

# THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

NINTH YEAR.

CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1902.

## The before Stock-Taking SALE

COMMENCES ON  
PAY-DAY NEXT

### BIG STORE

SEE HAND-BILLS

SIMON LEISER, CUMBERLAND.

## Nicholles & Renouf, Ltd.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

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

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

## FOR USEFUL ARTICLES



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

WE HAVE A MOST COMPLETE ASSORTMENT—

EASY CHAIRS, LADIES' DESKS, MUSIC CAB-  
INETS, WORK BASKETS, PARLOR TABLES,  
CHINA CLOSETS, HEARTH RUGS, TABLE  
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SETS, SILVER WARE, RODGERS CUTLERY,  
CHINA AND BRONZE ORNAMENTS.

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

### WEILER BROS.

THE FURNISHERS,

VICTORIA, B. C.

## Cheap Cash Sale

FOR NEXT 20 DAYS.

We offer Shirts, Hats, Men's and  
..... Boys' Clothing at.....

### CUT - - PRICES

INSPECT OUR STOCK AT - C. J. MOORE'S.

## 'BRISTOL' GOES DOWN.

Following close on the news of the loss of the "Walla Walla" comes the following shocking news of the "Bristol" wreck.

On the night of January 2, the Bristol, en route from Ladysmith to Alaska, with 2,500 tons of coal, was overtaken by a southeast gale. The night was dark as a pocket. The gale was driving the ship ahead at a furious rate, and the waves were rolling over the deck and tossing her mass of iron around like a cork.

When in Chatham Sound, which is one of the most dangerous parts of the coast, the gale was at its worst, and all attempts to keep her in the channel proved unavailing. At 11 o'clock at night a furious gust of wind, aided by a mountain of water, drove the big collier on Green Island, and after the ship had been wounding about for some time she became wedged on the rocks.

According to the survivors Capt. McIntyre took matters very coolly and decided that owing to the terrific gale raging that the safest spot in the world for himself and crew was on the ship. When the hold was first examined the ship was reported to be in a comparatively safe position, and Capt. McIntyre was heard to remark that he would likely be able to float her off alright at high tide. At midnight, however, chief officer Smith went below at the Captain's suggestion and soon hastened back with the announcement that the coal was pouring through the ship's bottom into the sea. The captain is said to have laughed at the chief officer's report and to have remarked "you are frightened, we're alright."

The chief officer then urged that the boats be launched, and the vessel abandoned to her fate, as in his opinion she was doomed. The captain, however, did not give the order to launch the boats, at least not immediately on the chief officer's advice.

Whether the order was subsequently given is not stated, but some time after that the men began swinging the boats free and leaving the ship. The men seemed reluctant to leave as the boats seem to have been launched a long time apart. The first boat got away about 1 o'clock, the second at 2, according to the story of some of the survivors, and the third at 3. The fourth boat which contained the captain, pilot, and the five of the crew who stuck by their captain and ship to the last, is thought to have never been swung free of the ship.

At 4 o'clock a.m. on the 3rd of January, the Cottage City en route North arrived at the scene of the wreck. From a distance she saw the fourth boat being got over the side of the stranded steamer, presumably by the captain and those who remained on deck of the Topeka. A little later the ship being loosened from the rocks plunged down to the bottom of the sea.

### SAVING SURVIVORS.

The Cottage City stood off Green Island for four hours. She was not long in picking up the first boat with seven survivors, and was shortly after hailed by the second boat with seven more of the crew. After waiting two hours the men who had been picked up informed the Cottage City that they feared their comrades who had put off in the third boat had been drowned, and it was little use waiting longer or them.

The Cottage City, however, waited for another two hours cruising about the sound until they spied the third boat with the remaining seven survivors, who had stored their boat with provisions and prepared for a long sea reach for help. All about the vicinity of the wreck was searched as near as the rough sea would allow, for the missing captain and crew until the captain of the Cottage City came to the conclusion that the missing men had gone down with the ship, and reluctantly proceeded on his way North. On the evening of the sixth of January, the City of Topeka was sighted and the survivors of the Bristol transferred to that steamship.

The missing men are James McIntyre, master, Port Townsend; C. Vivian, chief engineer, of Cornwall, England; A. Edwards, third assistant engineer; Pilot Roberts, Victoria; Jos. Silva, 54 New Sacramento street, San Francisco; W. Romer, 534 Jesse street, San Francisco; H. C. Hurlent, 23 Hill st., San Francisco.

## CIVIC ELECTIONS.

### NOMINATIONS

FOR MAYOR.—Messrs W. Willard and J. L. Roe.

FOR ALDERMEN.—Messrs. Calnan, Bate, M. Mitchell, Partridge, R. Robertson and Reid—elected by acclamation.

FOR SCHOOL TRUSTEES.—Messrs. Peacey, Bickle, H. Campbell, Carey and Furrow.

## TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF CUMBERLAND.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

At the request of many Rate-payers, I offer myself as a Candidate for Mayor of your City. Hoping that my record at the Aldermanic Board has been such as to warrant a continuance of your confidence. Your votes and influence respectfully solicited.

I am,

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Yours Respectfully,

W. WILLARD.

## PERSONAL.

Miss B. Cameron is the guest of Mr and Mrs D. R. McDonald.

Mr J. Frame, brother of Mrs L. Mounce, is visiting Cumberland.

Mr Netherby, inspector of schools is paying Cumberland an official visit.

Mr W. B. McInnes was in town from Wednesday to Friday last week.

Mrs Barrett has returned to Vancouver after paying Cumberland a three weeks visit.

Dr. Simon Tolmie, Govt. Veterinary Inspector, was in town on Monday on official duty.

Mr W. McAlpin is on a visit to his relatives. Mr and Mrs Robertson of the Vendome Hotel.

Mr J. Rogers, lately employed here, has gone to Ladysmith to take charge of the Wel. Col. Co.'s wharves there.

Amongst the arrivals on Wednesday's train were noticed Messrs Priest, McInnes, Kesley, and Mrs F. Parks and family.

Mrs McArthur and family, with her daughter, Mrs Geo. Turnbull, left on Thursday to reside in Nova Scotia, where Mr McArthur holds a lucrative situation.

## LOCALS.

ELECTRIC LIGHT BY-LAW which was voted on by the ratepayers last Thursday passed by an overwhelming majority, there being but two adverse votes against 36 in favour.

The Half Century number of the Seattle Argus is a most artistic sample of printing. The Indian portraits with which the publication is illustrated, are, with the other plates, exceedingly well executed and very interesting.

As will be noticed in our advertisement column of this week's issue, the title of the well-known firm of Gideon, Hicks & Co., will hereafter be known as the "Hicks & Lovick Piano Co.", with agencies at Vancouver and Victoria. This popular firm are agents for the famous Chickering and Mason & Risch pianos, which instruments are unequalled for tone and durability throughout Canada. A cheaper but perfectly reliable piano is also kept in stock by this firm, the "Prince" which will give entire satisfaction to those whose means will not enable them to invest in one of the higher grade instruments.

MARRIAGE.—In Christ Church Cathedral on the inst. Canon Beanlands united in matrimony Mr John Taylor, formerly of Victoria, but now of Dawson, and Miss Sarah Lewis, daughter of Mr and Mrs William Lewis, of Courtenay, Comox. The bride was attended by Miss Marie Daveys, while the bridegroom was supported by Mr W. Pumfey. The bride wore a venetian grey plumes, and a grey ostrich feather boa. The bridesmaid was dressed in pale blue cloth, with Honiton lace collar over cream satin. The ceremony was performed in the presence of only the relatives and friends of the bride and groom. A reception was subsequently held at the residence of Miss Daveys, 22 Mason Street. Mr Taylor, the bridegroom, was formerly connected with the B. C. Furnishing Company, Victoria, but is now with the N. A. T. Co. at Dawson.—TIMES.

## OBITUARY.

It is with regret that we announce the demise of Mr George Norris, editor and proprietor of the "Free Press," who passed away on January 6th, after a short illness. Mr Norris was connected by marriage with a number of prominent families in Nanaimo, by whom, with his family, the loss will be seriously felt. His father, brother, and two sisters are old residents of Victoria. Mr Norris was a prominent member of the Odd Fellows, and was identified with many public institutions. At the time of his death he was 57 years of age. The cause of death was an attack of congestion of the lungs, and heart trouble. Mr Norris had resided in Nanaimo for upwards of a quarter of a century. The "News" extends the hand of sincere sympathy to the family in their hour of bereavement.

Mrs H. Smith, of Grantham, returned to her home on Thursday after visiting her son who is ill at Cumberland Hospital.

Mr John Kesley is back with us once more. He has lately been acting as overseer of the Alexandra mines which place's loss is our gain.



# A GODDESS OF AFRICA.

A Story of the Golden Fleece.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBONE

And a man with more than the ordinary amount of strength in his arms could not easily discover a more serviceable weapon with which to perform such feats of valor than a keen-edged claymore, such as was renowned upon fields like Bannockburn of old.

Rex had Scottish ancestors, and the fire of battle swept strongly through his frame as he seized upon the historic weapon.

The daring warrior who had led the charge upon the door managed to push his wretched body half way through the opening, but there he remained, for with a mighty rush the claymore swept down upon its fatal mission.

A significant thud, a groan, and the hole was temporarily blocked.

Then those outside dragged the unfortunate back and a second form filled the gap.

The same terrible scene was repeated, for Rex was prompt to accept the gage of battle thrown down by the impis.

So long as his arms were able to hold the good old steel, he would hold to the task, or until he had, by such hacking and hewing reduced the warrior band to a minimum.

The task was intensely disagreeable, and only a positive necessity for such action could reconcile him to its repulsive features.

By the time three of their members had been prostrated beneath the swinging blade, the blacks began to reason together, for they appeared to have a little common sense.

At least they ceased to invite the inevitable by entering such a death trap, and set their wits to work engineering some new scheme whereby the enemy might be outwitted.

Luckily it did not occur to them to use that besom of destruction, a fire-brand, perhaps because of excessive caution with regard to the kraal.

A high wind had sprung up and changed to be blowing directly from the cabin in the direction of the conical lodges, so that in case the hut went up in a blaze, a myriad of sparks must be carried across the stockade and on to the thatched roofs with a most disastrous result.

This was not the only means that might be employed in order to accomplish the ruin of the young man who stood so bravely at bay and defied them. There were others.

Presently when the cunning Hassaje had been given a chance to think, an attack was made upon the structure itself.

Willing hands were ready to assail it, and when two score of athletic fanatics are turned loose upon one little cabin there is but small chance of the latter withstanding the assault any length of time.

Some of the blacks began to smash in the remnant of a door, using a log for the purpose of a battering-ram.

No doubt it is an old trick, since just such things were quite the go in the early days about the time of Richard the Lion Hearted; and the history of the American border presents numerous instances where a tree-trunk has opened a passage for those seeking ingress to block house as well as feudal castle.

Time has not reduced its effective qualities, and it serves the purpose of those who wield it in the wilds of South Africa to-day just as well as in the time of chivalry, when bolts from cross-bows, and shafts from good yew bows, instead of leader bullets met the charging assailants.

This was only a beginning. Others of the blacks swarmed upon the roof where they worked like beavers, intent upon tearing the structures to pieces, just as a pack of infuriated wolves might rend the quarry that had fallen into their power.

It was plain to be seen that the end was very near, nor could poor Rex imagine how the inevitable might be warded off much longer.

When the artisans working so industriously above had succeeded in tearing off the main portion of the roof, they would at a signal come tumbling down upon him like a swarm of bees, while at the same time others just as eager and blood-thirsty would come pouring in through the doorway.

He might make a few passes with the venerable Scottish claymore, and then—well, they sleep sound who fall in battle, says an old Arab proverb.

Before that fearful end came he would like to touch her hand again and say good-bye.

The calm was deafening, so that it would have been useless for him to have called her name.

He had just started to grope his way toward the spot where he believed she must be, when suddenly a flash of fire illuminated the interior of that hut.

Then Hastings saw the girl in the act of applying a match to what he first discovered to be another little product of the firework manufacturer's.

(To be Continued.)

## ENGLISH GARDENS.

Talks Inspired by "Elizabeth and Her German Garden."

M.A.P. says: Energetic ladies with fine country seats have always, garden, more or less successfully, from the days of Eve to those of Elizabeth and Her German Garden. But the publication of this last—and still more, perhaps, its mythical royal authorship—gave an impetus to gardening as a recreation for society women which demarcs something more than passing mention in the pages of a society paper. At Easton Lodge, Lady Darwick has a wonderful garden of friendship, where all her friends plant a tree or a flower, each bearing a heart-shaped label and the name of the donor. Her Shakespeare garden is also charming, with its apt quotations attached to each flower. There are also lily and rose gardens at Easton, the latter having as a motto at its entrance, "Peu de choses—mais roses." Villainous, bad French, by the way, yet with a very pretty Alfred de Musset sort of ring about it, none the less. Finally, this most poetic of lady gardeners has a border of sentiment, where all the herbs and flowers are labelled with the quaint symbols of bygone days, white clover standing for memory, bayleaf for glory, veronica for fidelity, and balm for sympathy. The Duchess of Somerset, Lady Londonderry, Lady Helen Vincent, Lady Grosvenor, Lady Falmouth and Lady Plowden are all noted gardeners, and most of them delight in old-fashioned posies. Lady Helen Vincent spends a great deal of time over her garden at Esher. She has a beautiful rose, a dial garden which used to be the Tudor garden in Pelham's day, and a pretty stone bordered little reserve dedicated to all sweet-smelling flowers. This she calls her "Garden of Scents." All over the grounds she has narcissi and forget-me-nots planted in such a way that it becomes in the springtime a veritable paragon of white and blue. Lady Grosvenor boasts of perhaps the quaintest and most fascinating of old gardens in the one at Saighton Grange, which in olden time belonged to the Abbot of Chester. As the monks of old were proverbially good gardeners—the bookish may consult Montalembert's *Moines de l'Occident* on this—Lady Grosvenor has wisely followed the lines laid down by them, and to-day her beautiful home on the Dee presents the unique spectacle of a garden paved with stones, just as they were laid hundreds of years ago, when sandals shoon pattered over them. To carry out the element of religious symbolism still better, Lady Grosvenor has made what she calls a Saints' Garden, wherein grow all the blossoms which are named after the holy men and women of the calendar.

### Lipton's Typical English Home.

Sir Thomas Lipton, who is unmarried, lives at Osidge, a pleasant, rambling, old-fashioned house, standing in a well-wooded park, near Southgate, Middlesex. Osidge, anciently formed part of the estates of the abbots of St. Albans, which old-fashioned town, with its venerable cathedral, lies only a few miles distant. The house is comparatively modern, boasting an antiquity of only about a hundred years. The gardens and grounds are delightful, and in the park Sir Thomas has a well laid out golf course, over which he amuses himself with his friends occasionally. There is nothing pretentious about the house, which is designed for comfort and convenience, and not as a show place for the eyes of strangers. Some excellent pictures by Lely, Canaletti, Constable, Landseer, Marcus Stone, Charles Leslie, MacNeil and Sidney Cooper, and innumerable curios gathered from all parts of the world are to be found in the interior. Sir Thomas Lipton shares with Mr. Chamberlain a taste for orchids, and in his houses are to be found many splendid examples of these exotics, among which a new and beautiful species, "Liptonia," is noticeable. An orangery and a collection of tea plants are items of interest sure to attract the attention of the visitor. Smooth lawns, gay beds of flowers, fine old cedars, pollard oaks, and magnificent rhododendrons add not a little to the charm of the grounds. From the windows of this typical English home a fine prospect meets the eye. In the foreground lies a pleasant, undulating country, while far away stretches the gigantic won of London, with its pall of smoke. On a clear day the gilded cross of St. Paul's Cathedral can be descried shimmering in the sunlight.

As the queen bee does little or no outdoor work and is seldom killed by violence, as are the drones, she usually lives to a good old age.

Some naturalists say that no insects except the silkworm feed upon the leaves of the mulberry.

Differences Promptly Disclosed. "All people," remarked the earnest citizen, "are born equal."

"Perhaps," answered the deliberate friend, "but they don't stay equal any longer than it takes for their parents to provide them with clothes and playthings."—Washington Star.

An Unselfish Soul. Miss Ann Teek (giggily)—I wonder if there are really any microbes in kisses?

Miss Kostique—What a thoughtful, unselfish creature you are—always worrying about something dangerous that may happen to other girls!—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## NICKNAMES IN ENGLAND.

Nearly All the Nobility Rejoice in Them—Few Popular People Escape—Even King is Not Excepted.

I have been much struck lately by how very much nicknames are increasing in every rank of life, from the very highest downward. The fact is that few popular people escape them. The King himself among his own particular set is generally alluded to as the "Master," the Duke of Cambridge on account of his connection with the royal parks is known as "George, the Ranger," while the Princess Charles, of Denmark is always called "Harry" by the family. As is well known the Duke of Westminster is known as "Dender," the reasons for which have already been mentioned.

The Duke of Athol has been dubbed "All Scotland." The Duke of Marlborough's nickname is "Sonny," the Duke of Portland's "Jumbo." The Duke of Manchester is known everywhere as "Kim," the Duke of Newcastle as "Linnie," which is an abbreviation of his second title, Lord Lincoln. The late Duke of Wellington was known as "Spurgeon," probably on account of his immense size. Prince Soltykoff, the well-known racing man, is generally known at Newmarket as "Solty." Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh is known as "Tulip." Lord Londonderry will probably be known always as "C," a nickname given him when he was Lord Castlereagh. Lord Cholmondeley, the hereditary Great Chamberlain of England, is familiarly known as "Rock," this, too, because of his second title of Rocksavage.

Lord Coventry is known as "Covey," his nephew, Lord Lurgan, as "Billy," Lord Cowley is known as "Toby," Lord Spencer as "Red Earl," on account of his tawny beard, Lord Warwick is affectionately called "Brookie," Lord Yarmouth the "Bloater," a name his father, Lord Hertford, earned when he was in the Foot Guards. Major Lawson and Captain Greville Chester of the Scots Guards are known as "Bubble" and "Squack," that well-known sportsman, Captain Macmillan, as "H. Capitano," Schomberg McDonnell, brother of Lord Antrim, the well-known private secretary of Lord Salisbury, rejoices in the nickname of "Pom," Colonel Byron, formerly aide-de-camp to Lord Roberts, is known as the "Strong Man," George Faber, an exceedingly good looking man, is known as "Beautiful George," Cecil Rhodes is aptly named "Colossus," Henry Stoner, one of the King's gentlemen in waiting, is so good looking that he is known as "The Apollo," Captain Seymour Porteus, another of the King's equerries, is styled "Commander."

Lord Kitchener is proudly alluded to as "K. of K.," Captain Milligan, a brother of the great cricketer, is called "Canary," because he is so fair. Humphrey Stuart, among his most intimate friends is called "Humpty Dumpty." Alfred Rothschild will always be known as "Mr. A." Lord Buchan, who is a small and very well dressed dandy, is known as "P. A." or "Pocket Adonis." Colonel Needham, brother of Lord Kilmore, is "Dot," Mrs. Langtry's husband, Hugo de Balhe, is "Suggie," Lord Charles Montagu, son of the Duchess of Devonshire, for some reason or other is

called "The Snake," Cyril Maude is known as "Spirel," Charles Wyndham is "The Landlord," but the number of these is legion.

The ladies, too, receive nicknames, for instance, Lady Wimborne is called "Densitina," on account of her low church tendencies. Lady Flo Stuart as "Pauverina," her great friend, Mrs. Havila Williams, Florence, or "Florence," Mrs. George Koppel has several nicknames, perhaps the best known being "Kopplaria." Lady Howe received the name of "The Joker," Miss Bulkeley, who is such a great favorite with everybody, is called "The Two-Year-Old." Lady De Grey and Lady Gosford are known as "The Sentinels." There are a great many others, but not to mention any more, suffice it to say it is remarkable so many ladies' nicknames are so uncomplimentary.

### "Call Me Governor."

M.A.P. tells this story about C. M. G., the abbreviation of the Companionship of SS. Michael and George, A Colonial Governor who loves this distinction was once voyaging to his colony in the West Indies by way of New York. His trunks were marked with "C. M. G." after his name, and some of the passengers showed some anxiety as to their meaning, especially as their bearer apparently considered himself a superior person. His excellency had even checked the captain one day for calling him Mr. Blank, intimating that he should be addressed as "Governor." A curious passenger asked the captain once what C. M. G. stood for. "Oh," replied the genial Yankee skipper, "I guess they're for 'Call Me Governor'."

### The Jailer Bird.

Very weird, says Science, Siftings, is the habit, only lately discovered, of a large and beautiful East Indian bird, feeding mostly on the fruit of trees, it seldom descends to the ground, and its nest is in the hollow of a tree, high up. As soon as the female has laid her eggs, five or six, the male begins to fetch mud and therewith to wall up the opening of the nest, leaving an aperture large enough to admit the very large bill to pass. Most likely this is done to prevent the heavy and awkward feedings from falling out of the nest to the ground far below. In several cases when the female was liberated after her long and close confinement she was found pitifully poor and weak, although the male was diligent in providing her and the young ones with food.

### Insects That Use Rubber.

When Para-rubber trees are tapped, after the gum has run into receptacles and stiffened, a species of large black ant is accustomed to cut out pieces of the rubber and carry them away. Bees also use and use for India rubber, and some species in South America actually cut the bark of trees that produce resinous substances in order to cause a flow of the sap. The gum is employed by the bees as a ready made wax for their nests.

### His Morning Mission.

"You always get up at 5 o'clock in the morning, do you?" said the inquisitive cousin. "What do you do with yourself at that unearthly hour?" "Oh, I tinker around the house till breakfast time," replied Mr. Meeker. "What do you tinker at?" "Er—getting breakfast mostly," said Mr. Meeker, with some reluctance.

## BEE AND HIVE.

"the hive rests on the ground, it will be too damp."

It will pay to use foundations by filling all frames full.

Set the hive a little above the ground to admit of a circulation of air.

From 9 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m. includes the hours of successful operating with bees.

Procure new blood in the apiary. Inbreeding is as objectionable with bees as with live stock.

It is necessary to unite all weak colonies that will be unable to build up into strong stocks.

Care should be taken to save all young brood and the brood combs of those containing brood.

On account of it being the only material that can be depended upon to stay pine is the best material for hives.

Combs should not be left in empty hives about the apiary. That is the worst place they can be left, as moths are always to be found near the bees and are sure to infest the combs.

One advantage in closed end frames is that a hive full of combs may be handled as though it were a single piece instead of a collection of loose pieces, thus saving work, worry and time.

If the bees cannot conveniently enter the hives during the sudden changes of cool weather, quite a number will be lost; hence care should be taken to have the entrances arranged so that the bees can enter readily.

### Knots on Trees.

In the bark of our forest trees are contained a multitude of latent buds, which are developed and grow under certain favorable conditions. Some trees possess this property in a remarkable degree, and often, when the other parts are killed down by frost, the property of pushing out these latent buds into growth preserves the life of the plant. These buds, having once begun to grow, adhere to the woody layer at their base and push out their points through the bark toward the light.

The buds then unfold and develop leaves, which elaborate the sap carried up the small shoot. Once elaborated it descends by the bark, when it reaches the base or inner bark. Here it is arrested, so to speak, and deposited between the outside and inner layer of bark as can be learned on examining specimens on the trees in the woods almost anywhere.

### An Autumn Chant.

The leaves are turning yellow, The porch's charm has died, And Mabel and her fellow, Now jollyrag inside.

As They "Coo" Together. He—Well, dear, if I am a fool I can't help it. She—But you can help showing it, dear. Other men do.—Life.

Age Doesn't Count. They say he's old enough to be her father. That is true. But then quite rich is he To be her husband too.

# IF YOU HAVE ASTHMA

Bronchitis, or a Severe Cold on the Chest and Lungs, Doctors will Point you to Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine as the most Effective Treatment.

For every class of disease there is one medicine that stands pre-eminent as being superior to all others. In the case of Asthma, Bronchitis, and all throat and lung ailments the recognized treatment is Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. Doctors do not hesitate to say that when the patient becomes flushed and exasperated in his struggle for breath, wheezes loudly and experiences intense agony in his chest and lungs there is no preparation available that will give such prompt and thorough relief as

## Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine

Mrs. George Budden, Putnamville, Ont., says: "I feel it my duty to recommend Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, as I had the Asthma very bad; could get nothing to do me any good. A friend of mine persuaded me to try this remedy, as he had tried it, and it proved successful. I tried it and it cured me. I am thankful today to say I am a well woman through the use of this remedy. I keep it in the house all the time and would not be without it."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is so well known in the homes of Canada that it seems unnecessary to add further comment, but a word of warning may be needed. There are other preparations of linseed and turpentine, imitations of Dr. Chase's. Be sure the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase are on the bottle you buy. Twenty-five cents a bottle; family size, three times as much, 60c. All dealers, or Robinson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

# HOME WORK FOR EVERYBODY—DON'T BE IDLE

We want Men, Women and Children to Work for us at their own Homes, under the Direction of

## THE PEOPLE'S KNITTING SYNDICATE, LIMITED

(Authorized Capital, \$180,000) To Fill Large Contracts—Good Wages Easily Earned

We want a few more workers in this locality, at once, and in order to secure your co-operation without the delay of correspondence, we herewith explain our full plan in this advertisement. The work is simple, and the Machine is easily operated, and with the Guide, requires no teacher. If you wish to join our staff of Workers let us hear from you promptly with remittance, and we will send machine and outfit to begin work at once.

We wish to secure the services of families to do knitting for us in their homes. We are the introducers of this plan in Canada and are the largest knitting concern on the continent. After long experience, we have been able to produce an Automatic Machine by which all kinds of seamless knitting is done by the Family Machine, thereby enabling anyone of ordinary intelligence to learn to do the work from the Instruction Guide. All that we require is that you use the machine according to directions. The Machine being made expressly for this purpose, and the operation so simple, it cannot possibly make a mistake in its work.

The great demand now for Woolmen's Socks, and Motorists' Mittens, and as we are unable to supply the demand, we have taken this method of advertising for more help. The price we pay for finished bicycle stockings is \$10.00 per hundred; woolmen's socks, 5c. per pair, and motorists' mittens, 12c. a pair.

The Machine can be operated by any one of a family, and at our prices any energetic family should be able to sustain themselves comfortably. Our plan is to send out each machine to beginners with a sock or stocking partially knitted, and remaining in the machine ready to be continued, and also enough yarn to knit one pair of sample socks or stockings and a simple and complete instruction Guide, showing how the work is to be done. When sample has been finished and returned to us satisfactory, we send a quantity of yarn, which you knit and return likewise when finished. We prepay charges on all work one way, and our workers pay return charges. The work as we have stated, is simple and easily done, the machine having a capacity of ten thousand stitches a minute. We have many persons now in our employ who can knit from twenty-five to thirty pairs of socks or stockings a day, and where the time of a family is devoted to the work, you can readily see that from \$7 to \$10 per week can be easily earned.

We furnish our workers all the materials, yarn, etc., free, and everything that is necessary for the work. We furnish the machine only for the exclusive use of those desiring to take employment with us, who must, in order to become a member, send us at least one good reference, and remittance accordingly, to give us the necessary assurance that the quantities of valuable yarn we may send from time to time will not be wasted or misappropriated. Our interests are mutual, and this confidence must be established if we are to succeed. We guarantee fair dealing and prompt payment for work so do not ask us to deviate from our terms as we cannot make a distinction with one and not another; besides, we are doing an extensive business, and must be governed by business principles.

The manufacturer's price of the machine is \$15, and positively will not be sold to any other than those who will agree to do knitting for us. There is a large demand by the trade for this class of work. Our workers can depend upon it year after year, and if you engage with us (whole or spare time) we will keep you supplied with work as long as you do it satisfactorily for us and return it promptly. We entrust our workers with large quantities of valuable yarn, and as we give references as to our honesty and integrity, we must ask you to do the same, in order that we may know with whom we are dealing. It is just what we represent it to be, and will positively do everything we claim for it, or refund the money. Each machine, securely packed with an outfit, is set up for work, thoroughly tested, and a sock or stocking partially knitted before boxing and shipping. Should you need one good reference, together with the remittance of \$15.00, which makes the machine your property, upon receipt of which we will forward machine and outfit ready to commence.

We are so frequently and unnecessarily asked if one can learn to knit without a teacher. We say, Yes; it requires no teacher; any person of ordinary intelligence who can read the Instruction Guide can learn to knit at once. If at any time a worker becomes dissatisfied and wishes to discontinue in our employ we will take back the machine and return the money, provided the machine is in as good condition as when received and provides no amount of work equal to the amount paid for the machine has been done. In order you must enclose \$5 and give the name of one responsible friend or neighbor as a reference—one who will speak as to your honesty, also name your nearest express office.

Address: THE PEOPLE'S KNITTING SYNDICATE, LIMITED, Head Office: McKinnon Bldg., Toronto.

Our References—Express Companies, Banks, or Toronto Business Houses.



## OUT OF DATE.

When the sun every morning looks down on the earth,  
He is smiling, as much as to say:  
"If yesterday failed you in comfort and mirth,  
You can start in brand new with today.  
For the nights, like thick curtains, I've hung to  
exclude the past from the weary and weak;  
So prizes be doing, nor linger to brood  
O'er the troubles that happened last week.  
There are pages of pathos and pages of cheer  
To be read in each story of life.  
We'll close the old chapters and still persevere  
Through love or good fortune or strife.  
Though present events may provoke our dismay,  
A solace is easy to seek:  
Let the hours drift away; you will soon find that  
They are but troubles that happened last week."  
—St. Louis Republic.

## FEAR THOU NOT

### A Tale of the French Revolution.

There are few who have not heard or read of the great French revolution of the last century, when cruel men seized on the government of France when human life was of no account and when, as if writhed with its wickedness, God seemed to have hid his face from the sinful land.

No one may count up the tears that were shed, the moans that were made, the hearts that were broken in those dreadful times, but here and there out of the great mass of human misery, history has preserved a record of the trials and sufferings of some hapless ones, reading which we shudder and thank God that we live in happier days.

Some few years after the reign of terror—as this outburst of sin and madness was well named—a man of middle age entered a small inn in Germany and called for refreshments. His manners were timid and shrinking, and he looked as if he might just have recovered from some terrible illness—he was so strangely, ghastly pale.

The landlord supplied his wants, and half curious, half in kindness, he made some remark as to the stranger's appearance, coupling it with the question, "Do you want anything else for your comfort?"

"Nay, nothing," said the pale man hastily. "I have food and light and air. What could I want more?" And he sighed deeply.

"My friend," said the landlord, seating himself, "you speak as if you had known the want of these things. Have I guessed right?"

His guest looked up. "Would you hear my tale?" he asked. "For years I have kept silence, but today it seems as if it would lighten my heart to speak. Listen and believe it if you can. Less than seven years ago I was a gay, light-hearted youth in this quiet fatherland. Having no near relations, I was led to visit some distant ones who had lived for many years in a small town in France.

"My uncle, as I called him out of friendliness, was a kind, good fellow, well known and respected in the place, where he carried on the craft of a watchmaker, and he proposed that I should become his apprentice and partner. I liked the little town, I liked my uncle, I liked my aunt, and I soon gave my consent. They had no children—I thank God for that now—but my aunt's kindly soul could not be content without young people around her, so she kept and clothed two house maidens, children of some poor neighbors. Trim and neat they looked, too, wearing the costume of that part of Germany from whence my aunt came, a pretty fancy of her own. It seemed quaint enough in a strange land.

"It was a happy household. No wonder I was glad to belong to it. But, alas, it was soon to be swept away by terrible affliction! For some time we had heard of strange troubles going on in Paris and the large towns, but our little place was still quiet. One morning, however, we woke to find everything in confusion. Our mayor had been ordered to resign, and his place was to be filled by some one sent from Paris.

"Still, we never dreamed of what fearful misery this was the forerunner. We had no time to dream, either, the blow fell so suddenly. There had been a stir going on in the market place for the two days following the arrival of the new official, but my uncle and I were busy over a discovery which he had made in our trade, and we were less than usual in the streets.

"At noon on the third day, however, he went out for a stroll to rest his eyes and look about him for a few moments. My aunt and her maidens arranged, as usual, the midday meal, and we were all ready to sit down, only my uncle was missing. He was usually so punctual that we wondered and waited, and at last we dined without him. At the close of the meal I stepped out to look for him.

"I had not got a dozen yards from our house when I met our baker's wife, her eyes staring out of her head.

"Go back!" she said. "Go back! It is too late. The monster, the wretch! He has executed the honest man, without even the farce of a trial, on the accursed guillotine yonder!"

"I was petrified with horror. Could she be speaking of my uncle, so re-

spected, so quiet as he was? It was too true. The wretch in office had lost no time, but had begun his work of bloodshed at once, and my uncle was his first victim, his only crime being that he was of foreign birth and had sheltered under his roof some months since a poor Swiss. I retraced my steps to the house. My aunt's anxious face met my troubled gaze. She had begun to suspect evil. The two girls waited fearfully in the background. I tried to speak, but I turned away and burst into tears. I was young then, Master Landlord, and had tears to shed. My aunt passed me by and rushed into the street straight to the market place. I could not follow. What happened there was told me later.

"Wild with agony at her husband's fate, my gentle, loving aunt had burst into a flood of reproach of his murder. In those days this was crime enough for the heaviest punishment, and before evening she had fared the same fate as my uncle.

"The reign of terror had indeed begun with us. The girls had fled, terrified at the fate which had befallen their protectors, and I was meditating in a half stupefied way the same measure when a knock came at the door, and two men, who had often eaten and drunk at my uncle's table, came in and made me a prisoner, confiscating all the possessions of the family to the state.

"In those days a man's foes were often they of his own household. I offered no resistance. The shock of the day had completely unmanned me. I made certain that I, too, should die that night. But my time was not yet come.

"In consequence of the lateness of the hour I was taken to the town prison, a dismal building, which I had never known to be occupied. There I was thrust into a deep dungeon and left in total darkness till the morning, when I doubted not I should be conducted to the same cruel fate as my poor relatives had met. But morning came, as I had guessed by the sound without, and still no summons. Worn out with suspense and waiting, I fell asleep. When I awoke, hunger and thirst oppressed me. Happily I had stored some bread and meat and a small bottle of wine in one of the pockets of my coat preparatory to my intended flight. Of this I now ate and drank. No one came near me, and yet I could hear sounds as if wretched prisoners were being led forth out of neighboring cells doubtless to death, for they wept and pleaded vainly as it seemed to me.

"But the third day a great stillness fell on the prison. I could not understand it. My senses were enfeebled for want of food, for my small stock had long been exhausted, and I almost lacked strength to wonder why I was left to live so long. Presently arose an awful terror lest this should be my sentence—to perish miserably for want of food in this damp dungeon. Death on the scaffold appeared light by comparison. I clamored at my prison door. I shouted as loudly as I could, all to no purpose. Then I burst into an agony of tears. My fate was too dreadful to bear. With the soft nature of my youth I pitied and bemoaned myself sorely. All at once words came into my mind that I had learned years ago as a text in the school, 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God.'

"They came like a ray of light into my prison, and I clung to the promise as if it had that moment been made to me by a pitying God. I felt soothed and hopeful, and in this condition I sank back in a doze or swoon.

"How time passed I could not tell; day and night to me were alike in my cell. I woke up to find light and warmth and kindly faces about me. Slowly I regained consciousness enough to understand what they told me. I had lain five days forgotten. The stillness I had noted the third day was accounted for by the fact that the news had just reached our town of the death of one of the greatest leaders of the revolution and the consequent decline of the party. In fear of his life, our terrorist mayor had fled, and the old mayor, resuming power, had ordered the prison doors to be set open. I in my solitary cell had been forgotten, and but that some one had been sent to examine all the cells and collect the fetters used therein I might have perished most miserably. As it was, I was carried out perfectly senseless and brought to life with some difficulty.

"I am safe now, as you see, comrades, in my own country, but the anguish of those few days will never be forgotten. I bear about with me in my face the remembrance of it. Daily I thank God for light and air and food, and yet these good gifts of his fail to make my heart rejoice. Still those dreadful days in the dungeon have given me a firm reliance on his mercy, and I know that I shall one day be joyful again in the city of which the gates are never shut and where there is no darkness."

**Good Old Things.**  
Certain things are good for nothing until they have been kept for a long while, and some are good for nothing until they have been kept long and used. Of the first wine is the illustrious and immortal example. Of those that must be kept and used I will name three—meerschaum pipes, violins and poems. The meerschaum is but a poor

affair until it has burned a thousand offerings to the cloud compelling deities.

Violins, too—the sweet old Amati!—the divine Stradivarius! Stained like the meerschaum, through and through, by the concentrated hue and sweetness of all the harmonies which have kindled and faded on its strings.

Now, I tell you, a poem must be kept and used like a meerschaum or violin. A poem is just as porous as the meerschaum; the more porous it is the better. I mean to say that a genuine poem is capable of absorbing an indefinite amount of the essence of our own humanity, its tenderness, its heroism, its regrets, its aspirations, so as to be gradually stained through with a divine secondary color derived from ourselves.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

**Of Two Evils.**  
"All those stories, the papers are printing about you are lies," said the politician's friend. "Why don't you make them stop it?"  
"I would," replied the politician, "but I'm afraid they'd begin printing the truth then."—Philadelphia Press.

**LIBERTY.**  
What man is there so bold that he should say, "Thus and thus only would I have the sea?" For whether lying calm and beautiful, Clapping the earth in love or throwing back The smile of heaven from waves of amethyst, Or whether freshened by busy winds, It bears the trade and navies of the world To ends of use or stern activity, Or whether, lashed by tempest, it gives way To elemental fury, howls and roars, At all its rocky barriers, in wild gust, Or runs down the blood of living things And strews its wrecks o'er leagues of desolate shore, Always it is the sea, and men bow down Before its vast and varied majesty.

So all in vain will timorous ones essay To set the metes and bounds of liberty, For freedom is a thing eternal law, It makes its own conditions and its storm, Or calm alike fulfills the unerring will. Let us not then despise it when it lies Still as a sleeping lion, with a swarm Of gnath-like evils hovering round its head, Nor doubt it when in mad, disjointed times It shakes the torch of terror and its cry Shrieks o'er the quaking earth and in the flame Of riot and war we see its awful form Rise by the scaffold where the crimson ax Rings down its grooves the knell of shuddering kings.

For always in thine eyes, O Liberty, Shines that high light whereby the world is saved, And, though thou say, 'We will trust in thee!'

—John Hay.

## THE APACHE

### A STORY OF TWO CHILDREN AND AN INDIAN.

Not every Apache can get his fill of blood before sun up and his fill of mescal before noon. Yet Coyote That Bites had managed to achieve both those delightful ends, and of all the happy savages on the Colorado desert he was the most riotously, tumultuously happy. With what keen delight he had drawn his sharp blade across the throats of Jose Sanchez and his wife after he had stolen into their wagon in the gray dawn, and what thrills of joy shot through his breast when he silenced the yells of their two little children with the butt end of their father's own rifle! And then, when he had taken what gold was in the Mexican's bag, what mescal was in his demijohn, and had strapped Jose's rather loose fitting cartridge belt about his sun brown belly, with what fierce pleasure he stole away from the scene of his bloody work and with the Mexican's rifle on his shoulder had wandered far down the dry arroyo, sipping from the demijohn the stupefying juice of the agave from time to time until he felt that he was growing drowsy!

Then he had dragged his uncertain way along until he had come to the railroad track. He stared stupidly at the bright steel rails and looked up at the humming wires in an awed sort of way. He would like to lie there behind the rocks, he thought, until some one should come along the track and then try a shot at him with his newly acquired weapon. The demijohn was growing light, and the rifle was growing heavy. Well, it was getting toward noon and rather warm even for an Apache, and he would lie down in the shade of the rocks over there and rest.

The humming of the wires is a soothing sound, and no sooner had his head touched the earth than sleep took a mighty hold upon him and wiped out his realizing sense of joy, as sleep has a way of doing with everybody that has anything to be joyful for. And so he lay, with the rifle by his side and his unspeakably hideous face turned up toward the blue that arched the desert.

It was quiet there and restful—no sound save the music of the wires. Stay; there were other sounds, but they came some time after Coyote That Bites had thrown himself upon the sand and gone off to the land of Nod. They came faintly at first and mingled with the murmurings of the wires. Surely they were the voices of children.

Had the red beast been awake he might have imagined that they were the haunting voices of the wee Mexican children whose blood he had so ruthlessly shed that morning, but he heard them not. They were very far from being ghostly voices anyway, those tones that now piped forth so merrily as Dubs and Gay trudged down

the line. They were walking to the scoop out along the roadbed, not on the track, for that was forbidden.

There were other things that were forbidden, too, and one of them was straying so far away from the station, but Dubs was "taking good care" of his three-year-old sister, and in the pride of his six full years he was equal to the care of half a dozen such as Gay.

"Only had sum matches to build a fire wiv," sighed Dubs, "I'd burn off vese prickles jus' like ve Injuns does."

"Ooh!" came suddenly from under Gay's sunbonnet. "Wot's dat?"  
"W'y, it's a jug." And Dubs left the "toonies" and started toward the pile of rocks where lay the Coyote's demijohn and where also lay the Coyote himself.

The two trudged up the little slope, and Dubs grasped the handle of the demijohn, only to let it drop again and spring back quickly with Gay in his arms, for he had caught sight of the Coyote, and he was smitten with a sudden desire to go home.

But he saw the Indian did not move, and so he suddenly became very brave. He was certainly sound asleep and no more to be feared than papa when he lay on the lounge in his midday repose. Then, too, Dubs was quite sure he was a "worky" Injun, like the Yaquis, who shoveled and picked on the railroad, and so his mind became wholly at ease.

The Coyote's cartridge belt, which had been so loosely strapped, had fallen off and lay by his side. There were a hundred very interesting bits of brass sticking in it, and the children soon had these scattered all about in the sand by the snoring Coyote. In the scramble for her share of the innocent toys Gay let one of them drop on the Coyote's leg. Perhaps the mescal's influence was on the wane, for a big brown knee was thrust quickly up from the sand and a big brown hand clutched the ugly knife at the Coyote's side, but the hand fell and the noble red man snored on.

Dubs tried on the cartridge belt and became an Indian, all but the indispensable knife, and he concluded to borrow that from the sleeper, whose fingers had lost their grip on the buck-horn handle.

"It's bigger'n mommie's butcher knife, ain't it, Gay?" the young savage asked as he grasped the handle of the devilish looking blade. "Now, you stand over vev and I'll get him vif wock. Ven you tum along, I'll jump out and kill you!"

Gay demurred.  
"Oh, it's only make b'leve. Vese kind o' Injuns don't kill nobody." And he stuck a contemptuous finger toward the innocent Coyote. "It's on'y Paches 'at kills, an' vev's none yound here, mommie says. I'm a Pache, so you better look out."

It was a dubious sport for Gay, and when it came to the killing part she screamed lustily.

"You've woked him up an' 'polled it all," said Dubs in a tone of accusation. "Now he'll want his knife."

Sure enough, the Coyote That Bites did shake his brown legs and arms quite vigorously, but the last two big swallows of mescal held him down. So, after turning over and burying his hatchetlike face in the sand, he lay quiet again.

When he had thus turned over, was brought into view the rifle, which had been concealed by his dirty blanket. Dubs eyed the weapon with covetous eyes. He could not withstand the temptation of feeling it all over, standing it up on its butt and trying to shoulder it, but this last feat he could hardly accomplish. Just what it was that kept his fingers off the hammer and trigger and prevented a sound that would surely have brought the Coyote to his feet with a yell, I am sure I cannot tell, but Dubs played with that fascinating weapon nearly an hour, while Gay poured sand over the cartridges, hiding nearly all of them from view.

By this time the sun's rays were on the long slant, and the children were very hungry. By this time, too, the Apache was growing restless, for the mescal had nearly lost its grip upon him. A train thundering by, or much less, a "swift" brushing against his black foot, a spider dropping on his leg, or even a big fly buzzing at his ear—any of these would have set his demon force into play again.

But the children could not wait for such demonstrations as these, though why it did not occur to Dubs that the Coyote's ear needed tickling with a grease wood twig the Lord only knows. The wind was up, and the wires were murmuring louder than ever. The wee ones had sported in the black shadows long enough—had played with the fangs of the deadly serpent until they were tired and their stomachs were empty. So they set off on a trot for home.

Just as they turned the bend and came in sight of the low roof of the station a "dust devil" swept by the rocks where lay the Coyote That Bites. He jumped to his feet, grasped his empty sheath, gave a mad whoop and started about in feverish rage. There was his knife, half covered by the sand, and there was his rifle, far from his side. Here was the cartridge belt empty, and all about him in the sand were countless little footprints.

A bewildered look stole over his face, but it passed away when his eyes rested on the empty demijohn. The ex-

pression that replaced it was one of demoualac ferocity, and the lust of slaughter lay heavily upon him. But the cartridges—where were they? He saw Gay's mound of sand and, kicking it, gave a grunt of delight to see the brazen capsules that were scattered right and left by his foot.

He picked them all up, grunting over each one. Filling the belt and grasping his rifle, he started off in the direction in which the small footprints led. Like a bloodhound, he chased along the track. His eyes scanned the plain at every turn, and his breath was hot and strong. But when he turned the big curve and saw the station he knew that he was late—too late—and he gave a grunt of disgust and was off like the wind over a side trail that led toward the sunset.

In the low roofed station house the mother crooned to tired little Gay, lying so soft and limp in her arms. She looked out over the desert; saw the sun touching the tips of the solemn giant cacti with purple dots, saw the prickly pear shrubs holding their grotesque arms above the great sweep of sand that ran down to the low horizon and felt the inspiration of the scene, as she had often felt it before, for the desert has a beauty that is all its own. She knew that other women in the great cities and in the cool green valleys might pity her in that desolate spot, but she felt that she needed not their pity. Dubs came and leaned his head against her arm where she sat, and little Gay nestled down with a tired sigh. Yes, there was much she thought for which to be thankful.

And in truth there was.

### Man and Woman.

The human animal finds in the opposite sex the greater part of his and her mental life. The arts arose out of sex. When man ceased to capture woman, he cut a reed and blew a tune to win her, and it was not until he had won her that he began to take an interest in the tune for its own sake.

Physical intimacies are but surface emotions, forgotten as soon as they are satisfied; whereas spiritual intimacies live in the heart. They are part of our eternal life and seem to reach beyond the stars.—George Moore's "Sister Teresa."

### Fool Enough.

Elder Passions—My boy writes home that your son Jack isn't getting along very fast at college.  
Deacon Oldham—Don't you believe what your boy's tellin' you, elder. Jack's goin' through fast enough. He runs away ahead of his allowance every month.

### Explosive.

Sue—He said there was a fire raging in his breast.  
Belle—How dangerous!  
Sue—Dangerous?  
Belle—Yes. He wears a celluloid shirt front.

### The Young of the Sea Devil.

You may find in the sea devil a curious illustration of nature's system for adjusting reproduction. The cod lays several hundred thousand eggs at a spawning because nearly all of them must necessarily be lost while floating on the waves and those which hatch are mostly devoured. But the sea devil, which produces but a single young one at a time, retains the latter in its belly until the infant creature is from four to six feet in length, so that when born it is able to take care of itself and is in no danger of being destroyed.

### Turning the Tassels.

"Turning the tassel" is an interesting part of the commencement exercises at the Woman's college, Baltimore. All undergraduates there wear the cap and gown, and the place of the tassel on each mortar board designates the class of its wearer.

Beginning at the right hand corner of the square top over which the tassel must hang in case of a freshman, each of the other three corners indicates respectively the other three classes. At the moment when the seniors file back from receiving their diplomas every other member of the student body present by one concerted movement turns her tassel, thereby raising her rank.

### Unaccountable.

My wife is getting wrinkles fast, Which seems very queer to me, For she hasn't had a birthday Since eighteen ninety-three.

### Legalized Lottery.

"Marriage," said Snooper, "is a lottery."  
"And a rich bride," added Swayback, "is a capital prize."

### Scared.

When the Shamrock with the breezes Is inclined to lightly flirt, Then the Yankee blood all freezes, And he hollers ere he's hurt.

### Conclusive.

Street Car Conductor—So you think you ought to ride for half fare?  
Little Edith—Yes, sir; I'm a twin.

### With the Usual Apologies.

Let the sheriff but do his duty, And the mob that has come to stay Will fold its tent like the Arab And as silently sneak away.

### A Happy Medium.

"Was their marriage a success?"  
"Oh, yes; through it they both met others whom they really loved."



## TAKING NO CHANCES.

The Landlord's Fire Drill Worked to Perfection.

"It happened last winter," said Jones, "but I have never before been able to tell the story without getting unduly excited. Business took me to a little country town in the interior of the state, where I was forced to pass the night at the only hotel that the place boasted. It was a cold, stormy night, and I thanked my lucky stars that I did not have to be out in it. Some time about midnight I was awakened by some one yelling 'Fire!' at the top of his voice. The hotel was nothing more than a fire trap, a fact that I had fully realized when I had turned in, and the cry of 'Fire!' sent my heart into my mouth. Hastily jumping out of bed and without waiting to dress myself, I seized what clothing I could in one hasty clutch and rushed outdoors and joined the guests who were already there clustered together in a shivering group.

"They're all out, dad!" yelled the landlord's son, who was standing at the door, as another half-dressed guest rushed out.

"Confound them," grumbled the landlord, "they ought to do better than that. They're three minutes behind the record."

"Where is the fire?" I asked.

"There ain't no fire," he answered, closing the watch that he had been holding in his hand. "Ain't nothing but a fire drill."

"You old fool, I shouted, 'do you mean to say that you have routed us out on a night like this on a false alarm?'"

"That's all right," he answered. "I had a guest burned up once in a fire, and he owed me \$1.15, and I ain't takin' any more chances than I have to. People what put up with me has got to learn to jump when the alarm is given!"—Detroit Free Press.

### Only When He Talked.

Jim Hopkins was in town one day recently and incidentally told a story about Bill Sawyer, who lives in his community. Bill is a good natured fellow and has a strong vein of humor in his composition, but he stammers so that it is almost painful to hear him attempt to say anything. Bill was talking to a woman the other day with whom he was only slightly acquainted and, being somewhat embarrassed, he stammered more than usual whereupon the lady exclaimed, "My goodness, Mr. Sawyer, do you always stammer like that?" "No-o-o-o," replied Sawyer, "only when I t-t-t-t-talk."

### Friends No Longer.

They were good friends, but they are no longer. It all came about through a mistake. One of the women had an old-fashioned harp which had been handed down from her ancestors and, meeting a friend one day, the latter asked: "Have you got that old lyre in the house yet?"

"I'll have you know that I do not consider that a respectful way to speak of my husband."

Explanations have never been sufficient to heal the breach.—Yonkers Statesman.

### Georgia Marriage Notice.

This unique marriage notice from a rural exchange:

"Uncle Davy Sprawls, aged ninety, was married to Aunt Sally Biggers, aged seventy, on Wednesday evening last. They left for their honeymoon in an ox cart soon after the ceremony. We wish the happy couple a long life of joy and happiness. No cards, although we have a job office and offered to print them cheap for cash."—Atlanta Constitution.

### When the Women Rule.

The witness was just getting to the thrilling part of the story when the judge interrupted.

"There are extraneous matters," she said, "that are distracting the attention of the court and preventing her from giving the evidence proper consideration. We will take a recess of fifteen minutes in order that the court may retire and find out whether her back hair is really coming down."—Chicago Post.

### The Dear Things.

Uncle George—Hannah, why is it you always keep that parlor window curtain down?

Hannah—To keep the sun from fading the carpet of course.

Uncle George—But you keep the carpet covered with matting.

Hannah—Oh, well, that is only to prevent the carpet from being worn thread-bare.—Boston Transcript.

### Her Calculation.

"He told me that I was one woman in a thousand," said the lady who had caused her husband's arrest for bigamy.

"And," she continued, while a bitter smile wandered across her face, "from the way the returns are coming in I am inclined to think that he was literally and mathematically correct."—Baltimore American.

### Perhaps He Was Right.

"Darwin's theory must be correct," remarked Mrs. Enpeck as she stopped in front of the monkey cage. "These little fellows certainly have many actions in common with human beings."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Enpeck. "A monkey, my dear, is no more human than I am."—Chicago News.

### Piscatorial.

"Would you say that our friend belongs to the codfish aristocracy?"

"No," answered Miss Cayenne. "His social pretensions may be a bit fishy, but any one who can make as big a splash as he has caused is really entitled to be considered a whale."—Washington Star.

### Something Still Lacking.

"These benches built for two do not seem to attract you and Harold to the park."

The girl blushed prettily.

"At home," she said, "we can occupy a chair that was built for one."—Chicago Post.

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

Yours respectfully,

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.

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

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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

### A Model Janitor.

Lady—Where is the agent for these flats?

Man at Door—I can rent the flats, mum.

"Are the rents reasonable?"

"Yes, mum."

"What sort of a janitor have you?"

"A very good one, mum."

"Is he polite and attentive?"

"Yes, mum."

"Honest?"

"Yes, mum."

"Doesn't he ever steal from the market baskets of the tenants?"

"Never, mum."

"He's a good Christian man, is he?"

"Yes, mum. A polite, more attentive, honest or more Christian man never lived."

"I'm delighted to hear that. Where is he now?"

"I'm him, mum."—New York Tribune.

### Good Cause For Depression.

"Why does Gabbington go around with such a dejected air lately? For two or three months after his marriage you would have thought he owned the earth. He seemed all puffed up. Now he skulks around like a fellow that didn't more than half believe he had a right to remain on earth. I never saw such a change. Do you know what's gone wrong?"

"Yes. His wife got mad one day and told him she married him because his name is Kenneth, that having been the name of her brave young lover who fell in the Philippines."—Chicago Record-Herald.

### A Nice Man.

"Supposing," said Mr. Sirius Barker during a pleasure trip on an excursion boat, "that I were to fall overboard, what would you do?"

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Barker, with a gasp, "I'd cry my eyes out."

"I knew it. That's just like a woman. Always looking for a way to make matters worse. Can't you see that crying wouldn't do the slightest good and that it would only make the water that much deeper?"—Washington Star.

### Conditions Favored.

"Kissing goes by favor," he remarked dreamily, as if the quotation had occurred to him casually, without any relationship to the time and its surroundings.

"Oh, I don't know," she replied, with seeming equal unconsciousness of the import of her remark. "I guess it sometimes happens that when conditions favor kissing don't go by."

And it didn't.—Richmond Dispatch.

### Misplaced Confidence.

Smith—I've got a good joke on Short.

Jones—Is that so?

Smith—Yes. He asked me to exchange checks with him for a few days. I did so, and his check turned out to be no good.

Jones—Why, according to that, the joke is on you.

Smith—Oh, no, it isn't. You see, my check was also worthless.—Chicago News.

## Esquimalt & Nanaimo, B.C.



Steamship Schedule Effective September 30th, 1901

### NANAIMO-COMOX ROUTE.

### S. S. "City of Nanaimo."

Sails from Nanaimo, for Union Wharf, Comox and Way ports on Wednesdays at 7 a.m.

Sails from Comox and Union wharf for Nanaimo and way ports Thursdays at 8 a.m.

### "S. S. THISTLE."

Sails from Nanaimo for Union wharf and Comox direct on Thursdays at 10 a.m.

Sails from Comox and Union wharf for Nanaimo direct on Friday at 6 p.m.

GEO. L. COURTNEY, Traffic Manager

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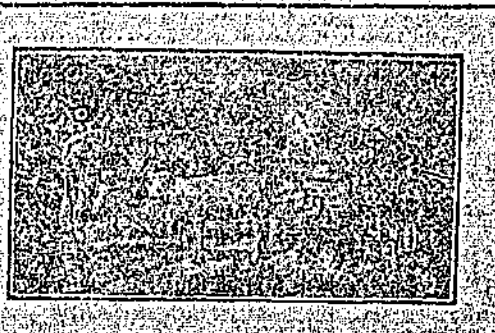
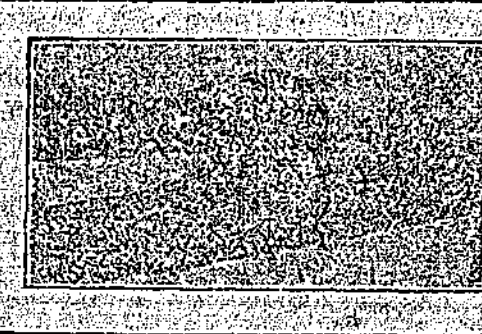
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Two very desirable 4-Roomed Cottages in the best residential part of Cumberland. Bargains. Owner leaving the country. Bona fide intending purchasers apply at

THIS OFFICE.

### WANTED

All kinds plain sewing. Work promptly attended to. Apply to MISS OLSEN, at Mrs. R. Grant's.



ASSESSMENT ACT AND PROVINCIAL REVENUE TAX

COMOX DISTRICT.

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

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

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

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

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

Upon such excess of income—

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

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

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

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

If paid on or after 1st July, 1901:—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Provincial Revenue Tax \$3 per capita.

JOHN BAIRD,

Assessor and Collector.

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

My 22



# THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

Issued Every Wednesday

W. B. ANDERSON, EDITOR

The columns of THE NEWS are open to all who wish to express their views on matters of public interest.

While we do not hold ourselves responsible for the utterances of correspondents, we reserve the right of declining to insert communications unnecessarily personal.

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### LABELS & BAGS

### PRINTS OF FARE

Etc.

Etc.

Etc.

### CONCERT PROGRAMMES

### BALL PROGRAMMES

### DISPLAY BILLS

### POSTERS

### CONCERT TICKETS

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### MENUS

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Etc.

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## Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE  
NOV. 19TH, 1898.

### VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 Daily	No. 4 Saturday	
A.M.	P.M.	
De. 9:00	Victoria	De. 4:25
9:25	Goldstream	4:53
10:9	Koenig's	5:31
10:48	Duncan's	6:15

P.M.	P.M.	
12:14	Nanaimo	7:41
A. 12:23	Wellington	Ar. 7:50

### WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1 Daily	No. 3 Saturday	
A.M.	A.M.	
De. 8:05	Wellington	De. 4:25
8:26	Nanaimo	4:53
9:52	Duncan's	6:15
10:37	Goldstream	6:46
11:18	Koenig's	7:32
Ar. 11:45	Victoria	Ar. 8:00 P.M.

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

For rates and all information apply at Company's offices.

A. DUNSMUIR, President. Geo. J. COURTNEY, Traffic Manager.

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FRANCIS D. LITTLE  
Manager

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JAMES ABRAMS.

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## STEVENS

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## FROM RAIN IN THE WOODS.

When on the leaves the rain insists,  
And every gust brings showers down;  
When all the woodland smokes with mist,  
I take the old road out of town  
Into the hills through which it twists.

I find the vale where catnip grows,  
Where bonest blooms, with wetness bowed—  
The vale through which the red creek flows  
Turpid with hill washed clay, and loud  
As some strange horn a wildman blows.

Like knots upon the gray bark'd trees  
The lichen colored moths are pressed,  
And, wedged in hollow blooms, the bees  
Seem clotting pollen; in its nest  
The hornet creeps and lies at ease.

The butterfly and forest bird  
Are huddled on the same gnarled bough  
From which, like some rare, vowed word  
That dances hoarsely uttera now,  
The tree toad's voice is vaguely heard.

I crouch and listen, and again  
The woods are filled for me with form—  
Weird, elfin shapes in train on train  
Arise, and now I feel the arms  
Around me of the wraiths of rain.

O wraiths of rain! O trailing mist!  
Still told me, hold me and pursue!  
Still let my lips by yours be kissed!  
Still draw me with your hands of dew  
Unto the trust, the dripping trust!  
—Madison Cawein in Atlantic.

## WHAT MRS. JOHNNIE DID

"Whatever you do, don't take the 12:10," Tom had said when at breakfast Mrs. Johnnie declared her intention of running up to town. "It's slow and awfully dusty and there's generally a rowdy crowd aboard. Wait for the 2:05 express."

But no sooner had Tom taken his departure than Mrs. Johnnie decided to do nothing of the sort. She was a bustling little body, forever on the go, and when once an idea crept into that clever little head of hers she was inclined to carry it through to a finish in her own particular way.

Consequently Mrs. Johnnie did take the 12:10 local, and within five minutes' time she was wishing devoutly that she had followed Tom's advice, for it was hot and dusty, and they were crawling along at a snail's pace, and there were some rough-looking customers on board, and—well, oh, dear! After all, Tom did know what he was talking about occasionally.

At the far end of the car a young woman was sitting. She looked so young that one might almost have called her a child in spite of the fact that her pretty brown hair was twisted up on the top of her head in a vain imitation of the latest fashion and the (to Mrs. Johnnie) most atrocious fact that her cheeks were covered with rouge.

Mrs. Johnnie gathered her belongings together and set out to take possession of the seat just in front of the young girl, and then, half turning, she scrutinized the young woman at her leisure. She could do so without rudeness, for the girl was gazing out of the window, and her thoughts seemed to be far away. "It's a sweet little face," thought Mrs. Johnnie, "and I don't care if it is painted it's innocent and trustful. Her dress fits her abominably, but she has a glorious pair of eyes. She's a positive anomaly. I'm going to introduce myself."

The girl turned her head just at that moment, and as their eyes met both of them smiled, and each perceived for the first time that the other wore the little silver Maltese cross of the King's Daughters. They needed no introduction after that. Mrs. Johnnie moved into the seat with her, and they were soon the best of friends. It did not take Mrs. Johnnie very long to gain the particulars of her story. She had never been to the city before, she said; indeed, except for some little excursion now and then, she had never left her home, which was in a little village on the coast of Long Island. She was so glad to have some one to talk to, for of course she was feeling a bit lonely. Then she told Mrs. Johnnie that her name was Daisy—Daisy Hope—and that she was an orphan with just one sister. Her name was Sophie, and she was married now. They had always been the very best of friends—she and Sophie—until Dan Hackett came along. Nowadays, she added with a sigh, Sophie had eyes for no one but Dan.

"But I shan't mind it so much now," she added, suddenly brightening up again, "now that I'm going to be married too."

"Married!" exclaimed Mrs. Johnnie in astonishment. "You don't mean to tell me so! When is it coming off, and what's his name?"

"Yes, we're going to be married right away—Jack and me. This isn't very much of a trousseau, is it?" she added, with an expressive gesture toward her old fashioned carpetbag and two paper parcels. "But Jack said that wouldn't matter. He could fix me up when I came to town. He told me in his letter not to bring anything along; my country dresses would never do for New York, he said. So I've left them all at home there, hanging up in my closet—all except my new pink one I got at Easter. It's so pretty I couldn't bear to leave that behind. I guess it will do for the mornings, now and then."

"But wasn't it awfully good of Jack, though? He sent me this dress to wear

on the way up and this diamond," pointing to a huge brooch that sparkled at her throat, but which Mrs. Johnnie's eyes pronounced to be very bad paste. "And there was a box of complexion salve he sent me too. I've put some of it on just to please him, but I can't say that I like it very much. It itches so and feels horrid. Do all ladies paint in New York?"

At another time Mrs. Johnnie would have burst out laughing, but just at present matters were taking too serious a turn. Mrs. Johnnie was beginning to wonder very much.

"But when are you to be married, my dear?" she asked hastily. "You have not answered my question yet. And what does Sophie say? For, of course, you've told her all about it."

The girl hung her head, and Mrs. Johnnie could see her blushes even in spite of the rouge.

"You see, it's this way: Jack hates a fuss and all that. He said for us to get married first and then let Sophie know. That was the hardest thing I had to do—leaving her without a word of good-bye. But Jack knows best, I suppose. Only I wish—"

"Excuse me, Daisy, you mustn't think me impertinent for asking all these questions, my dear. Is Jack going to meet you at the station?"

"Well, no, not exactly. He's so busy at this time of day, you know. That's one reason why he sent the dress and things. He said in his letter that he had shown them to a lady friend of his. She's to meet me at the ferry and take charge of me till he comes."

"Oh! And how long did you say you have known a—Jack?"

The girl hung her head again. "I saw him first about six weeks ago. He came down on one of the yachts. He came down twice on Sunday after that, and he's written ever so often."

Mrs. Johnnie laid her hand tenderly upon the young girl's arm. "And do you really think, my dear Daisy, that you know him well enough to marry him? Wouldn't it be wiser to wait a bit and take your sister into your confidence? Why not ask Jack to wait a year for you and then see how matters stand? He'll wait for you gladly enough if he's really in earnest."

"Why should I keep him waiting?" she answered. "He loves me. Isn't that enough? I love and trust him entirely, and he does the same by me. Isn't that enough?"

Mrs. Johnnie did not answer for a moment. Her lips were pressed tightly together, for, to tell the truth, Mrs. Johnnie was making up her mind to adopt a desperate measure. This car half full of men was certainly no place for a scene, and Mrs. Johnnie began to realize that if she proceeded to do her duty by this little girl a scene was bound to come. The train was just slowing up for a moment at a little wayside station.

"Well, my dear, I hope sincerely that you will find it is enough," she said. Then, springing up suddenly, she grasped the carpetbag and her own belongings.

"Hurry up, my child," she exclaimed, giving the girl a little push. "Here's where we change cars, you know. Come along!"

"But I thought this train—"

"Now, my dear, that's just what you mustn't do. Don't think, but follow my instructions."

Before the girl had realized what she was doing Mrs. Johnnie had bundled her out on to the station platform. The train moved slowly out. Mrs. Johnnie watched it disappear with a sigh of relief, and then she turned to the bewildered girl and spoke to her very gently.

"Let us walk over to the little hotel, Daisy. We shall have to wait there half an hour. Perhaps we can secure a room there, for I want to have a little talk with you."

In speaking of it afterward Mrs. Johnnie always declared that to her the walk from the station to the hotel was by far the saddest part of all that day's ordeal. It was then that the magnitude of the work she had to do dawned upon her for the first time. Before they two should be standing on that platform again Jack, the young girl's idol, must be shattered and thrown from its pedestal. To Mrs. Johnnie fell the task of displaying him in his true colors, and, though it was a task which she shrank instinctively from in perspective, when the time came Mrs. Johnnie was not found wanting. She never told any one—not even Tom—the particulars of what occurred in that little room, but when the train from New York came rushing along half an hour later the semaphore was hoisted as a signal to stop and the two women stepped silently on board.

Both of them had tear stained faces, but there was no rouge on the young girl's face now. Her hair hung simply down her back, and she wore her pretty pink dress. That night, when Mrs. Johnnie reached her own home, after quite a long combat with sister Sophie, Tom was told just as many of the particulars as Mrs. Johnnie thought fit.

When she had finished, he was silent for a moment or two, while he exhausted his stock of anathemas upon Jack. Then, turning his attention to the woman in the case, he exclaimed, "Well, of all the little fools—"

But Mrs. Johnnie interrupted him suddenly. "Don't call her that, dear," she added

as she kissed him. "Just thank God that I took the 12:10."

## White Lies.

One would hardly dare to ask a friend to dine in so many words, says a writer in The Spectator, if it were not permissible for him to make the false reply that he was sorry he was engaged and could not come.

Ordinary social intercourse, instead of becoming more direct, would have to be carried on by an elaborate system of hints; otherwise society would become, metaphorically speaking, a bear garden in which sensitive persons would be battered to death. It would be impossible to get used to being told "I do not like you, and your friends bore me," or "I could come quite easily, but I do not care to identify myself with the very second rate people among whom you live."

Neither could we improve matters by reversing the ordinary procedure and allowing the guests to invite themselves.

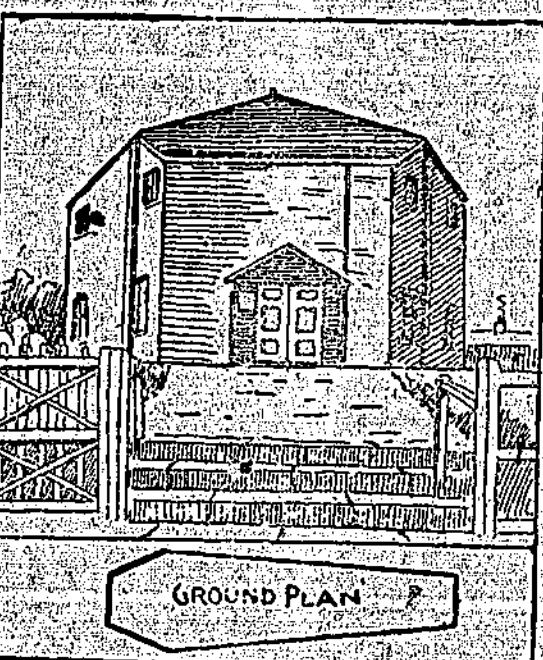
The rebuff of being refused hospitality would be almost unbearable.

## QUEER ENGLISH CHAPEL

Built in the Form of a Coffin, to Remind Members of the Congregation That They Are But Dust.

The Baptist chapel at Fressingfield, Suffolk, is probably one of the most curious places of worship to be found in England, its design resembling the shape of a coffin, as shown in the accompanying photograph.

Its origin is not the outcome of an accidental freak on the part of the builder, the structure being expressly planned on these lines by a



former pastor of the place, who desired that the chapel should be erected in the form of a coffin in order that the worshippers and public generally might be reminded of their latter end.

That the wish of the designer has been fulfilled is clearly evidenced by the name of "the coffin chapel," being applied to it, by which cognomen the building is known locally, and as such attracts the attention of all strangers who visit the pleasant Suffolk village, in which it stands. The gruesome-looking building is visited by hundreds of people every week and opinions upon it are various.

## Queen Victoria's Direct Heirs.

Queen Victoria had seventy-four direct heirs, and when the revenues of her estate are distributed among them no one will receive a very large amount, although she was a very rich woman. She had nine children, of whom six survive, forty grandchildren, of whom thirty-one survive, and thirty-seven great-grandchildren, all of whom survive, making eighty-six in all, of whom seventy-four survive. Of the great-grandchildren, twenty-two are boys and fifteen are girls. Six are grandchildren of the present King, eighteen are grandchildren of the late Empress Frederick, eleven are grandchildren of the late Princess Alice, and six grandchildren of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg. This would appear to make a total of forty-one, but several are grandchildren of two of the late Queen's children. Eight of them are direct heirs to the different thrones of Europe, and there are enough remaining to rule the rest of the kingdoms of the world. Several of them will no doubt reach thrones.

The civil list also contains an allowance of \$100,000 for the Duke of Cornwall and \$30,000 for each of his sisters, the Duchess of Fife, the Princess Charles of Denmark and the Princess Victoria. The Duke receives about \$310,000 a year from the revenues of Cornwall, which makes his income \$410,000. His wife has an allowance of \$50,000. The allowances to the King's brothers and sisters are as follows: Duke of Connaught, \$125,000; Empress Frederick, \$40,000; Princess Christian, \$30,000; Princess Louise, \$30,000; Princess Beatrice, \$30,000; Duchess of Albany, \$30,000; Duchess of Coburg, \$30,000.

Parliament made grants in lump sums as wedding gifts to the Queen's children and grandchildren when they were married, of which the total will probably reach \$1,000,000.

## Women Hermits in Russia.

Among the villagers on the Volga in the Province of Samara a curious sect of women has made its appearance. It was originated by an elderly peasant woman in Soznova, called the "Blessed Mother." These

women have fled from the villages around into a remote district, where they live singly in holes dug out of the face of the hill. They lead a life of fasting and prayer, and believe themselves called from the world, which they think is shortly about to perish in a general conflagration. The "Blessed Mother" has ten wise virgins, as a sort of bodyguard, and the sect believes that these 11 women are possessed of miraculous powers.

## Making Goo Goo Eyes at the Cup.



—Washington-Star.

## Polaris as a Triple Star.

A recent bulletin of the Lick observatory confirms an earlier announcement that Polaris is a triple star. The bright star—the north star—moves about the centre of mass of itself and a dark companion star in three days 23 hours 14 minutes. These two stars also move slowly around a third dark star in a long period.

## Looks Suspicious.

It's a sign or is it not,  
And one that needs attention due,  
That when the cashier buys a yacht  
He means to be a skipper too?

## Correct.

Hungry Hawkins—What is a floating debt, Tommy?

Tommy Tatters—A steamboat with a mortgage on it.

## May Be Running Bills.

There's many a deep deception in  
This world and its affairs,  
And it isn't safe to judge a man  
By the clothes his darling wears.

## The Personal Argument.

"Do you think the world is growing better, George?"

"Do I understand that you want me to decide whether I am a better man than my father or not?"

"How funny!"

"Oh, I don't know. Are you a better woman than your mother?"

"Why, of course not. How absurd!"

"Then how do you expect the world to grow better when you fail to help it along?"

"George, you are very rude."

"Didn't Get Her Money's Worth."  
Clara—Why, Ethel, what makes you so blue?

Ethel—That fortune teller told me I would be married twice, and she told Edna she would have three husbands, and to think I paid for having both our fortunes told!

## Spunky.

The Lawyer—The precedents are against you, madam.

The Lady—Well, sue them, too, then.

It is a question which causes a mother the more worry: A boy so sick that he is good, or so thoroughly well that he is bad.

## Here He Is.

"Well, I've just seen the meanest man."

"What did he do?"

"He got a half fare ticket to Buffalo about a month ago, and now he's kicking because the railroad companies have reduced the rate so that everybody else can go for just about what it cost him."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Polite Request.

Anxious Father (from top of stairs)—Sar, Mary Jane!

Mary Jane—Yes, papa.

Anxious Father—Is it 11 o'clock yet?

Mary Jane—Yes, papa.

Anxious Father—Well, give the young man my compliments and ask him to kindly close the front door from the outside.—Chicago News.

## A Wise Precaution.



"Ah, John writes that he's been matriolated at college. That's good. Some epidemic mought break out."—New York Journal.

## AN IMPERIAL FAMILY.

Emperor of Japan, the Empress, Crown Prince and Wife and Some of the Emperor's Other Children.

The latest authorized photograph of the Japanese Imperial family, reproduced in the accompanying illustration, shows not only the Emperor, Empress and heir apparent, and his bride, but four princesses, daughters of the Emperor, a member of the Imperial harem. The Em-



THE IMPERIAL FAMILY OF JAPAN.

press Haruko has no children, the crown prince and heir to the throne himself being a son of Mme. Yanagihara Aiko, another concubine. He was born in 1879, ten years after the marriage of the Emperor and Empress. The Crown Prince Yoshi Hito married the Princess Sadako May 10, 1900, and the two are popular with the Japanese, as are the Emperor and Empress.

## LITERATURE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Rudyard Kipling Takes His Leading Public into His Confidence.

Mr. Kipling has been taking the public into his confidence as to his literary methods, quite an unusual thing with him. "Kim" has appeared in book form after its serial career in Cassell's Magazine, and with it comes the statement that the author wrote some sections of it more than twelve times. He began the book more than eight years ago—the journeys of Kim describing many of his own experiences. It is also asserted that the close of the tale is transferred from actual life. The point emphasized, however, is the infinite pains Kipling bestows upon all he does.

Clement Scott, London's oldest dramatic critic, who is now chiefly concerned with the fortunes of his publication, Free Lance, has published the first birthday number. All dismal prophecy has been put to confusion by the success of the venture. When Scott began with it his enemies said "they are a legion" and "it would not live a month." Nor would it if they could have had their way. But Clement is a great Scott.

American admirers of Mrs. Atherton have enjoyed her explanation, which she sends to The Westminster Gazette, of the anonymous appearance of the novel "The Aristocrats." She says many American critics had "abused" everything she had ever written over her own name, and she conceived the idea of testing them with material of the same sort anonymously. As an afterthought she wrote "several of the most shocking things I could concoct." What happened? To her delight and amusement many who had steadily "abused" her praised the whole story and particularly the shocking passages. All this she regards as a triumph, and she will laugh at "future abuse."

## ON THE ISLAND OF GUERSEY.

Worth a Visit to See the Islanders Gather the Seaweed Harvest.

It is well worth a visit to the Channel Islands to witness the gathering of the seaweed harvest, which takes place every year at certain seasons. It is regulated by law. Everybody takes part in the harvest, even the young women, as shown in the accompanying illustration. Nowhere, perhaps, are found



GATHERING SEAWEEED ISLAND OF GUERSEY

finer specimens of stalwart maidens, sun-tanned and barefooted, strong and healthy. The seaweed harvest is a great event in the islands. The weed itself is used not only as a fertilizer, but as fuel, being stacked in heaps at the cottagers' doors and burned on the open hearth, where it sends forth a bright and cheery flame.

## Zoo for Polar Animals Only.

People in Norway are planning to construct in the most northerly district of their country an immense national park, in which animals from the polar regions are to be placed. Herr Mohn, a scientist of Christiania, is the originator of the plan.

He points out that there are some polar animals which cannot live in the ordinary zoological gardens of Europe, as the climatic conditions do not suit them, and he claims that the north of Norway is the only part of Europe in which a suitable home can be arranged for such animals.



THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

WOMEN CONSIDERED "POOR PAY."

Most of Them Fail to Settle Their Bills Promptly and So Cause Trouble.

"Tradespeople, in general, consider women as 'poor pay,'" writes Edward Bok, in "The Ladies' Home Journal." "The vast majority of sheltered women seem to have no conception of the anxieties, trouble, poverty, suffering, privation, injustice and positive cruelty which they indirectly inflict upon hardworking women by a carelessness in promptly meeting their bills. If this practice were confined to the few one might dismiss it with a shrug or a sigh that it existed at all. But it applies to the majority of women. Let a woman look into this matter carefully, and she will be surprised at the evils which result from this careless disregard of obligations. Whenever you find a feminine industry there you will find a ledger full of unpaid accounts."

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs:—A few days ago I was taken with a severe pain and contraction of the cords of my leg, and had to be taken home in a rig. I could not sleep for the pain and was unable to put my foot to the floor. A friend, told me of your MINARD'S LINIMENT, and one hour from the first application I was able to walk, and the pain entirely disappeared. You can use my name as freely as you like, as I consider it the best remedy I have ever used.

CHRISTOPHER GERRY  
Ingersoll, Ont.

After a woman succeeds in getting the wedding ring where she wants it she begins to say what she means.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

The average man fails to learn a lot of things that experience should teach him.

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

Coquettes are like weather vane—only fixed when they become rusty.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

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

When the chiropodist and the hair dresser are introduced it is a case where extremes meet?

SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER 25c

Lots of sermons are not as broad as they are long.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Dandruff.

It isn't necessary for a man to sow wild oats; they come up along the path he travels.

THE BRIGHTEST FLOWERS must fade, but young lives endangered by severe coughs and colds may be preserved by Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Croup, whooping cough, bronchitis—in short, all affections of the throat and lungs are relieved by this sterling preparation, which also remedies rheumatic pains, sprains, bruises, piles, kidney difficulties, and is most economic.

Truth is mighty. Sometimes it's mighty uncomfortable.

The new woman, if you look close enough, will often be found to be an old woman.

MINARD'S LINIMENT for Sale Everywhere.

A wise man never interferes with a woman who is minding her own business.

Some men have no use for music except when they are permitted to play first violin.

When three women sit down to talk about a new dress pattern a small boy with a toy drum is inaudible.

An Avenue of Escape.

"I'm thinking seriously of resuming business."

"I thought you had retired permanently."

"I thought so, too, but I need some excuse for not attending my wife's afternoon teas."

Too Thankful.

Old Gentleman (to beggar)—I gave you 10 cents only fifteen minutes ago. Why do you come and bother me again?  
Beggar—Oh, sir, good people are scarce, and when we find them we make it a point to call on them several times a day.

BECAUSE.  
Willie—Pa, why do they call our language the mother tongue?  
Pa—It's because your father never gets a chance to use it.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

How to Keep the Baby Healthy and Happy—Avoid the So-called Soothing Medicines.

Every mother is naturally solicitous as to the health of her children, but not everyone treats their little troubles in the right way. The so-called soothing remedies are still used altogether too much, although physicians have preached against them for many years. The fact that they put children to sleep is no sign that they are helpful. On the contrary, soothing drugs are dangerous and distinctly harmful. At the slightest sign of ill-health or disorders, give the little ones Baby's Own Tablets. The medicine is purely vegetable, and is guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. For indigestion, sour stomach, colic, constipation, simple fevers, diarrhoea, the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth, there can be no better, no safer remedy than this Baby's Own Tablets. A sweet, pleasant little tablet, which any child will take readily, and dissolved in water, may be given with absolute safety to the youngest infant. Mothers who have used these tablets cheerfully testify to the benefit their little ones have derived from them. Mrs. R. L. McFarlane, Bristol, Que., says: "In my estimation Baby's Own Tablets have no equal as a medicine for little ones. In cases of children teething I would not be without them on any account, as they keep my baby healthy and happy. Druggists keep them, but if you cannot find them conveniently, send 25 cents direct to us and we will forward a box by mail prepaid. The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

Every mother should have our valuable little book on the care of infants and young children. Sent free for the asking.

A Cincinnati physician foolishly took some of his own medicine. The verdict of the coroner's jury was "Death due to unprofessional conduct."

MINARD'S LINIMENT Relieves Neuralgia.

Because there are sermons in stones it does not follow that many preachers are old fossils.

SOZODONT FOR THE TEETH 25c

TEARS AND LAUGHTER.  
God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes—for, as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.—Leigh Hunt.

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

Every widow, even to the 300-pound limit, imagines she makes a "pathetic figure in black."

Most girls who look sweet at men don't mean it.

Sozodont  
Tooth Powder 25c  
Good for Bad Teeth  
Not Bad for Good Teeth

Sozodont Liquid 25c. Large Liquid and Powder 75c.  
At all stores or by mail. Sample of the Liquid for the postage, 3c.  
HALL & RUCHEL, New York.

Alloway & Champion  
BANKERS AND BROKERS

WINNIPEG.

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

AGENTS WANTED

WANTED, Agents for the sale of Hardy Russian apples, currants, gooseberries, ornamental trees and seed Potatoes. Every salesman has exclusive territory. Sample outfit free. Good pay. We are one of the oldest established firms in Canada. Apply now, **PELHAM NURSERY CO.** Toronto, Ont.

N. B. Catalogue free. Farmers can make good money during their slack season. P. N. Co.

WANTED—PARTIES TO DO KNITTING for us at home. We furnish yarn and machine. Easy work. Good pay. Hand Knitters also wanted. Send stamp for particulars to **STANDARD HOSE CO.**, Dept. H, Toronto, Ont.

Don't Be Idle—We will supply you with work to do at home. We supply machine and material, and pay for work as sent in. Write to-day. The People's Knitting Syndicate, Limited, Toronto, Canada.

During the month of October 320 immigrants lodged at the government buildings, Calgary.

The first fire engine used in the United States was brought from England to New York in 1731.

In a poker game even a vegetarian has been known to play for stakes.

With some people even the smallest troubles come in large signs.

The fellow with an axe to grind is always looking for someone to do him a good turn.

Florida's orange yield this year will be at least 1,200,000 boxes.

Slow wisdom is sometimes better than sudden inspiration.

When a widower puts a black band around his hat, the women say, "The old hypocrite."

In New Orleans last year seventy-eight persons died from the effects of gunshot wounds.

Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syracuse, N.Y., writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Parmele's Pills according to directions under 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion.' One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least. These pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required."

The contortionist is not the only fellow who is given to patting himself on the back.

The man who would try to stab a ghost would stick at nothing.

If all the talkers were fighters the world soon be depopulated.

Nearly every bad young man you meet has a good sister to watch over him.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints incidental to children teething. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indigestion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

Uninteresting.

"I supposed all grass widows attracted the men, but this one doesn't, and she's rather pretty too. I wonder why they permit her to stand around alone."

"Well, you see, it was all her husband's fault. She got the divorce."

Wasted.

Tess—So Mr. Borem called on you last evening. I don't suppose you got a chance to open your mouth.

Jess—Oh, yes, frequently. But it didn't do any good. He didn't pay any attention to my yawns.

HOLIDAY  
Bargains in Pianos & Organs

Our Mr. Hatcher goes east this week to select a large stock of Pianos and Organs for holiday trade. In the meantime we are offering some great bargains to make room for new stock. Write early for Catalogue and price list.

We have a large number of good second-hand Pianos and Organs for sale cheap. Eldredge "B" Sewing Machines.

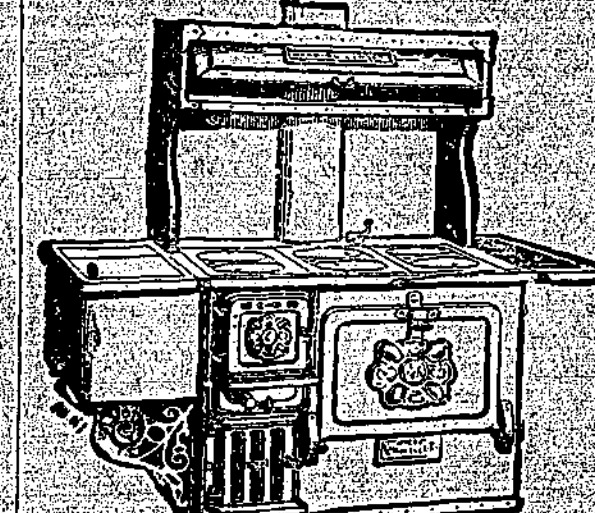
FORRESTER & HATCHER

Y. M. C. A. Block, Portage Ave., Winnipeg

If you are tired reading Blue Ribbon Tea advertisements, take a cup of the tea itself and you will be in a good humor again.

THE "OXFORD CHANCELLOR" STEEL RANGE

Has won an enviable reputation in the stove world. Its construction, every important improvement has been added which has made it the most desirable steel range for domestic use. Every detail has been carefully studied to make it efficient, and we are proud to offer it to you as a model of steel range construction at a reasonable price. We make this magnificent steel range as illustrated with four or six No. 9 cooking holes. It has a large copper reservoir, is fitted with improved duplex grate to burn any kind of coal; the oven is large and is lined with asbestos board.



It will bake biscuits in THREE MINUTES using a very small quantity of coal. Price as illustrated, (with 4 No. 9 cooking holes) \$55.00 (F. O. B. to burn coal or wood) \$60.00 (6 No. 9). We guarantee with every range sold. If not kept in stock by your local stove dealer, write us for further particulars.

THE GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Limited, Winnipeg

CAUGHT A PORCUPINE

J. C. C. Bremner's staghounds killed a porcupine last week. Mr. Bremner took 24 quills out of the mouth of one of the dogs and a large number out of the mouths of the others. Some of the quills had worked their way through the roof of the dog's mouth and were pulled out point foremost through the skin of the nose. They had penetrated the bony structure of the dog's mouth and nose in their passage. The dogs are very little the worse now, although their mouths were very sore for a time. Porcupines are very seldom seen here.—Edmonton Bulletin.

No man believes that he is fully appreciated.

The golden rule never gets the gilt rubbed off it from over use.

The chief reason most men want to go to heaven when they die is that they know it will surprise their wife's relatives to see them there.

DIAMOND HALL,  
Established 1854.  
**RYRIE BROS.,**  
Yonge and Adelaide Sts.,  
TORONTO.

**\$15.00**  
Ladies' Special 14k gold filled Hunting case guaranteed to wear for 25 years, with either Waltham or Elgin movement. A splendid watch for a school teacher or nurse.

**\$15.00**  
Gent's Special open face, 14k gold filled case guaranteed to wear for 25 years, with either Waltham or Elgin movement. A good reliable time-piece for any man. Sent to any address. Money cheerfully refunded if unsatisfactory and returned at once.

**D. R. DINGWALL, Ltd**  
Two Stores 424 MAIN ST.

**THROW OUT  
THOSE OLD  
BATTERED  
FACES**

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

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

Even hush money is apt to talk. W. N. U. No. 851.



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

W. B. Anderson, Editor.

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

Subscribers failing to receive The News regularly will confer a favor by notifying the office.

Job Work Strictly C. O. D.

Transient Ads Cash in Advance.

#### Political.

Now that the holiday season has been got through with, we may expect a stir in the political world. The writ to fill the vacancy in the House caused by the unseating of Colonel Prior is on its way to the Capital, and the election will be brought on as soon as possible. Much sympathy is felt for Colonel Prior, who was unseated for an infringement of the election law, an offence of which his opponents were equally guilty—the conveyance of electors to the polls in hired carriages. The writ to fill the vacancy in the Provincial Legislature caused by the retirement of Mr. Turner, may be expected to be issued in a few weeks. Mr. Bodwell, Liberal, is already in the field as an opponent of the Dunsmuir Government. Mr. Bodwell is a talented lawyer and has hitherto eschewed politics. He is best known to the general public by his pertinacious efforts at Ottawa and Victoria to obtain charters and subsidies from the Dominion and Provincial Governments for several railway companies who had engaged him as counsel. He was successful to some extent in the charter business, and his opposition to Premier Dunsmuir is said to be caused by the Government's refusal to pay a large subsidy to a railway company on the mainland, which had already constructed its road at its own expense. The Premier's action in the matter alone saved the Province a large sum of money, a good share of which Mr. Bodwell would doubtless have received. It is said that Premier Dunsmuir is confident of a large support in the Legislature, and when the House meets it will act wisely in supporting the Premier as no one can reasonably find fault with his conduct of public affairs.

#### Progress of Trade during 1901.

The statistics showing the progress of trade and the industries of the Island during the past year, published in the Victoria Colonist of January 5th, are very encouraging. The output of the Island coal mines shows a decrease, caused by the closing down of the Union and Extension mines in consequence of the accidents which occurred last year. We give the official figures:

TOTAL OUTPUT, 1901.	
New Vancouver Coal Co.	584,542
Extension	415,580
Union	270,006
Alexandria	61,222

TOTAL for 1901.	
1900	1,331,350
1901	1,331,350
N. V. C. Co.	440,375
Wellington	7,811
Union	169,759
Extension	293,755
Total	911,700

FOREIGN SHIPMENTS OF COKE, 1901.	
From Comox	4,760

# MONSOON

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

Yours truly,

SARAH GRUNDY.

FOREIGN COAL SHIPMENTS.			
	N. V. C. Co.	Ladysmith.	Union.
January	49,744	18,041	25,168
February	39,710	30,992	11,575
March	41,079	4,479	14,692
April	41,328	33,932	5,554
May	43,403	24,158	19,030
June	34,061	28,763	10,822
July	37,357	28,581	6,348
August	57,051	18,429	2,140
September	27,168	18,065	6,767
October	32,269	14,607	6,946
November	32,643	21,322	3,822
December	32,344	13,066	5,829
Total	448,158	255,035	118,735

ORE SHIPMENTS, 1901.	
	Tons.
From Ladysmith and Chemainus to the Tacoma smelter (principally from the Lenora mine, Mount Sicker)	17,733

The Victoria Lumbering and Manufacturing Co.'s mill at Chemainus, exported during 1901, 7,971,340 feet of lumber. Customs returns (Victoria) and Inland Revenue, show a small increase.

The sealing catch of 1901 is less than that of 1900, by over 11,000 skins, the total being 23,877 as compared with 35,548 in 1900.

#### IN THE COUNTY COURT OF NANAIMO HOLDEN AT NANAIMO BETWEEN—

A. R. JOHNSTON & CO., Plaintiffs,  
and  
H. J. LEIGHTON, Defendant.

BY virtue of an order of His Honor E. Harrison, made the 23rd day of December, ult., it is ordered that service of the summons issued herein be effected on the Defendant by publication of the said Order in the "Cumberland News" for two issues thereof. It is further ordered that unless within eight days, after the said publication, enter a defence to the said action, the Plaintiffs, upon proof of their claim, may proceed to final judgement and execution.

F. MCB. YOUNG,  
Plaintiffs' Solicitor.

8-1-02 2t.

#### TAX NOTICE.

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 1902. 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.

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

Dated at Cumberland 2nd Jan., 1902.  
8-1-02. 4t.

#### TRANSFER OF LICENSE.

I, JOHN RICHARDSON, OF THE I, WAVERLY HOTEL, Cumberland, B.C., beg to notify the public that I have this day, January 4th, 1902, Transferred the License of the said Hotel to MR. SAMUEL SHORE, late of Wellington.

JOHN RICHARDSON.  
JANUARY 4th, 1902.

#### TO THE DEAF.

A rich lady cured of her Deafness and Noises in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, gave \$10,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Address No. 14517 The Nicholson Institute, 780 Eighth Avenue, New York, U.S.A.

#### MUNICIPALITY —OF THE— CITY OF CUMBERLAND FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

##### RECEIPTS.

Cash on hand Jan. 1, 1901.	\$ 39 66
Road Tax.	270 00
Sidewalk Tax.	36 00
Dog Tax.	6 00
Real Estate Tax.	991 50
Trade Licenses.	1601 25
Scavenger.	823 25
Scale Fees.	22 75

Expenditure.	\$3790 41
Cash on hand.	3775 27
Due on Sidewalks.	\$ 86 00
Due on Scavenging.	25 00
Total.	\$111 00

ACCOUNTS OWING—	
E. Priest for Surveying.	\$ 12 50
S. Leiser for Nails, Coal Oil, &c.	38 65
E. J. Prior & Co. for Scales.	111 00
Total.	\$162 15

##### EXPENDITURE.

Election Account Jan. 1901	\$ 22 50
Refund Road Tax	26 00
Isolation Hospital	85 00
Donation to No. 6 Explosion Relief.	250 00
2 Carts	90 00
1 Horse	150 00
Harness	25 00
Freight	2 20
Repairing Stable	31 00
Laying on Water at Stable.	8 80
Solicitor's Fees	25 00
Water Trough	20 80
Sundries	30 65
Advertising	74 50
OFFICE—Auditor's Fee	10 00
Clerk's Bond	6 00
Chairs	10 80
Stationery and Postage	31 90
Sundries	2 25
Sidewalk	266 31
Fire Department	19 35
Tools	1 75
Clerk's Salary	240 00
Drains	675 27
Refund Trade Licenses	6 65
Horse Feed and Repairs	113 20
T. E. Banks' Wages	720 00
Hornell's Wages	742 00
Light Account	48 75
Erecting Scales	35 99
Refund Real Estate	3 60
Total	\$3,775 27

LAWRENCE W. NUNNS,  
CITY CLERK.

Jan. 13th, 1902.

I have examined all books and vouchers and find the same to be correct.

HENRY F. PULLEN,  
AUDITOR.

Columbia Flouring  
Mills Company  
ENDERBY, B. C.

Hungarian,  
Three Star,  
Wheatlets 10-10,  
Strong Bakers

R.P. Rithet & Co.,  
(LIMITED.)  
Agents, - Victoria, B.C.

## CAMPBELLS' BAKERY

Currant and Sultana Raisin Cakes  
10c. and 25c.

Short Bread and Chester Cakes  
25c. and 30c. per doz.

Dunsmuir Avenue, Cumberland.

## MAGNET CASH STORE.

Hardware,

Paints,

Varnishes,

Wall Paper,

Paint Brushes.

CHEAP

DOOR

MATS.

We

Have Them

Dunsmuir Avenue,

Cumberland, B.C.

## A. H. PEACEY, Druggist & Stationer.

FOR THAT COUGH TRY

WINTER'S  
INSTANT  
COUGH CURE.

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

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

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

Dunsmuir Ave.,

Cumberland, B.C.

123 HASTINGS ST.,  
Vancouver, B.C.

88 GOVERNMENT ST.,  
Victoria, B.C.

JANUARY 1st, 1902.

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

## The Hicks & Lovick Piano Co.

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

WRITE US FOR CATALOGUES.

## COURTENAY HOUSE,

COURTENAY, B.C.

HEADQUARTERS for Sportsmen in the Best DUCK and PHEASANT SHOOTING GROUNDS in the district.

MEALS PROMPTLY SERVED

THE BEST OF—  
WINES, LIQUORS, and CIGARS  
—IN STOCK.

BARBER SHOP  
In connection with the Hotel.

D. W. RICHARDS, Manager.

Hand Made Single  
...HARNESSES...

\$15, \$20 and \$25 for Rubber Trimmed.

Factory Harness \$10, \$12 & \$18

Repairing Neatly Done while you wait.

W. WILLARD.

NOW IS THE TIME TO  
ADVERTISE IN THE "NEWS."