THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

TENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY, MARCH 10, 1903.

THE BIG STORE.

LADIES,

We have much pleasure in informing you that by the last boat we received our first consignment of the Season of **British and European Manufactured Dry Goods**, which are now marked, (as usual in plain figures) and displayed for your inspection.

We flatter ourselves that you will find the Quality as high as usual, and the price as low as possible.

We would again draw your attention to the fact that by paying Cash you can save 10cts. on every Dollar you spend.

SIMON LEISER & CO., LTD.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

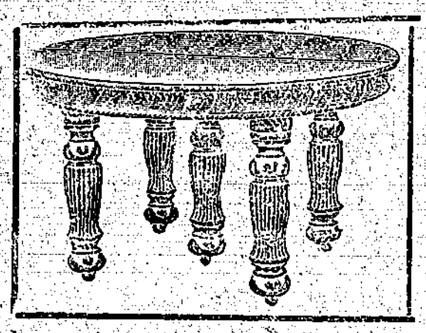
61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

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

Agents for McCormick Harvesting Machinery.

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

Ladies, Your Attention:



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

A Calendar for 1903.

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

Furniture, Carpets & complete House Furnishings

Write at once as we have only a Few.

WEILER BROS., Victoria, B.C.

LOCALS.

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

Messrs Mahrer, Reifel, Davis and Booth were among our Nanaimo visitors last week

Mr Wm. McKay returned last Thursday. He will go into the butcher shop with his brother Donald.

Have you seen those Box Mattresses at S. H. Riggs, only $5 50, full size, best Knotted Springs, strong covering.

Mr Graves, the district organizer of the Woodmen, was in town last week on official duty. The local lodge held a social in his honour.

Ald. Carthew has sold out his livery stable to Frank Williams, the new proprietor assuming control last week. Mr Carthew will move to the Wharf, where he will take charge of the work of erecting some new bunkers, &c.

A runaway team created a mild sensation in town Friday evening. Mr D. McKay was at Courtney that afternoon, and had stopped the team at the watering trough to drink. When ready to start, he moved around the wagon to get in, when the team started suddenly, and got away up the road for home. They ran clear into town, came down 3rd street, turned up Penrith Avenue, then up 4th street, tearing down a hydrant at that corner, and and finaily turned into the alley behind Penrith Avenue and were then stopped. The only damage resulting beside the breaking of the hydrant and an injured fence, being a broken wagon pole, and a little ironwork twisted.

COUNCIL MEETING.

March 2nd.

Present—Mayor Grant, Alds Bate, McFadyen, Carthew and Daniels.

Minutes read and adopted.

Communications—From T. Irwin asking that 3rd Street be graded above the bridge. Laid on table.

From Dr Gillespie stating that he would be pleased to act as Health Officer for 1903 without salary, except in cases of contagious diseases. Received and vote of thanks tendered to Dr Gillespie.

From G. Stevens asking Council to fill holes in road opposite his place on 3rd Street, and to open alley-way at back. Referred to Board of Works.

Ald. Kilpatrick here entered.

Accounts—L. W. Nunns presented account of election expenses, $51.50. Referred to Finance Committee.

Ald Short here entered.

From B. C. Gazette—advertising, $2.50; do., 8 copies Municipal Clauses Act, $4.00.

B. Crawford, feed, $34.75.

News Publishing Co.—advertising, $10 25.

J. L. Roe—lumber, $9.33.

Referred to Finance Committee.

Deferred business.

Re Pound By-Law amendment. Ald. Short asked leave to lay this over until next night of meeting.

Ald Bate said that this would not be just to either Council or public, as the By-law was now in force, and should be either enforced or amended without delay.

Ald Short explained that his reason for asking extension was to give him time to find out the true feeling of people on the matter. Some had been exclaiming against the by-law, but since last meeting he had heard that others had been talking a great deal against the act being amended.

Ald. Bate was not opposed to the delay on those grounds.

Permission granted.

Re Mr Irwin's application. Moved Ald Bate, seconded Ald. Daniels, that it lay over until next meeting. Board of Works meanwhile to inspect the place and report on estimate, &c., at that meeting.

Ald Carthew moved in amendment that work be proceeded with at once.

Amendment carried.

Moved Ald. Bate, seconded Ald. Carthew, that His Worship the Mayor, and the City Clerk be empowered to sign and endorse all cheques on behalf of the City.

Carried.

Moved Ald. Bate, seconded Ald. Daniels, that clerk be instructed to pay, so far as possible, school salaries. out of funds in hand.

Ald. Carthew moved, seconded Ald. Short, in amendment, that Council borrow money to pay salaries in full.

Alds. Daniels and Kilpatrick spoke against borrowing.

Motion carried.

Council adjourned.

Receiving this week at the Corner Store part of a car of Dining Chairs, Kitchen Cupboards, and Floor Oilcloths.

A whole drove of storks invaded the town last week, and every bird seemed bent on fulfilling its duty, for this week's count shows quite a large increase in population, there being new-comers at the houses of Geo. Gibson (not the man frae Scotland) of S. Bennie, of R. Halcrow, and several others whose names could be learned in time. The best of it is the little oosie tootsies are all girls.

Telegraphic News.

Vancouver, March 9—The strike situation is still in full swing. President Estes has just announced the following:—the negotations are all off; the strike will be fought to the bitter end and will tie up even the sailing vessels in the harbor. He has also sent a telegram calling out Calgary and Winnipeg. Indications are that a strike of the carpenters and builders will also take place shortly. The strike of the longshoremen has tied up all the water front; the work of unloading the Empress of India did not proceed yesterday on account of this—a few Chinamen have taken their places. The telegraph messengers have also gone on strike and are making considerable trouble for the Company. A statement was made last night that if no settlement was forth-coming the entire staff of the CPR shops would walk out. The imported labor is kept in under surveillance when not at duty they go from their work to the cars where they are quartered and back again like so many galley slaves.

A dispatch from London announces that the C.P.R. stocks have fallen several points on account of the strike. The Teamsters Union have declined to haul any freight to and from the wharves of the C.P.R. To-night the boilermakers consider whether they will go out or not. Transfer barge, and tug Czar, and Robert Kerr from Union Bay are tied up, firemen and sailors refuse to work thus stopping coke and coal shipments to Kootenay. The Board of Trades have undertaken to act as an intermediary.

Local excitement is intense and nothing else is talked of on the streets; all hopes of settlement are now abandoned. Officials at the head quarters today refused to accept the final offer made by the men. The war is now in full swing and President Estes says he will carry the fight to Montreal.

Victoria, March 9.—Reported tonight on good authority that an agreement was reached in the Government caucus today by which the government will be reformed on straight Tory lines, the Premier discarding the Liberal members of his Cabinet. In a caucus today it was reported that sufficient support could be depended upon to carry on the business of the session without the support of Joseph Martin.

Vancouver, March 9.—The coal supply of the C P.R. has been practically shut off.

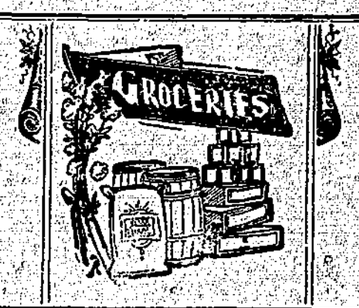
Advices from Fernie today say the strike situation remains unchanged. The Deputy Minister of Labor has returned East after failing to bring about an adjustment of the trouble. The committee appointed by the miners convention would not attempt to bring about a meeting between himself and the strikers. The strike affects two thousand men.

Vancouver, March 9—L.H. Cohn has telegraphed an offer of $25,000 to the managers to bring off the Jeffries-Corbett fight in Vancouver

Revelstoke, March 9.—A serious accident resulting in the deaths of four miners at the Nettie mine, Ferguson, B.C., occurred on Saturday evening. The day shift had quit work and it is supposed that some of the lower workings filled quickly with powder gas and smoke shortly after the night shift went to work, with the above fatal results. The dead are Pat Crilly, A. Callier, Ed. Crozen and Robt. Savage.

Cobble Hill, March 9th.—Man, named G. W. Leaky, an elderly farmer, was found dead near Cowichan this morning.

Mrs S. H. Riggs is the mother of another daughter, which arrived Saturday evening, and next door at Mr Peacey's another little girl was brought on Monday night. The cold weather has surely caused a great migration of storks.



None but the Best.

THIS IS THE BEST PLACE from which to order Supplies for your family, for we but none but the best supplies in all lines. Nothing pays better for the money expended than

NUTRITIOUS FOODS.

You need just that sort. We supply the best of everything at all times.

MOORE : BROS.

EXPLOSION.

An explosion of gas took place in No. 6 mine last Saturday, by which 8 men, all Chinese, were more or less burned, and one lost his life, presumably by suffocation. The explosion is assumed to have occurred in No. 10 place, No. 2 long wall section, and is supposed to have been caused by a cavein in the intake airway. Four Chinese were badly burned, three slightly, and one was missed, and was found dead after the section was cleared of gas. No damage was done to the mine, there apparently being no force sufficient to move any timbering, and in a short time the place was cleared of damp. It was at first reported that one of the white drivers had been burned, but later it was learned that this was incorrect, though the flame scorched his hair.

BASKET BALL.

The second match of the League series took place Friday, and the number of spectators showed that interest in the games is getting keener. The Seniors took the floor first, Unknowns vs. Mohawks, the teams being as follows—Unknowns—H. Farmer, M. Coe, L. Coe, R. Strang, G. Oversby. Mohawks—B. R. Simpson, R. Coe, jr., J. Walters, T. H. Carey, Hy. Whyte. The play started off fast and furious, the first goal being scored by Farmer in 1 minute. Not for a second did the play relax until half time, when the score stood—Unknowns 19, Mohawks 7. Through the last half, the Indians pluckily stuck to their heavier adversaries, but to no purpose, the game finishing with the Unknowns at 31, the Mohawks 13. There is nothing to be ashamed of in the beating, for it would be hard to find a fitter team of young men as regards strength and activity, than the Unknowns, and they should be able to put up a good fight with any team in the country.

This week the Counters and the Kids cross swords. Both are confident, so the game must be an interesting one.

The Junior game Friday, was won by the Maples, with a score of 11, to the Shamrocks 4.

We were sorry to say Goodbye to Mr A. Hamilton and wife, who left for Nanaimo last week, where Mr Hamilton will assume the duties of master mechanic for the Fuel Co. Mr Geo. Gibson is left to switch on the electric current here.

PAULL'S PHOTO STUDIO at Cumberland now open. Call at once as our stay must necessarily be short this time. Call at once.

My Heart's Darling

BY W. HEIMBURG

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

Lucie hurried up the broad stairs of the Meerfeldt mansion without being detained by mademoiselle, and stepped, quite out of breath, into the salon. From the chaise - lounge, which had been pushed with the head-end toward the window, two hands stretched out toward her.

"How good of you to come!" said a tired voice; "I have read myself half crazy, in order to get rid of my own thoughts." And as Lucie seized her hands, Hortense continued: "The night, Lucie—the horrible night! It was so dark about me, and in me—I had such a dread of living any longer! I do not know what I said and did. Then they brought your doctor, and I thought of you, and longed for you. Did they tell you? Will you stay here a little? Do you want to?" She said all this in an irresistibly winning way. "Come, sit down by me. Minna will bring you something. Will you have an ice, or a cup of chocolate? Tell me something, Lucie."

The young girl had taken off her hat and sat by the couch of the beautiful woman in a low arm-chair, so that she could look her in the face.

She now drew some work out of her pocket.

"Well, Hortense, what shall I tell you?"

"About yourself—about yourself, Lucie; it would sound like a fairy-tale to me, if there is any happiness in it. But please lay down your work; I can not stand the movement of your fingers. It is impossible to keep one's attention on a conversation when the hands are moving so."

Lucie gave a surprised look; she could not help it, but she put her work obediently in her pocket, and leaned back in the arm-chair.

"I believe you are right," she said, and her eyes wandered round the room and came back to Hortense, to the white cashmere wrapper trimmed with Turkish embroidery, and to the palm-leaf fan which she held in her hand. "What shall I tell you?" she asked again.

"About yourself and your future husband. I want to know if there is really any such thing as happiness! Of course you love him very much?"

Lucie looked at her much surprised.

"Yes, of course," she said, hastily—it sounded almost as if she were offended.

"Forgive me; it was an odd question, but I think one sometimes deceives one's self. It was so with me, Lucie. I have—and this is perhaps my only good quality—a recklessly honest nature, and yet in spite of this I deceived him and myself and others. I thought I loved him—that is, my dead husband—and yet I was a widow without any real grief. Then I first discovered that I had deceived myself, that it was only with feeling of thankfulness that I had found a home at his side. I told you before that I came from school, of course, to my father's house, if one may designate so respectfully the endless change of residences in which my father lived. Bertin, who, as long as I was in Dresden, had gone back to her own home, came back before me, and arranged a little room for me. I was childishly delighted to be 'at home.' My father was at the station to meet me. He appeared embarrassed. Bertin, however, came to me with streaming eyes, and in the stillness of my own room kept calling me 'pauvre enfant, pauvre petite!' which I did not at all understand. As we were dining, my father explained to me that he was to have a little party in the evening, but I had better go quietly to bed. I saw in the course of the afternoon that a table was being laid; baskets of wine and champagne came from a hotel, and candles were being placed everywhere. Why might not Bertin and I sup with them? I had been so delighted at the idea of being introduced into society. Bertin, however, silently, which was not her habit, arranged a simple repast for us, and made tea. When the time came for the guests to arrive, I heard spurs clanking in the corridor, and then the rustling of silken dresses. 'It is not a gentleman's supper, after all,' said I. 'Listen, mademoiselle.' 'You are mistaken,' she returned, gravely. But just then a woman's silvery laugh sounded, and another answered. I felt myself very much hurt and neglected. 'I will not be treated as a child any longer,' I cried, quite beside myself. The feast began in the rooms beyond ours, and lasted till deep in the night; the cheerfulness and gayety kept increasing till at last it was a wild tumult, in which women's shrill voices were raised. Bertin took me to bed, and sat with a pale, indignant face beside me. In the end she had to explain everything, and then I began to hate my father. The next day I shut myself up in my room; but Bertin took a despatch for Uncle Ludolf to the post. 'Come at once; I can not stay with papa.' By evening my father's brother was beside me. 'Why can not she remain here?' he asked Bertin. She gave up the German language in disgust, and told him everything in French. He kissed me on the forehead, and went to my father. At first all was quiet; then Ludolf's voice was raised in a terrible rage; he fairly shook when he came back to my room. 'Pack your and my niece's things,' he said, abruptly; 'the express train leaves in two hours.' We went, without saying adieu to papa, to my uncle's country place. A week later he asked me if I would marry him. My gratitude new no bounds. Dillendorf was a lovely place to live in; I had loved it from my childhood, and Uncle Ludolf was a fine-looking man. Three weeks afterward we were married. There was, I assure you, no talk of love, and yet I really thought I did love him. There, now, I have told you about myself," she said, looking into the grave, girlish face before her. "Forgive me."

"Poor Hortense!" whispered the girl again; "such a sad face, and so misjudged," she thought.

"Ach! child, that was not the worst of it. It is no wonder if I think that there are no more good men left in the world."

"Poor Hortense!" whispered the again; "such a sad face, and so misjudged," she thought.

"It is a matter of perfect indifference to me what most people think of me," continued the young baroness, as if she had heard Lucie's thoughts; "but to be falsely judged and given up by those whom I still trust, that is bitter unto death. Tell me," she said, after a pause, "what have people told you about me?"

Lucie blushed.

"Oh, of course," nodded Hortense. "I do not want to hear, but I thank you for coming to me in spite of all." She took the girl's outstretched hand and kissed it. "Do not desert me, I pray you!"

"No, Hortense," said Lucie, moved to tears by the young woman's request.

They talked together for awhile, then Hortense wanted fresh air.

"My head is still weak; but if you will support me, perhaps we could go into the garden a little while. We will take the hammocks with us."

"Oh, most willingly!"

They went arm in arm down stairs and across the quiet courtyard. Just then came a neighing sound from the stables.

"That is Hella; she recognizes my step. Come, you must see her."

They passed the windows of the old baron's room. He stood behind the glass and kissed his hand to them with a pleased expression, and opening the sash, cried out:

"I congratulate you—I congratulate you!"

"Why did you not go to your grandfather when you found you could not stay in your father's house?" asked Lucie, coming back to the former subject.

"Oh, he was then, I think, in Africa, on an antelope hunt with the Duke of H—. Perhaps you have never heard what a great Nimrod he has been. Does not your brother-in-law know him?"

"I do not know," said Lucie; "it is very possible."

"Well, as I said, he was seldom or never at home. He has hunted all sorts of creatures in all sorts of places. See, here is my Hella," said she, opening the stable door. "Is she not beautiful?"

The splendid chestnut mare came up to them and began to smell her mistress's hands and her dress.

"You miss your sugar, Hella," she said, and patted softly the slender neck. "I did not give her any yesterday—ah, yesterday! But I had provided for you. You should never have shared the fate of your companions; as an old worn-out horse you should have had your food insured to you. No one else should have sat upon your back."

She turned round and Lucie saw large tears in her eyes.

"It is sad, is it not, when one only has tears for an animal? I assure you that the fate of this horse was the only thing yesterday that made the thought of death hard to me. Will you get me a little sugar?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Monster Gold Nugget.

There is a monster gold nugget lying at the bottom of the Atlantic. It was shipped from Santo Domingo to the king of Spain 400 years ago as a tangible proof of the value of Columbus' discovery, but was lost in a storm, together with 30,000 ounces of smaller golden specimens.

One of the experiments made by those whose business it is to test the strength of dynamite, gun-cotton and other explosives is to place fresh plucked leaves between two plates of panel steel and explode cartridges on the upper plate. The recoil in such cases is so great and sudden that the upper plate is driven downward with such force and rapidity as to catch exact impressions of the leaves before their delicate ribs have time to give way to the force of the blow. This novel method of engraving is one of the wonders of the century.

A foreign scientific journal gives the results of some recent experiments upon the vocal cords which will prove interesting to singers. A baritone who wished to become a tenor succeeded by taking a course of inhalations, beginning with benzoin, going on to caffeine and chloroform, and ending with curacoa, while the voice was deepened by using volatized Norwegian tar.

Despite the efforts of Winnipeg wood dealers to keep up the price of wood by claiming a shortage existed, the price has dropped a dollar a cord and will likely go still lower. There are eight or ten thousand cords in sight at Winnipeg, an ample supply for considerable time, and further, unlimited quantities of wood may be had.

Sometimes musicians dispense music by measure, but the drummer works it off by the pound.

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

Fair weather friends are often enemies in disguise.

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

The capitol of Washington has cost more than $30,000,000. It covers three and one-half acres. The dome is 307 feet high and 135 in diameter, and is exceeded in size only by St. Peter's in Rome, St. Paul's in London, the Invalides in Paris, and St. Isaacs in St. Petersburg.

It sometimes happens that a man is so reserved in his manners that they become rusty from disuse.

Speaking of clothes, a judge says lawsuits become attorneys.

The less money a man has, the more valuable it seems.

Even the hopes of a toper's friends are apt to be dissipated.

Some men's only boast is that they are no judge of music.

Pork should be quoted by the hogshead instead of by the barrel.

No woman ever admits that she cares if another woman dislikes her.

People who live in glass houses are in a position to raise early vegetables.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

Even those who paddle their own canoe try to borrow somebody else's paddle to do it with.

There are plenty of people who have become depressed and discouraged, because that dry, hacking cough hangs to them continually. They have taken much medicine, mostly of the advertised quack sort, nothing like Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Breast Tea, the discovery of a then noted German physician 60 years ago. We do not say that this will cure a case where the lungs are badly diseased, for it will not, and up to this date, there is nothing that will cure under these conditions: but on the other hand, if the lungs are not hard hit, the patient should take Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Breast Tea, a cup full every night on going to bed, have it hot, drink slowly, then every other night, rub the throat and top portion of the lungs with St. Jacob's Oil, cover with oil silk, let it remain an hour, then remove. Eat good, plain, nourishing food, live in the open air as much as possible. By all means sleep as near out of doors as possible, that is, windows wide open, except in the very severe weather. Take a cold sponge bath every morning; then immediately rub the body with a coarse towel. Take Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops every other day according to directions. One can buy the three remedies for $1.25 of any reliable druggist. Begin the treatment at once, and see how much better you will be almost within a week's time.

Andrew Carnegie will give $10,000 towards a Paris, Ont., free library, if the town contributes $1,000 yearly to support it.

The Coming Thing

"Pinto Shell" Cordovan leather for H.B.K. mitts and gloves is bound to displace all other leathers for hard-wear mitts and gloves,

—because it is the toughest, most flexible and lightest leather made.

—because it is a pure vegetable tan without a vestige of oil to chill the hands or stiffen the glove in cold weather or crack it when dried out.

"Pinto Shell" Cordovan can be boiled without injury, in fact it is boil and scorch proof.

H.B.K. BRAND

Sold by all dealers. See this brand
If your dealer has not got them write us and send his name.
Every pair stamped "Pinto Shell" Cordovan by

Hudson Bay Knitting Co.

30 St. George Street, Montreal. 128 Princess Street, Winnipeg.
Makers of Warm Clothing, Mitts, Gloves, Underwear, Sox, Moccasins, etc. 104

It is easy to say a thing is good—another matter to prove it. Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea will stand every test.

A Wonderful Medicine.

Beecham's Pills

FOR ALL

Bilious and Nervous Disorders,

Sick Headache, Constipation, Wind and Pains in Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver and Female Ailments.

PREPARED ONLY BY THE PROPRIETOR,
Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Eng.,
Sold by all Druggists in Canada and U. S. America.
In boxes, 25 cents.

A woman never feels absolutely sure that her husband has loose habits until he comes home tight.

When a man dyes his whiskers and they begin to grow out, doesn't he look white.

FREE BOOK on CATARRH

I will send my fine book on Catarrh to all sufferers from the disease. It explains the origin, dangers and cure for this treacherous trouble. It is fully illustrated by the best artists. Address, Specialist Sproule, 3 Doane St., Boston.

Now the summer girl has resigned in favor of the cuddlesome girl.

One trouble with some men who pay as they go is that they are slow goers.

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

It is difficult to convert a man unless you practice what you preach.

A SHORT ROAD to health was opened to those suffering from chronic coughs, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, lumbago, tumors, rheumatism, excoriated nipples, or inflamed breast, and kidney complaint by the introduction of the inexpensive and effective remedy, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil.

A lawyer never mistakes the will for the deed.

DYSPEPSIA BOOK FREE

A public-spirited association, anxious to relieve sickness, will be glad to send Dyspepsia sufferers an illustrated book explaining the cause of dyspepsia and pointing out a cure. It has brought joy and health to thousands. It is absolutely free. Write to-day. Do not pass by this generous offer. Address American Health Improvement Association, P. O. Box 5316, Boston.

Lots of poor men are the architects of other men's fortunes.

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

Forgery is all right in the iron business.

Why do we wear

Granby Rubbers and Overshoes

Dealers all over Dominion say they give better satisfaction than any others. The people say they fit better, look better, wear better.—Because they are honestly made out of pure new rubber.

"Granby Rubbers wear like iron."

CHARGING *the* ENEMY

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Copyright, 1901, by A. S. Richardson

Old Gib Ezell went swinging and stumping upon his crutches down the street and up the steps of his store. It was the biggest store in town, though not the smartest. Joe Beenam, who had opened up the spring before, just across the street, was running old Gib hard in groceries and hardware and leaving him out of sight when it came to knickknacks or dry goods pure and simple.

A man who half knew looked after old Gib, then across at the sign of his young rival and murmured half to himself, "What a pity!" Another man who knew also looked, listened to the exclamation and answered it, sticking out his chin as he spoke, "Better say, 'What a shame!'"

"What's a shame, doc?" a third said, coming up behind them. Doctor Waters smiled half grimly. "I'm not quite sure—it seems to be the hitch in the course of a true love," he answered.

Lew Bayne, the man who had spoken first, shook his head energetically. "I meant that poor old fellow's legs," he said. "I suppose, doc, it's certain he'll never walk again."

"Now you've got me," the doctor protested. "I'd risk my professional reputation that fall he got on the sleety pavement did no worse harm to his shrunken shanks than bark them up pretty generally. There were bruises, of course, and on the shoulder and side as well. I told him he'd be out and about in plenty time for the Christmas trade, but from the first he stood me up and down that he'd never take another steady step, and so far, I'm bound to admit, he was right. There's nothing on earth the matter with his legs, nothing at least that I or the other doctors can see. Against that there is the fact that the minute he tries to stand on them they do the joint rule act—double under him as though they hadn't strength to bear up a spider. The trouble must lie in the nerves. If that's what you meant, I agree with you that it's a pity. I thought you had reference to the trick he's played on Joe Beenam."

"What is it?" asked Merton, the third of the group. "You know I've been away six months! Tell me all about it."

"Not much to tell," Dr. Waters said. "You know Florrie Ezell"—

"I ought to, considering she sent me away," Merton broke in ruefully. "You don't mean Joe is gone on her like the rest of us? I thought"—

"You've hit it," the doctor said. "Joe did stand out mighty well against the prevailing infection, but a man never knows what's coming to him until it hits him square in the face."

"Lord! To think of Joe, the 'bomb-proof,' we called him," Merton chuckled. "How did it happen? Tell me all about it."

Merton, a newly evolved drummer, had given what he would have called "a comprehensive order." Dr. Waters also chuckled as he answered, nodding his head by way of emphasizing his points: "Well, you see, it's this way: The hour struck for Joe when he saw Florrie Ezell swirling around, a blue tarlatan angel, in a waltz with Bob Acton at the Pattons' party. Florrie's a pretty girl anyway you see her. That night she was particularly fetching. But that wasn't the thing. I insist Joe's time had come. He knew it. Soon as the waltz was over he flew to Florrie—didn't get a yard away from her all the evening."

"It was a freezing time, as I remember," Lew Bayne interrupted, with a laugh. "Indian summer up to dusk; then a cold rain, that turned to sleet in short order. Say, didn't old Gib get his fall that very night?"

"I'm coming to that, if you'll wait," the doctor ran on. "I tell you that was a sleet to remember. Joe, of course, wouldn't let Florrie walk home, though the Ezell house is only six blocks from the Pattons'. No, siree! He telephoned for the finest rig at the livery stable and bundled all that blue tarlatan in it as snug as you please. I heard Florrie protesting that she ought really to wait for papa, but we all persuaded her papa wouldn't think of risking himself upon pavement like glass. We ought to have known better. Old Gib always does the thing that any other man would let alone."

"Bet a hat he came," Merton said, chuckling more than ever.

"You win—from yourself," Dr. Waters answered. "He came, he didn't see his daughter, he went back swearing like a trooper, though he is a deacon, and he fell right before Master Joe's fine rig, coming back from leaving Miss Florrie safe at the gate. Of course Joe picked him up and carried him home. Equally, of course, old Gib hates him for doing it. By the time I got to him next morning he was fully persuaded Joe was at the bottom of his fall, with Florrie as accessory; said they ran away and left him, hoping he'd break his neck, so Joe could have both his daughter and his store. You know he didn't take overkindly to competition anyway"—

"That he didn't! Why, he even wrote to our credit man to keep a peeled eye on Joe," Merton interrupted.

"That's like him," Dr. Waters said. "I tell you, boys, nature must work along a certain line of compensation. I'm sure she slapped into old Gib all the small meannesses due to two generations of Ezells—it may even be three. His father was a fine man, and his daughter is just as good a woman as ever was made."

"About Joe, now?" Merton queried. Dr. Waters frowned.

"Joe courted Florrie with such a rush that in a week they were engaged. Then he went right in to old Gib and had it out with him—told him all about himself and his business, in and out, up and down—but the substance of it was he wanted Florrie for his wife, and would do whatever old Gib said if only he could get her. And then the old crocodile pretended to cry; said Florrie was all he had to live for; he hoped Joe wouldn't press him for an answer then, nor, indeed, talk of an engagement until he was either dead or himself again. You know how soft hearted old Joe is, and how he hangs on to his word once he passes it. Of course he promised, never mistrusting the old wretch was playing him. So there you are! Florrie's worrying and losing color because Joe only speaks when they pass by, but don't come to the house. Joe's about desperate, and old Gib is fattening and getting ten years younger—on spite and crutches. What the end is to be nobody can guess."

"Can old Gib be shamming?" Merton asked. Dr. Waters shook his head. "I thought so at first," he said. "But if he is it beats anything in the books. There's certainly nothing wrong with his legs, except that they're a bit flabby. It's equally as certain he can't walk on them. I think sometimes he has hypnotized himself. If it was just deceit and what I call cussedness, I would have been able before this to take him off his guard."

"Well, I can at least go over and condole with Joe," Merton said, stepping across the street. "And maybe sympathy will be worth an order," he called back over his shoulder as he struck the store steps.

* * * * * * * * *

Although it was late March, it was still nipping cold. A red fire roared in the base burner inside old Gib's store. Old Gib himself sat close beside it, his eye ranging all the miscellaneous merchandise which crowded shelves and floor. His three clerks had been on the jump all morning, but toward noon there came a lull. He was about to send two of them off to dinner when the door opened wide, and Merton came through, with Joe Beenam in his wake and Dr. Waters and Lew Bayne marching solemnly behind. Joe's face was white, his eyes brilliant, his figure tense in every line. Indeed he looked desperate, and his voice rang hard as he said, stopping short three feet away:

"Mr. Ezell, I have come to ask you, here in the presence of these witnesses, to release me from my promise. You know well how it was given—with a total misapprehension of the truth."

"You mean you want to take my daughter, as well as my trade, and leave me, a cripple, to starve!" old Gib roared.

Joe set his teeth. "I mean nothing of the sort!" he said. "Give me your daughter, and our home shall be yours. I will serve and care for you as I would for my own father"—

"You won't get the chance," old Gib sneered. Joe half turned to his friends and whispered sepulchrally: "Go away! Quick!"

"Going to murder me, hey?" old Gib sniffed.

Joe stood very straight. The others had slunk toward the door, with the awed clerks huddling after. They heard Joe shout:

"It is not murder! I shall give my life to free Florrie from your intolerable tyranny!"

Then they saw him fling wide the stove door and dash into it what seemed like several pounds of gunpowder.

Old Gib saw it too. With one wild, whooping yell he leaped from his chair, regardless of crutches, of everything but flight, rushed madly for the door, darted through it and did not pause until he came panting and trembling to his own gate. As he clung there the others overtook him, as breathless as himself betwixt running and laughing.

Dr. Waters made a low bow. "If I had thought three pounds of black sand would be so effectual, I would have had you well long ago," he said.

Merton dragged Joe forward. "If you want to kick anybody, kick me," he said to old Gib. "I put this lad," patting Joe's shoulder, "up to playing you that trick."

"Humph! I knew he didn't have the brains for it himself," old Gib snorted. But, though he had found his legs, he was none the less old Gib. The fact was proved by his letting Joe and Florrie marry almost out of hand and presenting them with both his store and his blessing.

MR. BOWSER'S LATEST

HE TAKES UP THE STUDY OF ENTOMOLOGY FOR A CHANGE.

It Was Very Interesting at First, but While Hunting For Grasshoppers the Amateur Entomologist Had a Narrow Escape.

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

MR. BOWSER was half an hour late in reaching home the other evening, and Mrs. Bowser was wondering whether the police or kidnapers had got hold of him when he turned up with a bland expression of countenance and explained:

"I had a call from Professor Girdlestone just as I was ready to leave the office and was therefore detained for a few minutes."

"How much did he want to borrow?" innocently asked Mrs. Bowser.

"Borrow? Borrow? Who said he wanted to borrow?"

"No one, but I thought he might have heard of you and dropped in to ask a loan."

"What sort of talk is this?" demanded Mr. Bowser as he flushed up and grew belligerent. "Do you mean that Professor Girdlestone might have heard of me as a soft snap?"

THE HOPPER ROSE OUT OF THE BOX.

"But you do lend money, don't you?"

"Never! Never in this living world! I never loaned a red cent to any human being in all my life, and you know it."

"I thought you told me of about fifty different parties who had deadbeat you."

"Never! I never told you of one. No man has ever deadbeat me. The idea that a man like Professor Girdlestone cannot call on me without wanting to work me for a loan! I don't like such innuendoes, and I want no more of them."

"I don't remember to have ever heard of Professor Girdlestone," quietly remarked Mrs. Bowser after a minute or two.

"Oh, you don't! Well, he is on earth just the same, and he happens to rank as one of the greatest entomologists of the age. I may further inform you that he called to see me professionally."

"About entomology?"

"Yes, about entomology. He wanted my assistance in a certain matter, and I promised to aid him all I could. You may not regard it as an honor to be professionally associated with the foremost man of his profession, but I do. I only wish I was so situated that I could drop everything else and take up the study of entomology. It is one of the most interesting things on earth."

Mrs. Bowser realized that Mr. Bowser had been "worked" again, but as to what direction and to what extent she must wait for his explanation. It was not long in coming. After walking up and down for three or four minutes he stopped and took a paper box from his pocket and said:

"I have here a grasshopper. I presume you have seen such an insect?"

"Yes."

"A question has arisen among entomologists in regard to his habits. Some contend that he sleeps during the hours of darkness; others that he requires no sleep at all. I am to observe him for two or three nights and report. Isn't he a fine specimen of his class? He is awake now, of course, but later on, when the house gets still, he may seek slumber. Let us study him for a moment as he is. Can you fathom nature's object in making his hind legs so long?"

Mrs. Bowser had no need to answer the question. Those hind legs gave a kick and the hopper rose out of the box and landed half way across the room, but hardly had he struck the floor when the cat leaped off the lounge and snapped him up.

"By thunder!" shouted Mr. Bowser as soon as he could get his breath. "By thunder and Saturn and Mars and the great horrspoon, but I'll have her life for that!"

He didn't get it, though. With the dead hopper in her mouth the cat made three circles of the room and then went out of an open window into the back yard, and the study of entomology was knocked into a cocked hat for the time being.

"But you can easily get another," suggested Mrs. Bowser in a consoling way.

"I shall get another, of course," replied Mr. Bowser, "and it is needless to add that a painful death awaits that cat tomorrow morning. She shall die by inches. I presume I shall have to walk a mile or so to find another hopper, but at the same time I may solve the question of whether he sleeps or not. There should be plenty of them in the suburbs."

"But you won't be so foolish as to go hunting grasshoppers at night," she protested.

"Certainly I will. I have promised to observe the insect and report, and I propose to do it. If I'm not back by 10 o'clock, you can go to bed. I may have opportunity to study the hopper on his native heath, and if so it would be much better."

Mrs. Bowser argued and protested, but without avail. Mr. Bowser felt that the scientific world awaited his decision, and he clapped on his hat and started off. The cat saw him depart and meowed mournfully, but conscience had been aroused too late. Mr. Bowser had walked fully a mile before he reached an expanse of vacant real estate on which he might hope to find grasshoppers resting after their hopful toil of the day. He turned aside and got down on his knees to search about, and he had been at work for ten minutes without making a discovery when a man came across the unfenced field with a club in his hand and called out:

"Now, then, what in blazes are you doing here?"

"I'm looking for grasshoppers," replied Mr. Bowser as he rose up.

"What? What's that? Say, you old bloke, don't try to guy me! I'm on to you bigger'n a house. You have buried stolen property here and are trying to find it."

"My dear sir, I"—

"Get out!"

"I want to say"—

But the man rushed at him with uplifted club, and Mr. Bowser had to put his best foot foremost to get away. He covered half a mile of highway before he stopped, and he had sat down to get his breath when two men and a dog came along. The men might have passed him, but the dog spotted him at once and rushed upon him with such violence that he was knocked over. His yells brought the men to him, and one of them piled on to him at once and shouted to his companion:

"Grab hold of his foot, Jim! We've got the thief who has been stealing our chickens! Lie still, you old skulk, or I'll knock the top of your head off!"

Mr. Bowser started in to explain, but he had only got as far as to give his name and address when the man gave him a wallop and cried out:

"You old liar, but don't think to deceive us! Where are your partners in this chicken business?"

A second explanation was attempted. This one included Professor Girdlestone and grasshoppers, but the assailants shouted their disbelief and rage and thumped Mr. Bowser on twenty-seven different portions of his anatomy. How he got to his feet, how he fought for his life, how he fled and fell over obstructions, but finally left even the dog behind, are matters that must be suppressed until Mr. Bowser is at rest and some other brain has solved the grasshopper question. He reached home at midnight. He was a human wreck. Mrs. Bowser and the cat were waiting his arrival, and they stood before him as he opened the door.

"About grasshoppers?" queried Mrs. Bowser after a long look at him.

He uttered no word in reply.

"Do they sleep at night, or do they remain awake to run folks all over the country and tear the clothes off their back?"

Mr. Bowser looked from her to the cat and back, scratched his head in a dazed way and then slowly climbed the stairs and disappeared.

M. QUAD.

His Own Coin.

Iceman—How much for this ham?

Shrewd Groceryman—Don't know exactly. Just bring in your ice scales and we'll weigh it.—New York Weekly.

The Wonderful Number Seven.

Seven is a number of great prominence and singularity. There are seven planets, seven metals, seven colors and seven tastes; there are seven principal virtues—three divine and four cardinal; there are seven days in the week and seven ages of man; there are seven windows through which the ordinary senses are exercised—the eyes, the ears, the nostrils and the mouth; there are seven liberal arts, seven sciences and seven notes in music; the seventh son is a wonder, and the seventh son of a seventh son is simply marvelous in his healing powers.

Indian Tea.

More than 524,000 acres of land in the Indian possessions of Great Britain are devoted to the cultivation of tea, nine-tenths of the area being in Assam and Bengal. Production is officially estimated at 191,250,000 pounds.

A Great Iron Mountain.

Near the city of Durango, Mexico, is an iron mountain 640 feet high, and the iron is from 60 to 70 per cent pure. The metallic mass spreads in all directions for a radius of three or four miles. The entire deposit is sufficient to supply all the iron required in the world for 1,000 years.

FREAKS OF WILL MAKERS.

A Case In Which Authenticity Was Curiously Proved.

It is probable that a whole volume, and a very interesting one at that, might be composed of the freaks of legal evidence in will cases. The evidence is often purely documentary; hence the paradoxes which arise from time to time in its interpretation. If ever such a volume comes to be published, it will surely be incomplete if the following case, told by John Corwin of the firm of Harris, Corwin & Gunnison, is left out:

"The testatrix," said Mr. Corwin, "died in Brooklyn some years ago, and it devolved upon me, as her lawyer, to find and probate her will. In a trunk I found an envelope containing a number of very small pieces of paper, on both sides of which was writing. Inside the flap of that envelope was written, 'This will is all here,' in the handwriting and with the signature of the testatrix.

"You must remember that these scraps of paper were very small indeed." The paradox is this—that the extreme smallness of the scraps was the evidence that this torn paper was the last will and testament of the deceased. The law recognizes tearing as one method by which a testator may revoke a will, and the intention to revoke is presumed in a testator who so tears one. But if a contrary intention can be proved by another act done at the same time then the tearing of the will does not revoke it. Now, in this case the words 'This will is all here' clearly showed that the testatrix meant those scraps of paper to be regarded as her will. It remained to prove that she so meant at the time when she tore the paper. If she had torn the paper at one moment, intending by that act to revoke the will, and had subsequently written those words without witnesses or other legal formality, meaning to revive the force of the revoked will, then the latter act was legally invalid and the will could not be probated. Surrogate Abbott took this view.

"My contention was that the writing on the flap of the envelope was in technical language a part of the same res gesta as the tearing of the will. I argued that if the testatrix had torn that paper at one time and put it in that envelope at another some of the pieces, small as they were, must surely have become lost in the interval. The extreme minuteness of the pieces, coupled with the fact that not one piece was missing, was my evidence that the tearing and the putting into that envelope were one res gesta.

"I had quite clearly demonstrated the presence of every piece by taking a sheet of glass covered with white of egg and carefully reconstructing the whole sheet of paper upon it, leaving each piece with the same side to the glass as its fellows. In this way I was able to present the will in legible shape. Its physical completeness established my point to the surrogate's satisfaction, for the presumption that the placing of the pieces in the envelope and the writing on the flap were one res gesta was in my favor. And so I succeeded in probating that will."

To the lay mind the mystery of the tearing of the will remains no less interesting than the curious legal evidence of its validity. People who make wills notoriously indulge in strange fancies at times, and it may be that this woman resorted to the expedient of tearing up her will precisely because that was one of the last things which any one who wished to preserve a will would be likely to do with it, and consequently no one who wished to steal the will would be likely to look for it in an envelope containing only minute scraps of paper.—Exchange.

National Hatreds.

King Joseph, in one of his letters, tells his imperial brother of France that the people of Naples have begun to love their new sovereign and that they hate the old queen. To this Napoleon replies by cynically advising his brother not to believe any of the nonsense talked by courtiers as regards popular likes or dislikes for particular individuals. They are mere evanescent expressions of feeling upon which it is quite unsafe to depend. "What," he adds, "one nation really hates is another nation." We fear that there is a profound truth in this saying. National hatreds are never obliterated, though they are sometimes temporarily concealed by the personal popularity which a particular man or woman may gain in a foreign country.—Saturday Review.

Brussels Lace.

After Waterloo M. Trayaux, a leading lace merchant, turned his warehouse into a hospital for British soldiers. Such virtue was not left to be its own reward. His good action was noised abroad, and when the stream of tourists set in again all the English made it a point of honor to buy lace of him; hence in a few years his fortune was made.

Many attempts have been made to make brussels lace away from Brussels, always though without success. Though the mechanical processes are strictly followed, something in the air or water or soil gives a hallmark that nothing else can attain.

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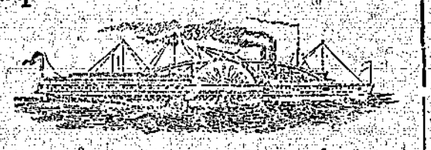

S. S. "City of Nanaimo."

WINTER SCHEDULE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE
OCTOBER 25th, 1902.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2—Daily. A.M		No. 4—Sunday P.M.
De 9 00	Victoria	D 3.00
" 9.28	Coldstream	" 3 28
" 10.24	Koenig's	" 4.24
" 11.00	Duncan's	" 5.00
P M		P M.
" 12 40	Nanaimo	" 6 41
Ar 12 53	Wellington	Ar. 7.03

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1—Dail A. M.		No. 3—Sunday A.M.
De. 8 00	Wellington	De. 3 00
" 8 20	Nanaimo	" 3 15
" 10 02	Duncan's	" 5.00
" 10.42	Koenig's	" 5.36
" 11 38	Coldstream	" 6 32
Ar 12 00	Victoria	Ar 7.00

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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.

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 in-

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, MARCH 10, 1903

ductly 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 recesimed 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 particular, in his book.

24. It shall be lawful for the Pound-keeper, or his assistant, or other persons as 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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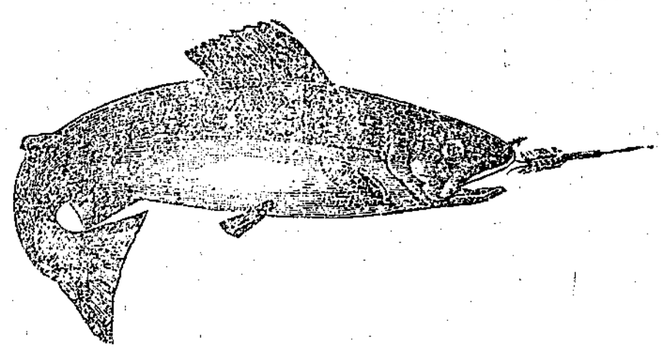

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NEWS OFFICE.

CAPTAIN FYFE OF THE SIXTH

By J. M. LYALL.

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When the Indians of the United States begin the ghost dance, the army prepares for an outbreak. In India when a new prophet comes down from the Himalaya mountains and begins to stir up the people orders are issued to suppress him at once. He is either captured by the military and banished from the province or arrested by the civil authorities and immured in a dungeon until forgotten. The English in India are arbitrary and autocratic. They realize that they are living over a volcano which may spout flame and death any hour. They move quickly and strike hard.

The coming of a prophet means popular excitement, plots and conspiracies, rekindling of the flames of hatred, danger to the English rule. Strong hands must be laid on the holy man at once. Perhaps there will be resistance, and a score of natives will be killed, and the resistance may even grow into an incipient rebellion, but the English put it down, bury the dead and give out nothing for publication. To rule India without gloves of steel would be to lose her in a year.

When the Prophet Rajmahal came down to the province of Behar from his mountain retreat, in which he claimed to have slept and dreamed for twenty years, intense excitement followed in his track. He headed straight for Moorshedabad, on the Ganges, to visit the ruins of an ancient temple and the tombs of his long dead ancestors, but he was headed off sixty miles to the north of that place. A lieutenant in the Sixth rifles had been detailed with half the troop on this special duty.

While it is true that most of the so-called prophets and holy men wandering about India are fakirs of the worst sort, who stir up excitement and sedition for the money there is in it, it is also true that a few of them are earnest and conscientious and should be dealt with harshly only after argument has been exhausted. The lieutenant found the Prophet Rajmahal to be a venerable and distinguished looking man. His age must have been eighty years or more, and yet he was sturdy and upright and had a voice like a clarion. He was a fluent speaker, full of argument, reason and appeal, and he was lighting a flame of zeal in every village he passed through. He utterly refused any cash contributions, lived on what the dogs would hardly eat and addressed the people without fear of consequences. He had dreamed of emancipation, and a new ruler. It was sedition straight from the shoulder, and in less than a month he could set the whole province in rebellion.

When the lieutenant came face to face with the prophet, he resolved to try reason and argument. The officer could but yield respect and did not desire to see him dragged around the country, disgraced and degraded. Rajmahal was for defiance at first, and he had enough adherents in his train to have eaten the troops ten times over, but after an interview lasting for hours he recognized the force of English logic and announced that he would return to his mountain lair.

The prophet was as good as his word, but his return was slow. This was caused solely by the crowds blocking his way and exhorting him to defy the government. He had not yet made fifty miles on the backward track when Captain Fyfe came on with the rest of the troop. The lieutenant was relieved from duty under a cloud, and orders were issued to push the old man out of the province at the point of the saber. Captain Fyfe overtook him, pronounced him a fakir, an impostor and a charlatan, and, wishing to make the degradation complete, pulled him by the beard and spat on his raiment.

This scene took place in the open air in sight of 3,000 people and the full company of soldiers. The act mortally offended every law of caste and religion, and instead of raising shouts of indignation the natives simply groaned in horror. It was the handsome, contemptuous Captain Fyfe, clad in full uniform, who stepped forward and gathered the long white beard in his clutch. It was a wan faced, misshapen and cringing native who fell back before the uplifted hand of the prophet. Captain Fyfe had disappeared off the face of the earth while the eyes of all that vast crowd were full upon him. Three thousand people looked upon the strange scene, and 100 of them were English soldiers. A hundred different men swore to it, and it was talked over wherever two Englishmen met in India. But the press dared not refer to it for fear of encouraging the natives.

The second lieutenant, now in charge of the troop, rode through that crowd a score of times, but his captain was not to be found. He beat up the country around, he coaxed and threatened, but the Prophet Rajmahal strode on, with his face to the mountains, and his followers were dumb. The troops had to turn back. No sooner had the report reached the colonel at Gyah than the second officer was put under arrest. At his trial every man in the command testified to the facts as above related. It was against common sense to believe the story, but could they say that a hundred men had conspired to lie? They had to accept their testimony and clear the officer, and the only thing left was to poohpooh it and forbid the soldiers to talk.

What had become of the native who had stepped into Captain Fyfe's boots, as it were, no one could say. He had drawn back and mingled with the crowd and then disappeared.

Weeks and months went by. Then one day a strange Hindoo was seen hanging about the cantonment. His face was like that of a monkey rather than of a man, and his misshapen legs gave him a queer gait. A soldier went forward with a stick to drive him away, but the idler protested, weeping, and after speaking in a strange jargon he forced out the words:

"Take me—take me to the colonel!"

Ambling and clucking and chattering, he was passed to the colonel. Now and then a native came in with reports worth heeding, and this "thing" was supposed to be the bearer of some such news. Standing before the colonel, he stuttered and stammered and giggled like a fool. What few words he did utter no one could understand. The colonel lost patience and spoke to him sharply, and the "thing" groveled at his feet.

"Try your cane on him," said the colonel to a captain who had been drawn thither by curiosity.

"That will make him speak," replied the captain as he brought the cane down over the chatterer's shoulders.

So it did. He sprang up, screamed out like a wild beast two or three times, and then, holding out his hands in appeal, he cried distinctly:

"Colonel, don't you know me? I am Captain Fyfe!"

"God in heaven!" gasped the colonel, springing to his feet.

"I am! I am! I tell you, I am Captain Fyfe, and I want to come back here!"

Horror struck, the officers looked into his hideous face and at his deformed limbs, and no man could speak.

"I tell you, I am Captain Fyfe!" screamed the "thing," "but you won't believe it—you don't want me. I will go back!"

And as the group continued to stare and wonder and feel their blood run chill he ran out of the room, fled across the grounds with growls and cackles, and before a move was made to prevent he was out of sight behind some buildings. The closest search was made, but in vain. For months and months watch was kept for him, but he never returned.

Nature Study That Failed.

A certain clever teacher in a public school once congratulated herself on having given her geography class a vivid idea of islands by cutting out pieces of brown paper and pinning them on the wall. "That's all very well," said the master of the school, speaking from a longer experience of the youthful mind, "but those children will go out into life with a fixed idea that an island is a piece of brown paper pinned on the wall." The New York Post says that two little "fresh air" girls were noticed on the morning after their arrival gazing at the landscape with evident disapproval.

"What's the matter, children?" asked their hostess. "Why are you disappointed with the country?"

"Why, there's no grass here," said one, pulling a blade and biting the end of it.

The lady could only stare. "What is your idea of grass?" she asked at last.

Little by little the truth came out. To begin with, grass, they thought, was about the height of a man.

"If this were taller, would it be like grass?" asked the lady.

"Oh, no!"

"How is it different?"

"Why, grass is black," said one child.

"Black and white," added the other.

Then the explanation became apparent. They had drawn their ideas of vegetation from the black and white prints of newspapers and books.

Lines In Maple Wood.

Nobody seems to know what cause it is which produces those delicate and beautiful lines in maple known as birdseye. Some people think they come from the hundreds of little branches which shoot out over the trunk of the tree as soon as a clearing is made around it. Expert timbermen say that is not the case. The only way to tell a birdseye maple tree is to cut it. There are no outward signs by which one can judge. The Railroad Gazette tells a story of the late George M. Pullman. Many years ago he was offered a mahogany log for $3,000, to be cut into veneers. It was supposed to be a very fine piece of wood, but this could only be determined by cutting it. He declined the offer, but agreed to take the log cut into veneers for what it was worth. The owner had it sawed and was paid $7,000 for his veneers. Any one who can discover the secret of determining the interior nature of wood from the outside will have a fortune.

Unhappy Princesses.

The figures the old maids presented to the astonished court when they returned to take their places at Versailles may be seen today in the portraits by Nattier, which adorn the walls of the palace where they lived their futile, often mischievous lives. The very names Louis jovially fastened upon these melancholy dames illuminate the scene and the attributes of the royal maidens. Loque, Coche, Graille and Chiffe were the endearing titles by which the fond father addressed his daughters. The terms are not quite translatable, but they signify Rag, Piggy, Sloppy, Tatters. None possessed a single trait of beauty, none had intellectual resources above the ordinary scullion maid save the elder, Mme. Adelaide, who had just enough ability to make misery in court and camp. Their existence was a constant mortification of the flesh.—Era.

Knew Him as a Sharper.

Lord Brampton, when he was Mr. Justice Hawkins, when on circuit, finding a long summer evening drag on his hands, took a turn in the lanes, and, staying at a rural inn for a cup of tea, his ears were assailed by the charmed sound of the falling ninepins.

With a lively eagerness he inquired of the landlord if there was an alley on the premises. By way of answer the landlord conducted him thither. The goodly company assembled eyed the newcomer with greedy eyes, thinking they would lead him on to an advantageous game.

The learned judge at once acceded to their invitation, in the course of a very short time relieving every gentleman in the place of his spare shillings.

Then the landlord thought it time to intervene and, touching his lordship on the back, said:

"Look here, my fine friend, we have had your sort here before, and if you don't want to shake hands with the police you'd better get out of this!"

His lordship went.—London Standard.

Crust Coffee.

An old fashioned invalid drink is called crust coffee. Over the equivalent of two slices of bread toasted a golden brown in the oven pour one pint of boiling water. Steep gently for fifteen minutes, strain and serve, adding sugar and cream to taste.

A Staying Meal.

Half a pound of dry bread, a quarter of a pound of nut kernels and a pound of raw fruit furnish a dinner, it is said, that will give good staying power for six or eight hours.

Awfully Benighted.

Dasherly—Is he so very ignorant?

Flasherly—Ignorant? Why, actually, he doesn't even know a cure for colds

Composite.

Guest (in Chinese restaurant)—This is what you call chop suey, is it, John? What is it made of?

Proprietor—Ev'lyting.—Chicago Tribune.

A Frequent Fault.

"There's only one criticism I would make of your novel."

"What is that?"

"It isn't novel."

Fashion Item.

Though knowledge of feminine fashions and fads
Is more, I confess, than I've got,
A beau, I believe, is in permanent style
If tied in a nuptial knot.

I wonder why it is we are not all kinder than we are. How easily it is done! How instantaneously it acts How infallibly it is remembered!—Drummond.

Swiss Cheese.

The best cheese made in Switzerland is usually exported and is seldom to be had even in the famous hotels of that country.

Acid Fruit Juice.

The juice of any acid fruit can be made into sirup by adding a pound of white sugar to every pint of juice and boiling ten minutes. Seal in pint cans.

Ground Glass Imitation.

To imitate ground glass dissolve epsom salts in beer and apply it with a brush to the glass. As it dries it crystallizes.

Teeth In Germany.

Sound teeth are rare in Germany. Among 19,725 school children 95 per cent were found to have caries.

Invitation.

"I suppose in the collecting business," said the inquisitive man, "nearly every man you go to see asks you to call again."

"Ask me?" replied the collector. "Some of them dare me."

The Wary Purchaser.

Mrs. Youngwed—And what are these?

Dealer—Salt mackerel, mum.

Mrs. Y.—Are they quite fresh?

THE PERPLEXED EDITOR.

Once there was an editor,
Cynical and grey,
Scanned the morning paper;
"Nothing new to-day,
How can I be lively?
Everything so trite—
O Lord, tell me something—
Something new to write!"

Longing he looked eastward,
Then he squinted west,
Foraging the universe
For what would please 'em best.
War Cloud in the Balkans,
Russia wants Herat,
Sultan Killing Christians,
Bernhardt Growing Fat;
Nother Crazy Prophet
Getting Filled with Lead;
Ruler of Afghanistan,
Smuggling Guns, 'Tis Said;
Nihilists in Russia
Busy Throwing Bombs;
Salisbury's Family
Grabbing All the Plums;
Usual Elections
Going on in France,
Customary duel,
No One Takes a Chance;
Lovely Royal Princess
Underneath the Ban,
Family Didn't Like Her
Marrying a Man;
Kaiser Talking Foolish,
Balfour Talking Golf,
Chamberlain is Chortling,
Roosevelt Blowing Off;
Shah of Persia Dabbling
Germany a Wolf;
Czar of Russia Reaching
For the Persian Gulf;
Emperor of China
In a Parlous State,
Empress and the Mandarins
Risings Instigate;
Tariff Walls Are Higher,
Protection Undismayed;
Britain, Mighty, Prosperous,
Besotted With Free Trade;
Little Row in Italy;
Diplomatic Squall,
Pope Won't Look at Callers
From the Quirinal;
Trouble Brews in Austria,
Anarchists Again;
Crowned Heads Dodging Bullets,
Stoning Priests in Spain;
Venezuela Seething—
Bloody Civil War—
Neither Side Quite Certain
What It's Fighting For;
High New York Society
Autos Still on Deck;
Chauffeur Broke a Record,
Also Broke His Neck;
Morgan Forming Syndicates
Up Among the Stars;
Yerkes Planning Penny Tubes
In the Planet Mars;
Carnegie Disgorging
A Library a Day;
Camel and the Needle's Eye,
Lots To Give Away.

As he looks it over,
He said with Solomon,
"There's nothing new to write about
Underneath the Sun."

—H. F. G., in Toronto Star.

SLAVES OF CHEAPNESS.

Intensity of the Life of Match Box Makers in England.

Here is a sketch by a London Daily Mail reporter of how 144 match boxes can be made for 2d. The workers were a widow and two small girls, and at 11.30 a.m. a bed and the bedroom floor were littered and heaped with the morning's output, cleared from the living room. The quantity was very surprising.

A stern little woman of fifteen sat at a table working by the window, and there was nothing so well worth pondering in the two cells—they were no bigger or better than cells—as this unprepossessing child's hard mouth, strict inattention to visitors, and almost magical dexterity. She is not the victim of a mother's indolence. A missioner of the Ragged School Union, who lives near this woman, and by whom the writer was introduced to her pretty abode under the leads, knows her to have been a steady maker of match boxes for 30 years. She is a mother of exceptional physique, energetic, large, masculine, but too gross of body at 50 for any but a sedentery occupation. In her lifetime the market price of her skill has fallen to what may be very strictly called a living wage. Of two husbands she has had, the first was a wastrel and the second died soon.

What the child was doing had the deftness and fascination of the Charlier pass in legerdermain, which few entertainers every accomplish. The feat is to paste up as a drawer, in five swift movements, an indented strip and a square of thin wood with a band of paper. Take a match box drawer to pieces and try to imagine how it could have been put together at the rate of six a minute. There is no tragic hurry about it The girl sat bolt upright, and her hands rapidly produced the drawers without nervousness. But as the parts were held together on the finger-tips of one hand while those of the other turned the paper over them, the operation struck one as requiring a particular development and trick of every finger-muscle. Match box making is like playing the pianoforte; there is one good method, and you must begin young and practise hard all your life. Two experts working in partnership, and having someone to fetch and carry for them so that they may live without interrupting the drudgery, can sit at a small table and earn from 2s to 2s 6d a day of twelve or thirteen hours.

Half a crown a day is 15s a week, and that leaves 9s 6d when the rent is put aside. "Praise God," said the Cockney missioner with surprise; "that all you pay?" The widow has four children, and 9s 6d a week allows five persons threepence each a day for food, fire and clothing. It is said that at least twopence more is necessary. The widow gets it from her eldest boy, a cripple of nineteen, who earns 15s a week at tailoring and lets her have 8s.

Egyptian Specialists.

The ancient Egyptians had dentists as well as specialists for diseases of the eyes and ears.

THE FREIGHT CONGESTION

How an Eminent Railway Journal Views the Situation.

The recent congestion of freight traffic has served to emphasize one great need in railroad service. The business of the country moves in cycles. A period of depression is followed by a corresponding period of expansion, which in turn gives way to another of contraction, and so on. It has been the evident aim of the railroads to keep somewhat in advance of the normal average requirements and under the circumstances they cannot be blamed. It costs money to provide second, third and fourth tracks, yard facilities, engines and cars, and with a constantly declining scale of railway rates it was the exercise of the soundest business sense to proceed cautiously. The general notion that a railroad is obliged to be at all times fully equipped for promptly handling everything that may be offered for transportation is altogether a mistaken one. There is not a road in the country that could have afforded to provide itself with adequate facilities for the present year's business. To have done so would have required the outlay of immense sums of money in the way of track, engines, and cars which probably would be forced to lie idle most of the time in the next few years to come. It is easy to say that the new conditions must be met, but if railroads are to make the maximum requirements the measurement of regular supply, they will have to be put in a position to earn a great deal more money. It should be understood that the ultimate cost of all railroading is paid for by the people, and that the railroads on their part are willing to do all that is necessary, provided only that the bills are paid. The amount of protest against any advance in rates in the face of continual and urgent demands for greater facilities is one of the inconsistencies which abound in all the dealings of the public with the railroads.—Chicago Railway Age.

CULINARY CONCEITS.

Many cooks insist that a slice of lemon cooked with boiling lamb "cuts the greasy taste."

Adding a sprinkle of powdered sage gives a good flavor to pork, whether it be a roast, chops or tenderloin saute.

Eggs are said to be more digestible if boiled twenty minutes, as the yolks then become mealy and are easily acted upon by the gastric juice.

It is said the flavor of baked beans is greatly improved by adding a half teaspoonful of dry mustard to the water poured over them when they are transferred to the baking dish.

For a cream toast, toast slices of bread a golden brown, butter while hot and pour thick cream over them. Let them remain in the oven until cream is heated and then serve.

The expression "folding in" the whites of eggs, much used in directions for cakemaking, means stirring them in the mixture carefully, cutting the batter and folding it over and over.

When tea has been put into the teapot, it should at once be filled up with boiling water. It is a great mistake to put only a little drop of water on the leaves first, filling the pot up afterward.

Her Kid Glove Pillow.

A utilitarian girl has devised a pretty pillow and a sensible one as well. She uses the wrists and part of the backs of discarded kid gloves for her purpose, as every woman well knows that when a glove is worn out its wrists are still "as good as new."

Every woman, too, acquires sooner or later a lot of wrinkled wrists of everything from party to walking gloves, and she wonders, if she thinks about it at all, what they are good for.

But the girl who makes everything do duty in some way has made the coolest, smoothest, nerve soothing pillow in the world.

She cut her glove wrists into triangles and squares and whatever shapes she could to employ all of the clean parts to the best advantage. These she basted down upon a canvas lining and then worked them with "catstitch" in yellow floss. The effect was charming, with the warm autumnal shades and the soft grays and ivories. To judge by the looks of it after a good deal of hard and thoughtless wear, it will outlast any silk or damask one that was ever made.

How to Clean Gilt Frames.

To clean gilt frames give a golden tinge to one pint of water by adding a little sulphur, then put it into a saucepan, add four onions or garlics bruised. Let it boil for ten minutes, take it off the fire, strain the liquor off and when cold wash the gilding with a soft painter's brush. This will greatly improve its appearance.

How to Cure Quinsy.

Any one suffering with quinsy should place a warm soot bag round the throat and keep it on as long as the patient can bear it.

How to Purify Damp Cellars.

The air of a damp cellar may be made drier and purer by placing in it an open box of fresh lime.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

HOW CAUSTIC BURNS.

Take a piece of woollen cloth, or a piece of a blanket, and boil it thoroughly in a strong solution of caustic soda, and you will find the wool will gradually be eaten away, leaving nothing but the skeleton. Women do not realize how "soap substitutes," which are generally surcharged with soda, or how common alkaline soaps destroy their clothing, consequently they, week by week, subject costly fabric to such treatment. The hands also are immersed for hours in such solutions, resulting in eczema, coarse skin, and brittle nails. The caustic soda may loosen the dirt, but it eats away the fabric and ruins the hands. There is no economy in such work. It is so easy for a woman to test the difference between an alkali charged soap and a neutral washing soap, that it is strange that there is room for any but a pure soap on the Canadian market. Sunlight Soap has been tested by chemists and analysts the world over, and its freedom from free alkali or caustic has been demonstrated by the highest medical authorities. Consequently the true saying, "Sunlight Soap reduces expenses." 602.

When a man is in love with a woman he listens to every word she says.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

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

Sold by druggists. Price, 75c per bottle.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The easiest way to flatter some people is to tell them they are flattery proof.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs—Your MINARD'S LINIMENT is our remedy for sore throat, colds and all ordinary ailments.

It never fails to relieve and cure promptly.

CHARLES WHOOTEN.

Port Mulgrave.

It may take nine tailors to make a man, but one tailor-made girl can unmake a dozen men.

Minard's Liniment Cures LaGrippe.

Pride makes one man ridiculous and prevents another from appearing so.

Monkey Brand Soap cleans kitchen utensils, steel, iron and tinware, knives and forks, and all kinds of cutlery.

It may be well to remember that the best friend you have on earth is a better friend to himself that he is to you.

40th Anniversary

For over Forty Years

Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum

AS A SPECIFIC FOR COUGHS, COLDS, ETC.

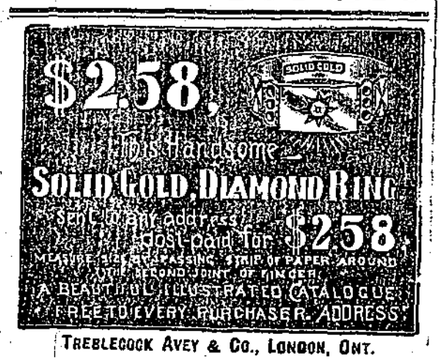
Has been tested and has become the Family Cough Specific of thousands throughout Canada and the United States. It never was more popular nor more largely used than it is to-day.

MERIT ALWAYS TELLS.

Cough Remedies come and go. New preparations are tried and abandoned, but the old reliable remains. The present is a trying season for both old and young, and colds, easily caught now are apt to remain for the winter unless promptly cured. No better remedy can be found than

Gray's Syrup

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



TREBLECOCK AVEY & CO., LONDON, ONT.

ACCIDENT TO A MINER

Strained His Back and Was Sent Home in Agony.

Laid Up all Winter, Dodd's Kidney Pills put Him on His Feet Again and Now He is Completely Cured.

Indian Brook, Victoria Co., N. S., Jan. 12.—(Special)—Angus D. McDonald, son of the postmaster here, is prominent among those in this district who swear by Dodd's Kidney Pills as a sure cure for those terrible pains in the back that are one of the surest symptoms of Kidney Disease. And Mr. McDonald has good reason for the stand he takes.

While at work in the coal pits he strained his back and was sent home in an agony of pain. The nearest doctor, twenty-five miles away, was sent for, but he could do little to relieve his suffering. This was in October, 1901, and he couldn't do a hand's turn of work till the spring of 1902.

Then a hotelkeeper advised him to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. That hotelkeeper didn't see him again until last August, and then his first question was: "Angus, how's your back?" "As well as ever it was," answered Angus. "What cured it?" "Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me completely."

And the postmaster at Indian Brook is always ready to testify to the truth of his son's statement.

Pains in the Back, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Dropsy and Heart Disease are caused by diseased kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure them.

Three things that beat a drum for noise are a small boy and two drumsticks.

Minard's Liniment is best Hair Restorer.

An Irish lawyer, in speaking of the demise of a colleague, said: "He left a brilliant future behind him."

WAKE UP, BABY!

A New Game For Mothers.

Baby's awakening ought to be looked forward to as a pleasure, not dreaded as a scourge. He should awaken bright, merry and full of fun, refreshed by sleep, ready for a good time.

How many mothers dread his awakening howls, knowing that he will keep everyone miserable until he goes to sleep again or gets his food. These crying fits are the terror of every inexperienced mother. Mrs. Gabriel Barnes, Six Mile Lake, Ont., is a mother who has learned how this trouble can be best met, and writes us as follows: "My baby suffered much from indigestion, and was cross and restless. I gave him several medicines, but they did not help him. I then got a box of Baby's Own Tablets, and they helped him almost at once, and have done him so much good that I would not now be without them. I can recommend Baby's Own Tablets to all mothers as the best medicine I have ever used for children." These Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug and can be given with absolute safety to the youngest, weakest infant. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail, post paid, at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

Waiters as a class are orderly men, yet they are frequently called to order.

Minard's Liniment is the best.

The art of conversation is not knowing what you ought to say, but what one ought not to say.

Many a man reserves the kind words his wife is entitled to for her tombstone.

Horse Health

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

Dick's Blood Purifier

will build up a run down horse.

It tones up the system, rids stomach of bots, worms and other parasites which undermine an animal's health.

50 cts. a package.

LEEMING MILES & CO.

AGENTS. - - - MONTREAL.

SIN GRAVEN UPON MARBLE.

Warning to Those Who Take Snuff During Worship.

There is a quaint old parish church in Plurien, Brittany, built in the early part of the fifteenth century and having, with many other primitive arrangements, the bell rope from the belfry hanging down from the roof of the nave and dangling just in front of the pulpit, so that the process of bell ringing is performed in full view of the congregation. But what was more peculiar was the projection at right angles from one of the walls (also near the pulpit) of a sculptured hand and arm of full size as though held out from the shoulder by somebody built into the solid fabric of the wall itself, and the hand opened and, palm upward and fingers extended, had a suggestion of appeal and solicitation which naturally provoked curiosity.

As there was no inscription or anything to hint at the nature of the story that evidently lay behind the sculptured limb, I made inquiry of a charming old lady who was decorating the altar with flowers in view of the next day's high mass, and she told me that many years ago, in the faroff past, there was a wicked villager who went indeed to mass, but was far from devout, and on one occasion he so far forgot himself in the service on a hot summer's day as to hold out his hand through the open door or window to an equally undevout friend outside for a pinch of snuff.

The pinch was duly given, but St. Peter, the patron saint of the church, was so scandalized by so terrible a want of reverence that he straightway paralyzed the arm of the offending snuff taker, who thereupon took to his bed and died, but not before he had admitted the justice of his punishment and had left directions in his will for setting up in the church of the marble reminder of his sin in order that all future villagers in Plurien might be warned against the terrible enormity of allowing any distraction to interrupt the devout hearing of the mass. It is a curious story and reminds one that there has been an infancy in religion as well as in most other of the great motive powers of existence.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

The rarest of flowers is candor.—Racine.

One golden day redeems a weary year.—Celia Thaxter.

Common sense is instinct, and enough of it is genius.—H. W. Shaw.

The misfortunes that are hardest to bear are those that never happen.—Lowell.

The highest exercise of charity is charity toward the uncharitable.—Buckminster.

He who believes in nobody knows that he himself is not to be trusted.—Auerbach.

Superiority to circumstances is one of the most prominent characteristics of great men.—Horace Mann.

Self laudation abounds among the unpolished, but nothing can stamp a man more sharply as ill bred.—Buxton.

Cheerfulness is like money well expended in charity—the more we dispense of it the greater our possession.

Open to Persuasion.

"Is your husband a strong willed man?" asked Mrs. Sampson of her neighbor, Mrs. Towne. After a moment's reflection Mrs. Towne replied:

"I don't know," she said dubiously. "I always thought he was, but the other day he went into a department store to get a new rug for the sitting room because he said he wouldn't go another day with our old shabby one.

"He happened to get off on the wrong floor, and he came home with four newfangled flatirons and a porcelain kettle and no sign of a rug. So you see I don't quite know what to say about him since then.

"All he told me was that you never knew just what you needed till you saw it right before you."—Youth's Companion.

Hackneys and Dachshunds.

Hackneys of skyscraping knee action are to some extent freaks in horseflesh of little more real value to mankind than dachshunds, the sawed off dwarfs among dogs. The little child who said of this ridiculous splayfooted, bowlegged caricature of the canine race that it must have been born under a bureau hit the mark exactly. The nose smiting, cloud capping horses that try to throw their front legs over their ears at every stride are grotesque aberrations from sound and admirable types. They and the dachshunds should disappear together.

Museums In Russia.

Museums are in much favor in Russia. Even in Siberia nearly every town of 10,000 inhabitants has one. The museum of Irkutsk is nearly a century old.

He Meant Well, But—

"This bell," said a well meaning sexton, when showing the belfry of an interesting village church to a party of visitors, "is only rung in case of a fire, a flood, a visit from the lord bishop of the diocese or any such calamities."

ASK FOR

Ogilvie Oats

Delicious flavor. Free from hulls. Warranted Pure.

Put up in all sized packages.

Ogilvie's Hungarian

As now manufactured, the great Family Flour.

Insist on getting "OGILVIE'S," as they are better than the best.

HAVE NO EQUAL.

The war is over! Don't pay war prices for highly puffed cheap TEA

Buy GOLD STANDARD

—best value in the world.

The Great-West Life Assurance Co.

Has just completed its tenth year with business in force of over

$15,000,000.00

Annual premium income thereon over

$500,000.00

a record unparalleled in the history of Life Insurance.

Winnipeg, Jan. 1, 1903.

THE BEST.

CARNEFAC STOCK FOOD.

A Veterinary Conditioner.

PROF. SHAW'S OPINION.

Read what Professor Shaw, formerly of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Ont., and now Editor of the St. Paul Farmer, says of Carnefac Stock Food:

St. Paul, Minn., Dec. 10, 1902.

This is to certify that the ingredients used by Mr. W. G. Douglas, Winnipeg, in the manufacture of his Carnefac Stock Food has been submitted to me for my opinion regarding their value. I may say with reference to them that I am satisfied they are all healthful. If properly blended they should make a splendid tonic for live stock, more especially when the digestion is not in the proper order. They will act as an appetizer and will also tend to stimulate the digestion so that when fed to animals not in good condition of thrift the result would be to quickly improve their condition. I would suppose that this food would be especially helpful in feeding horses in preparing them for spring work, and in putting in tone the stomach of cattle, sheep and swine that have been pushed too hard in feeding. It should also render good service when fed to calves that are not prospering because of indigestion. THOMAS SHAW.

You can obtain it from your dealer.

Cow Butter

WANTED—Fresh, well made. Also Eggs of the year A. D. 1903. If none now, take address and ship later. We ship Bread frozen so that it cuts and eats like new made.

WINNIPEG CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY

The Bakery, Cor. Elgin and Nena St. Winnipeg. [Correspondence Solicited.

T. H. METCALFE & CO.

Grain and Commission Merchants.

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

P. O. Box 550, Winnipeg, Man.

Girls, don't marry a romantic youth who is willing to die for you. Select a man who is willing to earn a living for you.

SANTA CLAUS

Advises after you enjoy your Christmas Turkey, continue the pleasure by smoking a

LUCINA CIGAR.

No other has that peculiar sweet flavor.

Manufactured by

GEO. F. BRYAN & CO.

HALCYON HOT SPRINGS SANITARIUM

Arrow Lake, B. C.

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

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

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

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

DRUNKENNESS A DISEASE

and can be cured at

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE

133 Osborne St., Winnipeg. Established 1880. Over 200,000 cures. Don't be deceived if you want a cure. Take The Keeley where you are treated by a qualified physician. Correspondence strictly private.

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.

According to the Deputy Minister, Mr Gourdeau's letter, published some time ago in the "News," it is illegal to fish for trout in any waters in Canada, during the close season, i.e., from September to March 15th. As illegal fishing is said to be going on continually, we presume that Mr Sword has not given the necessary orders to his subordinates here. We further presume that he will do so, and if not, we desire to know the reason why.

WHAT CANADA MIGHT DO

When America was discovered, the elk existed all over the continent from ocean to ocean, and almost from the Gulf of Mexico to the parallel of 54 degrees. Four hundred years later it had been practically exterminated, except in the range of the Rocky Mountains and in a few localities in the north Pacific Coast. In the Yellowstone Park, where protection is found, and it is exposed only to the attacks of its natural enemies, the mountain lion, the lynx and the wolf, the elk still exists in great numbers—so great, indeed, that in hard winters many of them starve to death.

In the Olympic Peninsula there are many elk, but the country is being settled up and is being run over by prospectors who travel up each stream and cross every range of mountains and kill the game and keep what they do not kill stirred up, uneasy and continually wandering from place to place. Not so very many years ago there were elk over the whole length of Vancouver Island and on other Islands in the Gulf of Georgia. The Indians killed them for food, used the skins for clothing and in the manufacture of armor, and fashioned tools and household implements from their antlers. Even within the last forty years it has been possible to gather shed elk horns in localities where there remains to-day not even a tradition of the elk's existence. Nevertheless, over the northern part of the central portion of the Island, elk are still to be found, though just how numerous they are no one seems to know. The country which they inhabit is rugged, unfit for cultivation, and while overgrown with timber, this timber cannot be brought out to market. Besides the elk, the more important wild animals of this region are deer and bear The conntry has been little explored, although already the trophy hunters, eager to secure elk heads and skins, are making incursions there and finding game in large numbers, which they destroy without the slightest thought of those who are to come after them.

On more than one occasion the Government of Canada has shown great and admirable wisdom and forethought in setting aside certain regions as game preserves. There is an opportunity to make in the central mountain region of Vancouver Island a great game preserve which should stand for all time as a monument to the wisdom of the Canadian Government. It is believed that the elk found on Vancouver Island are not the same species as that found in the Rocky Mountains, and if this is true and the species is unique, it certainly is worth preserving.

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

The far greater interest constantly taken in game protection by English-speaking races is evidenced by the recent movement to protect South African game, and to establish in the forest reserves of the United States game refuges where no hunting shall be done; and it is highly desirable that the Canadian Government should continue the wise action begun long ago in the establishment of the Banff National Park and the Laurentian National Reserve, by establishing on Vancouver Island a preserve such as we have suggested. We may feel sure that the intelligent and enlightened residents of British Columbia would hail with joy a movement such as this, which would be likely to make the rich and beautiful Vancouver Island more than ever attractive to strangers from afar.—FOREST AND STREAM.

WHARF NOTES.

S.S. Norman Isles is due for bunker coal.

S.S Otter loaded a cargo of coal on Saturday for C P N Co., Victoria.

S.S. Kildonan and scow arrived on Friday and loaded coal for the C.P.R., Vancouver.

Barge Georgian was over on Thursday for a load of coke for Trail Smelter.

S.S. Flyer and scow was in on Thursday for a load of coal for New Westminster.

S.S. Active called in for fuel on Wednesday. she was bound for Rock Bay for a boom of logs.

S.S. San Mateo arrived from San Francisco Thursday, and is loading a cargo of coal for Port Los Angeles.

Barge Robert Kerr, in tow of s.s. Lorn, arrived Saturday, and is loading a cargo of coal for the C.P.R., Vancouver.

S.S. Magic, with two U.S. Navy barges in tow, arrived from Seattle on Friday, and loaded coal for the U.S. Navy Yard, Bremerton.

S.S. Algoa sailed for San Francisco on Wednesday evening with ten thousand seven hundred tons Comox coal for the Southern Pacific Co.

The Transfer No. 1, in tow of the ss Czar, was over on Monday for a load of coke for the Trail Smelter. S.S. Tepic and two scows also loaded coke for Trail Smelter.

S.S. Princess May, Capt. Gosse, called in on Thursday morning for bunker coal, she was bound for Skagway having on board a small cargo, but quite a large passenger list.

NOTICE.

IS GIVEN that all accounts due the Estate of the late Mrs Janet Gleason must be paid, and all bills presented to the undersigned on or before the 1st day of April, 1903.

WM. GLEASON,
Administrator.

New England Hotel,
Cumberland, B.C.

3-3-03

MUNICIPALITY OF
THE CITY OF CUMBERLAND.

Notice is hereby given that the Court of Revision for the Municipality of the City of Cumberland for hearing all complaints against the Assessment as made by the Assessor of the said Municipality, will be held at the City Hall, Cumberland, on Wednesday, the 25th day of March next, at 7.30 p.m., and so on from day to day until the complaints shall have been heard, provided that at least ten days notice shall have been given of such complaints.

Dated at Cumberland the 2nd day of March, 1903.

L. W. NUNNS,
CITY MUNICIPAL CLERK.

3-3-03 4t

[L.S.]
HENRI G. JOLY DE LOTBINIERE, CANADA,
PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

EDWARD VII., by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, etc., etc., etc.

To our faithful the Members elected to serve in the Legislative Assembly of our Province of British Columbia, and summoned and called to a meeting of the Legislature or Parliament of our said Province, at our City of Victoria, on Thursday the twelfth day of March, one thousand nine hundred and three, to have been commenced and held, and every one of you,—GREETING.

A PROCLAMATION.

H. A MACLEAN, Deputy Attorney-General.

WHEREAS the meeting of the Legislature or Parliament of the Province of British Columbia stands called for Thursday, the twelfth day of March, one thousand nine hundred and three, at which time, at our City of Victoria, you were held and constrained to appear:

NOW KNOW YE, that for divers causes and considerations, and taking into consideration the ease and convenience of our loving subjects, We have thought fit, by and with advice of our Executive Council, of the Province of British Columbia, to relieve you, and each of you, of your attendance at the time aforesaid; hereby convoking, and by these presents enjoining you, and each of you, that on Thursday the second day of April, one thousand nine hundred and three, you meet us in our Legislature or Parliament of the said Province, at Our City of Victoria, FOR THE DISPATCH OF BUSINESS, to treat, do, act and conclude upon those things which, in our Legislature of the Province of British Columbia, by the Common Council of Our said Province may, by the favour of God, be ordained.

IN TESTIOMY WHEREOF, we have caused these Our Letters to be made Patent and the Great Seal of Our said Province to be hereunto affixed:

WITNESS, the Honourable SIR HENRI GUSTAVE JOLY DE LOTBINIERE, K.C.M.G., Lieutenant-Governor of Our said Province of British Columbia, at Our Government House, in Our City of Victoria, in Our said Province, this nineteenth day of February, in the year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and three, and in the third year of Our Reign.

By Command.

A. CAMPBELL REDDIE,
Deputy Provincial Secretary.

New Spring Blouses
.....PER EXPRESS——
OPEN WEDNESDAY MORNING
STANLEY H. RIGGS, Corner Store

- House Paints -
The Best that can be made for inside or outside work—Floor, Barn, Roof or Fence.....
Paints, woodfillers, Varnishes and Stains
all put up in convenient sized cans, all guaranteed
MAGNET CASH STORE.
Dunsmuir Avenue, Cumberland, B.C.

Cold Storage: Air Dry System.
Our facilities for Storing Perishable Articles are now complete. Eggs, Butter, Game, Fowl and Meats of kinds Stored at Reasonable Rates.....
$10= 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.
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TAKE NOTICE.

I intend to apply to the next meeting of the Board of Licence Commissioners for the transfer of the licence of the late Janet Gleason to John Frew.

WILLIAM GLEASON,
Duly authorised agent of the late Janet Gleason.

Dated at Cumberland this Second day of February, 1903.

4 2 03 4t

"LAND REGISTRY ACT."

In the matter of an Application for a Duplicate of the Certificate of Title to Lot one hundred and seventy four (174) Comox District.

NOTICE is hereby given that it is my intention at the expiration of one month from the first publication hereof to issue a Duplicate of the Certificate of Title to the above lands issued to Edward Phillips on the 5th day of September, 1893, and numbered 17026a.

S. Y. WOOTTON,
REGISTRAR-GENERAL.

Land Registry Office, Victoria,
27th January, 1903.

4 2 03 6t

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that two months after date application will be made by the undersigned to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase forty acres more or less situate on the west side of Observatory Inlet in Cassiar District which may be described as commencing at a stake marked "Pacific Northern N.E. Post located by E. R. Collier," planted on the west side of Observatory Inlet about three miles north of Ramsden Point, thence west twenty chains thence south twenty chains thence east twenty chains thence north following the coast line to the point of commencement.

Dated this 6th day of February, 1903.

THE PACIFIC NORTHERN CANNERY LIMITED.

17203 8t

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that application will be made to the Lgeislative Assembly at its next session for an Act to incorporate a company with power to build, construct, equip, operate and maintain a line of railway of standard gauge, from Hardy Bay, Vancouver Island to Rupert Arm, Quatsino Sound; also from the point where such railway reaches Rupert Arm by the most convenient route south of said Arm to a point at or near Quatsino Narrows; also from Quatsino Narrows by the most convenient route to Forward Inlet; also from Hardy Bay or from Rupert Arm to Alert Bay and thence by way of Nimpkish or Karmutzen Lake and the Klaanch River to Muchalat Lake, with authority also to construct, equip, operate and maintain branches from any points on the proposed line or lines not exceeding in any case twenty miles in length, and to construct, own, acquire, equip and maintain all necessary bridges, roads, ways, ferries, wharves, warehouses, lumber yards, ships, steamships and barges, and to construct, operate and maintain telegraph and telephone lines along the routes of the said railways and branches and to transmit messages for the public and collect toll for the same, and to enter into traffic or other arrangements with railways, steamships or other companies and for all rights, powers and privileges necessary, usual or incident to all or any of the above purposes.

Dated at Victoria, this tenth day of February, A D., 1903.

CHARLES H. LUGRIN,
Solicitor for Applicants.

24 2 03 6t

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