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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

TENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, JANY. 21, 1903.

THE BIG STORE.

May the New Year bring Prosperity to all.

TO assist our many friends and customers to realise the above Wish we have decided to give a Discount of 10 per cent, a reduction of 10 cents on the dollar, on all Cash Purchases in the following departments:—

Dry Goods,
Gents Furnishings,
Shoes,
House Furnishings.

The usual 5 per cent. discount on Groceries.

S. Leiser & Co., Ltd.

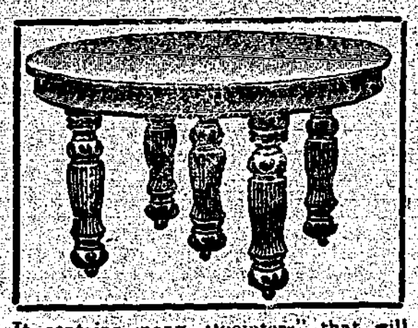
Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

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

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

Ladies, Your Attention:



Send us your Name and Address on a post card and we will send you by return mail

A Calendar for 1903.

It contains many "pointers" that will please you, as well as keep you posted on the Best Place to Buy:—

Furniture, Carpets & complete House Furnishings

Write at once as we have only a Few.

WEILER BROS., Victoria, B.C.

LOCALS.

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

A shipment of the famous Brockton Shoes, and other fine lines just received at Moore Bros.

Burns Anniversary will be celebrated in becoming style on the 26th inst., Monday.

Mrs Nicoll desires to thank all who so kindly assisted at the funeral of her late husband, captain T. E. Nicoll.

Ald. McCandless defeated ex-Mayor Hayward in Victoria, by 55 majority. Mayor Manson was re-elected in Nanaimo by acclamation

Of great interest to us here is the Act lately passed by Congress taking off duty on coal for all countries which may reciprocate. An order in Council has been issued in Ottawa accepting the reciprocity.

The election for Mayor and Council of the Lake City was solemnized with due fervour on January 1st, but results are not yet to hand. The Mayor, however, has given notice of his resignation on account of not being invited to the closing ceremonies of the Cumberland Council.

New Denver Ledge's waste dump says that lumburger cheese scattered here and there around the house will drive away ants. This was supposed to be the cause of many of the early British reverses in South Africa. Tommy Atkins used the drug to clean out the big white ants in that country, but it also had the effect of attracting the Dutchmen to their camps.

BANQUET.

The Lodge of True Defenders, L. T.B., gave a banquet in the City Hall, Thursday evening, choosing the time of the District Lodge's visit here as a suitable one. The tables were loaded with eatables, both substantial and dainty, and the zest with which the viands were attacked, was proof of the excellence of the L.T.B. ladies' catering, and that Lodge has in a marked sense, showed its wisdom in thus having their banquet provided in that manner, and in having a mixed assemblage of ladies and gentlemen. The evening, by reason of their company, passed pleasurably to all instead of heavily, as it is apt in some cases

The programme was as follows:—Toast, King and Empire, responded to by Jas. Abrams; song, "Mary of Argyle," R. Robertson; toast, President of the United States, responded to in a few suitable remarks by G. W. Clinton, Deputy U.S. Consul; song, "Milwaukie Fire," Miss Mary Bennie; toast, Orange Association, Bro. Moffatt responded; and in an instructive address told, with many other interesting facts, that Canada now had 1 M.W. lodge 7 Grand Lodges, and 2000 Primary Lodges, with a membership of 190,000. In the Grand Jurisdiction of B.C. there were 6 district lodges, 1 county lodge, and 40 primary lodges, with a membership of 2200, and 2 lodges of Orange Young Britons. In the U.S. there was one supreme lodge, 123 grand lodges, and 3000 private lodges. Rev. Mr Glassford then gave a short address, humorous as is his wont. Song, "Jock o Hazeldean," Miss Jennie Halcrow; toast, Wellington Colliery Co., Manager Matthews; City of Cumberland, responded to by the newly elected Mayor, Mr R. Grant, who, with Mrs Grant, had a short time before arrived amid much applause; address, Rev. Mr Menzies; toast, Sister Societies, A.F. & A.M., Mr Clinton, I.O.O.F., Mr Bate, Encampment, Mr W. Connors, K. of P. Mr R. Robertson, Woodmen, Mr Fechner, U.A.O.D., Mr Ginsburg, L.T.B., Messrs Ripley and McLeod; song, "The Basket-maker's Child," Miss Halcrow; toast, The Press, W. B. Anderson and Bro. Moffatt; The Ladies, H. Grant, Bro. Mc Kenzie and D.M. J. McLeod; District Lodge, Bro. A. Anderson, P. D. M. God Save the King.

The company then departed with many expressions of admiration for the way in which the Lodge had created a pleasant evening for the members and their friends.

* * *

The members of True Defender Lodge, No. 160, desire to express their thanks to all who assisted in getting up the banquet, and also to Messrs S. Leiser & Co., and Waller & Partridge for loans of crockery, &c.

BASKET BALL.

The game between the Unknowns and the Counters, last week resulted in a score of 7–20 for the Unknowns who were— H. Farmer, J. Stant, R. Strang, F. Dalby, M. Coe. Counters—T. Whyte, W. Hayman, C. McDonald, Micky McNiven, A. McNeill.

MINEOLA AFLOAT.

Steamer Mineola was got off the banks Sunday morning without outside assistance, after discharging about 900 tons of coal, and steamed up to Union Wharf, where she awaits a diver to inspect her Great credit is due Capt. Kirkwood and his crew for their successful work.

THE ELECTIONS.

Much interest was taken in the election for Mayor this year, and both candidates were out earnestly canvassing. It was generally thought the result would be close, and there was a good deal of surprise when the figures gave Mr Grant a majority of 36 over ex-Mayor Willard. The vote was—

R. Grant	77
Ex Mayor Willard	41

For South Ward—Aldermen—

D. Kilpatrick	27
R. Short	19
Ex Ald Reid	13
Ex Ald Robertson	6

electing Kilpatrick and Short. The The other two wards electing by acclamation T E Bate and N McFadyen for North, and J Carthew and D Daniels for Middle Ward

For School Trustees, the same serve, Mr H Campbell being re-elected by acclamation.

New Council Sworn in.

Mayor Grant and the new board of Aldermen were duly sworn in last Monday evening. After the ceremony, routine business was transacted, principally appointing committees and officers. Nights of meeting will be the 1st and 3rd Mondays of the month, so that next meeting will see the new Council fairly in harness. We extend them wishes of success.

INQUEST ON THE LATE CAPT. NICOLL.

Wednesday evening last the inquiry upon the death of the late T. E. Nicoll, who perished in the fire in No. 4 slope July 31, 1901, was pursued. The chief witness was Mr C. F. Webber, who was fire-boss on shift on the fateful morning. He testified to meeting Nicoll about 5 a.m. near No. 15 pump, as he was shutting off the discharge. He had already shut off the current, and told Webber he was afraid he had shut off the electricity too suddenly and had injured No. 9 pump, (nearer mouth of slope). Webber afterwards finished his inspection, leaving Nicoll starting up to No. 9. About 6 a.m. Webber started up the slope, and when part way up, he encountered smoke. Tried to locate Nicoll but was driven back by flames, and was unable to get near No. 9 pump or to find anything of Nicoll, or the Chinese. Then made his way out through cross level into new slope and gave the alarm.

Cross examined by Con. Thompson—I was not at 15 pump when current was shut off. Nicoll told me he had shut pump off and that he was going to No. 9. Nicoll knew another way out besides that by No, 9 pump.

By Mr Morgan—After seeing Nicoll, I finished my inspection, in Nos. 11, 12 and 13 E. After finding smoke, I tried to find deceased but was unable to reach him for smoke.

By Jury—I do not think that shutting of 15 pump would endanger No. 9.

By W. H. Campbell—The lights were off when I saw Nicholl at 5 o'clock.

W. H. Campbell, electrician, gave expert evidence in regard to shutting of current, stating that there would be no chance of breakage as there were automatic circuit breakers on each dynamo. Had examined No. 9 pump since, and surrounding and could find no evidence of either short circuit or ground. Fire had destroyed resistance box but connections were all intact. Felt satisfied that was neither short circuit nor ground.

The Jury retired and brought in verdict of death from suffocation, cause of fire unknown.

WE HAVE

A New Lot of very Handsome and Durable China consisting of—

Salad Bowls,
Celery Trays,
Spoon Trays,
&c., &c.

MOORE : BROS.

THE LODGES.

OFFICERS FOR ENSUING TERM.

Cumberland Lodge, 26, A.F. and A.M. B.C.R.—J. Baird, WM; Jno. Thompson, SW; T. Carey, JW; T. Edwards, Treas; L. A. Mounce, Secy; D. Kilpatrick, Tyler; F. P. Vater, SD; R. Hodson, JD; F. D. Pickard; DC; J. Giddings, IG. All re-elected.

District Lodge, L.O.L., No. 4—J. McLeod of 1676, DM; J. McKenzie of 1619, DDM; T. Kirkwood of 1676, C; A. Armstrong of 1676, RS; P. Stoddart of 1676, FS; Wm. McLellan of 1676, Treas; W. Forrest of 1576, D of C; T. Grant of 1619, Lecturer.

Cumberland Grove, U.A.O.D., No. 30—A. Dangeli, junior PA; F. Direhes, NA; E. Ginsberg, VA; J. Crosetti, Secy; J. Tobacco, Treas; J. Marrocchi, C; L. Tapella, IG; L. Pironi, OG.

C.O.W O.W—O. H. Fechner, CC; C Segrave, AL; C. Tarbell B; L. W. Hall, C; J. Struthers, E; A. C. Hummer, W; T. Banks, S; T. Bate, Delegate; J. B. McLean.

WHARF NOTES.

S.S. Mincola is loading a cargo of coal for Port Los Angeles.

S.S. Otter loaded a cargo of coal Monday for the C.P.R. Vancouver.

S.S. Kildonan and scow, and s.s. Tepic and scows loaded Thursday for the C.P.R. Vancouver.

S.S. Algoa sailed Saturday for San Francisco having on board a cargo of 10,730 tons coal.

U.S. s.s. Bear arrived on Sunday and is taking on bunker coal when she will proceed to San Francisco.

S.S. Action coaled Wednesday. She was bound North to Bear River for a boom of logs for the Hastings Mills.

D.G. s.s. Quadra coaled Tuesday. She was bound North to Nass River and way ports having on board Mr Mowatt, the Returning Officer for the bye election being held in Burrard District, for a member for the Dominion Parliament in place of the late Mr Maxwell.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is dead. He will be buried at Canterbury. The Bishop of Winchester is considered likely to be his successor.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

"I haven't had a single call since I opened my office ten days ago," complained the newly-fledged M.D. "Here I sit day after day like Patience on a monument."

"Oh, well, don't get discouraged," rejoined the sympathetic friend. "It's only a matter of time until you have patients under monuments."—Chicago Daily News.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

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

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

Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

We mark the weather when it's hot,
We talk of cold and rain;
Perhaps all this attention's what
Has made the weathervane.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.

Gentlemen,—Theodore Dorais, a customer of mine was completely cured of rheumatism after five years of suffering, by the judicious use of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

The above fact can be verified by writing to him, to the Parish priest or any of his neighbors.

A. COTE.

Merchant, St. Isadore, Que.
May 12th, 1898.

There is no greater sign of a general decay in virtue in a nation than a want of zeal in its inhabitants for the good of their country.—Joseph Addison.

Minard's Liniment is the best.

A Highland woman, selling a hen to her neighbor, was asked:—

"Is she a good hen, and has she any faults?"

Reply—"Ay, Margaret, she has got ae fau't. She lays a bit egg on the Lord's Day!"

The Flow of Milk will be increased.

Why go to all the trouble of keeping cows and get only about half the milk they should produce.

Dick's Blood Purifier

strengthens the digestion and invigorates the whole system so that the nutriment is all drawn from the food. It takes just the same trouble to care for a cow when she gives three quarts as when she gives a pail. Dick's Blood Purifier will pay back its cost with good interest in a few weeks.

50 cents a package.

Leeming, Miles & Co., Agents, MONTREAL.

No. 600

We illustrate here our No. 600 "SOLITAIRE" DIAMOND RING, which sells for $100.

This stone is of the finest quality, and is mounted in 18k. gold.

We personally select our Diamonds from the "cutter's" stock, and with our expert knowledge of gems, an inferior quality never enters our stock.

Our new illustrated catalogue will be forwarded on request.

We cheerfully refund the purchase price where any article selected is not perfectly satisfactory.

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

THE FASTING FAD.

There Is No Advantage to Be Gained From Going Hungry.

We are living in an age of fads, remarks Good Health, and as its opinion has been solicited in regard to the "fasting fad" it proceeds to give it as follows:

There is no particular advantage to be gained from going hungry. Hunger is the voice of nature telling us that the system needs food and, like all of nature's warnings, should be heeded. To be sure, a great many, we might say the majority, of people eat too much as well as too often. But the entire abstinence from food is an exceptional remedy if it is used at all. In cases where one's stomach is filled with germs it is far better to fast than to go on eating in the usual way, but even then it is not necessary, for one can get all the benefits of fasting and more without discomfort by subsisting for a time upon a fruit diet. In this way the germs are starved out, the fruit juice acting as a disinfectant. Usually one or two days of this kind of fasting is all that is needed, and it is not always necessary to use the fruit entirely alone even then. Some dry sterilized bread, such as zwieback or granose, may be taken with it without interfering with the purpose of the fast. It is really wonderful what can be accomplished by the use of fruit in ridding the digestive tract of germs.

Eau de Cologne.

How many of those who use eau de cologne from Cologne daily, one might almost say hourly, are aware of the fact that it was invented by an Italian and not by a son of the Fatherland, which gives its name?

Almost 200 years ago an Italian priest, Giovan Maria Farina, eked out his modest fortune by selling perfumery, little art objects and so on at Domodossola. In 1702, happening to be in Cologne and making use of some of the finest vegetable productions of the country, he discovered the secret of the miraculous perfume, which has never been revealed to this day except to his descendants. He soon devoted himself to the sale of his invention, which was so satisfactory that, needing help in its manufacture, he had his brother and nephew join him from Italy.

The increasing fame of the water brought increasing difficulties of rivalry. New firms who stole his name, his trademarks, stamps and so on sprang up like mushrooms, but they could not steal his secret.

Smoking a Narghile.

"The narghile is the best instrument to smoke tobacco through, provided you use it in the right way," said a man who knows. "Most people use it in the wrong way. They load it with tobacco and light up with a match as though it was a pipe they were smoking. This is incorrect, and the narghile, so abused, has an abominable taste and odor. The right way to use the narghile is first to dip your tobacco in water, squeeze the water out and place the soaked, damp mass in the pipe bowl. Then you take a lump of burning charcoal and set it on the top of the wet tobacco and begin to smoke. The tobacco itself, you see, is not really alight; it's the charcoal that's alight; it is the burning charcoal that eats the tobacco up. This is the secret of narghile smoking. And a narghile, smoked properly, is delicious—makes, in fact, the very best smoke in the world."

Her Great Fault.

A Georgia citizen recently said that while riding out from Savannah on horseback he saw a typical southern matron outside a whitewashed cabin, while on the lawn in front a bevy of young colored children were playing. There were eight of them altogether, seven of their number being very, very dark, while the eighth one was light complexioned.

"You've got some fine looking children there, auntie," he said.

"Deed I hab, boss," she replied. "Dere ain't any better pickaninnies in de whole state of Georgia den dat first seben, but dat eighth one, dat mulatto, she done make me more trouble dan de whole oder seben put togedder."

"In what way?" I asked. And she replied:

"'Cause she done show dirt so easy!"

Chased and Refined.

At a recent police court sitting a man was fined 40 shillings and costs for assaulting a policeman. Considering himself a much injured man, on reaching the door he began abusing the magistrate in very violent language. The magistrate sent an officer after him, and the delinquent found himself once more in the dock and fined again for contempt of court.

"My man, if you had been more chaste and refined in your language," said the magistrate, "you would not have been chased and re-fined."—London Tit-Bits.

A Lovers' Quarrel.

"Hallo, Fitzy! where did you get that black eye?"

"Oh, it was only a lovers' quarrel."

"Lovers' quarrel! Why, your girl did not give you that, did she?"

"No; it was her other lover."

AFTER THREE YEARS

MR. JOSEPH ROCHETTE RELEASED FROM RHEUMATISM.

Suffered Much Agony, His Appetite Failed, and His Strength Left Him---Hope For Similar Sufferers.

Only those who have suffered from the pangs of rheumatism know how much agony the sufferer has at times to endure. The symptoms often vary, but among them will be found acute pains in the muscles and joints, the latter sometimes much swollen. At times the patient is unable to dress himself, and the slightest jarring sound aggravates the pain. Liniments and outward applications cannot possibly cure rheumatism; it must be treated through the blood, and for this purpose there is no medicine yet discovered can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When given a fair trial these pills never fail to cure even the most stubborn cases of rheumatism. Mr. Jos. Rochette, a well known resident of St. Jerome, Que., in an interview with a reporter of L'Avenir du Nord, offers strong proof of the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases of this kind. Mr. Rochette says:—"For nearly three years I was a great sufferer from rheumatism. The pains seemed at times to affect every joint, and the agony I endured was terrible. Sometimes I could scarcely move about, and was unfitted for work. The trouble affected my appetite, and in this way my weakness increased and my condition became more deplorable. I tried a number of remedies, but nothing helped me until I was advised to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and then relief came. Gradually the pains left me, my appetite improved, and I became greatly strengthened. Before I had taken a dozen boxes my health and vigor was such that I felt better than I did before the trouble began. I have not since had an ache or pain, and I feel convinced that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best medicine in the world for rheumatism."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in every civilized land, and their enormous sale is due entirely to their great merit as a medicine. They cure all such troubles as rheumatism, sciatica, locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, nervous headache, kidney ailments, neuralgia and the weaknesses that afflict so many women. Do not let any dealer persuade you to try something else which he may say is "just as good." See that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on the wrapper around every box. If in doubt, send direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed, post paid, at 50c per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

The boy's father—Madam, let me ask if your daughter knows how to ask if your daughter knows how to and nurse the sick, mend clothes, and, in fact, is familiar with all the multifarious details of domesticity?"

The girl's mother—Certainly not. Why, if she had learned all those things her education would have been neglected.—Judge.

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 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 through the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result; strengthening the frame and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the public their Superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, guaged by the opinions of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

Gayboy—They never say in Kentucky that a man takes to anything like a duck to water. They have a better phrase.

Rounder—What is it?

Gayboy—Like a colonel to corn-juice.

Kidder—The proverb "Every dog has his day" doesn't go in Algiers.

Easly—For the very good reason that there every dey has his dog.

What made your linens coarse? Common soap! Sunlight Soap saves linen.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar. 227

ASK FOR

Ogilvie Oats

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

Ogilvie's Hungarian

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

HAVE NO EQUAL.

GOLD STANDARD TEA

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

ARE YOU BUILDING?

IF SO USE EDDY'S IMPERVIOUS SHEATHING

THE BEST BUILDING PAPER MADE.

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

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

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

Il y a quelques années le thé Blue Ribbon était inconnu. Aujourd'hui c'est un nom familier que l'on entend dans tous les intérieurs. Pourquoi?

PERSONAL.

Matrimony (view to) gentlemen should join the British Correspondence Bureau, 154 Ebury Street, London, S. W. England. Particulars free.

T. H. METCALFE & CO.

Grain and Commission Merchants.

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

P. O. Box 550, Winnipeg, Man.

IMPERIAL MAPLE SYRUP

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

ROSE & LAFLAMME, Agts., MONTREAL.

HALCYON HOT SPRINGS

SANITARIUM

Arrow Lake, B. C.

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

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

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

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

WANTED.

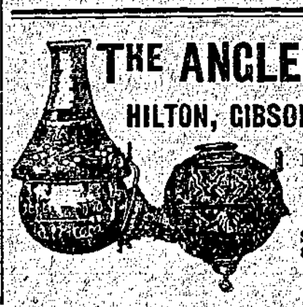
YOUNG GIRL FROM 15 TO 20 years of age, to assist with light housework, and care of children; must be intelligent and willing. Good home to suitable person, and will be treated as one of the family. Wages, $10.00 per month. Apply to P.O. Box 766, Winnipeg, Man.

BUSINESS CHANCE.

WANTED.—To purchase first class general store. Apply in confidence to "Private" P. O. Box 207, Winnipeg, giving full particulars.

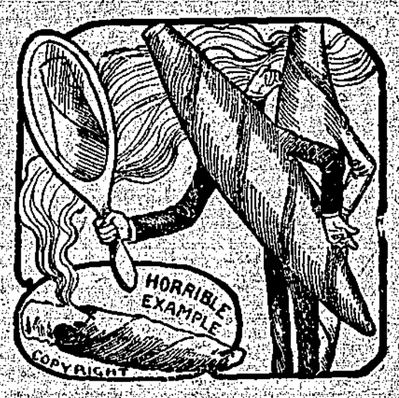
THE ANGLE LAMP

HILTON, GIBSON & CO.,



P.O. Box 301. Winnipeg.

Send for Illustrated Price List.



SAYS MR. LUCINA CIGAR:—

"What a terrible case of cigar murder! How pleasant it is to look like me and also have that nice sweet flavor and lovely aroma."

MANUFACTURED BY

GEO. F. BRYAN & CO..... WINNIPEG

Schoolmaster—Now, let us have "Little Drops of Water" again, and do, please, put a little spirit into it.—Glasgow Evening Times.

TOTALLY DEAF.—Mr. S. E. Crandell, Port Perry, writes: "I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted in my becoming totally deaf in one ear and partially so in the other. After trying various remedies and consulting several doctors, without obtaining any relief, I was advised to try Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. I warmed the Oil and poured a little of it into my ear, and before one-half the bottle was used, my hearing was completely restored. I have heard of other cases of deafness being cured by the use of this medicine."

In the Conservatory—He—There is something, darling, I want to tell you. She—Oh, then, let us get away from the rubber plant. Come, tell me under the rose.

If trouble drives you to prayer, prayer will drive away trouble.—Melanchthon.

Minard's Liniment Cures LaGrippe.

An opportunity unimproved is a coin thrown into the sea.

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

The first year of the life of a tree is when the most beneficial pruning is done.

A White Man's Choice

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Copyright, 1901, by Martha McCulloch-Williams

Jimmy Marion was no great shakes. In the mind of Brush Creek Jimmy had but two redeeming qualities. One was being his father's son, the other that he had wit enough to love his father's ward, Cressy Oliphant.

Upon a summer morning Cressy called to him over her shoulder: "Jimmy, do come on! You are the slowest old thing! And you know I hate a man or a horse without lots of go."

They were riding up hill. Cressy's whiplash whined accompaniment to her words. Jimmy had a talent for saying nothing, still as he came within easy hail he piped amiably, "Cress, I been wonderin' all this mornin' if you won't never learn better'n to gallop a horse up hill."

"I've been wondering if you will ever learn anything," Cressy retorted, slashing savagely at a near bush. Jimmy opened his eyes. "What's the matter, cross-cat?" he asked. "You come ridin' with me—nobody didn't make you—an' I've let you pick your own road an' go your own gait"—

"If you've tired of me, I'll go on by myself," Cressy said irritably, half wheeling her horse. Jimmy kept beside her. "You needn't try to run away frum me," he said. "I been knowin' all the way you felt bad, an' I reckon I know what about."

"You don't! What is it?" Cressy answered all in a breath. Jimmy laughed tranquilly. "I fetched you a letter yistiddy evenin'—a letter frum Charley."

"What business have you to know that?" Cressy demanded. "He's comin' today. That's why I am runnin' away."

"Ef he pesters you, I'll make him go right back," Jimmy said promptly, then his face fell. "But it'll be sorter awkward. Old Charles is all the own cousin I've got. Pappy an' mammy think nigh as much of him as they do of me."

"You ought to hate him. Why don't you?" Cressy demanded. Jimmy stared. "Hate him!" he repeated slowly. "Why should I hate him? He can't help bein' what he is—smart an' bright an' good lookin'—no more'n I can help bein' what I am."

"And what is that?" Cressy asked crisply. Jimmy drew a deep breath.

"A born fool," he said humbly. "But I got sense enough to know it. All I can do is to be a real white man, an' it ain't white to hate Char—anybody better off."

"You are worse than a born fool—a made one," Cressy cried passionately. "An' you won't stand up for yourself. You won't even say you love me—you drive me to tell you I know it"—

"You can't help but know it," Jimmy broke in. "You been knowin' it ever sence you were knee high. I been fool enough to think sometimes maybe you might fetch yourself to take me—an' the place"—

"I do love—the place," Cressy interrupted, a smile dawning in her stormy eyes. "An' it has belonged to the Marions ever sence the Indians went away."

"I know," Jimmy said wistfully, "but don't let that bother you, Cress. There's jest us two of the name—Charles an' me. You needn't never leave—the place—no matter what happens." Then persuasively, "Let's us leave all this talk until next year."

"Charley is not so patient," Cressy said, swallowing hard. "He insists upon a definite answer today."

"I lay he don't get it—not until you are good an' ready," Jimmy said, with a quick smile, patting her hand. Then he ran on haltingly, "Cressy, I love you all I know how, but don't you let that count if—if you love—anybody else."

They were nearing a roadside gate. As Cressy went through it she said, with her head very high: "Go home, Jimmy, an' give Charles his answer. Tell him I don't know—an' I don't want to know."

* * * * * * *

As Jimmy went up the walk he saw his mother at the sitting room window, very white and moaning faintly. He rushed inside. His father met him, all his hale ruddiness changed to ashen gray. Charley had come and sat at Squire Marion's desk, his pen racing over a sheet of legal cap. Without looking up, he called: "Saddle me a fresh horse, Jimmy. The best you've got. The minute this is signed I must ride like the devil."

"What's up?" Jimmy demanded. His father clutched his shoulder, leaned heavily upon it and gasped: "Son, son, we're on the edge of ruin! Charley found out early this mornin' that Gill Magee had run away with all the county money! And me on his bond for $50,000! I trusted Gill like my own brother!"

"There, there, Uncle Jim," Charley interposed. "Walls have ears sometimes, and we must not leave one loophole in this precious document. It's a deed of gift, Jimmy. Uncle Jim makes over to you everything—land, money, stock and crops."

"What for?" Jimmy asked, his eyes wide. Charley laughed shortly. "For the best of reasons—to save himself from beggary and keep a roof over his head. But I've written it down for a consideration of $1, love and natural affection. Sign, quick, Uncle Jim. Unless this goes on record before Gill Magee's pranks get wind, it will be worth less than the paper it's written on."

"Oh, it's hard!" the old man moaned. "In my old age too! I never did think I could be brought to any of them coverin' up tricks. I've been so proud to hear folks say, 'As honest as a Marion.' But what else can I do? I'm old—seventy next month! I cain't let my home go! I cain't take my wife to the poorhouse!"

"You'll have me, pappy, no matter what comes," Jimmy said, lifting his head and throwing his arm about his father's bowed shoulders. So holding him, he moved to where his mother sat, lifted her to her feet and with his free arm drew her to his breast. Then he turned to his cousin and said clearly: "Charley, it was good in you to think of us this a-way. But I cain't see things your way. Now Gill's gone bad, by the Lord, he shan't take old Jim Marion with him. I love the place, every stock an' stone an' red clay hill in it, next to—my own people. But I won't keep it unless I can keep it honest"—

"Are you crazy?" Charley broke in. "I can change the beneficiary in a trice. Say, Uncle Jim, won't you trust me? I'll certainly never take advantage of your trust. Speak quick. We have just three hours' grace, and it will take two at least to get back to the courthouse."

"I—I don't believe I keer to save things except for Jimmy," Squire Marion began brokenly.

Charley sprang to his feet and stepped in front of his cousin. He was white with anger and apprehension. In a high shaken voice he cried: "For God's sake, Jimmy, don't doom your father and mother to beggary. It makes me feel like shooting you to hear you quibble and prate when all their comfort, it may be their lives, hangs on the matter of a minute."

"They have got me," Jimmy reiterated. Charley flung up his hands. "You!" he cried, with the intensest scorn. "What are you? What can you do—without money or brains?"

"Work—all day an' all night," Jimmy said sturdily. Charley drew back a step, his face twitching. He bit his lips hard before he went on.

"Another thing, think of Cressy. She will end by marrying you if you keep the place. It is that which has stood between me and winning her. I know it. Remember, I am speaking now against myself. I cannot do less in face of all I owe my uncle and my dear, good aunt. Speak to Jimmy, both of you. If he still refuses to save you, sign this deed and put it in my power."

Mrs. Marion nestled close to her son. Her husband broke away from them and leaned from the open window. Jimmy's eyes followed the father's gaze as it rested upon the familiar fields, the trig barns, the deep, shadowy woodlands belting the clear land. Could they give it up and go away, strangers in a strange land?

Stronger, more insistent was the thought of Cressy. How should a beggar lift eyes to her? No, not a beggar except for work! Somehow the word was a tonic. He faced half about, drew his mother in front of him and said with many breaks: "Charley—I—I—cain't talk with you. But the Lord—help me—to show I—can work with you."

Squire Marion stepped beside his son, linked arms and said: "Ruin or no ruin, Charley, I'll do as Jimmy says. If the money must all go, let it! Lord, what is all the property in the world beside findin' that I've got a real man fer my son?"

"The best man in the world," Cressy cried, breaking tempestuously from an ambush of half closed door. "I had to come home right behind you," she panted to Jimmy. "It—it is not true—what he said," nodding toward Charley. "Now you have lost everything else, I ask you to—to take me."

"Amen. The Lord be praised!" Squire Marion said, catching Cressy in his arms. Charley darted away, swearing under his breath. Jimmy? Jimmy put his head upon his mother's shoulder and cried for the first time since he was ten years old.

Jimmy showed the stuff he was made of by working through five hopeless years trying to save the homestead, mortgaged to full value. Cressy helped him, singing about the place, her face always sunshiny, her tempers all blown away. Still there was rejoicing, indeed, when Gill Magee came back from the Klondike with money enough to make good all his luckless sureties had paid. Little Jim, aged four, high in the arms of his doting grandmother, held the canceled mortgage in a candle flame and laughed to see it burn. Across the hearth the grandfather looked on with eyes that did not see and murmured brokenly, "The righteous shall not be forsaken nor his seed beg bread."

In Black and White.

One of Atlanta's most prominent bankers has a young son who has already developed a surprising faculty for business.

His father gave him $5, and instead of spending it he handed it back to his father to deposit for him in order that he might draw the interest.

A few days later, however, the youngster saw something he wanted more than he did the interest, so asked his father to please return the money.

This the banker refused to do, explaining that the son had no note for the money, and unless he could prove in black and white that the money had been handed him the $5 was his.

The youthful financier looked both puzzled and unhappy, then his countenance cleared. He called the colored butler.

"John, did you see me give father $5 the other day?"

He was answered in the affirmative. Then he put the same question to his grandmother.

When she, too, said yes, young Machiavelli turned to his father triumphantly:

"There, father, I have it in black and white."

Needless to add, he got the money.—Atlanta Journal.

A Ruskin Thought.

To be content in utter darkness and ignorance is indeed unmanly, and therefore, we think that to love and find knowledge must be always right. Yet wherever pride has any share in the work even knowledge and light may be ill pursued. Knowledge is good, and light is good; yet man perished in seeking knowledge, and the moths perish in seeking light, and if we who are crushed before the moth will not accept such mystery as is needful to us we shall perish in like manner. None but the proud will mourn over this, for we may always know more if we choose by working on, but the pleasure is, I think, to humble people in knowing that the journey is endless, the treasure inexhaustible.—Ruskin.

Lambert's Oaks.

From Lambert's Oaks, formerly an inn, in the parish of Woodmansterne, England, the famous Oaks stakes acquires its name. The house was built by a society called the "Hunter's club," under a lease from the Lambert family. It afterward became the residence of the unfortunate General Burgoyne, from whom it passed to the eleventh Earl of Derby, whose grandson, the twelfth earl, greatly improved it.

Unlike the Machine.

"Do you think the flying machine will ever be practical?"

"It's hard to say. The idea has been in the air a long time."

A Good Husband.

"I think that in order to make a good husband a man should practice self-denial."

"Yes; but not preach it."

Ye Lamb.

In years you may know Wall street
From "a" to "z," clear through,
But one brief day will take you
As far as I O U.

A Different Matter.

Boggle—I hear that Miss Golfly's uncle was a criminal.

Goggle—Nothing of the kind. He wrecked a bank.

At Least That.

People who adopt the motto, "Love me, love my dog," should see to it that their dogs are of the most lovable type.

Moral Suasion and a Strap.

"She seems to have abandoned her moral suasion ideas relative to the training of children."

"She has?"

"How did it happen?"

"Well, I was largely instrumental in bringing about the change. You see, she has no children of her own, and I grew weary of her constant preaching and theorizing, so I loaned her our Willie."

"Loaned her your boy?"

"Precisely. She was to have him a week on her solemn promise to confine herself entirely to moral suasion."

"Did she keep her promise?"

"She did, but at the expiration of the week she came to me with tears in her eyes and pleaded for permission to whale him just once."

Spanish Field Laborers.

Field laborers in Spain rarely get more than 10 cents a day. Their sole food is a soup made of oil, water, garlic and bread. Many cannot endure twelve to fourteen hours of hard work in the broiling sun on such fare and faint in the fields. About 5 per cent of them die annually.

Ainu Women.

The women of Ainu, north Japan, admire bearded faces, and they tattoo their own faces to make them seem sprouting with whiskers.

Fellow Feeling.

"You're an astronomer, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Shake! I'm a theatrical manager. I wonder if you have as hard a time finding new stars as I have."

FROM CAPE TO CAIRO.

South African Peace Brings This Railway Dream of Late Cecil Rhodes Into Nearer Probability.

The re-establishment of peace and industrial development in South Africa under British domination brings into nearer probability the consummation of Cecil Rhodes' dream of a "Cape to Cairo" railway line. Fresh information is given regarding the project in a recent report made by the United States consul at Beirut, who learns that first class passenger trains will soon be running between Cape Town and Bulawayo, a distance of 1,500 miles.

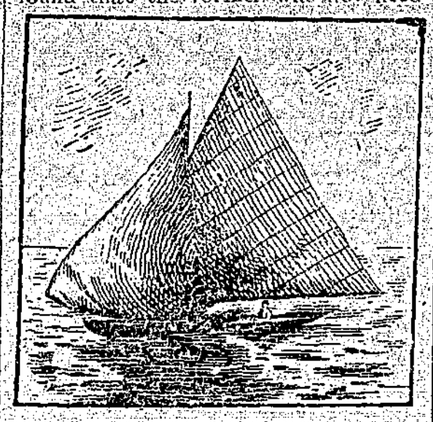
In Rhodesia, he says, railroad building is progressing rapidly, although the Boer war interfered with the transportation of construction material from the south. Meanwhile the Beira-Salisbury line has been extended southward and a junction formed with the main line at Bulawayo. It was originally intended that the line from Bulawayo via Gwelo to Salisbury should constitute the first section of the main line northward, toward Lake Tanganyika, and that the Zambezi should be crossed in the vicinity of Kariba gorge. Later explorations, and particularly the discovery of the Wankie coal beds, have led to the adoption of a route farther to the west, including the crossing of the Zambezi at Victoria Falls. The railway is due to reach the coalfields during the coming autumn and Victoria Falls before the end of 1903.

Under the recent concessions obtained from Belgium the "Cape to Cairo" road will run due north of Victoria Falls on the Zambezi to the Congo border and thence to Lake Kasali, the most southerly navigable point on the Lualaba, one of the principal reaches of the Congo. The whole distance from Bulawayo to Kasali is 1,000 miles, and it appears likely that the entire route connecting with the railway at Khartoum will be in operation inside of two years, while it is not unlikely that the Dar-es-Salaam route through German East Africa may also be built and the original "Cape to Cairo" road through Tabora be realized. All nations are apparently waking up to a comprehension of the possible future of South and East Africa and to the prospect of an early realization of the late Cecil Rhodes' "dream."

THE TRIDENT.

Picture of the Successful Canadian Yacht, Seawanhaka Cup Defender.

The Trident, the successful defender of the Seawanhaka Cup, is a "fresh" boat, and for a time it was thought that she would be protested by the challenging club. The Trident was originally fitted with both centre-board and bilge boards, but was found that the former was not needed. She is 37 feet over all, and has eight feet four inches beam, or width. Her hull only draws five and a half inches of water when the lee-boards are up. She carries 500 square feet of canvas. Her specialty is a blow. She is a fast, all-round boat, but sails fastest with the wind strong.



THE YACHT TRIDENT.

Vermiform Appendix.

People as a rule know nothing regarding the appendix. They talk about appendicitis, but the organ affected is to them a profound mystery. Let me endeavor to make plain the nature of this curious vestige in human anatomical history. The digestive system of man, and that of all other animals, is a canal or tube, whereof the stomach is simply a dilated part. Now, beyond the stomach we find the intestine (or bowel), which in man averages twenty-six feet in length. It is divided into the small intestine, measuring about twenty feet, and into the large intestine, which makes up about six feet of the total length.

Where the small intestine—which is the part that immediately succeeds the stomach—joins the large we find the caecum. This, as its name indicates, is a cul de sac, a kind of blind alley, lying between the point of junction. Attached to the caecum we find the appendix, a little tube-like vestige, averaging about three inches in length and of the diameter of a goose quill. If the caecum is a blind alley the appendix is a kind of trap, lying as it does to the back of the caecum. When indigestible things find their way into the appendix—cherry stones, grape seeds and even the hairs of tooth brushes—they cause irritation, and when this irritation goes the length of inflammation we get the ailment known as "appendicitis." The removal of the appendix is an operation of modern surgery, which, under ordinary conditions is both safe and successful.—London Chronicle.

FATE OF HINDOO GIRLS.

Nepaul Rajpoots Cause Their Daughters to Be Murdered.

A Capuchin monk engaged in missionary work in Nepaul, writing of Hindoo family life, remarks that it is very difficult for parents to make advantageous matches for their daughters. The Hindoos therefore find a means of ridding themselves of too many daughters by murdering them. It is a well known fact that Hindoos of high birth, those who are called rajpoots, caused their daughters to be put to death after their birth by men specially engaged to do so. This criminal custom had become so general that in 1840 in the seventy-three villages of the Allahabad district there were only three girls under twelve years of age, and three years later in the town of Agra there was not one to be found under that age. All had been put to death.

The English government has very naturally passed severe laws against this abominable crime, but to evade them the Hindoos allow their girls to live until the age of twelve, after which they do away with them by administering poison in small doses. Orientals are past masters in the art of poisoning, and after some minute inquiries it transpires that in many districts twenty-five out of every hundred girls have been got rid of in this manner. Those girls who have been spared they marry very early, generally between fourteen and fifteen years, and that not according to their own choice, but by the will of their parents, which is decisive.

An Indian family of good rank could not keep an unmarried daughter. It would not only be a public shame, but also a crime against religion. To procure husbands for those who have not already found them there are a number of Brahmans, old and decrepit, called Kulin Brahmans, who go about with the one object of going through the ceremony of the "seven steps" with as many young girls as they can upon receipt of a large sum of money, but who afterward leave the country and perhaps never see them again.

KINGS AND QUEENS.

The king of England who could not speak the language of his kingdom was George I.

In the battle of Bosworth Field, 1485, a king was killed (Richard III.) and a king was crowned (Henry VII.).

The motto, "Dieu et Mon Droit," was first assumed by Edward III. of England when he took the title of king of France.

"Your majesty" as a royal title was assumed in England in 1527 by Henry VIII. The title before that was "your grace" or "your highness," for the king or queen.

William IV. was at the time when he succeeded to the throne the first William of Hanover, the second William of Ireland and the third William of Scotland.

Henry VIII. was the first to assume the title of king of Ireland. The title king of Great Britain was assumed by James VI. of Scotland when he became James I. of England.

Richard I. was the first to call himself king of England. Every king from William to Henry II. called himself king of the English. The title was assumed by Egbert, the first king of England, in 828.

King of France was a title borne by the monarchs of England for 432 years, and when Elizabeth became queen of England she was also "king of France," asserting that if she could not be a queen she would be king.

The Spendthrift.

Once upon a time there was a spendthrift who made his father very unhappy through his profligate habits.

"My son," said the parent, "you spend every penny that you get, and it must cease. Remember that the pennies make shillings and the shillings make pounds. If you do not change your habits of always spending to habits of judicious saving, I will not spare the rod."

The admonition had no good effect on the youth, and he continued to spend the pennies before they could accumulate into shillings.

His father spoke no more about the matter, but he applied the rod most vigorously to him until he howled with pain.

Moral.—He who spends the pennies will get the pounds.

Instinct of Horses In War.

Arabian horses manifest remarkable courage in battle. It is said that when a horse of this breed finds himself wounded and perceives that he will not be able to bear his rider much longer he quickly retires from the conflict, bearing his master to a place of safety while he has still sufficient strength. But, on the other hand, if the rider is wounded and falls to the ground the faithful animal remains beside him, unmindful of danger, neighing until assistance is brought.

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A fragile thread of plot;
Great gobs of talk and love and gore;
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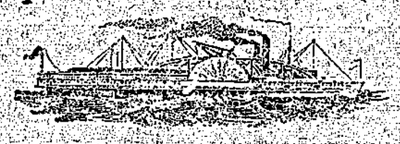

S. S. "City of Nanaimo."
WINTER SCHEDULE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE
OCTOBER 25th, 1902.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

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

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1—Daily.		No. 3—Sunday
A.M.		A.M.
De. 8.00	Wellington	De. 3 00
" 8 20	Nanaimo	" 3 15
" 10 02	Duncan's	" 5.00
" 10.42	Koenig's	" 5.36
" 11.38	Goldstream	" 6 32
Ar 12.00	Victoria	Ar 7.00

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EXTRA! EXTRA!!

WE HAVE DECIDED to have another Premium Drawing, to be held on Saturday, January 24th, 1903. Our plan is this, that we will give two tickets for every dollar we receive during December and one ticket for every dollar we receive in January up till the 24th, when the drawing takes place. The prize will be an up-to-date, ball bearing, wire wheel, pneumatic tired buggy, valued at $200.

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Patchwork of Pictures.

Of all the quaint and varied sights shown to the passing stranger, says Navy and Army, perhaps there is none more attractive than the officers' quarters in the main guard of the citadel of Valetta. Long ago some officer, finding the time hang heavy on his hands and having in him besides a turn for sketching, bethought him to draw upon the bare yellow washed wall of his ungarnished room a picture in colors. The next officer probably thought he could do as well or better, and he, too, left his handiwork upon the walls, and as years rolled by there grew up a custom, now firmly established, for every regiment serving in Malta and doing main guard duty to leave behind a remembrance of itself in the shape of a sketch on the walls in pencil, chalk or paint. Thus now, instead of plain, unlovely walls, exists this quaint irregular patchwork of pictures, well known throughout the services and to those who use this highway to the east.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia at its next session for an Act to incorporate a Company with power to lay out, construct, equip, operate by steam, electricity, or other motive power, and maintain a single or double track standard or narrow gauge railway (a) from a point on the coast at or near Burke Channel or Bentinck Arm, then by way of the Bella Coola River, Palmer's Trail and Black Water River to the Pine River Pass or Yellowhead Pass, or both, thence to the Eastern boundary of the said Province. (b) and from a point at or near where the line of the railway mentioned above intersects the one hundred and twenty fifth meridian to a point on Burrard Inlet; and with further power to build, construct, equip, maintain and operate as aforesaid branch lines of the said railway not exceeding 150 miles in length; and with power to build and operate tramways in connection therewith; and with power to construct, equip, maintain and operate all necessary roads, bridges, ways, ferries, steamboats, wharves, docks, elevators, warehouses, hotels, depots and coal bunkers; and with power to build, own, equip, operate and maintain telegraph and telephone lines in connection with the said railway, or its branches, and to construct, equip, maintain and operate branch lines in connection with the said telegraph and telephone lines; and with power to carry on a general transportation business; and to build and operate all kinds of plant for the purpose of supplying light, heat, electricity, or any kind of motive power; and to acquire lands, bonuses, privileges, or other aids from any Government, Municipalities, persons or other bodies corporate, and with power to carry on a general Express business, and to promote companies, and to make traffic or other arrangements with railway, steamboat or other companies; and with power to construct, acquire, operate and dispose of smelters, reduction, refining, concentrating or other works for the handling and treatment of ores, and to acquire, operate and dispose of coal lands, and with power to expropriate lands for the purposes of the Company, and to take such powers as are given to Companies under Part 4 of the "Water Clauses Consolidation Act, 1897;" and with power to levy and collect tolls from all persons using, and on all freight passing over any such railways, tramways, wharves, or vessels owned or operated by the Company; and with power to build wagon roads to be used in the construction of the said railway, and in advance of the same; and to levy and collect tolls from all persons using, and on all freight passing over any such roads built for the Company, whether before or after construction of the railway; and with power to sell out its undertaking, and to purchase the undertaking of any other company; and with all other usual, necessary or incidental rights, powers or privileges as may be necessary or conducive to the above objects or any of them.

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

ROBERTSON & ROBERTSON,
Solicitors for the Applicants.
17 12 02 6t

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

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

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

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

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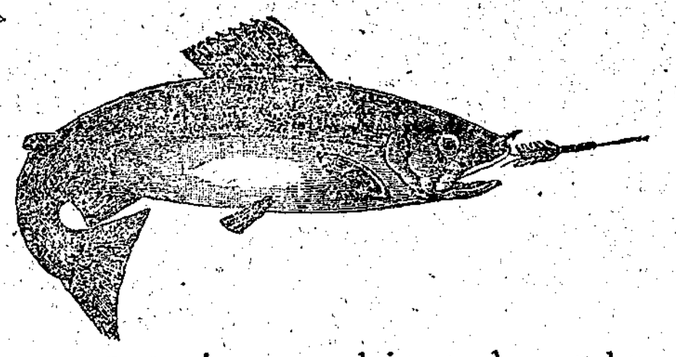

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WHEN WOMAN LOVES

By JOHN F. PEARSON

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It will simplify matters and lead to a better understanding if I confess at the outset that I am what the police denominate a "crook." I am neither a thief, robber nor burglar, but a financial agent for people who have property to dispose of, property acquired in an unlawful way. For instance, if a burglar comes across bonds, shares, notes, deeds and the like while pursuing his calling he bundles them up and brings them to me. For a liberal commission I dispose of the papers on the open market or deal with the loser direct. Now and then I handle jewelry, but the gems must be valuable and the losers wealthy to interest me in a case. It may be of interest to know that I was a fairly good civil engineer before I became a financial agent. Why I exchanged professions is a matter concerning myself alone.

Ten years since a friend of mine named Dee got into trouble in a western state. In trying to break away from the officers one of them was shot dead. That meant the gallows for Dee. I at once secured the best legal counsel for him, but was plainly told that only a miracle could save his neck. When his case came up, he was convicted without the jury leaving the box, and he was sentenced to be hung. We made an appeal, and he went back to prison knowing that he would be safe for eight or ten months to come.

Dee was a man of twenty-eight, a gentleman by birth, one of the handsomest men you ever saw. Had it been a jury of women they would have acquitted him as promptly as he was convicted. A dozen females broke down and wept when he was sentenced. Though watching things closely, I had not put myself forward at the trial. Among the interested ones I had noticed a handsome girl about twenty, and the trial was not half concluded when I knew that she regarded Dee as an innocent man and a hero. When the verdict of guilty was pronounced, she fainted away, and the incident created some local gossip.

As nothing more could be done for Dee for some time I was about to leave the city, when I received a note asking me to call at a certain house. I called and met Miss Fay, Dee's courtroom admirer and an heiress. She told me that she had fallen in love with Dee and that every dollar she had was at his disposal to save his neck. When I replied that it wasn't a question of money and that he was almost certain to hang after we had exhausted all legal dodges, she asked me to remain in town until I heard from her again.

Dee was a far better man in all things than three-fourths of those shouting their morality, but I felt it my duty to tell Miss Fay just where he stood. I admitted to her that he was a criminal instead of a hero and that even if his life was saved through her efforts she could hardly hope he would marry her and settle down. Nothing I could say would dispel her illusions, and she actually became angry at me for giving her brotherly advice. She did not tell me what steps she meant to take, but I knew by the light in her eyes that she would hesitate at nothing. It was seven days before I met her again, and I was astonished at the work she had done. Dee was confined in the county jail, which was as strong and safe as a state prison. He had a cell at the end of a wing, and was so hedged in by bolts, bars, guards and steel and stone walls that there was not the remotest chance for an escape.

In a week the girl had located the cell, rented a cottage outside the walls and stocked it with tools and provisions and laid the plan to defeat justice. The plan was boldness itself. I was to find two trusty men and ensconce myself in the cottage and dig a tunnel to the cell of the condemned. The distance was 160 feet, and we must go under the street, under the yard wall and then under the wall of the jail. The cottage was one of three and had a space of only twenty feet on each side of it. The other cottages were owned by the families occupying them, and the people were bound to watch any strangers moving in. To dig that tunnel was the work of months, and to run its other mouth into a cell was a feat the oldest engineer and the nerviest sort of a crook might well hesitate over. I ridiculed the whole plan at once, but Miss Fay took it up point by point, and so well did she argue that after three or four hours I agreed that there was one chance in a thousand that success might be achieved.

The first move was to find a family to occupy the cottage. It was not very difficult for me to get hold of an oldish woman who would assist us to carry the scheme through. She opened a boarding house, but took in only three men of us. We were supposed to be railroad men and to come and go before daylight and after dark. Now and then we did come and go, but it was only to deceive the neighbors. As soon as we settled in the house we began work on the tunnel and we never put in less than fourteen hours out of the twenty-four. The two men with me knew what they were being paid for and could be depended upon. The cellar of the cottage gave us room for the dirt excavated, and it seemed as if luck was with us from the start. It was winter, with but few people passing on the side street, and the ground being hard frozen there was less danger of the roof of the tunnel falling in.

One can run a ditch on the surface as straight as a rule, but when you come to run a tunnel it is a different thing. We had sewers and gas and water pipes and beds of rock to look for, and the far end must reach a certain cell inside the jail. To say that I sweat blood over that job would be drawing it mild. We went over or under the pipes in the street, made a couple of elbows to avoid big rocks, and finally reached the prison wall. From the wall we were to go under a coal shed until reaching the prison wall, and there would be no chance to take sights above ground. Fortunately for us we struck an old abandoned sewer, and this saved us at least a month's digging. We followed it up to the prison wall and then we were twenty-five feet from the spot we wanted to reach.

The jail had a cellar, but under only two-thirds of the space. The new wing rested on a bed of rock and cement. In the difficult work we had to get around the pipes we progressed only by inches. Toward the last of our work Miss Fay called at the cottage of a night and even crept into the tunnel. She made the arrangements for the future, and I alone was taken into her confidence.

At last there came a night when we began work on the flagstones forming the floor of Dee's cell. I had got a note to him, and he knew what we were doing. It was two nights later before we broke through and he dropped down among us. As we emerged into the cellar of the cottage I halted to tell him the story of the girl, and when I had finished it I said:

"You must make a choice. You must either marry the girl and settle down to an honest life, or I will give you up to the prison authorities before you can leave the house."

He did not hesitate. He was touched by her devotion and glad enough of an opportunity to drop his profession. In an hour he was at the appointed place. She was there to greet him and a clergyman was there to marry them. Then they went away into hiding, and it was months later before they crossed the sea to make a home in a foreign land. The escape and the tunnel were discovered, of course, but the cottage was empty and the late occupants could not be traced. While I rejoiced over Dee's good luck, I really felt more solid satisfaction over the success of my tunnel. The newspapers, on the authority of the city engineer, pronounced it a splendid piece of work, and added that the designer must have ability of no mean order. I had come out to an inch of the spot aimed at, and I had taken a prisoner out of one of the strongest jails in the world.

Remarkable Reasons For Duels.

Colonel Montgomery was shot in a duel about a dog; Colonel Ramsey in one about a servant; Mr. Featherstone in one about a recruit; Sterne's father in one about a goose, and another gentleman in one about a bottle of anchovies. One officer was challenged for merely asking his opponent to pass him a goblet; another was compelled to fight about a pinch of snuff. General Barry was challenged by a Captain Smith for declining wine at a dinner on a steamboat, although the general pleaded as an excuse that wine invariably made him sick, and Lieutenant Cowther lost his life in a duel because he was refused admittance to a club of pigeon shooters.

In 1777 a duel occurred in New York between Lieutenant Featherstonehaugh of the Seventy-fifth and Captain McPherson of the Forty-second British regiment in regard to the manner of eating an ear of corn, one contending that the eating was from the cob and the other contending that the grain should be cut off from the cob before eating. Lieutenant Featherstonehaugh lost his right arm, the ball from his antagonist's pistol shattering the limb fearfully, so much so that it had to be amputated. Major Noah lost his life in 1827 at the dueling ground at Hoboken in a simple dispute about what was trumps in a game of cards.—London Tit-Bits.

A Dog In a Glove.

There is no question that the beagle is a very old breed. Early Roman accounts of England contain references to the beagle even by name. Books published from about 1580 to 1610 describe several varieties of hounds, including "the little beagle, which may be carried in a man's glove." That the miniature hound was extremely popular at that time was evident from Queen Elizabeth keeping a pack which were also said to be small enough to put in a glove. This statement is frequently ridiculed when it is not understood that gloves of that period were not the present day kind, but gauntlets reaching nearly to the elbow. What became of those glove beagles we may surmise from what we know of the results of later attempts to maintain packs of beagles of 8 to 10 inches high, the result after some years being weak puppies that fall short of the fine qualities of the little hunting dog when they are grown up.—Country Life in America.

Pious Soup.

Some years ago a thrifty old cottager named Bethia Rummy attended service every Sunday morning at the little church of St. Elzevir, distant some two miles from her cottage on a hillside in Derbyshire. As regular in her provision for temporal wants as she was in attendance to spiritual necessities, her custom was to place a piece of bacon in a pot near the fire to be ready cooked against her return. Then, with her big prayer book wrapped in a snowy handkerchief, Bethia trudged on to St. Elzevir's. One Sunday, however, she came late and flustered to her usual place, just in front of the reading desk and to her vicar's astonishment remarked as she unfolded the snowy handkerchief: "Lawk a daisey me! If I haven't b'iled the prayer book and brought the bacon to church!"—London Chronicle.

Best Milk Cow.

The milkman was treating himself to a holiday. Before starting he said to the hired man: "Be sure and feed the best milk cow well. Give her all the roots she can eat." Coming into the yard on his return, he saw piled up against the pump a good supply of carrots, turnips and parsnips. "What's this for?" he inquired angrily. "Sure, and isn't the old pump the best milk cow after all?" answered Pat.

Like All Gossip.

Mrs. Abel—How Mrs. Cuttle did run on about the Perkinses! I have no patience with a woman who talks so about other folks.

Mrs. Cain—Neither have I. It's perfectly disgusting! But what Mrs. Cuttle said about the Perkinses was awfully interesting.—Washington Times.

What a Man Thinks.

"When a man of twenty considers a woman, he thinks of her beauty, but at thirty he thinks of her loquacity."

"What does he think at forty?"

"Oh, he thinks only of himself by that time."

The Love of Mothers.

Among the lower animals the mother's love for her offspring lasts only until the offspring is able to shift for itself. The hen will fret and fight for her downy chicks, but when they become feathered and commence to do their own foraging the mother hen becomes indifferent to them and thinks only of hatching another brood. The mare loves her foal and the cow her calf only during the suckling period. Canine dams cease to show affection to their progeny after the puppy age, says the San Francisco Bulletin. So, through the entire animal kingdom below the human species the maternal instinct endures only while the young ones are helpless and ceases when they have grown up.

How different is the love of a human mother for her children! That love never dies and seems to grow more intense according as the children become less and less worthy of it. The black sheep is often the best beloved.

A Voracious Spider.

It is a curious study to watch the little white, brown specked spiders which hover among plants seeking what they may devour. It seems almost incredible that they will conquer and carry off to their dens insects twice their size, but this is just what they do, capturing flies of the largest kind. They will hide under the petals of the flowers, and when Mr. Fly comes buzzing along they will spring out at him, and the next thing he knows he is being dragged off to be served up at a spider luncheon. They grip the fly by the neck, if he has a neck, and dart down the leaves, skip to the grass and away, sometimes taking flying leaps of a foot and a half, then disappearing no one knows where. It's the old story of the spider and the fly, only the spider doesn't stop to coax, but boldly carries off his booty without saying, "By your leave."

Too Risky.

During the dinner hour at a certain factory not long ago there was a somewhat heated argument in progress, when one individual, who had hitherto kept silent, was appealed to for an opinion.

"Come Bill," remarked his friend, "we knows you loves an argyment, an' can spout with the best. Wot's your opinion o' this Boer war business?"

"I ain't a-going to discuss it," said Bill, promptly. "I've threshed the matter oot afore!"

"An' what did ye arrive at?" he was asked.

"Woy," was the cool reply, "me an' t'other chap didn't agree, nohow. He took different roads, so to speak. He arrived at the 'orspital an' I arrived at the police station, an' I ain't a-goin' to thresh that matter out again in a hurry."

Neither was Bill pressed to do so.

LIVING LONG.

Mental Industry Contributes to Longevity—Sir John Alleyne's Square, Sturdy Opinion on the Question.

It is asserted that men of science live long, and that mental industry is a positive aid to a healthy old age. The belief is certainly borne out by the fact that four of the gentlemen seated at the Council table of the London Iron and Steel Institute recently were over eighty. Sir Lowthian Bell is, in his eighty-seventh year, and still carries his extraordinary experience of British iron and coal as lightly as other men carry the gardenia in their buttonhole. Sir Bernhard Samuelson is eighty-two. Time has left deeper marks on his figure and visage, it is true, but he is still hale and hearty. Sir John Alleyne stands as square and sturdy to-day as he did when at the head of the great Midland iron foundries, which rolled the girders for all our earlier ironclads and ocean liners, and cast the huge iron skeleton of St. Pancras railway station.

Sir John believes mightily not only in head work, but in hand work, and follows the same daily routine of manual and mental labor as he did a score of years ago. He himself says that he is getting old and stiff, but it would cut him keenly if anybody else were to assert the fact. The fourth octogenarian is an American, Mr. John Fritz, of Bethlehem, United States. He openly preaches the doctrine that applied science gives men healthy activity of brain, and supplies that salt and savor to life which we all need to render our life worth the living.—Modern Society.

The King's New Doctor.

Surgeon Arthur Reginald Bankart, M.B., M.V.O., the King's new doctor, who was in constant attendance upon his Majesty on the Royal yacht, is a naval surgeon of high repute. He was appointed surgeon in 1895, and first came into prominence when,

SURGEON BANKART.

as surgeon of the Osborne, in July 1900, he successfully treated the Khedive of Egypt on the Royal yacht during a serious illness. For this service he was awarded the Order of the Osmanieh of the Fourth Class. Surgeon Bankart also holds the Second Class Saxe Ernestine Order, and received his M.V.O. in 1898. He was appointed surgeon to the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert in May, 1901. Our sketch is from a photograph by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

Birds That Can Talk.

Professor Scott of Princeton says that wild birds sometimes introduce variations into their songs and, again, more rarely, imitate not only the songs of other birds, but the barking of dogs, mechanical sounds, like the creaking of wheels, the filing of a saw and even human speech. A writer in Bird Lore gives this well authenticated incident:

One morning while I was standing on my back steps I heard a cheerful voice say: "You are a pretty bird. Where are you?"

I wondered how any parrot could talk loudly enough to be heard at that distance, for the houses on the street behind us are not near. Presently the voice came again, clear, musical and strong: "You are a pretty bird. Where are you?"

For several days I endured the suspense of waiting for time to investigate. Then I chased him up. There he was in the top of a walnut tree, and his gorgeous attire told me immediately he was a rose breasted grosbeak.

At the end of a week he was saying: "Pretty, pretty bird. Where are you?" He and his mate stayed near us all last summer, and this spring they came again.

We All Remember.

Though memory often spurns our debts
Of hate, it never smothers
Some kindly debts, for who forgets
His kindness to others?

A Warm Proposition.

"Cawn't I have a lock of your dear auburn hair to wear above my heart?"

"No; it might give you heartburn."

Truthful Sarcasm.

Sister—What is the best way to retain a man's love?

Brother—Don't return it.

Sure Cure For Mice.

To get rid of mice blow into their haunts with a bellows a generous mixture of red pepper and finely powdered lime. Then paint the entrance to each hole with liquid tar and add to the household a cat that knows her business.

A Noted Fighter.

Henri De Wet is a nephew of the famous Boer commandant who proved himself such a fine leader of men during the recent war. Henri De Wet fought against us under Louis Botha, and proved himself one of the ablest members of the staff of that general. After he was taken prisoner by our troops, and witnessed the

HENRI DE WET.

strength of our resources and the progress made, Henri became convinced of the further futility of the struggle. He accordingly volunteered his services to the British in the cause of peace, was accepted, and after taking the oath of allegiance was attached to the Johannesburg Mounted Rifles. It is the uniform of this corps he is wearing in our sketch, which is taken from a photograph.

Gastronomic Triolet.

The man who writes of things to eat
Has, as a rule, a good digestion.
His cup of joy is full, complete.
The man who writes of things to eat
For telling truth is hard to beat.
His views are honest, without question.
The man who writes of things to eat
Has, as a rule, a good digestion.

A Strange Being.

Grace—Is her husband a man of much sentiment?

Alice—Not a particle. He seems to think golf links were made to play golf on.

To Rid London of Its Fog.

Dr. Redwood, leading chemist, is endeavoring to secure some legislation to compel the general adoption of use of oil in the city of London. With such action, he argues, the pall of fog under which the city frequently struggles would disappear entirely. The doctor says that the London fog is composed almost entirely of the unconsumed particles of carbon in the air emanating from the thousands of factory chimneys which are belching forth thick smoke for the greater part of the day. There is no soot from oil.

Poultry Yard Pointers.

In feeding fowls study nature and give them things they like the best.

Sour milk will bring better returns fed to hens than when even fed to pigs.

Turkeys when first hatched are very delicate and require considerable care.

Young chicks should be fed often, but never given more food than they will clean up.

Game chickens have more meat in proportion to their height than any other breed of fowls.

When the chickens are growing fast, it is a good plan to mix a little bone-meal in their soft feed.

Scaly legs can be cured with an ointment made of two parts of glycerine and one part carbolic acid.

While it is at no time advisable to keep food of any kind before the fowls all the time, it will be an advantage to keep milk where they can drink all they want.

Fowls do not run together in large numbers. They will always divide into flocks of small size and will select different feeding grounds, always providing they have the opportunity.

A growing chicken, like a growing animal, requires plenty of good, wholesome food supplied liberally and often in order to enable them to grow and mature rapidly and to develop properly.

Unlike the foal, the calf, the pig and the lamb, the chick must depend on the outsider instead of its mother for food. It is this fact that is responsible for the high death-rate in the yards of many beginners and some that are not beginners. Nature supplies the chick with food for the first 24 hours and a wonderful constitution.

Centenary of Trousers.

Most people will be surprised to hear that trousers, as at present worn by the male portion of humanity, have just celebrated their centenary, but according to Fashion, such is undoubtedly the case. They came in on account of the high living prevalent a hundred years ago. This produced a good deal of gout, whose twinges the tight-fitting costume in use at that period made unbearable. Hence the invention of the wider form of garment, which soon became popular, and was adopted by many royal personages at home and abroad. Among the dandies of the period, however, the new style was regarded with contempt and when Almack's was at the height as a fashionable resort, the great Duke of Wellington himself was once refused admission because he presented himself in trousers instead of the (for that time) orthodox nether garments. So far has their sway now extended that they threaten to supplant even the Scottish kilt.

My Heart's Darling

BY W. HEIMBURG

Author of "A Penniless Orphan," "Gertrude's Marriage," "Her Only Brother," Etc., Etc.

Oh, very well, thank you. She is still with me; has grown very stout and whimsical."

Lucie was silent again. Then she remembered how Hortense had once received a wonderful doll from her uncle, who had been making them a visit, and how she immediately presented it to Lucie, saying she did not care for such foolish things as dolls. "How is your old Uncle Ludolf? I remember the doll he bought you," she added, hesitatingly, as Hortense let her book fall, and looked at her with surprise.

"Old? Yes, he was seven years older than my papa," she answered. "You knew him—right! I married him afterward, just as I left school. Then, four weeks after our marriage he was thrown from his horse at Baden-Baden, at the races, and died the next day."

Lucie's eyes grew large with astonishment.

"Oh! how sad!" she said, warmly. "I am so sorry. And now are you all alone?"

The young lady did not answer, only shrugged her shoulders, as if to say: "That is not the worst by a good deal." After a pause, she added, hastily, as she took up her book again:

"I am engaged again, and shall be married in four weeks."

Lucie did not care to ask "To whom?" but Hortense gave her the information she wanted.

"My future husband is named Von Wilken, and is in the H— Dragoons." She turned again to her book, and appeared to be reading. At last she laid the book aside, leaned her head against the cushions, and shut her eyes. Lucie, too, leaned back and made herself more comfortable. Her thoughts turned to her new home, and she lost herself in thinking of her future life.

As she thought of her unknown mother-in-law, she began to feel anxious. She took a little looking-glass out of her pocket, and began to look if the flowers on her hat were straight, and if the little curls on her forehead were in place. At last she took out thread and needle and mended a very minute hole in her brown silk gloves. So the two traveled on in silence. The regular motion of the car had such a soothing effect on the young girl that she fell asleep, only waking as Frau von Lowen touched her on the shoulder. "We are almost in Hohenberg."

Lucie's heart began to beat, and with trembling hands she made herself ready to leave the train.

Hortense looked at her, half amused and half sympathetic.

"You seem to be a good deal disturbed," said she.

"I feel nervous," said the girl.

"Why? He will be standing with a bouquet on the platform. Is not that so?"

Lucie blushed deeply. "Ach, I do not think so," she stammered, but her beaming eyes contradicted the words.

The train now stopped, and Hortense von Lowen bade her companion adieu.

"I shall be very glad if you will come with me, Lucie."

"I will come," said Lucie, hardly knowing what she said, so nervous did she feel, "and again, many thanks."

CHAPTER II.

Hortense left the car and walked across the platform, by which a handsome carriage was standing. She stepped up to the horse, patted his shining neck and head, sprung into the high coachman's seat, and took the reins. She was waiting for her little trunk as two ladies walked by her, and a pair of brown eyes looked up at her. It was her little traveling companion and her future mother-in-law. So the lover had not come. She looked after them. The thin, sharp-featured old lady in the faded old-fashioned cashmere dress had not deigned to look at her.

Hortense compressed her lips in a scornful manner, as if she had heard what they were saying about her.

"Do you know the lady, my child?"

"Yes; I traveled on with her. Yes; I used to know her long ago. We used to be playfellows, and to-day we met by chance."

"That is by no means an acquaintance that you ought to keep up. This Frau von Lowen is a very fast, queer person; she rides, drives and smokes cigars."

At this moment the person of whom they were speaking drove rapidly by.

Hortense saw a shocked, hurt expression, and the scornful smile deepened about her mouth.

"She looks very disagreeable," sighed Frau Counselor Adler. "If she were my daughter—"

Lucie did not dare to contradict her, although she longed to speak a word for her quondam playmate. And that twenty-mark piece in her porte-monnaie, which she had borrowed from this woman, who was disappearing on the chaussee in a cloud of dust, burned in her pocket like fire.

She had been such a good, sweet child, and now—

In the meantime, the carriage rolled quickly over the rough pavements, turned at the end of a narrow street into a gate, that closed at once behind it, and stopped before an old-fashioned house surrounded by high elms. In the open door stood an old gentleman with white hair and in faultless attire, waiting for the arrival of the lady. He was supporting himself with a cane, and stretched out his trembling hand to the young lady.

"Welcome back, Hortense; it is good to have you at home again."

"How do you do, grandpapa?" she returned, and taking his arm entered with him the spacious hall, and led him to a room on the ground floor, the handsome apartment of a cavalier of the olden time. Here were costly inlaid pieces of furniture with bronze ornaments. At the window looking into the garden was an armchair covered with faded brocade, and before it, on the little table, was a history of the Crusades and a heavy golden box beside the Gotha Almanac. Thick curtains hung at the doors and windows, and the walls were covered with pictures, many of them scenes in the war for freedom; a picture of Queen Louisa surrounded by her children, and family portraits without number, some powdered and rouged, some of a later date, with Titian-colored hair. On one side was a stand for pipes, some with very handsome meerschaum bowls. A stuffed setter dog was in front of the mirror. Two cases of rare old weapons and a statue of the emperor on horseback, half covered with a wreath of laurel, completed the furniture of the room. The room was suffocatingly warm, and a strong smell of tobacco pervaded it.

"Will you have a cup of chocolate?" asked the old gentleman, sinking down in a chair by the fire, where stood a little table with a half-empty cup ornamented with a coat of arms, and near it a chessboard, all set out and ready to play.

"No, thank you, grandpapa." She remained standing quietly before him.

"What kind of a time have you had, Hortense?"

"Oh, not so very bad, grandpapa. The matter is settled but it has cost a great deal. Papa is now on his way to Switzerland. He intends to live in Geneva."

"Hortense, tell the truth, how much is it? Could you settle all his debts? Was it not too late? Had anything became known? It must have been very painful, Hortense. Was the landlord appeased?"

"With money everything can be settled, grandpapa," she said, indifferently.

"Be candid with me. How great is the sacrifice you have had to make?"

"So great that I have ordered Dillendorf to be sold."

The old gentleman turned pale, and a shiver passed over him.

"You ought not to have done that," he said, with a horrified look.

"What could I do, grandpapa? There was only the choice of shame or to part with Dillendorf."

"The rascal!" muttered the old man, and wiped his brow with a silk handkerchief. A long pause ensued.

She leaned, as if weak, against the chimney, with compressed lips.

"Is there any letter here from Wilken?" she asked, tremblingly.

"Oh, yes! oh yes! upstairs in your room," returned Herr von Meerfeldt.

It seemed as if she breathed more freely. "I have not had any news from him for a week," said she, "although I sent him my Berlin address. I will go up and change my dress. And, please, grandpapa, do not say any more about Dillendorf; it is painful for me to think about it."

"For two hundred years it has belonged to the Lowens," sighed the old gentleman. "How you late husband loved it! and to think it should be lost through this dishonorable man!"

Hortense blushed deeply. This dishonorable man was her father.

"Yes," she said, "it was as if a piece were torn from my own heart when I gave the agent orders to sell it. But now let us be silent about it; it can not be helped."

"You could mortgage it."

[CONTINUED.]

Knew Women.

Stranger—How soon will the next trolley car go by here?

Farmer—Maria, how soon 'll yew be ready tew take th' next trolley car?

His Wife—Just ten minutes, Josh.

Farmer—Then th' next car 'll go by here in jes' nine minuits, an' thar won't be another fer an hour.

SHE WAS GIVEN UP.

Doctors Held out no Hope to Mrs. Huffman of Napanee.

A Wonderful Case and One which goes to Show the Wonderful Advancement Recently Made in the Science of Medicine.

Napanee, Ont., Nov. 23.—(Special)—This town has furnished a case which has caused considerable talk in the county.

Mrs. John C. Huffman had been troubled for over six years with female weakness and kidney trouble. The pain was so great that she could not bear it and her kidneys gave her so much bother that she could not entertain any company in her home or take any social pleasures whatever. Her urine was very much discolored and gave her great trouble in passing.

In addition to these symptoms she had all the pains, headaches, and weakness of Female Trouble.

Mrs. Huffman tried physician's treatment and many other medicines, but instead of getting better she was gradually growing worse and was very much discouraged.

Many of her friends thought she would never get better, but one day she picked up a newspaper and read an advertisement which said that Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure Female trouble.

As she had tried so many other things without being able to get any help, she was very doubtful, but concluded to try this remedy.

She used six boxes and was completely cured. She is today as sound and well a woman as there is in Napanee. She says:

"I can confidently recommend Kidney Pills to every woman in Canada, for they cured me completely, and mine was a very bad case.

"They are certainly a great medicine, and I will always recommend them to women who may be suffering as I was with Female Weakness and Kidney Trouble."

"My love for you," he wrote, "is so deep, so vast, so powerful, I cannot express it." "Why don't you send it by freight?" she wrote back. And then it was all off.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

One-tenth of the inhabitants of the Village of Long Marston, in Hertfordshire, England, are said by a statistician to have reached the age of 90 years.

REJECTED BECAUSE OF BAD COLOR.

Hundreds of packages of butter are rejected each week by expert butter buyers in Canada, simply because the color is bad. The shade demanded by home consumers and for export is the June golden tint, which can only be produced by Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color. Other colors sold by some dealers are poor imitations and must continue to give trouble and cause loss of money to all who use them. The government creameries and schools and the most experienced creamerymen and dairymen in Canada use Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color at all seasons for the production of prize butter. No mud, no impurities, every drop pure and clear. All druggists and dealers.

The decision of the directors of the theatre at Halle, in Germany, to distinguish by means of red and white advertising posters between plays that are fit for young persons to witness and those that are not is causing some amusement.

A London clockmaker has placed the following notice in his window: "The misguided creature who removed the thermometer from this door had better return it, as it will be of no use where he is going, as it only registers 125 degrees."

ST. JACOBS OIL

POSITIVELY CURES

Rheumatism
Neuralgia
Backache
Headache
Feetache
All Bodily Aches
AND

CONQUERS PAIN.

HE WON ON TAILS.

Was Fast In Quicksand, but He Took the Chance.

There were five or six of us, under the pilotage of a cowboy, looking for a crossing of the Republican river when we caught sight of a man fast in a quicksand.

"Hello, you!" shouted the cowboy as we halted our horses.

"Hello, yourself!" was the reply.

"What you doin' thar?"

"Sorter waitin'."

"You are one of the fellers we hustled off'n Big Four t'other day?"

"And what of it?"

"Nuthin', only you won't bother us no more! You'll be out of sight in an hour!"

"Don't you bank on that," growled the stranger. "I've bin in wuss fixes nor this and come out all right."

"You'll never come out o' that, and it'll sarve you jest right!"

The man thrust a hand into his vest pocket and brought up a coin, and, holding it between thumb and finger, he called out:

"I'm willin' to take chances. If I win, you help me out; if I lose you kin ride on and be hanged to you!"

It was an appeal the cowboy couldn't refuse, and after a minute he replied:

"You rustlers don't deserve no show, but let 'er go. If you lose, though, I'll leave you to go to the bottom! Toss 'er up and call out!"

"I say tails!" exclaimed the man as he flirted the half dollar to the bank.

"Tails she is," replied the cowboy as he bent in his saddle. "Now, then, ketch the end of this lariat and come ashore and jest let me tell you that if you don't make yourself skeerce the boys will either hang or shoot you!"

"Skeerce she am!" said the man as he got his breath and cast off the lariat, and without waiting to scrape off the mud he started off up the river and was soon lost to sight.

M. QUAD.

Hopeless.

A fat French lady despairingly says: "I am so fat that I pray for a disappointment to make me thin, but no sooner does the disappointment come than the joy at the prospect of getting thin makes me fatter than ever."

Some one should invent a powder to take when you feel that yearning to tell a secret confided to you.—Atchison Globe.

Nearly all infants are more or less subject to diarrhoea and such complaints while teething, and as this period of their lives is the most critical, mothers should not be without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. This medicine is a specific for such complaints and is highly spoken of by those who have used it. The proprietors claim it will cure any case of cholera or summer complaint.

"Are you not sensitive about being bald?" asked the man with a shock of hair.

"Not at all," replied the man with the smooth pate. "I was born that way."

Minard's Liniment is best Hair Restorer.

Cholly—D'you know, Miss Sharp, I believe some people inherit their stupidity. Miss Sharp—But, Mr. Sharp, it is not proper to speak that way of your parents.

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

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity.—John Ruskin.

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

It may not be ours to utter convincing arguments, but it may be ours to live holy lives. It may not be ours to be subtle and learned and logical, but it may be ours to be noble and sweet and pure.—Canon Farrar.

The Spirit of Christ, when it enters the mind, destroys selfishness and makes us feel that every human being has a claim upon us.—Stalker.

The happiest life on earth belongs to the Christian, when Christianity is understood. Those who advocate the contrary do not know what it is.

"KELPION" (A STAINLESS IODINE OINTMENT.)

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

The evils of intemperance are well-known. The momentous question is: Will the referendum?

Thousands of Women Are Kept in Suffering and Many Die Owing to False Treatment.

Paine's Celery Compound

Never Fails to Banish Disease and Re-Establish Lasting Health.

Thousands of women are kept in sickness for months and years, owing to false treatment and the use of worthless medicines, and we are inclined to believe that Milton thought of this class of almost dying women when he said:

"The angelic guards ascended, mute and sad."

The common sense treatment of to-day for weak, run-down and suffering women is Paine's Celery Compound. This marvellous medicine is spoken of in every part of the civilized world, and men and women of all classes find a new life from its use. A glorious example of the curing powers of the great compound comes from Winnipeg, Man., Mrs. H. Harbor writes as follows:

A month ago I was very sick and happened to see one of your publications, in which I read of others being cured. I concluded to try Paine's Celery Compound myself, and I now thank God for the wonders it accomplished for me. I was suffering from heart disease, kidney trouble and general weakness, and some days was not able to stand without experiencing great pain. Since I used the compound I am able to get about the house and work, and can now eat anything put before me."

"Uncle Ephr'm, how did such a notorious old sinner as you ever manage to get into the church?"

"Ise one of de chahtah membahs, suh."

MISERABLE NIGHTS.

What to Do When Baby Is Fretful and Sleepless.

It is wrong to take up a wakeful baby from the cradle and walk it up and down the floor all night. It demoralizes the infant and enslaves the parents. Baby does not cry for the fun of the thing; it cries because it is not well—generally because its stomach is sour, its little bowels congested, its skin hot and feverish. Relieve it and it will sleep a night every night growing stronger in proportion. Just what mothers need is told in a letter from Mrs. E. J. Flanders, Marbleton, Que., who says: "I cannot say too much in favor of Baby's Own Tablets. They have worked like a charm with my baby, who was very restless at night, but Baby's Own Tablets soon brought quiet sleep and rest. I shall never be without a box while I have a baby." Baby's Own Tablets cure all minor ailments of little ones, and are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. They are sold at 25 cents a box by all dealers, or you can get them by mail, post paid, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

"Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Breast Tea," writes Mr. F. Batsch, of Horicon, Wis., "enabled me to get rid of an obstinate cough; we feel very grateful to the discoverer of this medicine."

A Pessimist Unmasked.

"Br'er Jimson he say he done tired o' de hollerness o' dis yer sinful worl'."

"I nebber heered him say nuffin o' dat kind until ole Squir Hickery done put dem spring guns roun' his chicken coop."

Why She Quit.

"Why was it that they couldn't get along together?"

"Oh, he stuttered so badly that she never had time to wait around and get in the last word."—Chicago Record-Herald.

High and Low.

"A woman, I notice, always lowers her voice to ask a favor."

"Yes, and raises her voice if she doesn't get it."

The Printer's Devil.

The familiar term "printer's devil," as applied to the boy of all work about a printing office, is said by the Fourth Estate to have originated with Aldus Manutius. He employed a small negro boy, a curiosity in those days in Europe, who became known as the "Little Black Devil." Printing was then a mystery, and a superstition spread that Aldus was invoking the black art and that the negro boy was the embodiment of Satan. To correct this opinion Aldus publicly exhibited the black boy and declared: "Be it known to Venice that I, Aldus Manutius, printer to the holy church and to the doge, have this day made public exposure of the printer's devil. All those who think he is not flesh and blood may come and pinch him."

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

W. B. Anderson, Editor.

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

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

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

THE GOVERNMENT'S POLICY.

In a recent interview with a newspaper correspondent, Col. Prior made a statement regarding the policy of the Government on some important questions. The Premier is of opinion that the ordinary expenditures of the Government should be kept within revenue, and that no more loans should be floated except for specific purposes, such as railway development. The action of the Finance Minister in trying to get all taxes in arrears is quite right; it is not just that one should pay and another get out of paying taxes. This is sound policy, and we hope the law in this respect will be carried out without "fear, favor or affection." The published lists of sales of lands for taxes held recently show to what an alarming extent the public domain was held by greedy land speculators, many of whom were made to disgorge from sheer inability to pay the taxes due on the large tracts of land held by them for the purposes of speculation. The Premier is of opinion that it is the duty of every government to formulate a railway policy; no country like B.C. can be developed without being opened up by railways, and it was the policy of the Government to develop the Province by railroad building. The Government will assist railroads when necessary in the form of land subsidies under such restrictions and conditions as will promote settlement and development. The Premier believes that a line of railway from Vancouver to the North would be a laudable enterprise. He also believes that we should have another trans-continental line from the Rockies down to the Coast, and that such a railway should come through Cariboo, down Bute Inlet, and across to Vancouver Island. He does not believe in giving assistance to the scheme to run the railway to Port Simpson, which would build up a rival city to Victoria and Vancouver. The Premier believes in developing the Province by the construction of cheap narrow guage railways as feeders for the main lines. The Coast-Kootenay road is considered a "fair necessity" and must be built, as well as some other roads in the interior. The Province is not in favor of the two per cent. mining tax, as it bears unfairly on low grade ordes. The request made to Government that placer and hydraulic mines should be crown-granted is a difficult problem to deal with, and the Premier says that some alterations may be made in the Act providing for the better title to such land than at present. The Premier believes there should be a general scheme of unoccupied Government lands, so that the Government would be able to inform intending settlers as to local conditions, extent, topography, etc. The Premier also touched on the unfair terms given B.C. by the Dominion Government, and said he was going to Ottawa to talk over that matter and the Fisheries question, etc., with Premier Laurier. With regard to Oriental immigration this Government is strongly opposed to the influx of this class. The Dominion Government has disallowed the Acts passed last session, but they will be re enacted as soon as the House meets, to show that the people of B.C. are in earnest about this question.

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

GORED BY A STEER.

Mr R. Plews of Courtenay had a narrow escape from death Sunday. He and B. Crawford had corralled a steer, which had been at large, and Plews stepped in to shoot the animal. The rifle missed fire, and before he could re load, the beast charged him, and after tossing him up twice, gored him severely under the right arm, the horn penetrating deep. Crawford managed to beat off the brute, and Plews was taken away and attended to. By last accounts he is doing well, although it is not yet known whether the walls of the chest or lungs are pierced.

Comox Assessment District.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN in accordance with the Statutes, that Provincial Revenue Tax and all assessed Taxes and Income Tax, assessed and levied under the Assessment Act and amendments, are now due and payable for the year 1903. All taxes collected for the Comox Assessment District are due and payable at my office, situate at Cumberland. This notice, in terms of Law, is equivalent to a personal demand by me upon all persons liable for taxes.

Dated at Cumberland 2nd Jany., 1903.

JOHN BAIRD,
ASSESSOR AND COLLECTOR,
Comox Assessment District,
Cumberland Post-Office.

7-1-'02. 4t.

THE FOLLOWING IS A STATEMENT OF THE

Receipts and Expenditure

FOR THE PUBLIC AND HIGH SCHOOLS for the year ending Dec. 31, 1902.

Receipts.

Govt. Grant Public School,	$4056 30
" " High School,	100 00
High School Fees	57 00
Rent,	3 00
City Council,	490 00
	$4706 30

Expenditure.

Teachers' Salaries,	$3900 00
Insurance Policy, (3 years),	150 00
Incidentals.	271 40
Janitor,	256 00
	$4577 40
High School Fees due,	$12 00
Balance Cash on hand,	128 90
Total,	$140 90

THOMAS H. CAREY, Secy.

January 10th, 1903—Audited and found correct.—F. A. ANLEY, Auditor.

MUNICIPALITY OF THE CITY OF CUMBERLAND.

Statement of City Treasury

DECEMBER 31st, 1902.

Receipts.

January 1st, 1902.	
Balance cash on hand,	$ 15 14
Trade Licenses,	1875 00
Real Estate,	1118 00
Scavenger Account,	893 25
Road Tax,	328 00
Sidewalk Tax,	103 80
Dog Tax,	34 00
Scale Account,	113 50
Police Court,	160 00
Hall Rent,	17 50
Brown's Estate,	39 75
	$4697 94

Expenditure.

Election Account—Electric Light,	$ 35 90
" " 1902,	40 50
Refund Road Tax,	8 00
Cash Advances to School,	490 00
Subscription to Band,	30 00
Donation to Coronation Sports,	25 00
Premium on Insurance to September 1st, 1905,	53 90
Municipal Buildings,	910 40
Isolation Hospital,	41 85
Sundries,	37 43
Audit Account for 1901,	10 00
Premium on Clerk's Bond,	6 00
Office Account,	31 30
Advertising Account,	38 65
Street Account,	39 00
Sidewalk Account,	251 39
Fire Protection Account,	9 95
For Dog Tags,	4 00
Tool Account,	8 65
Drain Account,	90 69
Costs Morrochi's Suit,	106 18
Scavenger Account,	8 10
Horse Feed and stable Account,	101 00
Street Light Account.	63 86
For Scales,	118 00
Health Account,	111 00
Refund Waller & Partridge's Fine,	28 00
F. McB. Young's Expenses,	16 50
Sundries,	9 25
Brown's Estate,	39 75
Hall Account,	44 10
Clerk's Salary to Nov 30th, 1902,	220 00
T. Banks " " "	715 00
R. Hornal " " "	755 00
J. Abram's salary to Dec. 31st, '02,	180 00
	$4678 35
Balance Cash on hand,	$19 59

Outstanding Accounts due the City to Dec. 31st, 1902:—

From Taxes'	$254 60
" Sidewalk Tax,	46 35
" Scavenger Account,	82 25
Total,	$383 20

Outstanding Accounts against the City, $862.87, with Yarwood's charges re Morrochi's case not in yet.

I hereby certify I have examined the books and found them correct.

Respectfully submitted,
F. A. ANLEY, Auditor.

Cumberland, B C.,
January 10th, 1903.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.
52t 14 1 03

Start the New Year Right and it will End Right.

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We also carry a complete stock of Muriate of Potash, Sulphate of Potash, Kainite, Superphosphate, Thomas Phosphate and Nitrate of Soda.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that application will be made to the Lgeislative Assembly of British Columbia at its next session for an Act incorporating a company to be known as the "British Columbia Northern and Mackenzie Valley Railway Company," with power to construct, equip, maintain and operate a line of railway of such gauge, method of construction and motive power as may be decided upon by the said Company with the approval of the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council from Nasoga Gulf or some other convenient point at or near the mouth of the Naas River in British Columbia, thence by way of the Naas and Stikine Rivers to Dease Lake and thence by way of the Dease River to the Northern boundary of the Province, and from a point at or near Dease Lake to Telegraph Creek; also from Dease Lake or some convenient point on its line south thereof to the Eastern boundary of the Province, with power to connect with or make traffic arrangements with other railways; also to build and operate steamships and river steamers, to construct and operate telegraph and telephone lines, to acquire water rights and exercise the rights of a power company under "Part IV" of the "Water Clauses Consolidation Act, 1897," to accept bonuses or aids from any government, municipal corporation, company or individuals; to generate electricity for the supply of light, heat and power, and to exercise such other powers and privileges as are incidental to or necessary to the beneficient carrying out of the above undertaking.

Dated at Victoria, B.C., December 1st, 1902.

CHARLES H. LUGRIN,
Solicitor for Applicants.

24 12 02 6t

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

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at its next session for an Act incorporating a company to be known as the "British Columbia Northern and Mackenzie Valley Railway Company," with power to construct, equip, maintain and operate a line of railway of such guage, method of construction and motive power as may be decided upon by the Company with the approval of the Governor-General-in-Council from Nasoga Gulf or some other convenient point at or near the mouth of the Naas River in British Columbia by way of the Naas and Stikine Rivers to Dease Lake and thence by way of Dease River to the confluence of the Liard and Mackenzie Rivers, and from Dease Lake to Telegraph Creek and from the confluence of the Liard and Mackenzie Rivers by way of the Liard, Polly and Stewart Rivers to Dawson, Yukon Territory; also from Dease Lake or some convenient point on its line South thereof to the Eastern boundary of the Province, with power to connect with or make traffic arrangements with other railways; also to build and operate steamships and river steamers, to construct and operate telegraph and telephone lines, to acquire water rights and exercise the rights of a power company under "Part IV" of the "Water Clauses Consolidation Act, 1897." to accept bonuses or aids from any government, municipal corporation, company or individuals; to generate electricity for the supply of light, heat and power, and to exercise such other powers and privileges as are incidental to or necessary to the beneficient carrying out the above undertaking.

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