THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

TENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY, JULY 7, 1903.

YOU WANT FURNITURE

IF YOU ARE STARTING TO HOUSE-KEEPING you need a full line. If you are re-arranging your House you require many New Things.

THE WAY TO HAVE THE BEST IS TO TRADE WHERE THE BEST IS SOLD

We show some of the Best Furniture for any Room in the House to be found anywhere.

Bedroom Suites, Sideboards, Dining Tables, Hall Racks, Couches, Lounges, Chairs of all kinds, Iron Beds, Mattresses.

YOU SAVE MONEY BY BUYING FURNITURE AT THE BIG STORE

S. Leiser & Co., Ld.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

Just received large shipment of

IRON AGE

CULTIVATORS, SEED DRILLS, WHEEL HOES, ETC

VERY LATEST IMPROVEMENTS

Call and see them or write for catalogues and prices.

Telephone 82. Sole Agents for B.C. P.O. Drawer 563

Morris Chairs--- ADJUSTABLE

WE know nothing so good for the money in the Chair line.

10 Patterns of Oak Frames, at any price you can name, from ..... $10 to $30

with Cushions of Denim, Cretone, Velour, Tapestry or Silk.

Name the price you can afford and we will send Samples of Covering, Styles of Frames, etc.

WEILER BROS., Victoria, B.C.

THE COMPLETE FURNISHERS.

New Stock

—OF—

LATEST PATTERNS

Suitings for Gents,

—and—

Costumes for Ladies.

T H. CAREY,

LADIES & GENTS TAILOR

Dunsmuir Ave., Cumberland

LOCALS.

The Big Store has just received a consignment of Sandford Clothing.

A Chinaman was killed at No. 4 Slope Friday.

Mrs Priest and family are guests at the Union Hotel.

On July 3rd a son was born to Mr and Mrs L. Mounce.

A daughter was born to Dr. and Mrs Gillespie on July 1st.

Mrs Frank Williams returned by road from Nanaimo on Wednesday last.

F. Parks is laid up with a bad knee, the result of a fall from a bicycle.

Mr F. M. Young returned to Nanaimo Friday, after spending a few days here.

Mrs J. B. Bennett and family have gone to Denman Island for the summer holidays.

Mrs Willard is home again from Victoria after a long illness. She is slowly recovering.

The Big Store has just received a consignment of Linoleums direct from Scotland.

C. J. South has secured bail, and has elected for speedy trial, which has been set for July 9.

Principal Paul of Victoria High School is in this city conducting the teachers' examinations.

Mr F. McB. Young of Nanaimo is canvassing this district in the Liberal inte ests.

Hy. Reiffel, representing Union Brewing Co., Nanaimo, has been paying Cumberland a business call

A case came before Messrs Willard and Abrams last week as to the right to close a road. Mr J. Fraser of Happy Valley, lately closed the road passing through his place to Mr Harrigan's back place, and to Dr Staples' ranch. Mr Harrigan brought suit to have it re-opened Adjudged that it was a public highway and must remain open until another suitable one was made Each paid their own costs. Mr Potts for plaintiff, Mr F. M. Young for defendant Notice of appeal was given.

The family of Mr H. Reese of Union have been called upon to mourn the death of their little son David, aged 6, a bright and promising little lad. He was taken sick a week ago, nothing serious was anticipated, but he gradually grew worse and was removed to the hospital when the doctors found him to be suffering from an acute form of peritonitis. It was found necessary to perform an operation on Sunday afternoon, but this was of no avail, the little lad passed away shortly after. The family are heartbroken over the sad affair, and will have the sympathy of everyone.

A large number took advantage of the free train which was to run to Union Wharf on July 1st, to enjoy the outing given to the teachers and pupils of the various Sunday Schools. Although the weather was somewhat gloomy, and threatened rain in the morning, the clouds passed away and an enjoyable day was spent. Racing, boating and games were indulged in by old and young. Basket parties were the order of the day, and a number availed themselves of the hospitality of the Wilson House, where, as always, nothing is found wanting. The train returned to Cumberland at six o'clock with a tired but happy lot of merry makers.

The Big Store is giving a discount of 20 per cent. on Dry Goods, Shoes, Clothing, Furniture, &c., for one week.

A correspondent desires to know who filled the places of the striking drivers in No. 1 slope some years ago. Perhaps some reader can inform.

Leave your measure for your Spring Suit at the Corner Store—hundreds of samples to choose from Fit, finish and material guaranteed —Stanley H. Riggs.

While out after destructive game Marmaduke Fraser, of Happy Valley, succeeded in destroying a large otter which had been prowling around the ranch for some time. Its measurement from tip to tip was four feet.

Telegraphic News.

Nanaimo, July 2—The coal miners strike at Ladysmith is at an end. This afternoon the miners assembled in mass meeting and voted accepting Dunsmuir's offer unconditionally, the vote standing 168 for acceptance and 117 against. Work at Extension will be resumed in the morning, all miners go upon the five o'clock train to take the morning shift.

Nanaimo, July 3—Over 100 men went up on train to extension this morning and are now at work.

Nanaimo, July 3—By 168 votes against 117, representing practically whole force still left at Ladysmith, men voted this evening to go back to work. Decision was possibly hastened by fears that Chinese would be employed as some had gone to work already at Extension No. 1. News received here with frank incredulity owing to previous disappointments.

The train left this morning at 7 for Extension and will run regularly here after. During debate in the Union the question of funds was gone thoroughly into, the careful men pointing out that the strike could not stand without substantial help from the Federation. Moore, the representative from Denver, who was present, was asked to give his advice on the matter. He said very little, holding out no hope that the Federation would do anything more than it was doing at present. He advised that a committee be appointed to solicit help from the Unions on the Island and Mainland. This reply was most unsatisfactory to the men and was largely the reason they voted as they did at the Union meeting Harry Carroll was refused permission to vote because he was charged with disloyalty to the Federation. The terms of settlement are practically the same as proposed by Mr Dunsmuir before. to pay 25c. less on stringers and to charge 50c. more for coal for domestic use. A ballot was taken on this which resulted in an acceptance of these terms unconditionally, Mr Dunsmuir practically winning every point in the struggle which has lasted 16 weeks, with loss of half a million dollars in wages. The agreement calls for two years working contract. Enterprise Union, W. F.M., Ladysmith, is practically dead.

Van Anda, Texada Island, July 2—Harry McClusky made a good stake recently. He noticed that the taxes of the Francis and Potassa had been neglected and the properties were advertised for sale. He bought the two claims for $12—there was gold in them. Mr McClusky mined this himself, cleared $1000 on the transaction then sold back the property for $5000.

Nanaimo, July 3—The West. Fuel Co. are making preparations for the re-opening of the old Harewood mine which has been closed for a year. The old Company ran into rock faults, and president Howard now proposed to drive through these If results are satisfactory the mine will be worked again thoroughly. He states further that while present user of fuel oil will not go back to the use of coal the limits of its usefulness are about reached, and he does not expect that any more firms will make the change from coal to oil. Outlooks are exceedingly good for a prosperous season in Nanaimo.

Nanaimo, July 3—The 20 per cent. increase asked for by Nanaimo

The Magnet Cash Store

JULY PRICES.

7-8 Manilla Rope,	18c. per lb.
3-4 " "	19c. "
No. 1 Pure Carriage Varnish,	50c. per pt.
" " Furniture "	25c. "
Pure Linseed Oil,	$1. per gal.
Tea or Coffee Cup and Saucer,	10c
Large-Size Peavies,	$2
" Cant Hooks,	$1.75
Shovels—all sorts,	90c
S.B. Axes,	$1 or 6 for $5 50
1 Box (3 cakes) nice Toilet Soap,	10c
The well-known Globe Wash-board,	25c

Berry Sets, Jelly Glasses, Ice-cream Nappies, etc. Crown Fruit Jars—all sizes, and anything and everything you require.

T. E. BATE,

DUNSMUIR AVE, Cumberland

miners while on strike last February, and which was held over till July 1st for settlement, has been satisfactory adjusted, and assurances given that work will be continued uninterruptedly here for some time. Understood men have decided not to press demand.

Ladysmith, July 4—The 6 a.m. for Extension was well filled with miners this morning, more going out than went yesterday. Outsiders are coming in and others who had left the camp are returning. There will be no lack of work for all hands for some time to come and as positions continue it is expected that more men will come in to fill the demands for labour.

Victoria, July 4—The biggest timber deal ever known on Vancouver Island in the north west has been completed between Mr James

[Continued on last page.

FUNERAL.

The remains of the late John Robertson arrived by steamer Tuesday, and at 4 p.m. Thursday, the largely attended funeral took place under the guidance of Mr Thos. Edwards. The ceremonies were conducted by the A.F. and A.M., of which Order the deceased had been a member. Services were conducted in the residence, prayers being also offered by the L.O.L., and the Union, all of which the dead had belonged to. The long cortege, headed by the Masonic Order, then departed for the cemetery, the numbers of personal friends swelling the following, bearing witness to the popularity of the departed. At the grave, the concluding ceremonies were gone through, and the last of poor "Jock" Robertson was witnessed by many a moist eye

It is learned that he came to his death in a rather uncommon way. He and another while walking up a slope, heard a run-away trip coming. The way being narrow, they swung themselves up to the stringer by their hands, and while the other man escaped, poor Jock was caught and swung under the wheels, by reason of not raising himself clear of the cars. Both legs were severed about the knees, and bruises about the head showed that death had been practically instantaneous.

The widow and children have our sincere sympathy in their bereavement.

MY HEART'S DARLING

BY W. HEIMBURG.

"Why?"

"Because Dresden must be unpleasant for you, poor heart!"

"I do not know why," said Frau von Lowen, slowly, as she stood up. "I—I shall stay here."

She walked up and down the room several times, trying to master her agitation. Then she took up Weber's card. "Fool!" she said, and threw it down again.

"There is the name of his estate which we never could understand," remarked Lucie. "Castle Wottersdorf, Thuringia."

Hortense suddenly became attentive.

"Wottersdorf? Ah, yes, it must be in the neighborhood of Gotha. Several years ago it was for sale. I think that the Counts of P—, who had owned it for centuries, became bankrupt. Papa once wanted to buy it. I was quite taken with it; it is the greatest mixture of architecture that you can imagine. Then I forgot all about it, and later I heard that a Frankfort merchant had bought it. That must be this very Waldemar Weber."

Lucie, who was glad to see the young baroness able to talk again, embraced her warmly. "Hortense," she said, mischievously, "this Waldemar Weber makes me anxious. Do you know, he is overwhelmingly in love with the idea of making you the chatelaine of his castle."

Hortense actually laughed a little. "I? If he only meant you! Any way, he would have to take us both; and that might not suit him, so we will let him go." She put her hands up to her temples again, and with the other motioned the girl to go away. "Leave me! leave me; I have a headache."

"Do lie down, Hortense," begged Lucie.

She shook her head, and took two theatre tickets from the waiter, who had just entered. "We will dine up here to-day," said she to the blonde, faultlessly shaven young man.

"Very well." He disappeared, and returned in a few minutes with a travful of china, which he balanced in the coolest way upon one hand.

Hortense stood still by the window while the table was being laid; suddenly she turned round. "Is Rittmeister von Wilken staying at this hotel?"

The blonde man's nose went into the air, and he half closed his eyes. "Wilken? Wilken?" said he, as if he must think. "Rittmeister von Wilken—quite right, madame, he lives here, one flight of stairs higher. Number 29." He went again to the table, moved the chairs, pulled at the table-cloth, and disappeared, with the assurance that he would be back at once with the soup.

Hortense stood motionless; she did not come to the table until the waiter had served the soup and disappeared. She sat before her plate, white and still, but did not touch the food.

"Do eat, Hortense," implored Lucie.

She shook her head and examined the two theatre tickets that were lying by her plate.

"Had we not better stay at home to-night?" said the young girl.

"No," was the brusque response.

The dinner passed in silence. The dessert remained untouched. Hortense now proposed that they should take the drive that they had given up in the morning, and soon they they were sitting silently by each other in the carriage driving through the street of the Grosse Garten.

It occurred to Lucie that Hortense had put on an unusually handsome costume, and in returning she stopped at a shop in the Frag Strasse, and came back with a bright-red parasol.

"The newest thing," she said, smilingly, to the young girl, using her new possession as a protection against the spring sun. "Do you like it?"

"No," said Lucie. "I do not like such bright colors."

"Nor I," returned the young baroness, whose pale face seemed quite changed with the reflection of the parasol. "I do not either, but," and she held the parasol over Lucie, "it answers the purpose, I see."

When they returned to the hotel they hastened to dress for the theatre. Lucie was very soon ready; she came over into her friend's bedroom, as she often liked to do, to see if she could be of any assistance to her. Hortense, in a black lace dress, was standing before the large mirror, on a little table near her were various boxes with flowers and feathers; she had just been arranging a butterfly made of gold filigree and different colored stones in her hair; now she pulled it out impatiently, and threw it on the table.

"To-day is one of those days when nothing goes right," she muttered.

"Why don't you take the fresh yellow roses?" asked Lucie, "they suit you so well."

[CONTINUED.]

The Chop.

Sadie was eleven and Alice was seven. At lunch said Alice:

"I wonder what part of an animal a chop is. Is it a leg?"

"Of course not," answered Sadie. "It's the jawbone. Haven't you ever heard of animals licking their chops?"

THAT WEARY SPRING FEELING

Is Quickly Disposed of by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

They tone up the Kidneys, ensuring Pure Blood, Good Circulation, and as a consequence, Vigor and Energy.

Nearly everyone needs toning up in the spring. Some are altogether ill, others just feel fagged and worn out. They have little inclination to work and less to eat. They are simply useless.

Did you ever stop to think that there is a reason for all this, and that if the complaint is attacked intelligently it will yield readily, the lazy feeling will depart and in its place will come vigor and energy and appetite.

It is the kidneys that are not doing their work. They need to be toned up with Dodd's Kidney Pills. Why? Because they are being overworked and need help.

In the winter the bady fortifies itself against cold. With the coming of spring it throws off this fortification which consists of extra tissue, and additional waste matter is given to the blood to carry away. If the Kidneys are in condition to do extra work this waste material is quickly expelled from the body in the usual way.

But if the Kidneys are tired or worn out the waste remains in the blood and the circulation is clogged. The remedy is simple. Dodd's Kidney Pills put the Kidneys in good working order. The Kidneys in good working order insure pure blood and good circulation—ensure brightness and vigor and energy. Thousands of people will tell you so, can tell you so out of their own experience.

A pigmy camel has been sent by the shah of Persia to the Zoo at Berlin, which is only 27 inches high and weighs 61 pounds. It is snow white.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Babylon's population could never have exceeded 1,200,000. Probably the number of people in Rome was less than this figure.

TO PREVENT PNEUMONIA.

Now this means a lot. Pneumonia, once established, must run its course and when statistics show us that more people die annually throughout the Northern, Middle and Western States from this, than from any other disease, it becomes us to stir ourselves and ascertain what remedies we can adopt to prevent a cold developing into pneumonia. I give you these right here:—Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Breast Tea and St. Jacob's Oil, the former taken hot on the approach of the first symptoms of a cold—for pneumonia does not come first, it is a neglected cold and exposure that precedes pneumonia. In conjunction apply St. Jacob's Oil across the top portion of the chest and throat, cover with oil silk, on top of which put hot flannel cloths; place feet in hot mustard and water, take a hot lemonade with a dash of Jamaica (not Medford, oh dear no) rum, and you will be all right, most likely in a day or two.

Paderewski has already composed more than eighty vocal works besides piano pieces, a concerto, and a suite.

Chronic Derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Blood are speedily removed by the active principle of the ingredients entering into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. These pills act specifically on the deranged organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease and renewing life and vitality to the afflicted. In this lies the great secret of the popularity of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills.

Over 1,500 British vessels plying in Eastern waters are manned by Chinese crews.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

Roumania, Servia, and Greece all have more men than women.

Where to Put the Pigpen.

Place where most convenient for feedings and caring for the animals, other things being equal. It should be on a slope, so that the water will not accumulate, but will run off readily. Where the ground is level, special effort should be made to drain the pig lot. Otherwise it will be very muddy during the spring and during a wet period. If a tile can be run under or alongside the pig lot, the lower layers of soil will be comparatively dry; then if the water from the surface is properly taken care of a fairly good hog lot will result.

His Sad Story.

"Cleanliness can do you no harm," said the housewife.

"I don't know about dat, ma'am," replied the dusty wayfarer.

"Did you ever lose anything by it?"

"Yes, mum. I was 'tattooed man' in a circus one time, an' when dey made me take a bath all de figures came off, an' I lost my job."

Advice From Sadi.

Of the distinguished authors of Persia none perhaps has enjoyed a wider popularity than Sadi, who lived in the thirteenth century. He was a great traveler and a close observer, and his anecdotes and short stories are described as being founded on his own experiences and observations. In "Persian Poetry For English Readers" Mr. S. Robinson quotes the following from Sadi's writings:

A pupil said to his instructor, "What am I to do, for people incommode me with the frequency of their visits to such a degree that their conversation produces a great distraction of my valuable time?"

The teacher replied: "To every one who is poor lend and from every one who is rich borrow. They will not come about you again."

Another example embodies excellent advice: A silly fellow, having a pain in his eyes, went to a farrier and asked him for a remedy. The farrier applied to his eyes something which he would have given to an animal, and it blinded him, upon which they made an appeal to the magistrate. The magistrate said:

"This is no case for damages. It is plain that this fellow is an ass or he would not have gone to a farrier."

No man of enlightened understanding will commit weighty matters to one of mean abilities.

The Ptarmigan's Tail.

One of the most entertaining chapters in natural history is that which relates to the many curious means that birds and other animals possess of deceiving the eyes of their enemies. Mr. E. Sandys, in writing of upland game birds, calls attention to a remarkable and beautiful instance. When the ptarmigan puts on its winter dress, it has a black tail. One might suppose that this would attract attention to the bird crouching on the snow, but in fact it serves for concealment. Every projection on a snowfield casts a dark shadow and that is what the tail of the motionless ptarmigan looks like, the body of the bird resembling a mere bump on the white background.

Old Coins From Old Mints.

The "mint house" in Boston existed about thirty-four years. All the coins issued from it bore the dates 1652 or 1662, the same dies being used probably throughout the thirty-four years of coinage. Some coins had been made in Bermuda for the use of the Virginia colony as early as 1644. Copper coins bearing the figure of an elephant were struck in England for the Carolinas and New England in 1694. Coins were also struck for Maryland bearing the effigy of Lord Baltimore. A mint was established in Rupert, Vt., by legislative authority in 1785, whence copper cents were issued, bearing on one side a plow and a sun rising from behind hills and on the other a radiated eye surrounded by thirteen stars.

About 90,000 tons of butter is made yearly in the United Kingdom.

There are now between 2,500 and 3,600 lighthouses in the world.

WILSON'S FLY PADS

WILL RID YOUR HOUSE OF FLIES IN A FEW HOURS.

THE HALCYON HOT SPRINGS

Arrow Lake, B.C.

These miraculous springs,
Minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with sweet oblivious antidotes
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of those perilous stuffs
Which weigh heavily upon Kidney, Liver and Stomach.
Therefore, all ye who suffer—Give physic to the dogs; have none of it, but come and be cured at

The Halcyon Hot Springs Sanitarium B.C.

TERMS—$15 to $18 per week.

THE MANUFACTURERS OF CARNEFAC STOCK FOOD

TO ENCOURAGE ITS USE are giving the following prizes for competition at the Winnipeg Exhibition of 1903.

$175 IN GOLD At Winnipeg Exhibition...

FIRST PRIZE.

For the heaviest calf, any pure breed, or grade, born after the 1st January, 1903, fed on Carnefac Stock Food, $100 in gold.

SECOND PRIZE.

For the second Heaviest Calf, any pure breed, or grade, born after 1st of January, 1903, fed on Carnefac Stock Food, $50 in gold.

THIRD PRIZE.

For the third heaviest calf, any pure breed, or grade, born after 1st of January, 1903, fed on Carnefac Stock Food, $25 in gold.

CONDITIONS.

Only one entry will be allowed from each Farmer or Stockman, and stock must be exhibited at the Winnipeg Exhibition.

Evidence must be produced at the time of exhibition to show that the animals were fed on Carnefac Stock Food.

Carnefac has proven a decided success, bringing into condition and fattening where other foods fail. Send for leaflet, giving the views of veterinarians as to the merits of Carnefac. They all speak highly of it.

TRY CARNEFAC FOR YOUR STOCK.

W. G. Douglas, Manufacturer,
Princess Street, Winnipeg.
You can obtain it from your dealer.

New Zealand's capital, Wellington, is not the largest city in the islands. Dunedin, Auckland, and Christchurch are all larger.

France grants bounties to builders of large ships. During the past year 38 large sailing ships werebuilt in French ports of 2,000 tons or upwards.

Sweden and Norway are the only countries where practically every grown man can read and write. Bavaria comes next in this respect.

During the nineteenth century 52 new islands rose from the sea by volcanic eruption, and sixteen disappeared. The earth is therefore richer by 36 islands.

RICH BLOOD THE ESSENTIAL

To Health, Strength, Vitality and Even Life Itself.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Is Above All Else a Blood-Builder.

The complexion tells the quality of the blood and acts as a thermometer of the health. A pale, sallow skin and pallor of the eyelids, lips, and gums bear unquestionable evidence that the blood is thin, watery and vitiated. Poor, weak blood fails to supply the nervous system with proper nourishment and day by day the system breaks down and disease finds an easy victim. There can be no cure, no permanent relief, until the blood is made pure, rich, and self-sustaining.

Pale, Bloodless Girls.

Woman's system demands a plentiful supply of pure, healthy blood. Growing girls, especially when merging into womanhood, become pale, bloodless, weak, and run down because of an insufficiency in the quality or quantity of the blood. As a result feminine irregularities and derangements come upon them and sometimes affect their health and happiness all through life.

Just at this period Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is of inestimable value because it actually creates new rich blood, builds up the system, forms new tissue and flesh and increases weight.

Nursing Mothers.

In later life, during the trying expectant period when two lives are to be nourished, and after baby's coming, when nursing woman's system must have an unlimited supply of blood. At these times Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is woman's best friend, because it gives her in condensed form the very elements that are required to form new blood and it is so gentle in action as to be perfectly safe and pleasant to use.

Ninety per cent. of woman's ills are due to thin, watery blood and weak, exhausted nerves. By overcoming these weaknesses Dr. Chase's Nerve Food makes thorough and lasting cures. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

HOW IS YOUR LIVER? USE

BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness and Swelling after meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. ***The First Dose will give Relief in Twenty Minutes.*** This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be "WORTH A GUINEA A BOX." ***BEECHAM'S PILLS,*** taken as directed, will quickly restore Females to complete health. They promptly remove any obstruction or irregularity of the system. For a

Weak Stomach; Impaired Digestion; Disordered Liver

they act like magic—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular system; restoring the long-lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ***Rosebud of Health the whole Physical Energy*** of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that ***Beecham's Pills have the largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the World.*** Full directions with each box.

Prepared only by THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, England.

Sold Everywhere in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes, 25c.

Only 44 persons took out nationalization papers in the French colonies last year.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS:

We are permitted to make public the following letter, which is a fair sample of hundreds written by mothers throughout Canada praising Baby's Own Tablets:

Dunbar, Ont., March 18, 1903.

Several weeks ago my baby was very cross and ill owing to troubles common to children when teething. A correspondent highly recommended Baby's Own Tablets, saying she would use no other medicine for her baby. I sent for a box, used them according to directions and must say that I have found them the best medicine for a teething child I have ever tried. One Tablet every other day keeps my baby well and I am sure of my rest at night. I echo the words of my friend and say "they are just splendid."

Mrs. Charles Willard.

Baby's Own Tablets will cure all the minor ailments of children, and may be given with absolute safety to even a new born baby. These Tablets are the only medicine for children sold under an absolute guarantee to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Sold by druggists or sent by mail post paid at 50 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.

Bananas can best be ripened in a room kept at 110 degrees.

Never advertise your troubles. If you have bow legs don't wear striped trousers.

It is natural that the man who gives himself away should feel cheap.

What a good world this would be if all men did what they boast of.

A postponed task more toil begets, and borrowed money pays no debts.

The Universal Postal Union was first established in 1875 between 22 countries.

The armies of Europe now absorb yearly three days' earnings of the entire population.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

The Yukon in summer is navigable for a distance of 1,965 miles from the sea.

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

A jackass is not generally credited with too much wisdom, but he can make a tremendous noise with his mouth.

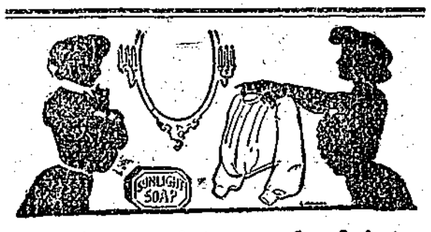
When all other preparations fail, try Holloway's Corn Cure. No pain whatever, and no inconvenience in using it.

Nineveh has been proved to have been 14 miles long and 8 miles wide.

The hotel which advertises home comforts does not always specify the kind of home.

Many a true word is spoken in jest, and many a false statement is made in deadly earnest.

The man who fights to preserve the peace may be inconsistent, but he is sometimes effective.



Shirt waists and dainty linen are made delightfully clean and fresh with Sunlight Soap. 5B

SWAMI SPRAGGE

...By Ewan MacPherson

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"He's some sort of fakir or swami or occult duck. You'll find him at the Grand Circular. I got it privately."

That was what the city editor had said in giving him the assignment, and yet Wickham was not keen on it, for he had planned to happen to be near the ladies' entrance of quite a different hotel that afternoon at an hour when he had good reason to believe that Miss Olive Parker would be going in to get a cup of tea. He was not interested in wandering swamis.

Nevertheless he stuck to his assignment and was presently at the clerk's desk at the Grand Circular, trying to form a plan of interviewing a traveling swami of retiring disposition. The name on the register was in very matter of fact writing: "John Lyndon Spragge, Liverpool, England."

"Nothing mysterious about this fellow, I'll wager—common, everyday British drummer. And in ten minutes from now Olive will"—

Did Wickham say these thoughts aloud or only think them? Of that he never made sure. But a stocky man, dressed in tweeds, tapped him on the elbow from behind.

"Looking at my autograph, sir?"

Wickham started and turned. "Is this Mr. Spragge?"

The man in tweeds smiled pleasantly.

"I'm a reporter," said Wickham.

"So I thought."

"Then you have guessed what I want to see you about?" a fairly good diplomatic stroke, considering how hard it was for Wickham to keep his mind from wandering to the other hotel.

Mr. Spragge smiled oddly. "Oh, I don't know about 'guessed.' Suppose we go up to my room."

As they walked up one flight of carpeted stairs together he tried to guess Spragge's age, and that puzzled him. He studied the red and brown cheeks and neck, and they puzzled him, too, for he thought an occult person should look much less like an eater of thick beefsteaks.

"Is this your first visit to America?"

"Yes, but you didn't come here to ask me that."

Although this remark did not necessarily imply preternatural intuition, Wickham began to feel a little creepy.

"I suppose you—you travel for pleasure."

By this time they were entering the Englishman's room, on the second floor. "Yes," he said; "I do—that and other things." Then, closing the door behind him, he added, "And perhaps Spragge is not my only name."

Wickham gasped and turned to stare at him. "Are you a clairvoyant?"

"I might be, or I might be a mahatma or anything else that would interest your readers, and you might be a reporter for the Express if you were not in fact the representative of the Morning Star. What can I do in particular to oblige you at present?"

Wickham had forgotten all about Miss Parker. "Well—er—do you really possess these wonderful powers?"

"Which? Bilocation? Levitation? Perhaps."

"Then, if you don't mind, perhaps you might"—

The stocky man broke in with a gleeful laugh, throwing his head back in the chair. "If you should see me, for instance, float up to the ceiling, chair and all, what good would that do?"

"I thought you occultists wanted to convince the public."

"And you are one of the public's pairs of eyes? But if I did give you an exhibition like that"— Spragge stopped tantalizingly and looked at the reporter.

Wickham sat on the very edge of his chair in breathless expectation of something miraculous.

"If I did anything of that kind, you'd have two columns about it in the Morning Star, wouldn't you?"

"I should think so," said Wickham, relaxing into a more comfortable attitude.

The Englishman laughed again. "Well, perhaps your editor might let it get into print, but much more likely he would say you were drunk."

There was a pause, Wickham turning over in his mind the probabilities of this hypothetical case. If a reporter was to be accused of seeing double when he reported this kind of thing, what was the use of sending him to interview a magician? He began to think he had better let the interview go at that. Then he remembered Olive Parker again and nervously pulled out his watch.

At this the other man smiled and shook his head. "I'm afraid you're too late. Besides, the young lady has changed her mind and gone to a friend's house."

Wickham's jaw dropped, and the stare in which his face was set was as of one who saw a specter.

That evening the city editor cross examined Wickham, for the city editor was confident there was good news matter in this swami affair.

"You say he admits that Spragge isn't his real name?"

"Yes, in a sort of way."

"Well, what is his real name?"

"He didn't tell me that. He's a magician all right. He knew I was looking at his name in the hotel register when my back was turned to him."

"H'm! Is that all?"

"He knew I was a Star man without my telling him."

"Wickham, if you think it would take a mahatma to find that out—What else?"

Wickham turned red and stammered. It was borne in upon him that the final proof of Spragge's preternatural powers was much too delicately personal to be mentioned to the city editor. As for putting it into print, that was unthinkable.

The city editor sighed in weary disappointment, looked all around the room and sniffed.

Wickham went to his desk feeling that all his rosy prospects of journalistic advancement were fading; but when he reached his desk, behold, a square envelope of a delicate gray green tint! He opened it and read:

Dear Mr. Wickham—Just home from Mrs. Cowley's reception, where Alex would have me with her, and I didn't care to say what in particular urged me to shop just this afternoon.

At Mrs. C.'s something turned up that may make a good item for you. She and a lot of them are theosophists, and it seems there is a man here who gives himself out to be an English swami. But those Boer relief committee women got private warning that this Spragge is the same English detective who was watching them at Philadelphia. He is an old Indian scout service man like you read about. Two of the B. R. C. saw him on the steamboat last night. They teased me about him, because they said he was watching us and taking you to be a recruit I was enlisting for the Boers. At Philadelphia the first thing he did was to find out all he could about newspaper men, gave his name as Southgate and let them think he was some lord in disguise looking for chances to invest money.

Can't you make something of this for the paper? He is at the Grand Circular, I think. Cordially, O. P.

P. S.—This goes by special messenger.

Wickham thought he could, and he lost no time in saying so to the city editor. And that was how it came to pass that next morning the Star had an exclusive story of Mr. Spragge—how Mr. Spragge, who had ostensibly arrived in the city the day before and registered at the Grand Circular, had really spent two days quietly at an obscure boarding house learning all he could about things not obviously his business; how he had played much the same game in at least two other big cities, all to make sure that the Boer relief committees were not shipping contrabands to the seat of war.

It was a great thing for Wickham's journalistic prospects, that story, but it hurt Spragge's career.

Breaking the Steers.

During an old home week celebration in a small town in New Hampshire there were present a learned judge from a western city, a professor from Boston and a United States senator. Grave and austere of manner, as became their age and honors, they addressed each other by the titles which belonged to their several stations. But they had been schoolmates, and when the senator told a story of school days the accumulated ice of forty years thawed in a burst of laughter, and they were John and Bill and Horace once more. The Delineator repeats one of their stories:

"Bill, do you remember breaking the steers?" laughed Horace.

"Now, that's between you and me, Horace."

"No secrets here," said John. "Out with it!"

"One summer one of Bill's steers got mired in the swamp and was killed. Bill wasn't going to miss the fun of breaking the steers, so the next winter he yoked himself up with the one that was left. I met them coming down over the crust like Sam Hill. Bill yelled between gasps: 'Stop us! Stop us! We're running away!' I cornered them in an angle of the wall. As soon as Bill got breath enough he said, 'For goodness' sake, Horace, unyoke the other steer!'"

I Hear Thee—Do You.

He poured into my tired ears
The burden of his woes and fears.

He hit my left auricular
About some love particular.

And then he swatted in my right
Some panacea soaked with blight.

Ah! Next he danced upon my head
And shrieked about the hope that's dead.

He played a tattoo on my nose
About some old forgotten throes.

He gripped me by the throat and yelled
Concerning sins ago I quelled.

And then he yanked me from the deep;
I had been talking in my sleep.
—Horace Seymour Keller in New York Herald.

For Keeps.

Mamma—Don't be so selfish. Let your baby brother play with your marbles a little while.

Tommy—But he means to keep them always.

Mamma—Oh, I guess not.

Tommy—I guess yes, 'cause he's swallered 'em.

COLONEL BUNKER

He Tells of His Many Experiences With Editors

[Copyright, 1902, by Warner Muller.]

"AS a public man for forty years past," said Colonel Bunker, as he sipped at his glass and set it aside for a moment, "I have met up with a large number of editors. Very few of them have understood me from the first, but in the end most of them have become my good friends.

"Take the case of the editor of the Clarion," resumed the colonel as old recollections brought a smile to his face. "It was years and years ago, suh, and I was a candidate for the legislature of my state. I opened the campaign with a speech that went hustling over the state like grapeshot and gave me instant standing as an orator, but the Clarion saw fit to criticise and ridicule and pronounce it an old woman's lament. As soon as I had read the criticism I took a walk. I found the editor in. Without the slightest reference to his article and in my suavest tones I said:

"'My deah suh, at what hour in the mawning do yo' generally arise?'

"'About 9 o'clock, colonel,' was the reply.

"'Would yo', in order to oblige me, make the hour sunrise tomorrow mawning? Also, would you put in an appearance at the place known as Scott's grove? There is to be a little shooting match there at ten paces, and it will furnish yo' an interesting item.'

"'Do I know any of the parties?' he asked in a voice full of anxiety.

"'I think yo' do, suh. One of them will be Colonel Bunker and the other yo'self. As to which one will be left on the ground I cannot say, but yo' can rest assured that only one will survive. I await yo'r answer, suh.'

"The gentleman was not present next mawning," continued the colonel as he reached for his glass, "and the Clarion contained a double headed editorial in which it stated that my election to the legislature was of more importance than anything else on the

"ONE OF THEM WILL BE COLONEL BUNKER."

boards. It was a beautiful thing—a beautiful thing, suh—and it was only last week that I stood up at a bar with that same editor and touched glasses. He has been my friend for thirty years, suh, and he will continue to be. He simply made the mistake of not understanding me at the outset.

"And there was the editor of the Banner—of the Banner, suh. I had made a speech in the legislature advocating state protection for the catfish of our rivers and bayous. It was needed, suh. The catfish is the pore man's beef and mutton. Its skin could be turned to a dozen uses. Its very bones are of value. He was being caught in such numbers that in another decade he would have been extinct when I introduced a bill for his protection. I had certain statistics and facts to offer, and the bill went through. The editor of the Banner, standing entirely alone, referred to me as Colonel Catfish Bunker and suggested that I draft bills to protect frogs and gallinippers. I was on my way to his office for an interview when I met him on the statehouse steps.

"'Mistah Blank,' said I when we had been introduced and shaken hands, 'will yo' have half an hour to spare during the day?'

"'I will,' he replied.

"'Then, suh, at what particular hour will it be most convenient for yo' to receive my friend, Majah Worthington? Shall we say 3 o'clock this evening?'

"'What is the majah's object in calling?' he asked as he looked at me rather queerly.

"'To arrange our little affair, suh—our little affair. The choice of weapons will rest with yo', of co'rse, but I hope yo' can name an early hour.'

"There was no meeting," said the colonel as he emptied his glass and set it down with a sigh. "The editor was taken with a chill that day and could not see callers, and next day the Banner devoted two columns of space to my catfish bill and declared that it was the wisest measure of the whole session. Many were the poker games I sat in with that editor in after years, and it was my painful pleasure, suh, so to say, to be one of his pallbearers five years ago. It was simply that he didn't size me up correctly at the start.

"And I direct yo'r attention, suh," resumed the colonel after his glass had been refilled—"I direct yo'r attention to my little misunderstanding with the editor of the Courier. I was a judge on the bench at the time, and the Courier found fault with my ruling in a certain case. Indeed, suh, th paper went so far as to question my legal abilities to decide on such a farreaching matter and to advise an appeal from my rulings. I made it my business to drop in on the editor, and as he received me I said:

"'Yo' have expressed doubts as to my legal wisdom, suh, but there is a little matter on which I desiah yo' to satisfy yo'rself to the fullest possible extent.'

"'And what may that be?' he asked.

"'As to my shooting, suh. In order that yo' may discover for yo'rself that I am neither cross eyed nor nearsighted I suggest that yo' name a friend to arrange details with a friend I shall name.'

"'Is it a duel, colonel?'

"'It is, suh.'

"He was no fishworm, that editor," said the colonel. "On the contrary, he was a game man. He dismissed me with all due courtesy, and an hour later the details of our duel were arranged. He selected pistols, made his will and was on the ground ahead of me at sunrise. He had been reflecting during the night, however, and befo' the pistols were handed out to us he approached me and said:

"'Colonel Bunker, while this affair must go on and while I shall probably leave the ground alive, I wish to say in justice to both of us that a closer reading of yo'r decision has convinced me that yo' could have made no other. It is a wise and just decision, suh, as the Courier will state tomorrow, and all praise is due yo' for yo'r patient and painstaking investigation. Now, let us proceed to shoot each other.'

"But we didn't proceed, suh—we didn't proceed," sighed the colonel as he reflected on the saving of powder and lead. "When the editor finished his remarks, my hand went out in greeting, and ten minutes later we were crooking our elbows in unison. Each of us made a stanch friend, suh—a friend for years to come—and I can't say that I have ever been sorry it turned out that way.

"Great weather this for evaporation, and I find my glass empty again."

M. QUAD.

Revenge Is Sweet.

James, four years old, had been naughty to the point of evoking a whipping from his long suffering mother, and all day long a desire for revenge rankled in his little bosom.

At length bedtime came and kneeling before her he implored a blessing for each member of the family individually, she alone being conspicuous by her absence. Then, rising from his devout posture, the little supplicant fixed a keenly triumphant look upon her face, saying as he turned to climb into bed:

"I s'pose you noticed you wasn't in it."—Harper's Magazine.

Got the Worst of It.

A prominent Philadelphia clergyman tells this story on himself: "It was Sunday morning, and I had started for church. The family were preparing to follow when the youngest, a five-year-old, protested, 'I do not want to go to church.'

"'I don't feel much like it myself, Fred, this morning,' replied his mother, 'but we must go. Father has to go—has gone already, and he has to preach.'

"'Yes,' said Fred, unconvinced, 'but we have to listen, and that's worse.'"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Anxious to Know.

"I find," he said, "that by studying myself I can pretty well detect and estimate the foibles of others."

"But how," she asked, "do you find out about the virtues of others?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

She Had Nine.

Agent—Madam, I called to insure your life.

Mrs. Katt—Which one?—New York Times.

He Needed the Money.

Bookkeeper—I would like a little more salary, sir. You see, I'm married now, sir—

Employer—And need the increase for your family?

Bookkeeper—No, sir; for myself. You see, my wife knows just what I'm getting now!

Too Late to Seek Revenge

One day a man and a woman entered Four Mile Bend on horseback, and the woman got down and asked one of the miners if there was a man named Sam Brown in camp.

"We buried him only three days ago," was the reply. "Was he related to you?"

"Yes, somewhat related."

"Well, all your weepin' won't bring him back to earth. Sorry for you, but"—

"Weep!" she shouted as she flourished a club over her head. "Do I look like a woman who'd be a-weepin' fur any sich critter as Sam Brown? He left me back in Injiany two y'ars ago and hasn't writ me a word or sent me a dollar, and I cum out yere to take him by the h'ar and club him till he couldn't holler. So he's dead, eh?"

"Gone to his reward, ma'am."

"And he didn't leave nuthin' behind?"

"Not a shillin'. I hev jest written you a letter to notify you of the sad tragedy and to say that he died with your name on his lips."

"Humph! Waal, I don't want no letter, and as fur my name on his lips, I'd 'a' made him yell it all over camp if I'd got here a leetle sooner! I married ag'in a y'ar ago, and my husband's over thar, but I jest wanted to wollop Sam Brown black and blue for old times' sake and let him know that I wasn't sheddin' any tears on his account. So he's dead, eh?"

"Yes, ma'am, and I guess it's lucky fur him that he is."

"You bet it is," replied the woman, and she shouldered her club, lifted her skirts and walked back to her horse and husband.

A Good Guess.

"I say, Freddie, you couldn't lend me fifty, could you?"

"You guessed right, old chap. I couldn't."—San Francisco Examiner.

Against Improvements.

Tommy had been a town mouse all his little life up to the present year, but work had been plentiful with dad, who was discussing with his wife the desirability of sending Tommy for a week into the country. Tommy listened thoughtfully and at length broke in:

"I don't want to go."

"Why not?"

"'Cause I've heard they have thrashing machines in the country, and it's bad enough here in town, where it's done by hand."—London Spare Moments.

Not So Bad as That.

"Marie tells me that you and Arthur have quarreled."

"Yes, we have—the detestable cur! I shall never speak to him again—never! I hate him!"

"Dear me! And did you tell him never to set foot in the house again?"

"Oh, no. If I had told him that he wouldn't have come back any more for a month. You have no idea how stubborn that boy is."—Kansas City Journal.

Living Drama.

"I am supposed to die of a broken heart," said the unmanageable actress. "Now, how am I to know how a person with a broken heart behaves?"

"I'll tell you what to do," answered the cold blooded manager. "You study the author of this play after he sees your first performance of it."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Short Life.

Old Adviser—Well, auntie, can't you live on the interest of the money your old man left you?

Auntie—No, indeed, suh. If I had to live on dat, dere would be a crape on my door next week, suh.—Toledo Blade.

Crosscut Saws.

1. A fool and his money are hard to find.
2. Never put off till to-morrow what some one will do for you to-day.
3. A rolling stone gathers no joy from the scenery.
4. It is an ill wind that dies before it gets up.
5. A miss is as good as a mystery.
6. One swallow doesn't make a spring hat.
7. Uneasy lies the head that needs no hair cut.

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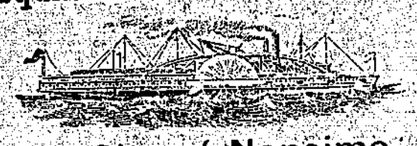

S. S. "City of Nanaimo."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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JUNE 1st, 1903.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2—Daily. A.M		No. 4—Sunday P.M.
De. 9 00	Victoria	De. 4.00
" 9.28	Coldstream	" 4 28
" 10.24	Koenig's	" 5 21
" 11.00	Duncan's	" 5.55
P.M.		P.M.
" 12 40	Nanaimo	" 6.41
Ar 12 35	Wellington	Ar. 7.37

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1—Dail A.M.		No. 3—Sunday A.M.
De. 8 00	Wellington	De. 4.00
" 8 20	Nanaimo	" 4.15
" 10 02	Duncan's	" 5.55
" 10.42	Koenig's	" 6 30
" 11.38	Coldstream	" 7.27
Ar 12.06	Victoria	Ar 7.55

Thousand Mile and Commutation Tickets on sale, good over rail and steamer lines, at two and one-half cents per mile.

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The Company reserves the right to change without previous notice, steamers sailing dates and hours of sailing.

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GEO. L. COURTNEY,
Traffic Manager.

MUNICIPALITY OF
THE CITY OF CUMBERLAND.

THE POUND BY-LAW.

The Municipal Council of the Corporation of the City of Cumberland, enacts as follows:—

1. At such place or places as shall be designated by the Council from time to time a City Pound may be established and shall be maintained as such by the Corporation of the City of Cumberland.

2. The Council may from time to time appoint a Pound-keeper at such salary or remuneration as it may decide and appropriate out of the annual revenue.

3. The City Treasurer shall furnish the Pound-keeper with a book in which the Pound-keeper shall enter a description of every animal impounded by him, with the name of the person who took or sent the same to be impounded, the day and hour on which the animal came into his charge as Pound-keeper, the day and hour on which the same was redeemed, discharged, or otherwise dealt with or disposed of, the name of the person and the amount paid by the person redeeming the animal, or, if sold, the name of the purchaser, the amount that was paid for the animal, and the amount of the expense thereon, and the balance, if any, remaining over the above, the penalty allowance and expenses, and to whom the same has been paid, which balance, if any, shall, prior to making the return to the auditor, be paid over to the City Treasurer.

4. The Pound-keeper shall at the end of the month make a return to the City Clerk, in writing, comprising the above information and any other information he or the clerk may deem necessary, which return shall, if required, be verified by statutory declaration of the Pound-keeper.

5. The Pound-keeper shall pay over to the City Treasurer all money received by him once in every month, or oftener, if instructed so to do, and shall at all times produce his books for the inspection of any member of the Council, or the Auditor or the Treasurer, when requested to do so.

6. No horse, ass, mule, ox, bull, cow, cattle, swine, hog, sheep, goat or dog (except dogs registered as hereinafter mentioned) shall be permitted to run at large or trespass in the city at any time, or to graze, brouse, or feed upon any of the streets, squares, lanes, parks, alleys, or public places of the City, or upon any unfenced lots or unfenced land within the city limits, under the following penalties against the owners, or keeper, or persons having charge of the same, viz:—

For each ox, horse, mule, ass, bull, cow, or other cattle	$3 00
For each swine, hog, sheep, or goat or other animal	1 00
For each dog	0 50

7. If any of the animals mentioned in section 6 of this By-law (except dogs registered as hereinafter mentioned) are found at large or trespassing within the limits of the City of Cumberland, or grazing, brousing, or feeding upon any of the streets, squares, lanes, parks, alleys, or public places of the said City, or upon any unfenced lots or land within the City limits, it shall be taken by the Pound-keeper or his assistant and driven, led, or carried to the City Pound and be there impounded, and it shall be the duty of the Pound-keeper so to impound such animals.

8. Any person or persons who find any of the animals mentioned in section 6 of this By-law, running at large or trespassing within the City limits in contravention of this By-Law may drive, lead, or carry the animal to the said Pound, and it shall be the duty of the Pound keeper to receive and impound the same, and pay for—

Horse, mule, bull, cow, or other cattle	$2 50
Each swine, hog, sheep, goat, or other animal	50
Each dog	50

9. It shall be the duty of all officers and constables of the police force of the said city, whenever they see or meet any of the animals mentioned within section 6 of this By-Law running at large or trespassing within the city limits in contravention of this By-Law or whenever their attention is directed by any person to any such animal running at large or trespassing as aforesaid, to immediately take charge of such animal, and drive, lead, or carry, or cause the same to be driven, led, or carried to the Pound.

10. The Pound-keeper shall daily furnish all animals impounded in the City Pound with good and sufficient food, water, shelter, and attendance and for so doing shall demand and receive from the respective owners of such animals or from the keepers or persons in whose charge the animals ought to be, for the use of the Corporation, the following allowance over and above the fees for impounding, namely:—

For each horse, ass, mule, bull, cow or other cattle, $1.00 per day.
For each swine, hog, sheep, or goat, or other animal, 50cts. per day.
For each dog 25cts. per day.

11. If the owner of any animal impounded, or any other person entitled to redeem the same, shall appear and claim such animal at any time before the sale thereof, it shall be the duty of the Pound-keeper or his assistant, to deliver up the same on receiving the amount in full of the penalty, and the allowance and the expenses chargeable for each and every animal, and in addition thereto if the animal redeemed is a dog, the annual tax therefor.

12. When the Pound-keeper is aware of the name and address of the owner of any animal impounded he shall, within 24 hours of the impounding, cause a letter or post card to be sent to such owner with a notification of such impounding.

13. It shall be the duty of the Pound-keeper, or his Assistant, before making delivery of any animal so impounded, before sale, or on payment of surplus money after sale, to obtain from the person or persons claiming the same, his, her or their name or names and residence, and to enter the same in a book, together with the date when such animal was impounded, and the date when the same was sold or redeemed as the case may be.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS
Issued Every Tuesday.
W. B. ANDERSON, - - - EDITOR

The columns of THE NEWS are open to all who wish to express therein 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.

TUESDAY, JULY 7, 1903.

14. If no person shall appear to claim such animals or animal so impounded, within three days after the same may have been impounded, or if the person claiming such animal shall refuse or neglect to pay the penalty and the allowance and expenses chargeable thereon, it shall be the duty of the Pound-keeper to give at least five days notice of the sale thereof.

15. Such notice shall contain a general description of the animal or animals impounded, and shall be posted up in some conspicuous place at the Pound, where the same shall have been impounded, and also at the City Hall.

16. If at the expiration of the time specified in the said notice, no person shall appear to claim the animal or animals therein specified and referred to, or if any person shall appear to claim the same, but shall refuse or neglect to pay the penalty and the allowance, and the expenses accrued and charged on such animal or animals; it shall be lawful to sell the same, and the animal or animals shall be offered to public competition and sold to the highest bidder by the Pound-keeper at the City Pound.

17. If the animal be a horse, ass, mule, ox, bull, cow, or other cattle, it shall be advertised in a newspaper at least three days before such sale.

18. If, after the sale of any animal as aforesaid, the purchaser does not immediately pay the price thereof, the Pound-keeper may forthwith cause the animal to be resold, and so continue to do until the price is paid.

19. In case of the sale of any impounded animal or animals, the said Pound-keeper shall retain out of the proceeds of the sale sufficient to pay the amount of the penalty and the allowance and all expenses chargeable by him on account of the said animal or animals.

20. No person or persons shall break open, or in any manner directly or indirectly aid or assist in breaking open the Pound, or shall take or let any animal or animals thereout, without the consent of the Pound-keeper. Each and every person who shall hinder, delay or obstruct any person or persons engaged in driving, leading, or carrying to the Pound any animal or animals liable to be impounded under the provisions of this By-law shall, for each and every offence, be liable to the penalty hereinafter mentioned.

21. If any dog impounded as aforesaid is not redeemed within seven days after such impounding it shall be lawful for the Pound keeper to kill it in some merciful manner.

22. Every person who pays the annual tax for a dog as mentioned in the Revenue By-law, shall thereupon be entitled to have such dog registered, numbered, and described in a book to be kept for this purpose at the office of the City Treasurer, and to receive a metal badge or tag stamped with the year for which the tax is paid, and the number of the registration, and in case any dog shall be found at large within the Municipality at any time without such a badge or tag as aforesaid such dog shall be deemed to be at large within the meaning of Clause 6 of this By-law.

23. In the event of a dog being impounded and the owner proving to the satisfaction of the Pound-keeper or the City Treasurer that the annual tax had been paid, and the metal badge or tag had been removed before the impounding of the dog, it shall be lawful for the Pound-keeper to release such dog from the Pound at once and enter the particulars in his book.

24. It shall be lawful for the Pound-keeper, or his assistant, or other persons aforesaid, to impound any dog running at large in the City and not wearing a metal badge or tag in accordance with the last preceding section of this By-law.

25. No person shall keep or harbor any dog or other animal which habitually disturbs the quiet of any person, or any dog or other animal which endangers the safety of any person by biting or otherwise.

26. No horse or horses shall be left untied within the city limits, unless under the control of the owner or person in charge.

27. Every person convicted of an infraction of any provision of this By-law shall forfeit and pay therefore a penalty not exceeding fifty dollars.

28. A dog shall be deemed to be at large within the meaning of the provisions of this By-law when not accompanied by or under the control of the owner or person in charge

29. This By-law may be cited as the City Pound By-law, 1902, to come into effect the 1st day of March, 1903.

Read for the first time 20th day of October, 1902.

Read for the second time the 6th day of November, 1902.

Read the third time the 8th day of December, 1902.

Re considered and finally passed the 30th day of December, 1902.

WESLEY WILLARD,
MAYOR.

L. W. NUNNS,
CITY CLERK.

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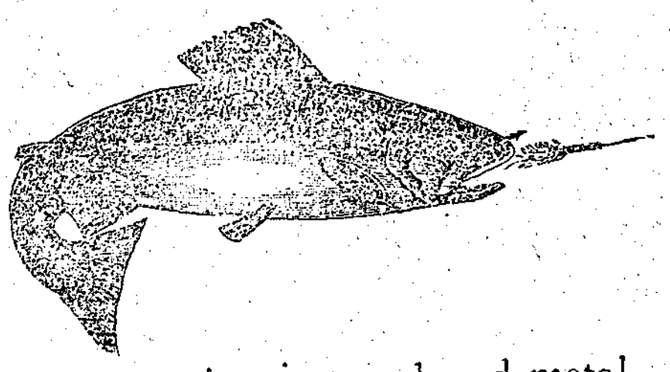

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LOVE'S STRATAGEM

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

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Fenella watched her aunt with wide, unfaltering eyes. She was much too angry to be the least bit afraid. Deliberately, in cold blood, Miss De Vaux had opened a letter addressed to Fenella and stood reading it as though it were her own. The reading made her eyes snap. When she came to the signature, she stamped hard and made to fling the offending sheet into the fire.

Fenella was too quick for her. She caught the letter, crumpled it between locked hands, then confronted Miss De Vaux with a face as set as her own. "I have wanted not to hate you, Aunt Pam," she said. "There are just the two of us left. But—but you make me do it. I did not think my father's sister could be so dishonorable."

Miss De Vaux gasped. If one of the roses blooming on the terrace outside the windows had spoken reproof of her, she would have been scarcely more amazed. Fenella in all the five years since she came to Vauxlour had shown herself a pattern of silent, shy obedience. She must be instantly disciplined.

"Go to your room at once!" she said icily. "Stay there until John Jermain comes. I shall tell him the whole truth. After that, if he still wishes to marry you, you will leave my house as his wife or else as penniless as you are ungrateful."

"I shall go now!" Fenella said, turning toward the outer door. Miss De Vaux barred her way, saying with a bitter smile: "Wait. Read your letter. Between the lines you will find out that your true love, Mr. Allen Lee, does not want you unless you bring him the hope of my money."

Fenella's luminous pallor turned suddenly ashen, but her head was high as she answered, "You would hardly have tried to burn a letter which said that." But instead of pressing to the hall door she turned and went up the stairway.

In an hour she came down, a slim, black wraith, clothed in the faded mourning she had worn when she came to Vauxlour. A small bag, pitifully rusty, more pitifully flabby, dangled from her hand. "I am taking away nothing but what belongs to me. Bear witness to that, Aunt Pam," she said dully, pausing a few steps in front of Miss De Vaux. "You were right. I was ungrateful. I understand now, you—you—wanted to save me the hurt, the shame of it," she went on, "but I must go away, just the same. I cannot—cannot marry"—

"Stop, foolish child! There need be no talk of marriage—until you choose," Miss De Vaux said huskily. Under her crust of imperious pride she loved Fenella dearly: "Listen! Be wise and a little pitiful. John Jermain ought to be my son. I never loved anybody but his father. My pride and temper parted us. Now you know why I want him to have the money, yet not to leave it away from my own blood."

"Let him have it—unincumbered," Fenella said proudly.

Miss De Vaux wrung her hands. "You—you must not go away," she said. Fenella smiled wanly, but shook her head, saying, "I must."

"You are mad—quite mad!" Miss De Vaux said, the distress in her voice apparent. A tall, wholesome looking fellow came gustily through the door. Two strides took him up to Fenella. "What does it mean—this masquerade?" he asked. Miss De Vaux began to speak, but Fenella stopped her by an imperative gesture.

"It means you are to be rich and happy in your own way," she said clearly. "I have not been so blind as you thought. Mr. Jermain does not really care for me. He loves Susan Weir, though he has never let himself acknowledge it."

Jermain laughed heartily. "In that case you must needs console me," he said. "Haven't you heard the news? Susan eloped last night with Allen Lee, and I have been ready to murder him this last six weeks. I was so sure he had bewitched our fairy here."

He touched Fenella's arm reverently as he spoke. She shrank from him and made as if to speak. Miss De Vaux put a hand over her lips, saying: "Let me tell him, Fenella. He ought to know the truth. Our girl was bewitched, John. That is the true word for it. But she had the strength, the sense, to save herself—would not hear of a secret marriage. She had found him out. She is going away because I have been cruel. Tell her she must stay."

"I have no right to tell her anything," Jermain said, paling through all his healthy tan. Then to Fenella he said: "But you need not go, dear, to—escape me. I shall never force myself on you. I love you too well"—

"It is not that," Fenella interrupted. "I will stay, and gladly, on one condition."

"Name it," Jermain said, looking away. Fenella drew back a step.

"That I may be my aunt's companion, not her heiress," she said. "If you will let her adopt you"—

She stopped, faltering the least bit. Jermain frowned blackly, but suddenly his face cleared as if by magic. "I believe that is the best way out," he said, with a slight significant gesture to Miss De Vaux.

The new order of things made little outward difference. Inwardly Fenella chafed over slight and subtle changes. Materially she had no cause for complaint. Her salary was a little more than her quarterly allowance had been. Her duties were less than she had voluntarily taken on herself in the old days. She had greater absolute freedom, but she missed something.

Miss De Vaux no longer talked to her of the future. Now and again she said of such or such a plan, "John will keep it up." And once she went so far as to add that in the event of Fenella's marriage after five years' satisfactory service she would give her a wedding outfit and a modest if comfortable dowry. Further, she made not the least objection to potential lovers. If they asked her leave to court her niece, she said invariably Fenella was free to choose for herself.

Thus a year passed. Fenella was finding out things—things bitter to be borne. She had thrown away happiness because, forsooth, she fancied it was to be thrust upon her. Jermain was as kind as ever, as chivalrously courteous, but nothing more. Of course he no longer cared for her, of course, too, he would marry as soon as he found a lucky woman exactly to his mind. Until that happened Fenella meant to stay. Afterward— She stopped there, blind and trembling.

Still it was like a knife thrust when Miss De Vaux said: "Fenella, John is to marry shortly, so on many accounts I think it wise to get another companion. He has chosen well. As he is to live with me after he marries, it is almost certain he would not like to have you keep the place."

"I understand. I will go," Fenella said through stiff lips, then, waiting for no answer, stumbled blindly away. In the briefest time she was walking down the avenue, looking neither to right nor left, her eyes still unseeing. Half way to the gate she ran plump into Jermain's arms. They closed about her in most possessive fashion as he said, with his lips on her hair, answering her incoherent murmurs: "Of course, Aunt Pam needs another companion. You are going to be my precious wife."

Origin of Earrings.

According to the Moslem creed the reason why every Mohammedan lady considers it her duty to wear earrings is attributed to the following curious legend: Sarah, tradition tells us, was so jealous of the preference shown by Abraham for Hagar that she took a solemn vow that she would give herself no rest until she had mutilated the fair face of her hated rival and bondmaid. Abraham, who had knowledge of his wife's intention, did his utmost to pacify his imbittered spouse, but long in vain. At length, however, she relented and decided to forego her plan of revenge. But how was she to fulfill the terms of the vow she had entered into? After mature reflection she saw her way out of the difficulty. Instead of disfiguring the lovely features of her bondmaid she contented herself with boring a hole in each of the rosy lobes of her ears.

The legend does not inform us whether Abraham afterward felt it incumbent upon him to mitigate the smart of these little wounds by the gift of a costly pair of earrings or whether Hagar procured the trinkets for herself. The fact remains, however, that the Turkish women, all of whom wear earrings from their seventh year, derive the use of these jewels from Hagar, who is held in veneration as the mother of Ishmael, the founder of their race.

Blonds In History.

It is certain that blond, long headed men once played a great role in history, for it was they who colonized Galatia and brought home the treasures of Greece and Italy to Toulouse, who overthrew the Roman empire in the west and won England from the Britons. It is equally certain that this physical type was once much more dominant and widely distributed than it is now and that it is tending to die out. This is especially true of that pronounced form of blonds which is distinguished by red hair. Red haired persons do not now constitute the majority in any known tribe or nation, but one authority sets forth grounds for thinking that red hair was once much more prevalent.

It must have occurred, for instance, among the Brahmans, since they were forbidden by the laws of Manu to marry red haired women. There is no doubt that blonds and red haired persons are still encountered about the Hindoo Kush, among the tribes from whom the Brahmans are supposed to have been immigrants. But obedience to the law mentioned would, in the course of time, annihilate the tendency to their reproduction.

Not an Optical Illusion.

He was positive that he bumped his head when he fell.

"You see, it all happened just as I stepped off the porch," he said as he rubbed the back of his thought repository. "My heel touched the corner of the step, and I was gone. I nearly fractured my skull. The stars loomed up like a constellation. I never saw stars as plainly in my life."

"But, papa"—his young son attempted to interrupt, but the stern parent would not permit it.

"Don't contradict what I say, Frank, because you know I am older than you are," said the pater.

"But, papa"—

"Frank!"

"But, papa, I know you didn't bump your head. And you didn't see stars either. It was the ashes from your pipe. I guess I saw you."

And Frank was reprimanded for having his say.—Indianapolis News.

Yielded to the Inevitable.

Bilson—So you have a titled son-in-law. I suppose you consider him a high honor.

Tribbler—Well, yes, he did come rather high, but Carrie seemed sort of set upon having him.—Boston Transcript.

"Working on His Own Hook."

—Chicago News.

A Good Place For It.

She—Doctor, is Squeedunk a good place to go for rheumatism?

Doctor—Sure. That's where I got mine.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Iron Crown.

The "iron crown," which worked up the minds of the people of the middle ages to such an extent as finally to become an object of worship is, in fact, a gold crown, the secret magic of the name resting on the tradition that the inside ring of iron was made from the nails which were driven through the hands of Jesus at the time of the crucifixion.

But little is known concerning the history of the iron crown until after the coronation of Agilulf, king of the Lombards. It is generally believed that it was made for that monarch in the year 591. It was used by Charlemagne and by all the after emperors of France, who were kings of the Lombards. Napoleon put it on his head when he was in Milan in 1806, saying, "God hath given it to me."

This celebrated relic is now in Naples among the state jewels. It was captured and taken by the Austrians to Vienna in 1859, but was returned to Italy in 1866. Believers in the sacred hoop of iron inside the crown point to the fact that there is not a speck of rust upon it, although nearly 2,000 years old.—Exchange.

A Natural Question.

The small boy, accompanied by his father, was looking at the display in the window of a big store on Broadway, where all manner of wearing things were on exhibition. In one corner was a great rack decorated with a brilliant collection of socks and bearing the sign, "Half Hose, Half a Dollar."

The small boy studied it for a full minute. Then he called his father's attention to it.

"Say, pop," he inquired, "if half hose are half a dollar, are whole hose a whole dollar?"

"I suppose so," laughed the father, though he well knew that the boy's mother had a pair in silk that he had paid $4.98 for and which she insisted she had obtained at a bargain because they were marked down from $5.—New York Times.

An Exception.

"You know," said the woman suffragist, "they say 'the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world.'"

"Ridiculous!" cried Henpeck. "I'm sure my hand doesn't rule the world."—Philadelphia Press.

A Friendly Condescension.

"Didn't I hear the cook call you by your first name?"

"Don't say a word. She only does that when she is good natured."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There is less room at the top than is popularly supposed. They who are there are few, but large.—Puck.

The Florists' Sure Thing.

Ere long the gentle violet
Unto the skies will smile,
And then some other kind of flower,
Of course, will be in style.

CUPID AND THE PARROT

By Elizabeth Cherry Waltz

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The captain was a jolly man of fifty-one, with a fine blue eye and a pleasant if rather reserved manner. He stood at the door of a neat cottage one morning in spring with rather a disconsolate air.

"I do miss Sis Therese," he said regretfully, "and her dying so unexpected-like has upset all my ideas of life."

He turned and gazed ruefully at the comfortable sitting room, now in the utmost disorder. On the top of the sewing machine box paraded a fine gray and red parrot that seemed to enjoy the situation.

"Hello, captain!" she cried. "Ship ahoy!"

"Wish there was, Polly," retorted the captain, "but there's none in sight. I'll go down town and advertise for a housekeeper to clean up this place."

"Ship ahoy, ship ahoy!" screamed the parrot, and again the captain returned as he locked the door:

"I wish there was, Polly."

After he had put an advertisement in several newspapers the captain walked slowly along the streets toward the markets. His eye caught sight of a large blue and white sign, "Servants Supplied."

"It will not do any harm for me to stop in there," quoth the captain.

As he stepped into the entry he saw a woman hesitating in front of him. The captain declared ever afterward that when she turned about "you could have knocked me down with a feather." She was not a girl, but a woman approaching middle age and with a pale and gentle face.

"Scuse me, ma'am. I am trying to find me a housekeeper."

The woman looked intently at him.

"I am trying to find a place where I can do something," she said wearily.

"If you would not mind trying to put up with me and my Polly"— eagerly began the captain.

"Is Polly your wife?" she queried.

"Oh, no; she's the parrot."

The woman hesitated.

"I have always lived in the country," she answered, "but my brother died, and I thought I could do better in the city. I haven't money enough to go back—in fact, I haven't any at all."

The captain looked at her and speedily grasped the facts of the case.

"I'm most old enough to be your father," he said kindly, although he was not, "and you must come right along and straighten up that house for Polly and me. First we will get some breakfast."

An hour later the captain unlocked the house door. Polly, much excited at the advent of a woman, swung and screamed in her cage:

"Captain, ship ahoy! Captain, ship ahoy!"

A week went by, and the burly captain stood trimming his grapevines when he saw a woman of rather generous proportions coming in at the front gate, followed by a boy carrying a large valise. He knew that this must be his sister Melinda from California, who could not attend her sister's funeral on account of illness. His spirits sank lower and lower as he climbed the back steps. The new housekeeper had proved quiet, clean and very industrious. Polly was never happy unless she was in sight. In short, his sorrow for the death of Sister Therese was now softened because of no lack of creature comforts.

In the little sitting room Polly began angrily screaming. One of the first acts of the newcomer was to throw a heavy wrap over the cage.

"You'll smother her," said a quiet voice. "I'll take her out on the porch."

"Who are you, anyhow?" quoth an irate female voice. "Where's the captain?"

"Here I am," said that individual weakly, appearing at the door. "I—we didn't expect you, Melinda."

"I suppose not. I came as soon as I could. Therese left me all her things, you see."

The captain looked about him, much amazed.

"What things?"

"Why, the housekeeping things. You won't want to keep house. You can board."

"No; I won't board," protested the captain. "Polly and me are comfortable right here."

"But you cannot live this way," repeated the California sister. "You will be stolen from and imposed upon. Therese wrote me that if she ever had to go to come right on and break up for you. So I've come."

The captain gazed at her, awestruck, fascinated at her daring. What woman was this, even of his own blood, who would so ruthlessly destroy all his comforts? The captain began to realize. He went out on to the porch and brought in the parrot.

"It's too sunny for Polly out there," he said. "I never set her out until toward noon."

The quiet woman entered with a cup of tea and some sandwiches. The visitor grew calmer when refreshed.

"I will just get a little nap," she said, yawning, "and then I'll begin at once on Sister Therese's clothes and things. I can't spare any time that's not necessary. I'm needed at home."

As soon as the house became quiet the captain stepped out on to the back porch. Tilly, the quiet one, was shelling peas on the top step.

"She wants me to go to boarding, Tilly."

"Yes, sir."

"They won't have Polly in a boarding house. Maybe you don't mind Polly?"

"Oh, no! I like her, sir. You'd better bring her out here by me. She won't scream so loud."

The captain set the cage down by Tilly and sat down himself. The parrot laughed a little slyly and said softly:

"Captain, ship ahoy!"

"I hope so, Polly. Do you know, Tilly, that this is my house and that I bought the furniture, every stick of it?"

"Yes, sir."

"And that I've got enough money to get on with comfortably tucked away where no one can get it?"

"Yes, sir, I suppose so."

"Then why shouldn't I keep house as long as I want to? You must stand by me. I really want you."

"She's sure to abuse me if I do, sir. Servants have a hard time."

The captain stood up and breathed hard.

"Go and put on your other gown, if you've got one," he said hoarsely, "and if you are willing to marry me we'll go down to the courthouse and get it done. She can't get around that, can she? I have never been so truly comfortable before. You won't refuse me, Tilly?"

"No, sir."

Two hours later Mrs. Melinda, after a long, restful nap, appeared on the back porch. The captain and Tilly were standing side by side in the garden.

"What are you doing, Philetus? I supposed dinner would be ready."

"It will be before long," returned the captain cheerfully. "You see, sister, we have been out on a little business that will lessen your work and worry over me a great deal. Tilly here has taken such good care of Polly and me that we've been out and got married. We're all fixed now, and you are welcome to Sis Therese's clothes and small truck, Melinda. The rest of the things always were mine, and we'll need them housekeeping, Tilly and Polly and me. Well, Polly, and how do you like it, old girl?"

"Ship ahoy, captain! Ship ahoy!" cackled Polly gleefully.

A Neglected Class.

When looking around to discover social grievances or to find subjects for philanthropic work, why has no one thought of the hotel maids and waiters? Their lives are hard, for they have long hours and must be on duty both early and late. Their time off is taken in snatches, and they seldom get a whole day.

A kind lady, observing this at a hotel, asked her husband to give his morning paper every day to the man who waited at their table. The gratitude expressed showed how tedious the man found his idle time when he was "on duty," but had nothing to do and nothing to read.

A book or paper to a chambermaid, hallboy or elevator boy is often more gratefully received than the ever welcome tip.

A little consideration as to unusual demands meets with equal appreciation. Any one who has traveled much and not kept his eyes shut soon learns that hotel work is hard for those who do it regularly and continuously and soon becomes willing to be less exacting and more aware of certain needs in those who serve which cannot be supplied by gifts of money. A little personal interest is worth much more in many cases.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Planet Mercury.

Though Mercury is one of the smallest of the planets, it is perhaps the most troublesome to the astronomer. It lies so close to the sun that it is seen but seldom in comparison with the other great planets. Its orbit is very eccentric, and it experiences disturbances by the attraction of other bodies in a way not yet fully understood. A special difficulty has also been found in the attempt to place Mercury in the weighing scales. We can weigh the whole earth, we can weigh the sun, the moon and even Jupiter and other planets, but Mercury presents difficulties of a peculiar character. Le Verrier, however, succeeded in devising a method of weighing it.

He demonstrated that our earth is attracted by this planet, and he showed how the amount of attraction may be disclosed by observations of the sun, so that from an examination of the observations he made an approximate determination of the mass of Mercury. Le Verrier's result indicated that the weight of the planet was about the fifteenth part of the weight of the earth. In other words, if our earth was placed in a balance and fifteen globes, each equal to Mercury, were laid in the other the scales would hang evenly.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

Many a beau is made to quiver when Cupid fires his darts.

A sure way to beat the professional gambler: Don't play.

These two desirable qualifications, pleasant to the taste and at the same time effectual, are to be found in Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Children like it.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper, but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

THE HORSE—noblest of the brute creation—when suffering from a cut, abrasion, or sore, derives as much benefit as its master in a like predicament, from the healing, soothing action of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Lameness, sWelling of the neck, stiffness of the joints, throat and lungs are relieved by it.

Since 1603 no member of the royal family has been lord-lieutenant of Ireland.

The vowel "e" has more different sounds in English than in any other language. It is pronounced in six different ways.

As Parmelee's Vegetable Pills contain Mandrake and Dandelion, they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with unerring certainty. They also contain Roots and Herbs which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. A. Cairncross, Shakespeare, writes: "I consider Parmelee's Pills an excellent remedy for Biliousness and derangement of the Liver, having used them myself for some time."

Spitzbergen is one of the few countries as yet unclaimed by any nation. Anyone may dig the coal found in the cliff there.

I Know MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure Diphtheria.
JOHN D. BOUTILLIER.
French Village.

I Know MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure Croup.
J. F. CUNNINGHAM.
Cape Island.

I Know MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best remedy on earth.
JOSEPH A. SNOW.
Norway, Me.

Shaving is first mentioned in Genesis xli., 14. Joseph shaved himself before going before the king.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.
West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The United States now has forty-seven typewriter factories, and these export $2,700,000 worth of typewriters in a year.

THE SPRING FEELING.

Weariness, Lassitude and a Desire to Avoid Exertion.

There are few people who have not experienced what is aptly termed the spring feeling. Languor and weariness, loss of appetite, touches of indigestion, pimples and irritation of the skin. They all come with the spring. All these ills are banished by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They enrich the blood, brace up the nerves, and charm away all spring weariness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best tonic medicine in the world. They make new, rich, red blood; strengthen men and women and make the roses of health bloom on pallid cheeks. Here is proof: Miss Catharine Johnston, Gardner Mines, N. B., says:—I was very much run down and so weak that I would frequently have to lie down. My appetite was poor and food distasteful. I often suffered from headaches, and the least exertion left me completely used up. I used a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and since then I have felt like a new person. I do not know of any medicine equal to these pills."

In this climate a tonic is an absolute necessity in spring, and health will be gained and money saved by using only Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Don't take a substitute or something else said to be "just as good." If in doubt, send to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed post paid at 50c per box or six boxes for $2.50.

The Jordan's course in a straight line is only sixty miles. Along its stream it measures no fewer than 213 miles.

NOW IS THE TIME
To Replace Unhealthy Blood by a Fresher and More Highly Vitalized Fluid.

Paine's Celery Compound

Is The Only Medicine That Can Purify the Life Stream and Repair Shattered Strength.

The sleepless, nervous prostration, general hebility, weakness, functional irregularities and despondency from which thousands of women young and old, suffer, can be quickly removed by properly feeding the nerves, and replacing the unhealthy blood by a fresher and more highly vitalized fluid. The happy change from ill health and misery to true womanhood and happiness can only be effected by the use of Paine's Celery Compound.

The present spring demand for Paine's Celery Compound, woman's friend and life giver, is enormous in every province of the Dominion. This fact alone, amply proves that the great compound possesses virtues and powers unknown in other remedies. Dear wife and mother, do not procrastinate; listen to-day to the voice of reason and the pleadings and testimony of the thousands of your sex who have been made well and strong. Mrs. S. J. McKinlay, Chelmsford, Ont., says:—

"I wish to let you know what Paine's Celery Compound has done for me. I was afflicted with nervousness, sleeplessness, debility and general weakness for five years, and during that time I was doctored and spent a great deal of money for medicines without any good results. A friend advised me to use your compound, and I am happy to say it has completely cured me. I now eat well completely cured me. I now eat well, sleep well, and am as strong as ever before. I am sure I would have died, had not Paine's Celery Compound come to my aid. I wish every woman to know about your wonderful medicine."

If you are in need of free medical advice, write to Consulting Physician's Department, The Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal, Que. All correspondence is sacredly confidential.

The only difference between black and white pepper is that the former has not been stripped of the outer skin of the berry before drying.

Lifebuoy Soap —disinfectant— is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases.

It takes one to make a mind, two to make a bargain, three to make a marriage.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

Some people get credit for broken hearts when they have simply lost their nerve.

B & C CORSETS
HAVE NO BRASS EYELETS

SOFT LOOP EYELETS
NEVER SHOW THROUGH THE GOWN
NEITHER CORRODE NOR STAIN UNDERGARMENTS
AND WILL NOT RUST.

The Flow of Milk will be increased.

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

Dick's Blood Purifier

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

50 cents a package.

Leeming, Miles & Co., Agents, MONTREAL.

TWO OBLIGING MEN.

Each Was the Victim In a Street Car Fare Transaction.

It was in a Boston street car. When the car stopped at a crossing, a lady got up and went to the door. As she rose there was the chink of a coin on the floor, but before it occurred to any one to stop her she was out of the car and across the street. Two ladies who had sat next to her looked with anxious indifference on the floor. One of them leaned slightly forward, but said nothing. Just as the conductor was reaching for the bell rope a young man spied the coin and dashed out of the car. He caught the lady who had left the car, handed her the coin, ran back, caught the step of the car as the motors began to sing in crescendo and sat down breathless. One of the two ladies opposite him leaned forward and said coldly, "Young man, what did you do with the nickel I dropped?" The passengers tittered. An old man at the other end of the car turned to his neighbor. "That reminds me," he said, "of something that happened to my wife years ago.

"It was before the days of conductors, when we used to drop our nickels into a slot, and they ran down a groove to the box behind the driver.

"My wife had started out with a little change and one of those troublesome five dollar goldpieces which used to be more commonly in circulation than they are now. Her eyes were not good, and so she was nervous about her goldpiece and had it on her mind all the way downtown.

"When she took a car for home, she met a friend and grew interested in conversation with her. She put her coin in the slot absentmindedly. The driver turned as it struck the box. You remember the coin fell into a glass compartment first, and then the driver pushed a lever which sent it into the strong box below.

"As my wife heard the click of the lever she thought of her five dollar goldpiece. She looked in her purse. Sure enough, it was gone. She went forward and spoke to the driver. He said he hadn't looked very carefully, but he thought there were only three nickels in the glass receptacle when he pushed the lever.

"My wife insisted. The driver said if she would ride to the end of the line the cashier at the station would open the box. This meant a journey of two miles beyond our street, and my wife was in a hurry.

"An old gentleman who sat by the door said he was going to the end of the line and offered to give her $4.95 cents and get the goldpiece at the station. My wife thanked him and took the money. When she got home, she found the five dollar goldpiece in the lining of her purse.

"Next day I went to the station. The cashier said an old gentleman had made him open the box. There was no goldpiece. The old gentleman had left in a rage, refusing to give his name. He said he had been swindled and did not want to be known for a fool.

"We advertised in the papers, but we never heard from him."—Youth's Companion.

Animal Worship Among the Hebrews

The Old Testament records show, notwithstanding the various revisions through which these venerable books have passed, many indications of animal worship among the Israelites, which must have lasted for ages before the prohibition inculcated in the second line of the Decalogue was formulated. At a comparatively late date "Jehovah was worshiped under the popular symbol of a bull, while the twelve oxen upholding the laver in Solomon's temple, as well as the horns adorning the altar, were drawn from the prevalent bull worship."

Modern research has also proved that the cherubim were represented in the form of winged bulls. M. Lenormant in his famous book on the "Beginnings of History" says that during the time of the kings and prophets "most assuredly the cherubim, as there described, are animals."

A Fighting Bishop.

On one occasion Bishop Selwyn was going down the river Waikato with a Maori when the latter, who was very lazy, left off paddling the canoe, at the same time muttering that if Selwyn were not a bishop he would—well, "go for him." In a moment the bishop told the man to turn the canoe ashore, where, stripping himself of everything episcopal, he said, pointing to his robes, etc: "The bishop lies there; the man is here. I am quite ready; come on." The Maori did not "come on," however, but quietly resumed his work without another murmur.—London Tit-Bits.

New York Sheriffs.

The reason why the sheriff of New York cannot be elected to two successive terms is this: It is the sheriff's duty to carry out the process of courts against official delinquents during trial and after conviction. Should a sheriff endeavor forcibly to hold over for a second time after having been defeated for re-election he would be the instrument of the court's process against himself, a paradoxical position which the law avoids by making him ineligible for re-election.

Good Bread in Sight when your life raft is a sack of that life supporter

OGILVIE'S HUNGARIAN FLOUR

What it has done for thousands it will do for you—strengthen, nourish, vitalize. There are many good things we might say about this ideal brand of honest wheat flour—there's no bad thing anyone can say about it.

Malt Breakfast Food

Delicious and Nourishing.

THE MOST ECONOMICAL OF ALL BREAKFAST FOODS.

ALL GROCERS.

One does not require to be a connoisseur to distinguish the superiority of

GOLD STANDARD

over other package teas—
The difference is so marked.

ARE YOU BUILDING?

IF SO USE EDDY'S IMPERVIOUS SHEATHING

THE BEST BUILDING PAPER MADE.

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

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

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

Fragrant and strong, refreshing comforting and invigorating

Blue Ribbon Tea

$200.00 IN GOLD GIVEN AWAY FREE

LPAPE	NREOCA	UPML	ATSWRYREBR
CPAHE	RCYREH	YBRAPRSRE	ERPA

Can you arrange the above sets of jumbled letters into the names of eight well known fruits. If so, YOU CAN SHARE IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE ABOVE PRIZE. It is no easy task. But by patience and perseverence you can probably make out 5 or 6 of them. To the person who can make out the largest number we will give the sum of One Hundred Dollars. To the person making out the second largest number the sum of Fifty Dollars. To the person making the third largest number the sum of Thirty Dollars. To the person making the fourth largest number the sum of Twenty Dollars. Should two persons send answers equally correct, the first two prizes will be divided between them, (each receiving $75.00.) Should three send in equally correct answers, the first three prizes will have to be divided, (each receiving $60.00). Should four persons send equally correct answers, the whole sum of $200.00 will be equally divided (each receiving $50.00), and so on in like proportions, provided they comply with a simple condition about which we will write as soon as answers are received. WE DO NOT WANT A CENT OF YOUR MONEY WHEN YOU ANSWER THIS ADVERTISEMENT. If you can make out anything like a complete list, write us at once enclosing 2-cent stamp for our reply. DO NOT DELAY, WRITE AT ONCE. Address, PARISIAN MEDICINE CO., Dept. 54 LONDON, ONTARIO.

Wear! That's "the greatest thing in the world,"—in anything that's worn. You get style, fit and finish too, in

Granby Rubbers

—But the one thing we emphasize is their *Wearing Qualities.*

"Granby Rubbers wear like iron."

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

W. B. Anderson, Editor.

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

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

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

GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The Bill passed through the Dominion Parliament, gives the Grand Trunk Pacific a franchise to construct a line of railroad from Quebec to Port Simpson, a distance of 3,850 miles, exclusive of various branches. The charter provides for the organization of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, with a capital of $75,000. There will be branches to Port Arthur, Regina and Calgary, and probably another charter to extend the road to Dawson city. The right-of way as far west as Fort Edmonton has been secured, and much of that to the Pacific Coast. The construction of the western end of the road may be delayed, as there are some things to be done in B.C. which take time. It is intended to begin on the eastern divisions as soon as the charter is granted. There will be some changes in the route as originally announced. It was the plan in the beginning to use the Grand Trunk from Quebec to North Bay. Instead of this, an air line will be built between these two points, which will materially shorten the distance across the Continent. It is thought it will take at least four and a half years to complete the line to Port Simpson, and five years before the line is in operation. When completed, the distance between England and the far East will be materially shortened. From Liverpool to Yokohama the distance will be shortened by about 300 miles.

The finding of gold quartz in the Lardo-Duncan country has caused a stampede into that district—so the telegraph reports received at Kaslo, B.C., state. Pieces of quartz more than one half gold have been brought into Kaslo that cast everything before heard of into the shade, and we are informed these specimens will run in values to the ton up to figures almost incredible. The strike on Poplar Creek, absorbs the attention of everyone, and all kinds of conveyances were being utilised to convey gold hunters to the new finds.

Mr G. W. Wrigley, a member of the Executive Committee of the B. C Socialist Party, and organizer in B.C. of the American Labor Union is trying to make himself notorious in the slandering line. It is the Hon. Jas. Dunsmuir this time, who he charges with tampering with the King's mails in delaying the delivery of correspondence from the American Federation of Miners to their Ladysmith brethren. Of course, Mr Dunsmuir will not notice the vile insinuation. Mr G. W. Wrigley is a self-constituted martyr in the interests of socialism, but he won't be hurt, poor simpleton.

It is announced that the option held by H. E. Robinson of Butte, in the interests of Joseph Boscowitz and T. Turner, in the Britannia Group, has been taken up. Messrs Boscowitz and Turner bonded their interests to Mr Turner for $143,000. An aerial railway is to be constructed at once, and it is intended to have fully 900 men at work within three months time. The Britannia ore will be shipped to Crofton smelter.

COMOX LIBERALS.

On Thursday of last week the Liberals of the Comox Valley held a meeting at Courtenay. Messrs Sloan and A. Urquhart, organizers for the district, presided. Mr Sloan made an eloquent appeal to those present to work together in unity for the furtherance of the good cause. He said they should be ready to give and take. This was especially necessary here where there were three powerful interests to be represented, viz:—agricultural, mining, and lumbering. The following officers were elected:—President, J. A. McPhee; vice., W. Robb; secy., J. H. Halliday; treas., W. McPhee. Executive—J. Bennett of Hornby, D. McMillan of Duncan, J. Holmes, H. Clark, and A. Salmond. There were between 70 and 80 present as well as a delegation from Cumberland. Everyone was enthusiastic over the party lines division and the glowing prospect of the success of Liberalism, not only here but throughout the Province.

H.F. P., Secy.

Wires—contd. from first page.

Dunsmuir and American capitalists who have paid over one million dollars for 50,000 acres of timber lands on the Island in the vicinity of Campbell River, Comox district. The timber is estimated at two and one half billion feet.

Halifax, N.S., July 4—A terrific fire is raging in No. 3 pit at the Joggins mines, Cumberland county. The fire caught from a miners lamp igniting a canvass screen used to give a double draft to the air shaft. It soon caught the timbers and is still raging in the mine. 200 men were at work but all got out safely. All the horses are still in the pit and are lost.

Winnipeg, July 5th.—The east bound Imperial Ltd., train left the rails near this city while going at a speed of 50 miles an hour, and miraculous to relate scarcely any one was hurt.

Victoria, July 6—A. J. Firth was today committed for trial on charge of wilful murder. Nothing new was brought out in the evidence.

Nanaimo, July 6—A Mount Sicker man named Bouncer Brown was sentenced today to two months in jail on a charge of wife beating.

New York, July 6—The first connection in the commercial Pacific Coast Cable was made at Honolulu Saturday night and a cablegram was flashed around the world in nine and a half minutes.

Vancouver, July 6.—During the visit of the warships here on Dominion Day, 45 men deserted but 15 were captured.

Hanna, Colo., July 6.—Further particulars about the coal mine explosion which occurred yesterday in which 234 miners lost their lives say that the explosion was caused by fire-damp which gathered in a small alley of 17th level where the circulation became defective from some unknown cause. A miner working with his lamp knowing nothing of the existence of the deadly gas, ignited it. Probably no trace of the man will be found, probably blown to pieces. The startling information is received from a miner who penetrated the mine where the explosion occurred. He says that five workings below the 17th level are a mass of flames, leaving no hope of rescuing the entombed miners in that section. Efforts are now confined to preventing the flames from reaching the 17th or other levels above. Added to the horrors of the fire, which doubtless destroyed the underground working, is the danger of another explosion which may occur at any time. The situation is very grave. Some of the miners that escaped said that they saw 20 dead bodies in entry 17, and reported that many of the men were crazed by the explosion and ran hither and thither in the mine. Many of these could have escaped but they lay down, burried their faces in their hands and gave up the fight. Of the 234 dead about 175 were married.

An account of the sports held on the grounds Saturday is held over for want of space.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

EDITOR CUMBERLAND NEWS.

Dear Sir,—In the last issue of your paper a letter appeared by a writer who conceals his identity behind the term "Observer" in which he makes statements that are misleading and untrue, consequently I request space for the priviledge of correcting the same. He remarks "Let us delve for a moment into ancient history," in doing which he drops the roll of an observer and lets his imagination do the work of memory, hence the garbling and destortion of facts misnamed history.

The incedents which he mentions are fresh in my memory, though at the time of the strike I was but a lad of twelve years of age. One incedent among many is this (notwithstanding the vilification of the dead) my father and brother in law came out with the men when they strick, and remained out untill the eight hour work day was granted, (which was the main grievance). This was about five months after strike began. All who know the facts of the case are aware there was nought to be gained by remaining out longer, for by this time nearly all the members of the Union had been employed either at Northfield or Nanaimo. As for myself my age is sufficient reffutation to Observers slanderous fabrication. Between the going to work under the above conditions, and the returning to work of the engineers in the present strike, all compearison is invidious. Being labeled at the bar of his own conscience Observers vision has become so oblique, the brand which all fair men placed upon him is so galling, he seeks to lessen his own shame by besmirching the memory of the dead and his children. We are sorry that the observer has stooped to one move deep in his nature. To vend oneself is sometime admissable but in the vending to sell your fellow workmen for a pittance is unanswerable.

GEO. M. RICHARDS.

CALL AND INSPECT OUR STOCK OF FRESH

GROCERIES

JUST OPENED AT THE

CORNER STORE

STANLEY H. RIGGS.

Special Bargains at the

Big Store

Straw Hats,
Ladies' Blouses,
Fancy Muslins, and all
SUMMER DRESS GOODS.

SIMON LEISER & CO., Cumberland

Cold Storage: Air Dry System.

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

$10= WARD will be paid for information leading to the conviction of persons appropriating or destroying our Beer Kegs

UNION BREWING CO., LTD.

Phone 27. DUNSMUIR STREET P. O. Drawer 45

Fertilizers Fertilizers

For Orchard, Field and Farm.

Highest Grades. Best results obtained from their use. Adapted to all Soils. Suitable for all Crops.

ANALYSIS AVAILABILITY & SOLUBILITY strictly guaranteed.

GOVERNMENT ANALYSIS OF STANDARD BRANDS SHOWS THEM TO BE ABOVE PER CENT OF PLANT FOOD CLAIMED.

STANDARD FORMULAE

BRAND "A"—For Grass, Hay, Grain, Truck and General Farming

BRAND "B"—For Orchards, Berries, Potatoes, Roots, Hops or any crop where Potash is largely needed.

BRAND "C"—For Crops on Peaty Soils, Clovers, Pease, Beans or wherever Nitrogen is not wanting.

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

For Prices, Pamphlet and Testimonials address

Victoria Chemical Co., Ltd.,

31 12 02 VICTORIA, B.C.

The Number "Three" In the Bible.

When the world was created, we find it and its surroundings composed of three elements—air, water and land—the whole lighted by the sun, moon and stars. Adam had three sons mentioned by name, and so did Noah, the patriarch. Daniel was thrown into a den with three lions for the crime of praying three times. Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego were rescued from the fiery furnace. Job had three special friends. There were three patriarchs—Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Samuel was called three times; Elijah prostrated himself three times on the dead body of the child; Samson deceived Delilah three times before she discovered the secret of his great power, and the Ten Commandments were delivered on the third day.

Jonah was three days and nights in the whale's belly. "Simon, lovest thou me?" was repeated three times. Paul makes mention of the three graces—faith, hope and charity. The famous allegorical dreams of the baker and butler were to come to pass in three days. Then we have the holy trinity—Father, Son and Holy Ghost; the sacred letters on the cross were three in number, they being I. H. S.; so also the famous Roman motto was composed of three words

Knew His Business.

"If I were the mayor," remarked the stranger who had attended a meeting of the city council, "I wouldn't permit the aldermen to waste so much time in useless wrangling over trivial matters."

"The mayor knows what he is about," replied the citizen. "When they're wrangling, they're not doing any mischief."

Night and Day.

"Night falls, but it doesn't break," observed the Simple Mug.

"What of it?" queried the Wise Guy.

"Oh, nothing," chuckled the Simple Mug, "except that day breaks, but it doesn't fall."

Some men are kept so busy maintaining their dignity that they haven't time to earn a decent living.

FISHING TACKLE.

A Large and complete Stock at the BIG STORE

10 per cent Discount for Cash

Simon Leiser & Co., Ltd.

FOR SALE.

Black Minorca Eggs, $1.50 per 13. from first prize Cock, with score card of 92 points.—Apply, to GEO. HEATHERBELL, Hornby Island.

NOTICE.

I hereby give notice that from date all Debts and Rents owing to me shall be made payable to Miss Janet Gleason, City.

WM. GLEASON.

Cumberland, May 8, 1903.

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