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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

TENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, DEC. 3, 1902.

THE BIG STORE.

GROCERY DEPARTMENT.

AS XMAS PUDDINGS are only made once a year they should certainly be made of the Best Materials. We have all the ingredients necessary of the VERY BEST QUALITY and at the LOWEST PRICES. We renew our supply every week. .. ..

5 per cent. Discount on Groceries.

OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT IS FULL .....OF USEFUL XMAS PRESENTS.....

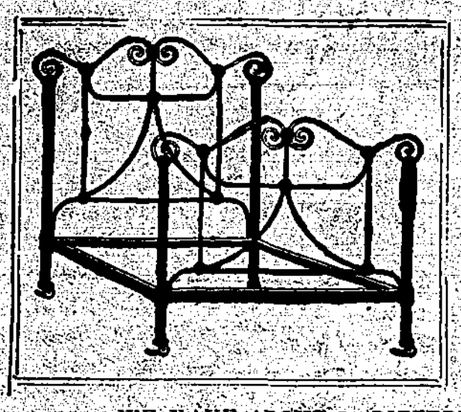
S. Leiser & Co., Ltd.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

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

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



.. ARTISTIC ..
METAL BED-STEADS

AT A REASONABLE PRICE.

WE are now Selling a great many IRON ENAMELLED and BRASS BED-STEADS. Our pretty and exclusive patterns imported in carload lots from best Makers in Canada and U.S. .....

WE HAVE ABOUT 50 DIFFERENT KINDS TO SHOW YOU.

Iron Bedsteads in White, Blue, Pink, and many New and Artistic Colors..... $5.50 to $50.00

Brass Bedsteads from..... $33.00 to $85.00

Bureaus and Washstands, to suit above, sold separately .....in any grade or finish desired.....

WEILER BROS., Largest Furnishers in ...Western Canada... Victoria, B.C.

THE

HICKS & LOVICK PIANO CO.

123 HASTINGS ST., Vancouver, B.C. 88 GOVERNMENT ST. Victoria, B.C.

AGENTS FOR

Pianos, Organs, Pianolas, Vocalions.

If you want to buy a Piano or Organ, call and see our stock or write for particulars. Our Prices are Reasonable and terms can be arranged to suit your convenience. Every Instrument we Sell is Fully Guaranteed. We Sell Only Reliable Instruments, from the best manufacturers. Our Patrons Risk Nothing.

YOURS TRULY,
THE HICKS & LOVICK PIANO CO.

TRY US FOR

JOB PRINTING

Work of Every Description at Moderate Rates

COUNCIL MEETING.

Minutes read and adopted.

Communications—From Hon. J. H. Turner, Agent-General at London, desiring lantern slides of residences and public buildings of Cumberland. Laid on table.

From Boyd, Burns & Co., stating that terms for hose and other supplies was 60 days. Laid over until the New Year.

Accounts—From Grace Methodist Church for stove, $3.00; A. H. Peacey, stationery, &c. $11.50. Referred to Finance Committee.

Reports—From T. E. Banks for October. Filed. From H. Pullen, re bank. Received and filed.

Pound by-law laid over until next meeting.

Early Closing By-law read second time.

Mayor Willard appointed the following committe to interview Chinese merchants with regard to contributing to Fire Company—Alds. Bate, Robertson and Reid.

City Clerk laid on table the assessment roll for 1903.

Council adjourned.

MIGHT HAVE BEEN SERIOUS

Last Saturday as Geo. Richardson was driving a stage load of Chinamen down to Comox, the team started plunging on the hill near Courtenay, finally capsizing the rig and spilling Chinese and their provisions all over the country. Two were rather badly hurt in the melee, and the wonder is that some were not killed. It is said that the breaking of a whippletree near the brow of the hill frightened the team, and they started down the grade with the above result.

MASQUERADE BALL.

This was largely attended last Thursday evening, and many beautiful costumes — and many very funny ones—made the hall gay. Following are the prize-winners:—Miss Nicholson, best dressed lady; Mrs W. Whyte, and Mr J. Bennie, waltz; T. Whyte, comical character; L. Coe, hobo; C. McDonald, best dressed gentleman.

A Rare Drug.

"The price of many drugs used in medicine is astonishing to those who are not acquainted with the subject," remarked a druggist to a Philadelphia Times representative. "There are several that are worth their weight in gold (about $20 an ounce), while $2, $3 and $5 an ounce are quite common prices in pharmacy. But there is one drug that I can recall which is worth more than its weight in gold. This is pseudo physostigmine. I don't think that it has a popular name. It is too rich for that. In the pharmacists' list it is quoted at $1 a grain, or $437.50 an ounce. The seed from which the drug is made grows in India and Brazil, as well as in parts of South Africa. This seed, tradition says, was once used by native chiefs as an ordeal. The ordeal generally resulted in the death of the man upon whom it was tried and so it was considered as a great truth finder. The prepared drug is sometimes used now in prescriptions for the treatment of heart disease."

A SET OF TEETH FOR $12.50.

Guaranteed as to Fit, Quality, and Workmanship. The Best Teeth and Rubber used, and in every way equal to the usual TWENTY DOLLAR set.

DR. GRICE will be in Cumberland on or about December 2nd, and will stay two weeks only.

LOCALS.

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

Books for old and young, also Xmas cards for sale at T. D. McLean's.

The "Passion" Play will be given in Cumberland Hall, Saturday eve, December 20th. This is a very fine play and no one can afford to miss it.

Leiser's fine assortment of curtains are still the attraction, also chenile table cloths, rugs, tapestry squares, &c., just the things for Xmas gifts.

The Grace Church Epworth League gave a social in their school room on Tuesday of last week. A number of young people were present and an enjoyable evening spent.

The late Mr Murphy referred to in our last issue, who died in California, was not Mr P. Murphy who lived in Comox some years ago, but an old resident of Victoria. The first report was erroneous.

A fine lot of souvenir spoons, pins, &c, on view at Stoddart's jewelry store.

Mr D. McKay has placed a 2½ horse power gasoline engine in his butcher shop. It is a beautiful little piece of machinery, and will be used to operate the sausage machines, grindstone, &c. This is the first engine of the kind in Cumberland.

All sorts of leather goods, sterling silverware, cut glass, &c., on view at Peacey's drugstore, suitable for Xmas presents.

The Sale of Work at the Presbyterian Sunday School last Friday was well attended, and a view of the articles offered show that the young ladies of the guild are adepts with needle and fingers. The good things to eat too, bore witness to the ladies' good house-wifery.

In the Canadian Blue Book on Trade and Navigation, we notice that the amount of duty paid by British Columbia for fiscal year ending June 30th, '02, was $2,354,404.78. Exports, $18,385,335; Imports, $10,391,256. Comox paid $4.901.53 duty, and $305 of other revenues. Courtenay, $46.54 duty; Cumberland, $134.63 duty. Canada imported from Great Britain and Colonies goods to the value of $54,031,390 She exported to those countries, $129,036,550. Imported from United States, $129,001,848, and exported to that country, $69,562,232.

BASKET BALL.

The League matches for Friday were played as follows:—Seniors—White—Dr Gillespie, J. Stant, F. Dalby and R. Coe, jr. Black—J. B. Bennett, T. H. Carey, S. H. Riggs and Simpson. At half time the score was 12-6 in favour of Whites, and at close, 21-10 for same team.

Juniors—Whites—J. Whyte, A. Denton, A. Grant, J. Grant and H. Chadwick. Blacks—R. Grant, A. Struthers, W. Harrison, J. Crossan and A. Thompson. Result. 7-7.

The Sidney (N.S.W.) lighthouse has the most powerful light in the world. It is electric and of 180,000 candle power. It can be seen at a distance of fifty miles.

WHARF NOTES.

S.S. Selkirk was in on Monday for a cargo of coal for Vancouver.

The Transfer No. 1 was in on Saturday for a cargo of coal for Vancouver.

S.S. Mineola loaded a cargo of coal for San Francisco, sailing Wednesday morning.

S.S. Vulcan took bunker coal Monday She was bound for Call Creek for a boom of logs.

S.S. Active called in for bunker coal Monday morning. She was bound North to Rock Bay logging camp for a boom of logs.

Barge Robert Kerr was over on Saturday for a cargo of coal for the C.P.R. She went out Sunday morning in tow of the s.s. Lorne.

S.S. Otter loaded a cargo of coal Wednesday for Vancouver, consigned to C.P.R.; also the s.s. Tepic and scows loaded for the same Company

S.S. Algoa is due to arrive from San Francisco about Thursday evening for a cargo of coal. She is one of the largest coal carriers on the coast, and will take over ten thousand tons of cargo besides the coal required for fuel on the passage

FISHES FROM THE DEEP SEA.

Doctor Barton W. Evermann, Ichthyologist of the United States Fish Commission, is on his way to Washington with a collection of fishes made by the Albatross expedition in the Hawaiian Islands. The collection contains many new and rare specimens. Many are remarkable curiosities, and the coloring of the whole collection is more brilliant and more varied than that of the birds of the world combined.

Some of the varieties were found at the bottom of the sea at a depth at which any land animal or fresh water fish would be crushed to death by the pressure of the water. At a depth of four miles the pressure of the water is 9000 pounds to the square inch, and the Albatross made some discoveries at that depth A fish 10 feet long at that depth would support nearly 9000 tons. The water at that depth is dark and ice cold.

Many of the fishes have porous bodies, through which the water passes, the weight of the water being thus lessened. Some of them carry phosphorescent lamps, with which they search for food. On account of the expansion of the air these deep sea fishes burst near the surface of the water, and the more delicate specimens especially, degenerate entirely.—St. Louis Republic.

PERSONAL.

Mr W. J. Sutton, the Colliery mineralogist, came up Wednesday.

Mr J. Matthews, manager of the Well. Coll. Co. here, returned from a visit to Vancouver Wednesday.

Miss Edna Harrison, has received the appointment of teacher at the Minto School. Miss Harrison is well qualified for the position.

Wm. McGirr of Kurtz's, Vancouver, J. Booth, Cuban Cigar Factory, Nanaimo, H. Reifel, the Union Brewing Co., Nanaimo, A. Davis, Nanaimo, registered at the Cumberland last week.

Miss Williams, of Vancouver, is visiting her sister, Mrs Kilpatrick. Miss Williams is an accomplished musician, and will favour the people of Cumberland with a pianoforte selection at the Hospital concert to-morrow evening.

A GIRL OF GRIT.

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

Copywright by R. F. Fenno & Co.

"Aye, aye, that's where you berth. We know that much and more—that you won't stay there. What takes you cruising round the first class deck? That's what you've got to answer for."

"So I will, to the right person, the captain, and no one else. 'Stand aside!' I cried, for I was nettled by the man's surly speech. "Don't dare to interfere with me! I've good reason, the best reason, for what I've done, and I'll give it, but not to you. Clear out, or I'll put you on your back double quick!"

He retorted angrily, and we should soon have fallen to blows, but a sharp voice interposed, that of the captain himself, for the altercation had occurred just outside his cabin.

"What's this, quartermaster—quarreling with the passengers? And who are you, sir, who talk so big?"

The seaman answered, while I hesitated, doubtful how to act.

"A second class, sir, who's been a-trespassing up here constant, and I'd my orders, sir, from the chief officer to watch him."

"What do you call yourself?"

"Hardcastle is my name on the list, but"—

"A purser's name, eh? Fishy on the face of it. However, this is no time for discussion. I'll see you tomorrow forward in the second cabin. Take him there, quartermaster, and tell the steward to have an eye to him; not that he can get very far."

"Aye, aye, sir. Now, heave ahead, will you, or must I make you?" No doubt he felt annoyed by the support of the "old man." Now I had recovered my temper I did not resent his tone. I had had time to consider that for the present I had better lie low.

So I went straight to my cabin and to bed. I was doubled up with two others, both ocean "drummers," men who crossed every month or two, and they were already sound asleep. But before turning out my light I climbed up into the privacy of my own little bunk, where I quickly ran through the papers and saw with delight that everything was intact. Then I placed the precious packet under my pillow and felt that I had spent a profitable day.

CHAPTER XII.

H. M. S. VICTRIX.

By next morning I had resolved to take the captain of the Chattahoochee directly I saw him into my confidence. He was an Englishman. The liner, although it had an American name, sailed under English colors. On her deck I was on English ground, and I thought I might count on his protection. I was taking too much for granted, as I soon found. The plainest truth does not always prosper when it is contradicted seemingly by a well substantiated lie.

I had not long to wait for my interview with Captain Sherborne. Instead of coming into the second cabin he sent for me, and I was led before him very much like a malefactor, with a steward on one side of me and a quartermaster, my friend of the previous night, on the other. I had the papers on me in an inner breast pocket.

I was not taken to his own cabin on the poop deck, but to the purser's in a central part of the ship, half cabin, half office, and that officer was also in attendance. The captain was a square set, weather beaten sailor man, very bluff and cheery, no doubt, when it so pleased him, but his mottled red face in its fringe of white whiskers could shine fierce and forbidding as a lighthouse through a fog, and it did so just now.

"You are the person calling yourself Hardcastle who has been breaking the ship's rules by trespassing on the first saloon accommodation? I saw you myself."

"I admit it. What is the penalty? To pay first cabin fare, I presume? Then, Mr. Purser, take the necessary amount and give me a receipt. I won't change my cabin."

I tossed a couple of fivers on to the little table in front of which the skipper sat, and the purser, a little, old, spare gentleman with a long white beard, took the money up, but looked at the captain doubtfully.

"Stay, stay, my fine fellow. It's not going to end like that. The trespass is only the smallest part. There has been a robbery on board. It has been reported to me this morning, and, and"—

"You suspect me?" He nodded. "On what grounds, may I ask? I am entitled to be told that."

"I shall tell you nothing. I am captain of this ship"—

"But will not be so very long, I think, after this voyage, if you adopt such a high handed and unwarrantable course as to accuse a passenger of theft, yet give him no reason for it."

This shot told. His fiery eyes faltered for a moment, and there was less assurance in his voice when he went on, "I am answerable to my employers, not to you"—

"And, pardon me, to the public, of whom I am one, and to the British government, whom I represent. Captain Sherborne."

His jaw fell, and he looked rather helplessly at the purser, who stooped over and whispered a few words in his ear. They only seemed to still further stir up his bile and more sturdily vindicate his authority.

"By heaven," he shouted, "I'll not be bounced by every longshore scallywag that chooses to face me out with thundering lies! On board my own ship too! British government be hanged! What have I to do with it in midatlantic and with 50 fathoms of blue water under my keel? Besides, it's what you say. How are we to know it's true? You admitted you were sailing under false colors. What's your real name?"

That moment I had intended to tell him everything, but now I did not trust his discretion.

"You shall know all in good time when it suits me. Meanwhile I hold you responsible"—

"Yah! You're worse than a sea lawyer, tacking and veering all round the compass. Answer my question. Did you steal those papers?"

"What papers? Whose?"

"The duke's, Terry Grada's, you know. You were seen near his stateroom."

"That's untrue, for I never went there and don't know where it is. But as for the papers— Well, yes, I have them here"—I touched my pocket—"and I mean to keep them."

The skipper all but bounded from his chair. "I think you must be stark, staring mad; a raging lunatic, no less. I shall have to clap you in irons and send you down for safety to Sand alley. Hand them over now in a brace of shakes, or I'll"—

He rose menacingly. "Keep your distance. Don't lay a finger on me, don't touch those papers. No one must see them. They belong to the British government."

"Then how came they in the possession of this duke? Yah! Try another."

"He acquired them wrongly and will have to answer for that and other things—he and those with him."

"Including that millionaire youth, I suppose. Captain Wood, who seems even more upset at this robbery—your robbery."

I could contain myself no longer.

"He is not Captain Wood. He is an impostor. I am Captain Wood, Mr. McFaught's heir."

The skipper here burst into an uproarious fit of laughter, which the purser echoed heartily.

"By the everlasting jingo, this is too much! Quartermaster!" cried the captain, and my friend ran in. "Call in a couple of hands with a rope's end and seize this chap down. It's not safe to let him range about the ship loose. But first of all hoist those papers out of him. They're in the inner pocket."

"I am Captain Wood, Mr. McFaught's heir."

Before they could touch me I made one step to the open porthole and with a quick movement threw the parcel out into the sea.

"You desperate ruffian! I'll have the ship stopped, a boat lowered. Run up to the bridge, quartermaster!"

"They're heavy enough to sink. Captain Sherborne, long before you could get within a mile of them, and you may do what you like now. My mind's perfectly easy."

"I shall confront you with the boss who owns those papers."

"That he never did, nor will any one else now. But again I warn you to be careful. If you bring us face to face, there will be mischief done."

"No, for I shall have seized you first, made you so fast you won't be able to stir a finger or even look crooked, my fine fellow."

"The boot's on the other leg, captain. The mischief will be done to me, and I tell you whatever happens will be laid on you. I claim your protection. Withhold it at your peril."

The skipper looked nonplused. No doubt he was still inclined to think me a lunatic, but I spoke so quietly and collectedly that he was a little shaken in his first impression.

"Upon my soul I don't know what to say or do. What d'ye advise, Mr. Boffinge?" This to the purser.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Kindred Insects.

The kissing bug's career is through;
No more its pranks we see.
It had to take its hat off to
The good old husking bee.

North American Fish.

There are no less than 3,262 different species of fish inhabiting the waters of America north of the isthmus of Panama.

A POPULAR BELIEF

THAT RHEUMATISM IS DUE TO COLD, WET WEATHER.

Such Conditions Aggravate the Troubles, But It Is Now Known To Be a Disease of the Blood—Outward Applications Cannot Cure It.

The once popular belief that rheumatism was entirely the result of exposure to cold or dampness, is now known to be a mistake. The disease may be aggravated by Exposure, but the root of the trouble lies in the blood, and must be treated through it. Liniments and outward applications never cure, while Dr. Williams' Pink Pills always cure because they make new, rich, red blood, in which disease finds lodgment impossible. Concerning the use of these pills Mr. A. G. Lacombe, Sorel, Que., says:—"For upwards of five years I was a victim to the tortures of rheumatism. At times the pains in my knees, shoulders and hip were almost past endurance. At other times I could not dress myself without assistance. I tried several remedies, some of them very costly, without getting any more than temporary relief at the most. At this juncture a friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and spoke so highly of the pills that I decided to try them. Almost from the very first these pills helped me, and by the time I had taken seven or eight boxes every twinge of rheumatism has disappeared and I was feeling better than I had for years. I would strongly advise similar sufferers to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial, as I am confident they will not only drive away all pains and aches, but leave you strong, active and happy."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest tonic medicine in the world. These pills not only cure rheumatism but all troubles whose origin comes from poor blood or weak nerves, such as anaemia, consumption, neuralgia, kidney trouble, St. Vitus' dance, partial paralysis and the irregularities which make the lives of so many women a source of misery. Some dealers offer substitutes, and in order to protect yourself you must see that the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, is on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Reason can not show itself more reasonable than to cease reasoning on things above reason.—Sir P. Sidney.

Parmelee's Pills possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs; stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that disease of almost every nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carswell, Carswell, P. O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Parmelee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine and one that will sell well."

A fool who has a flash of wit creates astonishment and scandal, like hack horses setting out to gallop.—Chamfort.

A BABY CHANGED.

The Mother Tells How It Was Accomplished.

"A wonderful change," is the verdict of a lady correspondent, who writes us about her little one. "I take pleasure," writes Mrs. R. B. Bickford, of Glen Sutton, Que., "in certifying to the merits of Baby's Own Tablets, as I have found them a sure and reliable remedy. My baby was troubled with indigestion, and was teething and cross and restless, and the use of the Tablets made a wonderful change. I think the timely use of Baby's Own Tablets might save many a dear little life, and I would recommend mothers to keep them in the house."

The opinion of this wise mother is echoed by others, correspondents. Baby's Own Tablets give such comfort and relief to a sick baby, they so infallibly produce calm, peaceful sleep that you would almost think them a narcotic. But they are not. They are only a health-giver for children of any age. They cannot possibly do harm — they always do good. May be had from druggists, or by mail, post paid, at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.-Y.

Politics are full of uncertainties. To-day a man is on the stump and next week he may be all up a tree.

Stella—"Just look at Miss Dosplaine and Mr. Baldy over there!" Miss Potter—"Yes; a romance of the middle ages, so to speak."

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentry Cordial is prepared from drugs known to the profession as thoroughly reliable for the cure of cholera, dysentry, diarrhoea, griping pains and summer complaints. It has been used successfully by medical practitioners for a number of years with gratifying results. If suffering from any summer complaint it is just the medicine that will cure you. Try a bottle. It sells for 25 cents.

A Mediæval Megaphone.

A curiosity of great antiquity is still to be seen within St. Andrew's church at Willoughton, near Gainsborough, says an English magazine. This is a quaint speaking trumpet with an obscure early history, dating back to the times of the Knights Templars. In shape it resembles a French horn and is more than five feet long, having a bell at the end of the graduated tube. It was formerly six feet in length, but is now telescoped at the joints, where the metal has apparently decayed. Tradition declares it was formerly sounded from the tower to summon aid in case of need, as, when blown at a height, the weird, deep notes the trumpet produced could be heard a great distance away in bygone days. It is believed that this curious instrument has often been used to call together the villagers, thus dispensing with the usual bell, and to give additional power and strength to the choir, being then probably used by the chief singer, as the trumpet intensifies vocal sound to a marked degree.

Henpecked For a Day.

In the little hamlet of Nordhastedt, near Meldorf, a singular custom is observed annually. According to tradition, it dates back to the thirteenth century. During that era the hamlet was on one occasion attacked by a band of robbers, and the men of the village were soon compelled to beat a retreat.

Thereupon the women boldly attacked the robbers and not only vanquished them, but also took the leader and several of the band prisoners. As a token of their gratitude the men have ever since allowed the women to celebrate this great event by holding a festival at stated intervals, and on such occasions they exercise no authority themselves, but submit in all things to the will of the women.

The latter greatly enjoy their temporary supremacy and, as a symbol thereof, never fail to fasten a large wooden slipper to every lamp and chandelier in the hamlet.

A Great Stickler For Etiquette.

Dr. Thompson, master of Trinity college, Cambridge, was an exceedingly cold and austere man, never taking much notice of the undergraduates under his care. On one occasion a Trinity man happened to be out walking and was caught in a storm. He ran across a field and took shelter beneath a large tree. When he arrived there, he found, to his horror, that Dr. Thompson was beneath it seeking protection from the rain. For some time both stood silent, watching the clouds, till at last the undergraduate, growing desperate, ventured to remark that he thought it was clearing up a little.

"Sir," said the doctor haughtily, frowning upon the wretched youth, "all communications to the master of Trinity must be made through the tutors."—Exchange.

A Story of Henry Clay Dean.

A good story is related of Henry Clay Dean, the famous orator of a generation or so ago. Mr. Dean was generally referred to as "Henry Clay Dean of Iowa" even long after he had established a home in Missouri. He explained his change of habitation in this way: "You see, they passed a nefarious prohibition law in Iowa, and there's your whisky gone. Then they abolished capital punishment, and there's your hanging gone, and now the whole population seems to be drifting toward Universalism, and there's your hades gone. I can't live in a state that has neither hades, hanging nor whisky."

Bad Hand Made Him Money.

When Lord Curzon was at Oxford, he wrote an abominable hand. One day he penned two letters, one of them to a relative and one to a chum with whom he always discussed the faults of their respective relations, and accidentally put these letters into the wrong envelopes. He was about to write a profound apology to his relative when he received the following note from him: "Can't read a word of your four pages, but guess you want some money, you young rascal." Inclosed was a Bank of England note for a good amount.

Korean Washerwomen.

The hardest worked washerwomen in the world are the Koreans. They have to wash about a dozen dresses for their husbands, and they have plenty to do. The washing is usually done in cold water and often in running streams. The clothes are pounded with paddles until they shine like a shirt front fresh from a laundry.

Willing to Help.

"You have wounded me," he sadly said as he rose from his knees—"wounded me so deeply that I shall never"—

"Wait," she said, picking a book off the table. "Let me see what 'First Aid to the Injured' says to do in such a case as yours."

Her Position.

Mrs. Parke—What kind of servants do you prefer?

Mrs. Lane—I've got beyond that. I'm looking for servants that prefer me—Puck.

NOTHING LIKE

Paine's Celery Compound

FOR CLEANSING AND PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

It Eradicates the Seed of Disease, Invigorates and Rejuvenates.

Thousands of men and women who have neglected the work of physical recuperation in the summer months, are now carrying a burden of disease. In the majority of cases impure and poisoned blood and sluggish circulation are the direct causes of suffering and misery. Are you, reader, one of the victims? If so do not hesitate a moment regarding what you should do. The life stream must be made pure, the health-wrecking laxity of the blood vessels must be corrected, the nerves and tissues must be nourished. Paine's Celery Compound is the medicine that physicians recommend for the increase of pure blood in the arteries, and for arousing the purifying organs to cast off the impurities that give rise to disease. Mr. T. F. Mitchell, New Hamburg, Ont., writes as follows:—

My mother suffered for five years with a sore leg, and her system was so far run down that doctors could not help her. She could hardly walk about the house. She tried almost everything to procure a cure, but no good results came until Paine's Celery Compound was used, which gave her instant relief. She is now using the third bottle, and able to do her own work.

Memory is the primary and fundamental power, without which there could be no other intellectual operation.—Johnson.

Everyone has heard of St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism, strains, bruises, lame back, and all muscular aches and pains, but few know that there is nothing to equal it for relieving aching feet, troublesome corns, and for softening the harsh, callous skin which frequently forms on the soles of the feet. Anyone suffering from sensitive spots on the toes, sides of the feet, or between the toes, should rub a little St. Jacobs Oil on the sore spot every night. The immediate relief obtained is simply wonderful.

No household should be without St. Jacobs Oil. It will be wanted after cricket, after tennis, after a day's boating; in fact it is the athlete's friend. All chemists sell St. Jacobs Oil and a 50 cent bottle is sufficient to prove beyond a doubt the above statements.

The pleasures of the palate deal with us like Egyptian thieves, who strangle those whom they embrace.—Seneca.

Color Is One of the Most Important Points in Well Made Butter.

Too many buttermakers lose sight of the fact that "color" is one of the most important and effective points in good butter. The sweetest and richest butter is but half prepared for the critical eyes of consumers, if the color be faulty or objectionable.

Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color gives the natural golden tint to butter in the autumn and winter seasons. It is the favorite color in the Government Creameries, and is used exclusively by the largest makers of butter for export and home consumption. Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color never fades from the butter; it does not turn a bricky shade such as other colors produce; it is pure and harmless; its keeping qualities are perfect; it is the strongest, therefore the cheapest to use. Ask your druggist or dealer for it; take no other make.

True friends visit us in prosperity, only when invited, but in adversity they come without invitation.—Theophrastus.

In his Vegetable Pills, Dr. Parmelee has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For delicate and debilitated constitutions Parmelee's Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

To clean light kids, put the gloves on the hand and rub thoroughly with white corn meal, using a piece of cotton flannel for the purpose.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Uncle—"Tell me frankly, Fred, what is the amount of your debts?" Fred—"Oh, my dear uncle, just as much as you please."

HIGHWAY WOOING

By JAMES H. BEARD

Copyright, 1901, by James H. Beard

It is no small matter to lose both home and friends. Even at the moment of the quarrel I had realized that, but now, alone on the dark road, all which the sacrifice was like to mean came upon me with redoubled force. Still there was no thought in my mind of turning back. Though my heart was bursting, I merely set my lips tight and rode on, on. When a man's temper is bad, his spurs are busy. Poor Edward sprang along in great leaps, threatening every moment to bring us both down with broken necks.

Suddenly I brought my beast up with a jerk and listened. In a moment it came again—a cry for help.

I knew every foot of the country about, and I was sure that the sound came from an old branch of the road, now seldom used, which ran parallel to the one I was on. The two were separated by perhaps fifty yards.

In a moment I was out of the saddle and had scrambled into the brush, well knowing that at this point the woods were far too dense to drive a horse through. After what seemed an interminable time I reached the second road and stood gazing up and down in the faint light. Then I marked my quarry, a dark, struggling mass, and again I charged wildly forward, sword in hand.

It was a sight to fill a saint with the lust for murder. Two evil looking ruffians had just succeeded in pulling a girl from her saddle and were now bent on tying her hands. The maid was all but spent from her exertions and in a pitiable plight, her dress torn and her hair flying in wild confusion. The villains were well pleased to struggle with one defenseless girl, but, by Our Lady, in another moment, they were glad enough to drop her and to think only of their own lives.

The light in the road was bad, and this helped me, as there was small chance for sword play, only fierce rushes and quick cuts, with little attempt at defense. One of the men went down with my sword in his throat before we had fairly begun the fight. His fellow touched me on the arm before I could disengage, but it was a mere scratch. The man still on his feet was far superior to me in swordsmanship, but I was young and agile, and I sprang from side to side until he lost track of my blade in the bad light, and I ran him through.

The girl was standing by her horse when I turned. A beam of light from the rising moon forced its way through the tangle of boughs and lit up her face.

I recognized it instantly—that calm, proud face which I knew so well and had so little reason to love. As I looked at her then I was forced to admit what my anger had made me deny many times that very morning—that she was a magnificent woman.

Now that the danger was quite over I was rather at a loss what to do next, but the girl relieved me of this embarrassment.

"I am traveling to Aldgate and have lost my way," she said. "If you can set me on the right road, I shall be still more indebted to you, granting that possible," this with a glance at the two fallen men.

"My horse is on the new road some fifty yards from here," I said. "I myself am traveling to Aldgate and shall be glad to offer you my escort."

"Which I shall be even more glad to accept," she said quickly, "and were I to meet more ruffians I might not find another rescuer so ready at my call."

A short distance back the woods were more open, and after helping her to remount I led her horse to the new road, came upon Edward and swung into the saddle.

For some time we rode on in silence. I could feel her eyes, however, and I knew she was reading me as only women can read men, but I possessed one little secret which I mentally defied her to guess.

"It is very fortunate for me that commerce should call you to Aldgate on this particular night," she said at last, and she could have said nothing which I would have found more exasperating, for it showed clearly that she had decided I was a clerk.

"I have no business in Aldgate," I said tartly. "Aldgate is a seaport, and I am headed for the low countries."

"The wars?" she questioned quickly.

"The wars," I repeated, with my head high.

She answered this with a low laugh and question that made my cheeks burn.

"What has made you suddenly desire to turn soldier?"

The girl seemed to read my past life like an open book, but one fact she had not read, nor did I intend she should. Still there was no reason why I might not tell her part of the truth.

"My father," I said, "has rather a quick temper. People say that I have inherited somewhat of it. We disagreed on a small matter."

"Your speech is brief and to the point," said my companion. "And now, principally I believe because you have not asked me, I will tell you why I am riding alone to Aldgate. My father has rather a quick temper. People say that I have inherited somewhat of it. We disagreed on a small matter."

And then in a flash I saw it all, why she was on the road. Truly there never was such a trick of fate as that we should meet on this night.

"It seems that a few mad words have cost us both our homes," I said.

"My quarrel was more than a few mad words!" she cried angrily. "He would have married me to a churl—a clerk, a scribbler!"

I bit my lip at that and said nothing. I knew well enough to whom he would have married her.

"A clerk," she continued, "with no more spirit than a leveret, one who loves a book better than a sword. 'Tis said he does needlework like the maids of the house, and I can well believe it."

It is easy for idle tongues to invent lies when a man does not follow the fashion of his age. I had killed too little and read too much.

"Hast ever heard of Sir Francis Bayard?" she asked, suddenly changing her tone.

"Yes," I answered, "often."

"I am his daughter," she said briefly.

I already knew that well enough, but she seemed to expect some surprise, so I drew in my breath quickly and gave a low exclamation. It sufficed, and she continued:

"I am his daughter, and we have quarreled because I would not marry a churl." She seemed to have a special relish for that title.

"I have left his house, and go back I shall not. I have an uncle in Aldgate, but in truth he can do little for me. My father will scour the country, and this uncle is no man to hold out against Sir Francis Bayard. I doubt much," and this she said in a low voice, which seemed to invite contradiction, "if there be any man in all the country round who for my sake would brave my father."

No gentleman could listen unmoved to such a challenge from such a woman.

"I have little beside my sword to offer you," I said, "but, believe me, that shall ever be at your service."

I know not just when the change came, but at that moment I meant every word I said.

"It is a brave sword," said Mistress Bayard and then, after a moment, continued: "I have brought with me jewels of considerable value, enough to raise a company of men to take with you to the low countries." She paused, waiting for me to speak.

I knew not whether to be angry or to laugh at her. Mistress Mary Bayard rather than marry Henry Sheldon was ready to throw herself into the arms of a nameless adventurer; but, then, I was the nameless adventurer.

"You have not asked my name," I said.

"I have heard your voice, I have caught a few glimpses of your face, and I have seen you fight; but, in truth, I would know your name."

The moon had come out bright and full by now. I threw Edward across her path and, doffing my hat, said:

"Mistress Bayard, I am Henry Sheldon."

She half rose in her stirrups, and the color rushed into her face, but her eyes did not fall before mine. We were long so, looking into each other's eyes.

"So you did not wish to marry me?" she said finally.

"At least the disinclination was mutual."

"I knew of you only through hearsay. Why have you always kept away from me?"

"No man values what he does not know."

"But you must have seen me sometimes."

"Yes," I said; "I have seen you. I knew you were beautiful, but I knew of your character only through what I heard. I was afraid we should not find much in common."

"And this short ride has made you change your estimate of me?"

"This short ride has changed a disobedient prodigal into a most obedient son, and were I not pledged to give you safe conduct to Aldgate I should even now turn back and marry as my father wished."

"Far be it from me," she said in the tone of a father confessor, "to distract this good youth from so worthy a resolution. Ever obey thy father, and all will be well with thee."

I know not which parent was the more astonished at the sudden change in his wayward offspring, but we told them no word of our affair until after the wedding.

An Everyday Matter.

There are some circumstances under which it is easy to write a letter for another person and others under which it is well nigh impossible, but not all people agree on what the circumstances are.

"I'd jess like you to write a letter to Pomp for me, please, Missy June," said the colored queen of a Boston kitchen to her young mistress. "Jess a little short, everyday letter. It won't take you but 'bout a minute."

"What shall I say?" asked the lady when pen and paper were at hand. "Tell me just what to say, Hester."

"Oh," said Hester, with a toss of her head, "I'd jess like a few words, Missy June—jess to tell him howdy an' say I made up my mind I ain't goin' to marry him, an' he'd better hurry himself an' make sure o' Susy Ball, or most likely he'll lib an' die a mis'able ole bachelder. Dat's all."

Opened His Eyes.

Lord Mark Kerr, G. C. B., when he was commanding the Poona division in Mora some years ago vigorously encouraged soldiers' gardens. One day, taking an early stroll in mufti, he saw three or four privates raking about. Much pleased, he remarked:

"Well, my men, nice thing gardening is, isn't it? I see you take an interest in it."

"Do I?" surlily rejoined Tommy Atkins. "That's all you know! We have got an old general here who's mad on it, and we are here on fatigue duty in case he comes along."—London Chronicle.

The Wedding Rheumatism.

"Yes," said the old man, "I heard as he wuz give over inter de hands er Satan, en Satan flicted him wid de hoppin' rheumatism. Fust it wuz in one place en den it wuz another, but he went ter prayin' ter be relieve of it, en one day whilst it wuz a hoppin' fum one joint ter another it hopped into his wooden leg, an' he pulled off de leg an' throwed it in de fire, en it on de rheumatism wuz teetotally consumed."

A Generous Empress.

It is said that one morning at breakfast a general related to the emperor the misfortunes of a brother officer who, because he had not 15,000 francs must be dishonored. While the emperor questioned further particulars Eugenie flew to her room and, returning with a package of banknotes, said: "Take them, general, and never tell me his name." And his name the generous empress never knew.

Forethought.

"Right here," said the surveyor, "will be a good place for your saw mill. The county line will run exactly through the middle of it."

"Not much," said the pioneer. "We'll have it all on one side or the other. When a man gets sawed in two I don't want no two coroners' inquests over him."

An Ingersoll Story.

John W. Mackay once invited Robert G. Ingersoll to visit the Comstock mines. As the cage descended to the furnace heat at the bottom of the shaft of one of the mines Mr. Ingersoll said, gasping for air: "Privately I always believed there was a hades somewhere, but I never dreamed it could be so hot."

A Coveted Receipt.

Agent—Here, sir, is a book that should be in every family. It contains a receipt for everything, sir—everything.

Cholly—Give me three copies. If it has a receipt for my tailor's bill, I'll take five.

Ostentation.

"Yes," said the woman with sharp eyes, "those people who moved in next door are inclined to make an ostentatious display of their wealth."

"In what way?"

"They go into the corner grocery and order beefsteak in a loud tone of voice."—Baltimore American.

All Wrong.

Spouters—They say, you know, that "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world."

Henpeck—Huh! I'm sure my hand does not rule the world or even my own household.—Philadelphia Press.

Threatened.

Struggling Merchant—If you don't attend to business better, I'll reduce your income by one-half.

Chief Clerk—Eh! Only yesterday you said you thought of taking me into partnership.

Struggling Merchant—That's what I mean.

Revised Version.

Sunday School Teacher—All flesh is—well, Johnny, can you tell us the golden text?

Johnny Cumso (eagerly)—All flesh is to keep off the grass.

Lincoln Cathedral.

The Lincoln cathedral occupied ninety years in building. An English contractor has recently estimated that he could reproduce it in a few years for $5,000,000.

CROESUS AND CUPID

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Copyright, 1902, by the S. S. McClure Company

"A fine country place, heaps of ready money—and perfect liberty! Helen, is there anything left to wish for?" Hildreth asked, laying down the lawyer's letter. Helen shrugged the least bit as she answered: "Why, yes! If only one could have been born a widow"—

"I am ready to immolate myself. Widows are easier made than born," Hildreth said, catching her hand. "Only make me your lord, Helen of Troy, and I will promise to do the disappearing act whenever you are ready."

"You don't understand. Of course I should hate being a made widow. Made widows have to wear caps, and—and people say such horrid, horrid things of them if they venture to be—oh, the least bit human—I mean not funereal. But if only one could be born to that estate, with all the grief over or softened to a becoming pensive memory, why, it would be heavenly. Widows, for all their drawbacks, have the best lives of all," Helen said, puckering her forehead the best she could. Scowling was an unknown art to her. She had laughed persistently in the face of hard fortune. Now that the tide had turned her gay courage began to ebb.

"If only I had anybody all my own, I should not mind," she went on. "But there is not a soul. Maybe I ought to be selfishly glad. If there was a soul nearer than ninth cousin, this wonderful fairy fortune would be cut in two. I cannot feel that I in the least deserve it. But only think! I can have what frocks I please and silver money for my poor people instead of pennies."

"Will it spoil you, I wonder?" Hildreth said meditatively. "You know we've always said money was the real touchstone. Any poor body can be decent; there is so little temptation to be anything else."

"I wish I knew," Helen said. "I think souls are like flowers, making the earth they grow in too rich—ruins if it does not kill them outright."

"You are not offensively rich. All told, this great-uncle's legacy foots up a quarter of a million. Spending that will never bother a person of your luxurious capacities," Hildreth said consolingly.

Helen laughed. "And I have existed on less than six hundred a year," she said. "Promise me, Vance, you will never change—the beastly money shall make no difference with us."

"It's bound to make a difference. Think of daring to ask you now to dine with me at L'Ally's!" Hildreth laughed back: "Nothing will go with you but Merry's or the Swelldorf. And I cannot eat your dinners there since I have not the coin to return them in kind."

"You are horrible!" Helen said promptly. "By way of punishment, I invite myself to dine with you tonight. Not at L'Ally's either—we'll go to that forty cent place where the coffee is so sinful that it always suggests an appeal to the police. Maybe some of the others will be there."

"All of them. It's near the middle of the week. Pay day is two days ahead for most of the gang," Hildreth answered, with a flickering smile. "Lord, I shall like to see them when they know! You are going to tell them, of course, Helen?"

"You may tell them. I shall not say a word," Helen said, setting her finger tips together. "I'm beginning to be cowardly," she went on. "Suppose it should turn out that my money costs me my friends and my illusions?"

"I hardly understand," Hildreth began.

She raised her hand. "This is my fear," she said. "All these five years I have been out in the scurry of things. I have hugged the belief that my—that people liked me for what I was, not for what I might one day become. Latterly, since Gumpsey's has asked for and exploited my stories, there has been so perceptible a warming up in some quarters it has made me a bit cynical. Now I am saying to myself, 'Suppose the money draws the sycophants to you, and the fear of seeming sycophantic drives away the real ones?' That would be terrible. I hope—oh, how I hope—that those I care most for will understand, however my way of life changes, I myself shall be just the same!"

"I shall believe it," Hildreth said, lifting her hand to his lips. "In proof, you must dine with me this night year, and at the forty cent place—if it survives so long."

"If it does not, you shall dine with me," Helen said gratefully, "and not at the Swelldorf either. It shall be deep in the country, under my own fig tree and vine."

* * * * * * *

"No; the forty cent place did not die in answer to my prayers," Hildreth said upon the anniversary of Helen's inheriting. He sat opposite her, with a broad damask snowfield between, all the breadth of it gleaming with silver and crystal. Roses lay loosely over it—heavy headed hothouse roses grown upon the place. Helen, a vision in misty white, with pearls at her throat and richer roses at her breast, was all unlike the girl of last year. She had been trimly tailor made, yet very, very threadbare then. Somehow Hildreth found it hard to give her place to the fluffy, fluttery creature who now answered her name.

He had been absurdly fond of the tailor made girl, sinfully fond if one reflected that between them the two had had nothing certain a week. Free lances of the pen, they had been also free companions, sentient, responsive as the wind harp to the winds, yet never by any chance sentimental.

"I suspect it died in answer to my petitions. I did not see how else I was ever to get you down here," Helen said, demurely. "Vance, you have treated me very, very badly—only three letters and two snippets of your valuable time when I came to the city. By way of penance you shall now tell me everything about everybody."

"For instance?" Hildreth said inquiringly.

Helen shook her finger at him. "You know," she said. "But by way of setting you off, who has my place at L'Ally's and the offices? Do you know Gumpsey's begged me to work exclusively for my 'discoverers'?"

"Characteristic," Hildreth said. "But as to your place, you don't really think anybody could take it. Marvel has not got done lamenting your loss to literature, and Ransom sighs for your stories of occasion."

"You flatter me," Helen said. "Ransom was always a dear. He read my things by the light of his own kindness. But tell me about the new young women. There must be new young women, who strum a guitar for you to smoke by, and know, as I did, not to bother you with a word."

"Oh, there are two or three," Vance said indifferently; then, suddenly rousing: "And one of them's a corker, too—western girl, two years in civilization. If she ever quits burring her r's, yours truly will surrender at indiscretion."

"Dear, dear, this is crushing!" Helen said, pretending to hide her face. In reality she studied Hildreth from the ambush of her fingers. "If you love her very much, Vance," she said in muffled tones, "fetch her here for six months. I'll try my best to straighten out the tragic accent."

"Don't know if it's worth while," Hildreth said, drumming on the table. "There's a photo—square jawed fellow, with gimlet eyes—which keeps ward over her den. I've a sneaking suspicion the gimlet eyed is a lion in all our paths"—

"Oh, he need not count. I can take care of him," Helen said, smiling wickedly.

Vance got up and went to her side. "No; you can't," he said, "for the very excellent reason that you have got to take care of me. I've been all sorts of a fool, Helen, over this blessed money."

"I knew it all along," Helen said. "How glad I am you have seen light at last!"

Women and Worry.

Granting that a woman's nerves are more apt to become detraque, to borrow a French word, than a man's are, a fact which we have no wish to try to account for, we are not at all sure that it is because she is more subject to the smaller worries of life than a man is or indeed that she is really more subject to them. It is true that the cares of the household, productive as they are of much grievance and trouble, fall chiefly upon a woman's shoulders; but, on the other hand, a man's ordinary business or profession is quite as full of small annoyances and worries which are every whit as irritating as those that beset his wife.

The difference, we should say, between the two sexes lies rather in the manner in which they meet their troubles than in the apportionment of those troubles. We would not readily dispute the theory that it is the steady and persistent pressure of these small worries which works a change in the nervous system more surely than any great and sudden trouble, just as the drop of water hollows the stone, but we are inclined to believe that the reason in this case why one stone is hollowed sooner than the other is to be found in the greater softness of the stone and not in the greater frequency of the drop.—London Spectator.

Mont Blanc Ascensions.

There have been as many as 120 ascents of Europe's highest mountain, Mont Blanc, in one year.

Steeple Pointed Caps.

Steeple pointed caps, sometimes four feet in height, came into fashion in Italy and France in 1483. They fitted the head, ran to a sharp point above, and at the end the veil was fastened.

A Monster Mushroom.

Weight 3 pounds 4 ounces, circumference 45 inches, is the description of a monster mushroom gathered at Braconash, near Norwich, England.

Candle Ends.

To use up candle ends collect and melt them; then add as much turpentine as you have candle grease. Let it cool and use for polishing floors and oilcloth.

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First English Book on Sport.

The first book on sport ever printed in the English language was a rhymed treatise called the "Boke of St. Albans," its author being a woman, Dame Juliana Berners. Its second edition was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1496. A descendant of her family, Lord Berners, was the translator of Froissart's "Chronicles." It is true that old manuscripts existed, such as the "Venerie de Twecy" of the time of Edward II., but it was Dame Juliana who was the real ancestress of sporting literature in England, for she also composed an essay on hawking and another on "Fishing With an Angle," the last being of such excellence that Izaak Walton himself did not disdain to take a hint from its pages.

"Eating Crow."

The term "eating crow" comes from an ante Revolutionary story. A soldier of an English regiment stationed in Virginia shot a pet crow belonging to a farmer. The latter entered a complaint with the colonel, who sentenced the soldier to eat the crow. The farmer was left alone with the soldier to see that he did it. After the soldier had consumed a portion of the bird he took his gun, presented it at the farmer and told him to eat the remainder of the crow or he would shoot him. This was the origin of the eating crow story.

University of Athens.

The University of Athens is very old. It is conducted on the German plan. Most of the professors are graduates of German universities, and the German language is heard about the building more frequently than any other except Greek. The institution has a large amount of property, and several of the chairs have been handsomely endowed by private individuals.

The Poisonous Poppy.

In Turkey if a man falls asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy field and the wind blows from the field toward him, he becomes narcotized and would die if the country people, who are well acquainted with the circumstances, did not bring him to a well or stream and empty pitcher after pitcher of water on his face and body.

Method in His Deceit.

"I thought you said you were going to bring a friend home to dinner," said Mrs. Skimpy to her husband.

"He couldn't come, Anna," replied Mr. Skimpy as he sat down with great satisfaction to the first good dinner he had had a chance to attack for a long time.

What Disturbed Him.

Miggles—I hear you upset a plate of soup on Miss Smith's gown at dinner last night.

Wiggles—Yes, and it was awfully embarrassing. You know it isn't polite to ask for a second plate of soup.

Parr and Erskine.

Dr. Parr on meeting Lord Chancellor Erskine, with whom he was friendly, once said, "Erskine, I mean to write your epitaph when you die."

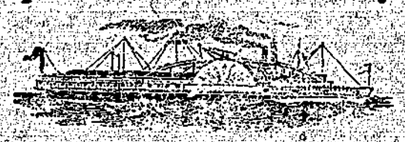
"Doctor," answered the great lawyer, "it is almost a temptation to commit suicide."

Their Single Thought.

Hook—That young married couple appear to be two souls with but a single thought.

Nye—Yes. He thinks he's the only thing on earth, and she agrees with him.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.



s. s. "City of Nanaimo."

WINTER SCHEDULE

Leaves Victoria Tuesday 6 a.m., for Nanaimo, calling at Musgraves, Vesuvius, Crofton, Kuper, and Thetis Islands (one week) Fulford, Ganges, and Fernwood (following week).

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

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

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

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

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

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

VANCOUVER-NANAIMO ROUTE
S. S. "JOAN."

Sails from Nanaimo 7 a.m. daily except Sundays.

Sails from Vancouver after arrival of C. P.R. Train No. 1 daily except Sundays, at 1 p.m.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE
OCTOBER 25th, 1902.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2—Daily.		No. 4—Sunday
A.M.		P.M.
De 9 00	Victoria	D. 3.00
" 9 28	Coldstream	" 3 28
" 10.24	Koenig's	" 4 24
" 11 00	Duncan's	" 5.00
P.M.		P.M.
" 12 40	Nanaimo	" 6 41
Ar 12 53	Wellington	Ar. 7.03

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1—Daily.		No. 3—Sunday
A.M.		A.M.
De. 8 00	Wellington	D. 2 00
" 8 10	Nanaimo	" 3 [illegible]
" 10 02	Duncan's	" 5.00
" 10.42	Koenig's	" 5 36
" 11.38	Coldstream	" 6 32
Ar 12.00	Victoria	Ar 7.00

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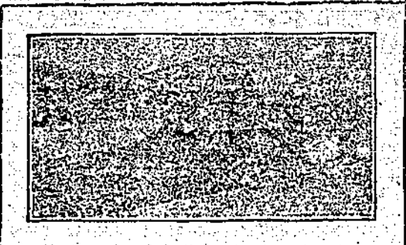

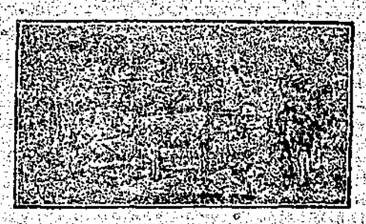

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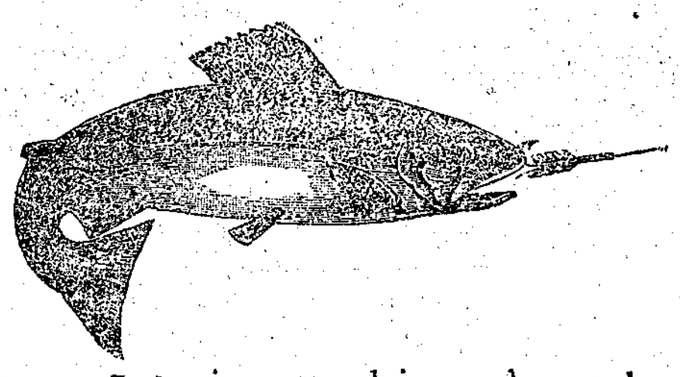

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NEWS OFFICE.

TWO SLEIGHS AND A MAIDEN

By HELEN WOOD

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Joel Herrick drove along disconsolately in the moonlight, flicking his whip about Bay Charley's ears. Behind the yarn muffler his face wore an expression of disappointment and wounded pride, and it was evident that the five miles of fine sleighing before him on this keen, beautiful night held no charms. Disconsolate he looked and disconsolate he felt, for had he not just been scorned by the lady of his heart?

Little had he thought when he drove Susannah Peters out to Johnson's golden wedding that she would desert him, and for his bitterest rival, Ed Sparks, and yet—

Joel had danced often with the pretty, golden haired Susannah. She, happily conscious of her new blue ribbons and pink cheeks, had beamed upon him, dancing his heart quite out of him and himself into the brave resolve to speak of his love on the homeward drive, for, although Joel had "kept company" with Susannah for six months, he had always lacked the courage to "ask her" point blank.

Now, Ed Sparks, on the other hand, lacked not the courage, but rather had pressed his suit, even when Susannah had clearly snubbed him. Perhaps it was done only to nettle the hesitating Joel; perhaps Susannah was really impressed by Ed's brand new suit of store clothes, scarlet tie and glittering cuff buttons and studs. At any rate, when the dancing was done and the big dining room was thrown open it was Ed Sparks who stepped quickly forward and "handed" Susannah to the delectable feast, and it was Ed Sparks who filled her glass with Aunt Marcy Johnson's best blackberry wine when the health of host and hostess was drunk. And all the while Joel Herrick, his heart eaten out with jealousy, tried to look gay as he served another and less favored damsel.

After supper goodbys were said, the stone bottles were filled with hot water in anticipation of long rides through the cold night, the women bundled each other up in tippet and shawl, while the men harnessed the horses. To be sure, Joel had but one horse to harness, yet the crafty Ed managed to reach the house door first with his prancing young horses and a new, fancy sleigh. Susannah gave one swift glance from Ed's dashing turnout to staid Bay Charley and the old fashioned cutter. Vaguely she heard a chorus of feminine "oh's" and "ah's," and Joel's fate was sealed. She sprang into Ed's sleigh, the envy of every other girl on the great porch.

All this furnished anything but pleasant thoughts for Joel as he drove home alone, and when he realized that at this moment Ed's arm might be encircling the slender waist of Susannah he fairly groaned in spirit. Perhaps the bold fellow might even dare to kiss her. Joel grasped his whip tightly, and Bay Charley sprang forward in surprise.

Two miles had been covered, and he reached a point where the road wound through a patch of woodland. The trees stood gaunt, strange and black against the dazzling snow. Now and then a branch snapped with the cold, sounding like the report of a pistol on the still moonlight. Joel commenced to whistle from sheer loneliness. Then suddenly the sound died on his lips. In astonishment he saw a woman walking toward him. Nearer and nearer they came together. More and more familiar became the outlines of that feminine figure. As he slowed up it shrank back against a tree.

"Why, Susannah!"

"Oh, Joel. I'm so glad it's you!"

There were tears in her voice. But Joel remembered the slights, the humiliation recently put upon him, and hardened his heart and his voice.

"Well, Miss Peters, if you are goin' home alone I shall be pleased to take you under my care."

His tone was not inviting, but the shivering Susannah quickly climbed to his side. Joel touched up Bay Charley, but for some time remained silent. Now and then he glanced at the little figure crouched at his side, shaking with sobs and cold together. Joel's heart reproached him, and he finally remarked:

"Seems to me you ain't actin' right tonight. First you take up with a no account sort of fellow like Ed Sparks; then you go walkin' alone at this time of night. Where's Ed, an' what does he mean, leavin' you all alone like this? If he ain't treated you right, I'll take him out an' horsewhip him."

Susannah laid her hand appealingly on Joel's arm.

"I've been mean to you, Joel, but—but this ain't Ed's fault. I—I—fell out!"

Joel snorted incredulously.

"Yes, I did, too, Joel. We were just above old man Judkin's place, an' one of those big wild geese was lyin' in the road, we not seein' it because of its bein' all white. It just took an' flew right up in the horses' faces. They're spirity, you know, an' won't stand much, an'—an'"—this very softly and styly—"Ed ain't a driver like you. He ain't strong. They ran like wild, an' he had to stand up to hold 'em. An' when we turned the corner by the old apple tree the sleigh went into a post, toppled over an'—I—I fell out. An' when I got up I saw the sleigh swingin' from side to side an' Ed standin' up an' hangin' on to the reins."

Her recital came to a sudden and undignified end as she giggled at the recollection of her admirer's plight. She tried to smother the giggle in the sleeve of Joel's great rough coat and then continued:

"There hasn't been a soul along until you came. I was scart to death. Everything was so white an' still, an' in the woods the moon was lookin' at me through the dark branches of the trees for all the world like a queer face. I—I don't believe I could have stood it much longer."

By this time Joel was chuckling over his rival's predicament, and Susannah sat up in sudden dismay.

"But you won't tell anybody, will you, Joel? The whole town'll be laughin' at me."

Joel turned serious on the instant.

"No, they won't laugh at you. If they do, they'll have to answer to me. Besides, the joke ain't on you. It's on Ed."

But just at this time Ed was having fresh troubles of his own. Careening, swaying, he drew near Hufflesburg at a racing gait, utterly unconscious that Susannah was no longer clinging to the seat before which he still stood, tugging at the reins. Occasionally he threw an encouraging word over his shoulder or told her how brave she was not to scream and add to their danger. The horses would soon run themselves out, and the road before them was clear.

But, alas, just as he turned into the town a sudden obstacle appeared in their track—Farmer Schneider's big sleigh, laden with the rosy cheeked Mrs. Schneider and three equally rosy daughters! At Ed's warning shout Schneider drew his placid white mare to one side, but the flying team caught the rear of Schneider's sleigh, and a chorus of feminine shrieks was wafted to the fleeing Ed. The drift was deep, and the five Schneiders, when disentangled, found themselves uninjured, but nevertheless wrathful at the reckless driver.

In the meantime Ed had reached the center of the town, and his horses, exhausted and steaming, finally responded to the rein. With a feeling of intense relief Ed turned to his companion. Consternation seized him. Where was Susannah? Caught in the maelstrom of Schneiders? No, his cutter had not been injured in the collision. He remembered with horror that she had not spoken since the horses first began their mad run. What if she had been back there in the woods all this time, frozen, perhaps attacked by tramps? Ed was too frightened to be logical. With a curse he turned his fagged horses back into the road and whipped them on at a mad gait. Again he passed the Schneider family, and as the farmer once more pulled out of his way, this time more successfully, his goodwife murmured:

"I did not think Marcy Johnson's wine was so strong as that."

Half a mile farther he met Joel and stopped at the latter's vigorous hail.

"Good evenin', Ed," said Joel, with a cheerful smile for his discomfited rival. "Are you goin' to look for Susannah? She's here, safe in my sleigh, an' you can just bet she ain't goin' to make such a mistake again."

Ed ignored the complacent Joel and, making his best bow—that is, the best he could make while trying to hold the two astonished and trembling horses—said:

"I'm awful sorry I had such an accident, Miss Peters; but if you aren't hurt it don't matter so much, an' I hope you'll let me see you safe home."

Susannah choked back a persistent giggle and clung to Joel's arm.

"You see, Mr. Sparks—Mr. Herrick—I mean Joel—an' I—we—I'm just as much obliged"—

Joel took up her faltering explanation and made it clear.

"I don't mind tellin' you, Mr. Sparks, that hereafter Susannah an' I'll do our sleighin' together for all time, but if you want a recommendation to any other girl Susannah she'll give it, an' we won't mention this here little affair."

And Mr. Sparks, with a dignified uplifting of his fur cap and a few unintelligible words, whipped up his horses, swung around in the road and raced back to town.

A Pleasant Interruption.

The following incident occurred at an entertainment in a large provincial town: On the programme a certain vocalist was down to sing "The Miner's Dream of Home," and to add special effect to the song he, having a friend a fireman at the fire station, about three minutes' walk from the hall, ran out and borrowed his top boots.

His turn on the programme came around. He appeared on the stage in all the glory of a blouse, slouch hat, white breeches and the fireman's top boots. His rendering of the song was a great success up to the middle of the second verse, when a commotion was heard at the entrance of the hall. Then a hot and eager fireman forced his way through the audience up to the footlights and bawled out at the top of his voice:

"Bill, you've got to come out of them 'ere boots if you value your life. I'm called to a fire!"—London Tit-Bits.

Why Many Children Are One Sided.

It is a well known physiological law that the use of a muscle causes an increase in its size, while neglect causes it to become smaller.

The steady use of the same arm in carrying a set of books to and from school, the propping of one arm on a table, or the excessive use of one arm or leg and the disuse of the other—each such habit slowly but surely brings about its own result, unless constant effort be made to counteract it.

The growing age is more subject than any other to such influences, but every age is directly and powerfully influenced by any occupation or habit which tends to the exclusive exercise of certain muscles or to the habitual taking of a certain posture.

Snubbing a Snob.

Jasmin, the Gascon poet and barber, once treated a rich snob to the snubbing he deserved. Jasmin had been reciting his poems for the benefit of the poor and had afterward been escorted in triumphal procession to his hotel. Next morning while he was still in bed some one knocked at the door, a vulgar nabob entered and installed himself without invitation in a chair.

"My dear Jasmin," said he patronizingly, "I am a banker, a millionaire, as you know. I wish you to shave me with your own hand. Please set to work at once, for I am pressed for time. You can ask what you like for your trouble."

"Pardon me, sir," said Jasmin, with pride. "I shave for pay at home only."

"What do you say?"

"It is true, sir. I shave for pay only at home."

"Come, come! You are jesting. I cannot be put off. Make your charge what you like, but shave me!"

"Again I say, sir, it is impossible!"

"How impossible? Isn't it your trade?"

"It is, but at this moment I am not disposed to exercise it."

In spite of renewed bribes and entreaties Jasmin remained firm, and the millionaire went away unshaved.

Encouragement.

Whenever you can conscientiously encourage any one do so. You would not leave those plants in your window without water or refuse to open the shutters that the sunlight might fall upon them, but you leave some human flower suffer for want of appreciation or the sunlight of encouragement. There are a few hardy souls that can struggle on stony soil, shrubs that can wait for the dew and the sunbeams, vines that will climb without kindly training, but only a few. Utter the kind word when you can. Give the helping praise when you see that it is deserved. The thought that "no one knows and no one cares" blights many a bud of promise.—Catholic Home Companion.

A Barbarous Symbol.

Next time you drop in on your barber to have a shave or your hair cut ask him why he has a pole with white and red stripes on it at his door. The chances are that he will tell you it is to let people know there is a barber shop in the vicinity. Ask him why such a pole represents a barber shop and tell him not to talk politics or the weather to you until he has answered and you will have a quiet time of it. Of course you know, but in case you don't want to bother telling him just clip this item and induce him to paste it in his hat.

In olden times blood letting was believed in and the ancient barber was the man who made a specialty of it, as also some of them do today. The pole has nothing to do with hair cutting or shaving; it represents the blood letting end of the profession. The red stripes indicate the flow of blood, the white stripes the linen bandages used after the operation. If you succeed in cornering your barber on this question, ask him not to talk so much until he acquires some information worth imparting.

Mountain High.

"How was the scenery where you spent your vacation?"

"The most expensive I ever gazed at."

A Labor Saver.

The politicians should rejoice;
The wireless age commences;
It ought to help them out a bit
When they must mend their fences.

Would Know if He Heard Her.

"I don't know whether she sings or not."

"You would if you heard her."

Colors and Flowers.

Never but two of the colors red, blue and yellow appear in the same species of flower—either two, but never the third. Hence red and yellow roses, but no blue; red and blue verbenas, but no yellow; yellow and blue pansies, but no red, etc.

LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS

By MARTHA MCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

Copyright, 1901, by M. McC.-Williams

"Carola!" Aunt Sarah called, her voice acid, yet tense.

"Well!" Carola answered without looking up from her book.

"It's 10 o'clock—high time you were dressing," came back, the tone more acid than ever.

"Why, I thought you had set the wedding for 4 o'clock," Carola said, turning a leaf and not raising her eyes.

Aunt Sarah stamped her foot. "As if you didn't know what folks are!" she protested. "You know they'll begin piling in here around 12, or 1 at the latest. The last one of 'em is crazy to see what'll happen."

"How strange!" Carola commented, apparently to the book. Aunt Sarah darted through the door, caught the book, flung it across the room and clutched Carola's shoulder. Angry tears stood in her eyes, but still they snapped viciously. "You'll be the death of me yet!" she gasped out. "Lord, Lord, if I only had known what trouble you'd be I never would have had you here, never in this world!"

"You mean really that you brought me here so you could make trouble for both of us," Carola said, standing up and edging away from her aunt's grasp. "You know you would find heaven dull if you had not a grievance."

"Stop! I won't hear such sacrilege!" Aunt Sarah cried, shaking Carola hard. "I thought I knew what ingratitude was—after all I've done for you—but this caps the climax!"

"You have done—many things," Carola said, setting her teeth hard. "First you gave me a name I hate and shall hate till I die. You thought it sounded finer than the name of any other baby around. Right there you struck the keynote—of everything. You are so tyrannically vain you want to show everybody how much better you can do everything. That is why you have pitched on Johnson Blakely for my husband. Poor fool! I should be almost as sorry for him as for myself if he had not a man's strength and a man's chance to run away. He does not really want me. Peggy McMann suits him ever and ever so much better. But you got him under your thumb before he left off roustabouts. He's worse afraid of you than death or the judgment, if he is six feet two and big as an ox"—

"Johnson loves me like a mother. He's good looking, as moral as—as a baby—and will have $100,000 when his old uncle dies," Aunt Sarah broke in, her eyes snapping harder. "And any—yes, every—other girl around would jump at the chance of him, while you"—

"Have had to be locked up for two months to keep me from marrying somebody else," Carola supplemented as Aunt Sarah, otherwise Mrs. Wilson, paused for breath. "Johnson knows all about it," she ran on. "Nice, chivalrous Johnson, to want a wife who says to his face: 'I hate you. I agree to have the wedding day set only because I am tired of prison life.' If there was one grain of manliness in all his bulking height, he would not take me—he knows how helpless I am—with you for guardian and not a penny of my own."

"Yet you want to turn your back on a good husband and a rich one and throw yourself away on a beggarly lawyer who has never had a case since he hung out his shingle a year ago," Aunt Sarah snapped. Carola laughed a short, hard laugh.

Mrs. Wilson knew her neighbors. They did come piling in before the clock struck 1. Carola's love affairs had been the gossip of the countryside for six months past. Naturally there was edged expectation of some uncommon climax to what had been so strange. To the bucolic mind it was wholly unheard of that Johnson Blakely had been cut out by a sprig of a lawyer with hardly a second coat to his back. The most part stanchly upheld Mrs. Wilson's strenuousness in keeping her niece from so throwing herself away. Still there were a few softer souls who shook the head, saying a girl, as you might say, driven into double harness would be mighty apt before long to kick over the traces and small blame to her if she did.

Everybody wondered at the setting out of a wedding feast and calling in wedding guests. A simple marriage, with only legal witnesses, seemed to fit the case's complications better. A few understood, but wisely held their peace. The wedding was Mrs. Wilson's triumph. She would not forego showing to her world that in this her hardest battle she had prevailed. But even this wise few were something amazed at one thing—she had invited among the rest Jack Harrison, the lawyer lover whom two months earlier she had forbidden the place.

He would not come, of course, but by 3 o'clo everybody else was on hand, minister and bridegroom included. Aunt Sarah was for setting forward the wedding ceremony. There was not the least use in waiting an hour, with everything ready. That brought on a very pretty quarrel with Carola. "You'll come to the judgment bar an hour ahead of time," she said to Aunt Sarah, "but you won't be able to hurry St. Peter, and for once I mean to act the saint."

Storming did no good. Carola was recklessly gay. She had grown very white, but her hands did not tremble as she put on her veil and set a knot of loose leafed white roses at the throat of her white frock. She did everything for herself, yet, oddly enough, made no objection to the presence of half a dozen young women, each of whom thrilled with unconscious envy of the bride. She even laughed outright when one of them peeped into the hall and said hushedly over her shoulder, "Oh, my, Johnson has got on a full dress suit and does look so handsome!"

"It's bad luck, laughin' in your weddin' frock. Don't you know that?" another demanded. Carola laughed again, a laugh both mocking and merry.

All things earthly end, even an hour of waiting upon an ungrateful bride's caprice. When the clock marked five minutes past 4, Carola stood exactly in the middle of the big square parlor, feeling herself the target of all eyes. She looked taller, more slender, more wraithlike than ever. Though her hand lay on the bridegroom's, it was in sufferance only. She did not even steady herself by the mass of his wholesome bulk. He was very red, his vacuous moon face beaded, his big hands bulging over the tops of his new white gloves. Carola had not spoken to him. She had met him just outside the parlor door. He had a sense of sinking or wanting to run away, if the truth must be told, to cry as he had cried in the times of boyish fights. Invariably he lost the fights and somehow felt that he was likewise to lose this.

The minister was speaking. His words fell meaningless upon poor Johnson's ears. Carola was tensely alert. She held her head high and kept her eyes fast upon the door. As the minister began to say: "If any can show cause why these two may not be lawfully joined together, let him speak now or forever hereafter hold his peace," she drew a hard breath.

"I object!" Jack Harrison cried, darting through the door. "The lady is already my wife," he added, thrusting a folded paper into the minister's hand. Aunt Sarah struck it down, crying contemptuously: "You lie! Until today Carola has not been outside her room since I ordered you off the place!"

Jack turned to face her with Carola in his arms, limp enough now and trembling all over. "I came back—once," he said, "while you were away at church. I brought a license and a minister. Remember there is a lightning rod beside the end window of Carola's prison. I climbed it, held her hand—the good man on the ground did the rest. I might have come next day and legally demanded my wife. It was her whim to wait—and spoil your triumph!"

Johnson had been listening like a man in a dream. Slowly his face brightened. With a wildly joyous whoop he gathered Jack and Carola in his arms, hugged them breathless and as he released them cried: "Jack, you always were a good fellow. Suppose you help me to get married anyway. I'll give you $500 cash if you'll persuade Peggy McMann to have me, right here and now."

"I'll take that job for nothing," Carola said, running to the blushing Peggy. How she managed it nobody quite understood, but three hours later, just as soon as a messenger had brought a new license from the county town, there was a wedding with no objection—not even from Aunt Sarah—and the bride's name was Peggy.

Mansfield's "Likeness."

Richard Mansfield once asked Frank A. Nankivell to make a picture of him. The actor explained that he wanted an imitation of an old Roman coin with his own profile shown instead of Cæsar's.

"Do you want an absolute likeness or shall I idealize it a bit?" asked Nankivell.

"I want an absolute likeness," replied Mr. Mansfield stiffly, and the artist made a sketch of his patron.

When the completed picture—a splendid piece of work that looks as if it were embossed—was shown to Mr. Mansfield he was not pleased.

"It looks like a prizefighter," said Mr. Mansfield.

"That is not my fault," said Nankivell. "You know that you said you wanted a likeness."

There was a further exchange of courtesies, and then Mansfield suggested that the artist try again. "Excuse me," said Nankivell. "Once will do me."

"Well, change this picture a little," said the actor. "Perhaps you can fix it up."

"Not a fix," said the artist as he rolled up the picture and prepared to go with a parting shot. "You don't want an artist to draw your picture; you want a lithographer. Good day."—New York World.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

To make shoes waterproof and make them last a long time, dissolve beeswax and a little sweet oil to thin it. Before the shoes are worn, warm the soles and pour the melted wax on them with a teaspoon, then hold it close to the fire till it soaks into the leather, then add more until the leather ceases to absorb it.

$100 REWARD—$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

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

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the Best.

Remove stains from teacups with a little baking soda, rubbed on with the fingers. Some say a little salt is just as good.

THE HORSE—noblest of the brute creation—when suffering from a cut, abrasion or sore, derives as much benefit as its master in a like predicament from the healing soothing action of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Lameness, swelling of the neck, stiffness of the joints, throat and lungs are relieved by it.

"Sticky" varnish may be dried by applying a coat of benzine and after two or three days apply a coat of good varnish and let dry thoroughly before using the furniture.

There can be a difference of opinion on most subjects, but there is only one opinion as to the reliability of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is safe, sure and effectual.

Postage stamps will stick and not turn up at the corners if the face is wet after applying them.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Oh that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves.—Shakespeare.

Monkey Brand Soap makes copper like gold, tin like silver, crockery like marble and windows like crystal.

If the wicked flourish—and thou suffer, be not discouraged. They are fatted for destruction; thou art dieted for health.—Fuller.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Relieves Neuralgia.

Who partakes in another's joys is a more humane character than he who partakes in his griefs.—Lavater.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.

Gentlemen,—My daughter, 13 years old, was thrown from a sleigh and injured her elbow so badly it remained stiff and very painful for three years. Four bottles of MINARD'S LINIMENT completely cured her and she has not been troubled for two years.

Yours truly,

J. B. LEVESQUE.

St. Joseph, P.Q., Aug. 18, 1900.

A cultivated reader of history is domesticated in all families; he dines with Pericles and sups with Titian.—Willmott.

Any woman who admits that her shoes are too tight is inclined to be masculine.

To check vomiting, give a teaspoonful of whole black mustard seed. A tablespoonful may be needed in severe cases.

A Common Bred Cow

When toned up by Dick's Blood Purifier will give as much and as rich milk as a highly bred aristocratic Jersey cow gives upon ordinary feed, and a Jersey cow when given.

DICK'S BLOOD PURIFIER

will wonderfully increase her yield of milk. It saves feed too, because a smaller amount of well digested food satisfies the demands of the system and every particle of nourishment sticks.

50 cents a package.

Leeming, Miles & Co., Agents, MONTREAL.

CURING A BALKY HORSE.

Simple Methods May Be Employed Without Using the Whip.

An expert states that the vice of balking in horses is almost invariably caused by improper breaking and handling of the animal while young, says the Chicago Chronicle.

It is only high strung and ill tempered horses that balk, and these are handled with more success by humoring and patience than by severe measures, which generally make matters worse. It is almost impossible to follow rules in a case of this sort. What will succeed in one case is useless in another, so that a driver must exercise good judgment—"horse sense"—in handling a case.

A very good treatment is to watch the animal closely in places where it would be likely to balk, and with the first sign of stopping the driver should say "Whoa," then get off and loosen or pretend to change the harness in some way; also take up a foot and tap the shoe with a stone. Spend a few moments leisurely in this way, and in nine cases out of ten the animal will forget its inclination to balk and will go on at the first bidding. It is also well to give a lump of sugar or a handful of oats or an apple. This will always produce better results than severe measures.

A Model Fireman.

Mike O'Hagan had never been a success. He had been discharged from the service of a bus company for allowing his bus to be smashed by a tramcar and from the service of a tram company for bumping into a carriage.

Finally, however, he landed in the fire brigade, and all his friends expected that he was settled for life. He was not, however, for in less than a month he was again looking for a job.

"How did it happen, Tim?" said Mike's friend Pat to Mike's brother Tim.

"Oi'll tell ye, me bhoy," replied the latter. "Shure, there came a foire an' Moike he wint. An' whin he got there there was a man on the top ov a blazin' buildin' scr'amin' for help. What'll Oi do at all?' says he. 'Ilould on,' says Moike, an' he throws him a rope. 'Tie it round yer neck,' says he."

"And what did Mike do then?"

"He pulled him down!"—London Answers.

Good Points of a Mule.

Rightly used, kindly treated, given the same good care as a horse, the mule has always shown himself kind, good tempered, willing, docile and intelligent. Moreover, while he has none of the horse's graceful, sympathetic ways of showing affection and responding to appreciation, the mule is capable of genuine devotion to a kind master. Both the horse and the ass have affectionate dispositions, and the only reason the mule does not evince such is because nothing calls it out. Jack is not demonstrative, but he does respond visibly to kind treatment.

He makes, moreover, an easy paced, careful, kindly riding animal when well treated. Taken altogether, he is a useful, intelligent, much enduring, little appreciated brute, whose melancholy position is that of a dog with a bad name—his good qualities rarely mentioned, while his bad ones are credited at their full value.

A Bit of Travers' Wit.

Among the many stories told of the inimitable William R. Travers is the following:

A New York clubman whose reputation as a conceited and insufferable bore was a byword was attempting to impress a group of men as being a society pet.

"What a hospitable fellow Blank is," he said, naming one of New York's cleverest men. "I dropped in on him the other night, and he and his wife fairly insisted that I stay for dinner. Such a time as I had getting away! Why, when I started to leave, they came right out in the hall and backed up against the front door."

"After you'd g-g-gone out?" inquired Travers.

A Witty Pauper.

While walking through an old street in Stuttgart recently a man found a purse, and, thinking that it might contain something valuable, he stuck it hastily in his pocket and hurried home.

He examined it then and was disgusted to find that it contained nothing except these four lines in German on a slip of paper:

When you find this purse, refrain from joy;
I'll tell you why in a minute—
I only threw it away because
I hadn't a cent to put in it.

Exasperating.

Mrs. Wadsleigh—Oh, dear!

Mrs. Gadsum—What's the trouble?

Mrs. Wadsleigh—I'm so unlucky. My old nurse has left me, and the new one I have is so unreliable that I don't feel at all easy in my mind unless I see the children at least two or three times a week. It's so exasperating!

Misfits at the Bargain Sale.

Nell—I stopped in at a bargain sale today.

Belle—Did you see anything that looked real cheap?

Nell—Yes; several men waiting for their wives.

FROM DEATH'S DOOR

AN OTTAWA MAN'S WONDERFULLY NARROW ESCAPE.

He Was in Convulsions and the Doctors Told His Wife He Could Not Live Till Morning, but he Recovered.

Ottawa, Ont., Oct. 13.—(Special)—At 309 Gilmore street, this city, there resides a man who has been nearer the hour and article of death than anyone who has been priviliged to live to tell the story.

He is Mr. George H. Kent, a printer in the employ of the Bank Note Company of Wellington St.

Some seven or eight years ago Mr. Kent was seized with Bright's Disease which gradually grew worse till he had to quit work and was confined to his bed, where he remained for some months.

Physicians were in constant attendance upon him, but instead of improving he gradually grew worse and worse.

At last he got so low that his body became terribly bloated and his skin like tanned leather. He had convulsions which increased in frequency, and the intervals between these spasms found him so weak that he was barely conscious.

One night after a particularly bad spell the physicians told his wife that he could not live till morning.

A messenger was despatched for a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, which were immediately brought to the dying man.

Mr. Kent did not die. On the contrary in about two months he was at work again in the shop and has not since been off work for a single day.

Mr. and Mrs. Kent are naturally very grateful, and as a mark of their gratitude have called a sweet little girl born to them some two years after Mr. Kent's remarkable recovery by the name of Edna Dodds Kent.

Mr. Kent has made a sworn statement reciting the details of his case and his cure.

Spots on varnished furniture can easily be removed by rubbing them with essence of peppermint or spirits of camphor, and afterwards with furniture polish or oil.

Diamond Hall Diamonds.

THIS is one of the 'Ryrie' Specials in Diamond Rings, No. 969. Our price for it is $75.

We personally guarantee the quality.

(It is mounted in 18k. gold, for either lady's or gentleman's wear.)

We deliver this safely to any address, and refund the full price if you are not perfectly satisfied.

Write for our new illustrated catalogue.

Ryrie Bros., Jewelers, Yonge and Adelaide Streets, Toronto.

Pounded glass mixed with corn meal and placed within the reach of rats, it is said, will banish them from the premises; or sprinkle cayenne pepper where they go.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

To clean kettles easily, pour a little boiling water into them and put a cover on; the steam will soften the dirt so that it may be easily removed.

Are you a sufferer with corns? If you are get a bottle of Hollaway's Corn Cure. It has never been known to fail.

To remove grease from broths for the sick, after pouring in a dish, pass clean white wrapping paper quickly over the top of broth, using several pieces, until grease is all removed.

Eve Tempted Adam.

And Adam has been tempting Eve ever since. Imagine a man selling a woman rancid butter while keeping her attention fixed on a "prize" given with the rancid butter! A woman may be tempted by "prizes" to buy common soaps, that she may not know will soon ruin her clothes and hands. But she soon finds out the difference between common soaps and Sunlight Soap. She finds Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar—a prize in itself. Her clothes last longer, and her hands are saved from eczema. 220

ASK FOR

Ogilvie Oats

Delicious flavor. Free from hulls. Warranted Pure. Put up in all sized packages.

Ogilvie's Hungarian

As now manufactured. The great FAMILY FLOUR. Insist on getting "OGILVIE'S," as they are better than the Best.

HAVE NO EQUAL.

If you want to find out which is really the best tea in Canada, buy a package of Blue Ribbon Ceylon and it wont take you long to decide

ARE YOU BUILDING?

IF SO USE EDDY'S IMPERVIOUS SHEATHING

THE BEST BUILDING PAPER MADE.

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

Write our Agents, TEES & PERSSE, Winnipeg, for samples.

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

When using common tea you may mistake bitterness for strength. GOLD STANDARD TEA is unequalled for strength and flavor.—

HALCYON HOT SPRINGS

SANITARIUM

Arrow Lake, B. C.

Situated midst scenery unrivalled for grandeur. The most complete health resort on the continent of North America.

Its baths cure all Nervous and Muscular diseases. Its waters heal all Kidney, Liver and Stomach ailments.

They are a never-failing remedy for all Rheumatic troubles.

TERMS—$15 to $18 per week, according to residence in Hotel or Villas.

T. H. METCALFE & CO.

Grain and Commission Merchants.

Highest prices paid for wheat, oats, barley or flax in carlots. Wire or write me for prices before selling. Liberal advances made on consignments and handled on commission. Licensed and Bonded.

P. O. Box 550, Winnipeg, Man.

W. N. U., No. 398.

AFTER THIS IT IS YOUR FAULT

if you suffer with what is generally known as a Bad Liver.

Fleming's No. 9 Liver Pills.

will effectually relieve the worst case of Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, and by cleansing and purifying the stomach relieve the system of many of the poisons that bring on fevers. Ask your druggist for them; if he has none send us 25c for a bottle, or $1.00 for 5 bottles.

FLEMING'S DRUG STORE, BRANDON

One ounce flour of sulphur to one quart of water. Shake well at intervals for a few hours, and when settled saturate the head with the clear liquid every morning. This is said to cure vexatious dandruff, a disease of the scalp.

"KELPION" (A STAINLESS IODINE OINTMENT.)

Endorsed by best English medical journals.

Supplied to British soldiers in South Africa.

For all Throat and Gland Troubles, Lumps, Abscesses, Old Sores, Ulcers, Felons, Skin Diseases, Eczema, Pimples, Stiff Joints, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sprains, Bruises, Piles, Cuts, Sore Feet, Pleurisy.

Sold by Druggists, 25c. Try it once.

BE CAREFUL.

This fellow got scorched, lighting a bad Cigar. Don't you burn your good money in the same way. SMOKE LUCINA. Your good money gets a good Cigar.

Geo. F. Bryan & Co., Winnipeg.

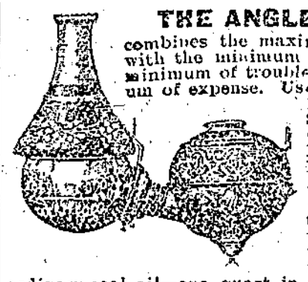
IMPERIAL MAPLE SYRUP

The quality standard from Ocean to Ocean. Your money back if not satisfactory.

ROSE & LAFLAMME, Agts., MONTREAL.

HAVE YOU SEEN IT? WHAT? LEE'S Priceless Recipes, 3,000 secrets for the home, farm, laboratory, workshop, and every department of human endeavor, with full index to contents; 368 pages, bound in cloth; send 25 cents for a copy, and if you think the book is not worth the money send it back, and your money will be refunded; this is a good side line for canvassers. Write for terms if you want to canvass. WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book-room, Toronto, Ontario.

THE ANGLE LAMP



combines the maximum of light with the minimum of heat, the minimum of trouble, the minimum of expense. Used in HOUSES, STORES, CHURCHES, HOTELS, FACTORIES Etc., Etc.

It is perfection in lighting. The light that never fails. It uses ordinary coal oil—one quart in 16 hours. No smoke, no odor, no drawing up, no removing of globe or top to light, filled while burning, the only light having no undershadows. Apply to your local dealer or send for catalogue and prices to Hilton, Gibson & Co., P. O. Box 391, Winnipeg.

A solution of oxalic acid will remove ink stains from books without injuring the print.

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.

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

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

THE NEW PREMIER.

Hon. Jas. Dunsmuir, a good and faithful public servant, resigned the Premiership of the Province on Friday, 21st November, and recommended as his successor the Hon. E. G. Prior, Minister of Mines. The recommendation was accepted by His Honor the Lieut.-Governor, and the new premier duly took the oath of office. Up to the time of the mails leaving Victoria, but one change had been made in the personnel of the Cabinet. Mr Dennis Murphy, a young lawyer, having been appointed Provincial Secretary. Attorney General Eberts has been persuaded to accept the portfolio of Attorney General. Hon. Messrs Prentice and Wells are both satisfied to continue in office under Col. Prior's premiership. The reason given by Mr Dunsmuir for his resignation of the Premiership shows the sterling qualities of the man. He is bound up in the progress and development of the Province, and during his premiership endeavoured to carry out a development policy, but was met with the taunt of "ulterior motives' from members of the stamp of the Rossland representative. Now being free from active politics, Hon. Mr Dunsmuir will have time to attend to his development policy in a practical way, without being subjected to the insults and sneers of political charlatans.

The Pensylvania Arbitration Commission has brought out some interesting evidence on the question of the health of mine workers. The physicians who were examined state that fully 99 per cent. of the men who work in the mines are anaemic, their health impoverished and their general condition below par. The principal ills are asthma, rheumatism and sciatica. The miners asthma comes from dust, powder, smoke and vitiated air. It was also stated that 90 per cent. of the miners who reach the age of 50 years are afflicted with some form of rheumatism.

The recognition of the miners' Union is considered one of the most important questions bef re the Commission, and it is evident that the Coal Companies' will oppose it to their utmost. An agreement has been made between the Miners' and the Coal Companies' to arrange their difficulties irrespective of the Arbitration Commission.

In Sweden and Russia slaves to the liquor habit, when put under restraint, are fed almost entirely on bread steeped in wine. They come to loathe the look and smell of liquor and generally become total abstainers.

MONSOON

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

Yours truly,
SARAH GRUNDY.

How Convicts Kill Time.

It is at once interesting and pathetic to go through the cells of the eastern penitentiary and to note the objects which, with tedious pains, the prisoners have made to while the time away. Here a mantel will be hung with a lambrequin elaborately fringed, the fine knots and delicate patterns of the threads comparing with the work of the French lacemakers. The lambrequin is of an odd blue hue, and the visitor is told that it is made of an old pair of prison trousers.

On a little gilt bracket is a small stuffed animal. The bracket, so delicately turned, is of newspapers pasted together and gilded, and the animal is a rat, caught in a homemade trap, stuffed with rags and with pieces of chewing gum colored with shoeblacking for its eyes.

A wall is completely covered with a really artistic decoration of reeds, on which are perched at least 200 birds, each accurately colored and drawn. There are also numberless checkerboards and sets of chessmen that in the delicacy of their inlay work and in the intricacy of their carving would do honor to the craftsmen of the orient.

To avoid wrinkling bodices and jackets they should be hung on frames such as men use for their coats, winding the frames first with cloth or silk, upon which, if desired, orris or other sachet powder may be sprinkled.

Cut glass, real or imitation, should have the rough pattern brushed with a stiff brush in strong suds. If rubbed with a piece of flannel dipped in alcohol and then in whiting, its brilliancy is much enhanced. Let the whiting dry on the glass, then wash and rinse.

Money to Loan

—Apply to—
C. H. BEEVOR POTTS,
BARRISTER, &c.,
Dunsmuir Ave., Cumberland

. . SMOKE . .

"CUBAN BLOSSOM"
A UNION-MADE CIGAR
FROM THE—
Cuban Cigar Factory

M. J. BOOTH, Proprietor,
NANAIMO, B.C.

Municipality of the
City of Cumberland.

NOTICE.

All persons who are entitled to vote at the next Municipal Election must see that they are registered on or before the 1st of December next.

Office Hours:—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 7.30 p.m to 8.30 p.m.

L. W. NUNNS,
City Clerk.

Cumberland, B.C.,
11th November, 1902.

Reliable Lady Agents wanted to take orders for the Best Custom-made Dress Skirts and Walking Skirts in Canada. Write quickly.

Dominion Garment Co.,
Guelph, Ont.
Box, 209.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undernoted have made Application for Hotel Licences under the provisions of the Statutes in that behalf:—

RENEWALS.

George G. McDonald, Elk Hotel, Comox; Samuel J. Cliff, Lorne Hotel, Comox; Robert Grant, Riverside Hotel, Courtenay; John H. Piket, Spring Inn Hotel, Comox Road; George Howe, Nelson Hotel, Union Bay; John Humphrey, Wilson Hotel, Union Bay; John Ward, Waverly Hotel, School Bay; H. C. and A. Bull, Heriot Bay Hotel, Valdez Island; Moses C. Ireland, Bold Point Hotel, Valdez Island; Charles Thulin, Malaspinn Hotel, Lund.

TRANSFER.

Dan. McDonald, from Wm. Lewis, Courtenay Hotel, Courtenay.

NEW LICENCE.

Theodore Paterson, Port Kusam Hotel, Port Kusam.

The Board of Licence Commissioners will meet to consider the above applications on Monday the 15th December, at One o'clock p.m., at the Court House, Comox.

JOHN THOMSON,
Chief Licence Inspector,
Comox Licence District.

Cumberland, B.C.,
24th November, 1902.

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

To Have something Swell.

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

BUT we are not selling sponges, our line is——
SWELL BUGGIES
of all kinds. We have just received a Car Load of Open and Top Buggies with Steel and Rubber Tires. Expresses of all kinds with Platform, Half-Platform, Duplex and Elliptic or Hog-nose Springs. Buckboards, Carts, Sulkies, etc., all of the most Up-to-Date Patterns and Finish. Guaranteed for one year by the Makers and ourselves. .. ..

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

MAGNET CASH STORE

Dolls, Toys, and
all Kinds of Fancy
Goods for Xmas

TERMS: — Strictly Spot Cash.

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.

Cold Storage: Air Dry System.

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

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

UNION BREWING CO., LTD.
Phone 27. DUNSMUIR STREET P O Drawer 45

[L.S.]
HENRI G. JOLY DE LOTBINIERE,
LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
CANADA,
PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

EDWARD VII., by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, KING, Defender of the Faith, etc., etc., etc.

To all whom these Presents shall come — Greeting.

A PROCLAMATION.

D. M EBERTS
Attorney-General.

WHEREAS by section 24 of the "Game Protection Act, 1898," it is enacted that it shall be lawful for the Lieutenant-Governor in Council, on good cause shown, to remove the disabilities as to the shooting of Pheasants in the Province, and to declare within what periods and limits the said birds may be shot:

And whereas His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor in Council, by Order in Council dated the 18th day of October, 1902, has ordered that the disabilities as to the shooting of Cock Pheasants be removed with respect to the Comox Electoral District from the twenty-fourth day of October, instant, to the thirty-first day of December, 1902, inclusive:

It is hereby ordered and declared that it shall be lawful to shoot Cock Pheasants within the Comox Electoral District from the twenty-fourth day of October, instant, to the thirty-first day of December, 1902.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, We have caused these Our Letters to be made Patent and the Great Seal of Our said Province to be hereunto affixed:

WITNESS, the Honourable Sir HENRI GUSTAVE JOLY DE LOTBINIERE, K.C.M.G., Lieutenant-Governor of our said Province of British Columbia, in our City of Victoria, in our said Province, this eighteenth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and two, and in the second year of our Reign.

By Command,
A. CAMPBELL REDDIE,
DEPUTY PROVINCIAL SECRETARY.

29 10 '02. 2t

NOTICE.

Cumberland City,
October 8th, 1902.

HAVING SOLD OUT my Butcher Business to Mr Donald McKay, Mr Jas. McGee will pay and collect all accounts on or before November 15th, at my office next to Campbells' Bakery, Dunsmuir Avenue.

JAS. WOODLAND.

15-10-02 4t

NOTICE.

Cumberland, B.C.,
Oct. 6th, 1902.

TO all whom it may concern this is to certify that the partnership formerly existing between Donald McKay and Wesley Hodgson, in the butcher business carried on in the City of Cumberland, B C. has this day been dissolved by mutual consent.

The business will still be carried on under the name of Donald McKay, who will assume all liabilities against the late firm of McKay & Hodgson.

All accounts due the late firm must be paid to Donald McKay.

Signed. W. HODGSON.
" D. McKAY.

Witness—F. A. ANLEY.

15-10-02 3t