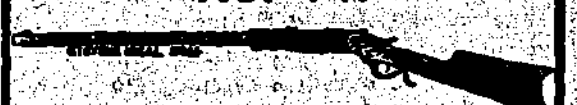
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Price Only \$10.00.

Made in all the standard al-  
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Weight about 7 pounds. Stand-  
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by your dealer, send price and we will  
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furnish Stylish Rigs  
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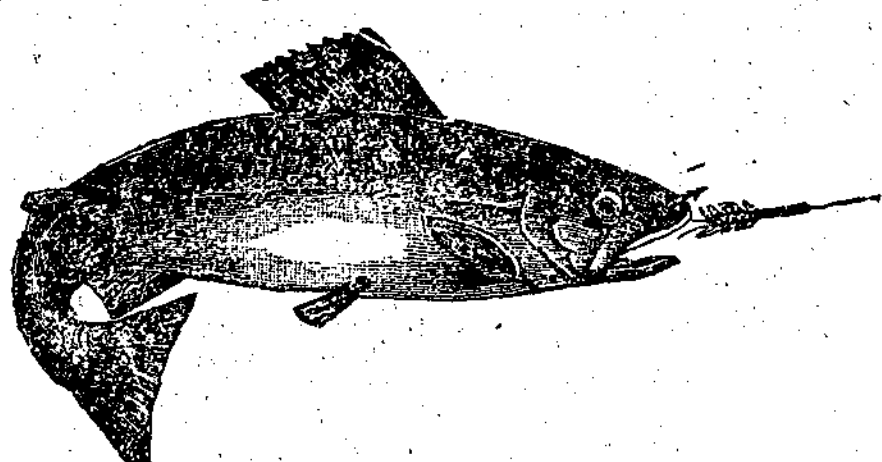
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## FISHING RODS REPAIRED

Flies of any Pattern Tied to Order.



Fancy Inlaying wood in and metal.  
French Polishing.

Apply

NEWS OFFICE.



## MR. BOWSER RETURNS

HAD ALL HE WANTED OF COUNTRY LIFE.

Dusty Bill, Railroad Jim and Towpath Tom Make the Family's Last Day on the Farm a Very Lively One.

(Copyright, 1900, by C. E. Lewis.)

Mrs. Bowser and the cook worked over Mr. Bowser for two hours after his adventure with the bumblebees, and he put in the whole day sitting around with his head and hands in poultices. During the forenoon, before his pains had abated, no questions were asked him, but after dinner, when his interest in life seemed to have revived a little, Mrs. Bowser said:

"I can't make out how it happened. Did you walk into a nest of bumblebees?"

"Woman, do you take me for an idiot? I saw through the whole thing in a minute. I was out here for my health. I was beginning to find the pure air and the seclusion doing me good. You wanted to go home, and you put up a job on me."

"But how did I know about the bumblebees?" she protested.

"Never mind how you knew. It was a deep laid plot to bring about my death, your sixteenth attempt to assassinate me, but it failed. But for your bloodthirstiness I might have consented to return home when my weight had increased 10 or 15 pounds, but now I'll be hanged if I don't stay right here till I weigh a ton!"

"It was no use to argue further. The day passed slowly and quietly by, and night came. Mr. Bowser grew better natured, and as he sat in the door he melted enough to say:

"By George, but what an evening! At this hour in the city there's noise enough to arouse the dead, while here there's a softness and stillness positively entrancing. No wonder that farmers live to be 200 years old."

The crickets sang, the tree toads chattered, and the night birds called to each other over the huckleberry bushes. By and by it came bedtime, and the house was quiet. The first interruption came from the owl of the night before. He wasn't satisfied with his previous effort, though he had done



"BY GEORGE, BUT WHAT AN EVENING!" fairly well. He came back to beat the record, and the sound of his voice rolled Mr. Bowser out of bed and set the women screaming.

"Shut up your noise!" he shouted as he rumbled around and struck a light. "It's nothing but that owl come back again; but, by the bones of Jacob, I'll show him that his hooting isn't appreciated!"

The bird flew away at sight of the light, and Mr. Bowser was standing in the open door surveying the night when a voice from out of the darkness remarked:

"I seen your light, cully, and thought I'd drop in and hev a cold bottle and a bird with you."

It was Dusty Bill again. As Mr. Bowser gazed at him in astonishment he came forward and continued:

"And mebbe you kin be prevailed upon to show me that fliplop trick you practiced on me last night. By John, but what's de matter wid your mug?"

"You scoundrel!" gasped Mr. Bowser. "But what are you doing here again tonight?"

"Hevn't I bin tellin you? Where's de bird and de bottle?"

"I'll give you birds and bottles, you lawfer, you! Out of this before I mop the earth with you!"

"But de bird and de"—

Mr. Bowser tackled him, the women screamed, the owl hooted from a distant tree, and for five minutes there was a lively time in that end of the country. Then the tramp broke away and made off, and as the panting Mr. Bowser sat down on the doorstep to recover his wind Mrs. Bowser tearfully exclaimed:

"Your ear is bitten, your nose is scratched, and he's torn the shirt off your back! How can you call this a vacation? Oh, if you'd only agree to go home in the morning!"

"Never!" he shouted as he got breath enough. "I've leased this farm for three months, and all the tramps in the state shan't drive me away. Go back to bed and let the crickets sing you to sleep. I'll sit around for awhile and see if anything more is going to happen. If the tramp comes back, I'll kill and bury him."

Mrs. Bowser and the cook went back to their rooms, and for the next hour all was peace. Mr. Bowser was sick of the whole job and fishing for a way to throw it up and get back to town, but he couldn't see his way clearly. Right or wrong, he always stuck to his word. He was plunged in reflection when the owl came flying around, but he managed to drive it off without raising an alarm. He had just taken his seat again when he heard the tramp of feet, and next moment Dusty Bill and two other tramps stood before him.

"Excuse me, cully," said Dusty, with a scrap and a bow, "but I thought you might like to meet me intimate friends, Railroad Jim and Towpath Tom. I told 'em dat you had a cold bottle and a bird ready fur us."

"I want the gang of you to clear off this place at once!" sternly replied Mr. Bowser as he heard the two women getting out of bed.

"Speak softly, cully," said Railroad Jim as he pressed forward. "We is gentlemen talkin to a gentleman. Dere ain't no call fur any hard words between us."

"And on de part of dis gang of gentlemen," added Towpath Tom as he moved up, "I'd like to ask de stranger what he is doin' in our house."

"Your house!" replied Mr. Bowser. "I've leased this farm for three months, air, and you can't get off the place any too quick to please me!"

"Gents, you see how it is," said Dusty as he turned to his companions. "Dis yere cully has gone and formed a trust to drive us out of our home, and de only way we kin git our rights is to bust de combination."

Mr. Bowser realized that he had a scrap on hand, with odds of three to one, but he did not falter. As they moved up on him he was ready, and when Mrs. Bowser reached the door the four men were fighting in a heap on the grass. There were screams and shouts and curses, and the tramps encouraged each other by shouting warcries, but at the end of ten minutes they gave up the fight and fled. Mr. Bowser had fairly licked the trio, but he had not come off unscathed. They had kicked and bitten and pinched him until he was a sight to see. Mrs. Bowser was weeping and the cook wailing as he got up and shook himself to see what was missing. Without heeding them he marched into the house and the kitchen. After washing off the blood he took down his coat from a hook, buttoned it around him and put on his hat.

"You are not going to follow them?" sobbed Mrs. Bowser.

"If we are left alone here, we'll be murdered!" wailed the cook.

"Get ready and come on," replied the victor of the scrap.

"But where to?"

"Follow me."

And they put on their hats, locked the door behind them and followed him down to the gate and down the highway to the station. He walked in advance and spoke no word. They had only five minutes to wait for the midnight train, and he waved them aboard and came after.

"It must be that we are going home," said Mrs. Bowser as the train started.

"If we are, then I'll work for you for a year without wages," said the thankful cook.

Mr. Bowser heard them, but he gave no sign. He had spent a day and two nights on a summer farm, and he was trying to figure out how many years it would take him to recover from his vacation. Only once did he seem to take any interest in what was going on around him. That was as the train stopped at a station for a minute and a familiar voice on the platform was heard saying:

"Yes, gentlemen, he's fat and bald-headed and crooked in the legs, but you hev de word of Dusty Bill dat if he'd train fur de ring none of de fellers of today would be in it." M. QUAD.

**Church Bells.**

The city of Nola, in Campania, was the first where church bells were used. This was about the year 400 A. D.

**What Cheese Lacks.**

Starch and sugar are two elements lacking in cheese which must be supplied by vegetables or such foods as give the required amount of these elements to make up the requisite bulk of general nourishment.

**A New Zealand Geyser.**

In Rotomahona, New Zealand, there is an immense geyser which covers an area of an acre in extent and constantly throws columns of water to vast heights, some of them ascending 300 feet, with clouds of steam which go much higher.

**Eggshells.**

Housekeepers must remember that good eggs always have dull looking shells.

**British Rivers.**

The British islands are better provided with rivers than any other country of the same size on the globe.

## THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER

By Mary Wood

Copyright, 1901, by Mary Wood

The boys were singing snatches of football songs as they sat on the porch to talk over the game. Nancy smiled as she listened and wondered how the practice had come out.

Now, from the time she had worn long dresses Nancy had gone to all the big games as a matter of course, but it was only since Tom Garrett had made the team that she had shown any interest in practice games. Bayliss had not yet arrived at the dignity of a training house, so Tom still had his old room and kept the table in a roar at mealtimes.

The boys were tramping up the stairs now, and the song had changed:

"If you don't make love to the landlady's daughter, you won't get a second piece of pie."

Then Jim Woodward's voice:

"How about that, Tom?"

And Tom's voice in laughing reply:

"Oh, I don't know!"

The words seemed to hold a covert significance, and Nancy's smile faded. That hateful song! How could she



TRIED NOT TO WATCH A CERTAIN FIGURE.

ever have laughed over it with the rest? Was that the way Tom looked at her—as the landlady's daughter? Was that the pitiful foundation of her happy dreams? For once she was ashamed of her mother's calling. The tears came, but she brushed them angrily away. Tom Garrett need not think that she was like the average girl of a college town. She would be a college widow for no one!

The tea bell was ringing. With a hasty glance in the mirror to see that no traces of foolish tears remained she tripped down stairs with a poor assumption of her ordinary manner. Once safe behind the urn, she devoted herself to the business of pouring tea. She appeared particularly oblivious to the glances that Tom sent in her direction, as if wondering the cause of her silence.

He lingered at the table after the others.

"Aren't you feeling well, Nancy?" She clattered with the tea things as she laid stiffly:

"Quite well, thank you."

Tom looked his surprise at her tone, but he only said pleasantly:

"Well, don't forget the concert. We had better start at 7:30."

Nancy made a valiant effort to be cool and dignified, but there was a little catch in her voice as she said:

"Oh, the concert! I had forgotten. But I—I don't feel like going tonight. You had better take some one else."

And she fairly ran from the room.

Tom gazed after her in blank astonishment.

He understood even less in the days that followed. Nancy refused all his invitations until he grew thoroughly provoked at her.

Du Peyster came to call. Nancy said she was delighted to see him and was so very charming that he came again—and again. Tom had never thought much about Du Peyster, but now he found himself regarding "the call" with hatred. Du Peyster took Nancy to all the games.

"I do not need your tickets, thank you, Mr. Garrett."

That "Mr." was the last straw, and Tom vowed that he would never again try to make friends with her. He kept his word, but his heart often failed

him as he saw Nancy, his pretty Nancy, go off with that cad Du Peyster with never a glance in his direction.

It was a clear November day, an ideal Thanksgiving day, and every one was out in force for the last game of the season. Du Peyster thought he had never seen Nancy look prettier, all in the college colors, with her red suit and black furs. Her dark eyes danced with excitement, and the cold air gave a brilliant color to her usually pale cheeks. He told her so, but somehow it gave her no pleasure.

"Don't let's talk so much," she said eagerly. "We must pay strict attention to the game since it is the end of the season."

The cheering and singing commenced as the two teams trotted out on the field. Oh, there was that hateful song again! Nancy tried not to watch a certain figure, but it seemed impossible for her eyes to forget their old trick of hunting it out after every scrimmage.

It was an exciting game, for the two teams were evenly matched. Nancy found herself hanging breathlessly on every play.

The first half over and even scores! Could it be possible that Bayliss would be whipped on its own field? How long the intermission seemed! There they come again!

Shout, Bayliss, shout! Cheer as you never did before! The team must not know that you have even a doubt of its failure.

The line of players zigzagged up and down, following that bit of quicksilver, the ball. Now there was a splendid run, now a kick. The scores mounted slowly. But what was that? Some one was running with the ball. One intercepting player was thrown, another dashed aside, and still the figure sped on. Nearer, nearer the goalposts! Three opponents were almost on him now. He fell, but a great shout went up. The touchdown had been made!

The little heap slowly disentangled itself, but the undermost man did not move. A doctor ran forward. Nancy turned faint. It was Tom—she knew it was Tom—and he had been killed! The cheering sounded far away. She gave a little gasp, and Du Peyster was alarmed at sight of her face.

"You're sick, Miss Elliot?" he asked anxiously.

"No, no!" She did not take her eyes from the group on the field. "Only—only, I hate to see any one hurt. Do you think he is killed?" she asked pitifully.

Du Peyster laughed as he said cheerfully: "Not a bit of it. It takes more than that to down a Bayliss man! See, there he is moving. They are going to take him off the field—probably an ankle sprained or something of that sort. What's the matter with Garrett?" to a passing sub.

"Only a sprained ankle. He's all right." And the crowd echoed, "He's all right!"

So Nancy sat out the rest of the game, and when they were shouting the college victory she had won a victory over self.

Tom could not go to the jubilation banquet on account of his sprain, but he didn't seem to mind it very much, for Nancy brought a well-filled tray to his lounge and sat beside him while he ate. And it was the old Nancy, smiling and gay. There was almost a gleam of repentant tears in her eyes when he had finished his dessert and she leaned over him and said:

"Don't you want another piece of pie, Tom?"

Tom seized her hand.

"Oh, bother the pie, Nancy! I'd rather you'd—"

Nancy's cheeks flushed as she bent over the fallen hero, but her eyes twinkled as she said:

"Well, only to show you—I forgive you!"

**Durability of Ancient Ink.**

The labor required in making the manuscript books of ancient days was far beyond the understanding of the men of the present day, who possess all the modern adjuncts to that art. As these books were intended to last for many years, answering the same purpose as our printed tomes, the great desideratum in their preparation was durability. As a natural consequence those who made them not only selected the best quality of parchment or other material to write upon, but also paid particular attention to the quality of the ink used in such work.

That they were successful in making the latter is evidenced by the fact that in the majority of instances the characters inscribed on the most ancient manuscript rolls now preserved in the British museum and elsewhere are very legible, the ink being bright and black and showing but little evidence of its great age. It is supposed that the superior quality of lampblack, prepared in a manner now unknown, was the true cause of this beautiful and lasting color of the ink in question.

**The Only Safe Way.**

"No, I can't stay any longer," he said, with determination.

"What difference does an hour or so make now?" asked a member of the party. "Your wife will be in bed and asleep, and if she wakes up she won't know what time it is."

"Quite right. Quite right," he returned. "I can fool my wife almost any time as long as I get home before breakfast. Why, I've gone home when the sun was up, kept the blinds shut, lit the gas and made her think that it was a little after 12. But, gentlemen, I can't fool the baby. I can make the room as dark as I please, but it won't make the baby sleep a minute later than usual, and when she wakes up hungry it comes pretty close to being morning, and my wife knows it. Gentlemen," he added as he bowed himself out, "I make it a rule to get home before the baby wakes. It's the only safe way."

**Bimini and the Fountain of Youth.**

Bimini was a fabulous island firmly believed in by the Indians of the Antilles, though they could give no further clue to its location than that it lay some hundreds of leagues north of Hispaniola. On this island was the famous fountain of youth and giving perpetual health and vigor. It was the search for this fountain that led Ponce de Leon and Hernando de Soto to Florida, on the outskirts of which the island was generally supposed to be situated.

**Discovery.**

"My husband often says that his disposition might be much worse," said the patient-looking woman.

"That sounds gentle and conciliatory."

"Yes, but he always insists on going ahead and proving it."

—Washington Star.

**Billions.**

"Laura," said Mr. Ferguson, "I do wish you would quit playing that infernal piano. I've got a bilious headache."

"I think you have a good deal of gall to talk that way to me," replied Mrs. Ferguson.

—Chicago Tribune.

**The Boarders' Chant.**

The dwellers in our boarding house shout loud in glad relief:

"What matters it to us if trusts send up the price of beef?"

We vent our joy in merry gibes; we whistle gleeful tunes,

For no stern trust has cornered yet the stock on rice and prunes."

**An Unfortunate Theory.**

"Yes, Biggins tackled a hard row with his theory that woman is naturally subordinate to man and, under proper circumstances, cheerfully submissive."

"But where did he get that black eye and bruised head?"

"He tried to demonstrate the theory with Mrs. Biggins' maternal parent as his subject."

**Camp Meetin' Time.**

Weather's sorter gittin' now Redhot an' still a-heatin' But won't we put our dusters on An' gallop to camp meetin'!

**Similes.**

A man is like the honeybee Who toils the livelong day; The trust is like the man who takes The honey all away.

**Mightier Than the Appendix.**

Church—I see Dr. Cuttman has got an automobile. Gotham—Couldn't kill 'em quick enough, eh?

**Just Little Shoes.**

Just a little pair of shoes, Yet a mother's heart aches, for See that little pair of shoes Tracking mud on mother's floor.

**But Not Their First.**

Hewitt—Gruet is very popular with the widows. Jewett—Yes; he doesn't seem to be anybody's first choice.

**Second Thought.**

He laughed at vegetarians. Their claims and views disdainful; At present, though, he wishes he Had also gone in training.

**Policy.**

"The baby looks like its mother." "Tsh! We want to make out that she takes after a rich aunt of mine."

**Not College Bred.**

Mrs. Blusterby—Mrs. De Boaster says that no man can be a gentleman unless he has a college education.

Mr. Blusterby—Well, that only proves that women who have college educations are not necessarily ladies.

**Heart Wounds.**

A score of cases are known to medical science in which persons with bullet wounds in their hearts have survived.



# THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

## SEASONABLE SIGNS.

"I'm in court," read a card on the lawyer's door. "At the hospital," appears on the doctor's slate. "Be back in an hour," say several more while others invite one to "Sit down and wait." "Gone to the bank," is the broker's sign. "Back soon," is found on the ice dealer's hook. "Sick in bed," is the dentist's—so says his book. "Twice every where thus, so with nothing to do, I hid me away to the baseball ground; and there, strange to say, yet none the less true, each of the above in the grand stand I found."

## Deafness Cannot Be Cured

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

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

Address: J. C. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

People are so anxious to see something for nothing that they will run a couple of miles to see a little shed burn down.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.

Dear Sirs,—While in the country last summer, I was badly bitten by mosquitoes—so badly that I thought I would be disfigured for a couple of weeks. I was advised to try your Liniment to allay the irritation, and I did so. The effect was more than I expected—a few applications completely curing the irritation, preventing the bites from becoming sore. MINARD'S LINIMENT is also a good article to keep on the mosquitoes.

Yours truly,

W. A. OKE

Harbor Grace, Nfld. Jan. 8, 1898.

The families in the interior of Russia are coincident with a decline in the humidity, due in great measure to the destruction of forests.

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

Lettuce Sandwiches.—Let your lettuce lie in cold water on the ice box for at least an hour before using, then dry thoroughly with a clean towel. Spread thin slices of buttered bread with salad dressing made from the above, rule and place between them tender, crisp lettuce leaves.

## Minard's Liniment is the best.

Queen Wilhelmina has contributed \$800 for the benefit of the Martinique sufferers. This will cause her husband's creditors to express another large batch of disgust.

## Are you going to start a Newspaper?

Then write to us for prices and terms upon TYPE, MATERIAL and MACHINERY.

We carry the only stock in the Northwest, and can furnish complete Job and Newspaper Plants at short notice; also Ready-Prints in all sizes and styles.

Toronto Type Fdry Co'y, Limited.

175 McDermot Avenue, Winnipeg.

## Pointers and Setters.

A pointer is so called because of its habits of stopping and pointing at game with its nose, while the setter gets its name from a like habit, excepting that it crouches instead of standing when pointing under similar circumstances.

## Heavy Wood.

There are 413 species of trees found within the limits of the United States, sixteen of which, when perfectly seasoned, are heavy enough to sink in water. The heaviest of these is the black ironwood (Condalia ferris) of Florida, which is 10 to 30 per cent heavier than distilled water.

## Cows in Europe.

The number of cows, in millions, is about ten in Russia, eight and nine-tenths in Germany, six in Austria, five in France, three and nine-tenths in England and two and two-fifths in Italy.

## Pliny's Giant.

Galabra, the giant whom Pliny mentions as having been "brought out of Arabia" during the reign of Claudius, was ten feet high, of fine proportions and weighed upward of 400 pounds.

## 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.

## LUMBAGO

A NOVA SCOTIA MAN HAS FOUND A SURE REMEDY

Claims That Lumbago Can be Cured—He Himself Had Suffered for 25 Years—Hope for Apparently Hopeless Cases.

Economy Point, N. S., June 30.—(Special).—Mr. George S. McLaughlin of this place claims to have found a remedy which will cure any case of Lumbago.

Mr. McLaughlin himself has been a great sufferer with this disease, and has sought relief in very many treatments and remedies.

At last, however, he came across a medicine which completely cured him, and which he claims any sufferer from Lumbago should be told of.

He says:—

"I was troubled with Lame Back for 25 years or more. Sometimes it was so severe I could not turn myself in bed.

"A slight cold, or hard lifting would bring on a fearful attack and give me awful pain.

"I had tried many medicines and treatments, but never found anything to do me any good until I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"My brother, who kept a small grocery store and sold some medicines, told me that he had heard that they had cured a great many people of Lumbago, and he advised me to try them.

"I commenced a treatment and in a short time all the pain left my back and it became as stout and as strong as ever.

"Wonderful to say I have had no return of the terrible Lumbago since.

"It is now some years since I was cured, and I have said nothing about it, for I was afraid it would come back, and that I would have to keep on using the Pills in order to be well.

"But now I am satisfied it has gone forever, and know that I am safe in making this public statement.

"I believe Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any case of Lumbago or Lame Back, for they helped me out and nobody could have it much worse than I had.

Less than one per cent. of the land of Norway is in use for grain fields.

## Wilson's Fly Pads

The Original and only Genuine

INSIST ON WILSON'S

# MARKETS.

## WHEAT.

The local market has been dull all the week and at first was not inclined to advance with the outside market. Exporters seem to find it hard work to do any business and complain that export bids are out of line with prices here. Referring to the latest mail advices of sales of Manitoba wheat made on June 6th and 7th to Liverpool and London and figuring out freight and expenses it is seen that the prices sold at were 1½c to 2c per bushel under what the wheat was bringing here in store. Fort William, on the same days, so that there is no wonder exporters have been slow in buying lately. While there has not been a great deal doing prices have hardened. They closed a week ago at 1 hard, 74½c; 1 northern, 72c; and 2 northern 70½c. In store, Fort William, spot or June delivery. In the first days of the week they advanced ½c daily but on Thursday and yesterday the advances were larger and at the close of Friday's business we quote values: 1 hard, 76½c; 1 northern, 74½c; and 2 northern, 72½c. delivery spot, June or the first half of July.

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

MILLEED—Demand is heavy and the market is somewhat unsettled. Bran is worth \$16 per ton in bulk; and shorts \$18 per ton bulk, delivered, subject to usual trade discounts.

GROUND FEED—We quote: Oat chop, per ton, \$28; barley chop, \$24; mixed barley and oats, \$26; chop screenings, \$15.50; oil cake, \$30.

OATS—The demand for oats for shipment east has fallen off considerably and dealers say it is difficult to find buyers now at fair prices. Most of the business is for local feed account. The market is weaker. We quote: No. 1 white, in carlots on track, Winnipeg, per bushel, 45c; No. 2 white, 41c to 42c; feed grades, 38c to 39c. At country points farmers are getting 33 to 35c for No. 2 white oats. Street oats are not offering.

BARLEY—The market is now down to almost a nominal basis and prices are lower. We quote 44 to 45c per bushel for feed barley in carlots on track here.

FLAXSEED—Nothing doing.

SPELTZ—Dealers are doing a little business in speltz for feeding at 50c per bushel of 50 pounds.

HAY—Market very firm as hay is becoming scarce. Large quantities have been destroyed by the rains. Prices hold firm at \$8 to \$9 per ton for fresh baled in carlots on track here.

POULTRY—The market is quiet. Live chickens bring 70 to 75c per pair, and turkeys are worth 11c per pound, live weight. Dressed turkeys, Smith's Falls, 18c per pound.

BUTTER—Creamery—The market is weaker owing to larger offerings. The price has declined 1c. We quote now for fresh June make, factory points, 16c per pound.

BUTTER—Dairy—There is no change in the market for this butter as supply is running about the same as last week and there is good demand. We quote round lots 11c per pound commission basis for tubs, and 13c for prints. Prints are not wanted at all as they will not keep now.

CHEESE—Offerings are larger and the market has declined 1c. Dealers are now paying 11½c per pound for new Manitoba cheese delivered here.

EGGS—The market is well supplied with eggs. Buyers are still paying 10½c per dozen for fresh case lots, here delivered.

DRESSED MEATS—Hogs are steady at last week's price. We quote: Beef, city dressed, 8 to 9c per lb.; veal, 7½c to 8½c; mutton, 11c; spring lambs, each, \$3.50 to \$4.50; hogs, per pound, 7½ to 8½c.

HIDES—No. 1 city hides, 6½c; No. 2's, 5½c; and No. 3's, 4½c. Kips and calf the same price as hides; deakins, 25 to 40c; slunks, 10 to 15c; horse hides 50c to \$1.00.

WOOL—6 to 6½c per pound for unwashed fleece delivered here.

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

SENECA ROOT—Some small lots of root have offered here this week, and sold at a price in the neighborhood of 35c per pound. Dealers are not now willing to quote more than 34c as they believe that as soon as the roads dry up root will begin to come in. The above prices are for clean, dry root, delivered at Winnipeg.

## LIVE STOCK.

CATTLE—Fresh grass cattle are hardly obtainable yet in a wholesale way as the frequent rains keep them out of condition. Reports from the range country say that the cattle are very backward. Good butchers' grades are worth 5½c per pound delivered here and inferior lots 5c to 5½c.

HOGS—Live hogs are more plentiful and worth for best weights, averaging between 150 and 250 pounds, 6½c, off cars Winnipeg. Heavy and light weights, 1c less.



## HEALTHFUL FOOD MAKES HEALTHFUL PEOPLE

OGILVIE'S FLOUR makes the best bread and adds a great element of nutrition into any article of food made from it. Use this flour in your family; give your children plain food and plenty of it, and you will build a lasting foundation for their future health and happiness.

BY ROYAL WARRANT  
Millers to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

*Americans are proverbially wide-awake - that is why they are buying Manitoba lands and Blue Ribbon Tea.*

## ARE YOU INTERESTED IN SPORTS?

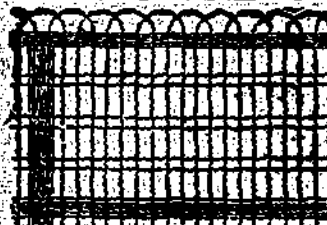
# THE GLOBE

TORONTO

CANADA'S LEADING NEWSPAPER

Is quoted in every part of the world as the authority on the sporting as well as the commercial, industrial and political events of Canada. It is the best all-round family newspaper published in the Dominion, and you can have it every day and the big Saturday illustrated for only \$2.00 for a whole year if you live west of North Bay. Take advantage of this great half-price offer at once.

Address: THE GLOBE, Toronto



Page Metal Ornamental Fence. We now make ornamental very strong and surprisingly cheap. It is just what is wanted for door yards, division fences in town lots, grave yards, orchards, etc. It is 20 cts. PER RUNNING FOOT. Painted and retails at only 25 cts. Just think of it. Let us send you full particulars. We also make farm fence, poultry netting, nails and staples.

The Page Wire Fence Co., Limited, Walkerville, Ont. 9

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

English Walnut.—Chop very fine, or what is better pound ½ lb of English walnuts and mix enough melted butter or sweet cream so that the paste can equally be spread between thin slices of buttered bread.

## BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

Cure All Minor Ills, and Bring Joy and Comfort to Baby and Mother.

Disease attacks the little ones through the digestive organs. Baby's Own Tablets are the best things in the world for all bowel and stomach troubles of children. They act quickly and gently, and always cure indigestion, colic, constipation and diarrhoea. They are also a great help to teething children. Mrs. Gabrielle Barnes, Six Mile Lake, Ont., says: "Baby's Own Tablets reached me just in time as my baby was very ill with indigestion and bowel trouble, and I am happy to say the Tablets relieved him after a few doses. He is now doing splendidly with just a Tablet now and then when he is restless. I am the mother of eight children and I have tried nearly all the old remedies, but have never found a medicine equal to Baby's Own Tablets."

The Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug, and crushed to a powder they can be given to the smallest, feeblest child with a certainty of good results. Sold by all druggists, or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

New York's Hall of Fame seems to have been forgotten early.

## Minard's Liniment Cures LaGrippe.

The asphalt trust doesn't seem to have laid an "easy street" to walk on.

One rub with Sunlight Soap cleans more than two rubs with common soap.

# SUNLIGHT SOAP

REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar



## SEE HIM SMILE!

So would you when you smoke

## LUCINA CIGARS.

That very sweet flavor will make any cigar smoker look pleasant.

MANUFACTURED BY

GEO. F. BRYAN & CO., WINNIPEG

## The Office Specialty Mfg. Co. Ltd.

MANUFACTURE

PERPETUAL BOOK CASE SYSTEMS.

The only complete up-to-date case on the market. Disappearing doors, quartered oak, golden finish.

THE OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO., Limited.

P. O. BOX 393 E. R. HAMBLY

Winnipeg, Man. Mgr. Western Branch

W. N. U. No. 383.

Peanut Sandwiches.—Be sure that your peanuts are freshly roasted, then shell and rub off the red skins. Pound to a paste or chop fine and add enough boiled salad dressing so that it can be spread easily. Dressing for Same. One tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 dessert spoon flour, yolks of 3 eggs, ½ cup vinegar, a pinch of salt. Cook in a double kettle until it thickens and is creamy.

Monkey Brand Soap removes all stains, rust, dirt or tarnish—but won't wash clothes.

We have noticed that the very poorest heaters and furnaces made seem to be put in churches.

THEY NEVER FAIL.—Mr. S. M. Boughner, Langton, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with Inward Piles, but by using Parmelee's Pills, I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned." Parmelee's Pills are antibilious and a specific for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headache, Piles, etc., and will regulate the secretions and remove all bilious matter.

The only gem that cannot be imitated is the opal. Its delicate tints cannot be simulated.



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

W. B. Anderson, Editor.

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

Subscribers failing to receive The News regularly will confer a favor by notifying the office.

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

### The Minister of Mines at Rossland.

Hon. Colonel Prior, Minister of Mines, is at present making a tour of the Kootenay country. A complimentary banquet was tendered him by the mining and business men of Rossland, at which the Colonel made one of his usual 'frank and cordial' speeches. He said that notwithstanding the statement made in the Victoria Times that "a pretty hot time had been prepared for him in the Kootenays," his reception at the various places he had visited had been most cordial. He believed there was a splendid future for Rossland. The energy and determination of its citizens would place the city in the proud position of being at least one of the largest cities in the Province. He believed it was his duty as a Minister of the Crown to travel the length and breadth of the Province, and see what were the needs of the people and the districts in which the people live. The members of the government were most anxious to do what is best for the welfare of the Province; they are anxious to see the mining industry put on a proper and paying basis. Revenue is necessary, and the government wish to see that that revenue is collected in a manner that will press the lightest possible way on the men who have invested their capital in the country. The Colonel said the production of minerals in the Province in 1901 amounted to \$20,086,000 which showed that the mining industry was not quite dead, as the pessimists would have it. The gold in B.C. as a whole, increased, in 1901, 26 per cent; silver, 25 per cent; the output of copper, 1.75 per cent. The decrease in lead was 25 1/2 per cent. The Colonel said, he had visited the Trail smelter, and was astonished at its magnitude. Referring to the depression in lead mining, he said it would give his colleagues and himself the greatest pleasure to endorse any resolutions the Provincial Boards of Trade may see fit to forward to the Dominion Government regarding that question.

Referring to the Fernie coal mines strike, he said it was a matter of great congratulation that the strike had been brought to an end. There would now be an unlimited supply of coke to carry on mining and smelting.

The government of which I am a member is not either Conservative or Liberal, but, as you know, has both Conservatives and Liberals in it. I therefore do not appeal to you as a Conservative, and certainly not as a Liberal. I am here on a visit to learn something; I am here to find out from you gentlemen who are present here to-night, and who are perfectly able to teach me, what you think is the best thing for the government to do and what action they should take to put the mining

# MONSOON

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

industry on a firm and paying basis. I don't know whether any action of any government can do that, but there is one thing we can do, we can try. I ask you one and all, I ask you gentlemen to speak and kindly give me what information you possibly can which will be of service to me in order that I may lay the facts of the case before my colleagues and see whether, with the little ability I have in me, I can make out a case for you so that before long you will be able to say, "Well, Prior's visit did some good, anyway." Whatever is done will have to be for the greatest benefit of the mining industry as a whole.

I thank you again, Mr Mayor and gentlemen, for your great kindness to me in offering me this banquet and in giving your time here to-night. I can assure you all it will make a great impression on my memory, and I only hope you will have the same good impression of me that I have of you to-night. (Cheers.)

An ovation was tendered the Minister of Mines on the conclusion of his address.

### PERSONAL

Inspector of Mines, Morgan, arrived by last week's steamer.

Mr L. A. Mounce, M.P.P., has returned from Victoria.

Dr E. Hall of Victoria paid this town a visit last week.

Rev. Wm. Hicks and family are visiting friends in Cumberland.

Mr L. A. Mounce, arrived on Thursday last from Kansas City.

Mrs Short and Miss Ethel have gone on a two weeks visit to Seattle.

Miss Shaw of the Cumberland Hospital is visiting her home in Victoria.

Mr F. D. Little and the Misses Dunsmuir are visiting Mrs Little at the beach.

Mrs Alex. Walker and family are back again, after an extended visit to Scotland.

Mrs Kilpatrick and Miss Williams were among the outward bound passengers last week.

Mrs Hauck and daughter are visiting Cumberland after an absence of three years.

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

### CARD OF THANKS

The undersigned desires to thank all kind friends for flower and assistance at the funeral of his son.  
JOHN CALVERLEY.

FOUR D., about the first of August, at the North end of Denman Island, a CANOE with equipment. Owner can have same by proving property and paying salvage and advertising expenses.  
27a-2c J. COBURN.

### NOTICE

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to the Electors of the Municipality of Cumberland that I require the presence of the said electors at the Polling Station on First Street, on Tuesday, the 2nd day of September, 1902, at 12 o'clock noon, for the purpose of electing a Alderman to fill the vacancy in the South Ward.

The mode of nomination of candidates shall be as follows:—

The candidate shall be nominated in writing; the writing shall be subscribed by two voters of the Municipality as proposer and seconder, and shall be delivered to the Returning Officer at any time between the date of the notice and 2 p.m. of the day of the nomination, and in the event of a Poll will be opened on Thursday, the 4th day of September, 1902, at the Polling Station, Cumberland, B.C., of which every person is hereby required to take notice and govern himself accordingly.

The qualification as candidate for Aldermen is as follows:—

He must be a British subject of the full age of twenty-one years and not disqualified under any law, and have been for six months next preceding the day of nomination the registered owner in the Land Registry Office of land, and real property in the City of the assessed value on the last Municipal Assessment Roll of \$500 or more over and above any registered incumbrance or charge, and who is otherwise qualified as a municipal voter.

Given under my hand at the City of Cumberland this 20th day of August, 1902.

LAWRENCE W. NUNNS,  
RETURNING OFFICER.

20-8 '02 2t

### RUBBER - STAMPS.

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

Franklin Stamp Works,  
VANCOUVER, B.C.

13-8-02 4t

## 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, Hail-Platform, Duplex and Elliptic or Hog-nose Springs. Backboards, Carts, Sulkies, etc., all of the most Up-to-Date Patterns and Finish. Guaranteed for one year by the Makers and ourselves.

NANAIMO STEAM CARRIAGE WORKS,

3-12-'02

STANLEY CRAIG, Prop.

## MAGNET CASH STORE

### New Lines of—

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

JUST RECEIVED - **LAWN SWINGS.**

Dunsmuir Avenue,

Cumberland, B.C.

## A. H. PEACEY, Druggist & Stationer.

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

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

Try a Bottle of  
FRAGRANT OLD ENGLISH  
LAVENDER WATER

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

Dunsmuir Ave.,

Cumberland, B.C.

### RAMS.

#### SHROPSHIRE RAMS.

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

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

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

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

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

FOR SALE  
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. 1 1/4 miles from Gov-  
ernment 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 bald-  
ness of long standing by the use of PEER-  
LESS 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 dan-  
druff, which is preceded by, and a sure in-  
dication of, falling hair, it is necessary that  
the dandruff germ be eradicated. From one  
to three bottles of the Peerless Hair Re-  
storer will cure the worst chronic case.

### VIOLIN TUITION.

PROF C.H. SCHAFFNER CON-  
SERVATORY GRADUATE, has de-  
cided 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.