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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

TENTH YEAR.

CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, DEC. 17, 1902.

THE BIG STORE.

WE wish everyone a
Very Merry Xmas

WE wish to make the month of December the best month
of the passing year, to help to make it so we will give a

Discount of 10 per cent.

on all Dry Goods, Clothing, Gen's Furnishings and Shoes,
Sold from the 18th to the 25th

For Cash.

THE above Discount will not be
allowed on CREDIT SALES.

A MERRY XMAS TO ALL.

S. Leiser & Co., Ltd.

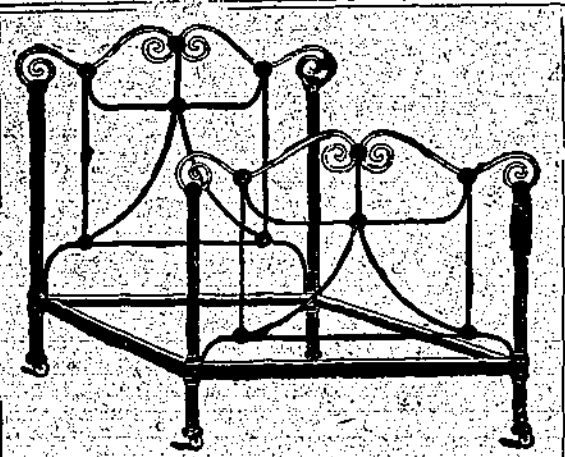
Nicholles & Renouf, Ltd.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

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

Agents for McCormick Harvesting Machinery.

Write for prices and particulars. P. O. Drawer 563.



ARTISTIC METAL BED-STEADS AT A REASONABLE PRICE

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

WE HAVE ABOUT 50 DIFFERENT KINDS TO SHOW YOU.

Iron Bedsteads in White, Blue, Pink, and many New and
Artistic Colors. \$35.50 to \$50.00

Brass Bedsteads from \$33.00 to \$55.00

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

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

THE HICKS & LOVICK PIANO CO.

123 HASTINGS ST.,
Vancouver, B.C.

88 GOVERNMENT ST.
Victoria, B.C.

AGENTS FOR
Pianos, Organs, Pianolas, Vocalions.

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

YOURS TRULY,
THE HICKS & LOVICK PIANO CO.

TRY US FOR

JOB PRINTING

Work of Every Description

at Moderate Rates

LOCALS.

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

Xmas Fruits at the Big Store.
Make sure of a merry Xmas by
ordering there.

Dolls! Dolls! Lots of them—
little ones, big ones, dressed and
undressed, at Moore & Co's.

Handsome and useful Xmas pre-
sents are on view at Peacey's Stod-
dard's and McLean's.

Cheap Toys are not always good.
Go to the Magnet for all Xmas tree
purchases.

The public school examination
will take place on Friday. All par-
ents and friends are invited to be
present.

Tea Sets, Dinner Sets, Wine
Glasses, Fancy Cups and Saucers,
Jardineres, &c., at Moore & Co's.

Court of Revision.—Before Hon.
Judge Harrison on Thursday last,
the valuation of the B.C. Lumber
Co's lands was reduced from \$9.00
to \$4.00 per acre.

The adjourned sale of land for
unpaid taxes will be continued in
the Court house, Cumberland, on
Monday, 5th January, 1903. See
notice in another column.

The several Sunday Schools of
Cumberland are preparing for Xmas
entertainments, to be held at or
near Xmas week. The Cantata at
Grace Methodist Sunday School
promises to be a success. Mrs. Dr.
Gillette has the affair in her
charge.

Ladies' Lounging Robes. Just a
few very pretty and useful, at
Moore & Co's.

There's a weekly letter from
Washington, D. C., in The Chicago
Weekly Inter Ocean, and its con-
tents alone make the paper well
worth its regular subscription price
of \$1.00 a year. Yet by our special
low rate arrangement both this
paper and the Inter Ocean may be
had for \$1.90 for one full year.

The Victoria Colonist says that
it is reported that the Imperial
Government will build a dock at
Esquimalt, or make arrangements
to have the present one enlarged.
As all the large liners of the C.F.R.
are now docked at Kowloon, there
being no capable accommodation
for them on their side of the Pacific
the advantage to Victoria will be
great, as these and other liners will
no doubt be hauled there.

As a result of the item which ap-
peared last week in these columns
regarding the danger of the open
cellar on a vacant lot in town, Mr.
David Anthony has called our at-
tention to the fact that a quantity
of rubbish of all sorts has been
dumped into a ravine on a vacant
lot next to his house on Penrith
Avenue. He states that much un-
sanitary refuse has been included,
and that most of the rubbish has
been placed there by the city men,
and that nothing has been done to
remedy the evil, in spite of his com-
plaints to the authorities.

Mr. Wm. Hicks, of the firm of
Hicks & Lovick, is paying Cumber-
land a business call. This firm has
lately supplied the large vocalion
organ in Victoria West Methodist
Church, the first of its kind in Vic-
toria. Intending purchasers can
not do better than place their orders
with Messrs Hicks for pianos or
organs, as none but thoroughly re-
liable instruments are sold, and
prices are highly satisfactory.

BASKET BALL.

The Blacks and Whites of the C.
A.A. engaged in a friendly basket
ball match in the Agricultural
Hall, Courtenay, last Thursday, in
aid of the Comox Agricultural
Society. As the weather was of a
disagreeable nature there was only
a fair attendance of spectators, a
number were thus prevented from
attending. The hall being rather
small for a first class game the
play was not up to the usual
standard, but for all that those
present thoroughly enjoyed the
exhibition. When the ball was
set in motion it was evident that
the game would be a hard and
fast one and which ever side won
their majority would be small.
Both teams being evenly contested
a close and exciting game was the
result. Whites out-running Blacks
to the extent of 3 points. Score—
Whites, 16, Blacks, 13.

The match was followed by a
ball at which 20 couples participat-
ed. The grand march was led by
Mr and Mrs. Parkin, and the music
supplied by Messrs Teed and
McPhee gave satisfaction to all.

POMPADOURS VS. BALDHEADS.

After a hard fought game between
the Pompadours and Baldheads the
former emerged from the struggle
last Saturday victors by a narrow
majority, thus avenging their de-
feat of several weeks before. The
Baldheads were no doubt resting on
their laurels, so they will at the
first opportunity attempt to retrieve
their former position. The teams
were, Pompadours—Vater, McMil-
lin, Cameron and Woodhus. Bald-
heads—Bruce, Johnson, Slavin and
Clarkson.

SONG SERVICE.

A song service was held in Grace
Methodist Church. Rev. William
Hicks of Victoria and Miss Mat-
thews assisting. The anthem, "Sun-
of my Soul," by the choir was
highly appreciated. Miss Matthews'
sweet voice was heard in the sacred
solo, "The Debt is Paid," also in a
duet with Rev. Mr. Hicks, "The
Lord is my Shepherd." Although
Mr Hicks is not a stranger to Cum-
berland he makes new friends at every
appearance. His bass solo, "Abide
with me," was rendered with the
power and expression for which he
enjoys so enviable a reputation.

PERSONAL.

Miss Maggie Walker has gone to
Victoria to reside.

Judge Harrison paid Cumberland
the usual official visit last week.

Mr S. Riggs returned on Thurs-
day from a business visit to Na-
naimo.

Mr Wilson representing the Vic-
toria Colonist visited Cumberland
last week.

Mrs T. Piercy, and Mrs Chalmers
and daughter, returned to their
home on Denman Island on Friday
last.

Mrs Cameron and Misses Ray of
Union Wharf who have been visit-
ing friends in Cumberland returned
to their homes on Friday morning.

School Inspector Netherby was a
passenger to Cumberland by last
Wednesday's train. Mr Netherby
has been conducting the High
School entrance examinations
which have been in progress since
Monday.

WHARF NOTES.

S.S. Tepic and scows loaded coal
on Wednesday for Vancouver.

Transfer No. 1, on Thursday took
a cargo of coke to the Ladysmith
smelter.

S.S. Algoa sailed on Saturday for
Port Los Angeles with 10,710 tons
of coal.

S.S. Comet called for bunker coal
Saturday. She was bound to Vil-
lage Bay for a boom of logs.

S.S. Quito arrived here Monday
for bunker coal. She is bound for
Manilla with cargo of lumber.

S.S. Pioneer arrived on Sunday
with ship Glory of the Seas in tow.
She loads here for San Francisco.

S.S. Active brought the barge
Robert Kerr over on Thursday for a
cargo of coal for the C.P.R., Van-
couver.

S.S. Lapwing, Captain Rogers,
brought in a load of hay for Grant
& Mounce on Saturday, and sailed
same day for New Westminster
with a cargo of coal.

EDITOR CUMBERLAND NEWS.

Dear Sir,—The s.s. "Algoa" which
loaded at Union Bay last week is
one of the largest tramp steamships
plying on the Pacific Coast, and as
she is quite likely to come here for
several cargoes of coal I thought
that a few facts concerning her
might be of interest to your readers
who have not had an opportunity
of seeing her. She is a steel vessel
built by Wm. Duxford & Sons, Ltd.,
of Sunderland, her registered own-
ers are the Algoa s.s. Co., of Liver-
pool; her length is 455 feet, beam
58 feet, depth of hold 32 feet; gross
tonnage 7,574; net tonnage 4,896;
her total displacement at ordinary
load line is 15,750 tons. She has
triple expansion engines 29in.,
50in. and 80in. diameter, with 51
inches stroke of piston, and indi-
cates a horse power of 2800. Her
ordinary speed when loaded is 10
knots per hour. She has six water-
tight bulkheads, besides a collision
bulkhead, and tanks for water bal-
last along her entire length capable
of holding 2443 tons. The largest
cargo ever carried by this vessel
was delivered at Tacoma a few
months ago the cargo being 13,000
tons of general merchandise besides
1500 tons of bunker coal which she
had to take on at the commence-
ment of her voyage. She is being
operated at present by the Pacific
Mail s.s. Co. of San Francisco. Her
crew consists of 48 men, Captain F.
G. Hansford being in command.
"D. D."



COMOX DISTRICT.

THE ADJOURNED SALE OF
LANDS for Unpaid Taxes in the
Comox Assessment District will be
held at the Court House, Cumber-
land, on the 5th day of January,
1903, at the hour of Ten o'clock
forenoon, when all lands remaining
unsold at the previous Tax Sale
will be again offered for sale, in
terms of Section 99 of the Assess-
ment Act.

JOHN BAIRD, ASSESSOR.

Government Office, Cumberland,
5th December, 1902.
10 12 02 4t

STRAYING on Harrigan's Farm,
a Yearling Heifer, black and tan
back, and white below. Owner
may have same by proving pro-
perty and paying expenses.

A GIRL OF GRIT.

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

Copyright by R. F. Fenno & Co.

"He says he's Captain Wood. We have reason to believe he's not, not according to this"—the purser touched a printed list of passengers lying on the table—"or if he is the other must be an impostor. Ask him, sir, what proof he can give us that he is the real Simon Pure. Can he refer to any one on board who will bear out this monstrous assertion?"

"That's a good idea, Bollinger. Come, my man, what do you say? Can you do it?"

"Easily if I choose. There are two ladies who would bear me out, but I would rather not bring them into it. I am engaged to be married to one of them."

The captain grinned. "This was rather against me—a fresh proof of lunacy. And a young fellow who is practically in my employ, although one of Saraband's people?"

"The New York detective agency? I've heard of them."

"And he may not care to have you know who he is."

"So that you can offer us no guarantees of your good faith, eh? Strikes me you're in a sinking condition and will soon be a complete wreck," sneered the captain. "The whole thing is ugly—your loading round where you shouldn't, your unlawful possession of the papers which you make away with when tackled, your claiming another man's name. I don't like it, and I'll tell you what I mean to do with you. Keep you a close prisoner till we make New York. There you can answer to the proper authorities. Meanwhile I'll stand the racket. I must look to the name and credit of my ship."

"Where shall I be imprisoned?"

"In a spare cabin the purser will find you. You shall have your meals and all attention, but you'll stay below under lock and key until Uncle Sam sends on board to fetch you after we're alongside the wharf."

"I protest and, as I have already said, will hold you responsible. You will be sorry."

At this moment an urgent message came down to the captain from the bridge. The officer of the watch reported that the large steamer that had been overhauling the Chattahoochee for the last few hours was now within signaling distance.

"Signals she wants to speak us, sir," said the fourth officer, who brought the message. "Can't make out her number, but she's a new man-of-war cruiser, British, and Mr. Aston says she must be steaming 23 knots an hour."

"She's after those papers, Captain Sherborne, unless I'm much mistaken."

I put in, with a little laugh of satisfaction. "Perhaps there will be some one on board who knows me."

The captain glared at me, but his eyes fell before my steady glance, and I could read his thoughts plainly: the growing doubts, the fear that he might be all in the wrong, the trouble that might come upon him if he misused me without clearer proof. Yet he carried it with a high hand to the last.

"I'll settle with you later, my fine fellow, and handsomely. You shan't bluff me."

"If I might suggest, Captain Sherborne, your place is on your bridge. I don't presume to teach you your duty, but a man is apt to forget it when he loses his temper and his self control. We can square our little matter later. But I warn you against using any violence. I may have friends in that ship astern."

I could see fresh rage gathering in this face at my words, but he restrained himself, and with no more than a parting oath and an order to cast me loose he floundered out of the cabin.

I went on deck without further let or hindrance and took my situation by the fore companion. I was much interested in what went on around. Every one was excited at the approach of this splendid warship. The rumor that she had some business with us had already run like wildfire around, and it was strengthened by the many colored fluttering bunting with which she constantly signaled us. The excitement increased when orders were given to slow down. Any change in a steamer's progress always attracts attention on board, and our decks fore and aft were crowded with passengers. I could see those of the first class talking eagerly together, gesticulating and pointing to the warship. Many glasses were leveled at her, and I could gather that her interference with our voyage was not taken in good part. In these days of record passages across the "ocean ferry" the delay of even an hour is a serious matter.

Now the butcher of the Chattahoochee joined me where I stood, somewhat apart. He was an acquaintance through Roy, somewhat surly and uncommunicative, but I found him suddenly quite garrulous and friendly. He was an old man-of-war's man, and his spirit was stirred at the sight of the white ensign.

"It's grand, yon. Grand to see that iron kettle, 13,000 tons' displacement, riding triumphant like a wee birdie on the surface of the mighty waters. It

means man's conquest of nature, science and knowledge and above all pluck. There's a sight, my man! The finest and newest cruiser afloat—H. M. S. Victrix!"

"You know her, then?"

"Aye, laddie. My own sister's third cousin is fourth engineer aboard, and I was all over her not a week syne when she lay in the Solent. She was under orders then for the China seas. Dill ha' me if I know what brings her into midatlantic."

"Some special order, I suppose?"

"War mayhap. These are fearsome times, laddie, and I read in the papers there was trouble brewing. What if she is sent to warn our shipping?"

"We shall soon know. See, she has lowered a boat, and we're going now under easy steam to take them on board."

The Victrix lay half a mile off, and her boat, looking like a cockleshell compared to her great bulk as it left her side, came bravely along, lifted over the long Atlantic swell by the well cadenced stroke of 16 oars. In the stern was a group of three, and as they got within range of my glasses I saw that one was a naval officer, no doubt in command of the boat, and two other persons in plain clothes.

One was my colleague in the intelligence office, Swete Thornhill. The other—yes, there was no mistaking that rosy, scorbute visage—the other was Snuyzer, the detective. I decided then and there what I should do. I saw that it was possible by acting promptly to tell Swete Thornhill all he knew and yet preserve my incognito. So I slipped down into the second saloon and wrote him half a dozen words.

Dear Swete—I got the papers and have thrown them overboard. Don't let on about me more than necessary, but make the skipper bring you and Snuyzer down here, forward, for a few words private talk in my own cabin or anywhere out of earshot with others. I have strong reason for still lying low. Yours, W. Wood.

I took this to the purser's cabin and was lucky enough to find him there poring over interminable and voluminous accounts of victualing. They interested him far more than what was going on above.

"You will oblige me by getting this into the captain's hands at once," I said very peremptorily. "It is for one of the gentlemen who are now close under our quarter in the man-of-war's boat."

He took the letter and read its superscription with some surprise, not to say alarm. It was: "On her majesty's service. To Major Swete Thornhill, D. S. O., R. A., c. o. Captain Sherborne of the S. S. Chattahoochee. Confidential and most immediate."

"Certainly, sir," said the purser, his whole manner suddenly changed, and then I returned to my post of observation on deck to wait events.

I saw my friends come on board, the naval lieutenant first, who raised his hat to our captain as he received them at the gangway, then introduced his companions, after which the whole party quickly and silently passed through the crowd of passengers, who were dying to hear what it all meant, and entered the captain's cabin.

I had not long to wait for the next act. Within a minute or two I was hailed by the second cabin steward, who told me a little abruptly, but he knew no better, that I was wanted by the captain below.

"Hallo, Master Willie," began Swete Thornhill after a brief shaking hands all round. "You've led us a pretty dance and no mistake. How the mischief did you get here, and are you certain about the papers?"

"All that will keep, man. As to the papers, ask Captain Sherborne. He knows what became of them."

"I will not be a party to this. I saw you throw certain papers overboard which I still believe you stole."

"Captain Wood will answer for that to the proper persons, and so will you as to any charges you bring," interposed Swete Thornhill stiffly. "You can rely on that. We shall proceed straight to New York ahead of you, and you shall be met by the British consul and other authorities."

"That is all I wanted to say," I cried. "Get there first and set everything in trim—you understand Mr. Snuyzer. I am in hopes that the others do not know or have no more than suspicion of what has happened, and we should be able to arrest them on arrival."

"We'll do our best, captain, you bet," said Snuyzer, "and take them if the law will let us. Our Mr. Sidney Saraband will work it if it's to be done. But if we save your property from these sharks their only offense was committed on British soil, and there may be a muss. Anyway it's plain we need not detain this fine vessel"—he bowed to the captain—"now things are pretty well fixed. The major here's satisfied. You're safe, for which we may be truly thankful, if I may say so, and there's nothing left to do till we make the shore. Look out for us, captain. Some of us, I guess, will run out to meet you in a special steamer just inside Sandy Hook."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Ancient Dogs.

At the time of the Roman occupation of Britain five distinct species of dogs were there, most of which can with certainty be identified with those of the present day. There were the house dog, the greyhound, the bulldog, the terrier and the slowhound.

There are two kinds of tea— Ours, and the rest of them. Blue Ribbon Tea

Jeweled Brooches.

THE Brooches here mentioned may offer a desirable suggestion for Christmas buying.

Each one is of artistic merit as well as surpassing value.

No. 13320, at \$5, is a Star and Crescent design of fine Pearls and solid Gold.

No. 13317, at \$10, is a rococo scroll design in solid Gold, mounted with a fine Amethyst surrounded with Pearls.

No. 13368, at \$24, is a Pearl "Sun Burst" of exquisite beauty.

No. 13400, at \$42, is a Clover Leaf, paved with fine Pearls, having for its centre a beautiful Diamond.

We guarantee safe delivery, and cheerfully refund the full price if a selection is in any way unsatisfactory.

Write for our new catalogue.

Ryrie Bros.,

Jewelers,
Yonge and Adelaide Streets,
Toronto.

One of the greatest drawbacks in Mexico is the scarcity of fuel. Hopes are placed in the probable discovery of oil in paying quantities.

Ontario farmers are having much trouble with foxes which are carrying off their hens. It is very many years since foxes were so plentiful in the east as they are this season.

THOUSANDS LIKE HER.—Tena McLeod, Severn Bridge, writes: "I owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for curing me of a severe cold that troubled me nearly all last winter. In order to give a diagnosis of a hacking cough take a dose of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil three or four times a day, and the cough spells render it necessary."

A young sportsman had mistaken a calf for a deer, and the calf was breathing its last. "I tell mother," gasped the dying martyr, addressing the sympathetic sheep, who stood near by, "I tell mother I that I died game."

WHY WOOLLENS WEAR THIN.

A SCENE IN A GROCER'S STORE.

Sir, I have just come round myself to tell you that you have absolutely spoiled a pair of blankets on me.

I have!

Yes, sir, you have!

Surely you are mistaken, madam!

I am not mistaken. I sent round my little girl a few days ago for a good strong soap to wash out some heavy things. In all innocence I used what you sent me, and the result is that my blankets are just the skeleton of what they were. They are ruined, sir, and it's your fault!

Yes, but I sent what I usually send in such cases.

What you usually send! No wonder Mrs. Moore, my neighbor, complains of her clothes wearing out; I find you usually send her the same soap.

But, madam, I always give my customers what they ask for. Had you named a particular brand of soap you would have had it.

Named a particular brand! How was I to know anything of brands? But I know better now, and I know what ruined my blankets—and my hands are in a nice plight, too!

I can assure you, madam, that it is not my desire to sell anything that will be injurious to either the hands or clothing of my customers, and I shall be glad to know how you prove that what I sold you injured your blankets and your hands.

Well, I was telling Mrs. Neill my trouble, and she lent me a little cutting, and here it is; you can read it.

"Dr. Stevenson Macadam, Lecturer on Chemistry, Surgeon's Hall, Edinburgh, describes the destructive property of soda upon wool very graphically."

"After mentioning how strong alkali such as potash and soda, disastrously affect cotton, linen, and wool, he says:

"On one occasion I employed this property of soda in a useful way. There was a large quantity of new blankets sent to one of our hospitals, which, when given out, were said by the patients to be not so warm as the old blankets were, and that led to an investigation as to whether the blankets were genuine or not. They looked well, and weighed properly, and I got a blanket sent to me for examination and analysis. We found soon that there was cotton mixed with

Mother—I wonder how this new book got in such a horrible condition? Little Max—I heard papa say it was too dry for him, so I poured water on it."

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

A divorcee in a divorce, is reported from a little town in Austria, where the parties in a recent case, signed cards of invitation to their friends to be present at the trial.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold, and a cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

Rice Griddlecakes.

Press cup of cold-boiled rice through sieve, add tablespoonful butter, melted, and teaspoonful salt; break two eggs into mixture and beat well; add cup milk. Pour this over cup flour; add two teaspoonfuls baking powder. If the butter is too thick, add a little milk. Bake on a hot griddle.

Tricks That Are Old.

Many of the most wonderful feats of magic were known centuries ago. There is the famous trick of making a plant grow instantaneously, for example, which was described in a French paper of the year 1685, but the secret of it was not given.

Ant Nests.

The number of ants in a nest varies from 12,293 to 93,694. These figures are from a recent count of five nests.

AN ANXIOUS TIME FOR NEURALGIC SUFFERERS.

Paine's Celery Compound

The Only Medicine That Successfully Cures This Terrible Nerve Disease.

Experienced physicians know well that the variable weather of this autumn month decided the fate of thousands in ill health. At the present time, men and women are falling around us like leaves before the chilling north winds.

Amongst the diseases prevalent at this time, terrible neuralgia with its sharp, lacerating and darting pains is doing its intolerable work. The cold winds, damp air and sudden changes in temperature favor this pain-racking disease. The best physicians of all schools admit that Paine's Celery Compound is the only known specific for the cure of neuralgia. If you are experiencing the tortments of this most terrible of nerve diseases, we counsel you to give Paine's Celery Compound an immediate trial. It has permanently cured others; it will without fail meet your case. Mrs. T. McMaster, Toronto, Ont., says—

"Ten years ago I was attacked with neuralgia, and though treated by six doctors the disease grew worse and nearly made me insane. Day after day I suffered the most intense agony, and I became utterly disheartened. One day my deliverance came. A lady, who had suffered as I had, told me that Paine's Celery Compound had cured her. I used the compound, and it simply made a new woman of me. The pain vanished, I grew well, and I never felt happier in my life. All this is due to Paine's Celery Compound."

THE BUTTERMAKER

Must Use It To Be Successful.

In the autumn and winter seasons the best and most successful butter-makers in Canada use Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color in order to give the butter that lovely and delicate June tint that is so much admired by lovers of fine table butter.

Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color is to-day almost the only kind that is used in the Creameries and Dairies of Canada. There are other colors sold and sometimes substituted for Improved Butter Color, but wise and experienced buttermakers avoid them, knowing they are not reliable.

When you are buying butter color, insist upon getting the best, the strongest and the most economical. Your neighbors and friends will tell you that Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color is the best. All druggists and dealers.

AFTER THIS IT IS YOUR FAULT

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

Fleming's No. 9 Liver Pills.

will effectually relieve the worst case of Bilious Headache, Constipation. In action, they cleanse and purify the stomach, relieve the system of many of the poisons that bring on fever. Ask your druggist for them; if he has none send us 25c for a bottle, or \$1.00 for 6 bottles.

FLEMING'S DRUG STORE, BRANDON

T. H. METCALFE & CO.

Grain and Commission Merchants.
Highest prices paid for wheat, oats, barley or flax in carlots. Wire or write me for prices before selling. Liberal advances made on consignments and handled on commission. Licensed and Bonded.
P. O. Box 550, Winnipeg, Man.

IMPERIAL MAPLE SYRUP

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

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THE ELEVATOR BOY

SOME PERSONAL EXPERIENCES AS RELATED BY HIMSELF.

Poor Sammis Is Love Stricken, and All Thoughts of That Gigantic Mortgage Are Forgotten Until He Is Rejected For Another.

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

WHEN I came to work in this skyscraper, Mr. Rasher, the agent, sat down and patted me on the head and said: "Sammis, I am told that you are the son of a widow and a good boy."

"Yes, sir, I am," I replied.

"You have set out to pay off a gigantic mortgage on the family estates and become president of the United States?"

"I have, sir."

"You will put in twelve hours per day for \$4 per week and keep your eyes peeled in the interest of this syndicate?"

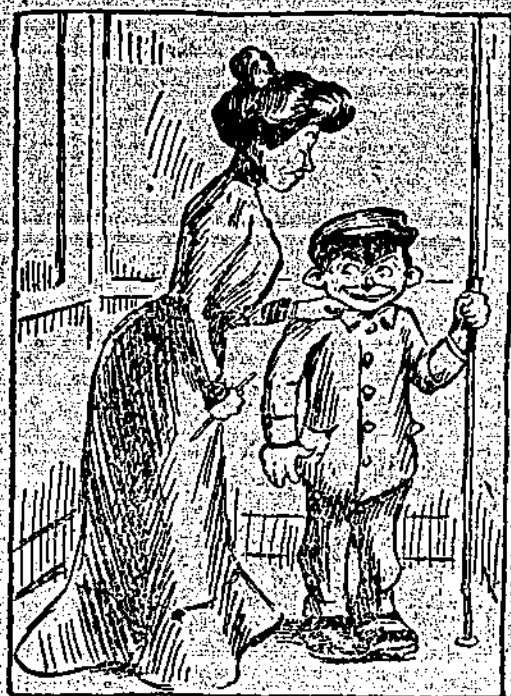
"I will, sir," I bravely answered.

"Then I have but one thing more to say. There are good looking girls in this building, Sammis. There are no less than ten typewriters who are as handsome as Mary Anderson and as lovable as Lillian Russell. Don't fall in love with any of them. Don't let your young heart get up any pippat business. To fall in love at your age would ruin your future prospects, and bring the blight of despair to your fond mother's heart. It might also snap the cables of the elevator. Take no chances, Sammis. Treat them with courtesy and respect, but let your demeanor be cold and reserved."

I realized that Mr. Rasher was advising me for my own good, and I determined that he should have no occasion to find fault with me. Many sly attempts were made to capture my young heart, but I nobly resisted them. In time I came to be known as "Cold Storage Sammis," and many a man patted me on the shoulder and said:

"Boy, would that I had your strength of will to resist the soft smiles of a black-eyed typewriter with peachy cheeks!"

But fate was lying in wait for me, and I knew it not. One day a young woman named Sarah appeared in the office of the Tar and Rosin syndicate as typewriter, and when she had made



"SAMMIS, I DOTE ON FRESH ROASTED PEANUTS."

her first trip in my elevator I knew that I was a lost boy. She had wavy hair and teeth of gold, and her smile was as gentle as powdered sugar. As the elevator wobbled upward I turned pale and red and felt shaky in the knees. Sarah noticed my confusion, and, laying her hand on my arm, she softly whispered:

"Sammis, I dote on fresh roasted peanuts. I believe I could eat a peck of them."

That was sufficient for me. All thoughts of that gigantic mortgage fled away, and within an hour a large and generous bag of peanuts rested at her right hand as she worked the keys and clacked. Love came to me with the suddenness of snow sliding off the roof of a house. My mind was in such a whirl that night as I went home that I forgot to beat the conductor out of my fare, and I actually got up and offered an old woman my seat.

"Sammis," said my mother when she saw that my appetite was gone and I no longer cared to be a great man, "if you have fallen in love do not hesitate to confide in your mother. She will save you if anybody can. Even if you are engaged she will find a way of escape."

But I lied to her and made out that I had a lame back and trouble with my left lung. I did not want to be saved. I wanted to go to bed that night and dream of Sarah's gold teeth and wavy hair. The next morning there were gumdrops on her typewriter. They were from me. She came and waited for me at the seventh floor, and as we were alone for a moment she playfully pinched my ear and said:

"Sammis, I don't see how any girl can keep falling in love with you. Some day you may bring me a box of chocolate creams."

She had then ere the sun went down, and next morning she had a bouquet of roses which cost me a punk and a half. In return for them she gave me a smile that displayed all her golden teeth clear back to the last

one. I wanted to die for her that day to prove my love, but I was kept so busy in the elevator that I had no opportunity to throw myself from a window or send out after poison. I did make myself a hero, however. I caught a district messenger boy loading around on the ninth floor and walloped him till he bellowed for mercy. For the next two weeks all my salary went for candy and peanuts and bouquets, and I lied to my trusting mother and told her that I had to give it up for police protection. On two occasions Sarah permitted me to take her out to lunch and pay the shot, and I had to borrow my street car fare home. It was after the second lunch that Mr. Rasher sent for me and said:

"Sammis, there is complaint that your elevator wobbles as you take people up and down. Are you losing your nerve?"

"No, sir."

"Then be a little more careful. A wobbly elevator scares tenants out of a building."

It was my love for Sarah that wobbled the elevator, and I made up my mind that matters had reached a crisis. One noon, when she had pulled my ear and asked me to bang my hair for her sake, I followed her into her room and laid my young and bursting heart at her feet. She laughed at me. With her mouth full of chocolate creams, bought with my cash, she laughed me to scorn. She lay back and laughed, and she stood up and laughed, and when I had been crushed to earth she said:

"Now, bubby, run along and get me a bunch of violets to wear to the theater tonight. I am going with Mr. Oriscol."

I went out of that room a frozen boy. All my confidence in humanity was destroyed in a moment. Never, never again, could I believe in the integrity of woman. I sought my home and fell upon the bed, and I was doctored for fits, loss of memory, blood poisoning and malaria. It was tough and go, but I rallied, and inside of a week I was able to return to my elevator. It is said that I look old and careworn, and that it is easy to guess that I have a burden on my heart, but you watch my smoke. No girl can wreck my life and escape the penalty. I am laying for the faithless Sarah, and Fate is on her trail. She smiles as before when we meet, and her golden teeth gleam in the semidarkness of the cage, but there is no longer a responsive throb in the heart of Sammis, The Elevator Boy.

M. QUAD.

A Great Advantage.

Grimes—I've got my name in the blue book this year, and you can't think how pleasant it has made life seem to me.

Hudson—I can't see what advantage it can be to you.

Grimes—Perhaps not, but it has been a great advantage. Hardly a day passes that I don't get a circular or two from some brokerage firm offering me splendid opportunities for the investment of my surplus thousands. Why, it really makes me feel like a millionaire—a millionaire who doesn't have to pay taxes, mind you.

A Quiet Tip.

"My baby cries half the night," remarked Newpop, with a gigantic sigh.

"That's easily remedied," rejoined Oldwed, who is the proud sire of six interesting juveniles. "All you have to do is to turn on the gas full blaze when he starts the trouble."

"Will that quiet him?" asked Newpop.

"Sure thing," replied the other, who had long since passed the experimental stage. "The light will fool him. He will imagine it is daylight and immediately go to sleep just for the sake of being contrary."

Sure to Say It.

They stood on the lava incrustated shore of the little island that had been destroyed by the volcano.

Blazing torrents still ran down the sides of the mountain, while the very air seemed full of fire.

A man who all along had seemed to be making every effort to control himself at last turned to a companion and chuckled:

"Is it hot enough for you?"

The task of burling him into the belching crater was indeed a glad surcease from the woe of the inhabitants.

Wouldn't Hold Much.

Mamma—What are you thinking about, Tommy?

Tommy (aged five)—I was jes' thinkin' how glad I am. Christmas don't come in the summer time.

Mamma—Why?

Tommy—Cause I wear such teeny weent' short socks in summer time.

"Christmas Coming."

Never mind the burning weather; Summer's flying like a feather! Soon the holly'll deck the hall And the boys cry, "Hands round, all!"

Kings All Over.

You wait impatiently the day.

Poor boy.

When you may put your toys away.

Poor boy!

Through careless childhood you have sped.

Ah, if you might see on ahead,

I woen that you'd shrink back in dread,

Poor boy!

—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE LETTER

"P"

By J. J. a BECKET

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Young Mr. Carlisle Partridge possessed an ample income and an extraordinary talent for the piano. His ambition to be a celebrated performer occupied much of his thought and time. Unfortunately just as he reached the point where he felt warranted in appearing as a professor his health began to show signs of failing. His physician advised change of air and less arduous practice.

Partridge sought out a beautiful country town whose air was invigorating. He engaged a large front room and the use of a rear one, which was a sort of country back parlor. In the former he had a grand piano installed and restricted his use of it to three hours a day, practicing only the numbers for his programme.

The small community was much impressed by this exhibition of opulence and energy. So was the daughter of his landlady, a girl of eighteen. Hetty Humphreys was a bright and exceedingly pretty girl who had already made her mark in the little village world by her standing at the academy. Her mother planned for her a higher flight at Holyoke college.

After a few days the girl's interest in the handsome young musician deepened. She would spend nearly all of the evening hour for practice in the day window, which looked out on the large garden. A honeysuckle vine clambered thickly around this window, whose ledge was only a few feet from the ground. Off a little at one side was a vineclad arbor.

"Do you mind if I sit in the window of the back parlor and hear you play?" she asked. "You do play so beautifully, and of course we get so little music of any kind here that it's a real treat and an education for me. I'm too busy the rest of the day to give it attention."

Mr. Partridge had assented, with the proviso that she should not speak to him until the hour was over. Hetty promised, and when the thing was tied he found that she was as good as her word. In fact, when he had made some remark to her the first night she had not replied. He was so nearsighted that he could not see well into the dark opening of the window. It was not until he had closed the piano and made another remark that he received any response.

"Tired?" No, indeed, but it makes me feel so dreamy I don't want to say a word."

This was as good as could be. So the rehearsals went on through the



EVERY EVENING SHE SAT IN THE BACK PARLOR WHILE HE PLAYED.

lovely summer evenings, the musician feeling a sort of stimulus from his unwearied but silent auditor. Then came a ripple in the placid current of his rustic experience. One morning after he had finished his practice Mrs. Humphreys requested a moment of speech with him. He assented, wondering what she could want. She was the incarnation of prose and country respectability of the narrow but insistent sort.

"I've got to say something to you, Mr. Partridge. It isn't very nice to have to mention it. But, though Hetty is smart, she's only a girl and only used to country ways. She used to like to visit with friends nights, but now she don't show no disposition to do so. It may be the music, and that's all. But she's changed since you came. She's moody at times and then again kind of giddy and excited. I've watched you, and I can see that you don't take more than ordinary notice of Het. But when I found this in her room yesterday it made me do some thinking, and I made up my mind it was time to speak to you. Look at that!"

She unfolded a white cloth and showed a square of deep yellow silk with several bars of music embroidery

ed in each corner. In the middle a large "P" was outlined in the same black silk.

Mr. Partridge took the square, examined the musical bars and nodded his head. Then he looked at Mrs. Humphreys with a mildly inquisitive air.

"You seem to know them musical figures," said she severely. "Have they got any meaning?"

"Why, yes. This is from a Scotch ballad. Could you come back to me, Douglas, Douglas?" He sang the words softly. "This is from 'Carmen.' He sang again 'Si tu m'aimes, Escamillo.' Then this is from 'The Bedouin's Love Song.' The last is a passage from 'A Pastoral Symphony' I practice."

The ingenious young man reddened under the sustained gaze of Hetty's mother.

"It's not just fancy in me," she declared. "That poor child's in love."

"Well, that isn't such a dreadful thing, Mrs. Humphreys, is it? Miss Hetty is about eighteen or nineteen, and girls usually do fall in love about that time."

"I'm not blaming you. But you don't mean to say that you have any serious feelings for my daughter, do you, Mr. Partridge?" She spoke with a red face, but fierce determination.

"Good heavens, no!" exclaimed the musician, with an explosive emphasis that carried conviction. "What—what have I to do with it?"

She put her forefinger on the large funeral "P." "P stands for Partridge, don't it?"

He flushed with annoyance, but there was no gainsaying that it did.

"It must all be a mistake," he protested. "I never see her alone except when she is around when I play evenings, and I don't see her then. She likes to listen quietly and then go away. I am perfectly innocent."

Her expression had softened, though she still looked worried. "I don't blame you, Mr. Partridge, but you can see that it must be stopped."

He did some quick thinking. "I can go away. I meant to stay two weeks longer, but I can get off in a day or two."

Three days later Hetty drove him to the station. Her mother could not oppose this last devotion. She saw him on the train. "I am ever so much obliged for those lovely evenings of music," she said cheerfully, and he could not but admire her bravery.

He hesitated a moment and then said, "I would really like to have the sofa pillow, Miss Hetty."

She looked at him open-eyed, then asked quickly, "How did you know anything about it?"

"Oh, I saw it one day," he replied evasively. "I know all the airs of course, but I shouldn't have guessed it was for me only for the 'P.'"

She burst into a merry fit of laughter. "Did mother show that to you? Upon my word, that wasn't for you!" And she laughed again.

"Oh, pardon me"—But the train pulled up, and he was off.

It had not disappeared when a young fellow came out of the waiting room, and the two drove briskly away.

"George," she said, "that Princeton pillow I made for you mother and Mr. Partridge thought I had made for him."

"Well, there's no harm in that," he laughed back. "If he had only known what a good blind his playing was for those evenings in the arbor, he wouldn't have any suspicions like that. But we've got to hurry to get to the other station. The minister is expecting us in New Haven."

"Oh, George, mother will be surprised! Do you suppose your father will forgive us?"

"If he doesn't, I can stand it, Hetty, dear."

The Barometer Trees of Chileo.

One of the most remarkable productions of the Isles of Chileo is the celebrated "barometer tree," which grows in great profusion in all of the salt marshes. It belongs to the natural order, euphorbiaceae, and is believed to be a near relative of Siphonia elastica, the india rubber tree of Brazil. The wonderful traits of this tree were first made known to white men in 1881, the natives informing the De Young company that both the leaves and the bark of the trees were never failing weather prognosticators. In dry weather the bark of this natural barometer is as smooth and white as that of a sycamore, but with the near approach of storms these characteristics vanish like magic.

Twenty-four hours before a storm breaks over the little island the trunk of every tree of the species turns as black as ebony, save a few scattered patches of carmine, these latter markings being supposed to foretell great electrical disturbance. The leaves, too, which in their normal state hang laterally (as they do on all American trees), drop edgewise and tremble like things endowed with animal life and reason.

A Queer Animal of Madagascar.

One of the most peculiar members of the great family of the mammals is the aye-aye of Madagascar. In form it most resembles a squirrel, in size it is equal to a large cat, and it is so shy, stealthy and ghostlike in its movements that the natives think it is a kind of spirit and regard it with super-

stitious dread. It is related to the lemurs, but it differs from them in many points. Its most remarkable peculiarity consists in the middle finger of its hands, which, instead of resembling the others, is, as Mr. Richard Lydekker says, "extremely thin and spiderlike." Living in the silent forests, the aye-aye possesses extraordinary acuteness of hearing and apparently can locate by the sounds it makes in the trunks of trees the wood boring larvae on which it feeds. Chiseling away the wood with its teeth, the aye-aye inserts its remarkable middle finger to fork out its victims.

Value of the Shilling in 1600.

We know that in Shakespeare's day, say A. D. 1600, sixpence a day was a fortune for any workman, say the equivalent of £10 per annum. A century earlier, before the access to America was open to English explorers, one of the Ardens of Warwickshire left an annuity of 40 shillings per annum to a younger son, probably the poet's great-granduncle. Then if sixpence a day would now be the equivalent of 20 shillings a week then 40 shillings per annum would equate to £120 of present value. —Notes and Queries.

The Garden.

The poorest, commonest garden is a place of enchantment to the true flower lover. Its possibilities are endless, even if the achieved results lack much.

Her Prockle.

She—I can't possibly get my gown for less than \$10, dear.

He—But there's Mrs. Rounder. I'll bet she doesn't pay any such price.

She—But her social position is so much more secure than ours.

A Frog's Skin.

A frog's skin makes the thinnest and at the same time one of the toughest leathers than can be tanned.

Nothing Remarkable.

She—Dear little Fido! See him wag his tail!

Archib—Why—er—what else could he do with it, Miss Birdie?

Olive Trees.

An olive tree yields six pounds of olives when it is three years old. At the age of fifty it yields from twenty-two to twenty-six pounds.

High Heels.

High heels, it is said, owe their origin to Persia, where they were introduced to raise the feet from the burning sands of that country.

Used to It.

He—Did it hurt much to have your ears pierced?

She—Oh, no. They have been bored so much that they didn't mind it.

A Strained Position.

The fellow who wants to hold office in quite a dilemma is found. He can't keep his nose to the grindstone And also his ear to the ground.

Wise, Oh, Wise!

She—He has a bright future before him.

He—I doubt if he ever catches up to it.

Sandwich Island Snakes.

The Sandwich Islands are almost as free from snakes as Ireland. There is but one sort and that very scarce.

Cot With My Love.

Rather a cot
With a little love
Than my name writ red
On the hills above!

Synonymous.

Scribbler—Why does Kimer always refer to a wastebasket as posterity?
Scrawler—Because that's what he's writing for.

Murmurings of the Deep.

Little drops of water
In the billowy wave
Keep a man investing
All that he can save.

Real Trouble.

First Office Boy—Were you really sick yesterday?
Second Office Boy—Sure! I was seasick. Went to de fishin' banks.

One Auditor, Anyhow.

She sought in the legislature.
But they wouldn't let her in;
She tried to bluff the senate.
But it humbugged her chin.
For woman's sphere she hunted,
But it was out of sight;
So now she sits and lectures
Her hubby dear at night.

Old Floors.

In studying the apparently hopeless floors of some old house remember that grease and varnish can be removed from them with lye. Afterward wash the lye out well and wash over with vinegar. The stain is then applied with one or more coats of filler. Finally rub with sandpaper and wax or finish with shellac or varnish, as desired.

Proper Diet For a Year-old Baby.

Give gruels made of wheat, oatmeal or barley, all of which must be most thoroughly cooked; beef juice, and a little mutton or chicken broth from which every particle of fat has been skimmed. She may also occasionally have the juice of half an orange. —Ladies' Home Journal.

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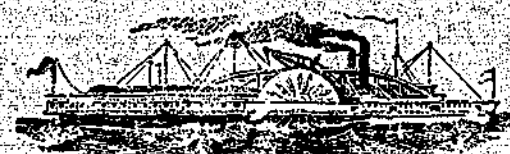
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train for Victoria

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Comox and way ports.

Leaves Comox Friday, 7 a.m., for Na-
naimo and way ports.

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week for Ganges, next week for
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OCTOBER 25th, 1902

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De. 9 00.....Victoria.....	De. 3 00
" 9 28.....Coldstream.....	" 3 28
" 10 24.....Koenig's.....	" 4 24
" 11 00.....Duncan's.....	" 5 00
P.M.	P.M.
" 12 40.....Nanaimo.....	" 6 41
Ar 12 53.....Wellington.....	Ar. 7 03

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1—Daily.	No. 3—Sunday
A.M.	A.M.
De. 8 00.....Wellington.....	De. 3 00
" 8 10.....Nanaimo.....	" 3 15
" 10 02.....Duncan's.....	" 5 00
" 10 42.....Koenig's.....	" 5 36
" 11 38.....Coldstream.....	" 6 32
Ar 12 00.....Victoria.....	Ar 7 00

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An interesting Experiment.

The Mirror and Farmer says: We
have an experiment in progress in which
five open heifers are being fed against
five steers, the entire fifteen head being
all of the same age, raised on the same
farm, sired by the same bull, and all
from the same kind of cows. The ob-
ject of the experiment is to determine
not only the cost of producing beef
under these conditions, but the quality
of the beef as well.

A Beautiful Swiss Custom.

A Swiss mother believes that her child
will have bad dreams unless it is crooned
to sleep. And so, bending low over the
drowsy little one's couch, she sings
something songs of green pastures and
still waters until the little one has
breathed itself peacefully into the land
of Nod.

A Real Tug of War.

At West Lynn, Mass., a locomotive
was coupled to a large electric engine,
and power was applied to them in op-
posite directions. For some time neither
gained an inch, but finally, with the aid
of sand thrown on the track, the loco-
motive came off victorious.

Merely Christening Him.

"Your honor," pleaded the prisoner, "I
was just helping him out a bit. He said
he never had been christened."
"But how did your action remedy mat-
ters?" asked the police magistrate.
"Why, I broke a wine bottle over his
head, didn't I? An any sea farin man
will tell you that's the proper way."—
Chicago Post.

A Custom in Danger.

"The Chinese," said the man who is
always trying to unload back number
information, "have a very curious cus-
tom of paying all their debts the first of
the year."

"Well," answered the man who takes
everything seriously, "I guess they will
get over that habit when it comes to in-
demnities."—Washington Star.

Why He Gets the Best.

First Boarder—How is it that Tact-
leigh always gets the best of everything
at the table?
Second Ditto—Oh, he's such a smooth
chap! Ever since he spoke of the miz
we get as "cream" Mrs. Porter has been
wonderfully gracious to him.—Boston
Transcript.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

Issued Every Wednesday.

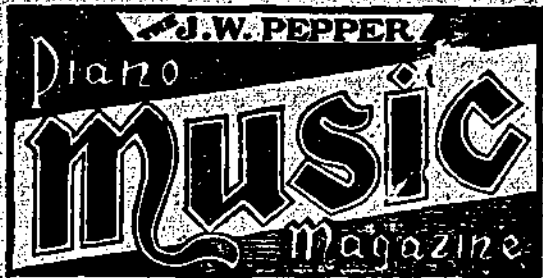
W. B. ANDERSON, EDITOR

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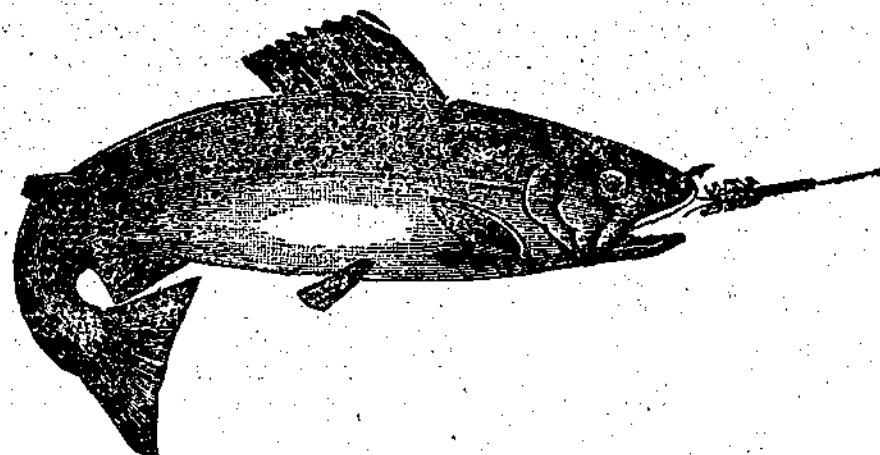
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Q. HOPE JONES TALKS

LECTURES ON THE SUBJECT "THE GOOD SIDE OF BADNESS."

He Shows That Bad Men Have Many Redeeming Traits and Tries to Prove It by Citing the Cases of Nero, Lucrezia Borgia and Cyrus II.

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

My dear friends, the subject of my remarks this evening is "The Good Side of Badness," and before I have finished I hope to make you feel more tolerant toward certain people whose memories have been jumped on with both feet for several generations past. It has cost me much time and money to gather my statistics and see them properly vouched for, but the price of admission to this lecture has remained at the old figure of 25 cents. That is the cost of admission to any hall to



HE MOVED DOWN CATS AND DOGS.

see a trained hog, and compared to one of my lectures a trained hog is as husky to ears of yellow corn.

For hundreds of years the name of Nero has been held up to detestation because he added while Rome burned and because he had a little way of slaughtering from 5,000 to 10,000 prisoners in a batch after a battle. It was also a fancy of his to wipe out towns and depopulate agricultural districts, and we read of his putting out eyes and shaving off ears and toes and fingers. Historians have gone at it and made out that Nero was never so happy as when slicing up orphans or sticking old women full of pins, but that is only one side of his character. We are down on him because he hasn't been given a fair show.

As a kid Nero was placid and serene and content, and he is not even charged with pulling the cat's tail. While other youths were stealing eggs, robbing orchards and breaking schoolhouse windows Nero was drawing clean water for the Monday wash and cutting the grass in the front yard. He was industrious, honest and truthful, and he was an example to be pointed out. He grew to young manhood without a blemish on his character. Such was his probity that at twenty-one you might have searched his rooms over and over again without finding the photograph of an actress or a love letter from a ballet girl. His mother was still tucking him in when he went to bed on winter nights, and he was still loath to part with his hobbyhorse when the blow fell. He tumbled head over heels in love with a female trainer of lions, and in three short months she had broken his heart and mashed his wallet as flat as a pancake. We have all been there. We know what it is to be made a fool of by a girl we would die for. We would do just as Nero did if we had the chance. He first tried suicide, but the rope broke and let him down with a thud, and he rose up with a feeling that he must have revenge on the whole world.

My friends, if that female trainer of lions, who gave a performance every afternoon and was really the first girl in the world to whistle a ragtime air, had not toyed with Nero's young heart he would probably have married and been taken on as keeper of the elephants and the driver of the band wagon, but she toyed, and he became a terror on wheels. He went in to slam things, and Rome suffered. Don't be too hard on him. He had been thrown down, and thrown hard, and he hadn't the stamina to bid his aching heart cease to ache and hunt around for another mash.

History has picked out Lucrezia Borgia and held her up as the monster of her age, and history has committed a great wrong. I started out on her trail feeling that death by hanging was too good for her, but as I traced her career step by step I had to leave my prejudices behind. As a child Lucrezia wouldn't hurt a fly. The sight of a bulldog picking up a cat by the neck would have thrown her into convulsions. As a girl she was sensitive to other people's feelings to an amazing degree. Had a young man with a pimple on his nose been courting her she would have died before asking him why he didn't have it cut off. She was a favorite in society. She always sat down on the edge of a chair and folded her hands and said, "Yes, ma'am," and "No, sir," and she knew nothing what-

ever of flirtations. It was only when she had become a young woman and when she learned that relatives of hers were plotting to rob her of her inheritance and send her out to do upstairs work at \$4 a month that she turned to poison. She dosed them right and left, and when she discovered what a good thing she had she kept on with it. It is pretty well authenticated that she caused the deaths of fourteen different people, and some of 'em had funeral processions a mile long, but an impartial investigation has satisfied me that most of the crowd ought to have been in state prison anyhow. Besides, in those days everybody went around with a pint bottle of poison in his coat-pull pocket, and if you called on a friend and drank a glass of lemonade or pop with him he generally telephoned the undertaker to send up your size in coffins. If Lucrezia hadn't got ahead of the game, it would have got ahead of her, and so what was the poor thing to do? They caught her at it at last and made a great howl over things, but no one should go back on her on account of what history says.

Let us now take up the case of Cyrus II. According to history, nothing pleased him more than to fling six or eight hundred people over a precipice or tie half a thousand innocent children to the tails of wild horses. In one day with his own hand he stabbed 250 captives to death, and he got up bright and early next morning and had 250 buried alive. When Cyrus was in a merry mood, he lopped off the arms of fifty captives and set them to climbing over fences, and when he got up with a headache and a rocky feeling he made a change by lopping off twice that number of heads and watching the bodies play circus. He was full of business, was Cyrus, and he reached the top rung of the ladder before an old friend of his stuck a knife in his back to end his career. Give him a fair show, however. From the time he was big enough to handle a red-hot poker he was set to poking rats with it. They fastened steel claws on his fingers and encouraged him to scratch his nurse, and they turned him loose with a sickle and let him mow down cats and dogs. The idea was to get him to hanker for blood, and in due time he banked. If any one had told Cyrus that it was a sin to gouge out the eyes of seven old women or slice off the noses of seven old men, he would have been truly astounded. He was the big it in Persia. He took to blood instead of golf or football, and the Persians had to pay for it with their heads. It is held up against him in particular that on one occasion he invited 1,000 persons to a birthday party and just as they had got comfortably settled down to enjoy themselves he turned 10,000 of his soldiers loose on the crowd and wiped them out to the last old maid. It wasn't exactly the proper thing to do, perhaps, but there were no books of etiquette in those days, and he could be excused for any little blunders. Let us be charitable and forgiving. Let us remember that he was acting toward others as they itched to act toward him, and if any of the boys on the back benches who have been admitted for half price are named Cyrus let them cling to the name and seek to honor it.

M. QUAD.

Their Restraint.



Gussie (gleefully)—Bah Jove! All 't' girls around here smile at me.

Tom—Well, that shows they have some manners. Anywhere else they would laugh outright.—Chicago News.

Discouraging Circumstances.

Tramp (in the country)—Yes, I once rode a bicycle, but I had ter give it up.

Cyclist—Why?

Tramp—Well, yer see, the owner wuz comin' down the road behind me, and the policeman had a rope stretched across the road in front.

Between Friends.

Mda—Listen to Emma reciting the "Wreck of the Hesperus." How terrible it must have been!

Mabel—Yes, and some people can make it more terrible than it was.—Chicago News.

High Art.

Sue Brette—She's got a new play for next season.

Polly Pinkettes—That so? What is it?

Sue Brette—Musical comedy in three acts and nine new dresses.—Philadelphia Press.

Summer Angling.

He—Indeed, there's jolly good fishing about here. Miss Swift made a great catch when she was here last summer.

She—Yes; that old man was worth at least a million.—Pittsburg Press.

He Set It All Right.

Bill Collector—You say you intend to pay this bill some time. Can't you set a certain day?

Lawyer First—Yes; judgment day.—Baltimore World.

Tame Dog Days.

Times are not what they used to be. We miss those old and faithful friends. The serpent terror of the sea. No more his billowy length extends. No more the kissing bug so bold. Salutes, unimproved, the fair. Our summer joys have all grown cold. And fancy flees we know not where.

Exhausted are those themes so rich. Which once employed our ablest pens. No more we hear of hallstones which in size outdo the eggs of hens. No more we laud the honest dame Who with quadruplets has been blest. No dazzled frog steps into fame. Released from some big tree out west.

And though we love the simple truth, Our mighty nation must bewail That fond companion of its youth. The journalistic fairy tale. And though our power it may unfold Until it touches every clime. We'll miss those gentle yarns of old Which soothed us so in summer time. —Washington Star.

Severe.



She—What are you thinking about?
He—Nothing.
She—Isn't that rather egotistical?

Not For His Health.

"The doctor's all the while grumbling about his patients who won't pay their bills."

"I know it. He says he isn't practicing medicine for his health."

Magnanimous.

Waiter (after a tip)—Er—ahem! I'm the man who waited on you, sir.

Disgusted Customer—All right, my man; don't mention it. I don't bear malice.—New York Journal.

A Hospitable Heathen.

It was high noon and Monday. Worse yet, it was the thirteenth day of the month. A knock was heard at the kitchen door of the Burns mansion. The Chinese servant opened the door. A tramp of long and varied experience accosted him:

"I've been traveling and have played in mighty hard luck," observed the tramp. "I lost all of my money, and now I'm hungry—very, very hungry. Can't you please give me a little bite of something to eat?"

The Chinaman comprehended the situation at once. A benevolent, placid smile spread itself over his entire countenance.

"You likee fish?" he asked of the tramp.

"Yes, I like fish first rate. That will do as well as anything."

"Come—Filday," said the hospitable heathen.

Genuine Limping Limerick.

A maiden who played at croquet. Was ahead, but somehow didn't stue. Then she hollered, "Oh, dear!" And she squeeze out a tear. But her feller he wiped it away!

A Different Matter.

Nell—Why is it that a girl can never catch a ball like a man?

Belle—A man is so much larger and easier to catch.

Practice Makes Perfect.

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave When first we practice to deceive!" But when we've had more practice, my! How straight and fluently we lie!

Popular? Whew!

She—Not very popular in the clubs, eh?

He—I should say not! He knows when to quit in a poker game.

Stained Brass.

Stains on brass will disappear if rubbed with a cut lemon dipped in salt. When clean, wash in hot water, dry with a cloth and polish with a wash leather.

Olive Oil.

American grocers ruin thousands of bottles of good olive oil by keeping it on shelves exposed to heat and light. It should always be kept in a cool, dark place.

Cuba's Mountains.

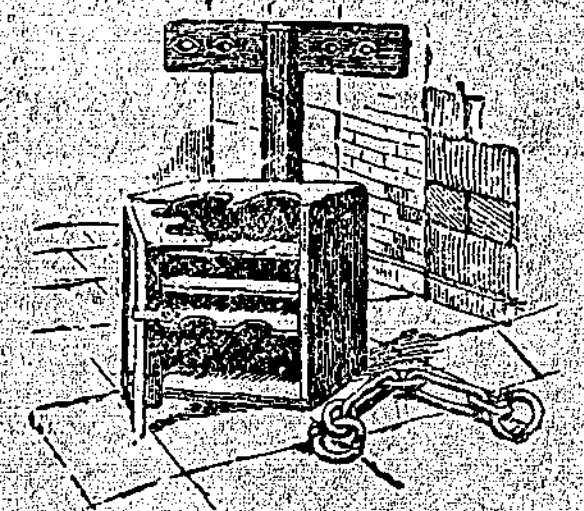
The highest mountains in Cuba reach greater heights than any peaks in the eastern ranges of the United States.

RELICS OF NEWGATE

GRIM OLD PRISON WILL SOON BE A THING OF THE PAST.

Although Building May Go, the Authorities Are Preserving Many Relics in the Guildhall Museum—Some of These Interesting Antiques—But of Sir John Sylvester, Otherwise Called "Black Jack."

Very soon Newgate will be a thing of the past and a new building will arise on the site of the grim old prison. But though the building may go many relics will remain, having been placed by the authorities in the Guildhall museum, says Lloyd's Weekly newspaper. Among these are the magistrates' book of 1814, the minutes book of 1843-1878, the chapel chairs, a leaden cast of the city arms, the old sign of the col-



poration's authority set within the prison, the Lord Mayor's minute book for 1791, a bust of Sir John Sylvester called "Black Jack" on account of his severe sentences, an iron waist-belt, a whipping block and a set of leg irons. The two latter items are among the most interesting in the collection. The whipping block stood for many years in the disused portion of the prison known as Mrs. Fry's Ward, from the fact that the great prison philanthropist visited the unhappy women confined in it. The block is believed to have last been used for a public whipping outside the Old Bailey, in 1807, and was used privately at least once in 1863 for flogging a gaol-rotter. The set of leg irons are said to have been worn by the notorious Jack Sheppard, the house-breaker, on his recapture after his second and last escape from Newgate. Sheppard gained his name first as a prison-breaker, by escaping from the St. Giles Round House and the New Prison. He afterwards made two escapes from Newgate. On the last occasion he was recaptured while drunk, was brought at once to trial and executed at Tyburn, Nov. 16, 1725, just one month from the time of his escape.

Kitchener's War Office.

Lord Kitchener has soon set to work and established a busy "Branch War Office" at 9, West Halkin street, says Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper. It is a modest place for the great general to carry on his business, but it has the merits of quietness and convenience to Bellgrave Square, where



KITCHENER'S NEW HEADQUARTERS.

Lord Kitchener is staying with Mr. Ralli, at No. 17. The rooms, three in number, are on the second floor, over an artist's colorman's store. Lord Kitchener's special room is on the side of the front door, and here he will work for the next few months or so, clearing up arrears in the details of war-making and peace-making.

Will Solve a Problem.

A company has been organized in London which is expected to solve once and for all the eating problem as it faces the bachelor and the servantless household. This company guarantees to send a hot meal anywhere, at any time, at a moderate cost, the dinner to be as good as can be got in any of the first class restaurants. Not only is the dinner sent, but with it goes a complete table service—silver, glass and napery. The idea in itself is not particularly new, but the price for which it is done is surprisingly small. A dinner for one, comprising soup, entrée, roast and sweet, is sent out for 2 shillings. Breakfast costs a shil-

ling and lunch a shilling and sixpence. The company undertakes to supply all the meals of a household at a guinea per week for each one. It has a central kitchen where the food is prepared and specially constructed baskets, so arranged that the hot dishes will stay hot and the cold dishes cold.

Phrenologist—Your bump of destructiveness is very large. Are you a soldier on a pugilist? Bill Dinger—Neither. I'm a furniture remover.—World's Comic.

More About Mary.

Mary had a little nose. That turned up at the point. But a little baby brother came And put it out of joint.

The House Described.

"Is your house a Queen Anne?" "In front, Mary Ann at the back!"

Anxiety.

The latest query everywhere. As hurried by the plain and fair, If one be truly up to date, Is "Is my coronet on straight?"

Piano Wood.

Wood intended to be made into pianos requires to be kept forty years to be in perfect condition.

Betty Botter's Batter.

Betty Botter bought some butter. "But," she said, "this butter's bitter. If I put it in my batter, It will make the batter bitter. But a bit of better butter Will make my batter better. So she bought a bit of better Butter than the bitter butter. And made her batter better. So 'twas better Betty Botter Bought a bit of better butter."

A Successful Player.

Minnie—Myrrilla is really and truly our champion golfer.

Mabel—Nonsense! Minnie—Oh, yes, she is. She has never yet made a round of the links without getting a proposal.

Waste.

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its fragrance on the desert air. Full many a table stands unused between The meals because they don't play ping-pong there.

Curling the Hair.

There is no harmless solution which will make the hair curl without the aid of patent curlers or a heated iron. A thin solution of gum arabic or a decoction of quince seed will retain the curls after they are made, and the application of a little oil will keep them impervious to mist or dampness, but these are the only legitimate means which may be employed.

Necessity.

With beef and corn so very high That worry mars our sleep, We'll soon eat terrapin and plo Because they're rather cheap.

Quite Different.

Maud (of Boston)—I am sure you don't say pants.

Willie—No; I say pawnts.

Who Wait.

All things may come to those who wait, But do not rest upon your oar. For you may find, perhaps too late, The things were not worth waiting for.

His Choice Library.

"My, what a lot of books!" exclaimed Miss Gossyp. "Does your husband read much?"

"No," answered Mrs. Gad. "He buys expensive books, and he's so busy working to pay for them that he does not have time to read."

Strenuous Romance.

They met when the showers of April Were rushing in thousands of rills, And they strayed where the first dandelions

Were gleaming upon the green hills. They gathered the purple peach blossoms And were buoyant beneath the May sky.

He wooed her among the June roses And heard the sweet word in July.

They planned and made ready in August; Ah, swiftly the dreamy days passed!

The wedding took place in September; Their love was rewarded at last.

He brought her back home in October At the end of the honeymoon's course;

She applied to the courts in November And at Christmas received her divorce.

A Little Misunderstanding.

Young Mother—What will you charge for a photograph of my little boy?

Photographer—Three dollars, madam, but it will be considerably cheaper for a dozen.

Young Mother—A dozen! Oh, no, we can't wait so long!—Lippincott's.

Canadian Waters.

From the Atlantic ocean to the head of Lake Superior a vessel may sail in Canadian waters a distance of 2,260 statute miles.

Well, Rather!

"Good morning, Mr. Jonah," remarked the whale affably. "How do you feel this morning?"

"Rather down in the mouth," replied Jonah.

Vacation.

Vacation time will soon be here And hearts be glad once more. When scholars will forget the things They learned a month before.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

Ambition never grows old; in fact it seldom gets beyond the age of discretion.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Relieves Neuralgia.

By buying British coal which pays a shilling export tax per ton, the United States is helping England to pay the cost of the Boer war, says the New York World.

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fullness and Swelling after meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Blisters on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Brightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF. IN TWENTY MINUTES. This is the best medicine for Biliousness and Nervousness. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one box of these PILLS, and they will be acknowledged to be WITHOUT A RIVAL.

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Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver,

they act like magic—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular system; restoring the long lost complexion; bringing back the keen edge to the appetite; and inducing with the Rosebud of Health the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS have the Largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the World.

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France was using 256,000 bicycles in 1895 and 987,000 in 1901. She loves the wheel for the peaceful revolutions that it makes.

The wax bullet invented for the harmless Paris duel may be added to the accessories of future war games.

Despite the rainy weather the latest crop reports prove that umbrellas were not the only thing raised this summer.



Syrup of Figs

ACTS GENTLY ON KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS. CLEANSSES THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY; DISPELS COLDS, HEADACHES & FEVERS; OVERCOMES HABITUAL CONSTIPATION PERMANENTLY. TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS, BUY THE GENUINE—MAN'D BY CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

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A Great Change.
Food Mamma—Isn't baby getting big? Just see how solid he is.
Papa—He does seem solid this morning, and it's remarkable, because he appeared to be all "holler" last night.

What He Missed.
"I was so angry," said Mrs. Henpeck, "when they mistook me for a shoplifter that I just couldn't speak."
"My!" he exclaimed. "I wish I'd been there."

Initials on Garments.
During the eleventh century a fashion of embroidering the initials of the name and the family arms on the garments began in Italy and from that country spread all over Europe.

THE STUDY OF NATURE.

First Thing Needed Is the Right Kind of Person for Leader.

In most cases it is the want of good teaching, not the lack of willingness to be taught, which makes youth turn aside in weariness from the first pages of an unexplored sphere of science, says The London Daily Telegraph. That is the greatest and deepest want to train and provide, namely the right kind of persons, to see little hearts aflame with the thirst for learning the secrets of Nature, and with a spirit to study her ways with an evergrowing gentleness toward the lower creatures and an ever-deepening sense that nothing has been created except for a Divine object and a far-reaching reason. Such is the temper in which the study of Nature must be approached and sustained. The naturalist, or physiologist who explores her secrets from the old motive of curiosity, or for profit, or in emulation of rivals, or to maintain a cherished thesis, has not learned, and never will learn, the ultimate delights which close observation of the wonderful world of Creation can impart. He will grow to be an Agnostic, or Pantheist, or something still more undesirable, but will never taste the joys with which such men as White, of Selborne, or Lord Avebury, or great Darwin, enrich existence. It has been well said by the poet that "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her," and certain it is that none derive a loftier and more enduring pleasure from studying hours than those who have given them to the patient pursuit of the hidden revelations which Nature, finger by finger, allows her favored votaries to unlock from her willing, but tightly-closed hands. But the ultimate secret is that she must be loved. She will yield to the hard-hearted, to the unbelieving, to the selfish and irreverent man little beyond dull catalogues and masses of gloomy, unfruitful facts, but she reserves for those who will share with her her grand mystery of the Divine Love which governs the universe discoveries that often lift the thoughts of men to heights undreamed of and to large generalizations which can fill the most ambitious hearts with noble thoughts and anticipations of splendid hopefulness. If we come down from these heights to the lower ground of utility, of amusement, of expansion of mind, and examples of exquisite invention and adaptation to Nature, in any one of her vast compartments, can satisfy the intellect with vistas of infinite development, and lead the student of new estimates of the value and beauty of life, alike in lower and higher planes. Moreover, how different does the world of sense become to those who pass through it with opened eyes and hearts attuned to admit and to receive the wisdom that is more or less clearly revealed in all its phenomena!

Besant's "Stolen" Chapter.

When Sir Walter Besant was writing his story, "For Faith and Freedom," he needed to send his characters to Barbadoes, as political convicts. But he did not know what to do with them when they got there. Nothing that he could find showed him the daily life of such unfortunates.

One even-ny he received half a dozen catalogues of second-hand books. As he was idly turning them over his eye fell on a title that electrified him: "The Journal of A. B., some time Chyrurgeon to the Duke of Monmouth, with his trial and sentence to the Plantations of Barbadoes, his Captivity there, and his Escape."

The very book! The next morning the eager novelist took a cab and drove at once to the bookseller's. The book was gone. An American had picked it up the day before. But he had at least the title, and armed with that he went to the British Museum where, in the vast ocean of pamphlets, the thing was found. He had it copied out bodily, and had the material for a chapter of his novel that is warm with truth and vividness.

But it remained for a literal man, years after, to reprove him for this historic faithfulness. Sir Walter had told him the story of his "find," and the man said coldly, "Then you stole that chapter!"

The Queen's Horses.

Her Majesty Queen Alexandra used to be extremely fond of riding; she had a most graceful seat, rode about the lanes continually with her children, and occasionally appeared at the hunt meets. But she is not so keen a rider now, having given that exercise up a great deal in favor of driving, or the more recent motor-car runs.

Her Majesty drives single horse or a pair, four-in-hand, or tandem. She has, among others in her stables, a very pretty team of Hungarian ponies, a smart little mare used for the "Blues" cart, and a beautiful creature, named Louvina, the latter presented to the Queen by her daughters, its name being a compound of the first letters in the names of the princesses. Whenever Her Majesty appears on horseback Louvina is the animal she rides.

Period of Deepest Sleep.

The period of deepest sleep varies from 3 o'clock to 5. An hour or two after going to bed you sleep very soundly; then your slumber grows gradually lighter, and it is easy enough to waken you at 1 or 2 o'clock, but when 4 o'clock comes you are in such a state of somnolence that it would take a great deal to waken you.

A WELLAND MERCHANT.

He Says He is Now Feeling Better Than He Has For Many Years.

An Open Letter in Which a Prominent Citizen Gives a Strong Recommendation for Dodd's Kidney Pills, a Remedy Which He Says Restored Him to Good Health.

Welland, Ont., Oct. 20.—(Special).—Mr. J. J. Yokom, grocer and provision merchant of this place, has given for publication an open letter as follows:—

For a year or more I had been ailing with Kidney Trouble in all of its worst forms. I had a very depressed feeling in my head and little or no appetite, a constant feeling of languor, and I became greatly reduced in weight.

At times I was entirely incapacitated. I have spent considerable money in medicines of different kinds, but did not get any good results. I also doctored with a physician of vast experience, but got no benefit.

At last I became discouraged and hopeless of ever being well again. One day by luck I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and began to use them.

From the first they seemed to suit my case exactly, and when I had taken five boxes my old trouble had entirely disappeared, and I was feeling better than I had in many years.

I am now in splendid health and able to stand great exertion, in fact my general health is better than it has been in a long time.

Since my recovery I have told many others of Dodd's Kidney Pills and how they cured me to stay cured. Many of them say it seems impossible and yet they know it is true.

(Signed) J. J. YOKOM.

Mr. Yokom has been a resident of Welland for years and is known to every man, woman and child in the town. He was born in the neighboring township of Crowland, within 3 miles of his present home, and is known as a man of Christian principles who would not make a statement that would in any way be misleading.

Many a son of his father would never be heard of were he not fined for speeding an automobile. This is the cheapest kind of fame.

Horse Health



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

Dick's Blood Purifier

will build up a run down horse. It tones up the system, rids stomach of bots, worms and other parasites which undermine an animal's health.

50 cts. a package. LEEMING MILES & CO. AGENTS. MONTREAL.

When baking cakes or scones, if the soda is dissolved in a little boiling milk it prevents the disagreeable lumps which are so often seen.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

A document on vellum signed by Guy Fawkes, and relating to a sale of land in 1692, has been sold for \$101 at Sotheby's.

It is usually the backbiter that gives affront.

One small portion of the Wankie coalfield in Rhodesia is estimated to be capable of yielding 1,000 tons per day for 100 years.

Marconi, in one respect may now rank with Hannibal and Napoleon. He has conquered the Alps.

"KELPION" (A STANLEIGH IODINE OINTMENT.)

Endorsed by best English medical journals. Supplied to British soldiers in South Africa. For all Throat and Gland Troubles, Lumps, Abscesses, Old Sores, Ulcers, Felons, Skin Diseases, Eczema, Pimples, Stiff Joints, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sprains, Bruises, Piles, Cuts, Sore Feet, Psoriasis. Sold by Druggists, 25c. Try it once.

ASK FOR Ogilvie Oats Delicious flavor. Free from hulls. Warranted Pure. Put up in all sized packages. Ogilvie's Hungarian As now manufactured. The great FAMILY FLOUR. Insist on getting "OGILVIE'S" as they are better than the Best. HAVE NO EQUAL.

GOLD STANDARD TEA Is a blend of choicest INDIAN and CEYLON. Unequalled for PURITY & STRENGTH

To clean stone, rugs and jars fill them with water, adding a table-spoonful of baking soda to each gallon of water. Let it stand over night. If not thoroughly cleansed repeat the operation.

\$100 REWARD \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the Best.

The up-to-date actress is a good artist. At least, she knows how to paint.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise-Head) Disinfectant Soap, powder dusted in the bath softens the water at the same time that it disinfects.

Good management is better than a good income, but both together are better than either separately.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

He who sings drives away sorrow but often causes sorrow to his neighbors.

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y. writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most-to-be-dreaded disease, Dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money."

Some people are afraid, and call it virtue.

Men going down in the new submarines for the first two or three times become almost stupefied by the strong fumes of gasoline used in propelling the vessels.

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

Yours truly, J. D. LEVESQUE. St. Joseph, P.Q., Aug. 18, 1900.

It is a mistake to think that we can make our homes comfortable with heated discussions.

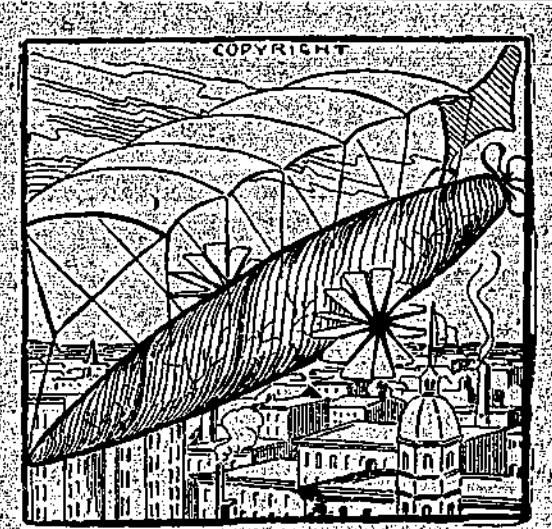
A dark secret is the kind that usually comes to light.

The railroads employ in the State of Nebraska 18,500 men on their roads.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Camille Flammarion, the astronomer and social reformer, has introduced a bill in the French Chamber of Deputies for the rationalizing of the calendar. He wants the year to start with the vernal equinox, and to consist of 364 days.

On Christmas every policeman in the city of London receives from Lord Rothschild a briarwood pipe and an ounce of tobacco.



HIGH ABOVE all other Cigars sail LUCINAS

Just because of that sweet flavor we keep telling you about. It's there. Try one. You'll find it. GEO. F. BRYAN & CO., WINNIPEG.

HALCYON HOT SPRINGS SANITARIUM Arrow Lake, B. C.

Situated midst scenery unrivalled for grandeur. The most complete health resort on the continent of North America. Its baths cure all Nervous and Muscular diseases. Its waters heal all Kidney, Liver and Stomach ailments. They are a never-failing remedy for all Rheumatic troubles. TERMS—\$15 to \$18 per week, according to residence in Hotel or Villas.

Some women come down town so seldom that they are so timid they always suggest a (at that is crossing the street.

Sprained Ankle Cured

Another Remarkable Case Where St. Jacobs Oil Worked a Wonder



Mr. W. H. Allen, Jr., of 17 Denmark street, Aston, Birmingham, writes under date of May 29th, 1896: "I am a driver for the Keystone Bottling Co., of Birmingham, and I had the misfortune to be pitched off my wagon, and besides being bruised from head to foot my ankle joint was put out and my foot severely sprained. I tried many embrocations, but received no benefit; I then went to the hospital, but after having been treated for a considerable time, I left, not any better. I then determined to try St. Jacobs Oil, and I can assure you that before I used the contents of one bottle my ankle was as sound as ever, and I was able to go to work as if nothing had happened."

If feet indicate a man's character, a shoemaker ought to have a good chance to study his characteristics.

FAGGED OUT.—None but those who have become fagged out know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parmelee's Pills.

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

W. B. Anderson, Editor.

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

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

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

POLITICAL

Two candidates are in the field for North Victoria—Mr. H. L. Robertson and Mr. T. W. Paterson. Mr. Robertson is a supporter of the Prior Government. Mr. Paterson, independent. At North Nanaimo everything seems to be favorable towards Mr. McInnes and it is generally conceded that that gentleman will be elected by a handsome majority. In the course of an address delivered at Ladysmith last week Hon. Mr. McInnes made the following statements regarding railways—

"In the bill which would be brought down by the government at the next session of the House every interest of the people would be amply safeguarded, but assistance would be given to promoters so as to make it profitable to build, either by cash bonuses or by land grant. In either case complete control of freight rates would be retained. Provision for a return of the loan from the companies would be carefully considered, and it was likely that one feature of the old bill would be retained, that four per cent. of the gross earnings would be paid into the provincial treasury.

If a land grant is given, it would not be made without providing for the taxing of the land. This must hereafter be made a part of every land grant. The province must reserve the right to tax land.

The rights of the settlers would be fully protected. They would be allowed to settle on railway land under the same conditions as on government lands, and the prospect would be secured in his rights to prospect for minerals, to locate claims and secure crown grants for them precisely as if he were prospecting on government land. The speaker said he recognised that the resources of the country must be the source of the country's revenue and land grants to railways must bear their share of the burden of taxation.

Men's Overcoats and Boys' Suits to clear at reduced prices, at Moore & Co's.

THANKSGIVING STORY.

AN OVERSIGHT.

My Dear, said Mrs. Bloogress to her husband, I want you to invite your bachelor friends to eat Thanksgiving dinner with us.

I shall be glad to do, said Mr. Bloogress, and no doubt one and all be delighted to come. But you know the old boys, and how they all have a constant desire to return some of our hospitality. They say that it embarrasses them to be constantly invited to dinners with us and never given a chance to reciprocate.

I have it! exclaimed the lady. Why not suggest to each of them he bring a small contribution to the dinner in the shape of one of the ingredients for the pumpkin pie?

Ladies' Flannelette Night Gowns, Underwear, Shirt Waists, Hose, &c., just in, at Moore & Co's.

MONSOON

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

Yours truly,

SARAH GRUNDY.

We will call it a partnership pie, for they shall furnish the materials while I go into the kitchen and bake it.

Mr. Bloogress said this was just the thing, and sat down and wrote the invitations, urging each of the old boys to be sure and come, and outlined the pie scheme in detail.

Major Goat was the first to arrive on Thanksgiving day. He paid his choicest compliments to the hostess and then drew from his pocket a long, dark flask, with the remark—My dear lady, hyuh is some o' the fines' brandy that evah touched the lips o' man. It is an heirloom in my family, and I assuah yo' that it would nevah go out o' the family's keeping except on an occasion such as this. It is a vital part o' the pumpkin pie.

Mrs. Bloogress thanked him in her happiest manner, and just then Colonel Hostrott came in. He carried a package which he unwrapped with great solemnity, disclosing a bottle of brandy.

My contribution for the pie he said. A bottle of the richest brandy that ever was seen in the grand old state of Kentucky. It will drive the skeleton from the feast and paint pictures on the brain of man when it comes to us in the guise of that pumpkin pie which is to be formed by the fair hands of our charming hostess.

Mrs. Bloogress thanked the Colonel very effusively. Old General Thundah was the next arrival.

Hyuh I am! he cried, an' hyuh's my part o' the great an' only pie—a pint o' the grandest brandy evah coursed its happy way adown the delighted throat of a true Kentuckian. It is part o' a quantity o' the liquor that has been cherished in mah family since mah father was a child. On none but an occasion such as this would a drop o' it be permitted to be tasted by an 'outsidah.

Before Mrs. Bloogress could think of something to say to him in came Captain Shootser and Judge Sorghum, each bearing carefully a neatly-tied parcel. They began in unison—Here is some of the finest brandy that ever— Then they stopped. They look at the three

bottles which already stood upon the table; they looked at Mrs. Bloogress; they looked at each other. A deep and impressive silence fell upon them all. It was broken by the General who remarked—Gentlemen, I move that a committee of five be appointed to go out an' forage for a pumpkin.—JUDGE.

Gents! Fine Suspenders, largest and best stock in town, at Moore & Co's.



"COAL MINES REGULATION ACT AMENDMENT ACT, 1901."

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

27th November, 1902.

HIS HONOUR the Lieutenant-Governor in Council has been pleased to appoint the following persons to be Members of the Board of Examiners at the coal mine written opposite their respective names, namely—

JOSEPH PHILIPS PLANTA, of Nanaimo, Esquire, Nanaimo Mine.

WILLIAM JOHNSTON, of Comox, Esquire, Comox Mine.

WILLIAM G. SIMPSON, of Ladysmith, Esquire, Wellington (Extension) Mine.

ANDREW COLVILLE, of Feuille, Esquire, Coal Creek Mine.

J. K. MILLEN, of Morrissey, Esquire, Morrissey Mine.

EVAN EVANS, of Michel, Esquire, Michel Mine.

Such appointments to take effect on the 1st day of January, 1903.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia, at its next sitting, for a Private Bill, to incorporate a Company to build, equip, maintain, and operate a line of Railway, of standard or other gauge, with any kind of motive power.

From a point at or near the mouth of Adam's River, on Vancouver Island; thence south-westerly by the most feasible route to the valley of the Klance River; thence south-westerly by the most feasible route, to a point at or near the mouth of Gold River on the West Coast of Vancouver Island; and from a point on the said line of Railway at or near Davie River, by the most feasible route to a point at or near Heate Channel on the West Coast of Vancouver Island.

With power to construct, operate and maintain branch lines to any point within 20 miles of the main line of the said railway.

Dated at Vancouver, this 25th day of November, A. D., 1902.

D. G. MACDONELL,

SOLICITOR FOR APPLICANTS.

10.12.02 6t

To Have something Swell.

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

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

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

NANAIMO STEAM CARRIAGE WORKS,

3-12-02

STANLEY CRAIG, Prop.

MAGNET CASH STORE

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

TERMS: — Strictly Spot Cash.

Dunsmuir Avenue,

Cumberland, B.C.

XMAS CARDS and CALENDARS

NOW IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY to select your
Xmas Presents. Something new each boat in

SILVER AND CUT GLASS ARTICLES,
LEATHER, TOILET CASES, PURSES
AND CARD CASES

PERFUME OF THE MOST DELICATE ODOURS

ALSO A FINE STOCK OF

NEW PRESENTATION - BOOKS.

GIVE US A CALL AND INSPECT THEM.

A. H. PEACEY,

Dunsmuir Avenue,

Cumberland, B.C.

Cold Storage: Air Dry System.

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

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

UNION BREWING CO., LTD.

Phone 27

DUNSMUIR STREET

P. O. Drawer 45

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia at its next session for an Act to incorporate a Company with power to lay out, construct, equip, operate by steam, electricity, or other motive power, and maintain a single or double track standard or narrow gauge railway (a) from a point on the coast at or near Burke Channel or Bentinck Arm, then by way of the Bella Coola River, Palmer's Trail and Black Water River to the Pine River Pass or Yellowhead Pass, or both, thence to the Eastern boundary of the said Province; (b) and from a point at or near where the line of the railway mentioned above intersects the one hundred and twenty fifth meridian to a point on Burrard Inlet; and with further power to build, construct, equip, maintain and operate as aforesaid branch lines of the said railway not exceeding 150 miles in length; and with power to build and operate tramways in connection therewith; and with power to construct, equip, maintain and operate all necessary roads, bridges, ways, ferries, steamboats, wharves, docks, elevators, warehouses, hotels, depots and coal bunkers; and with power to build, own, equip, operate and maintain telegraph and telephone lines in connection with the said railway, or its branches, and to construct, equip, maintain and operate branch lines in connection with the said telegraph and telephone lines; and with power to carry on a general transportation business; and to build and operate all kinds of plant for the purpose of supplying light, heat, electricity, or any kind of motive power; and to acquire lands, bonuses, privileges, or other aids from any Government, Municipalities, persons or other bodies corporate, and with power to carry on a general Express business, and to promote companies, and to make traffic or other arrangements with railway, steamboat or other companies; and with power to construct, acquire, operate and dispose of smelters, reduction, refining, concentrating or other works for the handling and treatment of ores, and to acquire, operate and dispose of coal lands, and with power to ex-

propriate lands for the purposes of the Company, and to take such powers as are given to Companies under Part 4 of the "Water Classes Consolidation Act, 1897," and with power to levy and collect tolls from all persons using, and on all freight passing over any such railways, tramways, wharves, or vessels owned or operated by the Company; and with power to build wagon roads to be used in the construction of the said railway, and in advance of the same; and to levy and collect tolls from all persons using, and on all freight passing over any such roads built for the Company, whether before or after construction of the railway; and with power to sell out its undertaking, and to purchase the undertaking of any other company; and with all other usual, necessary or incidental rights, powers or privileges as may be necessary or conducive to the above objects or any of them.

Dated at Victoria, B.C., this 2nd day of December, A.D., 1902.

ROBERTSON & ROBERTSON,
Solicitors for the Applicants.

17.12.02 6t

NOTICE.

The Annual Business Meeting of Shareholders of the Comox Creamery Association, will be held on Saturday, the 20th of December, in the Agricultural Hall, at Courtenay at 7.30 p.m.

J. MUNDELL.

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

Dominion Garment Co.,
Guelph, Ont.

3.12.02

Box 209.

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