Pam Library 33

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

NINTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1902.

The BIG STORE

After Stock-Taking Sale.

ON going through our Stock for the purpose of taking an Inventory of same, we came across several lines which we think would be best to dispose of before our **New Imported Goods** arrive. On Saturday next, the 22nd inst., we will place these Goods on our tables at **Bargain Prices**, prices that will not fail to clear them out.

Particulars will be furnished by Hand-bills.

SIMON LEISER,
Cumberland, B.C.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

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

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

FOR

USEFUL ARTICLES

which are ornamental as well and a source of lasting pleasure.

WE HAVE A MOST COMPLETE ASSORTMENT—

EASY CHAIRS, LADIES' DESKS, MUSIC CABINETS, WORK BASKETS, PARLOR TABLES, CHINA CLOSETS, HEARTH RUGS, TABLE COVERS, FINE CURTAINS, TABLE LINENS, NAPKINS, BUREAU COVERS, TEA AND DINNER SETS, SILVER WARE, RODGERS CUTLERY, CHINA AND BRONZE ORNAMENTS.

Our Catalogue gives full information and Prices—Free to you.

WEILER BROS.,
THE FURNISHERS. VICTORIA, B C

TRY US FOR

JOB PRINTING

Work of Every Description at Moderate Rates.

CIRCULARS.
NOTICES
BILL-HEADS
LETTER-HEADS
MEMORANDUMS
ENVELOPES
BUSINESS CARDS
LABELS & BAGS
BILLS OF FARE
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CONCERT PROGRAMMES
BALL PROGRAMMES
DISPLAY BILLS
POSTERS
CONCERT TICKETS
BALL TICKETS
MENUS
RECEIPT FORMS
ABSTRACT OF ACCOUNTS
ETC., ETC., ETC.

ORDERS EXECUTED WITHOUT DELAY.

COUNCIL MEETING.

The City Council met on Monday night Mayor Willard presiding, the Aldermen present were Messrs Calnan, Bate, Reid, Robertson and Partridge.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted.

The following accounts were produced:—Leiser & Co.'s amended account for coal oil $36 45; Tarbell, $16 45, $3 85, and $1 50.

Some discussion took place regarding one of Mr Tarbell's account's, re fitting up stove pipes, being too exorbitant.

Moved that it be referred to Finance Committee. Carried.

A communication was received from Mr J. P. Cranston, Ontario, giving sample of dog tag, price-list, &c.

Moved that communication be acknowledged. Received and filed.

Ald. Reid intimated that as requested at last meeting, he had seen Mr Mounce re verandahs, and thinks that the tenants might raise some objection to them being removed.

Ald. Bate said that Mrs Piket was quite willing to remove lower portion of verandah.

Mr Banks, city constable, reported that to construct a suitable side walk from Stevenson's to Campbell's bakery would amount to about $60.

Ald. Partridge—Mrs Piket would remove the lower landing but not the verandah above.

Ald Reid—Mrs Piket did not say definitely what she would do, but would let Council know after she returned from Victoria. He thought they should have the sidewalks clear of all obstructions.

Ald. Partridge thought that if the sidewalks were kept in proper condition by the landlords the verandahs should be left as they are.

Ald. Reid moved that Dr. Gillespie be recommended to the Lieutenant Governor for the position of health officer.

Ald. Bate gave notice of motion that he would move an amendment to section 14, Streets by-law, at next meeting.

Ald. Reid moved that a committee be appointed to draw up a petition for the purpose of establishing a branch bank here. He thought there would be no difficulty in supporting it judging by the amount of money spent by farmers of the surrounding district in town.

Ald. Bate, in seconding the motion, said that the people would not hesitate a moment to acquiesce in the desirability of such an institution being established here, as it would simplify relationship with other business houses throughout the province.

Ald. Partridge, in speaking in favour of the motion, said that he would not like it to be a private concern, and was sure that if the Colliery Company supported it there would be no doubt of its success.

Agreed.

Aldermen Bate, Reid and Partridge were appointed as committee.

Ald. Reid moved that a few of the prominent business men in town be asked to act with them in the securing of this requirement.

Unanimously agreed to.

Mayor Willard said that Mr Martin offered to uproot 35 stumps on Third Street, Dunsmuir Avenue, at a very reasonable figure.

Ald. Partridge said tenders should be called for.

Ald. Bate was of the same opinion and would like to see a sidewalk constructed.

Ald. Partridge, thought that there were sidewalks needed which were much more necessary than that one

Ald. Reid said that it would be best to keep sidewalk repaired in the meantime, but opposite Stevenson's should be renewed altogether as it is in an extremely bad condition.

Ald. Reid moved that tenders be called for to remove stumps from 3rd St., to Martin's lot on Dunsmuir Avenue.

Carried.

Ald. Bate moved that sidewalk be laid from Halcrow's corner to Comox road. Agreed.

Ald. Reid moved that tenders be called for rough and dressed lumber for sidewalks. Carried.

Ald Bate moved that sidewalk from Halcrow's corner to Comox road be 8ft. wide, but failed to find a seconder.

Ald. Partridge complained that the Early Closing By-law brought into force some time ago is being violated and he thought that steps should be taken to have it enforced.

Ald. Bate agreed with Ald. Partridge, but at the same time there should be a complaint formally lodged against any suspected party.

Ald. Calnan, referring to Mr Marocchi, baker, asked if he was open after 6 o'clock to serve bread only?

Ald. Partridge did not see why an exception should be made in the case of bakers.

It was decided, on the motion of Ald. Partridge seconded by Ald. Reid, that Mr Banks be instructed to see to it that the By-law be enforced.

The meeting then adjourned.

Funeral of the late Jas White.

The last sad rites were performed over the remains of the late Mr J. White on Thursday afternoon the funeral service being conducted by Rev. Mr Wilkinson, and the Masonic fraternity having charge of the funeral arrangements. These with a large assemblage of friends attending, thereby showing the esteem and respect in which the deceased gentleman was held. Many beautiful floral designs were sent by sympathizing friends and relatives. The pall-bearers were Messrs G. W. Clinton, R. Cessford, T. Beckensell, R. S. Robertson, D. Stevenson and N. McFadyen.

The late Mr White was born in Paisley, Renfrewshire, Scotland, and had resided in Union for 13 years. At the time of his death he was 62 years of age and leaves a widow and large family of sons and daughters to mourn the loss of a kind and devoted husband and father. The interment took place in Cumberland cemetery beside the remains of his son John, who was one of the victims of the explosion which saddened so many homes in Union and Cumberland last February.

WHARF NOTES.

The Transfer was in on Saturday for a load of coke.

S.S. Otter loaded a cargo of coal for Victoria, Friday.

S.S. Tepic and scows, and the s.s. Kildonan and scows have each made two trips to Vancouver with coal this week.

Ship Oriental, capt. Parkin, arrived from San Francisco on Wednesday, in tow of the tug Sea Lion. She loads a full cargo of coal for San Francisco.

S.S. Wellington, capt. Salmond, arrived from Skagway on Wednesday evening, loaded a full cargo of coal and sailed on Friday morning for Douglas Island, Alaska.

The barge Robert Kerr, arrived from Vancouver in tow of the Czar on Saturday. She loaded 1200 tons of coal and sailed on Sunday afternoon. This cargo of coal is to be transferred to tha s.s. Tartar at Vancouver for fuel for her next voyage to the Orient.

S.S. Trader called in on Wednesday for bunker coal, bound north to Fitzhugh Sound with wrecking appliances to endeavour to salve the s.s. Bertha which stranded a few day ago. It is said there is good ground for thinking that she will be got off as the hull is of wood and very strongly built. She will stand the strain much better than if she was built of steel or iron.

NEW... GOODS

...Our Stock of...

STAPLE DRY GOODS

....is now coming in....

COME IN AND HAVE A LOOK.

C. J. MOORE,
Dunsmuir Ave., Cumberland.

I.O.O.F. BANQUET.

Cumberland Encampment, No. 6, I.O.O.F., entertained visiting Grand Chief Patriarch, Jas. Crossan, at a banquet in the Cumberland Hotel on Wednesday evening last. Thirty brethren sat down to a repast that would satisfy the most fastidious, and which was prepared under Mrs Piket's careful supervision. The Oddfellows are not at all odd in their social gatherings for they know well how to entertain their friends and enjoy themselves.

Following was the programme of the evening:—

"King," proposed by F. Pickard, "President, U.S.A." proposed by R. Hornal, responded to by G. Clinton; "Grand Encampment of B.C." proposed by Jas. Crosson; "Army and Navy," proposed by R. Cessford, responded to by Rev. J. A. Cleland; "Dominion of Canada," proposed by W. D. Connors, responded to by Rev. Mr Glassford; "Province of B.C." proposed by G. Clinton, responded to by T. Bate; "Wellington Colliery Co." proposed by William McLellan, responded to by A. McKnight and G. Clinton; "Sov. of Grand Lodge," proposed by R. Hornal, responded to by H. Waller; "Kindred Societies," proposed by J. Fulcher, responded to by R. Cessford, (Masonic), James Reid, (K. of P.), D. McDonald, (L. of L.) M. Magnone, (Druids), and T. E. Bate, (W. of W.): "Ladies," proposed by J. Kesley, responded to by C. Vater; "Absent Bros." proposed by J. Crosson, responded to by J. McLeod; "Hostess," proposed by W. McLellan, responded to by Mrs Piket. Songs, &c., were rendered in good style by H. Murdock, J. Fulcher, R. Gibson, R. Hornal, J. H. Piket, H. Mitchell, and Rev. Mr Cleland, and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by the company brought a pleasant evening to an end.

PASSENGER LIST FOR FEBY. 20.—Messrs Ralstin, Moras, Sanito, Nick, Gilibur, Hill, Ella, Armstrong, J. and P. George. Ross, Gillispie, Henderson, Ellis, Campbell, Marsden, McMillan, Meyer, and Rev. Wilkinson; Mesdames Ramsay, Moras, Marsden, McKay, Berkley and McMillan.

A GODDESS OF AFRICA.

A Story of the Golden Fleece.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBONE

It would not be strange, for these tribes have coalesced on several occasions when a war was being waged upon their common bete noir, the white settler.

About the middle of the afternoon came a shock. A large force of the impis was discovered advancing straight towards the rocky mound which sheltered them.

At first Jim was of the opinion they were following the trail, but he presently changed his mind. It was more likely some lone scout had discovered their camp, spied upon them in spite of their precautions, and then carried his startling news to the nearest aggregation of warriors.

At any rate the result was the same.

They had discounted such a desperate chance. It is having it before their eyes hour and minute of the day and night, when finally the worst did break upon them, no one showed fear.

Perhaps there was a compression of lips, a flashing of determined eyes, and itching hands reached out for guns and pistols.

They were ready to give battle to the whole Matabele nation if need be, for such men do not count numbers when the fever rages in their veins.

Bludsoe was in his element.

He issued his orders as the recognized leader of the little company, with a clearness that told of perfect confidence.

Those under him were posted so as to command the vulnerable points of attack.

Even Rex, with his small experience in affairs of this kind, could see that so long as the ammunition held out, with ready arms to wield the Remingtons, were there ten times an hundred desperate fighters below, they could not carry the wilderness fort.

This so long as daylight lasted.

When night fell, the danger would increase, or should the supply of cartridges run short, so they would be compelled to fight hand to hand, there was a chance that the gallant defenders of the hill would be overwhelmed by superior numbers.

There was no longer a doubt with respect to the fact of their presence being known to the advancing blacks, who ran forward, jostling each other in their eagerness, brandishing weapons and uttering war-cries thrilling enough to chill the blood.

They reached the base of the rocky pile.

Not a shot had been fired—indeed, the defenders had not even disclosed their presence by any incautious act.

Jim was biding his time, just as Putnam did at historic Bunker Hill—each shot must count, and until the whites of the Matabele's eyes could be discerned, not a bullet should go forth upon its mission.

Pushing after each other the blacks were half way up the narrow defile when above the cries of the rabble sounded Jim's:

"Now!"

A flash—a tremendous crash that seemed to cause the very foundations of their rocky fortress to quiver, and the game was on.

For a score of seconds nothing was to be heard but the detonation of Winchesters, forming one fearful confused rattle, together with the shrieks of the wretches whom this whirlwind of lead mowed down in the cut.

Then the firing ceased.

There was no longer an enemy in sight upon whom further shots might be spent. The smell of burnt powder filled the air, and as the breeze lifted the canopy of white smoke a fearful scene was disclosed.

It was a murderous fire the Matabele had faced, crowded into that narrow defile as they were.

Flesh and blood could not stand it longer, and it was no wonder those who were able had backed out of the death hole to hide behind outlying rocky spurs, and recover their breath.

The defile was not so deep by a foot or two, as it had been before the mad assault, since it was carpeted with human bodies.

Bludsoe set the example to his men by replenishing his partially exhausted magazine, and then coolly awaited the next move of the enemy.

Their situation had advanced from bad to worse, for the noise of battle must have been heard for miles around, and by nightfall every black warrior within leagues of the rocky ramparts would be hurrying toward the scene of disturbance.

What then?

That night might be their last—upon those heights they would grapple with the grim monster Death, and fighting to the finishing gasp lay down their lives as became brave men.

Those who had escaped the slaughter did not appear to hanker after a second experience in a hurry.

They dodged about among the spurs of rocks, or else met incoming bands to place them in possession of the facts.

Thus the day drew near an end, with fully two hundred furious blacks in the immediate neighborhood of the rock fort, and others still hastening to the hub of the disturbance.

Just as the sun was sinking behind the range of ragged hills to the west, the suppressed enthusiasm of the impis again burst all restraint, and the warriors came pouring up the defile, at the same time trying to effect a lodgment in various other quarters.

Again the fiery blaze, again the crash of guns rolling like thunder over the neighboring kopjes, again men falling like ripe grain under the scythe of the reaper—and the name of that husbandman was Death.

Every man stood up to the task and did his duty nobly. When Jim swept his eyes around and noted the regularity with which they pumped the lead out of their magazine guns, he felt proud of them, proud of being associated with them.

Like the first made assault, this one also proved a failure, though the Matabele would not give up until they had lost frightfully.

This time they endeavored to counterbalance the effect of the torrent of lead which the besieged let loose, by a flight of assegais and various weapons.

Many of these failed to cover the distance and struck the face of the rock, only to fall back again; but there were some that had been hurled with muscular force that sent them among the defenders.

Red Eric had one in his thigh, luckily with little damage, the dauntless French professor was seen tugging at a shaft that had penetrated his coat and pinned him to the ground, while Bludsoe came within an ace of yielding up his life then and there, a keen pointed assegai grazing his head as he jerked back out of the way.

When the baffled assailants drew sullenly off, those on the heights breathed more freely. A few more such mad assaults and their limited stock of ammunition would be gone, when annihilation must ensue.

So the night swathed them about with her mantle of darkness. Never was night more ungraciously received, for in her train she brought new perils to the beleaguered little band of hardy adventurers—concealed by her dark robes the cunning enemy would seek to develop other schemes for overwhelming those whom they had twice assailed without result, save the decimating of their number.

Bludsoe foresaw great trouble ahead, and he endeavored to arrange for a saving in the line of ammunition.

Rocks were plentiful, and there was nothing to hinder them from accumulating these jagged fragments in certain places where they could be of the most positive value. When these were rained down upon the defenseless heads of the impis, the result must be disastrous. No doubt they would then screen themselves under their rhinoceros hide shields, but in so doing it would necessarily expose them to the full force of the pitiless streams of lead. Besides, when a rock weighing perhaps one or two hundred pounds drops some distance it is sure to acquire such frightful momentum that the unlucky savage below is apt to find himself flattened out like a pancake under his shield.

Burnham and his companion had conducted themselves as brave men should, and were of inestimable assistance to those whom they had so strangely met.

After the second repulse of the blacks, a council of war was held, and a definite plan of campaign adopted.

To remain just as they were was to give up all hope, since there were not enough provisions in the larder for another meal.

It was likewise folly to think of sallying out, since even if fortune were kind enough to allow of a passage through the ranks below they would be speedily pursued and overtaken.

Mr. Burnham proposed the only plan that contained any element of hope, and Jim Bludsoe fell in with it immediately.

The two horses had quite recovered from their fatigue, and were in good fettle for work.

What was to hinder the two scouts from making a bold dash through the lines. If they managed to escape there was a chance that help could be brought in time.

It was the only hope, and almost a forlorn one at that.

Few men would take the risk covered by such a ride, with the scales against them; but braver hearts never beat than those of the twain who plunged into a hostile country to rid South Africa of a monster.

Preparations followed, though but little could be done.

Every scrap of food and all spare cartridges they left with those who were to remain. Belts were tightened, saddle girths and bridles examined, and Burnham even partially muffled the hoofs of the horses the better to insure silence. His experience was apt to prove valuable under such conditions.

Hardly had the night settled in than they discovered something calculated to give them an uneasy feeling.

A fire sprang into existence, then another and still another, until a semicircle of flame stretched around the side of the rocky mound.

(To be Continued.)

The Empire of Japan is 155,000 square miles in extent. It contains over 4,000 islands.

The biggest average farm in the world is in South Australia, where the average squatter holds 78,000 acres.

The best Cashmere shawls weigh seven pounds, and cost $1,500. The hair of the Cashmere goat is worth $12.50 per pound.

Lake Nicaragua, through which the new canal will pass, is the only fresh-water lake which holds a species of shark.

There are at present about 5,000 ponies in the Shetlands. A true Shetland pony should be between 9 and 10 hands high.

Of Scotland's 30,902 square miles, 631 square miles are water, and 485 beach and foreshore, useless for agricultural purposes.

It is calculated that Norway and Sweden have between them 322,000 head of reindeer. Finland has less than 45,000 in all.

It is estimated that the saving effected by the world's railways in the carriage of goods is 2,250 millions sterling a year.

Seltzer water takes its name from the village of Nieder Seltzers, in Prussia. A spring there discharges 5,000 cubic feet an hour of this mineral water.

Men's wages in British factories average 25s a week, against 16s in Spain and 15s in Italy.

CROUP AND WHOOPING COUGH

Claim Scores of Thousands of Young Lives Every Year—Lives That Could as Well Be Saved.

It is a serious question with every mother as to how she can best combat croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, and similar ailments, which are sure co suddenly attack the little ones at times least expected. The hollow, croupy cough comes with frightful foreboding as it arouses the mother from sleep. She realizes the hopelessness of battling with a disease which often defies the most skilful physicians.

In croup above all other diseases prompt action is of the greatest importance imaginable. With Dr Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine at hand any mother can effect almost instant relief when the children are struggling frantically for breath. By sheer force of merit it has won its way to popularity, and is known throughout this continent as the most effective treatment for throat and lung troubles that science has ever devised.

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE

Is the most necessary preparation that can be kept in any house. For children and grown people alike, it affords the most thorough and prompt relief for all affections of the throat, bronchial tubes, and lungs. 25 cents a bottle, family size, containing three times as much, 60 cents, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

FALL TONICS.

A Few Doses of Nonsense From the Yonkers Statesman.

She—Her face was like an open book.

He—Was it as much red as that?

The Tenant—I never saw such cold radiators as you have in this flat.

The Janitor—Yes, sir; they come from Boston, sir.

She—Did she cry out when you kissed her?

He—Yes; she cried out for more.

"Why is it," asked the observer of events and things, "that the man who can speak seven languages doesn't talk as much as his wife, who only knows one?"

Mrs. Tattler—I'd have you know I weigh my words.

Mr. Tattler—It must keep you awfully busy.

A Clear Case.

Mrs. Plaid—So you believe your husband dreams about golf?

Mrs. Bunker—Well, he woke me up last night swearing in his sleep.—Brooklyn Eagle.

WEAK AND NERVOUS.

MAGISTRATE DAUPHINE'S DEPLORABLE CONDITION.

Despite Medical Treatment, He Became Weaker and Weaker, Until He Could Scarcely Sign His Name

Mr. James Dauphine, of East Bridgewater, or as he is better known as ex-Councillor Dauphine, has been a sick man for the past three years. His health gradually forsook him, until by degrees he was forced to give up doing all kinds of work. He consulted a physician and took a large quantity of medicine, but it did him no good and he gradually grew weaker and weaker. His duties as a magistrate necessitated his doing much writing, and being an excellent panman in his days of good health, it came very hard to him when his hand shook so much he could scarcely keep it steady enough to sign his name. His daughter, seeing his deplorable condition, advised him to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after a bit of coaxing he was induced to try them. There was no noticeable change in his condition until he had started taking the third box. From that on the improvement was rapid. He grew stronger every day, his appetite increased, the weariness and lassitude departed from his limbs, some of the lustre of his youth returned to his eye, and by the time five boxes were used, Mr. Dauphine felt a new man. The weight of years and the burden of sickness have rolled from his shoulders, his hands are now steady and his pen can run as rapidly as ever. He attributes his cure to the ministration of a good wife and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Dauphine is 73 years of age, but feels as young and vigorous as he did years ago, and is ever ready to praise in the warmest terms the health-giving qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the friend of the weak and ailing. They surpass all other medicines in their tonic, strengthening qualities, and make weak and despondent people bright, active and healthy. These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine, or can be had by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The man who hesitates may be lost, but the man who never hesitates is hard to find.

The first tubular lifeboat was built at Weymouth England, in 1832.

RAW WINDS AND WET WEATHER

cause the Colds that cause Pneumonia and Consumption.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

cures the cold, heals the lungs and makes you well. SHILOH cures Consumption and all Lung and Throat Troubles; and Coughs and Colds in a day. Positively guaranteed. 25 cents.

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

Karl's Clover Root Tea Cures Headache

If a man loves a woman he offers to give up smoking, but if the woman loves him she refuses to let him do 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 germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound, unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

The national debt of Ireland, 150 millions, was consolidated with that of England in the year 1817.

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

Sixteen thousand tons of alum are made yearly from shale raised in the North of England.

Street Car Accident.—Mr. Thomas Sabin says: "My eleven year old boy had his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the Street Railway. We at once commenced bathing the foot with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, when the discoloration and swelling was removed, and in nine days he could use his foot. We always keep a bottle in the house ready for any emergency."

The best red sealing-wax is composed of shellac, Venice turpentine, vermilion and a little gypsum.

WORK AT HOME. We want the services of men, women and children to work for us, whole or spare time—knitting men's socks and other articles at their own homes. We supply yarn and material, and pay for all work as sent in. For further particulars address, The People's Knitting Syndicate, (Limited), Toronto, Ont.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY TIME TABLE

	LV.	AR.
Sault Ste. Marie, Owen Sound, Toronto and East via Lakes, Monday, Thursday and Saturday	16.00	
Tues., Fri., and Sun		10.15
Montreal, Toronto, New York and East, via all rail, daily	16.00	10.15
Rat Portage and intermediate points daily	8.00	18.00
Molson, Lac du Bonnet and intermediate points, Thurs. only	7.30	18.30
Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Calgary, Nelson and all Kootenay and all coast points, daily	16.30	14.30
Portage la Prairie, Brandon and intermediate points daily except Sunday	7.30	22.30
Gladstone, Neepawa, Minnedosa and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	7.30	22.30
Shoal Lake, Yorkton and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., and Fri.	7.30	
Tues., Thurs., and Sat.		22.30
Rapid City, Hamiota, Miniota, Tuesday, Thur. and Sat.	7.30	
Mon., Wed., and Fri.		22.20
Morden, Deloraine and intermediate points daily except Sunday	8.20	15.45
Napinka, Alameda and intermediate points, daily except Sunday via Brandon	7.30	
Tues., Thur., and Sat.		22.30
Glenboro, Souris and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	9.05	15.15
Pipestone, Reston, Arcola and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., and Fri. via Brandon	7.30	
Tues., Thur., and Sat. via Brandon		22.30
Frobyshire, Hirsch, Blenfait, Estevan, Tues., Thurs., Sat., via Brandon	7.30	
Tues., Thur., Sat., via Brandon		14.30
Gretna, St. Paul, Chicago, daily	14.10	13.35
West Selkirk, Mon., Wed. and Fri.	18.30	
Tues., Thurs., and Sat.		10.00
Stonewall, Teulon, Tues., Thur., Sat.	12.20	18.30
Emerson, Mon., Wed., and Fri.	7.50	17.10

T. W. LEONARD, Gen. Supt. — C. E. McPHEESON, Gen. Pass. Agt.

JAMES HODD — ARTHUR ATKINSON

HODD & ATKINSON

Flour and Grain Merchants,
Room 242 Grain Exchange, Winnipeg.

We are buyers of wheat for December and January shipment from western points and in store Fort William or Duluth. Our Mr. James Hodd having a long and well established export Flour trade, we specially desire correspondence with millers. HODD & ATKINSON.

Alloway & Champion

BANKERS AND BROKERS

WINNIPEG.

Write to us for prices of SCRIP.
Get our List of Lands.
Stocks and Bonds Bought and Sold.
We can furnish the exact amount of Scrip for any payment on Dominion Lands. Do not pay cash.

One can never tell by a man's looks whether he was disappointed in love or only has dyspepsia.

When a man asks a favor he always puts his worst foot forward.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

The tallest man in a crowd always manages to get well up in the front.

SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER 25c

The thief who stole a watch, instead of gaining time is now serving it.

Many a truthful man has been known to lie at the point of death.

THOMAS AND NANCY LINCOLN.

"Fit us for humblest service," prayed
This kindly, reverent man,
Content to hold a lowly place
In God's eternal plan;
Content by prairie, wood and stream
The common lot to share
Or help a neighbor in his need
Some grievous weight to bear,
Then trustfully resigned the life
That had fulfilled his prayer.

And she in Indiana's grave
This many a year who lies—
Mother and wife whose yearning soul
Looked sadly from her eyes—
Who, dying, called her children close
As the last shadow fell
And bade them ever worship God
And love each other well,
Then to her forest grave was borne,
The wind her funeral knell!

So drear, so lone, who could have dreamed
The boy her bed beside
Forth from that cabin door would walk
Among earth's glorified?
But, lo, his name from sea to sea
Gives patriotism wings;
Upon his brow a crown is set
Grander than any king's,
And to these fameless graves his fame
Tender remembrance brings.

Ah, still the humble God doth choose
The mighty to confound;
Still them that fear and follow him
His angels campeth round,
And while by Indiana's woods
Ohio, murmuring, flows
And Illinois' green levels shine
In sunset's parting glows;
While Lincoln's name is dear, our hearts
Will hallow their repose.
—Edna Dean Proctor in Independent.

THE SHROUD OF THE SEA

A Thrilling Story of Marine Adventure . . . .

"You don't believe me. Well, look for yourself." The speaker pointed to where a greenish patch stained the rich blue of the sea, close under the cliff.

The other glanced superciliously in the direction indicated. "I see nothing," he said, "that might not be caused by a shoal of small fish or a patch of seaweed. It is probably another of those blunders into which your too lively imagination has led you." He spoke with a sarcastic emphasis which made the younger man flush hotly.

"I tell you, Haynes," he replied earnestly, "there is no mistake about this thing. Ask Julio. There is not a fisherman on the coast who doesn't believe in the manta raya."

Haynes turned a cold gray eye upon his subordinate. "Do you mean to tell me, Leigh," he said, "that you are going to bring forward the superstitions of a parcel of ignorant Mexicans as proof of scientific fact? I hardly think Mr. Grant would be pleased to hear you talk so."

"I think," said Leigh quietly, "that your attitude in the matter is more to be deplored than mine."

Haynes came as near losing his temper as his cold nature ever allowed him. "The burden of proof is with you," he said acridly. "Bring a specimen of your precious raya aboard. Then you can talk. But"—with a fresh sneer—"I forgot. According to Julio, the beast is too terrible to be caught. I suppose I shall have to go and examine your green patch myself. Perhaps a few specimens of it in a shrimp net will set your mind at rest."

Leigh's eyes gleamed, but he made no reply, and, Haynes leading the way, the two men returned to their boat and pulled to the yacht.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Harold Grant was a millionaire who spent his millions wisely. His hobby was sea exploration. A new fish or an uncharted island was more to him than any pleasures land offered.

Mrs. Grant had been dead for years, but Nellie Grant, a pretty girl of twenty, accompanied her father on his long cruises in his splendid 2,000 ton yacht, the Athene.

Dr. Haynes was in charge of the scientific side of these expeditions. Young Frank Leigh had been lately chosen by the millionaire as assistant naturalist. This was his first voyage, and he thoroughly enjoyed the work. He would have been quite happy if it had not been for the strong dislike his superior had conceived for him and which he wasted no opportunity of showing. The fact was that Haynes, attracted as much by the young lady's prospects as her beauty, had made up his mind to marry Miss Nellie, and he was furious with Frank for his manners, looks and youth, in all of which points he felt his own inferiority.

When off Samoa, some weeks before, Frank Leigh had caught a fish which he imagined to be a new species and wished to name after Mr. Grant. Haynes had succeeded in proving that the fish was already classified and had never ceased to taunt the younger man with his mistake. Now that Leigh imagined himself on the track of a new discovery he was giving his tongue freer rein than ever.

The Athene lay in Guaymas bay, on the Pacific coast of Mexico. It was here that Leigh, who spoke Spanish, learned from a fisherman, Julio Montijas, of the manta raya, a creature which seemed peculiar to a short stretch of this volcanic coast and of which he could find no description in any work on the subject.

At dinner that night Haynes began again. "Leigh," he said, "you will have to hurry up and catch that pet nightmare of yours. I hear we sail the day after tomorrow."

"What nightmare are you talking about?" inquired Nellie, with interest, looking at Frank.

Haynes cut in: "Oh, Leigh and one of these Greaser fishermen have invented a new sort of devilfish. They have even decided where it lives."

Every one stopped eating and listened. Frank got hot and uncomfortable.

"What is the creature?" asked Mr. Grant.

"It is what the fishermen call the manta raya, or striped mantle, Mr. Grant," said Leigh. "Another name for it is 'shroud of the sea.' So far as I can understand, it is a creature of the octopus family, but has this remarkable peculiarity, that it does not live like other large cuttlefish on the bottom, but hangs just below the wash of the sea, ready to ingulf anything that floats across it. Its body is wider and thinner than that of the octopus, and I should fancy it is an even lower organism, partaking more of the nature of the flytraps among plants. Some of the men declare it grows large enough to pull down a boat. There is little doubt, however, that it can catch and drown a swimmer. A man called Leudejas recently so lost his life, and the very spot where it happened is near where we are anchored."

"What a dreadful creature!" broke in Miss Grant. "Do be careful where you bathe, Mr. Leigh."

"No need to warn Leigh about that," said Haynes. "He wouldn't even row with me today to the place where this monster lurked."

The yacht's second officer, a man called Henson, smiled. So did one or two others. Haynes went on, encouraged:

"Tell you what I'll do, Leigh. Tomorrow morning I'll have out the small dingey and row to the fatal spot, and I dare you to come with me and bathe off the rock near by."

"I must decline to do anything of the sort," said Leigh very quietly. "But I will follow you in the skiff and only hope you will not need my assistance."

"Better not," said Haynes offensively. "The pretty creature might catch you as well."

Henson laughed again. Nellie looked uncomfortable. Fortunately dinner was just over.

Later Mr. Grant met Leigh on deck. "Leigh," he said, rather sharply, "I hope that you have some grounds for your assertions at dinner. Haynes thinks it is all nonsense, and you know how I dislike any unpleasantness of this kind. Have you seen the creature?"

"Julio Montijas pointed out to me a green patch which lies always behind that pillarlike rock under the cliff. He says that his cousin Leudejas was upset near there from his boat and that this green patch closed over him and pulled him down."

"Humph! I don't think much of fishermen's tales!" said Mr. Grant.

Leigh went to his bunk feeling sore and unhappy.

* * * * * * *

Half a dozen people, including Mr. Grant and his daughter, were on top of the cliff next morning when Haynes, in a bathing suit, came pulling across from the yacht in the dingey.

Nellie, with her fieldglasses, watched Frank Leigh stowing a couple of large brown jars under the thwarts of the skiff. Then he got into her and followed.

It was only a quarter of a mile from the yacht to where the great rock rose in the purple shadow of the cliff. The merest ghost of a breeze stirred a dainty ripple on the surface of the water and added brilliance to its reflection of the blue above.

Haynes jammed a boathook into a cleft of the rock, looped the boat's painter around it, and, letting the little craft swing with the tide, prepared to dive over the stern.

At that moment Nellie Grant, whose eyes had been fixed on that puzzling greenish patch which still swayed uncertainly beneath the ripple, screamed:

"Father, it's moving!"

Haynes heard the cry and looked up. The strong light on the water made it impossible for him to see below the surface as those on the cliff could.

"Hold on, Haynes!" came Mr. Grant's voice strong and clear from above.

"Get back to the rock!" screamed Nellie.

Haynes looked around him. The purple of the limpid water was changing to an ugly greenish yellow hue. He stepped hastily back to the bow, seized the rope and began pulling the boat back to the rock. In his haste he pulled the boathook loose. The boat, released, began softly moving into the channel between the rock and the base of the cliff.

Haynes jumped for the oars. He was conscious of loud shouts from the top of the cliff. The water swirled around the boat like the mouth of a whirlpool. He got the oars into the rowlocks and began pulling desperately. But, at the first stroke, he became aware that the blades were fast in a tangle of something. He tried to wrench them free. One broke in two, the other was torn from his grasp. The weed—yes, it was nothing but seaweed—was rising to the surface all around him. How silly to be frightened by a mere raft of seaweed! But what an ugly color it was, striped with dull brown and livid green! And what a lot of it! Ugh! It was rising and climbing on to the boat. Great, flabby, dripping, half transparent leaves were wrapping themselves all around the stern. They were crawling over the bow too. And the boat was lower in the water. It was sinking, gradually being pulled under.

Haynes sprang to his feet again and with the broken oar began striking savagely at the monstrous thing which was enveloping him. He might as well have beaten the sea. The blows glided off the tough, slippery surface. Slowly, but with a deadly, relentless pertinacity, the living shroud of death rose on every side, and inch by inch the boat drew down till the water was but an inch from the gunwale.

The watchers on the cliff were silent now. They stared, frozen, at the creeping horror below.

At that instant something else glided into the scene of action. Leigh, standing in the skiff and guiding it skillfully with a paddle, shot up. Keeping carefully clear of the wide set tentacles of the raya he quickly flung one of his brown jars against the bow of Haynes' boat.

A hissing steam arose, and a brilliant flame played across the surface of the water. The clammy bands relaxed. A sob of relief came from above. But the vast weight which still clung to the stern of the dingey was rapidly pulling it under. Leigh seized the other jar and smashed it against the stern post. More folds fell away, the water bubbled and turned black as the scorched monster emptied his ink bag.

But the dingey was full and sinking.

"Jump!" roared some one above. Spurred by terror, Haynes sprang ten feet clear of the eddying coils, and Leigh pulled him, panting, into the skiff.

* * * * * * *

"I've used every bit of potassium in the laboratory, Mr. Grant," said Leigh apologetically, when he met his employer on his return to the yacht.

"You used common sense, my boy," returned Mr. Grant, shaking his hand cordially. "Haynes owes his life to you, and I owe you an apology for speaking as I did last night."

"Don't mention it, sir. But I am sorry I have not a specimen of the raya for you. Won't you wait a few days, and let me try?"

"We leave here tonight," said the millionaire decidedly. Then, smiling, "Those are my daughter's orders, Mr. Leigh."—Penny Pictorial Magazine.

FOUND AT LAST.

But the Lady Sincerely Wished That It Had Remained Lost.

"My wife will be careful hereafter how she takes liberties with the truth," said Jones, with a grin. "We had our minister with us the other day for dinner, and the conversation turned upon absentmindedness, and my better half had to tell her story.

"'I am dreadfully absentminded,' said she. 'I remember some six or seven years ago a friend of mine gave me her celebrated recipe for making jam. When I reached home, I carefully put it away where I would be sure to find it when I wanted it. But, do you know, a few weeks later, when I needed it, I couldn't remember for the life of me where I had put it, and to this day I have never been able to find it.'

"After dinner she turned to the Rev. Mr. Thirdly and said sweetly:

"'Would you mind reading a chapter in the Bible? We make it a rule to read at least one chapter every night.'

"This statement caused me to look at her in surprise, for it was news to me.

"The reverend gentleman consented graciously, and she brought the family Bible, which she had carefully dusted and placed in a conspicuous spot before he had arrived.

"As he turned the leaves a paper fluttered to the floor.

"'Goodness!' gasped my wife as she picked it up, not realizing how her words were going to sound after her somewhat pious statement; 'it is that recipe for jam!'"

GENERALSHIP OF A CAT.

The Masterly Manner In Which Puss, Cornered, Faces a Dog.

The mastery of herself which a cat can show when, having been caught in a position from which there is no escape, she calmly sits down to face out the threats of a dog is a marvelous thing, says a writer in the Boston Transcript. Everybody has seen a kitten on a street doorstep, attacked by a dog ten times her size, as apparently self possessed as if she were in her mistress' lap. If she turns tail and runs down the street, she is lost; the dog will have a sure advantage of her. Even as it is, if he could get up courage enough to seize her on the spot, he would be able to make short work of her.

"You dare not touch me, and you know it!" is what her position tells the dog. But she is intensely on her guard in spite of the air of perfect content.

Her legs, concealed under her fur, are ready for a spring. Her claws are unsheathed. Her eyes never move for an instant from the dog. As he bounds wildly from side to side, barking with comical fury, those glittering eyes of hers follow him with the keenest scrutiny. If he plucks up his courage, she is ready; she will sell her life dearly.

She is watching her chance, and she does not miss it. The dog tries Fabian tactics and withdraws a few feet, settling down upon his forepaws.

Just then the sound of a dog's bark in the next street attracts his eyes and ears for a moment, and when he looks back the kitten is gone! He looks down the street and starts wildly in that direction and reaches a high board fence just as a cat's tail—a monstrous tail for such a little cat—is vanishing over the top of it. He is beaten.

The cat showed not only more courage than he had, but a great deal more generalship.

Still Boards.

Stormer Barns—And to think, O ye gods, that I thought I'd abandoned the boards forever!—New York Journal.

Sternly Practical.

"Don't you know there are sermons in stones and good in everything?"

"I dunno 'bout dere bein' sermons in stones," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "But if a man is out of razor reach an' kin th'ow straight sometimes dar is a heap of persuasion in 'em."—Washington Star.

MYSTERIOUS VENUS.

Speculations and Reckonings of Astronomers About the Planet.

The most beautiful planet and the one that comes nearest to the earth and most resembles the earth in size is at the same time the most mysterious. Is Venus a living world or a dead one—that is, to say, is it in a condition to support inhabitants, and is it probable that such inhabitants are there, or on the other hand, is it unsuited for their presence and barren of living forms?

These questions astronomers are unable at present to answer, but their efforts to answer them and the observations that they have made of the mysterious planet possess an almost startling interest.

First let us briefly recall what Venus is. It is a globe like our earth and is very nearly the same magnitude, having a diameter of about 7,700 miles, while that of the earth is a little more than 7,900 miles. So nearly of the same size are the two planets that if we could view them from an equal distance we should be unable, without the aid of instruments of measurement, to detect any difference between them. The substance of Venus is slightly lighter, bulk for bulk, than that which composes the earth, but the difference in this respect is so little again that it would require special examination to distinguish by weight between a cubic foot of the soil of Venus and an equal amount of the soil of the earth. It follows that on Venus the force of gravitation of the weight of bodies does not greatly differ from that on the earth. If we could step upon Venus we should find that we had parted with a few pounds of weight, but the difference would not be very noticeable except perhaps on the race track.

But this planet, so like the earth in many respects, is very different from our globe in its situation. The earth's distance from the sun is 93,000,000 miles, the distance of Venus from the sun is 67,000,000. This difference becomes a matter of great importance when we consider the effects which the sun produces upon the two planets. Heat and light, as everybody knows, vary inversely as the square of the distance. When we compare the square of the earth's distance from the sun with the square of Venus' distance, we find that the former is about double the latter. This means that Venus on the average gets twice as much heat and light from the sun as the earth gets.

Pleased With the Hour.

Lieutenant Heffernan was saying the other day that he had hardly ever seen an Irishman who wasn't ready with a quick retort, no matter what the circumstances might be.

"It was about three years ago that I arrested a certain fellow. He was about the drunkest man I ever saw to be still standing on his feet. As soon as I got hold of him he wanted to make trouble. He was just like many others from the ould sod when they get full of bad 'booze' and they think there is a chance for a scrap. He made a pass at me, but I reached over and tapped him on the head with my stick. He became quiet right away, and he looked up at me and said:

"'And what toime is it?'

"Of course I couldn't help but answer, 'Just struck one.'

"'Well, if thot's so,' he answered, 'Oi'm dum glad yez didn't hit me an hour sooner.'"—Louisville Times.

When Coal Was Prohibited.

It makes the present generation smile to read the accounts which have come down to us concerning the prejudices which were formerly entertained against certain articles which are of everyday consumption.

For instance, it is said that when coal was first used in England the prejudice against it was so strong that the house of commons petitioned the king to prohibit the use of the "noxious" fuel.

A royal proclamation having failed to abate the nuisance, a commission was issued to ascertain who burned coal within the city of London and its neighborhood, to punish them by force for the first offense and by the demolition of their furnaces if they persisted in transgressing. A law was finally passed making it a capital offense to burn coal in the city and only permitting it to be used by forges in the vicinity. It is stated that among the records in the Tower of London a document was found according to which a man was hanged in the time of Edward I. for no other crime than having been caught burning coal. It took three centuries to entirely efface the prejudice.

First Wire Bridge.

The first wire suspension bridge in the United States, if not in the world, was thrown across the Schuylkill river near the falls of Schuylkill, in Philadelphia, in 1816. Its use was necessarily restricted to foot passengers, and only eight passengers were allowed to be on the bridge at once.

Good Thing to Have.

Every man desires happiness, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of providential good faith.—Life.

High Priced Cooks.

For his services the chef of a big hotel may receive $10,000 a year, a big salary for cooking, but by no means out of proportion to his value to the hotel.

What She Wanted to Know.

She (after the engagement)—Why did you happen to fall in love with poor little insignificant me?

He—Oh—er—because you are not like the other girls, for one reason!

She—D-did the other girls all refuse you?—Chicago News.

In a Nutshell.

"How did you like the finale to my first act?" inquired the playwright.

"I didn't see it," replied the first nighter.

"Ah! Got there too late, eh?"

"No; went away too soon."—Philadelphia Press.

An Experienced Hand.

"Ye want a job, do ye? What experience have ye had?"

"I've been a burglar fer nine years, sir."

Light Outdoor Exercise.

Raynor—What was the first run you took with your automobile?

Shyne—My first run was to run in debt for it.

How High Birds Fly.

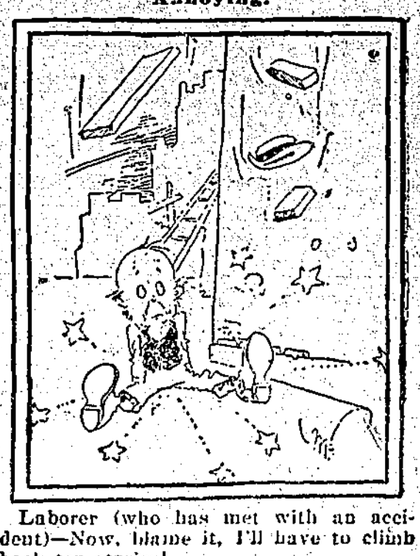
A Strassburg aeronaut says he has seen an eagle at the height of 3,000 yards, and again a pair of storks and a buzzard 900 yards above the sea level. On March 10, 1890, some aeronauts observed a lark flying at a height of 1,000 yards. On July 18, 1890, another balloon met a couple of crows at an altitude of 1,400 yards. These, however, are exceptions. Birds are hardly ever seen above a height of 1,000 yards; even above 400 yards they are not frequent.

The Correct Diagnosis.

"What's de matter wid yer?"

"De doctor says it's de mumps, but I know it's me heart, Mary."—New York Journal.

Annoying.



Laborer (who has met with an accident)—Now, blame it, I'll have to climb back ten stories!

Odd Marriage Customs.

In Brazil drinking brandy together may constitute a marriage; in Japan, the same with wine. To join hands, to sit together and receive congratulations are odd binding customs; also to be smeared with each other's blood or for the woman to tie a rope around the man's waist.

This would be a much more peaceful world if lots of grown up people as well as children could only be seen and not heard.

Books From Plates.

It is said that the first book printed in this country from stereotype plates was a catechism by a Mr. Watts. This work was issued in New York in the year 1813 and was compiled for the benefit of the children of several New York churches.

THE LUCKY HORSESHOE.

Bill Jones, a strapping young giant, with a yellow, curly head and simple, blue eyes, was regarded as a brave man when he went to ask old Milo Menard for his granddaughter's hand in marriage. The old miser regarded him with scornful eyes and worked his toothless jaws about after a most appalling fashion.

"Eh!" said Milo. "My Mary Jane? What is it you're sayin' about her?"

"I love her, sir," repeated Bill; "and she loves me."

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Menard.

"And I want to marry her," protested Bill Jones, sticking gallantly to his post.

"Well, you can't!" snarled Menard. "And there's an end of the matter."

"I can support her," said Bill Jones. "The copperin' business is lookin' up, and—"

"That don't make no difference," said the old man. "My gal don't marry no one but a blacksmith. The old shop has got to be opened again; the business has got to go on."

Bill Jones stared. Then it was true, as the neighbors said, that Milo Menard was wont at times, to light the forge fires at midnight and work away on rusty old nails and bars of long-unused iron: especially on stormy nights when sleep fled his pillow.

"Don't you think, sir," he hazarded, "that the cooperin'—"

"I don't know nothin' about the cooperin', and I don't care nothin' about it," said Milo, steadfastly. "But this I do know: The man who marries my gal has got to be a blacksmith."

"Then," said Bill Jones, clenching his Hercules fists, "I'll be a blacksmith!"

He meant it. He apprenticed himself the next day to a sturdy son of Vulcan, whose forge roared in red volleys of flame up the chimney of a neighboring shed and never rested until he had qualified himself to shoe any horse in the State.

"I wouldn't do that for any girl," said Harvey Martin, Farmer Martin's nephew.

"Ah!" said Bill Jones. "But you don't know how I love that girl! I've loved her ever since I met her comin' down Rabbit Hill that snowy afternoon with a horse shoe in her hand. Granther says its bad luck to pass a horseshoe, says she, laughin', when I made bold to ask her what on earth she was agoin' to do with it. So I always bring 'em home. Granther's got a pile of 'em in the old shed back of the forge. A blacksmith, indeed! If the old cove had bid me to be a rope-dancer, I'd ha' gone to work practicin' with a will!"

Old Milo smiled grimly when he saw Bill Jones handle the red-hot iron in the old forge and viewed a set of horse shoes that his mighty hand had hammered out.

"It ain't bad work," said he. "You'll be a blacksmith, boy, if you keep on. Yes, you may marry Mary Jane, if you like—now!"

Mr. and Mrs. William Jones' wedding trip was only to the nearest town to buy a store carpet for the best room and a set of blue edged crockery to go to housekeeping with.

"It's sheer extravagance!" growled old Milo. "But it ain't my money they're goin' to spend, and I s'pose Bill Jones has a right to do as he pleases with his own."

But when the young couple returned, of a sunshiny October afternoon, old Milo sat out on his bench, his head bowed over the staff which he clenched in both hands—dead!

There were no sign of violence, no trace of mortal agony on face or form. Had he fallen asleep, he could not have looked more peaceful and calm; and Bill and Mary Jane both agreed that it was better so.

"He was peculiar, I know," said Mary Jane, bursting into tears. "But he was always good to me. Oh, poor grandfather!"

And Mr. Griscombe, the lawyer, arrived and unlocked the old desk, which was propped up with a brick on one side and had had all the panes of the glass front broken out at different times by enterprising burglars.

"No papers," said he. "No will on file here. I didn't suppose there would be. Mr. Menard deposited his last will and testament with me, ten years ago. It's very simple. It leaves everything to his granddaughter, Mary Jane Menard. Now," he explained, "Mrs. William Jones, I'll read it to you."

"But," cried the eager public, "where is the fortune? What has become of the old miser's money?"

"There is no mention made of money," said Mr. Griscombe, dryly. "Nor of fortunes."

The public was ineffably disappointed. Not so Bill Jones and his blooming wife.

"Polly is a fortune in herself," said Bill, complacently.

And so Bill flung open the doors of the musty old blacksmith's shop, lighted a huge fire and put on his leather apron and sleeves, while Mary Jane took her needlework and sat out on the bench where Grandfather Menard had died, and sang softly to herself, like a little human thrush.

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Bill Jones, "what on earth I am going to do with all this preposterous heap of old horseshoes."

"It was for luck, you know," apologized Mary Jane. "Grandfather never could pass a horseshoe without picking it up and bringing it home. And somehow he got me into the same habit. Some of these are very good, I think."

"And some of 'em ain't!" observed Bill, shrugging his broad shoulders. "However, I'll just give 'em all an overhauling and see what they do amount to. It's my opinion, they'll most of 'em fetch just half a cent a pound for old iron."

"Wel," said Mary Jane, with a sigh, "I suppose t's of no use keeping them."

"Hallo!" shouted Bill. "These, down at the bottom are of mortal queer color! Eh? Iron? Not these ain't—not if I'm a judge of metal! Polly, these are gold!"

"What!" cried Polly.

"Solid gold!" said Bill Jones. "Tarnighed add discolored and nigh the color of the old horseshoes themselves, but—solid gold! Polly, Polly, my girl, we've found the old man's fortune at last! No wonder the burglars never roobed him of it, for as true as you live, he's beaten it all into horseshoes!"

"It cant be possible!" cried Polly, who, dropping the blue gingham apron that she was making, had hurried to the spot.

It was true. Milo Menard, full of whim and caprice, had taken his own measure for preserving his own property; and all the clue which he had chosen to furnish as to the whereabouts of his not inconsiderable savings was the decree that his grand-daughter should marry no one but a blacksmith.

Husband and Wife.

Husband and wife are equal; the one not inferior to the other; the wife not a slave; not a housekeeper—but an equal; a companion. And just so far as a young man starts out with that idea fixed firmly in his mind—to make a companion, a comrade, a chum of his wife—just so far does he start out right.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Then Elder Sister Subsided.

Elder Sister—Mr. Bilmore and you were in the parlor a long time last night, but I don't suppose you used much gas.

Younger Sister—The reason you didn't see any burning, Emily, was because Harold carelessly hung his hat on the doorknob!

ASTHMA CURE FREE

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in All Cases.

SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL.

Write Your Name and Address Plainly.

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

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

Rev. Dr. Mor Wechsler,
Rabbi of the Cong. Beth Israel.
New York, Jan. 3, 1901.

DRS. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.,

Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful.

After having it carefully analyzed, we can state that Asthmalene contains no opium, morphine, chloroform or ether. Very truly yours,

REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

AVON SPRINGS, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901.

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.

Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene, for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as many others, I chanced to see your sign upon your windows on 130th street New York, I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her Asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease.

Yours respectfully, O. D. PHELPS, M.D.

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO. Feb. 5, 1901.

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

Home address, 235 Rivington Street. S. RAPHAEL,
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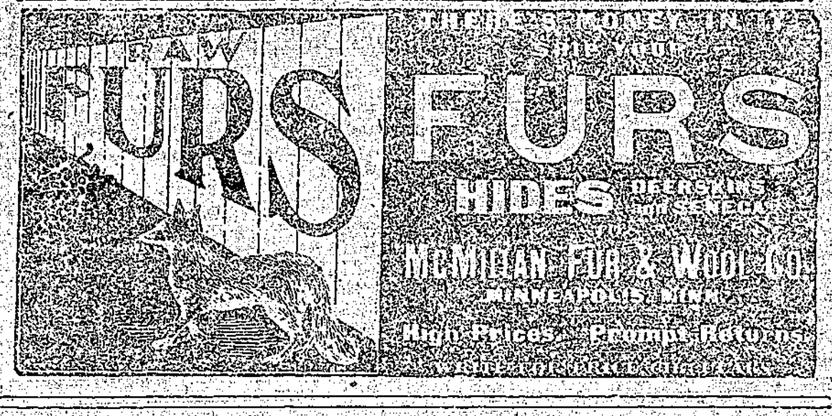

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ASSESSMENT ACT AND PROVINCIAL REVENUE TAX

COMOX DISTRICT.

NOTICE is hereby given, in accordance with the Statutes, that Provincial Revinue Tax, and all taxes levied under the Assessment Act, are now due for the year 1901. All the above named taxes collectible within the Comox District are payable at my office, at the Court House Cumberland. Assessed taxes are collectible at the following rates, viz:—

If paid on or before June 30th, 1901:—

Three-fifths of one per cent. on real property.

Two and one-half per cent. on assessed value of wild land.

One-half of one per cent. on personal property.

Upon such excess of income—

CLASS A.—On one thousand dollars and not exceeding ten thousand dollars, one per cent. up to five thousand dollars, and two per cent. on the remainder:

CLASS B.—On ten thousand dollars, and not exceeding twenty thousand dollars, one and one-half per cent. up to ten thousand dollars, and two and one-half per cent. on the remainder:

CLASS C.—On twenty thousand dollars, and not exceeding forty thousand dollars, two and one half per cent. up to twenty thousand dollars, and three per cent. on the remainder:

CLASS D.—On all others in excess of forty thousand dollars, three per cent. up to forty thousand dollars, and three and one-half per cent. on the remainder.

If paid on or after 1st July, 1901:—

Four fifths of one per cent. on real property.

Three per cent. on the assessed value of wild land.

Three-quarters of one per cent. on personal property.

On so much of the income of any person as exceeds one thousand dollars, in accordance with the following classifications; upon such excess the rates shall be, namely:—

CLASS A.—On one thousand dollars, and not exceeding ten thousand dollars, one and one-half per cent. up to five thousand dollars, and two and one-half per cent. on the remainder:

CLASS B.—On ten thousand dollars, and not exceeding twenty thousand dollars, two per cent. up to ten thousand dollars, and three per cent. on the remainder:

CLASS C.—On twenty thousand dollars, and not exceeding forty thousand dollars, three per cent. up to twenty thousand dollars, and three and one-half per cent. on the remainder:

CLASS D.—On all others in excess of forty thousand dollars, three and one-half per cent. up to forty thousand dollars, and four per cent on the remainder.

Provincial Revenue Tax $3 per capita.

JOHN BAIRD,
Assessor and Collector.

Cumberland, B. C., 11th January, 1901
My 22

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S. S. "City of Nanaimo.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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W. B. ANDERSON, - - - EDITOR

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TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE
NOV. 19TH, 1898

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 Daily. A.M.		No. Sa P.M.
De. 9:00	Victoria	De. 4:25
" 9:23	Goldstream	4:53
" 10:9	Koenigs	5.34
" 10:48	Duncans	6:15
P.M.		P.M.
" 12:14	Nanaimo	7:41
A 12:3	Wellington	Ar. 7:55

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1 Daily. A.M.		No. 3 Saturday. A.M.
De. 8:05	Wellington	De. 4:25
" 8:26	Nanaimo	4:39
" 9:52	Duncans	6:05
" 10:37	Koenig's	6:46
" 11:18	Goldstream	7:32
Ar. 11:45	Victoria	Ar. 8:00 P.M.

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

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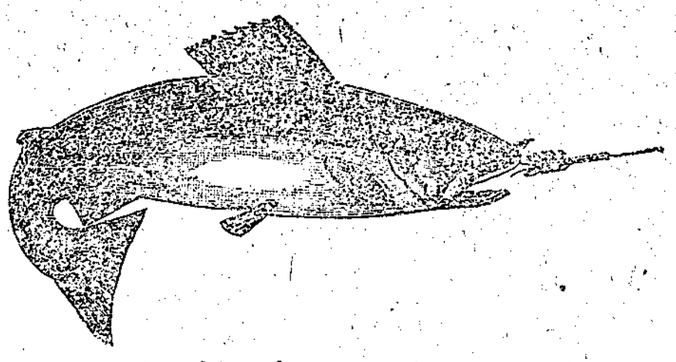

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THE ICEBERG'S SECRET

By... M. QUAD

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We had been driven below Cape Horn hundreds of miles by a fierce gale lasting eleven successive days and nights, and one morning we found ourselves among the ice and almost wrecked aloft. The gale had blown itself out, but the situation was one calling for the best seamanship and the keenest vigilance. Only steam whalers and exploring vessels get as far south as we found our position to be except by accident. During the three days we were putting the bark shipshape we were packed in a field of ice extending as far as the eye could see on every hand, and even had we been a twin screw steamer I doubt if we could have worked clear of it. It was field ice broken from the coast of some island, and some of the cakes were a good twelve feet thick and almost as hard as flint.

On the fourth day we found ourselves driving down among six or eight great icebergs, and the boats were provisioned and other preparations made to leave the bark at a moment's notice. The odds would be a thousand to one that the boats would be ground to pieces in ten minutes, but we had to take them. While we helplessly waited the field struck a berg which was estimated to be a solid cube measuring about 2,000 yards on every front and towering up over a hundred feet high. There was a grand crash, and the berg began to slowly topple. It was like a tree falling, only much slower. It took a long minute for that monstrous cube to turn turtle, and as the top reached the water the mass cracked in twain with a report like the firing of a cannon. The sea kicked up gradually, opened a wide lane in the icefield, and the bark was headed in and had clear sailing for ten miles before we found the passage blocked by one of the biggest bergs ever set afloat. Had that berg been measured I should have had some wonderful figures to set down here, but it was impossible for us to

WE PUT OUT AN ICE ANCHOR AND MADE FAST.

more than guess at its dimensions. The waves had squared its four sides to a great extent, but above their wash the berg was full of hills, valleys and ravines, and it would have been impossible to cross it.

As there was no way to dodge the berg, we put out an ice anchor and made fast to drive with it until an opening should occur. The side on which we were was as straight up and down as a wall, and, though the wind was whistling far overhead, it was scarcely to be felt on deck. We passed a very quiet night, and soon after sunrise next morning the captain ordered me to take two men and pass over the field ice and get a view of the western face of the berg. If I found that it could be done, I was to clamber up and look to the north for clear water. As the great cakes of ice were wedged together in the greatest confusion, our pace was necessarily slow, and it was a matter of two hours before we turned the corner of the berg and lost sight of the bark. I judged the western face to be a mile long, but it was not as steep as the southern. About midway of its length we came to a gully, up which we toiled for a matter of 200 yards. We then found our way blocked by a cliff fifty feet high. It was a cliff of ice, of course, though here and there one could see a bowlder creeping out. It was blue ice, almost as reflective as a mirror, and it would have turned the edge of an ax like granite. We stood staring and resting, hot enough with our exertions, when one of the sailors leaped aside and cried out:

"I'll be shot if there are not shipwrecked people right here above us! Look here, sir! And why haven't they raised a shout?"

What I saw and what we all gazed at with open mouths was a sight few men will ever boast of seeing. About thirty feet above our heads a man dressed as a mountain tourist, an Englishman apparently, was lying at full length with his face toward us. One arm was doubled up under him, the other outstretched. He was fully dressed, had a cap on his head, and his eyes were wide open. There was a rope around his waist, and that rope led back to the body of a guide and still a second one. I say guide because from their dress and looks I believed them to be such. One was huddled up as if his bones were broken, while the other lay sprawled on his back. The three of us had waved our caps and cheered before the thought came to us that these men were dead—dead and frozen into that flinty ice for heaven only knows how long. And yet it was hard to believe it. We could see every line in their faces, and every instant it seemed as if they would move a leg or an arm. We had brought a rope with us, and I managed to lasso a bowlder and pull myself up on a level with the victims. I judged that there was at least three feet of solid ice before them, but it was wonderfully transparent.

It was easy to guess what had happened. Somewhere thousands of miles away, where a great glacier crept down to the sea, the tourist had set out with the guides to explore, and snow or ice had given way under them and dropped them down perhaps a hundred feet. In time the crevasse filled up solid, and as the ice was pushed down to the sea a berg was born, and the corpses were carried away with it. One could not say from the dress how long a time had elapsed. We must judge from the fact that, though we reported the case three months later, the identity of the tourist has not yet been discovered.

We returned to the bark to report what we had seen, and I offered to take ropes and axes and blasting powder and return and secure the dead. The captain favored the idea, perhaps thinking it would profit us in some way, but circumstance stepped in to prevent me from carrying out my plan. As we were getting ready the berg began to revolve in a slow and stately way, and at the end of an hour the western face had turned due south, and such a sea was beating on it that no landing was possible. To make out way over the berg we should have needed wings. The movement of the berg crowded the icefields, and the result was the opening of a narrow lane to the north. We were watching and waiting for it, and the bark was soon warped in and sail made. We were lucky enough to keep this lane until it led us quite out of the floating ice and further danger, and looking back as we sailed every man of the crew saw the figures as the three of us had seen them. The spray seemed to dash against their frozen faces and the waves to rant and growl like hungry wolves, but we knew they would not be given to the sea until their strange coffin had drifted out of that frozen and desolated sea into sunshine and warmth.

Superstitious Brokers.

"Wall street brokers as a class are as superstitious as women," said one of them, "and there is hardly a speculator in the street who could not own up to some pet superstition if he would. I mean the kind of nonsensical superstition that decides his action occasionally. My own is about as silly as that of any man's, but as it has won me lots of money I am going to cling to it. It originated about eight years ago when I found a fifty cent piece on the sidewalk. It was the first money that I had ever found in that way, and I had a feeling that luck was with me on that day. I plunged on everything that I had been hesitating about, and when I settled up I found myself way ahead. After that I fell into the habit of keeping on the lookout for coins in the street. You would be surprised to see the collection that I have at home, for I have never spent any of this 'lucky money.' It now amounts to more than six dollars, and that first fifty cent piece is the largest in the lot.

"On days when I have found a coin I have pushed my luck successfully. Once or twice when I have hesitated about doing anything in the market I have gone out and walked around the streets, hoping to find a coin. I never have found one on such excursions, and each time I stayed out of the market, which proved to be the thing to do. I know as well as you do the foolishness of superstition, but I can't shake it out of me."—New York Sun.

The Lieutenant Governor.

In his book, "Up From Slavery," Booker T. Washington wrote:

"The temptations to enter political life were so alluring that I came very near yielding to them at one time. I saw colored men who were members of the state legislatures and county officers who could not read or write and whose morals were as weak as their education. Not long ago, when passing through the streets of a certain city in the south, I heard some brickmasons calling out from the top of a two story brick building for the 'governor' to 'hurry up and bring up some more bricks.' Several times I heard the command: 'Hurry up, governor!' 'Hurry up, governor!' My curiosity was aroused to such an extent that I made inquiry as to who the 'governor' was and soon found that he was a colored man who at one time had held the position of lieutenant governor of his state.

"I asked an old colored man to tell me something of his history. He said that he had been born in Virginia and sold into Alabama in 1845. I asked him how many were sold at the same time. He replied, 'There were five of us—myself and brother and three mules.'"

King Oscar and the Young Reporter.

On one occasion Oscar II. went to Gothenburg to attend a dedication or the opening of something or other where he was expected to make a speech. An enterprising reporter intercepted him at a railway station upon arrival to ask for a copy of his manuscript in advance in order that it might be published the same afternoon, for there would be no time for a stenographer to write out his notes after delivery. The king greeted him pleasantly and explained that he had no manuscript; that he intended to speak without notes. The reporter was very much disappointed. He told the king frankly that he was a new man and that his future standing with his employer might be seriously affected if he failed to get the speech. King Oscar responded sympathetically, motioned to the reporter to get into his carriage, and while they were driving to the hotel gave a brief synopsis of what he expected to say.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Crushing.

Mrs. Newbride (with an air of triumph)—Really, I was greatly surprised to get a wedding present from the Van der Gilds. They are so exclusive, you know.

Miss Jellus—Yes; but they are very charitable, I believe.

A Surprise.

Old Boarder—What's for breakfast? Hope not ham and eggs again.

Waitress—No, sir, not ham and eggs this morning.

"Thank the stars! What is it?"

"Only ham."

TWENTIETH CENTURY TOTS

A Bunch of Clever Sayings by the Little Ones.

"I suppose that is the dunce block?" said the school visitor, pointing to a three legged stool.

"I guess it is," replied a small pupil. "The teacher always sits on it."

Tommy (aged six)—Papa, is it proper to call a man born in Poland a Pole?

Papa—Certainly, my son.

Tommy—Then I suppose a man born in Holland is a Hole, isn't he?

"We don't get as many eggs as we did last month," said the farmer's wife. "I wonder why the hens have quit laying."

"I suppose they got tired and wanted to stand up awhile," replied her small son.

Mamma—Willie, what did you do with that penny I gave you this morning?

Willie (aged four)—I gave it to the monkey.

Mamma—And what did he do with it?

Willie—He put it in his cap, then gave it to his father, who played the organ.—Chicago News.

In Dawson City.

Man Below—Say, you, up there! If you don't stop blubberin' over the play I'll shoot. Them frozen tears of your'n are a blame nuisance droppin' on a feller's head.—Chicago News.

No Cause For Mortification.

"It was very kind of you," she said, "to send me your book of poems. I enjoyed reading them so much."

The soulful looking young bard pushed back the long, wavy hair from his broad, pale brow and replied:

"I am gratified to hear you say so. Which of the poems do you like the best?"

"Well, I think I rather like that one beginning 'Sunset and evening star, and one clear'"—

"Oh, I'm afraid," he interrupted, "that you've got me confused with Tennyson. However, it isn't surprising. In many ways his work resembled mine."—Chicago Record-Herald.

SURPRISED HUNTERS.

Some Lucky Shots That Have Been Made by Sportsmen.

A party of sportsmen in an Adirondack camp were swapping campfire stories when the conversation turned to lucky shots.

One said his luckiest shot was made when he was hunting squirrels in Indiana. He saw a fox squirrel and was hoping to get a shot at it before he was seen, but the squirrel's eyes were sharp, and it went into a hollow limb. In the hope of frightening it out he fired at the limb. His gun was a rifle with considerable penetration, and the hunter was infinitely surprised to see the squirrel tumble out stone dead. His surprise was stupefying when he picked up the squirrel and found that it had been shot through the head as neatly as though Daniel Boone or David Crockett had been behind the gun with the squirrel in plain sight.

"My luckiest shot was very much the same," said the man who sat next to the story teller. "It was when I was a boy, and I had been hunting squirrels all the forenoon, but it was a cold, raw day and none was out. The bunches of leaves which they are accustomed to collect in oak and hickory trees were to be seen everywhere. Finally I got to wondering if the squirrels might not be hiding in these. So I pulled up and sent a charge of shot into one. Out tumbled a fox squirrel. I thought I had made a discovery and pictured myself going home at night squirrel laden. I went about the woods shooting at similar bunches of leaves until my ammunition was used up, but I did not see another squirrel."

"The luckiest shot I ever made," said another member of the party, "was at a duck on one of the lakes of lower Louisiana. I was in a boat with a party of local hunters. A duck flew up, and I fired when it was over fifty yards away. By accident I winged it. The boat approached the wounded bird, which showed a decided tendency to swim. Some one told me to shoot it.

"'Wait till we are close and I'll shoot its head off,' I said.

"I meant that I would shoot its head off as it sat in the water. But as we approached, the bird arose to fly. I was surprised, and, to tell the truth, a little rattled. I pulled on the bird when it was so close that I told myself I would either miss it entirely or blow it to pieces. I was the most surprised man you ever saw when the duck fell, for, by the merest chance in the world, my charge had gone true and had cut off the bird's head as neatly as one could do it with a knife.

"The men with me thought they had discovered a wonderful being who deliberately shot the heads from flying ducks. I was a hero for the rest of that day, but when next day I missed half a dozen shots at snipe, without a single kill, my glory faded."

GLASS BREVITIES.

The mosaic system of glass painting was in general use in Europe in 1300.

The Phœnicians made all kinds of blown glass at Tyre and Sidon in 1450 B. C.

Colored glass windows were placed in the abbey of Tegernsu, Bavaria, in 999 A. D.

The church of St. Cyprian, at Murano, was decorated with glass mosaics in 882 A. D.

Cameo glass came into use among the Romans (Portland and Naples vases) in 79 A. D.

Blown and cut greenish transparent glass bowls were made by the Assyrians in 722 B. C.

In 1747 Connecticut granted to Thomas Darling the exclusive right to make glass in the colony.

Flexible glass was shown at the court of Casimir IV., king of Poland, by an Italian in the year 1445.

Plate glass windows for coaches were made at the Duke of Buckingham's works in London in 1673.

Essays in colored glass window work on new and original lines were attempted in the United States in 1870.

The oldest painted windows now in England are in the choir at Canterbury cathedral, which date from 1174.

The oldest piece of dated glass known is an Egyptian amulet now in the British museum which was made in 3064 B. C.

St. Sophia, at Constantinople, when rebuilt by Justinian in 532 A. D., was adorned with colored windows and mosaics.

Gray Hair.

The hair retains its natural shade up to middle life if nothing interferes with its growth, and after that period it begins to lose its color. Graying after that time cannot be checked, and no medicines should be taken to check the process. If before this period it changes, it is probably due to some local or general cause that should be removed. If the hair becomes gray in places and not in others, it is due to the disturbance of nutrition, and the best thing is to get the blood to circulate there more freely. The only advice that can be given in premature graying of the hair is to get the scalp into as healthy a condition as possible and see to it that the general system is good.

Real Troubles, These.

"Doesn't it make you feel like 'thirty cents?'" asked the real estate broker, "when you have submitted a very handsome offer to the man who you think owns a certain piece of property to have him blandly inform you that he sold it at a better figure three or four years ago?"

"Oh, I don't know!" chimed in another broker. "That isn't so bad—certainly no worse than my trick of a few days ago, when I started out full of confidence to buy the holdings of an estate from two of its executors, both of whom are dead."

The Red Hat.

The practice of the cardinals of Rome of wearing red hats at ceremonials and processions was introduced by Pope Innocent IV. as a symbol to indicate the readiness of the cardinals to spill their blood for Jesus Christ.

Destructive Earthquakes.

In 1693 an earthquake overturned fifty-four cities and towns; Catania and its 18,000 inhabitants were wiped out of existence and more than 100,000 lives were lost altogether. In 1702 Yeddo, Japan, was ruined and 200,000 people killed. In 1731 Peking lost 100,000 by an earthquake. In 1754 100,000 were engulfed at Grand Cairo. The following year Lisbon was wrecked the second time, losing 60,000 people. The same year Kaschan, Persia, with 40,000 people, was totally destroyed. In 1759 Baalbec, Syria, was destroyed, 20,000 persons being killed. The same number perished at Allepo in 1882. In 1851 Melfi, Italy, was laid in ruins and 14,000 lives lost. In 1857 in Calabria and elsewhere not less than 10,000 perished by earthquake shocks. One authority on the subject estimates that in the years between 1755 and 1857 the kingdom of Naples lost not less than 111,000 of its people by earthquakes.

Soldiers of the Civil War.

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

Relic of an Old Ship.

In the course of some excavations which were being made in the River Lea the other day, the old hulk of a ship, supposed to belong to the Anglo-Saxon period, was discovered sunk in the bed of the stream. From its resemblance to an old picture in the House of Commons it is thought that the hulk may have belonged to a fleet with which King Alfred fought the Danes. It has now been removed to the British Museum, together with some other curios, all found at the same time.

Mount Sinai to Be Mined.

According to the statement of one of the leading New York papers, Mount Sinai is to be invaded by the pick-axe of the miner! A certain individual prospected the mountain and found such excellent specimens of turquoise that he went on working, and as the result he made arrangements for buying the mountain on which the Decalogue was given to mankind.

A Friend of Education.

Giles—The hotel proprietor seems a superior kind of man.

Merritt—Indeed, he is. He devotes his life to the advancement of education.

Giles—You don't say so! How does he do it?

Merritt—Employs only college men as waiters.

Her Economy.

Mrs. Faltte—She isn't a very good manager, is she?

Mrs. Finde—No, indeed! Why, she had to buy four extra turkeys so as not to waste the dressing she had made for one.

The fact that little Delaware is the oldest state of the Union gives her governor social precedence over all other state executives who may share with him any official entertainment in Washington.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Grain Moved in Streams.

Nowhere in North America will you come on a more thrilling night scene than the fresh water cargo tank unloading at Buffalo, says Rollin Lynde Hartt in The Atlantic. Here she lies beneath the towering grain elevator, which thrusts a long pumping pipe (called the "leg") down through her hatchway. Mount the gangplank, dodging the spinning ropes that make your head reel, stumble about on the dark deck, look down, down, down through the open hatch, and, zounds, what a sight! The hold glows with electricity. It is misty with blown dust. It roars with mechanical activity.

An enormous steel "shovel," big as the inside of a house and manipulated by countless flying ropes, charges back and forth through the whole length of the ship, pitching the yellow grain before it and heaping it up where the leg can get hold of it to whisk it into the bin that is somewhere up in the sky. Beneath, in the hold, an army of blue clad men with wooden "scoops" barely dodge the deadly shovel as they swing the grain into its path.

He "Just Dropped In."

He had been in the sanctum for two hours, during which time the editor had been laboring along in a distracted manner.

"I'm not troubling you, am I?" he said.

"No," replied the editor. "You're only twisting and turning that newspaper in your hand and coughing yourself into a consumption and creaking that chair and missing that cuspidor nine times out of ten and glaring at every line I write as if you were hired to do it; that's all!"

JOHNNY ON THE GIRAFFE.

He Discourses on the Famous African Rubberneck.

The giraffe is a tall, spotted animal that kind of slopes down from his shoulders to his tail and has a neck that looks like a broomstick had been run up through it. The giraffe is the tallest of the animal specie and is found in Africa and in shows, where it grows to a height of sixteen feet and is very fond of onions and carrots, though its customary food is hay, which it eats with gusto. Oft have I gazed at the giraffe and thought to myself wonderful are the ways of Providence, how does he hold his head up?

The other name of the giraffe is camelopard, but giraffe is easier to say. Sometimes I have to look through large books to find out these things, but I don't mind it. We ought to hunt out all the knowledge we can while we are still young. There was a man once that trained a giraffe to pick peaches from the top of the tree. He kept it from eating them by putting a ring around its neck, so it could not swallow. The giraffe is active, but runs like an old cow. JOHNNY.
—Chicago Tribune.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

In London, 121 per 1000 of the deaths are from consumption in Paris 170, and in Vienna 252.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

For every 100 people who live in the country in the United Kingdom 253 live in towns.

I was cured of Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
J. M. CAMPBELL.
Bay of Islands.

I was cured of facial neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
WM. DANIELS.
Springhill, N. S.

I was cured of Chronic Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
GEORGE TINGLEY.
Albert Co., N. B.

The ocean is the only power on earth that can make a woman indifferent to her personal appearance.

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

About 450 tons of gold are yearly dug by man in various parts of the earth.

A seal has been known to remain twenty-five minutes under water.

SOZODONT FOR THE TEETH 25c

The source of the river Severn, in England, 1,500 feet above the sea, is a spring of iron water.

The first lifeboat was built at South Shields, England, and used on January 30, 1760.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Yorkshire ironstone is the richest in England. It averages in value ten shillings a ton.

The 163 foxhound packs in England and Wales contain 6,172 couples of hounds.

Don't try to be funny with people who are unable to appreciate wit.

The ordinary active life of a locomotive averages fifteen years.

Something of That Kind.

Parent—Well, Charles, you will soon be getting through with your schooling, and it's time you thought about what you expect to do for a living. Have you any preference for anything in particular?

Offspring—In a general way; nothing more. I have thought I'd like to be a stockbroker or a clergyman or something of that kind.

Parent—Something of that kind!

Offspring—Yes; something in which other folks furnish the confidence.—Boston Transcript.

Severe Penalty.

"And you positively refuse to accept the soup because my thumb was in it?" inquired the educated waiter of the hotel guest.

"Take it away!" said the guest.

"Do you know what this means for me?" inquired the waiter gloomily.

"Your discharge?"

"No, not my discharge. It means that I must eat the stuff!"

And, snatching up the dish, he bore it hastily away.

MRS. BARNETT, OF PLATTSVILLE, ONT.

CURED THREE AND A HALF YEARS AGO BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Further Proof of the Permanancy of the Cures Effected By This Great Remedy—A most Convincing Confirmation of an Interesting Statement Published in the Plattsville Echo in May, 1898.

Plattsville, Ont., Dec. 16.—(Special)—Some three and a half years ago, the Plattsville Echo, the local newspaper, published quite an extended account of a most miraculous cure of a well known and highly respected lady, Mrs. J. Barnett, who had been extremely ill for years, and who claimed to be permanently cured by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. This good lady, according to her own statement, had been a physical wreck, with nervousness, rheumatism in the left arm, pains in the small of the back, up the spinal column and back of the head, through the eyes, left side of the body, and occasionally the right side. She had no appetite and could not sleep at night. The physicians had given her up, and in this pitiful and hopeless condition, Dodd's Kidney Pills found her and completely restored her to good health without an ache or pain. Her appetite returned as her general good health improved. She used in all but twelve boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

This was in the spring of 1898, and today Mrs. Barnett states positively, and in the strongest and most grateful terms that the cure Dodd's Kidney Pills brought her three and a half years ago was absolute and permanent; that she is today stronger and better than she had been for years before taking the pills. Nothing could be more convincing than this good woman's plain and truthful statement, and it proves beyond doubt the lasting character of the cures effected by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

It is somewhat difficult for a man to support a wife if she is insupportable.

A woman's touch is known by her washboard, her piano or her husband's pocket-book.

GROWING BABES.

Need Watchful Care to Prevent Overfeeding and the Evils That Follow.

All children at some period of their infancy are subject to indigestion, diarrhoea, or constipation. While the symptoms of these troubles greatly differ, the origin of each is due to the same cause—improper food or overfeeding. This results sometimes in diarrhoea, sometimes in constipation. In either the treatment is to remove the cause, and this can only be speedily, safely and effectually done by the use of Baby's Own Tablets, a purely vegetable medicine guaranteed to contain no opiate nor any of the poisonous stuffs found in the so-called soothing medicines. Mothers who once use Baby's Own Tablets for their little ones never after experiment with other medicines, and always speak of them in the highest terms. Mrs. Geo. R. Johnston, Wall street, Brockville, says: "I have been using Baby's Own Tablets for over a year, always keep them in the house and always find them satisfactory. If my little boy—two years of age—is troubled with constipation, indigestion or diarrhoea, I give him the tablets and he is soon relieved. The tablets regulate the bowels and do not cause after constipation as many medicines do. I have also found them beneficial in teething."

Baby's Own Tablets are a certain cure for all the minor ailments of little ones such as colic, sour stomach, constipation, indigestion, diarrhoea, etc. Children take them readily, and crushed or dissolved in water they can be given with good results to the youngest infant. Sold by druggists or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Thankful, but Thrifty.

Stealthily the unobtrusive person with the dark lantern picked the lock of the slaughter house door and effected an entrance into the building.

Then he selected the largest of the fresh hams.

"Thanks," he muttered, slipping it into a sack. "I'll smoke it after awhile."—Chicago Tribune.

He Must Try Something Else.

"It seems to me that English doctor who wants to increase the number of children by having dowries set apart for poor girls when they become brides is very shortsighted."

"Why so?"

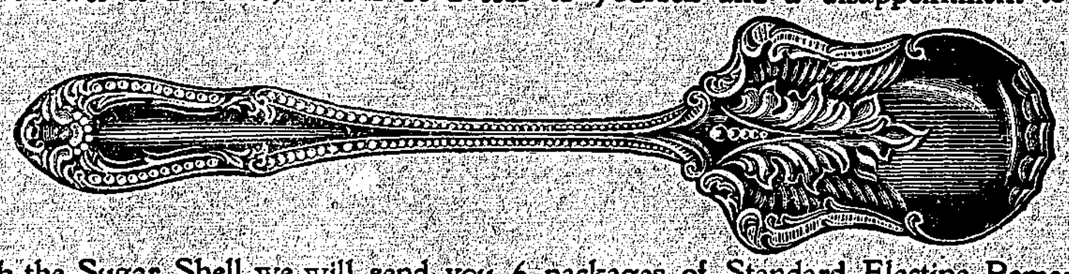
"It's only the poor that have lots of babies."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Michigan.

Michigan has been called the Lake State for an obvious reason. It is better known as the Wolverene State, from the former presence of great numbers of these animals in its forests.

DEAR MADAM

Send us your name and address on the below request, and we will take pleasure in sending you *free of any charge* this SOLID ARIZONA SILVER SUGAR SHELL. You don't have to buy anything. The gift is unconditional. It is a bid for your everlasting friendship and good will, and if you do not read this advertisement through and answer it at once, it will be a loss to yourself and a disappointment to us.



With the Sugar Shell we will send you 6 packages of Standard Electine Remedies, which we wish you to sell, if you can, at 25 cents each. Then return our money, and we will give you *absolutely free* a Butter Knife and Pickle Fork, same pattern as your Sugar Shell, and also a Set of 6 Full-Size Solid Arizona Silver Teaspoons. If you fail to sell our Medicines, return them to us and retain the Sugar Shell as a gift, it being *free* in any event. Our Solid Arizona Silver Premiums are fast superseding Sterling Silver for Tableware. They always look as well, and wear better; they are the same beautiful metal all the way through and are guaranteed for 50 years. There is nothing else like them except Sterling Silver, and nothing "just as good." Now, please don't throw this paper down and say to yourself, "I'll write to those Electine people to-morrow." This is not an opportunity to put off and forget. Just sign and return the attached request *to-day*, that is all you have to do. The Sugar Shell and Medicines will then be promptly mailed, postpaid. Remember, even if you fail to sell our Goods, you at least have *an Elegant Sugar Shell, worth 75 cents, for simply making the effort.*

Sincerely yours,

REQUEST FOR SUGAR SHELL AND MEDICINES.

Electine Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Ship immediately, by mail, *1 Solid Arizona Silver Sugar Shell* and Six 25-cent Packages of Electine Remedies. I agree to make an earnest effort to sell the Medicines, and return you the money, with the understanding that I am to receive for this service a *Butter Knife* and *Pickle Fork*, same pattern as *Sugar Shell*, and also *Six Full-Size Solid Arizona Silver Teaspoons*. If I fail to sell the Medicine, I will return it to you within 30 days, and retain the *Sugar Shell* as a gift from you.

NAME .....
(Write Name Plainly, "Mrs." or "Miss")

ADDRESS .....

.....
24 PLEASE WRITE VERY "VERY" PLAINLY

ELECTINE MEDICINE CO., Limited, TORONTO, Ontario

The height of selfishness to drink exquisite Blue Ribbon Tea every day and never tell your friends about it.

There is a place for everything in this old world, but few of us have access to an index.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Brazilian railways are the dearest in the world, the cost of carriage for coffee amounting to $2 a hundredweight per 100 miles.

Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victims before they are aware that danger is near. If attacked, do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity, and never fails to effect a cure.

Getting Serious.

Mr. Youngpa (2 a. m., at the phone)—Hello, doctor! Can you come down and see the baby right away?

Doctor—What seems to be the trouble?

Mr. Youngpa—I—I'm not sure, but I think he has insomnia.

The Thing to Do.

"This pistol I bought last week doesn't please me," said Squildig.

"Discharge it," suggested McSwilligen.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Outclassed.

"My father's a bishop, he is."

"Shucks! Is dat all? Me pap's er policeman."—New York Journal.

Williams' Pianos

add lots to Christmas jollity, and few gifts are more acceptable. You say you can't afford one? Pardon us for saying you don't know until we tell you our way of securing a good instrument, on our easy payment plan—well worth your consideration. Santa Claus may yet visit your home

WILLIAMS' PIANOS

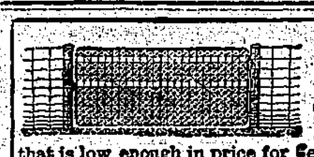
are used exclusively at the great Hudson's Bay Company's piano recitals every afternoon and evening. Hear them under the touch of an artist, and then come to us for prices and terms.

We have some slightly used, good instruments in stock, for sale cheap.

Forrester & Hatcher,

Y. M. C. A. BLOCK, - - - - - - - WINNIPEG.

Eldridge "B" Sewing Machines.



PAGE METAL GATES are so low in price no one can afford to use wooden ones. Light, and yet strong enough to support a heavy man on the end while he swings around the circle without causing them to sag. They are neat in appearance, will last a lifetime. Will not sag nor get rickety. They are supplied with latches which allow them to be opened either way and are self acting. The only good metal gate that is low enough in price for General farm purposes. We also make Farm and Ornamental Fence, Poultry Netting, Nails and Staples. The Page Wire Fence Co., Limited, Walkerville, Ont.

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

Fife is the best cultivated of Scotch counties, 75 per cent. being farm land. On the other hand, Sutherland has less than 2½ acres in each 1,000 under cultivation.

Of 35 warships built last year in Great Britain 18 only were for the British government.

Sozodont

Good for Bad Teeth
Not Bad for Good Teeth

Sozodont - - - - 25c.
Sozodont Tooth Powder - 25c.
Large Liquid and Powder - 75c.
All stores or by mail for the price. Sample for the postage, 3c

25c.

THROW OUT THOSE OLD BATTERED FACES

And let us supply you with a clean cut, modern lot that will brighten up your pages and please your readers and advertisers. Write us for estimates on anything in printer's material. : : :

TORONTO TYPE FOUNDRY CO'Y
175 McDermot Ave., Winnipeg.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.
Subscription, $2 a year, in advance.

W. B. Anderson, Editor.

☞ Advertisers who want their ad hanged, should get copy in by 12 a.m. day before issue.

Subscribers failing to receive THE NEWS regularly will confer a favor by notifying the office.

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

Notice to Subscribers.

Beginning March 1st, 1902, new subscriptions to the WEEKLY NEWS will be $1 50 per annum in advance. Fully paid-up subscribers already on list may avail themselves of this offer.

The Horsefly Country.

According to the statement made to the correspondent of the Victoria "Colonist" at Vancouver last week by a Mr Morrison, who for the past two years "has been mining at the Klondike and at Nome," the reported "strikes" at the head waters of the Horsefly River are simply fabrications. Mr Morrison uses strange language, for he characterises the "statements made as to their richness as absolutely false." In the early gold days of the Province considerable mining was done on the Horsefly, and some very rich strikes were made, but the ground was found to be very "spotted"; no large deposits were found, and mining on Horsefly was abandoned after a large amount of money had been expended in prospecting. The miners in those days knew a little about mining and prospecting, they had had experience in all quarters of the globe, and it is not to be supposed that they did not thoroughly prospect the "head-waters" of Horsefly. The parties engaged in booming up the strike are said to be residents of Cache Creek and the little City of Kamloops, through which places the expected rush of miners would pass, and when it is supposed by the boomers, the most of them would purchase their supplies. It is reported that the Provincial Government was waited upon last week by a representative of the Kamloops Board of Trade who demanded that ten thousand dollars should be placed on the estimates for the purpose of building a new road from the City of Kamloops to the reported new diggings, which, if granted, would simply be throwing the money away. As there are at present two good roads or trails to the Horsefly Country. The boomers have a newspaper at their command, and in Kamloops, and will no doubt make good use of it in trying to cause a rush, which would mean big money to the people interested in business in that little city. We do not, however, think their plans to deceive the people of the lower mainland, or of the island will result in success.

Presbyterian Kirk Entertainment

ENTERTAINMENT.—Dinna forget that twa oors o' Thursday nicht will be devoted to Scottish and Welsh song and story. Concert at aicht o' the clock shairp; doors open at half-past seven, feenishin' before ten so yell get hame in guide time. Admission one shillin'—25c.

Dr. Millard has returned from a visit to Nanaimo and Victoria.

Messrs T. Ella of McClary Co.; F. Hall, Turner Beeton; Armstrong, Galt Bros.; J. Hemsworth, Wilson Bros.; James Crossan, Nanaimo's popular Chief of Police, were in town last week.

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.

Farmers Institutes.

The following arrangements have been made by the Deputy Minister of Agriculture, superintendent of institutes.

The Hon. C. L. Smith of Oregon, a noted institute lectures will arrive here about the 18th and will address supplementary meetings at the following points, viz:—

Victoria District—	Wednesday, 19 Feby.	
Cowichan,	Friday, 21 February.	
Nanaimo,	Saturday, 22	"
Metchosin,	Monday, 24	"
Saanich,	Friday, 28	"
Lulu Island,	Saturday, 1	March.
Surrey Centre,	Monday, 3	"
Central Park	Tuesday, 4	"
Chilliwack,	Wednesday 5	"

Mr Smith has also consented to make an address to the Central Farmers Institute. An open meeting of that body will probably be arranged for Tuesday the 25th inst. He will also make an address at the annual meeting of the Dairymen's and Live Stock Association, at the meeting of that body on the 26th inst. Details to be arranged by the committee appointed at the directors meeting.

Mr F. Walden, who is a noted orchardist and farmer of Washington, has been asked to deliver addresses at supplementary meetings at the following points. Final arrangements are not yet perfected, however, as Mr Walden has not yet signified his acceptance of the invitation:—

Comox, Maple Ridge, Mission, Islands, Agassiz, Matsqui, Langley.

Mr T. Cunningham will also give a practical demonstration of spraying at Langley.

The regular spring meetings of Farmers Institutes will begin about the end of March, and will be addressed by Messrs D. Drummond, T. G. Raynor, D. C. Anderson, of Ontario.

The following is the list of subjects on any of which Mr C. L. Smith is prepared to speak, viz:—Diversified Farming vs. Single Crop System of Farming; The Advantages of Dairying; Building up a Dairy Herd; Feeds and Feeding; Forage Crops; Stabling and Care of Cows; What? Why? How?; Home Making; Farm Poultry; Silos and Ensilage.

Samples of Choice Grain for the Improvement of Seed.

To the Editor of the "News,"
Dear Sir,

By instructions of the Hon. Minister of Agriculture another diatribution will be made this season of samples of the most productive sorts of grain to Canadian farmers for the improvement of seed. The stock of distribution is of the very best and has been secured by the Director of the Experimental Farms from the record-breaking crops recently had in the Canadian Northwest. It will be worth while for farmers generally to renew their seed of oats when varieties which have produced more than 100 bushels per acre can be had. The distribution this spring will consist of samples of oats, spring wheat, barley, field peas, Indian corn and potatoes. Every farmer may apply, but only one sample can be sent to each applicant, hence if an individual receives a sample of oats he cannot also receive one of wheat, barley or potatoes, and applications for more than one sample for one household cannot be intertained. These samples will be sent free of charge through the mail.

Applications should be addressed to the Director of Experimental Farms, Ottawa and may be sent in any time before the 15th of March, after which the lists will be closed so that all the samples asked for may be sent out in good time for sowing. Parties writing should mention the sort of variety they would prefer, and should the available stock of the kind asked for be exhausted, some other good sort will be sent in its place.

WILLIAM SAUNDERS,
Director Experimental Farms.

OTTAWA, Jany. 15, 1902.

Mr L. Marocchi, who has been unwell for some time, has gone away to recuperate.

Mr J. Moore left on Thursday morning on a business trip to Victoria. He was accompanied by Mrs Moore and family.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

MRS JAS. WHITE AND FAMILY wish to express their gratitude for the many expressions of sympathy sent them since their recent bereavement; also, to those who so kindly sent floral tributes.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

I wish to express my sincere thanks to all those who contributed so generously to the subscription raised on my behalf during my recent illness.

ELIJAH SMITHURST.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is herewith given that the COAL MINERS EXAMINERS BOARD is as follows:—

Richard Short,	Member of Board.	
David Walker,	"	"
James Reid,	"	"
John Comb,	"	"
William Johnston,	"	"
James Strang,	Alternate by Manager.	
Alex. Summerville,	"	"
Thomas Doherty—1st	"	by Miners
Richard Coe, 2nd	"	"

All information as to time and method, as well as place of examination, may be had by applying to WM. JOHNSTON, Box 191, Post office, Cumberland, B.C.

CUMBERLAND, 24th Feby., 1902.

TRANSFER NOTICE.

I HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that I will apply at the next sitting of the License Commissioners of Cumberland for a Transfer of License for the Waverly Hotel from John Richardson, late of said hotel, to myself.

SAML. SHORE.
(Sgd) JOHN RICHARDSON.
12-2-02 4t

MUNICIPALITY OF THE CITY OF CUMBERLAND.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Court of Revision for the Municipality of Cumberland, B.C., for hearing all complaints against the Assessment as made by the Assessor of the said Municipality, will be held in the City Hall the 14th day of March next, at 7.30 p.m., and so on from day to day until all the complaints shall have been heard.

Dated this 18th day of February, 1902.

LAWRENCE W. NUNNS, C.M.C
19-2 02 4t

Campbells' Bakery.

Bread, Cakes and Pastry.

DELIVERED DAILY BY VAN.

Dunsmuir Avenue, Cumberland.

MAGNET CASH STORE

Hardware, Paints, Varnishes,
Wall - Paper, Paint Brushes,
Door - Mats, &c., &c.

Dunsmuir Avenue, Cumberland, B.C.

A. H. PEACEY, Druggist & Stationer.

FOR THAT COUGH TRY

WINTER'S
INSTANT
COUGH CURE,

IT'S A GOOD ONE, AND RELIABLE
FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS.

We are selling our TOILET SOAPS AT COST to make room. Finest GLYCERINE and CASTILE SOAPS AWAY DOWN.

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

Dunsmuir Ave., Cumberland, B.C.

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

JANUARY 1st., 1902.

MESSRS GIDEON HICKS & CO., wish all their Customers a Happy New Year, and beg to announce that in future they will trade under a new title, viz:—

The Hicks & Lovick Piano Co.

The Management of The Hicks & Lovick Piano Co. is in exactly the same hands as under the old title and all accounts are payable as usual.

WRITE US FOR CATALOGUES.

IN THE MATTER OF THE TRUSTEES AND EXECUTORS,
—and—
IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF STAFFORD MCKELVEY, DECEASED,

All Persons having claims or demands against the Estate of STAFFORD MCKELVEY, deceased, are required to file with the undersigned particulars of their claims duly verified before March 15th, 1902.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that after the said date the Executrix will proceed to distribute the Estate having regard only to the claims of which she shall then have had notice and she will not be liable for the proceeds of the estate or any part thereof, so distributed, to any person of whose claim such Executrix shall not have had notice at the time of the distribution thereof.

Dated at Victoria, B.C., Feb. 3rd, 1902.

ROBERTSON & ROBERTSON,
SOLICITORS FOR EXECUTRIX.
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