THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

TENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY, JUNE 30, 1903.

YOU WANT FURNITURE.

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

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

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

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

YOU SAVE MONEY BY BUYING FURNITDRE AT THE BIG STORE

S. Leiser & Co., Ld.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

Just received large shipment of

IRON AGE

CULTIVATORS, SEED DRILLS, WHEEL HOES, ETC

VERY LATEST IMPROVEMENTS

Call and see them or write for catalogues and prices.

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

Morris Chairs--- ADJUSTABLE

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

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

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

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

WEILER BROS., Victoria, B.C.

THE COMPLETE FURNISHERS.

New Stock

—OF—

LATEST PATTERNS

Suitings for Gents,

—and—

Costumes for Ladies.

T. H. CAREY,

LADIES & GENTS TAILOR

Dunsmuir Ave., Cumberland

GRAND GROVE MEET.

The 7th annual session of the Grand Grove, U.A.O.D., B.C., was held last Thursday evening in the Oddfellows Hall here, and this being the first grand session held here the affair was of more than ordinary interest. The grand secretary, Mr J. B. McLean, read reports showing a large increase in membership for the past year, and that the Order was in a flourishing condition. For officers, the old and honoured Druid and much respected resident of B. C., Mr R. Watson, was elected U. G.A., by acclamation; J. Crosetti, D.G.A.; J. B. McLean, G. Secy; J. Harris, G. Treas.; W. Rafter, Marshal; F. Scavardo, Sentinel; giving four grand officers to Cumberland Grove. The next grand session will be held in Ladysmith in June next year. Though the visiting delegates had the opportunity to return home Friday, they were so taken with the kind treatment accorded them by Bro. McLean and the Lodge, that it was decided to stay over until tomorrow.

DEATH OF J. ROBERTSON.

The many friends of John Robertson were shocked last week, to hear of his untimely death at Maitland, Colo. Mr R. S. Robertson had a wire Tuesday, from his friend Mr Young, saying that John was hurt; and a short time after another telling of his death. The news was appalingly sudden, as the deceased had but recently left here, and had sent for his wife and family to join him there. His brother at once made arrangements to have the remains sent on here, and it is expected they will arrive to-night. Deceased was a member of Cumberland Lodge, A.F.&A.M., and leaves a wife, a daughter of the late Jas. Whyte, and four small children, besides many warm friends, to mourn his untimely demise. Up to the present there are no details of the cause of death, but this has presumably been caused by a fall of rock, or coal in the mines.

LIBERAL ORGANIZING.

Last week Mr Wm. Sloan, of Nanaimo, was up for the purpose of organizing the Liberals of the district. He first visited Comox where arrangements were made to organize this week. A meeting was called for Thursday evening in the Cumberland Hall, at which a large number were present. Mr Sloan, as organizer, addressed the meeting on the principles of Liberalism, in which it was shown that the Liberal platform, being based on justice, liberty and progress should appeal to every working man. It was then decided to organize and the following officers were elected—President, W. Willard; vice-president, J. B. Bennett; secy., H. F. Pullen; treas., D. McKay. Executive Committee—D. Roy, F. Williams, P. Dunn, T. Carey and S. Riggs. The usual committees were appointed, and a number of extempore speeches given.

Mr Sloan left for Nanaimo on Friday's boat, but will return to Comox on Thursday in order to complete work of organizing.

H. F. P., Secy.

A letter from Mr Geo. Richards is left over for want of space.

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

Telegraphic News.

Nanaimo, June 26—While larking in a leaky boat on the Inlet tonight a number of boys were upset into the water. Horace Wilson aged 13, son of Albert Wilson, was drowned. Any number of boats were at hand, but assistance came too late. The body was recovered.

Nanaimo, June 26.—A big Conservative rally was held here last night for organization purposes and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. Initial steps were taken in the formation of Conservative party and the following officers elected:—President, E. Quennell; vice-president, A. R. Johnston; secy., W. K. Leighton. Nanaimo Conservatives are entering into the fight with enthusiasm with every prospect of success.

Nanaimo, June 26—Last evening a despatch was received from Ladysmith that the men had reversed their decision and that the strike was declared on again. From enquiries into inner circles it was learned that the motion passed on Tuesday evening declaring the strike off was carried overwhelmingly, with the understanding that the old terms were to be enforced with the exception of dirt allowances which were left to Mr Bryden. Yesterday it transpired that in addition to this, which really amounted to a concession, the manager now requires that the men pay an extra 50c. a ton for their own coal and accept a reduction of 25c. on stringers, the total effect on their wages being a decrease varying from 3 to 5 per cent. This was not known on Tuesday when the strike was ended and when it was proposed yesterday it was regarded as a deviation from the term of what may be called the protocols, and in consequence the men declined to ratify the treaty of peace. Mr Bryden went to Victoria this morning to try and effect some settlement with Mr Dunsmuir. He, however, appears to be determined to exact these concessions, while on the other hand the men appear to be united in their resolve not to permit any variation from the agreement which was voted on Tuesday. Those men who were opposed to the negotiations throughout are naturally not displeased at the turn affairs have taken, and for the time being it looks as if the action of Mr Dunsmuir had the effect of lessening the division which has for some little time been observed among his employees. The situation at present lies in statu quo ante bellum.

Victoria, June 26—Mr Dunsmuir refuses to open the mines to the men upon exactly the same conditions which prevailed at the time the strike was declared and which the miners decided to accept Tuesday. He said he is giving them practically the same terms, but will not agree to their proposal to reopen upon exactly the same conditions. He thinks that now the matter may remain for some time in its present position. He does not care, if they want to keep the mines closed he will continue to do so.

Vancouver, June 27—The following letter has been received from G. W. Wrigley, of the Victoria Socialist Local:—"The fact is that the mass of 500 miners left at Ladysmith are as solid and determined as can be, and men and women of all nationalities are prepared to starve rather than submit and give up their right to organize, educate, and vote. They are not disheartened nor divided, and if any

[Continued on last page.

A Fine One for You

The Men who are careful of their appearance are anxious to have Hats that fit the head and the whole expression. That's what we provide.

STIFF OR SOFT
BLACK OR IN SHADES.

All you have to do is to tell us your preference and we will get the hat to suit you.

MOORE : BROS.

PUBLIC SCHOOL CLOSING EXERCISES.

On Friday last the public schools closed for the summer vacation. The capacity of the City Hall was taxed to its utmost to accommodate those present. Trustee Carey made an excellent chairman, and short addresses were given by Messrs Misner, Clelland, Campbell, Peacey, Clinton and Mayor Grant. A number of songs were rendered by the school children. Miss Willemar is severing her connection with the teaching staff and was presented by the teachers with a writing case and an address. The teachers of the first and second divisions were also the recipients of presents from pupils. Some time ago seeds were distributed to the school children and prizes offered for the best individual plants grown from them. As a result seventy-one exhibits were made on Thursday, and they made a very creditable showing. This will be an annual event in the school we hope.

Prizes were awarded as follows:—Calliopsis—Prize, Nellie Matthews; commended, Robert Smith, Katie Stevens, Elsie Smith. Nasturtiums—1st Prizes, Lizzie Hunden, Elsie Smith, Caroline Tobacco, R. Smith, Geo. Hunden. 2nd Prizes, Paul Letvinoff, Nellie Matthews, Bessie Murdock, Martha Hunden, Lawrence Matthews. Commended—Viola Matthews, Eddie Walker, K. Stevens, Maggie Mitchell.

Honor Rolls were awarded as follows:—Proficiency, Elsie Smith, Marion Webster, Effie McFadyen, Janet White.

Deportment—Lena Letvinoff, M. Sano, Jessie Nelson, Irene Mounce, Nellie Stewart.

Regularity—Muriel Bate, Eddie Walker, Edith Thomson, Beatrice Anthony, Alwen Anthony, John Marocchi.

The following special prizes were also given:—Arithmetic, Wilfred Smith; Writing, Effie McFadyen, Clara Bauer; Good Work, Annie Letvinoff.

The thanks of the teachers are due to the following gentlemen for prizes given—Messrs Peacey, Collis, McLean, Carey and Moore; and to Mr Segrave for use of piano, and to others who assisted in making the closing exercises a success.

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

Mr Davis, representing the Gable Cigar Factory, was a passenger to Cumberland last week.

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

Mr Judson McPhee, a graduate of McGill University, is spending the summer holidays with his parents at Courtney.

Sheriff Drake of Nanaimo was in town Thursday renewing old acquaintances, and incidentally, doing a turn at business.

Belgrade, June 20—Great Britain has practically broken off diplomatic relations with Servia. The British Minister leaves here Monday for England.

MY HEART'S DARLING

BY W. HEIMBURG.

The face under the straw hat was somewhat thinner; the fresh red of the cheeks had faded to a delicate pink, the brown eyes seemed to have become larger, but they did not look so questioningly into the world; there was in them an expression as if longing for something.

She wore a dark, simple, but exquisitely fitting dress; gloves and boots were faultless; and in her hand she held a parasol with an ivory handle that Hortense had bought for her in a bazaar in Florence.

The gentleman beside her, in a gray traveling suit, a field-glass hanging over his shoulder on a strap, and his straw hat in his hand, now turned his blonde-bearded face toward her, and springing up, cried:

"Is it you, fraulein? And here I have been sitting ever so long near you without any suspicion of who it was. You must blame this wonderful Madonna for it, and pardon my seeming rudeness."

"Oh, heavens! is he here too?" she thought.

He still stood before her. "When did you ladies come to Dresden?" he asked.

"We changed our minds and went to the Italian lakes. We have been here four weeks."

He laughed merrily, and raised his finger in a threatening manner.

"That is what they call, in military tactics, doubling on the foe."

Behind the playfulness in his sparkling blue eyes lay a certain earnestness of purpose. "What I wish I carry through." Lucie seemed to read in them.

"How long does Frau von Lowen intend to remain here?"

"It is very undecided," she returned, rising, and with a slight bow she turned toward the door. In the next room Hortense came toward her looking very bright and happy. She was just rolling her linen apron together.

"Come," said she, "I should enjoy a walk!"

They were descending the broad stairs arm in arm when Lucie felt the young baroness's arm tremble, and looking in her face saw she was deathly pale. Coming toward them was a tall man; he wore a handsome brown summer suit, had dark eyes and hair, and in spite of his civilian's clothes, unmistakably belonged to the army. On the broad landing of the stairs they all met. Lucie noticed that he turned aside with a very low bow, and a deep red flush passed over his countenance.

Hortense did not seem to have noticed his bow; she had turned her head in the other direction.

At the foot of the stairs she turned hastily toward the cloak-room and took her light jacket on her arm.

"Come," she said to Lucie, and tried in vain as she was walking to draw her gloves over the trembling fingers.

"What is the matter with you, Hortense?" asked Lucie, anxiously. "Who was that gentleman?"

"Wilken," was the reply, in a lifeless tone.

Lucie involuntarily seized her arm as if to support her, and so they crossed the square to the hotel.

"The carriage is waiting, Frau Baronne," said the porter.

"I am not going to drive," said she; "pay the man and send him off—unless—perhaps you will drive, Lucie?"

The girl looked at her reproachfully.

"I stay with you."

Hortense threw her things down in the salon, and seated herself in the corner of the sofa.

"My poor Hortense!" said Lucie, tenderly.

Frau von Lowen motioned hastily with her hand for her to be quiet.

CHAPTER XV.

The floor seemed to burn under Lucie's feet; if she only could, she would make Hortense pack her trunks at once and go away with her, even to Vienna—only go!

Just then there was a knock at the door, and the waiter entered with a visiting-card.

"The gentleman wishes to pay his respects to the ladies."

Lucie looked hesitatingly at Hortense.

"Do you wish to receive a visit?" she asked.

The young baroness grew pale.

"Who is it?" she gasped.

"Waldemar Weber—our traveling acquaintance of Venice." She sunk back.

"I regret very much," she said; and the waiter disappeared.

"I was going to tell you, Hortense," began Lucie, "that he is really here. I met him by the Sistine Madonna; he seemed quite vexed that we had sent him on the wrong track. Heaven knows how he has discovered where we were."

Hortense did not answer. So Lucie went over to her, bent down and looked in her face. "Now it is I who beg you, Hortense; let us go to Vienna, but at once. Yes?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

May She Fare Well.

To a fair lady bound for the fair
The conductor said, "Lady, your fare!"
She paid him, and so
On his way did he go
With the fare from the fair to the fair.

In the Austrian army there were 12.53 suicides per 1,000 men, against 2.06 per 1,000 in Britain and 6.33 in Germany.

THE LAUNDRESS' LAMENT.

Bless my heart! Why was I ever born? Toiling and moiling from morning till night, and never a rest! If man was made to mourn, what was a laundress made for—certainly not to sing. My hands are nearly charred off working in filthy suds, washing other people's clothes, and other people's floors. No wonder soapmakers give prizes with their soaps. Those who use some of the soaps deserve prizes. I would rather do without the prizes and have a whole skin. And as to the mistress' part of the bargain—imagine rubbing ten dollars' worth into the value of five dollars, and then getting a fifty-cent prize for doing it? It makes one laugh—that is, if you haven't to pay for it. But I cannot laugh at my sore hands. Well, well, I suppose what cannot be cured must be endured.

* * * * * * *

"Hello, Mary! what's the matter, you seem out of sorts?"

"Out of sorts, Margaret, I should think I am. Life is a burden."

"Oh, nonsense, Mary, you have a fit of the blues—it will soon pass off."

"The blues might pass off, Margaret, if that were all; but my poor sore hands and aching back remain."

"Why, sakes alive, Mary, what has put your hands in that state? What hard thick knuckles you've got, and how ragged your nails are, too!"

"Hard knuckles and ragged nails! Bah! What is that to me, I wish you heard the grumbling I have to stand about hard flannels and ragged clothes after I have washed them. Hard knuckles and ragged nails are not my only troubles."

"Yes, but why should the flannels or your knuckles be hard, or your nails or skin be cut up in that way?"

"Why, surely you know, Margaret, you do washing as well as I."

"Yes, but I hear no grumbling, and see my hands, they are as soft and fresh as any lady's."

"Why, so they are, Margaret; now, how is that?"

"I tell you what, Mary, you want to have a doctor's advice."

"Oh, the doctor may cure my hands, but he won't mend the clothes or soften the flannels."

"Oh, yes, he will."

"A doctor mend clothes and soften flannels! You always would have your little joke, Margaret."

"Seriously, Mary, I am not joking, and I will tell you a secret. Have you ever heard of Sir Charles Cameron? Well, he is one of the highest authorities in England. He was President of the Royal College of Surgeons, and has a whole string of letters at the end of his name. Well, I read a simple statement he made one day, and it cured me of sore hands, hard knuckles, aching back, softened the flannels, and prevented the clothes going so soon to tatters."

"What a funny doctor, and what was it you read?"

"He said there was something he used himself, and he recommended it to women when washing clothes; and I said to myself, I will try that. I found out that Queen Victoria herself used the same in her castles in England, and that further convinced me. You know, Mary, these people have a means of knowing things that we poor people take years to find out."

"Well, what did Sir Charles Cameron say?"

"Well, it was simply this: 'I have carefully analyzed specimens of the Sunlight Soap. . . . The points in the composition of this Soap that are most valuable are its freedom from free alkali, the large percentage of fatty acids which it contains, and the purity of the materials employed in its preparation. I employ the Soap, and from my actual experience of it can strongly recommend it.'"

"I have myself found from experience—and it stands to reason—that soaps loaded with alkali must ruin the hands and destroy the clothes.* I found there was no sense in burning my hands during the day and rubbing glycerine on during the night. They never got time to get better. Sunlight Soap being made from pure oils and fats cannot hurt the hand or the clothes. Imagine the foolishness of rubbing the adulteration of common soaps into the skin and into the clothes, and then having to wash out not merely the original dirt of the clothes, but the soap adulteration as well—that is, washing dirt with dirt. Simple Simon could scarcely do worse."

"Oh, Margaret, I wish I had known of this before. My hands might have been like yours to-day. I will try it in my next washing."

"Do, Mary, and be sure it is Sunlight Soap, and ask for the Octagon bar. It is an ideal shape for the laundry. And just a word before I go, Mary, if you find that your grocer does not keep Sunlight Soap you have only got to send his name and address to Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto, and they will send you a sample of Sunlight Soap without cost."

*NOTE.—This is absolutely a fact, and it means in every-day language that the skin cannot be hurt even if the hands are immersed for hours in the suds of Sunlight Soap, because this soap is made from oils and fats pure enough to eat; and there is none of that burning sensation that is caused by alkaline poisons. 606.

A terrible explosion took place at the Northwestern Star Oil company's plant, Minneapolis, resulting in the death of eleven persons.

$100 REWARD $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the Best.

New Stamps Are Imperial.

In the days of our youth, when we used to spend our superabundant time and our less superabundant pennies in the pleasurable pastime of collecting postage stamps, we recall how many pages in our albums had to be devoted to Germany. It almost seemed as though every crossroads village and two-by-three dukedom in the realm had a separate postal system of its own. There were the stamps of the free cities. Can one forget the grim, battlemented towers which represented Hamburg or the color of the stamps of the different principalities, yellow for Saxony, red for Baden-Baden and green for Bavaria? If one happened to be very lucky there were those rare stamps of the noblemen who used to run private mail routes through the country somewhat as the Wells-Fargo Company did in our own far West not so many years ago.

Bavaria is to-day the only one of the old principalities which still retains a separate postage, and that is fast becoming obsolete, since it is only available for sending letters out of Bavaria itself and is not recognized elsewhere in the Empire.

How Water Freezes.

It used to puzzle all thinking people why ponds and rivers do not freeze beyond a certain depth. This depends on a most curious fact—namely, that water is at its heaviest when it reaches 40 degrees F.—that is, 8 degrees above freezing point. On a frosty night as each top layer of water falls to 40 degrees it sinks to the bottom; therefore the whole pond has to drop to 40 degrees before any of it can freeze.

At last it is all cooled to this point, and then ice begins to form. But ice is a very bad conductor of heat. Therefore it shuts off the freezing air from the big body of comparatively warm water underneath. The thicker it gets the more perfectly does it act as a greatcoat, and that is why even the Arctic ocean never freezes beyond a few feet in thickness.—Marine Journal.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

Nobody is half so sorry for a widow as she is for those who aren't widows.

Women get headache over missing love letters the way a man does over missing his dinner.

The man who rides on a railroad pass acts bigger when he is doing it than the president who writes it.

It seems that when a captain of a battleship runs her on a rock he is entitled to feel as bad as a woman who has a drop of soup spilled on her new gown; but he doesn't take it any harder.

Women will become financiers when they learn that a 99-cent bargain, plus 10c. carfare, for something they don't want costs them more than a dollar bargain, without the carfare, for something they do want.

Left-Handed Compliment.

"I get some funny compliments sometimes," said a music teacher, laughingly.

"The other day I told the mother of one of my pupils that Harold was improving in his violin playing.

"'Is that so?' said she, in a gratified tone: 'we didn't know whether he was improving or whether we were just getting used to it.'"

Lt.-Col. Baden-Powell, the hero of Mafeking, is touring Canada under an assumed name.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

According to Dr. Baudran, of Paris the least injurious alcoholic drinks are cider and beer, while the most injurious is eau de cologne, which wrecks the health of many women.

Much impure blood is caused by a disordered stomach. The best regulator of the latter is Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops, which purify the blood at the same time.

A man once owned a balky mule,
That blandishments resisted,
And, losing patience, he grabbed hold
Upon his tail and twisted.
Whereon the mule looked back at him
In mild, reproving sorrow.
And if the sad remains come down,
The funeral's tomorrow.
—Baltimore News.

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.

Some men who have more money than brains are not burdened with filthy lucre.

It is now definitely announced from Athens that the next Olympic games will be held in the spring of 1904.

The British bluejacket is the finest seaman in the world. Ashore or afloat he can turn his hand to almost anything, from manning the most powerful gun to tailoring or cooking a kipper.

A pretty hat is to a woman what a diamond stud is to a hotel clerk.

Claiming that she has not been able to sing since one of her knees was hurt in a railway accident, a New York actress has sued a company for $10,000 damages. Any lady who sings with her knees should have more damages than that.

BRONCHIAL COLDS AND CHEST PAINS

Croup, Bronchitis, Asthma, Coughs and Colds Yield Promptly to Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

There are many reasons why you should use Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine in preference to any other treatment for diseases of the throat and lungs. Of these the most important one is the fact that it has been tested for years and absolutely proven its right to first position.

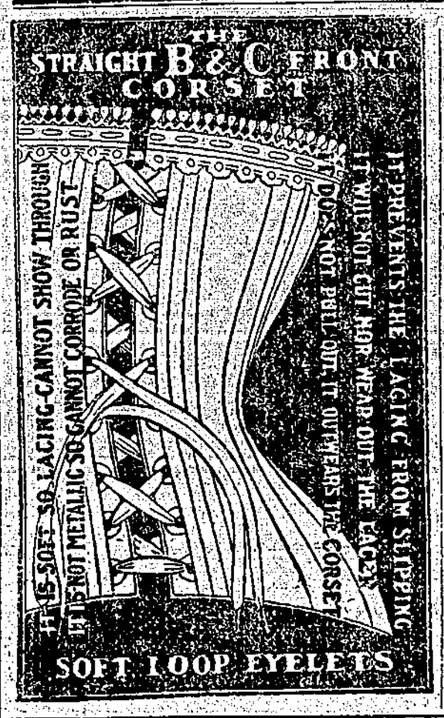
Nearly everybody knows of the remarkable value of turpentine and linseed as remedial agents. They have been so combined with half a dozen other ingredients in Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine as to form a most thoroughly effective and at the same time pleasant medicine.

As is frequently the case with an unusually successful article, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is imitated. There are now hosts of preparations with names similar to this, and some even go so far as to imitate the bottle and wrapper. It therefore becomes necessary for you to be very careful when buying. Insist on seeing the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase on the wrapper.

We know that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine will not disappoint you, because it has stood the test of time, and the sales, which are at least triple that of any similar preparation, are steadily increasing year by year.

As a positive cure for croup, bronchitis, asthma, throat troubles, and severe coughs and colds, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has a reputation which cannot be stolen by the cheap and oft injurious cough mixtures which are offered in place of it by some dealers.

Even the consumptive, who has reached the latter stages of his insidious disease, finds ease and comfort in the use of this preparation, while it is impossible to estimate the countless number of less severe cases which it has actually cured. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cents a bottle. Family size, three times as large, 60 cents. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.



An elephant has only eight teeth altogether. At fourteen years the elephant loses his first set of teeth and a new set grows.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

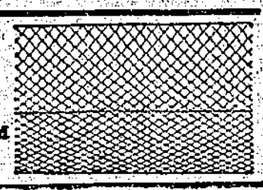
Men's heads are like oranges. Sometimes there isn't much left after you get a big one peeled.

There is in existence an exact replica of St. Mark's Campanile, though on a smaller scale. It was built 130 years ago by the Empress Catherine II. at Narechta, in the province of Kostroma.

THE BEST PILLS.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes:—"We have been using Parmelee's Pills and find them by far the best pills we ever used." For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions these pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

Peas and beans are the most nutritious of vegetables, containing as much carbon as wheat and double the amount of muscle forming food.

Page Acme Poultry Netting



A bird cannot fly through as small a hole as it can crawl through, so Page Poultry Netting is made with small meshes at bottom and large at top. No. 12 gauge wire top and bottom—no sag. Get Page fences and gates—they're best.

The Page Wire Fence Co., Limited, Walkerville, Ont.
Montreal, P.Q., and St. John, N.B. 8

ROSS & ROSS, General Agents, WINNIPEG, MAN.

How?

By soothing and subduing the pain, that's the way

St. Jacobs Oil

Cures

Neuralgia

Price, 25c. and 50c.

Hungary, which was the first country on the continent to adopt cycles for the collection and delivery of letters, is about to make another notable departure in the use of motor cars for this work.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold, which settled on the lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

A French lady has sent out to the Cape a number of sheep as a present to the Boers.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

The various permanent boards of conciliation and arbitration in the United States are known to have settled 685 labor troubles during the past year.

Timid lover—Your parents seem to have got over their dislike to me.

"Yes. When we first met they were afraid it might lead to something.

It is not *only* because of their great wearing qualities that you are recommended to wear

Granby Rubbers

Style, fit and finish are almost as important. GRANBY RUBBERS have a stylish, clean cut appearance all their own, and are made in all the different shoe shapes.

"Granby Rubbers wear like iron."

LOT'S A STRATEGY

By SUSAN BROWN ROBBINS

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"I don't know what it is," said Lot despairingly.

"Imagination," returned his sister shortly.

Lot turned on her. "Look here, Maria Bemis," he said almost fiercely. "You pride yourself on your faculty for seeing things. You've been here three days, and haven't you seen that there was something come between us since you were here before and that she has stopped caring anything about me?" His voice broke at the last words, and he turned away from her.

Maria looked at his back, and there was an expression on her face of mingled pity, contempt and amusement.

"I've been here three days, Lot," she said quietly, "and I've seen that you are a pair of foolish children. But before I go on I want to ask you if you have got over caring for her."

Lot looked at her with indignation too strong for words.

"I didn't think you had," said his sister in a tone of relief. "If you had, it would be a serious state of affairs; but, as you haven't, I don't see any difficulties."

"You must admit that she isn't happy," he said at length.

"Yes."

"But, don't you see, it must be me, because she doesn't see anybody else, hardly."

She settled herself more comfortably on the grain chest and began to speak deliberately. "Don't you know that when two people, I don't care who they are, live on a lonely farm and don't see anybody but each other for weeks at a time—don't you know that they are bound to get morbid and imagine all sorts of things about themselves and each other? That is why so many farmers' wives go insane."

"But what can I do?" Lot asked, a look of terror in his face. "I've tried to get her to go to places with me, but I can't."

"I'll tell you," said Maria decisively. "The first nice day take her out over the farm and spend the day. I'll see to things while you are gone, and I'll put up a lunch for you. Show her all you are doing and plan to do. Take her to the pretty places and, most of all, make love to her as though your life depended on it."

"I don't believe she'd go. I couldn't persuade her. You've no idea how set she is."

Maria looked at her brother scornfully. "Perhaps you never heard of such a thing as strategy."

She turned away and walked out of the barn.

For a long time he stood looking at his Grandfather Stetson's old covered wagon. It had been considered an elegant affair in its day, but now it was seldom taken out except when some of the children came home at Thanksgiving or for short visits.

He took out his jackknife and opened it, felt of the edge, then got into the wagon and knelt down on the seat. Very carefully, and following the thread in the cloth, he cut a slit two inches long in the back of the seat. He picked at the cotton batting stuffing with the point of his knife. Then he let the flap go back in place, the cotton batting showing a little all along the cut. "That looks very natural," he muttered.

The next morning Lot spoke to his sister when Eunice was in another room. "Just as soon as the dew gets off some," he said, and she nodded after breakfast she carried to the barn a large covered basket, a demijohn of with a look of comprehension. Soon cold tea, a shawl and her sister-in-law's sunbonnet. These Lot helped her stow away under the back seat.

At 9 o'clock Lot came into the house. "I'm going to start off with the old covered wagon in a little while," he said, "and I find there's a tear or a cut in the back of the seat. Do you suppose you could mend it?"

Eunice went to get her workbasket. She found a piece of green cloth and pulled some ravelings from it; then she went out and got into the covered wagon and set quietly and patiently to work.

Lot watched her furtively from the barn. When he thought she was nearly half through he began harnessing with feverish haste. What if she should get through too soon? She looked around as he backed the horse into the shafts.

"I'm not quite through yet, Lot," she said mildly.

"Don't hurry," he answered. He waited with the reins in his hand until she had taken the last stitch; then he jumped in, sat down beside her and spoke to the horse. Eunice half started to her feet, but he laid his hand gently on her arm, and she sank back again.

"We are going to ride over the farm," he said quietly.

He drove on, talking rapidly about his plans, recalling incidents of the haymaking and speaking of the getting in of the ensilage.

Eunice was silent, and in spite of his lively chatter Lot was anxious.

In the middle of the pasture Lot stopped the horse and glanced about. Some of the cows were feeding near, and they lifted their heads to look with big, inquiring eyes.

"Pretty good looking cattle, I call them," he said proudly. He paused. His face was quiet, white and agitated, and he did not dare look at his wife.

"I always thought an awful lot of Buttercup," said Eunice in her sweet, gentle voice. "I liked her looks so well that I learned her to drink and took all the care of her myself."

"Yes," he said, "I remember, and it was a good thing that you did take charge of her. She's made a fine cow." His voice grew curiously husky, and he spoke almost sharply to the horse, "Get up, Nell."

As they went slowly through the pasture the cows one by one dropped their noses to their feeding again. Eunice gazed about her eagerly, a new light in her face. "Oh," she sighed contentedly, "it is a lovely day."

The cart path was very rough, and the wagon bounced and pitched along, the overhanging bushes and young trees brushing against its top and sides. Eunice laughed like a child and now and then gave an involuntary little scream.

Lot laughed too. "I guess I'll have to put my arm around you," he said. And he drew her close, driving with his free hand.

"Isn't this fun?" she laughed. "And it won't hurt the wagon, either. How did you happen to think of such a nice idea?"

"Why didn't I think of it years ago?" he returned evasively. "I ought to have, with the poor little wife kept at home with a weak ankle."

"I have wanted to see the farm awfully," she said, nestling up to him as his arm went around her again, "but I didn't see how I could, and I never expected to."

Suddenly she impulsively threw her arms about his neck and buried her face on his shoulder with a little sob.

"It's awful silly," she murmured, "for folks as old as we are to act so spoony, but I—thought—I'd got a notion that you'd got all over caring anything about me, and I'm so glad to find it isn't so."

As for Lot, he held his wife close, and in his heart was a great joy.

Obstinacy.

"One of the most remarkable cases in my experience," said a country doctor, "was an old woman in a fisherman's hut on the Carolina shore. It was a long, dreary drive of ten miles, and when I reached the place I found that the only occupant besides the sick woman was a skit of a girl, who was utterly worn out by weeks of care and nursing. I examined the patient and found every sign of early dissolution. Her pulse was growing feebler, and it was only a question of a few hours, in my mind, before the end would come. The idea of the girl being left alone in that hut touched me, and I decided to remain with her, even though the unexpected happened and the old lady lived through the night. The men of the hut were fishermen, and they would probably be back the next day. So I sat with the girl in the corner of the room and told her what I intended to do.

"'Won't she get well?' asked the girl after I had explained as mercifully as I could.

"'No,' I replied, 'she will not get well. She will die tonight.'

"Just then there was a feeble movement on the bed, and a thin, angry voice drawled out: 'It ain't so. I won't die. I expect to eat the goose that eats the grass off of your grave.'

"Oh, yes. She's quite well now, and she does not hesitate to tell me how much she likes goose."—Philadelphia Ledger.

She Controls a Trust.

A South Boston woman owns and controls nine weekly papers, which circulate in the smaller New England cities. She is her own manager and employs only girls, some as young as seventeen. She never engages any one over twenty-one, her theory being that women out of their teens become "set" and that their work lacks freshness. She writes all editorials. Her papers keep the interests of women prominently in view, but are not designed exclusively for feminine perusal.

Handy in the Kitchen.

An artist housewife discovered that a palette knife is a most useful kitchen implement and keeps one in the table drawer of that apartment as well as in her studio. To ice cake, to slip in pans to which anything sticks it is invaluable as well as for various other services where a thin, pliable knife is needed.

Ten Years to Get It.

Towne—Why, he told me he was getting along splendidly; fine salary and all that.

Browne—Indeed?

Towne—Yes, he told me he was getting $10,000.

Browne—So he is, at the rate of $1,000 per year.

CAPTURED ELECTRICALLY

...By Alvah Milton Kerr

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Prindle, our line repairer, was rather slender, but with highly developed muscles in fingers, arms and shoulders and with nerve to face anything. Several years of labor with the pliers had given him a finger grip which caused his chums to avoid shaking hand with him. He could make an insulator tie with a No. 6 iron wire with apparent ease. This remarkable power of contraction in the finger muscles once saved him from probable death.

In 1893 a local company in Layton had installed a telephone exchange. Several of their wires paralleled the telegraph wires along the tracks and also those of the lighting and power company in the streets. The result was a bad case of induction, that mysterious transference of electrical impulse between wires where there is no direct connection.

So great was the influence of the telegraph and power wires on the wires of the telephone company that the rattle and clicking of our instruments could be distinctly heard in the telephone receivers, and the singing snarl of the dynamos at the power house annoyed every one trying to use the phone.

The manager angrily declared that some enemy of his company had thrown threadlike copper wires across from wire to wire, thus tangling up the currents.

Prindle "went over" the wires carefully twice and reported that he could find no "cross" of that sort. Still he kept studying and inspecting the matter, because the telephone manager's daughter was a very good friend of his.

Emerging from the manager's house one night near the hour of 12, he noticed a dark figure stealing down a side street. Touched with suspicion, Prindle followed after the skulking form, the "malicious enemy" theory suddenly alive in his mind.

Presently the figure crossed a moonlit street and entered an alley leading between two business blocks. Through the alley ran the wires of both the telephone and power companies, and Prindle crept carefully forward through the shadows at the base of the buildings, keeping his eye on the man ahead of him. Suddenly, and to the lineman's astonishment, the man began walking up one of the telephone poles.

"'Pon my soul," gasped Prindle, "if he hasn't got spurs strapped on his shoes! I guess Manager Towne must be right; some one's tampering with the wires! I'll nail the rogue when he comes down."

With tingling nerves he crept nearer; but, to his amazement, the climber stopped before reaching the cross arm and skillfully threw the iron hooked end of a rope ladder over the sill of an open window in the side of the building, some six feet away. The other end of the ladder he strapped to the pole, then carefully crept across the bridge thus formed and disappeared through the window.

Prindle fetched a low whistle and looked all around. "Whew!" he half whispered. "This is interesting and no mistake! That chap has gone into a room above the bank! Must be he's figuring on getting down into the vault room!"

He stood in silence looking up at the window and listening. The slow, soft rasping of some sort of instrument came to his ears. Placing his hand on his hip pocket to see if the little pistol he carried when out late at night was there, he slipped off his shoes and began climbing the pole. Slowly and carefully he drew himself up until his hand was on the strap of the ladder, then he paused. The rasping noise had ceased.

"If that fellow hears me, he will likely come to the window and shoot me in the face," was Prindle's thought. He hung perfectly motionless for a time, hearing nothing louder than the strong beating of his heart. Then the rasping sound began again.

Immediately the lineman drew himself higher. Then, taking the pistol in his hand, he crept warily across the rope bridge and in at the window. Letting himself down on the floor, he stood still. The rasping sound came from a closet at the back end of the room.

"He is sawing through the floor with the expectation of working his way through the brickwork covering the top of the bank vault," was Prindle's mental comment.

With pistol in hand he began stepping craftily toward the closet, but a board in the floor creaked and the muffled noise of the saw suddenly ceased. The lineman held his breath. A misty kind of darkness filled the room, the moon's radiance being reflected dimly from the opposite wall of the alley. An instant later he saw the door of the closet pushed open and the outline of a human form rising in the opening.

To the burglar the dim and immovable figure in the middle of the room must have seemed frightful. Had Prindle not spoken it is possible the robber would have fallen on his knees, thinking he was confronted by a spirit, but when he said quietly, though with a distinguishable tremor of excitement, "Throw up your hands, mister, or I'll fire," a sudden fury of energy moved the man. He came across the room in one long leap and struck against Prindle like a bolt. The lineman went against the wall with a thud, and the pistol struck the ceiling and exploded. The burglar whirled round and disappeared through an inner door leading into the passageway.

Prindle hastily felt about the floor for the revolver, but the weapon not meeting his hand at once, he rushed after the burglar. His blood was on fire with anger. Listening an instant, he heard feet flying up the stairs above him. Apparently the robber had planned to escape to the roof and slide down a rain pipe into the dark alley at the rear.

Prindle sprang up through the roof hatch as the man crossed the almost flat roof toward the rear and caught him as he reached the low parapet wall at the roof's edge.

The robber was of larger and heavier mold than the lineman and was desperate. As they grappled he tried to draw a knife from his pocket, but Prindle clutched those awful fingers of his into the man's throat and tripped him backward. They came down together on the pitch and gravel of the roof, but the rush and fall threw Prindle beyond his antagonist, tearing his hold loose. In another breath they were together again, fighting desperately.

As they came striking and struggling into the angle of the parapet Prindle suddenly felt himself lifted bodily, and the next instant he was being pressed over the wall. Feeling himself going, he set his fingers into the biceps of the burglar's left arm and pinioned his right hand. In that awful moment he felt the cords of his arms and fingers contract until they burned like hot wires. With a cry of agony the robber jerked him back to the roof, then whirled and ran across the roof, drawing the knife as he fled. Prindle saw the moonlight glint of the knife blade, and, though infuriate with the passion of battle, he recoiled. The burglar turned in the angle of the wall, striving to regain breath before the next onset.

A power wire stretched across the roof some eight or nine feet above the floor. Prindle drew a pair of rubber faced gloves from his pocket, drew them on and suddenly leaped up and caught the wire. As he descended the wire snapped and fell to the roof. Instantly he caught up the two ends of it and sprang at the robber, who met him with uplifted knife.

The cracksman seemed to divine the terrible nature of the tiny weapons in the lineman's hands, for his face blanched white. In the moonlight Prindle looked equally pale. If he could touch the robber's flesh with the bare ends of the wires, he would win; if not, he would probably die by the other's knife.

It was a strange duel. They feinted several times, then struck together. The clothing was sheared away from Prindle's arm, but the burglar fell in a knotted, quivering heap. The point of one of the live wires had gone up his sleeve; the other had punctured his neck.

When the burglar recovered his senses, Prindle had him securely tied with detached pieces of the wire and was at the front parapet of the roof, looking up and down the street for an officer.

The bank people gave Prindle a handsome reward. When metallic circuits had been run by the telephone company on his suggestion and they found the troublesome induction overcome, Manager Towne declared the plucky lineman worthy to be any man's son-in-law, and he was.

An Indian Feast.

What did the Indians eat? Gabriel Thomas, writing in 1696, tells us that "they live chiefly on maize or Indian corn roasted in the Ashes, sometimes beaten boyl'd with Water, called Hominie. They have cakes, not unpleasant: also Beans and Pease, which noruish much, but the Woods and Rivers afford them their provision; they eat morning and evening, their Seats and Tables on the ground." Mr. C. C. Abbott tells in "Travels In a Treetop" of other vegetable foods known to the Indians—the roots of the golden club, arrowleaf and groundnut, besides various berries and nuts.

It is well known that extensive orchards were planted by these people. It may be added that in all probability the tubers of that noble plant, the lotus, were used as food.

It is clear that the Delawares were meat eaters. It needs but little digging on any village site to prove this, and from a single fireplace deep down in the soil have been taken bones of the elk, deer, bear, beaver, raccoon, muskrat and gray squirrel.

The remains of deer were largely in excess, and as this statement holds good of every village site of the Indians, doubtless they depended more largely upon the deer than upon all the others.

SOUR GRAPES.

The Chicago Journal's Comments on DeArmond's Annexation Proposal.

Nothing could be more ridiculous than Congressman DeArmond's proposal to annex Canada to the United States, or rather to empower the President to enter into negotiations looking to that end, says The Chicago Journal.

We do not believe that the people of the United States are crying for Canada, and we are sure that the people of Canada are not crying for the United States. We are good enough friends and might as well stay that way. Such propositions as Mr. DeArmond's do not tend to strengthen friendship.

We have never heard that there was the least sentiment in Canada favorable to annexation to the Union. There was none at the time of our war for independence, and we failed then as we failed in 1812 in conquering the Dominion. The Canadians have always had the reputation of being the most loyal of British subjects and they are very proud of it.

Besides, what have they to gain by union with us more than they possess already? They have a Government that differs but little from our own, for in the essentials Parliament is quite as independent as Congress. In fact it more nearly reflects the popular will than Congress, for it is modeled after the English Parliament, and, as in England, the Ministry is responsible.

On the other hand what have we to gain from annexation? The extension of our limits to the north pole or thereabouts and that is all. What do we care for all that frozen region under the Arctic circle, where there is nothing either interesting or amusing except the northern lights and the north pole.

We have enough of that and to spare in Alaska, and there is no need for further icy expansion.

Of course, the DeArmond resolution is merely academic, and will hardly meet with a responsive vote, but why can not the Missouri Congressman devote his powerful mind to subjects that will have some interest for his fellow-citizens? Canadian annexation has no attractions for the American people.

CLOSE-STICKING HABIT.

One of the Difficulties About Smoking—A Definition of Friendship.

The recent agitation against cigarettes has caused Canadian newspapers to recall many anecdotes about smokers and smoking. The Toronto News says, speaking of Parliamentarians who smoke, that it was down at Harvard, when Sir Hibbert Tupper was in his student days, that he learned to smoke. As at most colleges, almost every youngster soon picked up the habit, and once contracted, it stuck to him closer than a brother. That would seem to be the difficulty about smoking. Like every other habit, it is hard to abandon.

George Augustus Sala, who was a world-renowned connoisseur in tobaccos, was once asked for a definition of friendship.

"Well," he said, "I can only give an illustration. Suppose two smokers to be wrecked on a desert island, one of them having preserved a solitary cigar, while the other has none. If the man with the cigar should cut it in half and give one piece to his companion, I think he would give the finest exemplification of true friendship that could be presented."

Sala is pretty nearly correct, but the party of the first part is purely suppositious. It is not to be believed that he ever could exist. He is all right as an example, but he will never be met by anybody. And Kipling, in his somwhat coarse manner, has sung that

A woman is only a woman,
But a good cigar is a smoke.

"A Great Deal at Steak."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Two Ways.

When love's young dream was fresh and bright
And life in all its glory,
He told to her one fateful day
The same old, simple story.

And now, when homeward he returns,
With dawn in all its glory,
He tells unto his waiting wife
The same old, simple story.

—McLandburgh Wilson in New York Times.

The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us.—Franklin.

The noblest characters are those who have steered the life saving vessel through storm tossed seas. A bed of down never nurtured a great soldier yet.

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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.

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VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2—Daily. A.M		No. 4—Sunday P.M.
De. 9.00	Victoria	De. 4.00
" 9.28	Coldstream	" 4.28
" 10.24	Koenig's	" 5.21
" 11.00	Duncan's	" 5.55
P.M		P.M.
" 12.40	Nanaimo	" 6.41
Ar 12.35	Wellington	Ar. 7.37

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1—Daily A.M.		No. 3—Sunday A.M.
De. 8.00	Wellington	De. 4.00
" 8.20	Nanaimo	" 4.15
" 10.02	Duncan's	" 5.55
" 10.42	Koenig's	" 6.30
" 11.38	Coldstream	" 7.27
Ar 12.06	Victoria	Ar 7.55

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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:—

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For each swine, hog, sheep, or goat or other animal	1.00
For each dog	0.50

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

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

Horse, mule, bull, cow, or other cattle	$2.50
Each swine, hog, sheep, goat, or other animal	50
Each dog	50

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TUESDAY, JUNE 30, 1903.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WESLEY WILLARD,
MAYOR.

L. W. NUNNS,
CITY CLERK.

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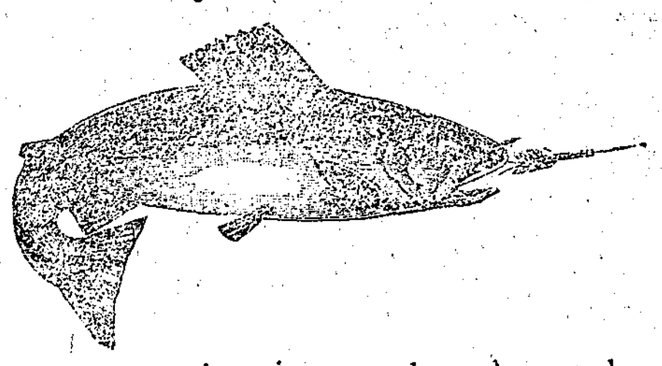

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BACK of THE BURNT CORK

By Epes W. Sargent

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"Sorry to disturb you, old chap, but I am to share this pen with you for the next two weeks." And Frank Hetherington regarded with unfeigned disgust the cubbyhole styled by courtesy a dressing room.

It was Hetherington's first season in vaudeville, and after a long run as leading man with one of the New York stock companies the facilities provided performers at the Apollo theater, in San Francisco did not appeal to his somewhat fastidious tastes.

The person to whom he addressed his conversation was a fellow performer, evidently a minstrel monologist, since the white of his bare arm showed in glaring contrast to the reddish pigment which stopped half way down the neck, concealing his features as effectually as if he wore a mask. Hetherington had a winning manner with men and women alike, yet after a slight start at first sound of the voice the original occupant of the room gave no sign of recognition save a curt "All right" as he moved his makeup materials to give the other more space on the plain board shelf which ran along one side of the wall.

Hetherington lit a cigarette in direct defiance of the placard tacked above the electric light and was seated before the mirror, making up, before he attempted to renew the conversation. Silence irritated him, and it was more to break the monotony than to gain the friendship of his companion that he commenced to talk.

"As long as we're to share this box stall for the next two weeks we might as well know each other's name. Mine is Hetherington. I'm new to this end of the business, but have some small reputation in the east as an actor. I'm doing a sketch with Miss Phyllis Lancaster. Now that I've introduced myself may I ask"—

The monologist disregarded this invitation for a moment while he struggled with a pair of tight fitting green trousers. Finally, having adjusted the suspenders, he turned coldly with:

"I don't think there is much in a name. Mine is Brown—Phil Brown—if you want it for the programme. I fill in the stage in one while they're striking your set and getting ready for the acrobatic act to close with."

Hetherington carefully outlined his eyebrows with black crayon before he replied with a light laugh: "Brown seems rather funny for stage use when you can pick out a name to suit yourself. But it matches your makeup and is as good as any other to travel by. It seems to me that if you are going to follow me either I am beastly late or you are horribly early, and, by the way, I thought Glenroy followed our act."

"Glenroy was switched to Los Angeles, and they brought me down from the Chutes. Yes, I've been playing the Chutes and the free house, the Olympic, the past three weeks, yet—I think the manager remembers the time when my name was worth as much on an eastern programme as yours is now—but it wasn't Brown then."

By this time Hetherington was fully dressed, and with a careless remark that he trusted they'd get along well during the week he carefully stamped out the glowing end of his second cigarette and climbed the rickety stairs which led to the stage.

There was trouble with the setting for his turn, and in the excitement of straightening the matter out there was little time for conversation with his partner before the act opened. After taking their curtain call he went directly to his dressing room. He had promised to meet a party of friends at the Bohemian club, and Miss Lancaster, known in private life as Mrs. Hetherington, was going to the hotel alone. A brief kiss and a laughing promise to be home by morning had marked their parting in the wings. He had quite forgotten his curious roommate.

It was lonely enough in the dressing room now, for most of the performers who were quartered in that vicinity of the house were early on the bill, and no friendly lights shone from their rooms as he passed.

He had almost completed his toilet for the street when Brown came down from the stage, perspiration streaming from his face as the result of his exertions. Hetherington merely glanced round and promptly returned to the intricacies of a new tie. Suddenly his ear caught a sharp click, and he looked up in astonishment to see Brown locking the door and slipping the key in his pocket. Something in the tense pose of the monologist and the flash of his eye made Hetherington feel strangely nervous.

"I say, old chap, what's the matter?" he asked in carefully modulated tones.

Brown regarded him silently for a moment, then replied slowly:

"I thought that possibly you might like to watch me take off my makeup."

"Nonsense," returned the other sharply. "Washing up is no novelty to a performer of fourteen years' experience, and besides I'm in a hurry to meet some friends at the Bohemian club."

"Yes, so I heard you tell—your—your—wife."

Hetherington stood ready now, hat and gloves in hand. He was becoming impatient.

"Come, unlock that door."

Without replying Brown stripped off the gaudy shirt and placed it on the hook above the already discarded coat and vest. Below the short sleeves of his undershirt rose superb biceps, and there was something almost contemptuous in the glance he turned on the lighter and more elegant build of his companion.

"You will find, Hetherington," he said as he sat down in front of his glass and reached for the cold cream, "that even to the actor of fourteen years' experience there are times when the removal of a man's makeup is like tearing the veil from the long dead past."

Hetherington scowled and laid a determined hand on the doorknob. The other man, still calming rubbing cold cream on his face, spoke in cool, even tones:

"We are the only actors on this side of the house, the orchestra is making such a racket that nobody could hear you if you yelled, and I shall be under the painful necessity of smashing your head with a chair if you attempt to break that lock. Sit down, man! Sit down! I've been waiting five years for just this chance. I don't mean to lose it now."

Hetherington was trembling, though he made a strong bluff at self possession. Was this new roommate a drug fiend, or was it a case of temporary mental derangement? Perhaps Brown read the thought, for he smiled grimly and suddenly reached for the large Turkish towel. Under its vigorous treatment cold cream and pigment came off together. At the same instant he sprang to his feet. The two men stood face to face, but only for a few seconds. Then Hetherington, white to the lips, cowered against the wall and breathed heavily.

"Phil Henderson!"

"Right you are! I thought you'd remember—when the cork came off. No; don't touch that door." This as Hetherington made a feeble attempt to rattle the doorknob. "We're going to talk this over. Let's see; it was five years ago, wasn't it, that you stole my wife? Yes, stole; that's the word! She was happy enough with me till you came. I don't believe she's been as happy with you. I don't believe she ever loved you." The cords in his neck were swollen, and the words came thick and hard. "It was her professional pride you appealed to. The prospect of a New York opening turned her head and made her forget how—how—I loved her. You've had five long years of happiness that belonged to me, and—now you're going to pay for them."

A look of piteous appeal came into Hetherington's eyes, but no word passed his lips. Brown looked down upon the crouching, cringing form.

"I shall have to tell the doorkeeper you went out through the front of the house. As for your wife—your wife and mine—she will not look for you till morning, and by that time I'll be safe on the Pacific Mail steamer on my way to Australia. The world will never know, unless she tells, what caused your"—

Hetherington, crouching closer and closer to the wall, moaned just once; then the man he had wronged was upon him. There was a sudden grip on his throat, tighter and tighter. The sound of a woman's voice seemed to float to his ear. A dainty feminine form passed as in a dream before his fast closing eyes, and then—blackness.

A few minutes later Brown, with the calmness of madness, picked up coat and hat. There under the narrow shelf on which were scattered makeup materials was stretched that grim and awful thing, but Brown did not see it. He turned out the light, locked the door from the outside and, placing the key in his pocket, climbed the rickety stairway and passed out into the night.

San Francisco and the whole Pacific coast were searched for the murderer of the handsome and popular leading man, and then the mystery of the Henderson-Brown murder gave way to a more exciting scandal, a huge railroad steal. A few weeks later, however, it was revived by word from Australia that a passenger on board the Pacific Mail steamship Light of Asia had gone violently insane when two days out from San Francisco and had jumped overboard. The name under which he had taken passage was Philip Henderson, but investigation of his effects proved that he was known along the Pacific coast as Philip Brown, a monologist. And while the world wondered and talked afresh of this mystery one woman knew.

Why the English Fight.

In his book "Pictures of Many Wars" Frederick Villiers tells of one occasion when he and a French traveler were guests of the Russian general, Skobeleff. The host, speaking of the Turks, said, "I wonder why these men fight like fiends?" "It's possibly their fanaticism, just as your men fight for holy Russia and the great white czar," said Villiers. "I suppose so," said the general, "and why do your countrymen fight, monsieur?" The Frenchman replied enthusiastically, "For glory." "Bravo! And the Englishmen, Mr. Villiers?" "Oh, my countrymen have the greatest incentive of all." "A greater incentive than glory? Impossible," said the Frenchman. "Oh, yes," said Villiers easily; "British interests, you know."

His Original Idea.

"Hi, there, but you can't get on this car with that bundle!" called a Fulton avenue car conductor to a man with a bundle almost as large as a bale of hay.

"But it's raining," protested the man.

"I know that."

"And it's been raining for two days."

"Yes, and it'll probably rain all day tomorrow as well. But that's got nothing to do with that bundle."

"But it has, you see. I've got 300 dry sponges here, and I'll sop most of the wet as we go along!"

The conductor was struck by the original idea and helped the bundle aboard.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Dickens and His Work.

Light is thrown upon the unfinished condition of Dickens' "Mystery of Edwin Drood" by the following story, told by a surviving friend:

"I ventured to ask him what method he pursued in the composition of works and if they were all completed before going to press. 'By no means,' he replied. 'They are not written beyond the part that is to be published at a given time. But the plot, the motive of the book, is always perfected in my brain for a long time before I take up my pen. I add a great deal to the original idea as I work on, but as I always know the end of the beginning I can safely commit my work in parts to the press.'"

"'But suppose,' I stammered, with just a little awe and wonderment in my voice (only the temerity of youth could have induced me to say such a thing), 'suppose you died before all your work was written?'"

"'A-h!' he said, and paused, then added, 'That has occurred to me at times,' and again the long, future piercing look seemed to be penetrating the golden haze. Then he turned his kindly glance on me and said cheerfully, 'One can only work on, you know—work while it is day.'"

They Agreed.

To his valet no man is a hero. Even his caddie is apt to hold the highest in very low estimation. The latter discovery was made the other day by a certain legal luminary who already had quite a modest opinion of his own abilities, though he has been for many years an ornament of the bench and is himself the son of a judge. During his off days he usually divides his energies between golf and dairy farming. On the occasion in question it happened to be golf, and not being in his usual form he made a very bad foozle.

He gazed incredulously at the ground, looked inquiringly at his club and having apparently solved the difficult problem faced his caddie and exclaimed with emphasis. "Well, I am an ass!" The caddie, startled out of a dream of bliss, was too well trained to contradict his employer, so he solemnly replied, "Yes, sir!" The man of law had overlooked the other's existence, but this candid opinion recalled him to earth. He looked at the caddie and the caddie looked at him for a brief second. Then both burst into a shout of laughter. The humor of the situation had struck them simultaneously.—London Tatler.

The Word of a Gambler.

Pat Sheedy, the gambler, occasionally found his reputation of being a square man his only available asset. It is not unusual for gamblers with such a reputation to play faro on credit. So far as is known, however, Sheedy is the only gambler who ever borrowed money from a bank when he was without funds with no other security than his word and the probability that his luck would change. The story is vouched for by Sheedy's friends. A long run of ill luck had cleaned him out in a summer resort, and he went to the cashier of the leading bank and asked for a loan. The size of the loan asked varies from $1,000 to $10,000, according to who tells it.

"What security have you?" asked the cashier.

"Nothing but my word."

"But I don't know you."

"Well, you've heard of me. I'm Pat Sheedy, the gambler, and my word is as good as a government bond."

The cashier knew all about him then, and although it was an irregular transaction, Sheedy got the money. His luck changed, and he paid back the loan promptly.

Lightning Strokes.

Where lightning has struck once is the place in that neighborhood where it is most likely to strike again.

Golden Weddings.

"But, papa, things have changed since you were young."

"Yes, they have. Folks used to wait fifty years for a golden wedding, and now they demand it at the start."

THE DOMESTIC PYRAMID.

Many Materials and a Woman's Life Go Into Its Construction.

The domestic pyramid is a mythical structure which every woman builds. It seems paradoxical to say that a mythical structure is actually built but such is the case. The more industrious the woman the higher the pyramid. Many materials go to the building, and a woman's life is given up to the occupation.

First, and these form a mighty proportion, the pyramid contains all the dishes which one woman has washed. Three times a day for twenty or thirty years she washes some fifty dishes. It makes a mighty host when it is placed in the pyramid, for since there are 365 days in each year on an average a woman washes 54,250 dishes each year.

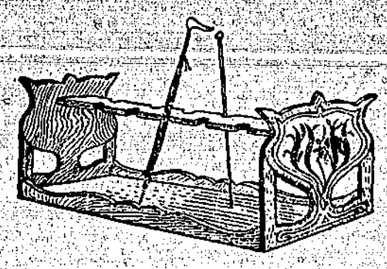
Next on the pyramid are the brooms and dusters and scrubbing brushes and dishcloths and tea cloths which have been worn out in her battle for cleanliness. It is wonderful to think of. They will number well into the hundreds, even though the one who used them was not known as a notable housewife. Right in this section of the pyramid come the soap and washing powders which helped in the fray. Few people would imagine the quantities of those which are used, but when it is all put together it makes a very respectable corner in the pyramid.

Then come the foodstuffs which have gone through her hands in preparation for the table—the dozens of eggs she has boiled and poached and fried, the bushels of potatoes she has pared, the quantity of flour she has sifted, the fruit and sugar which she laboriously made into preserves and jellies, the loaves of bread she has kneaded and the cake she has beaten. If she be a New Englander, there are mountains of pies she has baked and innumerable doughnuts she has fried. Such an appalling quantity!

Could a woman realize early in life the domestic pyramid which she would build she would think it an impossibility. Luckily she knows nothing of this and toils on from day to day, building according to her energies and ennobling the work with the beauty of self sacrifice.—Sallie Carroll in Pittsburg Chronicle.

An Umbrella Stand.

The umbrella stand shown in the illustration is a decided improvement on the old fashioned receptacles, and not the least advantage it possesses is that in it the umbrellas are distributed at a fair distance from each other, giving



BURNT WOOD UMBRELLA STAND.

no trouble in getting them mixed or in spoiling or cutting the silk. This useful article of household furnishing may be made of plain materials or may be fashioned of burnt wood or ornamented in other ways. A couple of coats of paint or enamel on the bottom where the umbrellas rest will give a waterproof finish to the wood.

Deviled Mushrooms.

An old time housewife with modern ideas gives this recipe for deviled mushrooms; they are to be served as a "savory" after the dessert and before the fruit and coffee:

Peel and remove the stalks from some button mushrooms, scoop out a portion of the head of each, chop this finely with half a dozen more mushrooms and fry in two ounces of butter with a minced shallot, a dessert spoonful of chopped parsley and double that quantity of lean cooked ham. To these add a dash of cayenne, also a little salt, pepper and a dessertspoonful of curry paste. Fill the scooped out mushrooms with the mixture, place them on a buttered tin, sprinkle with fine breadcrumbs and grated cheese, and bake for ten minutes. Serve two on a small crouton to each guest.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Status of Finland Women.

In Finland the broadest form of coeducation is practiced. Since 1893 women have been eligible as members of school boards, but among the working classes equality with men has long been established. In the trades women are represented as follows in the grand duchy: One hundred and forty-four bookbinders, 112 hatters, 17 dyers, 12 carpenters, 10 paper hangers, 11 watchmakers, 20 goldsmiths, 558 bakers, 19 slaughterers, 353 hotel and restaurant keepers, 765 ship loaders, 198 printers and 550 bricklayers. There are also 850 women in the employ of the state in various capacities.

London's Workers.

But one person in eighty of the workers of London goes to church.

The Red Sea.

The Red sea is for the most part blue. It gets its name from the fact that portions of it are covered by minute animalcules which dye the surface of the water red where they float.

The Recruit and His Wondrous Boots

As a sergeant was bawling out his orders in a barracks in Dublin and watching the line of feet as the new recruits endeavored to obey the word of command, he found to his astonishment that one pair of feet, more noticeable on account of their extra large size, never turned.

Without taking his eyes off those feet the sergeant bawled out a second order:

"About face!"

He could see that all the feet except those he watched turned in obedience. Rushing up to the owner, a little fellow, he seized him by the shoulder, shouting:

"Why don't you turn with the rest?"

"I did," replied the trembling recruit.

"You did, eh? Well, I watched your feet, and they never moved."

"It's the boots they gave me, sir," said the poor fellow. "They're so large that when I turn my feet turn inside of them."—Dublin News.

Business Notice.

"For Sale—Gentleman wishing to leave country will part with blooded English bulldog for small consideration."—Chicago News.

Positive Extortion.

There is a well known artist in Reading, Pa., whose work is of a high order and whose cattle pictures in particular are very pleasing and find a ready sale. While in the country one day last summer he sketched a fine, big bull, his object being, as he told the farmer to whom it belonged, to make it the central figure of a landscape which he contemplated painting. Several weeks ago he met the farmer in town and told him that he had finished the picture and sold it for $200. "Good gracious!" exclaimed the other, "I would have sold him the bull itself for less than that."—Philadelphia Ledger.

She Misunderstood.

"Henry," said Mrs. Penhecker, "when you asked me yesterday evening for permission to go to the club what did you tell me was the subject you intended advocating at the meeting of the official board?"

"Why, my dear," answered Henry, "I said I was going to address the board on the advisability of women's nights."

"Well," was the grim response, "next time please enunciate more distinctly. I understood you to say 'women's rights.'"—Chicago Tribune.

Another Retraction Demanded.

"I see that Silas is famous," said Farmer Corntossel as he stopped before the stove in the village store. "Got his picture in the paper fur bein' cured of rheumatiz."

"Yes," answered the storekeeper. "An' Silas is that mad he can't see. He only got $2 fur givin' the testimonial, an' since it was put in the paper that he's well an' hearty all his family an' his distant relatives is after him wantin' to know why he doesn't go to work."

Too Expensive.

"Five dollars a minute?" said the youth who had asked the long distance telephone rate between him and the town where resided the lady fair.

"Yes, sir," asserted the telephone clerk.

"I guess I am not on speaking terms with her," sighed the youth, sadly counting the $4.50 which was in his purse.—Chicago Tribune.

If He Only Could.

Mrs. Noorich—Isn't it grand to ride in your own carriage?

Mr. Noorich—Yes, but I'd enjoy it more if I could stand on the sidewalk and see myself ride by.—Brooklyn Life.

The Changing Seasons.

Pauline—I'm sorry the winter is so far gone.

Penelope—So am I. I've such a becoming hat.—Detroit Free Press.

Curling Plumes.

Instead of using a knife or scissors blade in recurling plumes, try a smooth piece of whalebone. Begin at the base of the flues and draw them tightly and firmly between the thumb and the whalebone. If they curl too much, do not hold them quite so tightly and begin further from the quill.

Then She Got Mad.

She (having nothing else to say)—It's funny how we ever came to think so much of each other.

He—Funny? It's positively ridiculous!

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

It is a traditionary custom in the Marlborough family for each Duke to present a Blenheim spaniel to the Duchess when she enters Blenheim Palace for the first time as its mistress.

I was cured of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT
SYDNEY, C. B. C. I. LAGUE

I was Cured of loss of voice by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Yarmouth. CHAS. PLUMMER.

I was Cured of Sciatica Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT
Burin, Nfld. LEWIS S. BUTLAR.

Some women can wear a new dress so that its newness will not be observed—but they don't.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

The Russian fleet in far eastern waters, now consists of 42 vessels including six ironclads and eight first-class cruisers.

THE MANUFACTURERS OF

CARNEFAC STOCK FOOD

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

$175 IN GOLD At Winnipeg Exhibition...

FIRST PRIZE.

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

SECOND PRIZE.

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

THIRD PRIZE.

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

CONDITIONS.

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

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

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

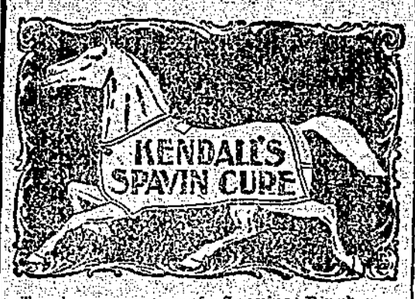
TRY CARNEFAC FOR YOUR STOCK.

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

THE HORSE MARKET

Demands Sound Horses Only.

Lame horses sell at less than half their actual value and are neither desirable for use or sale. The remedy is easy. A few bottles of



will work a permanent cure for Spavins, Ringbones, Splints, Curbs, etc., and all forms of Lameness. It cures thousands of cases annually. Such endorsements as the one following are a guarantee of merit.

Cured two Bone Spavins of Ten Years' Standing.

Earlville, N.Y., March, 1901.

Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Gentlemen:—Some years ago I used your Kendall's Spavin Cure on a horse that had two Bone Spavins, and it removed them entirely. These Spavins had been on him from birth, and were of ten years' standing. I now have a case of a mare that was injured by falling through a bridge, and am going to give her complete treatment with your Spavin Cure. Please send me a copy of your "Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases." Yours very truly, CLARK C. PORT.

Price $1; six for $5. As a liniment for family use it has no equal. Ask your druggist for Kendall's Spavin Cure, also "A Treatise on the Horse," the book free, or address

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburg Falls, Vt.

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.

HAPPINESS IN THE FAMILY.

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Mother and Daughter.

Mrs. S. Barnum Tells How Her Backache Disappeared and Her Daughter Found Health.

Madoc, Ont., April 27.—(Special)—The hold those standard Canadian remedies, Dodd's Kidney Pills are obtaining on this community grows stronger day by day. Tried and found not wanting," is the verdict awarded to them in dozens of cases where those numerous ailments arising from diseased Kidneys have banished the health and threatened the lives of people till Dodd's Kidney Pills have come to their relief.

And as one who has been benefited from Dodd's Kidney Pills recommends them to another and he or she in turn finds relief and health, it is not to be wondered at that whole families unite in singing their praises. This is what the Barnums are doing. Mrs. S. Barnum says:

"I had been troubled with Backache, one of the first symptoms of the painful and dangerous Kidney Diseases. I had been told that Dodd's Kidney Pills were a sure cure and resolved to try them. The backache soon disappeared, and has not come back. It is a most satisfactory cure.

"My daughter Annie, too, was run down and out of sorts, and subject to pains. Dodd's Kidney Pills had done me so much good I resolved to try them in her case. The result is her pain is gone and she is in good health again."

A tourist in a remote part of Ireland, having stayed the night at a wayside inn not usually frequented by visitors, informed the landlord in the morning that his boots, which had been placed outside his room door, had not been touched. "Ah, shure," said the landlord, "and you might put your watch and chain outside your room door in this house and they wouldn't be touched."

A Popular American Consul in Canada Says He Knows of Remarkable Cures Wrought by Paine's Celery Compound

The Great Spring Medicine.

The claim that Paine's Celery Compound is the only honest medicine in the world for the cure of rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous and blood diseases, is fully borne out by the strong and convincing letters of testimony received constantly by the proprietors of the popular medicine. Nothing else has ever possessed anything like the power of Paine's Celery Compound to restore a healthy nervous tone to the entire body and to thoroughly cleanse the blood, making it impossible for rheumatism, neuralgia and other troubles to find lodgement in the system. Ministers, professional men generally, newspaper men, public officials and all brain workers, men whose daily outlay of vitality, because of hard, trying, anxious work, is excessive, find renewed nerve strength and vitality in Paine's Celery Compound. General Wm. W. Henry, American Consul in the city of Quebec, says:

"It gives me great pleasure to indorse Paine's Celery Compound both on account of the results obtained from personal use of the remedy and knowledge of the remarkable cures it has performed. I believe it has no equal in curing diseases of the nervous system and building up those who are weak and out of health. It has cured several friends of mine of rheumatism in its worst forms, and I have no hesitancy in recommending it to all afflicted with that disease."

Ministers denounce lotteries, yet they keep right on boosting the matrimonial game.

WILSON'S FLY PADS

WILL RID YOUR HOUSE OF FLIES IN A FEW HOURS.

THE HALCYON HOT SPRINGS

Arrow Lake, B.C.

These miraculous springs,
Minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with sweet oblivious antidotes
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of those perilous stuffs
Which weigh heavily upon Kidney, Liver and Stomach.

Therefore, all ye who suffer—Give physic to the dogs; have none of it, but come and be cured at

The Halcyon Hot Springs Sanitarium B.C.

TERMS—$15 to $18 per week.

The next international convention on tuberculosis will begin in Berlin on the 22nd October, and continue until the 26th. Two days will be devoted to a careful examination of different establishments for the treatment of the almost universal pest.

RADIUM.

One Grain Is Enough to Lift the Whole British Fleet Mountain High—Wonderful New Metal.

Much popular interest has of late been excited by the mention in cable dispatches and mail advices from England of experiments with the newly discovered metal radium, which has such surprising properties that Lord Kelvin was moved to say of it that it threatened to overthrow the law of the correlation of forces. It seems already to have overturned, or at least unsettled, the accepted theory of light, and when the experiments of Profs. Mendeleiff, Yegoroff, and Borgman of the Electro Technical Institute at St. Petersburg are completed, the results may be to give us a new science and a new nomenclature.

Radium is a rare metal, and extremely difficult to procure. It is a constituent of pitchblende, which is found in many places, but only in a very small way. All that has so far been segregated has come from a mine in Cornwall. A ton of pitchblende carries about 15½ grains of radium, and it is difficult to extract. This quantity, a gram by the metric scale, is at present estimated to be worth about $2,000, and a kilogram (2.2046 pounds) is theoretically worth somewhere in the neighborhood of $2,000,000. It has many curious and as yet inexplicable properties, and also entails many dangers to those who handle it recklessly. Prof. William Crooke, in describing it recently, said: "Probably if half a kilogram were in a bottle on that table it would kill us all. It would almost certainly destroy our sight and burn our skins to such an extent that we could not survive. The smallest bit placed on one's arm would produce a blister which it would need months to heal." This would seem to indicate that it emits something more than light. Heat and actinic energy must make up a large part of its radiation. It also emits electrons with a velocity so great that, according to Prof. Crookes, one gram is enough to lift the whole of the British fleet to the top of Ben Nevis; and I am not quite certain that we could not throw in the French fleet as well." This is popular rather than scientific, but it warrants the conclusion that radium will always be a laboratory metal, and that efforts to recover it in large quantities will not meet with much commercial encouragement. Perhaps the universal solvent might have been found long ago if there had been anything to keep it in.

Radium was discovered by M. and Mme. Curie in France, after they had familiarized the remarkable properties of uranium and polonium. Its influence upon the development of electrical science promises to be very important. A quarter of a century ago it might have been said that electricity had a property somewhat resembling inertia. Now it looks as if Sir Oliver Lodge had a substantial basis for the assertion that the inertia of matter will have to be explained electrically, since there is no inertia but electricity. This concept of electricity inertia was first expressed in a magnificent mathematical paper by J. J. Thompson of Cambridge in 1881, when it was regarded as a mathematical curiosity. Radium promises to establish the Thompson hypothesis, and in so doing will possibly open the way to new and yet more important discoveries in a field in which the future doubtless has many surprises in store for even the present generation.

ADVANCE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

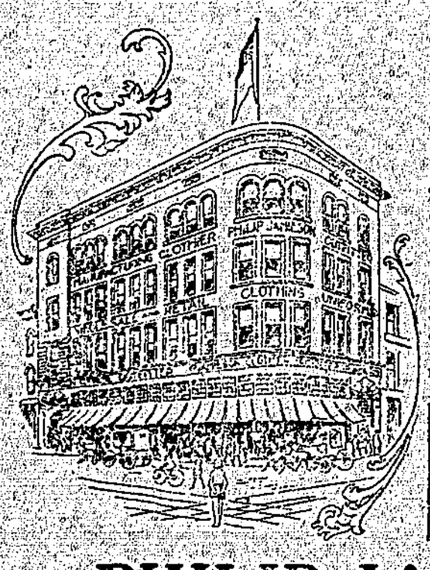
Remarkable Printing Process Discovered by German Investigators.

From Berlin come details of a new photographic printing process the distinguishing feature of which is that it dispenses with the use of light. This process, which the inventors have named katatypy, is the subject of several articles in recent scientific journals in Germany.

Professor Wilhelm Oswald of Leipsic and Dr. Gross of the same place appear as the discoverers of the process. They found that when paper prepared with bichromate of potassium and pyrogallic acid was placed in contact with an ordinary platinum print the platinum for some reason unexplained hastened reaction between the bichromate and the acid, which otherwise act very slowly upon each other. The result was an exact print of the platinum picture upon the prepared paper, the color of the reproduction being a red brown. Descriptions of the experiment received in this country say that this action of the platinum plate upon the prepared paper left the original platinum picture unchanged. If that is the case, says The Philadelphia Ledger and Times, the process can be repeated with the same plate and other paper prepared with bichromate of potassium and so on.

Another process was with hydrosuperoxide. A negative print upon platinum paper or a bromide of silver negative is treated with an aqueous solution of hydrosuperoxide, and then the negative so treated is placed in contact with gelatinized paper. The hydrosuperoxide picture passes to the gelatine. It is at first invisible, but a treatment with sulphate of iron makes the picture black and other chemicals give pictures of various colors, some of which are remarkably durable.

Canada's Largest Exclusive Men's and Boys' Outfitting Store



Men's Tweed Suits $8

The purest of all-wool Scotch Tweeds (imported) in the latest fashionable weaves and mixtures.

Perfectly Tailored Suits in the smartest fitting Single Breasted Sacque styles. Your local dealer will ask at least $12.50 to $15.00 for equal value.

Send for our samples and self-measurement forms.

OUR CATALOGUE. The handsomest money saving book ever published. Just fresh from the press, and describing the best Clothing in the world. It's worth dollars to you—a post-card will bring one **FREE**

PHILIP JAMIESON

Importer and Manufacturer, Toronto, Ont.

Advise your friends to use

GOLD STANDARD TEA.

They will owe you a debt of gratitude ever after.

THE KNOWING HOUSEKEEPER

advises the use of

OGILVIE'S HUNGARIAN FLOUR

for bread baking because of its uniform excellence and always satisfactory results.

Pattern by her advise and your baking days will be replete with light, wholesome and healthful loaves, to put roses into the cheeks of young and old.

$200.00 IN GOLD GIVEN AWAY FREE

LPAPE	NREOCA	UPML	ATSWRYREBR
CPAHE	RCYREH	YBRAPRSRE	ERPA

Can you arrange the above sets of jumbled letters into the names of eight well known fruits. If so, YOU CAN SHARE IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE ABOVE PRIZE. It is no easy task. But by patience and perseverence you can probably make out 5 or 6 of them. To the person who can make out the largest number we will give the sum of One Hundred Dollars. To the person making out the second largest number the sum of Fifty Dollars. To the person making the third largest number the sum of Thirty Dollars. To the person making the fourth largest number the sum of Twenty Dollars; Should two persons send answers equally correct, the first two prizes will be divided between them, (each receiving $75.00). Should three send in equally correct answers, the first three prizes will have to be divided, (each receiving $60.00). Should four persons send equally correct answers, the whole sum of $200.00 will be equally divided (each receiving $50.00), and so on in like proportions, provided they comply with a simple condition about which we will write as soon as answers are received. WE DO NOT WANT A CENT OF YOUR MONEY WHEN YOU ANSWER THIS ADVERTISEMENT. If you can make out anything like a complete list, write us at once enclosing 2-cent stamp for our reply. DO NOT DELAY, WRITE AT ONCE. Address, PARISIAN MEDICINE CO., Dept. 51 LONDON, ONTARIO.

YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOU DO NOT LIKE

IMPERIAL MAPLE SYRUP

ROSE & LAFLAMME, SELLING AGENTS, MONTREAL.

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

Russia for fifteen years has encouraged the cultivation of cotton in Turkestan, and she has succeeded. In 1889 the cotton crop was 76,000 bales, while the estimated production for 1903 will be 504,000 bales.

Fever and Ague and Bilious Derangements are positively cured by the use of Parmelee's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effusions from the blood into the bowels, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out, by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

The largest police station in the world is that at Scotland Yard, London. It has accommodation for 3,000 policemen.

Wash greasy dishes, pots and pans with Lever's Dry Soap, a powder. It will remove the grease with the greatest ease.

Poachers in the Ardennes are ingenious. One had the heels of his boots fixed under his toes, so that his tracks appeared to be going in an opposite direction. Hares and other game are sent to Brussels in firkins of butter, so that the scent shall not betray them.

SIX OILS.—The most conclusive testimony, repeatedly laid before the public in the columns of the daily press, proves that Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil—an absolutely pure combination of six of the finest remedial oils in existence—remedies rheumatic pain, eradicates affections of the throat and lungs and cures piles, wounds, sores, lameness, tumors, burns, and injuries of horses and cattle.

Greece is going to count its population next October. At the last census in 1896 there were 1,266,816 males and 1,166,990 females.

ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY.
ubscription.....$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.

THE CONSERVATIVE CAMPAIGN.

The Liberal-Conservative party, which now aims to guide the destinies of British Columbia, opened its political campaign in Victoria on the 18th of June, 1903—an auspicious day, for on that day in June, 1815, the victory of Wellington at Waterloo, made permanent the power and prestige of the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. We hope the Liberal-Conservative party of B.C will have Wellington's good luck in its political battles. Premier McBride in his address to the meeting felt very sanguine as to the result of the campaign, and said that he had received assurances from every part of the Province of a hearty support. The party was entering on the fight with every assurance of victory; the party organization in the country was in thorough fighting fettle, for thoroughly organizing every constituency on Vancouver Island. Conservatives had lost no time in getting shoulder to shoulder, and were now ready for the enemy—a united and victorious party. "As for myself and my colleague," said the Premier, "we are of the party; the day for individualism has gone by. The responsibility for the success or failure of the fight would not rest upon the shoulders of the Government, but upon the Conservative organizations throughout the country." The Premier also said the forthcoming fight was to be conducted free from any sentiment of sectionalism—that ruinous cry of the Mainland against the Island speeches, were made by Messrs Tatlow and McPhillips, and a resolution passed pledging the support of the Conservative party in Victoria to the new government. The full Conservative ticket for Victoria has not yet been announced. Mr McPhillips will, of course, be one of the candidates, also Harry Helmcken. A Vancouver paper says the city ticket will be composed of Messrs Tatlow, Garden, Wilson and Cotton, with a fifth man yet to be selected. Mr Charles Semlin will run in the Conservative interest for Yale District, and Mr J. K. Deane, who formerly represented Kamloops in the local legislature, is spoken of as the Liberal candidate.

Wires—contd. from first page.

settlement is made it will be based upon the men retaining their right to belong to their international organization although the recognition of the Union may not be pressed. The men are thoroughly satisfied that the W.F.M. is doing every thing possible for them. Special agent Moore has distributed over $3000 amongst the needy strikers. The Ladysmith Union asked for $14,000 monthly in order to hold out, and after investigating Mr Moore has recommended the central body to send $20 000 monthly to aid the men in holding out for an indefinite period. Although the W.F.M. treasury has been weakened by many strikes during the past year, and by large donations to other striking Unions, it has resources that it can call upon in cases of emergency, and this is one of them.

Victoria, June 27.—The body of F. J. Baily, naval storekeeper at Esquimalt, was found this morning. There is no doubt a murder has been committed, and the police are on the chase. A. J. Firth, formerly employed in the Naval Yards, is under arrest for the murder. Firth had been discharged for insobriety about a week ago. This morning he went to policeman Cempbell and said—"I've settled Baily." Search was made and Baily was found in the sail-room. He had been shot in the back of the head by a revolver. It is believed Firth committed the act believing Baily responsible in some way for his discharge.

Vancouver, June 27—The case of Elijah Scurry, accused of assaulting Mark Boren, was heard in Police Court yesterday. According to evidence, ill feeling was occasioned between the men concerning the accounting of money, and Scurry, on the impulse of anger, struck Boren, fracturing his jaw. The magistrate imposed a fine of $20 for the assault, and in addition awarded the sum of $173 damages to complainant.

Ladysmith, June 29—D. Alexander, an Italian miner, who voted to go to work when the matter was settled last Monday, was set upon by two other Italian miners while coming home last night, and was savagely assaulted. Alexander's assailants used feet, hands and teeth in the fight. The offenders Angelo Tate and John Chieoda, were brought before the magistrate this morning and fined $20 and costs each. A serious aspect of the case is that the men indulged in threats and other forms of intimidation against Alexander.

Ladysmith, June 28.—It was reported today that S. Motteshaw has resigned as secy. of Union, and has been succeeded by Fred James. A report is also in circulation, if trouble is not settled by this Thursday a large party of the very best men in Camp will leave to look for work elsewhere. They are disgusted with the manipulation of things by the little "inside clique" who have managed to get most of the power into their own hands. Hot words are passing now as to mysterious disappearance of a registered letter sent to the President of Union, to be read in the meeting, from J. Jefferies, delegate of the Ladysmith Union to Denver. This letter gave an exceedingly gloomy report of the affairs of the Federation at Denver was received by the President of the Union but was never read to Union in open or any other kind of meeting and the men want to know why.

Condensed Wires.

S. Wrigley says letter lost because mail passes over Dunsmuir's lines.

Baseball—Vancouver 16, Nanaimo nil; Vancouver 8, Victoria 5.

Northfield slope is now 245 feet. Newcastle quarries re-opened will work in large scale.

Alberta elopement, woman's age is 64.

Mad Mullah has destroyed five British posts in Somaliland; 42 British killed, 2000 native troops taken.

LOCALS.

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

Dr S. F. Tolmie, veterinary surgeon of Victoria, is in Comox on his annual tour of inspection.

Supt. Henderson and his assistant supt. Brown of the Dominion Public Works arrived on the City of Nanaimo, Thursday last.

Messrs R. Watson, J. Harris and Wm. Rafter of Ladysmith, arrived here last week to attend the Grand Lodge meeting of United Ancient Order of Druids.

Rev. Thos. Menzies of Sandwick who has been attending the sessions of the General Assembly, held at Vancouver, is home again. He was accompanied by Mrs Menzies.

Messrs K. Roberts and Hope-Johnston are here to introduce a coal mining machine to dispense with the use of powder, hydraulic force being the principle. The machine is being tested at No. 4 slope.

The good ladies of the Presbyterian Church in Comox, give a strawberry festival in the Agricultural Hall, Courtenay, this evening and if they keep the affair up to their accustomed mark, why, every one should go. We are pleased to note that everyone is welcome, and special invitations are dispensed with.

A wedding was solmenized in the Cumberland Hotel last Friday, Mr J. N. Arthur of Nelson, being united in marriage to Miss A. McKay, who arrived from the Old Country the preceeding day to join her intended. She is a sister of Mr McKay, of Union Wharf. The couple had driven up to get the licence, intending to be married at the Wharf, but concluding to finish up while about it, the Rev. Mr Cleland was summoned, and with Mr Geo. Howe and Mrs Piket, for supports, the knot was tied without delay. The happy couple left for the Wharf where they will reside.

CALL AND INSPECT OUR STOCK OF FRESH

GROCERIES

JUST OPENED AT THE

CORNER STORE

STANLEY H. RIGGS.

Special Bargains at the

Big Store

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

SIMON LEISER & CO., Cumberland

Cold Storage: Air Dry System.

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

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

UNION BREWING CO., LTD.
DUNSMUIR STREET
Phone 27. P. O. Drawer 45

Fertilizers Fertilizers

For Orchard, Field and Farm.

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

ANALYSIS AVAILABILITY & SOLUBILITY strictly guaranteed.

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

STANDARD FORMULAE

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

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

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

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

For Prices, Pamphlet and Testimonials address

Victoria Chemical Co., Ltd.,
VICTORIA, B.C.

31 12 02

EVADING THE LAW.

The Pictures of Flying Birds in a Mohammedan Mosque.

According to one of the tenets of the Mohammedan religion, it is a sin to make a picture of any living thing. The elaborate decorations of the palaces and mosques of the east are almost exclusively made up of ingeniously interlaced geometric designs, arabesques or flowers, intermixed with sentences of the Koran.

There is a belief among Mussulmans that at the day of judgment Allah will demand that the artist who has made the image of a living thing shall endow that image with life and that, failing to do this, the artist will be sent to perdition for his sin.

A gentleman who visited a mosque in Algiers found that the tiles with which the building is decorated, which are very old and beautiful, are adorned with flights of birds. He expressed surprise at this and asked if the command against such representation were a modern edict.

"Oh, no," answered the pious Algerian to whom he addressed the question. "These are not pictures of living birds."

"But they are painted as if flying across the tiles," the other said in some astonishment.

"Yes," the Mussulman replied, "but do you not see that about the neck of each there is a fine black line? That is to show that the artist painted only dead birds, and the command of the Koran is not violated."

Evils of Politics.

Blithers—Our old friend, Colonel Beetbad, is another instance of the strenuous life of politics.

Blathers—How's that?

Blithers—He sued an opposition party paper for printing a caricature of him, and the jury decided that the picture flattered the colonel.—Ohio State Journal.

What He Probably Heard.

"As I passed your house last evening," he said, "I thought I heard an angel singing."

"Yes," she answered icily, "I was at the theater last evening. Her cousin, however, and her twin babies were at our house visiting the cook."—Stray Stories.

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WM. GLEASON.

Cumberland, May 8, 1903.

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