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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

TENTH YEAR

CUMBERLAND B. C. TUESDAY, DEC. 15, 1903.

THE BIG STORE

**Toys,
Books,
Fancy
Goods,
Crockery
AND
Chinaware.**

S. LEISER & CO. LTD.

IT IS WORTH YOUR WHILE TO look over our Ten Cent Table of Toys, etc., etc.

We give one chance for the BIG DOLL with every Ten Cent purchase of Toys and Fancy Goods.

We have opened Five Crates of English China and Crockeryware which we received by direct importation.

JUST TO HAND
LADIES' JACKETS & CAPES,
AND FANCY DRY GOODS.

It Will Pay You
to spend a few minutes in the BIG STORE whether you come to buy or not.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ltd.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

Just received large shipment of

IRON AGE

CULTIVATORS, SEED DRILLS, WHEEL HOES, Etc.

VERY LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

Call and see them or write for catalogue and prices.

Telephone 52

Sole Agents for B. C.

P. O. Drawer 563

As a Reminder.



WHAT YOU MAY WISH TO CHOOSE FOR THE HOLIDAYS
OUR NEW CATALOGUE

Will give you more ideas and suggestions than a week of shopping could, and at your own fireside.

1568 ILLUSTRATIONS

Printed on Fine Tone Paper and fully described and priced. Suggestions how to furnish every room in the house—all free for the asking.

WEILER BROS., Victoria, B. C.
HIGH-CLASS FURNISHINGS.

CUMBERLAND Meat Market

CHOICEST MEATS
KEPT IN STOCK.

AT THE FOLLOWING PRICES:—

BEEF, Fore Quarter..... 80c. per lb.
BEEF, Hind Quarter..... 90c. per lb.
SHOULDER STEAKS..... 12c. per lb.
ROUND STEAKS..... 14c. per lb.
SORLOIN STEAK..... 16c. per lb.
BOILING BEEF..... 9c. and 10c. per lb.
MUTTON, VEAL and PORK—at equally low prices.

Your patronage is cordially invited, and all orders will be promptly delivered.

J. McPhee & Son
PROPRIETORS.

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

Just opened Infants and Children's Waists, Maids' Corsets, Kid fitting, E. and A. sure fit, No. 284, black; D. and A. Habit Hip and Nursing Corsets, in all sizes, from 18 to 32.—Stanley H. Riggs.

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

FOR SALE, Cheap, on easy terms
2 Houses.—Apply, T. E. Bate.

Local and Personal

Stoddart sells the dollar Watch.
Mr. Pullen is paying Cumberland a business visit.

You can get Pir Boots, Overalls, Pir Caps, &c., at rock bottom prices at the Corner Store.

Mrs. Geo. Smith has gone to Victoria for medical treatment.

Be sure and obtain a chance on the Big Doll, to be given away at the Big Store.

Hon. Judge Harrison arrived Wednesday for County Court.

School Inspector N. Therby is conducting examinations in connection with the High School.

Xmas Toys, etc., going like hot cakes at the M. C. S.

Miss Strang left for Vancouver on Friday, to accept a position with Thompson & Co., book-sellers, &c.

Call and see the watches at the Big Store.

Mr. Shibata has just opened out a variety of dainty articles in porcelain, terra cotta and bamboo, all Japanese work.

Don't forget to call at the Comox Bakery and Confectionery for your Candy and Cakes, or any little thing that you may choose.

Constable Thomson is around again after a short confinement to his room, the result of an accident in a runaway.

Have you seen our short Erect Form Corsets at fifty cents. The same quality as usually sold at nearly twice the price.—Stanley H. Riggs.

Mr. Shillito's family have removed from Union Bay to Cumberland and have taken the house lately vacated by the Guthries.

Ladies' Jackets and Capes just to hand at the Big Store.

Messrs. B. Creech came up Wednesday, also Mr. F. Richardson of the Ames Holden Co., with many beautiful styles of footwear.

A 14 inch Kid Doll for only 25 cents, at the Magnet Cash Store.

Mrs. H. P. Collis, and Mrs. Hill, will assist on the programme for the concert to be given in aid of the Hospital on December 23rd.

Honest Value for every dollar is what you get at the Corner Store.

A number of young boys and girls are in the habit of congregating at the Court-house corner in the evenings until a late hour. Let us agitate for a curfew.

Xmas Toys, etc., sold cheaper at Cheap John's this year than ever before.

Invitations are out for the Masonic grand ball on 28th. Incidentally, the dressmakers are busy. The affair promises to be a brilliant one, no pains or expenses being spared to make it a success.

5 crates of English China and Crockery ware opened at the Big Store.

Cases of dog poison are becoming quite frequent in the neighborhood of Windemere Avenue. A dog belonging to Mrs. Webster being one of the victims, while two others in the street adjoining were given a dose, but have since recovered. The poison used is said to have been rough-on rats, served in pie.

The Comox Bakery and Confectionery has a large consignment of the Finest Candy up last boat. Call and see them.

Two more valuable dogs have fallen victims to poison since the last cases reported, one belonging to F. Scavardo.

Telegraphic News.

Nanaimo, Dec. 10th.—Steamer Pennsylvania sailed this morning for Hawaiian Islands but immediately put back with her soft bunker coal on fire. Conflagration was located under bunker and appears to be confined to a few feet. Smoke is issuing from the port holes. Officers have not yet called for assistance in extinguishing fire. Bunkers were filled at Union Bay.

Nanaimo, Dec. 11th.—Admiral Bickford arrived here this evening after superintending the floating of H.M.S. "Flora." He says, had it not been for wooden sheathing the bottom would have been ripped out of her, and had she struck rocks a little further south, it would, in all probability, have been a total loss. She is taking little water, and is not as much damaged as at first thought.

Kangū Maida, Japanese murderer who was found guilty of double crime, committed last August, when he killed his fellow-countrymen, suffered extreme penalty this morning. He spent last night writing confession in which while acknowledging his guilt, maintained he had no recollection of actual tragedy, which he attributes to drink. He mounted scaffold without slightest tremor, and as cap was being adjusted turned to spectators assembled below and said "good-bye, gentlemen." Execution was carried out by Radcliffe without hitch, death being instantaneous.

Victoria, Dec. 12th.—The case brought against B.C. Electric Railway, by relatives of late H. W. Elkin's conductor, who fell from an open car and was killed last summer, have secured damages under the Workmen's Compensation Act, of 1902—\$20 a month for three years, each side to pay its own costs. This is the first case tried under Workmen's Compensation Act, since the law came in force.

Vancouver, Dec. 12th.—Terrible Reagan was sentenced to 3 years imprisonment for holding up H. Slater.

Victoria, Dec. 14th.—Legislature adjourned late Saturday night to meet again on January 11th.

Vancouver, Dec. 14.—A. Williams has been notified of his appointment as Police Magistrate of Vancouver, in place of J. A. Russell, who has occupied office for 10 years.

Nanaimo, Dec. 14.—Jas. Gilligan, night watchman, police force, was arrested this morning charged with the theft of gold watches in Vendome Hotel, on November 9th, belonging to Jas. Beavons. He pleaded guilty and was sentenced by Magistrate Yarwood to three years in penitentiary.

Wm. Bate, son of ex-Mayor Bate, and brother-in-law to J. H. Hawthorthwaite, died suddenly as he was arising from bed yesterday morning, of heart failure. He was 33 years of age, and leaves a widow and six children. Other relatives—Mark Bate, jr., Thomas Bate, Cumberland, A. G. Bate, Seattle; sisters—Mrs. Davies, Mrs. Goepel, Mrs. B. Heathcote, Nelson, Mrs. Alport, South Africa, and Mrs. Hawthorthwaite, Nanaimo. Deceased was a native of Nanaimo.

Nanaimo, Dec. 14.—John E. Jenkins, Cariboo pioneer of fifty-eight, well known in Cumberland, and proprietor of old Flag Hotel here, died this afternoon, aged 64.

Go and get your Xmas Toys, etc., early, at Cheap John's so as to avoid the rush.

Santa Claus HAS ARRIVED AT THE M-C-S

With the Finest display of
XMAS TOYS, Etc.
Ever offered in this district.

DOLL BARGAIN

A OH KID DOLL. Hair Stuffed, Sitting Body, Bisque Head, Glass Eyes, Bisque Arms, Real Shoes and Imitation Stockings for **25cts**.
REMEMBER 14 INCH.

Come early and avoid the rush. Goods delivered.

T. E. BATE,

DUNSMUIR AVE., Cumberland

COUNCIL MEETING

Present—Alds. Bate, Kilpatrick, Daniels and McFadyen.

Ald. Bate in the chair.

Minutes read and adopted.

Communications—From Mrs. T. L. Davies, stating that terms for City Hall were unsuitable for her.

Received and filed.

From Agent-General, J. H. Turner, in London, England, asking that a plan of the city be sent to his office, and, if possible, photographs of municipal places in town and district, so that he could better answer questions of intending settlers. Laid on table.

Accounts—C. H. Tarbell, hardware, \$1.90; Electric Light Co., lighting and sundries, \$38.15; H. Mitchell, blacksmithing, \$5.10. Referred to Finance Committee.

R. Hornal's report for October and November, read. Received and filed.

An invitation to Mayor to attend annual meeting of Reeve's Association in Victoria.

Deferred business.

Re Agent-General's letter. It was entered in the minutes that this be laid over for new Council to deal with.

F. A. Anley was appointed auditor. L. W. Nuuns appointed returning officer.

Council adjourned.

Beginning with the cover design, which is very suggestive, the Forest and Stream Xmas number, which has reached us, offers a series of finely illustrated articles of exceptional interest. The table of contents also offer the following half tones, dear to the mind of every sportsman, "A Camp Dinner," "Angling in the Seventeenth Century," "Wild Turkey—male and female"; also, superb illustrations of the state dining-room of the White House, the steam yacht "Norma," the largest recent addition to the New York Y.C. fleet, and many other profusely illustrated articles which makes the Forest and Stream one of the most interesting and attractive sporting weeklies of the season.

PHOTOS.

On view at the News Office, views of H.M.S. Flora, stranded. Leave orders for copies.

READY FOR BUSINESS.

A Ring From Secretary Shaw's Office and the Response Thereto.

One day recently when Secretary Shaw was dictating a letter the door leading into his office suddenly swung open, and there stood a man with a 44 caliber Colt's revolver in his hand. The weapon was about a foot long and was loaded with cartridges the size of a man's thumb. The man's finger was on the trigger, and he seemed ready for business. A friend of the secretary was sitting in the office, and it seemed to him that there soon would be "something doing."

But there was no shooting. The secretary looked curiously at the intruder, and the next instant the latter was apologizing.

"Did you ring?" he asked.

"No," replied the secretary.

"The signal went off downstairs, and I thought you rang. Excuse me, sir."

"All right," said Mr. Shaw. And the man with the gun retired. He was a member of the treasury watch. Accidentally the alarm connecting the captain's room and the secretary's desk was sounded, and he had hastened upstairs to defend Mr. Shaw against a possible assailant.

There is a pearl button at the end of an electric wire at the secretary's elbow, and if he needs assistance against assault a slight pressure will bring the treasury guard to his aid. This contrivance was installed three years ago, after Frank H. Morris of Cleveland, the war department auditor, was assassinated in his office by a disgruntled clerk. Lyman J. Gage was then the head of the treasury, and Frank A. Vanderlip was an assistant secretary. Threats were uttered against both of them, and they immediately prepared for any contingency. Each was given a big revolver, which reposed on a little shelf upon the lid of his desk, and then the desks were connected by electric wire with the office of the captain of the guard. But no one ever offered to molest either official, and their successors likewise have been free from annoyance.—Cleveland Leader.

A New Literature.

A new literature is in process of development. You often hear an intelligent man or woman say, "I always look in the back first." If you carefully seek the reason for this you will discover that in the pages and pages of advertising in the back of the magazines is to be found, not only much that is instructive, but much that is interesting and suggestive in a purely literary way. The modern advertisement is worth looking at whether it is the sounding proclamation of some big corporation, with facts and figures both weighty and impressive, or the light eye catching notice of some simple trade or contrivance. All forms of literary composition find place in the advertising pages—history, story, verse. Many advertisements measure up to the test of good literature. In truth, there is often an uncommon amount of character in them. A word here or a phrase there is often singularly vivid as "local color," and behind many an advertisement it is possible to see a vigorous personality.—Booklover's Magazine.

Lamb's Taste in Books.

In this catalogue of books which are no books—biblia-biblia—I reckon court calendars, directories, pocketbooks (the literary, excepted), draught boards bound and lettered on the back, scientific treatises, almanacs, statutes at large, the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns and generally all those volumes "which no gentleman's library should be without," the histories of Flavius Josephus (that learned Jew) and Paley's "Moral Philosophy." With these exceptions I can read almost anything. I bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so unexcluding.

Cold Comfort.

Fussy Passenger—Why does your company insist that passengers must purchase tickets before entering the train? Are they afraid if we pay money to you that you will steal it?

Conductor (with dignity)—Certainly not. They are afraid the train may run off the track before I can get around.

About the Size of It.

"Aunt Amy."

"Yes, Ethel."

"What is a confession?"

"Gossiping about yourself, my dear."

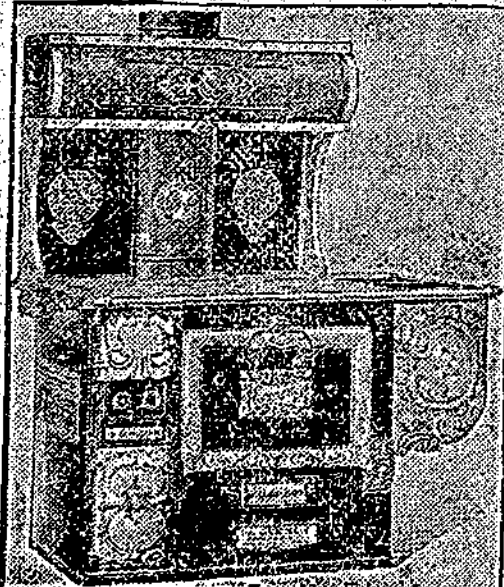
There are now three colored bishops of Western Equatorial Africa. Bishops Johnson, Phillips and Okoro, whose diocese embrace an area of 700,000 square miles, with an estimated population of 35,000,000.

Right Rev. Francis Bourne, who has been appointed Archbishop at Westminster, is, with one exception, the youngest of the Roman Catholic Bishops of England.

The meeting-house of the old First Church at Bennington, Vt., has an interior which is considered the most beautiful old colonial type in New England.

The Universalists are to have a great celebration at the Linchester (N.H.) church, which was built in 1794. The great historical address will be given by Dr. Cantwell.

OXFORD ECONOMY STEEL RANGES.



The bodies of these Ranges are made of the best quality range steel, all outside exposed parts are interlined with heavy sheet asbestos. They have cast iron extensions with white Enamelled Reservoirs, nickel plated drop Tea Pot Stands, Nickel-plated Towel Racks. They are made to burn any kind of coal, can be changed in two minutes to burn 20 inch wood. Highly nickel-plated throughout.

For full particulars send for illustrated booklet.

NOTE:—The following prices for these light grade ranges as illustrated, fully guaranteed.

No. 9-18 oven 18x21x14 in. \$50.00

No. 9-20 oven 20x21x14 in. \$52.50

(P. O. B. Winnipeg.)

Ask your dealer for them or write to us.

The GURNEY FOUNDRY Co.,

153-155 Lombard St. Winnipeg.

Whether Ireland is the finest country in the world for growing flax, it is beyond dispute the finest in the world for bleaching linen—an operation which requires from six to eight weeks, according to the nature and weight of the fabric.

ENGLISH SPAIN LINIMENT

Removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blisters from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, swellings, stifles, sprains, cures sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50.00 by the use of one bottle of English Spain Liniment. The most wonderful Blomish Cure ever known.

Sold by all druggists.

In 1861 there were in London 37,000 tailors, in 1871 38,000, in 1881 40,300, in 1891 52,300, and in 1901 80,074.

THERE IS ONLY ONE ELECTRIC OIL—When an article, be it medicine or anything else, becomes popular, imitations invariably spring up to derive advantages from the original, which they themselves can never attain. The merits, imitations of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil have been numerous, but never successful. Those who know the genuine are not "put off with a substitute," but demand the real thing.

A painted sarcophagus, dating from 2,500 B.C., has been found at Crete. It is said to be the oldest painting ever found in Europe.

Misard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

One Methodist minister has proposed to his people a month of self-denial to enable his church to raise \$1,000 towards the funds of the Preachers' Aid Society.

South American Kidney Cure

is the only kidney treatment that has proven equal to correct all the evils that are likely to befall these physical regulators. Hundreds of testimonials to prove the curative merits of this liquid kidney specific in cases of Bright's disease, diabetes, irritation of the bladder, inflammation, dropsical tendency. Don't delay.—22

The first Baptist Missionary to Japan, was a seaman, Jonathan Goble, in Commodore Perry's expedition of 1854, who was sent out in 1860 as a missionary.

Death or lunacy seemed the only alternative for a well-known and highly respected lady of Wingham, Ont., who had travelled over two continents in a vain search for a cure for nervous debility and dyspepsia. A friend recommended South American Kidney Cure. She bought a bottle, used it, and her own written testimony cured, and her words: "It has saved my life."—20.

There are now six chapel cars of the Baptist Publication Society, operating in Indian Territory, Texas, Colorado, Wisconsin, Michigan and Oregon.

Never Worry

them and get about your business—they do their work whilst you are doing yours. Dr. Ayer's Liver Pills are system renovators, blood purifiers and builders; every gland and tissue in the whole anatomy is benefited and stimulated in the use of them. 40 doses in a vial, 10 cents.—21.

A church at a Massachusetts seaside resort has a strong searchlight turned upon it, thus reminding visitors of the time and place of evening service.

The great Sunday school at Stockport, Cheshire, Eng., will celebrate its centenary in 1905 by the erection of a large building to accommodate over 2,000 scholars.

Liver Pills

That's what you need; something to cure your biliousness, and regulate your bowels. You need Ayer's Pills. Vegetable; gently laxative.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

AN EARTHLY TRINITY.

Health and Wealth Ought to Be Linked With Happiness.

We are used to feel to put it crudely, that folks who have health and money ought to be happy. And so they should. A sufficient income promotes comfort, and that contributes to cheerfulness of spirit, and to have health of course means to feel well, and that is a long step toward feeling good. But how far do we have to look to find persons with health to squander and more money than they know how to spend making strenuous efforts to attain happiness and merely achieving impaired health? If you have health and money you can usually buy pleasure, but enjoyment is a different article, and even when you have got enjoyment happiness may still elude you. Pleasure palls and sometimes demoralizes; enjoyment edily yields to weariness, but you don't get tired of being happy, and you may be ever so tired and be happy still.

Happiness is a state of satisfaction. One reason why it is so elusive may be because we human creatures are a complication of body, mind and spirit and require for our complete satisfaction a particularly nice adjustment of blessings and of conduct. If we indulge the body too much the other two partners become mutinous, if we over-cultivate the mind the body may break down, and if we bestow all our attention on mind and body, the spirit, ignored, takes a sure vengeance on us for our neglect. It is so difficult so to measure and direct our efforts as to appease all the demands of our triplicate natures that the simpler way is to regard happiness as a byproduct, give over all direct attempts to acquire a constant supply of it and simply accept however much of it may come while we go about our business with such intelligence as we can. We can usually keep our bodies in fair repair if we are not too lazy or too self-indulgent. If we have to earn our livings our minds and bodies, too, find occupation that is usually wholesome, and the discipline of work done, as it usually is, for others as well as for ourselves, helps to satisfy the exactions of the spirit.

"LOST AND FOUND" COLUMN

Pronounced the Most Interesting Part of a Newspaper.

An inveterate newspaper reader was overheard to say the other day, says the Chicago Tribune, after an hour's strict attention to the news: "The most entertaining part of a big daily is the 'Lost and Found' column. Some people look at the sporting news, others for the deaths and marriages, but lost articles and other rewards are my particular fancy." If you study these "lost" you will have a pretty fair idea of your fellow creatures' common sense and their ability to hold on to what belongs to them. Sooner or later the horseshoe pin runs off with the hat pin, and the cluster diamond ring disappears with the pearl crescent. A popular elopement is in the purse with jewelry, but the lightsome fashion with which pocketbooks lose themselves in this sinful world shows how careless mortals be and that nobody ever learns anything by another's dear experience.

"The rewards offered for missing treasures indicate their value to the loser. Some are quite pathetically large, others recklessly so, but a saving clause is the laconic 'No questions asked,' and then I feel the case is truly desperate and the watch chain and locket must have departed under peculiar circumstances. 'The lady who was seen to pick up,' etc., is another thrilling instance of a loser's despair, for the chances are it is mere supposition, and no lady picked up anything. Now and then it is a yellow-headed parrot that goes astray to vary the endless variety of dogs whose owners publicly sorrow for their loss. About this live article there is always a sense of tragedy, and when I note a 'found dog' in the list I mentally congratulate whoever had the kind thought to advertise it and thus to put an end to the anxiety in its home."

fooling the Neighbors.

Terence O'Grady had only been married a week, but his bride was already making things lively in the little house in Ballybunion. He had been working for three hours in his little garden when Bridget came to the back door and called out in strident tones: "Terence, me boy, come in to tay, toast and fovie eggs."

Terence dropped his spade in astonishment and ran into the kitchen. "Shure, Bridget, alannah, ye're only coddin' me," he said.

"Nay, Terence," replied Bridget, "it's not ye, it's the neighbors O'm coddin'!"

Jungle Animals.

The supply of jungle animals is never equal to the demand.

Spain Brought Us Horses.

The Spaniards were the first to bring horses to this continent, though the paleontologists tell us that the rocks abound with fossils which show that equidae were numerous all over America in the eocene period. It is a singular fact, however, that there were no horses in America when the first Europeans came hither.—John Gilmer Speed in Century.

It is stated that nine of the most successful of modern novels aggregated a sale of over 1,600,000 copies. The paper on which these books were printed was made of wood fibre—cellulose and the Pawtucket Gazette figures out that it required about 4,000 trees to furnish this paper.

It is but equal that our heart should be so much on God, when the heart of God is so much on us. If the Lord of glory can stoop so low as to set his heart on sinful dust, methinks we should be easily persuaded to set our hearts on Christ and glory.—Richard Baxter.

BILIOUSNESS FROM THE LIVER

A Common and Distressing Ailment Which is Promptly Cured by

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

"Biliousness" is the one word used by most people to describe their trouble when the liver gets out of order, leaves bile and brings on sick headache and irritable temper, stomach troubles, and irregularities of the bowels.

People who suffer much from biliousness become pale and yellow in complexion, irritable, and morose in disposition, and are liable to find themselves among the chronic grumblers, to whom nothing seems to go right.

The trouble begins with the liver becoming torpid and sluggish in action, and disappears when the liver is set right. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cure biliousness promptly, because of their direct action on the liver. They thoroughly remove all the symptoms because of their combined action on kidneys, liver and bowels.

Mrs. Faulkner, 8 Gildersleeve Place, Toronto, says: "After doctoring without success for biliousness, liver

complaint and sick headache for over three years, I am glad to testify to my appreciation of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. At first they seemed a little strong, but being both searching and thorough in their action amply repay any inconvenience by after results. I am feeling better in every way and my headaches have entirely disappeared. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are certainly the best I ever used, and I freely recommend them."

After all, it pays to stand by the tried and proven medicines instead of running after every new-fangled treatment that is brought out. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are considered "well-nigh" indispensable in thousands of the best homes. They stand supreme as a reliable family medicine. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box. At all dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

"The honorable gentlemen opposite may scarcely credit this, but it is my firm belief that if a few boxes of these most excellent cigars had been judiciously distributed among the Boer Generals their savage natures would have been soothed and that cruel war might never have taken place."

The Chamberlain CIGAR

The acknowledged Leader.

J. M. Fauriol, Limited, Montreal.



Write for Ambrose Kent & Son's Illustrated Catalogue

Showing hundreds of elegant articles in Jewelry, Silverware, Gift Goods, etc. It will show you how easy it is to make selection, and how economical it is to order by mail from us. We quote a few unmatched values.

3536 Handsome Pearl Brooch, 14 k. setting, \$5 00

6591 Hair Brush and Comb, mounted in Sterling Silver, in case, 7 50

4338 Ladies' Solid 14 k. Gold Watch, richly engraved, "A. Kent & Sons" movement, 30 00

3779 Fine Diamond Solitaire Ring, 50 00

156 AMBROSE KENT & SONS LIMITED

YONGE ST. MANUFACTURING JEWELERS. TORONTO.

KENDALL'S SPAIN CURE

Used it ten years. Washington, D. C., Nov. 20, 1904. Please send me your "Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases." Have used Kendall's Spain Cure for ten years and gladly testify to its merits. Yours truly, Justus C. Nelson.

THE OLD RELIABLE

And Most Successful Remedy Ever Discovered for Spavins, Ringbones, Splints and all Lameness.

This is the unqualified experience of thousands of horsemen and others in this and other countries and there is no reason why you should not share in these benefits. Just read what the above people say about "Kendall's." Write to them for your own satisfaction.

In addition to being the best stable remedy known, it is unequalled as a liniment for household and family use. Sold generally by all druggists. Price 50c per bottle for 25c. We send valuable book, "A Treatise on the Horse," profusely illustrated, free upon request.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburg Falls, Vt.

Cork has the best-dressed and most prosperous looking population in Ireland.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Some of the English medical papers are advocating the appointment of trained nurses as stewardesses on steamships.

Governor Taft has offered \$6,000,000 for the friars' property in the Philippines, and they demand \$12,000,000 for it.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Surplised, vested or gowned choirs are now to be found in nine of the Methodist churches of New York city.

AN EXTORTIONER

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

Copyright, 1932, by T. C. McClure.

Janet sang as she spun, because her heart was in the spinning. It was so shady out under the big oak she had hung off her sunbonnet. The winds played tricksily with her soft hair and wisped shiny tendrils of it around neck and forehead. Her blue frock was low enough to show enchanting glimpses of a white neck. Not a wild rose of all those blooming beside the house wall was a finer clear pink than showed in her cheeks. It is small wonder young Rushton looked at her twice and bared his head before hailing.

"Major Weakley is away, but may be home any minute. Will you light and wait for him?" Janet hung back to him, pausing, with her left hand held high above her head, thus keeping taut the length of new thread.

Rushton had never seen anything so lightly deft as her motion in running the thread even on the branch. In spite of the classics he had thought vaguely of spinning as clumsy drudgery. Now it was suddenly borne in upon him that nymphs and goddesses had joyously plied the distaff.

He had been in hot haste. Judge, then, of his astonishment to find himself dismounted and sitting upon the piazza watching Janet spin. He had come in the field way, cutting straight across his own plantation, full of contentious wrath.

Oaklands lay broadside on to his fields. That, of course, meant line fences and, potentially, trouble over breachy stock. It was his factor's complaint of trespassing by Weakley cattle that had brought Rushton precipitately on the scene. He had arrived at dusk the night before, he meant to leave before sundown next day—at least until he saw Janet.

Presently finding her father still a truant, she took the band from her wheel, slid the full branch of the spindle, hung it in a basket half full of other branches and went sedately within by the end door. A minute later she came out to Rushton bearing fresh well water, cool and sparkling also, a glass dish overrunning with luscious red cherries.

"We had as well eat these," she said a little regretfully, setting the dish up on the flat piazza rail between them. "I wanted to make a cherry cobbler for dinner—that's why I climbed up in the very treetop after these ripe ones—but Mammy Liza locked up every dust of sugar and flour before she went to Aunt Vin's funeral."

"Why did you let her go?" Rushton asked.

Janet looked at him in amaze and said, a cherry between her lips: "Let her! You don't know Aunt Liza! We have to ask her about doing things, daddy and I."

"If you did not mind her, what would happen?" Rushton asked, laughing in spite of himself.

Janet looked thoughtful. "I don't really know," she said, puckering her forehead. "Aunt Liza is the best cook in the county. Loads of people want her—would pay her double what we can afford. But all she will ever say to them is: 'Shoot tuckey! I know when Ize well off, an' of Marse Taim Weakley don't den Ize des bound ter stay yere tell I larns him!'"

"Such things are all riddles to me," Rushton said. "I have spent so little time here. My parents were northern. That reminds me, I am taking it for granted that you know me."

"Oh, I do—and why you came," Janet interrupted, flushing faintly. "The last thing Aunt Liza said was that you'd be here this morning to say you'd shoot our cows next time they were caught ravaging in your cornfields." She had heard it from the hands on your place. Whatever one negro knows all the others within miles roundabout will hear before morning."

"Yes, sir! We had warning!" Major Weakley said, coming out behind Janet, then offering his hand. "Mr. Rushton, you're quite justifiable. If you do shoot my beasts I shan't say a word."

"Why, I—I shall not think of such a thing!" Rushton gasped, all taken aback. "I was a bit provoked, but I dare say the matter has been greatly exaggerated."

"It cannot very well have been," Major Weakley said penitently. "To tell you the truth, young man, my cows are hardly worth the corn they have destroyed for you. They're only a lot of scrubs, but Janet and I would not swap them for registered Jerseys. We're foolishly fond of old things."

"If they did not jump so they'd be angels—that is, supposing angels ever had four legs and horns and a tail," Janet said pensively. "The fences are not really bad, but Sook, the bell cow, never rests until she has laid down a fence panel and called in all the rest. She is the only one really wicked. Wht, sometimes she will pass our corn and go straight for yours."

"Suppose you sell her to me?" Rushton said, his eyes dancing. "If Mame, Bell Cow belonged on my side of the

road perhaps she would be as wild to stay on yours."

"You can have her for the taking!" Major Weakley said, laughing heartily, then soberly: "Mr. Rushton, I shall try henceforth to keep my stock within bounds. Meantime, send in your bill of damages."

"Very well, and you are not to worry any more until I send it," Rushton answered. Janet from the doorway gave him a grateful glance. The next minute she said half plaintively: "Come in to dinner, gentlemen. It's all cold—just what Aunt Liza thought we ought to have. But I reckon it will keep us from going hungry."

Love-hot and sudden ought to have taken Rushton's appetite. Instead it seemed to give new and delicious relish to the cold ham, fried chicken and cold lamb set before him, re-enforced by beaten biscuit, nine sorts of pickle and relishes and crisp lettuce with pound-cake and raspberries smothered in cream by way of dessert. Between them all he made a noble meal, and after it sat smoking and talking until the sun was almost down.

Rushton first saw Janet in early July. Mid-September found him still lingering upon his plantation. More properly he slept there and stabled his horses in the stalls. The most part of daylight and big patches of the nights he spent at Oaklands or ranging about with the master of it. Business had not been named between them since the fateful first day. Oddly enough the breachy cows had made no fresh incursions. Janet smiled. It was her belief that bell cow Sook had really reformed. Still she did not look into the matter closely. She was too happy for much study of anything.

It was a distinct shock to the major when Rushton said to him offhandedly: "Oh, by the way, I'm going home day after tomorrow. Before I leave I should like to settle that old affair. I've made a sort of rough estimate. Hope you won't think I mean to be greedy."

"Let me see it," said the major, holding out his hand for the folded paper. Scanning it, he grew red, then white, then burst out: "Why you Shylock! D'ye think any court on earth will believe nine common cows can damage a cornfield \$1,000,000 worth?"

"Honestly, major, I don't," Rushton said, his eyes twinkling. "but you see, I could not possibly set a lower value on Janet, and she has agreed to give me herself in payment."

It Worked.

A London commercial, who had a very ruddy complexion, after "working" Glasgow had some time to wait for his train at St. Enoch station and bethought himself of a little joke.

"What is the name of this station, my good man?" he asked of a porter.

"St. Enoch station, sir."

A few minutes later he met the same porter and said:

"What did you call this station, porter?"

"St. Enoch's. Dae ye no see the name abune the hotel there?"

Just then the train was shunted in and our English friend got comfortably seated in a third class smokery along with a few more passengers of the male persuasion.

"These railway officers are about the worst I ever came across. They can't be civil," remarked the Londoner.

"That's a confounded lee!" said a Scotch farmer.

"Well," said the Londoner, "I'll bet you 10 bob I don't get a civil answer from the first porter I ask a question of."

"Done!" replied the old farmer.

Looking out of the carriage window he spied his green friend and, calling him over, asked in his most polite tone: "Would you kindly tell me the name of this station, porter?"

"Gang awa, ye bacon faced old but-fer! Pit yer daft head in!" was the answer.—Tit-Bits.

Higher Education.

Those who regard higher education as a social ornament, valueless except as a badge for the delight of its possessor, and those who regard culture as the private perquisite of the elect few are alike in the wrong. The presence of men of culture and training raises the value of everything about them. It insures the success of enterprise, the safety of person and property, the contact with righteousness of thought and action, which are the mainspring of right thought and right deed in the future.

Moreover, it clear thinking with clean living is good for the elect few, it is equally good for the mutable many. Culture not only raises the man above the mass, but it turns the masses into men. That the multitude may imagine themselves men before they hold a man's grasp on life is the grievous danger of democracy. Here again the university plays its part, teaching the relative value of ideals. Under its criticism men learn that good results are better than good intentions, and that they demand a far higher order of skill and courage.—President David Starr Jordan in Atlantic.

Go Home, Young Man.

When a young man goes calling, if he can get his attention off his own attractiveness long enough to observe it, he will find that near 10 o'clock the girl begins to look worried, absent

mined, and her laughs at his jokes are suppressed and forced.

At 10:30 she seems to be in a panic, and if he should depart then and shake hands goodbye he would find her hand icy cold.

Noises are heard from upstairs. A man is grumbling and a woman pleading. Will the young man go before the father makes a scene?

Both the daughter downstairs and the mother upstairs are hoping that he will, but the young man stays and stays.

Finally he gets up to go, and the girl is so relieved she asks him to come again.

A number of worried mothers are getting up a petition to have the street cars stop running at 9:30.—Atchison Globe.

The Walking Act.

A little girl was asked to write an essay about man. The following was her composition: "Man is a funny animal. He has eyes to see with, hands to feel with and is split up the middle and walks on the split ends."—Glasgow Times.

A Paper Organ.

A church organ in Belgium is composed entirely of paper, the pipes being rolls of cardboard. The sound is sweet, but powerful. The advantage is that the registers close more readily, preventing echo and rumbling.

What Files Are For.

"This," said the young and timid lawyer, "is but a rough draft of the will."

"Then," said the old lawyer curtly, "it needs filing."—Baltimore American.

A Close Shot.

The Nimrod—I certainly am improving in my shooting. I skeered that fellow worse than any of 'em.—New York Evening Journal.

Whistler's Suit Against Ruskin.

Whistler's death recalls the famous libel suit he brought against Ruskin. The most amusing feature of it was the exhibition in court of some of the "nocturnes" and "arrangements" which were the subject of the suit. The jury of respectable citizens, whose knowledge of art was probably limited, was expected to pass judgment on these paintings. Mr. Whistler's counsel held up one of the pictures.

"Here, gentlemen," said he, "is one of the works which have been maligned."

"Pardon me," interposed Mr. Ruskin's lawyer, "you have that picture upside down."

"No such thing."

"Oh, but it is so," continued Ruskin's counsel. "I remember it in the Grosvenor Gallery where it was hung the other way about."

The altercation ended in the correctness of view of Ruskin's lawyer being sustained, and the fact that Mr. Whistler's own counsel did not know which was the top or bottom of the picture had more to do with the arguments of counsel or the evidence of art experts.

Official Precedence in Australia.

The question of official precedence in Australia appears to be as embarrassing as it proved in this country. The London Chronicle says: The new table of precedence at Commonwealth functions, recently sanctioned by the King, has caused some commotion. Protests and hostile comments are pretty numerous in the papers. They come mainly from the heads of the non-Episcopal Churches—Presbyterians, Wesleyans, etc.—who are indignant because their status is completely ignored, and only "the Cardinal and the Primate" are officially recognized in the new table. They consider it a curious anomaly that in such a democratic country as Australia the democratically chosen heads of denominations, like the President of the Wesleyan Conference and the Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, should be thus entirely overlooked. A deputation to the Commonwealth Prime Minister, Sir Edmund Barton, had laid the matter before him when the mail left.

Fireproof Clothing.

According to the Boston Evening Transcript, clothing has been invented to protect the entire body, face and all, from fire. Even breathing is without danger. Since the many holocausts of late in many storied hotels this, if true, must be a most useful invention.

Frozen, but Alive.

Mountain climbers frequently find butterflies frozen on the snow and so brittle that they break unless carefully handled. When thawed the butterflies sometimes recover and fly away.

MY HEART'S DARLING

By W. HEINBURG.

"Be calm," he continued, in a low tone. "You know the reason. I have perfect confidence in your discretion. Here, in my writing-desk, in the right-hand drawer, is my will and a letter to Hortense. In case that—You understand me. Here, I give you the key. I have only one urgent request to make of you: do not leave the poor creature, she will need your friendship more than ever. I have told her that I am invited to a supper-party, to be followed the next morning by some pheasant-shooting, and have already taken leave of her. She suspects nothing; she did not once press my hand. In the letter there—" He stopped. "And you too, Lucie, tell her afterwards that I have loved her very dearly."

He had taken the girl's hand and pressed it to his lips.

"Farewell, Lucie. Many thanks! The carriage is waiting. God grant we may meet again!"

He hastily seized his coat and hat, and left the room. Lucie, who had stood for a moment motionless, then hurried to the door of the dressing-room, which was next to the bedroom, she knew now that she must not leave Hortense a moment alone—all else was forgotten. She started back; for there behind the portiere stood Hortense.

"I have started you," said the young wife, in an unnaturally quiet tone.

"Only for a moment, Hortense. Thank God you are better!"

"Come here," said the latter, seizing Lucie's hand. "Sit down here by me." She drew the trembling girl down by her on the divan. "I want to beg something of you."

"What is it, Hortense?"

"Go away from here. If it is too much to ask of you, I will do it! she gasped out.

"I do not understand you, Hortense, except one thing—that I am to leave Wottersdorf."

The young wife, in her white dressing gown, trembled violently.

"Lucie, you have always said you loved me. If it were true, you must long ago—"

"Have gone away?" cried out the girl.

"Yes, you must have seen how I have suffered."

"Oh! have I been blind all this time?" moaned Lucie. "Hortense, have I deserved that you should think this of me, that you should accuse me of the worst that can be thought of a girl that you should come spying after me to—"

She was suddenly upon her feet. "Farewell, I am going."

"Stay, I have not finished yet, Lucie. You must know first—"

"I will know nothing, you have mortally wounded me."

"Lucie, no, indeed! I was not spying after you," cried she. "I do not think any harm of you. I wanted to say adieu to Waldemar. I felt troubled and anxious about him; and then—Oh, Lucie, you could not help it, he must have loved you. You are the sunshine in the house, the only bright spot for him. If it had not been for you, who knows if he would have borne with me so long?"

She slipped down to the floor before Lucie, and clasped her knees.

"Lucie, you must hear it—must know that I love him that I can not give him up to you. No, I will not—I can not! Tell me the truth, what has happened? Is he indifferent to me? Has he confessed it to you?"

Lucie, sprung up, trembling, her cheeks burning. She pressed her forehead, and with the other hand pushed back the young wife who was still on her knees before her.

"Speak, Lucie!"

"Yes," said the girl, slowly gasping out the words. "I will speak. I shall break my word, but you—you are responsible for it, for I can not wait a moment, before exonerating the man who just stood before me. He brought me a message for you; he begged me to say to you that he loved you more than you had ever thought; he begged me not to leave you if—"

She stopped.

Hortense remained motionless; her white fingers outlined so distinctly against the dark carpet on which she knelt.

"If anything should happen to him," continued Lucie, "he is to fight a duel with Kostan on your account." The last was almost unintelligible.

Hortense was still silent.

"Get up," said Lucie, almost roughly. "There, in the writing-desk, is his farewell letter." She seized the young wife's arm. "Get up. I can not spare you this hour, for his sake and your own. I will stay with you till to-morrow, as I promised him, and help you to bear it; then I will go. Come, control yourself."

Hortense dragged herself slowly up, as if her limbs refused to move.

"The carriage!" she whispered.

"Let me go after him! The carriage!" And the next moment she was at the door and had pressed the knob of the electric bell.

"For what?" said Lucie. "We neither of us know where he has gone. Think, even if you were to reach him, your appearance would only unnerve him at a moment when he needs all his self-possession. A bottle of soda-water," she said, turning to the servant who had just entered. "She now went up to the

young wife. "Compose yourself, it must be borne. I could not act otherwise." Her voice had a strange tone in it, all the life had gone out of it, and as she lighted the candle on the writing table its rays showed her features strangely altered. It was no longer the soft, girlish face; it was a hard face with the lips compressed as if in pain.

Hortense sat as if stunned on the little chair, the arms of which, made of deer's horns, seemed to offer her but little support. Her hands were clasped in her lap, and she stared vacantly before her.

"Drink," said Lucie, offering her a glass of seltzer that she had just poured out.

Hortense raised her eyes, and they looked at each other. In Lucie's eyes was the same expression that Hortense had seen once before, as Lucie, after receiving the notice of Mathilda's death, had stood before her, threatening and contemptuous. "Lucie, do not leave me," she whispered.

"I will stay with you till he comes back, Hortense."

"Till he comes back! Will he come back? No, Lucie, I can not bear this torture. At least I am losing my reason. She walked up and down the room, then stood before the writing-desk. "Where is the letter?"

"In the upper-right-hand drawer; here is the key."

Hortense took, with trembling hands the letter from its place, seated herself at the table and read.

"When you hold this paper in your hands you will be free, Hortense—will be a widow. I almost wish that this may not be written in vain, for I see you will never be happy with me. I believe I know now that I can never win your heart. I have suffered more bitterly at this knowledge than I have let you see. I must not blame you; you have never pretended to care for me. It was presumptuous in me to believe that a love so true, so deep as mine, must in time find a response. I have been mistaken. That is my fault. I am to fight with Kostan, you will know more from Lucie. Farewell, Hortense, take my thanks for the little you have given me. May you be happier in your later years!"

Waldemar.

A deep blush had gradually overspread her face; she stretched out her arms over the paper and hid her face in them; her body shook. "He will die because I love him—for my sake, and I can not tell him that he is dearer to me than anything in the world! Again she sprung up. "Tell me, Lucie, has he challenged Kostan? Merely because he behaved so impolitely? He could not have heard what the man said to me."

He had spoken disrespectfully of you and your father, Hortense. Do you remember the letter Peter brought just as you were driving off for the civil marriage? From that time your husband determined to challenge him, but did not know positively that he was the writer, and besides that Kostan has been in Sweden until now."

"Waldemar knew about papa—knew?"

"Everything, Hortense, before he ever spoke a word to you—before he knew you."

"He is in A—Lucie, I am sure!" cried the baroness. "Where else should he be? Kostan's place is in that neighborhood. I must speak to him. Do you hear? I must. I will drive over—do not hinder me! At the same time she rang so loudly that it sounded through the house. "He must be in A—do you not think so, Lucie? I entreat you, do speak to me. Put Hilda in the little wagon, and be ready to go with us." She gave orders to the servant who answered her ring.

Without a word, Lucie collected some cloaks and wraps, and silently she took her place beside Hortense on the high seat. And now the fiery animal flew through the dark lanes of the park with her light load, and soon reached the high road. The moon shining through the clouds gave a dim twilight light, the turnpike lay like a white stripe before them. Hortense let the animal go as if it were mad. All that passion of feeling of which she was capable was expressed in her beautiful face that shone like marble from beneath her dark felt hat. Both were perfectly silent. Their way led through a village. Everything was already in the deepest slumber; a perfume of mignonette was wafted from a little garden, and here and there a light shone in a window. At the toll-house at the end of the village the gate was shut; Hortense knocked with the handle of her long whip on the window. No one answered. A fever of impatience was visible in every feature.

[CONTINUED.]

Not Sufficiently Strenuous.

The Friend—And so you don't trust your lawyer?

The Farmer—No, sir! He and the lawyer on the other side are too awfully polite; don't call each other no names at all.

Business Sure Enough.

Mother—Do you 'spect that young Jackson means business?

Daughter—Suttinly! He's already painted a washin' and ironin' sign.

Life is an age to the miserable, a moment to the happy.—Bacon.

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Sale of Lands for Unpaid Delinquent Taxes in the Comox Assessment District, Province of British Columbia.

I HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that on Monday, the 7th day of December, A.D., 1903, at the hour of
Twelve o'clock noon, at the Court-house, Cumberland, I shall sell at Public Auction the lands hereinafter
set out, of the persons in said list hereinafter set out, for the delinquent taxes unpaid by said persons on
the 31st day of December, 1902, and for interest, costs, and expenses, including the cost of advertising
said sale.

LIST ABOVE MENTIONED.

NAME OF PERSON ASSESSED	SHORT DESCRIPTION OF PROPERTY,	Column No. 1 Delinquent Taxes.		Column 2 Statutory Costs and Expenses.	Column No. 3 TOTAL.
		Taxes.	Interest at date of Sale		
Anderson, Anthony	Block 11 of Lot 186, 8 acres	2 40	0 28	2 00	4 68
Armfelt, P. A. C.	Block E of Lot 194, 14 acres	43 20	5 18	00	50 38
Alderson, J.	NW 1/4 of section 3, Tp 5, 88 acres	105 20	12 00	00	119 82
Adams, Cox and Hedges	Lot 170, 122 acres	10 98	1 31	00	14 29
Bradbury, Thomas	NW 1/4 of Lot 156, 40 acres	116 00	13 92	00	131 92
Bushell, E. E.	Lots 195 and 205, 320 acres	272 80	32 73	00	307 53
Brodie, Peter	Sub. Lot 2, Block A of Lot 194, 12 acres	18 00	2 16	00	22 16
Bickle, John	Block 1 of Lot 186, 8 acres	2 40	0 28	00	4 68
Bickle, E. W.	Block 18 of Lot 186, 8 acres	26 40	3 16	00	31 56
Clarke, W. R.	S 1/2 of Lot 188, — acres	3 20	0 38	00	5 58
Crawford, John	Lot 5 of Lot 126, 5 acres	16 00	1 92	00	19 92
Dixon, John D.	S 1/2 of Bk 20 of Lot 186, 4 acres	15 20	1 82	00	19 02
Davis, Smith	Part of Lot 144, 6 acres	1 20	0 16	00	3 35
Graham, Thomas	Lot 27 of Section 61, — acres	4 80	0 57	00	5 37
Gourley, Thomas	Lot 18 of Lot 115, 1 1/2 acres	10 12	1 21	00	13 33
Gilmour, Robert	House and Lot on sec. 61, — acres	6 40	0 75	00	9 15
Heathorn Estate	Block A of Lot 76, 15 acres	22 50	2 70	00	27 20
Hay, G.	Part of Blocks 15 & 17 of Lot 186, 10 acres	29 50	3 54	00	35 04
Hughes, Ed	Lot 4, Block A, of Lot 194, 5 acres	13 00	1 56	00	16 56
Holmes, Jonathan	Lot 16 of Lot 186, 8 acres	24 40	3 16	00	31 56
King, Harry	Lot 230, 130 acres	35 53	4 20	00	41 79
Leiser, Gustave	Lots 24 and 25 of Lot 110, — acres	3 00	0 36	00	5 36
Lytell, Matthew	Lot 91, 160 acres	9 45	1 13	00	12 58
Miller, John J. R.	Lot 224, 63 acres	2 52	0 30	00	4 82
Manson, L.	Lot 147, 160 acres	14 40	1 72	00	18 12
Morrison, M.	Lot 5, Block A, of Lot 194, 5 acres	18 00	2 16	00	22 16
McKenzie, John W.	Lot 17 of Section 61, — acres	5 60	0 65	00	8 25
McKibbin, John	Blacksmith's Shop and Lot on sec. 14, —	1 00	0 20	00	3 80
McCreedy, Frank	P't of Bk E of Lot 194, 4 1-16th acres	8 05	0 95	00	11 00
Price & King	Part sec. 19, Tp 5, and part sec. 24, Tp 4, 122 acres	10 98	1 30	00	14 28
Philpot, W. H.	Part of secs. 10, 12 and 3, Tp 4, 234 acres	9 60	1 52	00	13 12
Rowan John	Block 7 of Lot 186, 8 acres	24 40	2 92	00	29 32
Snow Allan Estate	1/2 of E 1/2 of Lot 131, 40 acres	1 60	0 20	00	3 80
Steffen, G. W.	E 1/2 of Lot 102, 82 acres	3 20	0 40	00	5 60
Smith, Wm Peter	Block 14 of Lot 186, 8 acres	24 40	2 92	00	29 32
Thobald, Mrs. H. J.	Block 5 of Lot 186, 8 acres	20 40	3 16	00	31 56
Valentine, Lee & Temple	Lots 8, 9, 54 and 108 of Lot 110	6 75	0 80	00	9 55
Wilson, J. S.	S 1/2 of Lot 86	7 50	0 90	00	10 40
Williamson, Paul	Frac'n joins sec. 19 on E side, 34 acres	1 36	0 16	00	3 52
Williams, Llewellyn	Block 19 of Lot 186, 8 acres	26 40	3 16	00	31 56
Young, W. G., Estate	Lot 3, Block A, of Lot 194, 5 acres	18 00	2 16	00	22 16
	Lots 1 to 7, Block 2, Sec. 60,	3 20	0 40	2 00	5 60

HER ONE OPPORTUNITY

By JAMES BASCOMB

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Aunt Mary Graham, widow, who lived on the outskirts of the village of Bakersville, was all alone on that Thursday evening. The hired man had gone in one direction and the hired girl in another, and neither was expected back before midnight. The widow worked away at a crazy quilt until 9 o'clock and had just put away her sewing to make ready for bed when she heard the kitchen door open and shut. Then some one walked across the room and opened the sitting room door and entered, and she looked up to find a stranger present. He was a man of middle age, fairly well dressed. His face was not at all wicked, though it had a dissipated look.

"I beg your pardon for this intrusion," he said as she regarded him with a puzzled look, "but my excuse is that I have called on business and am in something of a hurry. I want what money you have in the house, and the sooner you hand it over the sooner I'll be gone."

"You don't mean that you are a robber?" queried the woman.

"That's what I am. I know you are alone in the house, and I hope you will hand over the money like a sensible woman and not provoke me to anger."

"Won't you sit down? I have heard about robbers ever since I was a child, but you are the first one I ever saw. You must excuse me if I have a natural curiosity about the matter. Is this your first experience?"

"Not by a long chalk. It's nearer my fiftieth."

"I am somewhat glad of that," said Aunt Mary. "A man who had just turned robber broke into my sister's house in Taylorville a few weeks ago, and I can't tell you of the mistakes he made. She had 80 cents in her purse, and he took that and left \$75 in one of the drawers of the sewing machine. She has real solid silver spoons, and yet he laid them aside and took the plated. The sheriff said he was nothing but a bungler."

"I'll try to clean up things in good shape," replied the robber, who had taken a seat on the edge of a chair and was twirling his hat.

"Our supper was over three hours ago, but I can bring you a glass of milk and a piece of pie. I will leave the door open so that you can see all the time. You'll feel better for something to eat. The robber I spoke of drank a whole pitcher of sour milk, when there were two pans of sweet on the buttery shelves before him. He must have been a very awkward fellow."

The robber nodded his head, and the woman fetched him a generous piece of pumpkin pie and a large glass of milk and maternally observed:

"Just make yourself right at home while you eat and drink. Did I understand you to say you were a married man?"

"No'm. I was married once, but my wife is dead."

"Was that before you became a robber?"

"Yes."

"I am rather glad of that. If I had a robber for a husband I should always be worried about him. Have you any children?"

"No'm," he sulkily admitted. He appeared dissatisfied with the situation.

"That's good. If you had children you couldn't be with them much of the time, and if you got arrested they would feel bad about it. I don't want to ask too many questions, but as we are here alone I'd like to ask how you happened to become a robber."

"Look here, woman. I want what money you have in the house. I didn't come here to gossip."

"Of course you didn't," she pleasantly replied. "I know enough about robbers to know that they are always in a hurry, but I thought you might take time to answer a few questions just the same. You must remember that I never had a chance to talk to a robber before."

"Well, then, I couldn't make money at anything else, and so I turned robber."

"Oh, I see. Well, I'm paying my hired man \$16 a month and board, but he complains that it is not enough. He may turn robber any day. If he does I don't believe he will make any great success at it, as he is too slow. The only time he ever hustles is when he is washing up for dinner. I have been wondering if you wouldn't advise me about a certain matter."

"Madam, do you understand why I am here?"

"Yes, to rob me."

"Then hand me over what you can lay hands on. I can't sit here gabbling like an old woman."

"But there's lots of time," she protested. "You'll be clear to Spoonerville before any one knows I've been robbed. What I wanted to ask you about is this: I've been a widow for

six years. I've had three offers to marry again. The last one is from Deacon Warner, and I've been considering it. He's a pretty good man, I guess, but he's got ways about him and three children to boot. He wants everybody in the house to go to bed at 8 o'clock and get up at 5. He wants fried pork every morning for breakfast and fried mush every night for supper. He buys the cheapest kind of molasses, and he says that paper window curtains ought to last ten years. Don't you think most any wife would squabble with him about these things?"

"I guess they would," replied the robber as something like a grin crossed his face.

"And his three children—they'd make it warm for me. The oldest is a girl of sixteen, and I've heard she's ready to throw tin pans at my head as soon as I step into the house. You can never be a stepmother, but you can imagine what the situation might be. What would you do about getting married again if you were me?" Some advice one way and some another, and I don't know exactly what to do."

"I think you'd be a fool to do it, and now I want to get through here and get away. You don't seem to remember that I'm here to rob the house."

"Yes, I remember, you said something about it," carelessly observed the widow, "but I wish you had a little more time to spare. Is it necessary that you be at some certain place at a certain minute? I wanted to talk with you a minute about my hired girl. Her name is Sarah Jackson. She's a good girl, but romantic."

"Hang it, woman! I'm here to rob!" exclaimed the robber as he rose up.

"Well, you can tell me about Sarah first, can't you? And the hired man—where are you going?"

"I'm going to leave."

"But you haven't robbed the house yet, and I wanted to ask you about—"

And out he walked and left the widow wondering if that was the way of all robbers or if he hadn't met with some great misfortune to make him crabbed and cranky."

The Battle Ground of the Azores.

In 1580 the Azores came under the power of Spain, and in the history of the next twenty years, their name is frequent as the favorite battle ground of the English and Spanish fleets. The partiality was indeed mainly on the side of the former and for a good reason. These islands lay right in the track of all vessels sailing to and from that enchanted region known to all men as the Spanish main.

On the highest peak of Terceira, whence in clear weather the sea could be scanned for leagues around, were raised two columns, and by them a man watched night and day. When he saw any sails approaching from the west he set a flag upon the western column—one for each sail. If they came from the east a similar sign was set on the eastern column.

Hither in those days came up, out of the mysterious western seas the great argosies laden with gold and silver and jewels, with silks and spices and rare woods, wrung at the cost of thousands of harmless lives and cruelties unspeakable from the fair lands which lie between the waters of the Caribbean sea and the giant wall of the Andes. And hither, when England, too, began to turn her eyes to El Dorado, came the great war galleons of Spain and Portugal to meet these precious cargoes and convey them safe into Lisbon or Cadiz before those terrible English sea wolves could get scent of the prize.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Maizie's Artistic Bent.

Maizie's father was a poet, her mother a painter, and everybody said that Maizie was sure to be a genius. It was her fate by inheritance. No one predicted the direction in which she would eventually turn, but when she was eight her Aunt Mirabel was sure she would be a great singer. What her uncles thought is of no importance. They had little or no imagination.

About the time that her aunt had settled Maizie's career Grandpapa Wilkie said he had hopes of the child. "She'll turn out just like anybody," he chuckled. "See if she don't."

It seemed that first summer night on the farm as if grandpapa had struck the right note. There had been a wonderful sunset. Maizie's mother, with half shut eyes, had compared it to Claude Lorraine's paintings. Maizie's father had looked lyrics, and the lay members of the family also expressed their delight in the scene. Maizie looked depressed.

"See her!" whispered Aunt Mirabel. "What exquisite feeling in her face!"

Maizie's parents looked, but it was the grandfather who spoke.

"What's wrong with you?" he asked.

"Nothing," pouted Maizie, "only everybody's so taken up with the sunset, and I wanted to see the pigs fed!"

Can Dogs Laugh?

The celebrated French physiognomist Gratiolet admitted that dogs have what he called "the smile of the eyes." "The smile of the mouth," however, he regarded as peculiar to man. Scotch collies certainly seem at times to smile at sights which are comical, and on occasions at their masters.

Many instances have been advanced to prove their quick appreciation of a joke. One of these intelligent dogs

used to look with a knowing air at his master when he saw a traveling bear, and his lips were drawn back at the corners and his eyes twinkled with quite a conscious smile.

Darwin recognized this sense of humor in a dog, and refers to its sportive play when a stick is thrown, which it picks up and almost allows you to recover before it darts away with it.

Mr. Lloyd Morgan tells of a retriever, a "jolly dog" which showed its sense of fun upon the sands, where it would bury a number of small crabs and bark with delight when, after waiting and watching, it saw a leg or claw emerge.

A Drisk Correspondence.

"Mrs. Lamson was saying an affectionate and tearful farewell to her husband as she was about to start for a month's visit to her old home."

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Lamson in a pleasant but firm tone, "I wish you would try not to ask me for money every time you write."

"Well, I will try not to," said Mrs. Lamson, wiping her eyes, "but you— you know, Henry, that means I shall have to write even oftener than usual."

The Quaker's Retort.

In the early days of the White House, when Dolly Madison was its presiding genius, the conversation was lively, and the bonnet, the repartee and even the retort gave zest to the talk. On one occasion a Quaker from Philadelphia who was dining with the president paid back the railway of the gay hostess in her own coin. As Mrs. Madison, looking very handsome in an evening gown that displayed her plump shoulders to great advantage, took her seat at the table, she raised her wine glass to her lips and, bowing to her guests, said gaily: "Here's to thy absent broad-brim! Friend Hallowell," to which the Quaker, nothing daunted, said, returning the bow to his hostess: "And here's to thy absent kerchief, Friend Dorothy."

Dull Days in Georgia.

"Yes, those Georgia cousins of ours were just as lovely as they could be. They only regretted that everything was so dull, and they were awfully sorry we didn't come a week sooner."

"Something going on then?"

"Yes, a lynching."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Steam For Convicts.

The vessels on which French convicts are taken from the Island Re to New Caledonia have an arrangement enabling the captain in case of attempted mutiny to fill the place where the prisoners are confined with scalding steam.

The Polk Log Cabin.

The old log cabin in which was born the eleventh president of the United States, James Knox Polk, stood in Mecklenburg county, N. C., and it was from here that was issued the first declaration of independence. The Polks, or Pollocks, were of Irish stock.

Financed.

"He says that he has paid every cent he owed."

"Where did he get the money?"

"Borrowed it."

THE SAME OLD WAY.

Each day some man of science
Proceeds to make us glad
With some new scheme for putting
Mosquitoes to the bad.
But season after season
We learn to our dismay
That the "skeeter" he keeps busy
In the same old way.

We warn the fools who fancy
The "tips" they have are straight
That betting on the races
Is worse than bucking fate.
But what care they for warnings?
They go with spirits gay,
And the bookie hooks their money
In the same old way.

We try to teach the lamkin
To shun the bulls and bears;
We warn him not to mingle
Or mix in their affairs;
But, thinking that he knows it,
He goes with them to play
And gets himself surrounded
In the same old way.

Each day the busy doctors
Announce some wondrous cure
For some disease or trouble
That mortals must endure:
Contagion, plagues and fevers
They knock out day by day,
But the undertaker's busy
In the same old way.

Mexican Vanilla.

Vanilla in Mexico is grown commercially only in the state of Vera Cruz and is chiefly exported to France.

Conclusive.

Edgus—It's too bad about Winkle and the girl he is engaged to. Neither of them is good enough for the other.

Griggs—What makes you think that?

"Well, I've been talking the matter over with both families."

Origin of the Turban.

The origin of the turban must be looked for not, as commonly believed, among Moslems, but as a sign of authority and honor dating back to the earliest periods of Jewish history. The term used in the Hebrew Bible for putting on the bonnet of the high priest is from a root meaning "to bind round." The words miter, hood, diadem, as used in the Old Testament, are only variations of the word turban.

Jerome tells us that the turban has a place in the most ancient records of history. The variations as adopted by Mohammedans are many. Their own authorities hint at a thousand methods of arranging the turban, which shows not only the tribe and religious distinction, but even the personal peculiarities of the wearer.

An old legend traces the turban to an act of desperate courage recorded of the ancient Levantines. A brave band of warriors are said to have wrapped their winding sheets round their heads as they devoted themselves to certain death to save their comrades on the battlefield.

The Gopher Snake.

It has long been a question in our minds as to how the gopher snake caught the gophers on which he lives, but H. O. Heitzer tells how it was done, having witnessed a catch. Mr. Snake coiled his tail over the gopher hole, setting a snare for him. When the gopher had crawled out of the hole sufficiently to permit the snake's tail to be drawn about the body of the gopher the coil was fastened about Mr. Gopher as quick as a flash.

It was gradually drawn tighter and tighter until the gopher fell over dead, the life having been completely squeezed out of him. After the gopher is dead the snake swallows him whole, and it is not an unusual thing to find one of these snakes with a number of gophers in him. The gopher is a great fighter, and if he was not caught in a snare as the one mentioned he would doubtless make a hard fight for life even with a snake.

The Lowest Form of Bird.

There is a peculiar bird commonly known as the "kiwi," its scientific name being Apteryx mantelli. It is the lowest form of bird which exists, but is so scarce that scientists are happy to get a specimen in any condition. It is absolutely without wings or tail. Its legs are short, stubby, but very strong, and are used by this bird for digging. The body covering is a cross between hair and feathers, a material which is very coarse. They can develop great speed and make a desperate fight when attacked. Breeding them in captivity has utterly failed, and only a few museums can boast of a specimen. They are now very rarely found in the forests and swamps in the north of New Zealand.

Boiling Down a Speech.

An old newspaper man in Washington tells this story of Mr. Blaine:

"My first experience with Mr. Blaine was when as correspondent for a western paper I endeavored to get him to withdraw from the official reporters of the house a speech which he had made in order that I might make an abstract of it."

"How much of this do you want to use?" Mr. Blaine asked.

"I replied that I thought I would send about half of it."

"Then I will make an abstract myself," said he, "reducing it one-half. I do not doubt your skill, but I want this speech boiled down by its friends."

Life's Little Duties.

It may be doubted if it is within the power of any one man, however great and powerful and gifted, to change the current of the world's affairs, but there is scarcely any one who will contend that civilization would not advance, the world become better and life for all grow more beautiful if each citizen would perform the simple and apparent duty which he can easily do.

There is one sure way of reforming the world, and that is for each person to contribute his mite.

Pity Poor Pa.

"Aunt," he said to his mother's rich unmarried sister, "stand on one leg."

"Why, you queer child," she replied, "what makes you ask me to do that? I don't think I could do it if I tried."

"Well, a pelican can stand on one leg, can't it?"

"Yes."

"Pa said you was an old pelican this morning; so go on, let's see you."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Indigestible.

"Gracious, the way you are all eating my cake!" exclaimed Mrs. Baker. "At this rate there'll be none of it to last over Sunday."

"Huh!" grunted her dyspeptic husband. "I'll bet the little piece I ate will."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Difference of Opinion.

"What is genius?" asked the man who has a liking for abstruse questions.

"There is a difference of opinion on that question," answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "Some people think that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains, others that it is the ability to get on without doing any work worth mentioning."

He Was Afraid To Take Chances

"Yes," said the gray haired, kindly looking old man, thoughtfully, "I thought of promoting James, and increasing his salary. He has been here a long time and has been exceedingly faithful. But I'm afraid I can't do it. Poor boy! His family physician says that he has some heart trouble and that any surprise or undue excitement would kill him."

"Is it as bad as that?" asked the cashier.

"Indeed it is," responded the gray haired old man, with a sigh. "I'm sorry for the poor lad, but I don't see what I can do."

"Well, if he's doomed to an early grave," said the cashier slowly, "the least we can do is to see that he dies happy."

"Yes, that's all there is left," acquiesced the proprietor.

"And from what I know of James," continued the cashier, "he couldn't die a happier death than one caused by promotion and an increase in salary."

"Do you really think so?" asked the kindly old man interestedly. "I'd like to do a nice thing for James."

"Oh, I'm sure of it. If it killed him he'd die with a smile on his lips, perfectly happy and at peace with the world."

The old man roused himself after a moment's thought, slowly shook his head and said:

"No, I'd like to do the proper thing for James, but I haven't much confidence in that doctor. I'm afraid he doesn't know his business. We'll let it go for the present."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Cut Some Slices.

Dusty Rhoades—Willie, I hear yer fodder was a preacher.

Weary Willie—He wuz dat, Dusty. Dusty Rhoades—Well, wid prospects like doze how did you come to do do boko act?

Weary Willie—He had a country congregation dat paid his salary in cord wood, an' I had to cut it up into kindling.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Important Point.



Cholly—I'd give all I possess to win your hand, Madge.

Madge—Er—well—er—what do you possess?

To Be Considered.

"What do you think of the idea of sending the colored people back to Africa?"

"Deed, suh," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "unless you kin show us dat chickens an' watermelons is as easy to git an' dat votes is bringin' as high a price as dey is in dis country, I reckons you all is gwine to hab a mighty hard job o' persuadin'."—Washington Star.

First Serious Trouble.

Mother—So you and Harry have quarreled, have you, Hortense? What is the matter? Did he find fault with the cooking?

Young Wife (sobbing)—No, m-mamma. My c-cooking suits him well enough, but he s-says I'm—I'm all wrong on the subject of baptism.

The Cause of the Disturbance.

The Farmer (in the side show, looking around in alarm)—Gosh! Where's all the rattlesnakes?

The Lecturer—Don't be alarmed, my friend. It's only our living skeleton, who is suffering from the ague, you hear.—Judge.

Paint Brushes.

Do not neglect when setting aside paint brushes to put them in turpentine. This will remove the paint, and the brushes can then be cleansed with hot soap and water.

What It Means to Have Nerve.

"I shall not give you up," he declared. "I will win you yet. I will make you love me in spite of yourself."

"I'm so glad," she told herself after he had gone, "that I had the courage to do it. What a good time I shall have now for awhile."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Glue.

If glue is soaked in water till just soft and then dissolved in slightly heated linseed oil, water or damp will have no effect upon it.

Lemon Ice.

Make a lemonade with boiling water, using twice the usual amount of pulverized sugar. Freeze like mousse and then serve with thin wafers.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS. "BLUE LABEL"

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

Familiar Quotations of Pope's.
Pope and Burns are respectively the authors of more familiar phrases than anybody else but Shakespeare in modern times. Here are a few of Pope's: "Shoot folly as she flies." "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." "Man never is but always to be blessed." "Whatever is, is right." "The proper study of mankind is man." "Grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength." "Order is heaven's first law." "Worth makes the man and want of it the fellow." "Honor and shame from no condition rise: act well your part—there all the honor lies." "An honest man's the noblest work of God." "Thou wert my guide, philosopher and friend." "Every woman is at heart a rake." "Woman's at best a contradiction still." "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" "A little learning is a dangerous thing." "To err is human, to forgive divine." "Beauty draws us with a single hair." "Tools rush in where angels fear to tread." "Damn with faint praise." "The many headed monster."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

The Livingston Mission in Africa of the Presbyterian Church of Great Britain, which was founded in 1875, now occupies six chief centres, has a staff of forty-two European missionaries, and one hundred out-stations.

HEART DISEASE

Most Sudden and Dangerous of Allments.
Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure relieves in 30 Minutes.

Stealthily as a thief in the night, heart disease heralds its coming only by the deadly grip it lays upon its victims. If you have palpitation, short breath, smothering spells, or vertigo, do not delay the use of Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure. It will relieve every case in 30 minutes and will radically cure ninety-five per cent. of those affected. It is a perfect remedy for nerves and stomach. Sold by all druggists.

DR. AGNEW'S OINTMENT CURES ALL SKIN ERUPTIONS, 35C.

It is estimated that about twelve new places of worship are completed each day in the year in the United States. The average cost is \$7,000, or an aggregate of from \$85,000 to \$105,000 daily for church buildings.

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

St. Mary's, Whitechapel, is one of the London churches which carries on its work actively during the summer. There is a daily service during the dinner hour and a service inside or outside the church every night.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other powders, as it is both soap and disinfectant. 34

A fine deaconess house and hospital has been erected by the German Evangelical Church at Cincinnati, at a cost of \$100,000 for the buildings alone.

Ayer's

Do you like your thin, rough, short hair? Of course you don't. Do you like thick, heavy, smooth hair? Of course you do. Then why

Hair Vigor

not be pleased? Ayer's Hair Vigor makes beautiful heads of hair, that's the whole story. Sold for 60 years.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a long time. It is, indeed, a wonderful hair tonic, restoring health to the hair and scalp, and, at the same time, proving a splendid dressing."

DR. J. W. TATUM, Madill, Ind. T.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Weak Hair

"SALADA"

40 cents per pound.

CEYLON TEA. A 20th century luxury. Positively incomparable. Black, Mixed or NATURAL GREEN. Sold only in lead packets. 40c., 50c. and 60c per lb.

By all grocers. Steadfastly refuse all substitutes.

WHEAT

to a strictly commission firm—TAYLOR

SHIP

THOMPSON, SONS & CO.

Write to-day for particulars. GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Winnipeg.

BARLEY

Do You Want

SOME ONE TO HANDLE YOUR SHIPMENTS TO CONSIGN YOUR GRAIN TO A RELIABLE FIRM PROMPT SERVICE AND CAREFUL ATTENTION

If so, the undersigned wants your business and will endeavor to give satisfaction. Cash advanced on consignments. Reference, Union Bank of Canada.

The oldest established Grain Commission Merchant in Winnipeg.

S. SPINK

MacLennan Bros.

GRAIN MERCHANTS,

Telephone 1490. P. O. Box 355. McIntyre Block, 304, Winnipeg.

Counterfeit Art.
The archaeologist who was chosen some time ago to determine the authenticity of the tiara of Saitapharnes, a supposedly precious relic of the Louvre collection, reported that the tiara was not authentic and that it was executed by a Russian artist of the name of Roukhomorsky. The French government paid \$40,000 for the tiara and would probably be willing at present to sell it at a large discount.

While nobody over here is likely to wish the French government any special harm, it must be more or less gratifying to some of the Americans who have paid big prices for spurious works of art to be able to smile at the expense of people who are supposed to know all about art and relics and such things. It is claimed by experts that not more than about one in ten of the Raphaels scattered through Europe is genuine, and if it is so with the Raphaels the probabilities are that a very large percentage of the so-called examples of the other masters are counterfeit.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Radium in the Sun.
W. E. Wilson of Daramara, taking the observation that one grain of radium can supply 100 calories per hour, has computed the proportion of radium in the sun which would be required to account for its output of energy. Langley calculated that the sun is producing energy at the rate of \$23,000,000 calories per square centimeter per hour, and taking this figure, it would require but 3.6 grams (about fifty-four grains) of radium per cubic meter (39.37 inches) of the sun's volume to account for the entire energy given out by the latter. Mr. Wilson suggests that possibly at the enormous solar temperature radium may be capable of even more energetic action, and if so, the 3.6 grams per cubic meter might be reduced to a still smaller amount.

"Two Pictures at Once."
A well known landscape painter was busy "dashing in" the colors of a sunset. The tints were hurriedly conveyed from tube to palette and from palette to canvas, for the artist was anxious to catch the effect.

A rustic standing by observed the operation for a little while and then remarked: "Ah, you be a-painting two pictures at once. That's clever." He paused a moment and then blurted out, "I like that picture best, the one you've got your thumb through!"

A Hollow One.
Mrs. Casey—Yistiddy was Mrs. Malony's birthday, an' her old man praisint her wid a silver taylor.
Mrs. Murphy—Solid?
Mrs. Casey—Sure, yez be jokin'. How could she put tay in it if it wor solid?

Colored Rain.
The curious phenomenon of colored rain, which occurs in various parts of the world, has at last been explained. In some cases the coloring matter is found to be nothing but the pollen dust shaken out of flowers on certain trees at such times as a strong wind was blowing over them. Fir trees and cypress trees when grouped together in large forests at certain seasons of the year give off enormous quantities of pollen, and this vegetable dust is often carried many miles through the atmosphere by the wind and frequently falls to the earth in a shower of rain. The microscope clearly reveals the origin of such colored rain, which has on more than one occasion puzzled and mystified the inexperienced.

SHE HAD TO SIT UP IN A CHAIR

Mrs. Jas. Kinsella Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Peculiar Medical Case Ends in Another Victory for the Great Kidney Remedy.

St. Malachie, Dorchester Co., Que., Oct. 10.—(Special).—A medical case of particular interest, especially to women, is causing much talk here. Mrs. James Kinsella, suffered from Kidney Disease, which so affected her that she could not sleep, and she was obliged for two summers to pass her nights sitting in a chair. To-day she is practically a well woman. Interviewed regarding her cure she said: "I had a pain in my right hip, in the back and was swollen all down that side of the abdomen. I could not sleep at night and I was obliged to sit up in a chair for two summers."

"Reading of cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills I bought one box." That gave me such relief that I continued to use them. They did me a world of good, and now I can go to bed like other people. I have never had to sit up in a chair since I used Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Female complaints are caused by bad kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure them.

There are, it is said, three millions of women and girls in the Philippine Islands without a knowledge of the Bible. They have been taught to trust in charms and in superstitious bought from the friars for a large price.

I was cured of terrible lumbago by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

REV. WM. BROWN.

I was cured of a bad case of ear-ache by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

MRS. S. KAULBACK.

I was cured of sensitive lungs by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

MRS. S. MASTERS.

A great majority of the county councils in Wales have declared hostility to the education act, and have threatened to render it unworkable.

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

When a man gets sold and feels cheap he seldom under estimates himself.

Sunlight Soap will not burn the nap off woolens nor the surface off linens.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Box.

H.B.K. Caps

For all kinds of wear—rain, sleet, snow, wind or just plain cold. A score of styles. Lighter than fur, warmer than fur because designed to protect exposed parts. Cost less than fur—wear better than fur. Leather, corduroy, cloth, flaps, neck masks, drop fronts, wool, fleece or fur lined. Stylish and durable—all prices. Sold at all dealers—see that they have this brand.



H.B.K. BRAND

H. B. K. "Pinto" Shell Mitts and Gloves

A hundred styles of mitts and gloves made of "Pinto" Shell Cordovan, that new, tough, boil proof, scorch proof, tear proof, rip proof, wind and rain proof leather made from the hide of the western bronco.

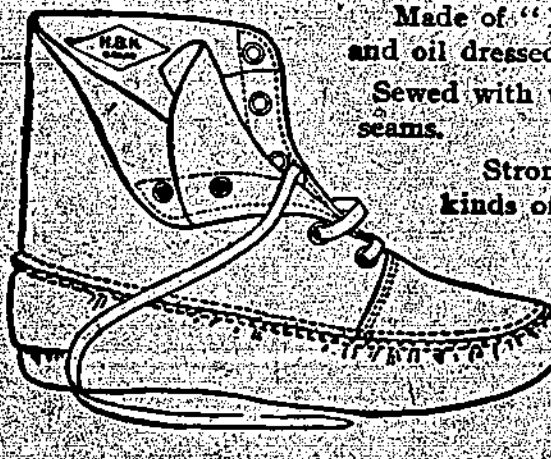
Knit wristers mitts, double wrists, one inside sleeve, another outside, fleece lined, fur lined, scores of styles for all kinds of uses. None genuine unless branded.



H.B.K. BRAND

H. B. K. Moccasins

Made of "Pinto" Shell Cordovan, buckskin and oil dressed steerhide. Sewed with unrippable thread in lock-stitched seams. Strongest and best moccasins for all kinds of wear. See that they are branded with this brand.



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SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

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MONTREAL, WINNIPEG

A JUDGE OF GOOD THINGS

Needs But One Trial

To know that Ogilvie's Hungarian is the best Bread-Flour to be had, if particular, so much the better, because

OGILVIE'S HUNGARIAN FLOUR

is made to please particular people.

The Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd.

MILLERS TO H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES



It's up to you to protect your loved ones to the best of your ability.

CANADIAN ORDER OF CHOSEN FRIENDS

Will furnish you with an insurance from \$500 to \$2,000 at as low a cost as is consistent with safety.

The Canadian Order of Chosen Friends is thoroughly reliable. The Canadian Order of Chosen Friends is purely Canadian. The Canadian Order of Chosen Friends is registered. The Canadian Order of Chosen Friends is growing rapidly. The Canadian Order of Chosen Friends has 474 Councils. The Canadian Order of Chosen Friends has 25,000 members. The Canadian Order of Chosen Friends has \$400,000 surplus.

JOIN NOW. Local members show this ad. to your friends: If you are not a member, full information will be furnished by writing to

W. F. MONTAGUE, Grand Recorder, Hamilton, or

W. F. CAMPBELL, Grand Organizer, Hamilton.

The eight societies at work in the Congo Free State are represented by 211 missionaries, 283 native evangelists, 327 native teachers, 5,641 Sunday schools.

SUFFER NO MORE.—There are thousands who live miserable lives because dyspepsia dulls the faculties and shadows existence with the cloud of depression. One way to dispel the vapors that beset the victims of this disorder is to order them a course of Parmentier's Vegetable Pills, which are among the best vegetable pills known, being easy to take and are most efficacious in their action. A trial of them will prove this.

Ashbury Methodist church in Pekin, which was barricaded by the missionaries, but ruthlessly destroyed by the Boxers in 1900, has been rebuilt and recently dedicated.

The Church of England provides in England and Wales about 7,000,000 sittings in places of worship. The Non-conformists provide over 8,000,000. The number of Church communicants is about equal.

A committee has been appointed to raise \$12,000,000 to supplement the resources of the Presbyterian college and theological seminaries.

A RECOGNIZED REGULATOR.—To bring the digestive organs into symmetrical working is the aim of physicians when they find a patient suffering from stomachic irregularities and for this purpose they can prescribe nothing better than Parmentier's Vegetable Pills, which will be found a pleasant medicine of surprising virtue in bringing the refractory organs into subjection and restoring them to normal action, in which condition only can they perform their duties properly.

The two mission study books, "Via Christi" and "Lux Christi," have had a large sale; the former of 45,000 copies; the latter of 40,000.

It is stated that at least 1,500,000 women are studying India this year in the united mission study course prepared by the woman's committee.

W. N. U. No 450.

ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY.
Subscription..... \$2.00 a year.

W. B. Anderson, Editor.

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

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

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

The time for electing new Councils is approaching, and those who interest themselves in such matters are already suggesting candidates for the office of Mayor and Aldermen. It is a reproach to Canada that the number of those who do interest themselves in the selection bear such a small proportion to the whole body of citizens. As a rule, Town and City Councils are regarded as training schools for parliament and legislature. There can be no objection to this as a contingent advantage, but it should not be forgotten that the most important function of the Council is wise administration of the affairs of municipality. This requires in the members of the Council, honesty and intelligence. Those who are deeply interested in the welfare of the town should call a meeting at once and select suitable candidates. Should those already in office not stand for re-election.

The funds to be obtained from the proceeds of the U. and C. Hospital benefit, which takes place next week, will be placed in the hands of a committee who will decide as to the disposition of the amount to be spent in providing or building a balcony or walk on the sunny side of the Hospital for the accommodation of patients who are convalescent. As it is now, the grounds are not in a fit condition to enable patients who are able to be out, to enjoy the advantages of a sunny day, but they must take their recreation in the corridor which is in close connection with the kitchen, and are therefore subjected to the annoyance of disagreeable odors from cooking, &c. Owing to the strike little has been accomplished in outside work for the Hospital this year. The expenses are heavy, and the returns seemingly inadequate to the amount of money spent, but in thinking of it, we must not lose sight of the fact that though we wish to make what money we can for this institution, our chief thought that in working strenuously for a common object, we will learn to know and appreciate each other, in a way that our scattered work has never made us do. In forming societies for hospital work, there is no doubt that great service may be rendered, and it is to be hoped that the time will arrive, when there will be no difficulty in ascertaining what may be acceptable as contributions, and permitted as individual attention to the sick, all of which members of a society would assuredly undertake.

Hospital Benefit.

On December 23rd, at Cumberland Hall, an entertainment will be given in aid of the Cumberland Hospital. A short musical programme will be given, to conclude with a Christmas Idyl in two Acts of which a synopsis is appended. Admission to concert, 50cts; admission to dance, 25cts.

The scene opens with the conclusion of the afternoon session in the village school. Chorus of school girls depart. Peggy, a child of the streets appears, cold and weary, singing Peggy's Lament, depicting

her woes and misery, and seeks shelter near the door-way of the school house. Sister Irene discovers Peggy and taking her to the school room, where her wants are attended to. Trixy, a frolicsome colored wail with a noble heart is introduced, she enlivens the situation with a song and dance. In the meantime the school girls arrive with sleds, skates, &c., ready for skating, coasting, &c., and are confronted by one of the number for volunteers to take Peggy home. None, however consent, when Trixy offers her services. The girls abashed at this self-sacrifice resolve to atone for their selfishness at the suggestion of Sister Irene by surprising Peggy and her mother at her home the next evening. As the vespers bells toll out the Angelus they sing an Ave Maria. The second act takes place in Peggy's humble home, where all is desolation. Peggy and Trixy reach home, and as the storm is at its height, Trixy is urged to stay. Mother Marty, feeble and feeling her end fast approaching, discloses to Peggy the secret that she is not her mother, but found her abandoned on the streets, and brought her up. They sing a lullaby and then retire. The strains of a Xmas carol are heard and an angel is discovered depositing presents and a tree while they are departing. Peggy and Trixy awake, and discovering the presents try to arouse the mother, and find that she is dead. Overcome with grief, Peggy succumbs to the strain when Sister Irene and Mamie arrive, and endeavor to console her. The chorus again appears and to the strains of Adeste Fideles, bring this Idyl of Christmas time to a close.

Another feature of the programme will be a lesson in domestic science, when a number of young girls will expound to the audience the mysteries of bread making. The German band conducted by Master McLean will treat the visitors to several selections, and four little shoemakers will give an exhibition of shoe-making. Several prominent and well-known amateur musicians will also contribute to the first part of the programme. Reserved seats may be obtained at the Drug Store. The performance will conclude with a dance, for which good music will be provided.

Arrangements will be made for a train to convey visitors from Union Wharf to Cumberland.

CHAPTER ORGANISED.

Messrs. H. T. Taylor, R. Fawcett, of Vancouver, and J. McKenzie of Nanaimo, arrived Wednesday to organize a Chapter of the Black Preceptor of Loyal Black Knights of Ireland, an Order kindred to the Orange. Fifteen applicants took immediate advantage of the opening, and at night eleven of these were given half the degree necessary. On Thursday night the remainder were put through, and the first ones raised, the total number of delegates conferred being eleven. The Chapter promises to be a strong one, the number of Orangemen in town being large and zealous.

HOSPITAL MEETING.

The regular meeting of the Hospital Board was held last Saturday, Judge Abrams presiding. Minutes of last meeting read and adopted. Current accounts—Waller & Partridge, \$27.73; Mrs Woods, \$6.20; S. J. Piercy, \$4.70; Colonist, \$6.30; Province, \$5.95; McPhee & Sons, \$27.64; Electric Light, \$5; Water, \$2.25; Salaries, \$100.05. Bills ordered paid if found correct.

An additional \$1000 of insurance was added in building, making a total of \$3,500 on building and furniture.

It was duly moved and seconded that committee on finance, &c., see

that suitable entrance be constructed to and from building to cellar, also to lighting of new cellar, and to procure wheelbarrow, according to request of Matron.

Monies received from Matron, \$60. The balance of money collected from the Chinese, for Hospital, was paid in by committee, Mr Mounce and Mr McLean, making a total of \$121.50.

Total patients for month, 10; number of days, 210.

The time-guessing contest for the watch donated by Mr T. Bate, at the Magnet Store, was won by Miss Bell and Mr A. B. Anderson, the time guessed by each was 4 minutes to 4, the watch stopping at 4 o'clock Mr Anderson generously withdrew in favour of Miss Bell.

The Public and High Schools will adjourn their sessions next week. The tests of the close will not be to hand until after the examinations, but the teaching staff express themselves generally satisfied with the term's work, although the report of a diphtheria case has interrupted the attendance somewhat.

The Ladies' Aid of Grace Methodist Church tendered a farewell evening at the residence of Mrs Watson Mounce to Mr and Mrs McGuire, who left on Friday morning to reside in Vancouver. Mr. and Mrs McGuire were valued members of the Methodist Church during their many years resident in town, and will be greatly missed by church workers. Mrs McGuire was presented with a handsome gold-inlaid clock in a leather case as a small token of the esteem in which she was held by the lady members of the Aid.

IN THE COUNTY COURT AT VANCOUVER. HOLDEN AT VANCOUVER.

In the matter of the Estate of JOHN McDONALD, deceased, and in the matter of the Official Administrators' Act.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that by an Order bearing date the 2nd day of December, 1903, made by His Honor, Alexander Henderson, Judge of the County Court of Vancouver, in the above cause and matter, I have been appointed Official Administrator of all and singular the estate of John McDonald, deceased, intestate.

All persons having claims against the Estate of said deceased, are required to forward particulars of the same to me, duly verified, on or before the 31st day of January, 1904, after which date I shall proceed to distribute the assets amongst such of the creditors of whose claims I have then received notice.

All persons indebted to the said Estate are required to pay such indebtedness to me forthwith.

Dated Cumberland, B.C., this 14th day of December, 1903.

H. P. COLLIS,

Official Administrator for portion of County of Nanaimo.

NOTICE.

Any person found taking Timber from Block A of Lot 76, and Block B, of Section 76, Comox District, will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

GEO. STEVENS.

New Stock
—OF—
LATEST PATTERNS

Suitings for Gents,
—and—
Costumes for Ladies.

T. H. CAREY,
LADIES & GENTS TAILOR
Dunsmuir Ave., Cumberland

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.

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Jewelry LINE FOR Christmas

I SELL FOR LESS THAN YOU CAN BUY ELSE.

SILVERWARE, FANCY MANTEL CLOCKS, ROGERS FLATWARE
LADIES' GOLD FILLED WATCHES AS LOW AS..... \$7.50
LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCHES AS LOW AS..... \$15.00

All Purchases Engraved while you wait—Free.

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PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER,

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

Japanese Goods.

A Fine Assortment of

BAMBOO STANDS, PORCELAIN DESSERT AND
TEA PLATES, TEA POTS, &c. TERRA COTTA
JARDINERES, TOYS, &c., SUITABLE FOR CHRIST-
MAS GIFTS.

Silk Handkerchiefs, Scarfs, &c.

ALL JAPANESE WORK; ALSO WATCHES,
CLOCKS, AND JEWELLERY

Call and see them

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To CURE A COUP IN ONE DAY take
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All druggists refund the money if
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Wheat Biscuits, Grape Nuts,
and Postums Cereal Mixture—
Stanley H. Riggs.

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Cumberland, Heavy Blue Serge,
Plaid lined cape.—Finder please
leave at the "News" office.

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One Pure Bred JERSEY BULL, 4 years
old.—ALEX. URQUHART, Courtenay, B.C.