THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

TENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY, MARCH 3, 1903.

Make your Purchases at

THE BIG STORE

AND SAVE MONEY.

To Cash Buyers we are giving a Discount of 10 per cent on all Goods except Groceries.

WE are receiving NEW GOODS by every boat. The following are to hand :—

Ladies and Children's Whitewear.
Ladies Wrappers and Aprons.
A choice assortment of Embroideries.
All-over Embroidery, Fancy Cotton, Fancy Linen, Plain and Fancy Handkerchiefs,
All the latest things in Gents Shirts.

S. LEISER & Co., Ltd.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

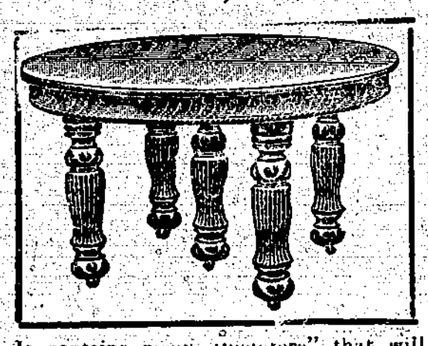
61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B C.

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

Agents for McCormick Harvesting Machinery.

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

Ladies, Your Attention:



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

A Calendar for 1903.

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

Furniture, Carpets & complete House Furnishings

Write at once as we have only a Few.

WEILER BROS., Victoria, B.C.

COAL MINES REGULATION ACT.

BOARD OF EXAMINERS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following constitute the Board of Examiners for the Comox Mine during the year 1903—

Appointed by the Owners—1, Richard Short, 2, David Walker. Alternates—1, James Strang, 2, John Kesley.

Appointed by the Lieut.-Governor in Council—Wm. Johnston.

Elected by the Miners—1, James Reid, 2, John Comb. Alternates—1, Richard Coe, 2, Wm. McLellan.

NOTE.—Alternates act as Members of the Board in the absence of those regularly appointed or elected to act thereon.

All persons interested may obtain full information by applying to the Secretary to the Board, Mr Wm. Johnston. of Comox, B.C.

Dated this 18th day of February, 1903.

R. F. TOLMIE,
Deputy Minister of Mines.

INTERMEDIATE FOOTBALL.

Although the last game between Cumberland and Ladysmith was won by the former, thus making another game between the two necessary, we understand that no word as to future schedule games has yet reached this team. As our boys have strong chances of winning the cup, they must see to it that they are not side-tracked by any fluke. By-the-way, in talking to the boys after their trip, it was pleasing to observe that they spoke highly of their treatment when below. The Nanaimo teams especially could not do enough to make their visit a pleasant one.

We can sell you what you want in furniture and house furnishings as cheap as you can buy it in the Province. Cash payment when you leave the order, the balance in monthly payments.—S. H. Riggs.

Druids Annual Banquet

Cumberland Grove, U.A.O.D. met on Tuesday evening last at the Waverley Hotel at a well prepared supper, in which it is the custom of the Children of the Oak once each year to indulge. Besides the brethren of the Order, a number of visitors, representative of the various other societies, &c., were present. After partaking of the liberal fare, the chairman, Mr J. B. McLean, announced that the usual toasts would be given, and a few songs would be sung to vary the programme, and after a few appropriate remarks on the occasion, proposed the health of His Majesty. This having been drank, and the National sung, brothers F. Scavardo and B. Bardezoni were called on for a duet, which they gave in grand style, and with telling effect Toast, the President of the United States followed, being most ably replied to by Mr Geo. Clinton. Bro. Ginsberg was then called on for a song. Toast, King William, and King Victor Emmanuel. In proposing this, the Chairman explained that Druidism was widely diffused throughout Germany and Italy, and it is in recognition of this fact that the toast, so seldom given in this country, was proposed. Bro. Ginsberg answered for Germany, Bro. Magnone for Italy. Toast, the Grand Grove. This was responded to in a most interesting manner by the Chairman, who, in speaking of the Druidic Order, said that people were in many cases prejudiced against joining it for the reason that they thought it was composed entirely of foreigners, but this was not so. Many foreigners recognised the advantages of the Order, and joined. Religion and politics were rigidly excluded from its work, and in this respect, it was different from most secret societies, in that no member was required to take an oath on the Bible. A candidate must simply be of good character, and have visible means of support. Cumberland Grove was the most prosperous in B.C, having a larger membership than any other north of California. (Applause). Toast, Kindred Societies. A.F. & A.M., G. W. Clinton and J. Morrochi; Encampment, W. Connors; I.O.O.F., T. E. Bate, L. O.L., J. Mc Leod; Woodmen, O.H. Fechner; K's of P. were not represented. Toast, Well. Colliery Co, Manager Matthews; City of Cumberland, Ald. T. E. Bate; Press, W. B. Anderson; Host and Hostess; Auld Lang Syne.

The majority of the diners then adjourned across the way to the ballroom, where a large number were enjoying the mazy dance to excellent music provided by Messrs Smith and Sidney. It was late in the morning when your correspondent took himself home, over what seemed an extremely twisted and narrow sidewalk, (Ald. Bate please note) but still the merry dance went on, as a finale to the hospitable Druids' very successful and acceptable entertainment.

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

BASKET BALL.

The first cup games took place in Cumberland Hall Friday. Juniors—Eagles, 17; Clovers, 12. Seniors—Counters, 13; Comox, 7.

Next matches take place Friday evening next when Unknowns vs. Mohawks, and Maples vs. Shamrocks take the floor.

Telegraphic News.

Nanaimo, Feb. 25.—The concessions made by the Company are as follows :—Supt. Russell concedes the safety lamp matter, it being too trivial for serious consideration, and the allowance will be continued. The Company will give eighty cents a ton net for the lower seam long wall work. This will give employment to every idle man in town. The mines will be inspected to-night and work begun in morning.

The 20 per cent, advance comes up later.

Vancouver, March 2.—Chas. A. Semlin, Opposition candidate, defeated Dr Sansome in Provincial B. C. election, West Yale, Friday, by a large majority, the total vote being Semlen 227, Sansome 149.

Vancouver, March 2.—The Brotherhood of Railway Employees of the C.P.R., went out on strike yesterday at noon, when 300 clerks left the freight transportation and telegraph departments. The trouble started, according to Supt. Marpole, over the dismissal of a freight clerk named Forrest, for refusing to resign from the Union. The Brotherhood demanded his reinstatement, this demand was refused at 9.30 to-day. The Brotherhood gave the railway management until noon to reinstate Forrest, this not being done a strike was ordered, and the whole length of the line, which involves over 1000 clerks in the system, not many as yet belonging to the Brotherhood in Toronto and Montreal, but the union being thoroughly organised between Vancouver and Winnipeg.

Vancouver, March 2.—80 freight handlers at the C.P.R. docks joined the United Brotherhood Railway Employees strike this morning and now about 125 freight men are out. The men employed to take the place of the strikers are being housed near the depot building in cars. The Company is making preparations to fight it out.

Yesterday a man named Reins was badly beaten on the wharf.

Victoria, March 2.—Some light was let in on the methods by which T. Patterson, MPP, elect, secured his seat in North Victoria, in the Victoria Police Court on Thursday. The evidence showed that S. S. Iorquois was sent to Vancouver to carry paid impersonators bought by Mr Patterson's self-confessed agents, at $5 a head, to the polls at Galiano Island, that Brocky Phillips Robinson a longshoreman of Vancouver, assembled two dozen or more in the side room of a waterfront hotel in Vancouver and carried out the expedition to Galiano Island where they voted for Mr Patterson under the names of others.

Vancouver, March 2nd—All the saw-mills and shingle-mills in Vancouver are to do away with the Chinese and Jap labor entirely, that is if they can replace the Orientals with Whites to whom they are willing to pay fully fifty per cent in advance of what is now given

Victoria, March 2.—Announced today that R. Dunsmuir & Sons will re open the Alexandra mines at South Willington with Mr Faulds as superintendent. New bunkers will be built, the old ones were torn down a year ago when the mine was closed after the labor trouble with the miners. The Wel. Col. Co. has also started boring for coal four miles north of Ladysmith. At Extension the output may be increased by the addition of a third shift employing 200 extra men.

Ladysmith, March 2—This morning a gang of men started work at Alexandra mine which is reported to be opened at once. The demand for coal is so great that the present sources of supply are inadequate—13 vessels of all classes are in the harbor today.

Victoria, March 2.—Letters from North state a fire occurred on str. "Wellington" when she was crossing Queen Charlotte Sound on her way North with coal as a result of explosion of lamp in one of the rooms. Damage amounting to $2000 was done.

Duncans, March 2—After a hard game in which three men had to leave the field, the Nanaimo Association football team defeated the Cowichan's by a score of 2 to nil.

Victoria, March 2—At yesterday's meeting of the B.C. Mining Association the following resolution was adopted:—"Resolved that Government of B.C. be hereby requested to forthwith appoint a commission of three members to examine into the mining industry on the question of capital and labor therein employed, commission to be regarded as a conciliation board in any mining labor troubles. Before convention adjourned Premier Prior announced, amidst tremendous cheering that the Government would defray all expense to send at once a delegation chosen by the convention to Fernie in an attempt to settle the disastrous strike there.

The committee leaves to-night for Fernie.

None but the Best.

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

NUTRITIOUS FOODS.

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

MOORE : BROS.

CARD OF THANKS.

The Hospital Board of Directors at their last regular meeting tendered a vote of thanks to the Robert Burns Anniversary Committee for their generous donation of receipts from their annual banquet.

We repair all kinds of furniture at reasonable rates. The Corner Store, S. H. Riggs.

Swing your calico's on St. Patrick's night.

The stork brought another nice little girl to Frank Jayne's house last week.

We put down all linoleums and hang all blinds bought at the store. Stanley H. Riggs

R. Hanna was injured by a fall of rock in No. 5 Monday. By last reports he was doing as well as possible.

On Thursday last Mr Harrigan of Comox was married to Miss Smith, who recently arrived from Scotland. The bride having no relatives in the district, was given away by Mrs Wilkinson. The ceremony being performed at St George's Presbyterian Church by Rev. Mr Glassford assisted by Rev. Mr R. Wilkinson.

Mr G. A. McLaughlin and bride who returned from their honeymoon trip last week, are receiving the congratulations of their many friends at Union Bay. Mrs McLaughlin was formerly Miss Marshall of Coquittam. The marriage took place at the residence of the bride's mother, the knot being tied by Rev. Mr Irvine of Sapperton.

Our Nob Hill correspondent tells us that two noted shots of that burg started out one day last week to get ducks, seeing that the season was nearing its end. Every good citizen of the Hill was notified to meet the hunters upon their return and get their share of birds. This was duly done, and the bag made was as follows—1 sawbill, 1 flat-footed diver, 1 horrible volume of bad language.

My Heart's Darling

BY W. HEIMBURG

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

CHAPTER V.

"The ladies are in the garden," said Frau Counselor's thin little maiden.

Lucie felt her way down the dark stairs again, and went through the little garden to the arbor.

"Is it you?" said her lover, and stepped out to meet her. "Did you not just meet my mother and aunt? They went in to attend to something. But first of all, how are things over there?"

Instead of answering, she leaned her head on his shoulder and wept.

"What is it, then? Have you spoken to her?"

She nodded. "Her intended husband has written to break off his engagement," she whispered, "on account of her father."

"Poor woman!" he said, feelingly. "Did you talk to her and scold her about her foolish attempt, you good little Samaritan?"

"Yes, Alfred, I did everything that you wished me."

"As if I did not know the first time I saw you what a splendid doctor's wife you would make."

She leaned against him. "Where was that? Say—was it in Mathilda's sick room?"

"No, indeed; it was when you bound up Bebe's bad hand."

"Oh, yes!" said she. "And that made such an impression upon you?"

"Of course, and still more the delicate venison steaks that you used to prepare for my patient."

"Ach, for shame! how commonplace!"

"But allow me," he added, mockingly; "if housewifely ability does not impress a man, what should?" He patted her cheek and kissed her. "What won my heart was your cheerful disposition and your fresh nature," he thought.

But he did not put it in words; he belonged to that class of persons that keep what they value most shut down in their hearts, locked up in themselves, that can not express it, and pass for cold and indifferent. Only after long acquaintance and real study does one learn to know them and to prize them doubly.

They sat silently by each other. She had such high ideal thoughts of love—she found it so easy to understand that one could die if the object of one's affection were lost. Her young heart asked if he loved in that way, and she sat gazing dreamily at the blue sunshine.

After a few minutes the Frau Counselor came along the path. She returned the young girl's greeting coolly, and remained standing at the entrance to the arbor.

"Do you not think it would be better, Alfred," she asked, with her shrill voice, "if the man were to upholster the sofa in our house? He will certainly steal the beautiful horse-hair if it goes to him. It is quite full; it belongs to my mother's time, when people were not cheated with rags or sea-weed."

"Certainly, mother; certainly," he returned, cheerfully.

"Good-night, Alfred. Come, Lucie," she said, shortly; "we shall not be able to sleep again on account of the singing of the nightingales and croaking of the frogs. If I had only thought about that horrid garden, I would not have rented this house."

Lucie looked surprised and hurt into her lover's face. He smiled.

"I wonder if that woman ever was young," thought the girl. And she stood a long, long time at the open window of her room, and looked through the silvery shimmer of the spring night. A ray of moonlight had lighted up her little sister's photograph on the bureau, and now lay like a narrow line across the low, white-covered bed as Lucie sought her couch. She had scarcely fallen asleep, when a bell sounded through the house. With a beating heart she jumped up and listened. After a little while she heard Alfred's steps on the stairs, and soon after he shut the door. Then a strange voice spoke: she listened as he answered:

"I will come at once."

Where would he have to go? She shut her eyes and pictured to herself how quietly he would step up to the sick-bed, and could hear his cheerful voice, as he asked questions, comforting and quieting. "He is so good," she whispered, and folded her hands upon her breast. And she stayed awake until he came back some hours later.

CHAPTER VI.

Day began early in the Frau Counselor's house. The family were drinking their coffee at half-past six—Tante Dettchen in a red plaid jacket and quilted petticoat, and her night-cap over her thin little twist of hair. She could not give up this habit, although her sister-in-law did not spare her biting remarks. But one could hardly be vexed with her; this primitive neglige was of such spotless freshness that it was much more attractive than the old brown cashmere street-dress turned by the Frau Counselor into a morning gown, the worn seams and faded velvet trimming giving the impression that it had just been brought out of the rag-bag.

Lucie, in a dainty morning-cap and white apron, was pouring out the coffee as Dr. Adler entered.

"Good-morning," said his mother. "Where did you go last night?"

He first kissed Lucie's forehead thoughtfully, patted Dettchen on the shoulder, and then took his place before a cup which was adorned in large blue letters with the inscription: "For the head of the house," an attention from Dettchen to her nephew on his return home.

"To Frau von Lowen's," he said, quietly, and reached out for a roll.

"Is she worse?" cried Lucie, in an alarmed tone.

"She requires the greatest care and attention. I should be very glad, Lucie, if you would go over there this afternoon; she begged particularly to have you."

"Gladly," said the young girl.

"But that can not be," said his mother, "we are invited to a coffee party at the postmistress's. She has particularly invited Lucie."

"Then make her excuses. I have promised Frau von Lowen she should have a visit from Lucie, and I must keep my word to a sick person."

"What is the matter with her? She never troubles herself about anybody," said the old lady, angrily.

"She is nervous."

"That is, she is fanciful!" cried his mother.

"No, it is not that. You cannot judge of the matter, mother, as you do not know the circumstances. However, I wish that Lucie, for Frau von Lowen's sake as a sick person, and for mine as a physician, should go over and try to cheer her up a little." During this debate he had finished his coffee, and getting up took his hat from a chair. "Of course, only on condition that Lucie is willing," he added.

She nodded assent, and followed him to the door. "What was the matter with her?" she whispered.

She had a fit of despair; she has a very nervous temperament. I found her pacing her room, frightened and unable to get her breath; the whole house was alarmed. She kept longing to come to you."

"Is it very serious?" asked the girl, with anxious eyes.

"No, no, my child; she will be much quieter to-day. But she must first of all be made to think of other things."

As Lucie returned to the sitting-room, the Frau Counselor was saying to her sister-in-law:

"It will be very embarrassing to have to say that she has gone to Frau von Lowen. Alfred, with all his new-fangled ideas of tolerating such things, had better have remained in the large town of H—, where Sodom and Gomorrah are thought good style."

"But, sister-in-law," protested Dettchen, "what could he do? You can not refuse the young baroness."

The Frau Counselor could evidently think of nothing; she satisfied herself with a long-drawn "No, no!" and turning to Lucie, she said:

"Yesterday morning you forgot to dust the glass shade over the feather flowers. Yesterday afternoon, when the postmistress came, she made marks on it with her finger, and then held it up to the light. I pretended not to see it, but—"

"Ach! forgive me," said the girl, and began her dusting at once with the glass in question.

About four o'clock she went to Hortense. Before her, with a stately tread, marched Frau Adler, in a brown silk dress, her cap, basket, and wrap upon her arm. She had intended starting somewhat before Lucie, although they were going in the same direction, because she did not want to see her son's future wife enter the Meerfeldt house. But she had been detained by an acquaintance, and had to let herself be overtaken by a light step. Without turning her head she allowed the girl to accompany her, and only out of the corners of her eyes did she see the beaming face.

"She ought to thank you for neglecting respectable people for her," said the old lady. "Alfred will see some time that I am right; but then it is usually too late."

She nodded once more to Lucie as they came near the gate, and with her head erect strode on.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Only For Pleasure.

In a grand old city in the southwest of England, one so grave, so solemn, that it cannot see its own jokes, may be read on the notice board of a grassy inclosure: "Pleasure Grounds. Notice—These grounds are for pleasure only. No games or play allowed!"

RURAL MAIL DELIVERY.

Summing Up of the Situation As It Appears to the Globe.

Rural delivery of postal matter has proved so much of a success in the United States that it is being steadily extended. The first year but $50,000 was appropriated for the service. For the current fiscal year $7,000,000 has been appropriated. During the interval the number of rural delivery routes has been expanded from 148 to 11,650. The area covered by rural delivery carriers now comprehends 300,000 square miles and contains 7,000,000 inhabitants. The whole area to which the Postoffice Department intends ultimately to give rural delivery embraces a million square miles, and the cost of such service is computed at $24,000,000. From that cost, however, must be deducted the additional revenue. How considerable an income may be counted upon from this source will be evident when it is pointed out that last year, while the increase of receipts in the rural regions generally was only 2.4 per cent. there was, on the other hand, in those sections which enjoyed a full rural delivery service an increase of receipts amounting to 10 per cent. Neither is the income derivable from the sale of money orders and the registration of letters by rural delivery carriers to be overlooked. Last year nearly 115,000 letters and packages were registered by carriers in isolated farming communities.

In view of these figures, it is certain not only that rural deliveries render a material service to farmers, of which hitherto they have been deprived, but also that such deliveries tend to become self-supporting. Last year, although the rural deliveries had been in operation on a continually increasing scale since 1898, the postal deficit had shrunk from $11,000,000 in 1897 to a little over $2,000,000. It is calculated that no fewer than 20,000,000 inhabitants of the United States are interested in the extension of free deliveries to the rural districts.

In Canada the distribution of population may not as yet be favorable to any extensive employment of a rural free delivery system. Free city delivery is defended on the score that as much is charged for a letter which is not carried on the railways at all as for one that is carried hundreds, perhaps thousands, of miles before reaching the addresses. Some persons point out that there is a special stamp by which one can have a letter delivered by a special messenger. A further application, they say, might be made of that principle, which would entitle a letter to be delivered to an address in the country. The difficulties to be solved in connection with this proposal are not small, although perhaps not insuperable. Increased population is the best solution, even though it may be a slow one.—Toronto Globe.

THE THEORY OF IT.

London Speaker on the Doukhobors and the Rights of Animals.

A Doukhobor community in the Canadian Northwest has suddenly asked itself by what right it kept its herds of domestic beasts in subjection. To ask the question was fatal. Once admit the idea of rights in this connection, and the whole fabric of animal servitude on which our civilization rests must crumble away. . . . . The Doukhobors after all, have only given an honestly concrete turn to an abstraction which has long been an obsession in modern thought. The modern European languages are much too rich in abstract terms. It is our facility in dealing in words like "territory" and "sphere of influence" that makes war possible. If we thought instead of the meadows, the farms, and the homes we should seldom send a Maxim gun abroad. So it is with the case of the animals. For life in the abstract we have all of us developed an almost morbid reverence. We shrink from the responsibility of capital punishment, while we heartily doom the criminal to a death in life more terrifying than torture itself. To prolong the torments of a dying man we ransack every artifice of the laboratory, and pump oxygen into a frame that can only live to suffer. What we lack is rather the respect for individual lives. The mystery of the biological processes impresses us profoundly, and we hesitate to stop the curious machine which breathes and moves and assimilates. It is the aesthetic sense that fails us. We do not realize enough the worth of a wild creature moving with grace in its own haunts and fulfilling in its own way the instincts that are so much more complex than the physiological business that somehow stirs our veneration. . . . In strict logic, indeed, it is hard to find a justification for a middle course in the ethics of animal employment. Either one admits or one denies that animals have rights. Admit it, and you will find it hard to defend their servitude. Deny it, and you make illogical your prejudice against the brutal carter, and the vivisector who will not use an anaesthtic.—London Speaker.

And Some Are Just Wind.

Some men are like the storms that break,
And some are like the gust;
Some sweep us from the paths they take;
Some fill our eyes with dust.

Italians In Argentina.

The Italian immigrants in Argentina soon give up their native language and adopt that of their new home.

Oil In Your Mitts And Gloves

Oil in leather makes cold mitts or gloves, because oil is a "good conductor" of cold. That's why Indian tanned buckskin is warmer than common oil tanned leathers.

But buckskin is porous, and lets in the wind and absorbs wet. Now "Pinto Shell" Cordovan is tanned without oil or minerals, and it is absolutely wind, water, boil, scorch and cold proof—it is the toughest glove and mitt leather tanned. It can be had only in H.B.K. mitts and gloves.

Will not crack or harden, always flexible, warm and dry.

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

H.B.K. BRAND

Hudson Bay Knitting Co.

30 St. George Street, Montreal. 128 Princess Street, Winnipeg.

Makers of Warm Clothing, Mitts, Gloves, Underwear, Sox, Moccasins, etc. 103

People don't take long to find out the merits of an article. Ask your friends what they think of Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea.

When some men give a dollar to charity they manage to get two dollars' worth of satisfaction from the contemplation of their generosity.

Though the wind is invisible the same cannot be said of a sight draft.

MISERABLE NIGHTS

What to Do When Baby is Fretful and Sleepless.

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

When you meet a worthless man it's doughnuts to fudge he can tell you a sure cure for corns.

Minard's Liniment is the best.

An upright life is a safe one under any system of religion.

Two good listeners may be friends, but two good talkers—never.

No man is a good talker unless he is able to shut up when he has said enough.

When the heroine drops her eyes the novelist always forgets to have her pick them up.

Ask the devil to dine with you once and you can count on him as a regular boarder.

It is easier to brag of one's future than it is to boast of one's past.

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favorite with the ladies and children.

The average wife dislikes to ask her husband for money almost one-tenth as bad as he dislikes to have her do it.

You cannot be happy while you have corns. Then do not delay in getting a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It removes all kinds of corns without pain. Failure with it is unknown.

The easier it is for a man to run into debt the harder it is for him to get ahead.

Minard's Liniment is best Hair Restorer.

A mule imagines he has a musical voice—and a good many people seem to be built on the same mistaken plan.

Help your children to grow strong and robust by counteracting anything that causes ill-heath. One great cause if disease in children is worms. Remove them with Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It never fails.

Like Queen Victoria, Queen Alexandra has tombstones erected over the graves of her pet dogs. At Sandringham are the graves of two dogs, a Siberian and a St. Bernard, and on the stones are inscribed their names, the length of time they were owned by Queen Alexandra, and the dates of their deaths.

In washing woollens and flannels, Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) will be found very satisfactory.

The French government is to plow a furrow fifteen hundred miles long across the North African desert from Tunis to Lake Tchad and lay a cable in it, both to be done at one operation. The plow, drawn by an engine and moving a mile an hour, will open a furrow thirty inches deep and lay the cable in the bottom.

All sorts of useless things are to be found in the upper stories of men and old houses.

The mirror isn't a wise-looking piece of furniture, yet it does a lot of reflecting.

We make Granby Rubbers and Overshoes out of pure *new* rubber. Can as much be said of any other make?

Granby Rubbers

cost the maker more, but they cost the wearer less, for one pair does the work of two pairs of ordinary rubbers.

"Granby Rubbers wear like iron."

A TELLING SHOT

By ANNE ALLEN

Copyright, 1902, by the S. S. McClure Company.

"I don't see what you want a gun for," said Tom crossly. Tom was cleaning his golf sticks, and it always makes him cross. Margaret lay in the hammock and watched him.

"I don't see what you want a gun for," he repeated.

"To shoot with," she explained.

"You're getting very sporty," he remarked, scowling at his midiron.

"You're getting very slangy," was her quick response.

"I can't lend you mine," he went on after a pause, during which he pushed back his cap and left a streak of dirt on his forehead. "I can't let you have mine because it's too heavy."

"I would not have thought of asking such a favor," she said. "Mr. Gresham is going to send me one."

"Gresham! That long eared Englishman?"

"His ears are not long, and he's a Canadian."

"Oh, of course, if you are willing to accept"—

"You gave me my golf sticks."

"That is very different."

"Yes, they are rather dissimilar. Golf club, hit, no go; gun, go, no hit." Then Tom was angry.

"Oh, if you wish to be flippant," he began.

"Flippant!" said Margaret. "I wished to be funny. It was rather good—eh, Tom?"

But Tom would not relent.

"My wishes are evidently nothing to you," he said, rising and standing very straight and tall beside the hammock. She did not contradict him. "What are you going to shoot?" he demanded.

"Pigeons."

"And they call you tender hearted!"

"Clay!" This laconically. He turned toward the house.

"You would look better without that smooch," Margaret called after him. He looked around inquiringly. "That dirt streak on your forehead," she explained. "It really is not a bit becoming."

He walked toward the porch of the old inn without raising his hand to his face, but it must have been a struggle. Then she knew he was provoked.

After he was well in the house she scrambled out of the hammock. She

HER ANKLE TURNED, AND DOWN SHE WENT.

had seen the expressman put a brown leather case on the horse block and felt sure it was her gun.

There were several people in the office when she went in, and Tom's cousin Mabel, a silly thing with yellow hair and a lisp, cried:

"Oh, Margareth, are you really going shooting? What doth Uncle Tom thay?"

Uncle Tom was Tom's father and Margaret's guardian. She had not told him about the gun.

Mrs. Talbot looked up from a piece of honiton lace she had been doing for the last three seasons and said, "How mannish some of the young girls are getting!" And Mrs. Peters clutched two of the small Peterses who happened to be near and cried: "A gun! Oh, my dear Miss Caldwell, don't point it here!"

Margaret took the offending gun and went up to her room. A little later she was looking out of her window and saw Tom, with his clean clubs, starting for the links. His face was nice and clean too. He looked so handsome that she was sorry she had quarreled with him. She was just going to tell him that she would go along when she heard Mabel's voice:

"Oh, Tom, wait a minute! And then as she got nearer: "Did you know Margareth's gun hath come? She'th tho pleathed!" Then Tom glanced up at the window and looked so black that the girl leaned out, calling mischievously, "Pretty Tommy!" He turned on his heel and walked away with Mabel.

That afternoon Mr. Suydenham, over in the cottage, lent Margaret his pigeon tray and colored boy.

"You can't hurt the trap," he said, "and Rastus can look out for himself."

So Rastus set the trap up away over on the shore, where no one goes. It was the hour when all the women were taking naps and the Peters children had gone with their nurse to the village for ice cream.

And Margaret started in to shoot clay pigeons. She had shot a few clam shells before, but she knew this would be harder because the shells are still, while the pigeons sail about in the air. The gun was a little beauty, light enough for her to lift easily and firm against her shoulder. Rastus got down behind his shelter. He raised his black head above the boards.

"Better shoot while dey's high up, Miss Marg'ret," he suggested and ducked again.

"Ready!" she called in a loud, firm voice. The disklike object rose from behind the shelter and sailed away into the air. She followed its course with her finger on the trigger, but some way she did not seem to find the right time to fire, and the pigeon floated unshattered to the ground.

Rastus' head popped up again.

"Nothing's the matter," she said. "It went rather fast, that is all." Rastus' grin as he disappeared was annoying, and she called "Ready!" for the second time, determined to shoot without fail and also to give Rastus only 50 cents instead of a dollar. Up rose the second disk, and she followed its upward course to where it began to descend.

Just then she saw two people coming along the shore—Tom and Mabel. Here was her chance to show them what she could do. Down came the pigeon faster and faster. She pulled the trigger, stepped back, her ankle turned, and down she went in a most ungraceful heap.

The report of her gun, the twinge of her ankle and her fall all seemed to come at once, and she thought, "I've shot myself," and then tried to laugh as she realized the gun did not shoot out of that end. Then everything turned black and she felt no more pain.

The next thing she heard was Tom talking in a strange voice and in a most peculiar way.

"My darling," he was saying, "my own little girl." She thought he was speaking to Mabel. She had suspected—

Some way the pain in her ankle and the thought of losing Tom—men never are the same good friends to you after they are married; wives seem to make a difference—all brought a big bunch to her throat. Then she felt Tom's face close to hers, and his voice sounded more natural.

"Oh, Margaret!" he said. "Look at me. Open your eyes, sweetheart." And she opened her eyes to find that he had been talking to her all the time. Womanlike, she did not let him know she had heard anything, but murmured, "Where is my gun?"

Tom said, "Confound the gun!" And Mabel seemed annoyed about something too.

Rastus and Margaret were the only cheerful ones. Rastus said, "You done hit de pigeon, Miss Marg'ret," in a comforting tone.

Tom was still on his knees beside Margaret. The latter exclaimed, "My ankle pains me quite a bit, but if you will help me up, Tommy, I think I can hobble back to the inn." So Tom raised her gently, and she smiled sweetly at Mabel over his nice broad shoulder. Then she gave a little moan.

"Let me carry you, Margaret," Tom said. Mabel bit her lip.

"I'm afraid I am dreadfully heavy," Margaret murmured, "but it does hurt so." Then, as Tom lifted her in his arms, she said, "Oh, Mabel, dear, if you don't mind—I will be ever so much obliged—will you carry my gun?"

An Artificial Pearl.

A ball of beeswax introduced into the shell of a living fresh water mussel has resulted in producing the most remarkable artificial pearl in existence. It is about an inch and a half in length, oval in form and pink in color and is now the property of the Smithsonian Institution. The ball of wax was placed near the hinge of the bivalve, which, being kept in a tank of fresh water, was carefully watched. The irritation of the wax caused the mollusk to protect itself by coating the foreign object with a smooth coating of pearl stuff—the same material as that which is used in lining the inner surface of its shell.

In the case in question the result was an enormous pearl. Owing to pressure, however, the wax ball lost its spherical shape and became oval in form. At the end of two years the mussel was taken out of the tank and opened and the pearl removed. The wax afterward contracted, owing to dryness, which caused the pearl shell to crack. This accident, while destroying the commercial value of the pearl, made it possible to observe the thickness of the nacreous covering, which is somewhat greater than that of an ordinary sheet of letter paper. If the pearl were not flawed, it would be worth an enormous sum of money, but even as it is it is priceless as a curiosity.—

HIS HEART'S DESIRE

By Garfield MacNeal

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The chimes were still ringing as Tom Hastings sat down in the half darkness of the little church. He had strolled in hoping for temporary release from his bitter thoughts, but the quiet of the place only seemed to rouse his brain to greater activity. Yet he could not think of his story, the story already due at the publisher's. Instead he saw only a girl's face, now sweet and gracious as it had been before the quarrel, now cold and repellent as the past two weeks had shown it.

A strain of music broke the silence. The choir was filing in. Hastings glanced carelessly at the white robed procession. The face of the first boy caught his attention for a moment, serious, spiritual, framed in an aureole of golden hair, an ideal face for a choir boy.

But again his thoughts ran back in the old channels to the quarrel and its

HE TURNED THE KNOB AND ENTERED THE FORBIDDEN CHAMBER.

consequences. Her work had seemed to go on as usual. She was a successful miniature painter—at least fine carriages often stopped at the doorway of the big studio building, and her room rang with feminine voices. That was the maddening part of it. She lived just across the hall, so he must see her many times a day. He had made up his mind to move. But, then, he had such a beastly lot of traps, or perhaps it was some lingering hope that kept him there.

Some familiar chords on the organ startled him. Was it the offertory already? Yes, and the ideal choir boy was singing alone. His handsome face was flushed, and in his earnestness he waved his sheet of music gently to and fro.

"Oh, rest in the Lord," he sang.

Hastings leaned forward. The words were apparently for him. The absolute certainty of the boy's tones carried conviction.

"And he shall give thee thy heart's desire."

The tender voice went straight to the man's heart and comforted him. Yes, he, too, would wait patiently and perhaps some day he, too, would have his heart's desire. Till then he would wait and work.

The next two weeks went by very differently. Under the press of a new enthusiasm the book seemed to write itself. The last sheet had gone in to the publisher, and he had always worn a smile when he met the girl on the stairs. Her bow was still as freezing, but he only smiled again and hummed the few bars from "Elijah." "And he shall give thee thy heart's desire."

Again Hastings sat in the little church. Perhaps his choir boy would sing for him; but the figure of the small leader drooped. In the glare of the choir lights his face showed white and haggard, while his eyes were swollen from weeping. A wave of pity went over the watching man. It might now be his turn to comfort. The sweet soprano voice was low and broken.

Hastings determined to find the meaning of the change. So he lingered after the service, and a kind faced curate told him the sad little story.

"You mean Jack Haines? He has just lost his mother—consumption—and the poor little fellow is left all alone. He is being cared for by neighbors, but we must find him a place in some charity school."

That delicate child in a charity school! Hastings could not bear the thought of it. The face of the child and his own loneliness helped him to come to a sudden resolution. His voice was very eager as he said, "Let me have him."

And so Jack came to live in the big studio building. Slowly the roses came back to his cheeks. He did not forget the pretty mother who had gone to sleep so quietly, but he haunted this new big brother like a shadow and crept into his arms to cry away the grief that time was trying to heal.

But it worried Hastings that the lad should be so solemn. When he came in and found the boy poring over some big book, he would half laughingly scold him for turning into such a little bookworm. "You need some one to play with, Jack," he would say. "It is bad for you to always be cooped up with an old fellow like me." Tom was only thirty, but somehow he had felt very old and settled since that night.

But Jack always declared that he didn't want to be with any one else, and he was such a shy child that Hastings forbore to press the point.

He was therefore much surprised one afternoon, on coming in, to find the rooms empty. Where could Jack be? As the minutes went by, bringing no boy, he became really anxious. The janitor had not seen him. He was returning from fruitless inquiries when he stopped short at a burst of childish laughter. Could it be Jack? He never laughed like that. But, yes, it was his voice, and it came from the girl's rooms.

Hastings hesitated. And now the girl laughed. It was the same saucy little laugh he had loved so much in the days gone by. It decided him. She had stolen his property and should answer for the theft. He knocked boldly on the door.

Silence. He knocked again. Evidently they did not hear him. So he turned the knob and entered the forbidden chamber.

Surprising sight! On the floor in true Turkish style sat the stately Miss Trevor. On her lap were a big sheet of cardboard and sundry brushes and paints. Her hair was disheveled, and several daubs of color ornamented her cheeks and nose. Over her shoulder in a state of great excitement leaned the truant. Hastings hardly knew him. His cheeks were flushed, and his eyes were dancing as he cried, "Now, that is the way the little monkey swung off by his tail!" His cheek was pressed close to the girl's, and his arm rested lovingly on her shoulder. Evidently she had won his heart too.

Hastings felt a swift pang of jealousy and started forward.

Then they heard him, and Jack sprang up with a cry of delight.

The girl was too loaded down to rise, and so she sat there. Perhaps it was the sudden flood of color to her cheeks, perhaps it was the upward glance of her eyes; at any rate, a sudden light came to Hastings. For a moment he stood there blinded, dazed. Then his customary coolness came to his aid. It was his turn to carry things with a high hand, and he must make the most of it.

His eyes challenged hers as he said: "How long have you been a receiver of stolen goods, Miss Trevor? I am glad to see that you have the grace to blush for your sins, even under your paint."

Jack was quite shocked. "She did not steal me," he protested. "I was lonely, and I was waiting for you in the hall, and she asked me to come in, and I came, and we've had a beautiful time," he added in a joyous outburst.

"That's just as bad," Hastings answered severely. "You mean to say that she enticed you in here."

Jack was speechless. The girl had said nothing.

"You might at least invite me to sit down, since you are so comfortable," Hastings went on, "and let me join in the beautiful time; though I don't know, on second thoughts, that it isn't pleasanter standing. It is so unusual to see you at my feet."

Miss Trevor started to scramble up, but two strong hands lifted her gently into a big chair. It was a new experience to her to be either commanded or helped. But she did not seem to mind it nor to notice that he was still holding her hands. Both had forgotten Jack as Hastings bent over her and asked, "Are you glad that I have come?"

Jack is delighted with it all, but he never will understand why Tom always calls the girl "Heart's Desire" when her name is Alice.

The Charm of the Suburbs.

The suburbanite cannot get everything, but he takes what he can get. Even as things are he can get a good deal. Half an hour's railway journey—an hour spent in the train out of the day of twenty-four—brings him down to a road of gardens instead of a road of houses. The gardens are small, no doubt, as the houses are small, but the gardens are there. Within the next few years the engineer will run his electric railways and tramways to pass within a hundred yards of his door, and he will be transported quietly, quickly and cleanly from his suburban garden, his trees and his pure air to the telephones of the office, and quietly, quickly and cleanly back again. It is only the lack of facilities of transport which prevents him even now from enjoying to the full all that the out of town dweller enjoys. When these facilities increase, as they will increase, the word "suburb" will, of course, mean more. But meanwhile, he is in the right place. He should not be afraid of the word "suburban."—London Spectator.

The English Peerage.

Not one representative in the male line of any one of the barons who signed Magna Charta now sits in the house of lords, while, although many of the earliest Knights of the Garter were subjects of the English king as feudal lords in his possessions in the south of France, not a single title in the peerage is taken from any place south of the Loire, and two French duchies, three principalities of the holy Roman empire, one or two imperial countships and the Spanish, Portuguese and Netherlands titles held by the Dukes of Wellington and Portland and Lords Albemarle and Clancarty probably all but exhaust the list of foreign honors held by any persons in the British peerage. Our monarchs, as Queen Elizabeth once said, have always preferred to decorate their own dogs with their own collars, and perhaps the results are to be commended. After all, as Talleyrand remarked, Lord Castlereigh, who was undecorated, looked the most distinguished man at the congress of Vienna.—Notes and Queries.

Peculiarities of Lichens.

The lichen is remarkable for the great age to which it lives, there being good grounds for believing that the plants endure for 100 years. Their growth is exceedingly slow, almost beyond belief, indicating that only a little nourishment is necessary to keep them alive. In a dry time they have the power to suspend growth altogether, renewing it again at the fall of rain. This peculiarity alone is enough to make the lichen a vegetable wonder, as it is a property possessed by no other species of plant.

Another interesting fact about lichens is that they grow only where the air is free from dust and smoke. They may be said to be a sure indication of the purity of the air, as they are never found growing in cities and towns, where the atmosphere is impregnated with dust, soot, smoke and other impurities.

In the Bakeshop.

"Dear me," sighed the bread dough, "I would like a raise."

"All right," said the yeast cake, "wait a minute, and I'll set you to work."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Boys have no more business with target guns and air rifles than men with pistols.—Nashville American.

Her Lovely Lettuce Dish.

"I want," she said hesitatingly as she poised her basket in front of her pretty chin with a thoughtful air, "to get some lettuce."

"Yes'm," said the marketman. "Here's some. Very nice it is too."

"Is it all that color?"

"Why—er—yes'm. All lettuce is green, you know."

"Oh, of course! But it's too bad! I got a lovely blue dish to put lettuce in, but I'm sure green would look horrible in it. I never thought about there not being any shades, you know."

And as she turned away the marketman was almost sure he saw a tear of disappointment in her eye.

The Anchor.

"Captain," remarked the nuisance on shipboard who always asks foolish questions, "what is the object in throwing the anchor overboard?"

"Young man," replied the old salt, "do you understand the theory of seismic disturbances? Well, we throw the anchor overboard to keep the ocean from slipping away in the fog. See?"—Baltimore News.

Sour Grapes.

Some say, "There's nothing in a man"
Because he's cold and grim
And will not give the things they plan
To wheedle out of him.

The New Figure.

"I guess that will take the wind out of his sails."

"Worse than that. It will remove the gasoline from his automobile."—Life.

A Glass Cutter.

If you want to break off a glass jar or bottle quite evenly, soak a piece of string in turpentine and tie it around the glass just where you wish the break to come. Then fill the glass up to that point with cold water and set fire to the string. The glass will snap all along the heated line.

Cut Flowers.

Cut flowers will keep very much longer if a small quantity of alum is added to the water in which they are placed. A solution should be made by dissolving the alum in hot water, allowing it to cool and then adding to fresh water in about the proportion of a tablespoonful to a pint.

Carpets.

When choosing carpets, preference should be given to those of small pattern, for they are much more easily turned about and mended than those of large design and therefore are much more economical.

A Bright Comet.

The comet of 1843 was the only one during the last century visible in broad daylight.

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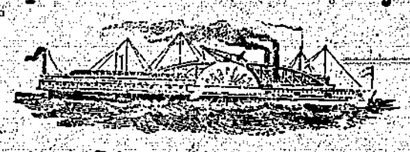

S. S. "City of Nanaimo."

WINTER SCHEDULE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE
OCTOBER 25th, 1902.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2—Daily. A.M		No. 4—Sunday P.M.
De 9.00	Victoria	D. 3.00
" 9.28	Goldstream	" 3.28
" 10.24	Koenig's	" 4.24
" 11.00	Duncan's	" 5.00
P.M		P.M.
" 12.40	Nanaimo	" 6.41
Ar 12.53	Wellington	Ar. 7.03

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1—Daily A.M.		No. 3—Sunday A.M.
De. 8.00	Wellington	De. 3.00
" 8.20	Nanaimo	" 3.15
" 10.02	Duncan's	" 5.00
" 10.42	Koenig's	" 5.36
" 11.38	Goldstream	" 6.32
Ar 12.00	Victoria	Ar 7.00

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Traffic Manager.

MUNICIPALITY OF
THE CITY OF CUMBERLAND.

THE POUND BY-LAW.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

20. No person or persons shall break open, or in any manner directly or in-

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

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

While we do not hold ourselves re onsible for the utterances of correspondents, we reserve the right of declining to inser ommunications unnecessarily personal.

TUESDAY, MARCH 3, 1903.

directly 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 impounde 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 as aforesaid, to impound any dog running at large in the City and not wearing a metal badge or tag in accordance with the last preceding section of this By-law.

25. No person shall keep or harbor any dog or oth r 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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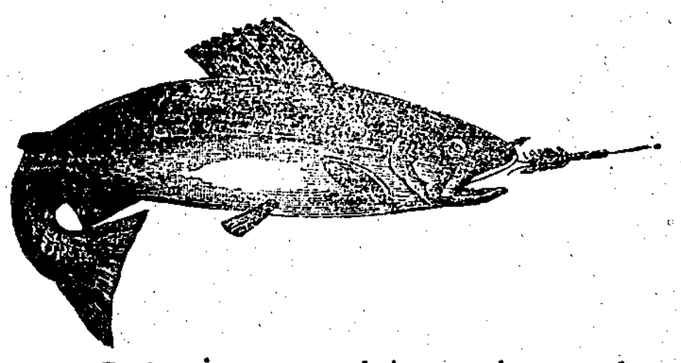

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A Confidence

A Story of One Who Misjudged His Wife.

"Twenty years! I am notched and grizzled. You are only mellowed, ripened." My friend smiled and lighted a fresh cigarette. He puzzled me. Rumor had led me to expect to find him, after my long absence, a disappointed if not soured man. I had sought him here in the retreat where he and his cold, uncongenial wife lived, it was said, like a pair of hermits. Arriving at a moment when the lady was absent, I thought myself fortunate and prepared to probe the unhappiness of one whose affection in early youth had left a very sunny spot on my memory. I was, in fact, ready to give him all the pity and sympathy which a bachelor of experience can feel for the irremediable mistake of a married friend.

"Have you been hearing tales about me?" he asked. "Shall I tell you the story of my wedded life?"

"If it does not pain you."

"Do you know that I have been a millionaire?"

"I have heard something of it."

"The wealth of an ancient relative poured in on me after his death. How the golden wave came and went is a story by itself. For five gilded years I was transfigured in the eyes of the world, and it was during that period I met and fell in love with my wife."

I had heard all this and more, and I felt sorry. I looked steadily at the opposite wall lest my pity should daunt him. I knew the story of the worldly mother and daughter who had forced him into a loveless marriage for greed of the fortune which had proved so elusive. He went on:

"It was not I alone who thought her supremely beautiful. The world had already bestowed on her a queenship before the June day when I first saw her at an open air fete, all in white, pale, cold, severe and sweet, like a goddess in marble. Her mother walked beside her, a woman of a different type. As I gazed after her in what you would call romantic enthusiasm a friend laughed and bade me veil my admiration, as those women were known to be in quest of a golden million. If it be the case that what everybody says must be true, then true it was that the cold, exquisite daughter and the haughty, hawklike mother were adventuresses playing a game for fortune, beauty against a slender purse and a year or two of prime youth. Already beauty had over and over again dared to reject love, adoration and fortune considerable. 'Their figure has not yet been reached,' whispered my cynical friend. 'Your million will do it.' By this time I had proclaimed myself an open worshiper. I am bound to admit that all the encouragement I received was from the mother. The daughter remained icy. I persisted in my suit and in a short time was the accepted lover of the woman who held me in thrall."

"She accepted you willingly?"

"Tacitly so. The mother seized on me with effusion. My affianced wife appeared just to endure her new position with patience, nothing more. The mother assured me that her daughter had a most affectionate nature hidden under that chill exterior. She loved me, and she had never loved any other man. I tried to believe her. And so we were wed.

"After a time, when the excitement of my first pride and happiness had subsided, I began to feel reluctantly conscious that there was something wanting in our life together. My wife's behavior was perfect from every point of view, but there was a wall of reserve between us which nothing was able to break through. Wherever we went I was aware that people said I had been married without love for the sake of my million. How was I to feel sure that the verdict was not a true one? Had she given her heart to some worthy fellow who was millionless and rejected him even as she had accepted me at her mother's bidding?

"I resolved to take things as they came and to make the best of the goods the gods had provided for me. We led a life of amusement and pleasure. Our house in town and our country house (not this house; something much grander) were as perfect as money could make them. My wife went everywhere dressed and bejeweled as the world expected to see her. We entertained the smart crowd known as society. I was proud beyond the pride of man when I saw the woman I had chosen receiving the admiration which no one could refuse her. I even thought she seemed glad of my pride in her, for once or twice as I looked at her across the shoulders of a crowd that divided us I thought I saw something in her eyes of warmth which was absent from them when we found ourselves again in our home.

"As time went on her reserve, which was my despair, communicated itself to me, and the impassable barrier between us was complete. Do you apprehend the situation?" he asked.

"Perfectly," I said.

"Does all this agree with what my friends say about me?"

"I confess I had heard you had unfortunately married a cold and heartless woman," I said.

We went on smoking in silence. At last he said abruptly, "I have more to tell."

"Hurt yourself no further, dear old friend. I think I can imagine all the rest."

"Can you? I am not so sure that you can."

We smoked in silence for about a minute, and then he continued:

"Some other time I may tell you of how my unexpected fortune departed as suddenly and surprisingly as it arrived. The news of what appeared to be total ruin reached me first in a telegram which I found waiting for me one night when I returned home from a dinner party alone, my wife having pleaded a headache and retired to her room early in the evening. I gathered up the letters which had come by the last post and carried them to my dressing room, where I sat down to read them. Imagine casting one's eyes on a bit of paper as the eyes of the owner of a million and raising them with the knowledge that one does not own a penny in the world! I sat long immovable, stunned with the suddenness of the blow.

"How was I to tell my wife? How would she bear it, she who had married me for the splendors which she must relinquish, the woman whose beauty, whose gentle if cold companionship and perfect conduct toward me and the world I had bought with gold? If she could not love me before, how bitterly would she turn from me now!

"I had sat for two or three hours motionless as stone. The first gleam of dawn crept in at the edges of the blinds, and I stirred and writhed in my chair. The door opened, and my wife, in a white robe, appeared on the threshold in the gray light.

"'What ails you?' she said gently.

"'Nothing that I can tell you at present,' I said. 'Go back to your rest.'

"'Will you not tell me what is the matter?'

"'Certainly. I will tell you tomorrow. It is only some bad news.'

"While I was speaking her keen eyes caught sight of the open telegram and of the letters sprawled on the paper which spelled ruin. The next moment she was on her knees beside me.

"'Oh, my dear, will you not share this trouble with me?'

"I was so stupid from the shock I had borne that the sweet words and pleading tone came on me like a second blow. The next moment I was not sure I had heard them, did not believe in them. I answered cruelly, 'Unfortunately you will have to share it with me.'

"'No, say "fortunately." Oh, my love, my husband, am I so unworthy? Must I be counted as a thing bought with gold, living on gold and for gold, and cast aside when gold fails and love might well take its place?'

"'Is it not absurd,' I said, 'that you should imagine you could love me now when you could not love me through all the five years of my devotedness to you?'

"She crept nearer to me and wound her arm around my neck.

"'I loved you,' she said. 'I loved you since the first day I knew you. But I knew there was a plan made by others to force me upon you that your possessions might be useful to me and those belonging to me. The knowledge of this paralyzed my actions, even my looks. I knew you thought you were taking a loveless wife, and seeing you were willing to take me so I was too nervous, too timid, too proud, too unhappy, to have any power within me to undeceive you. Now for the first time my heart has found a way to speak. We will work, we will laugh, we will be happy together.'

"She tightened her sweet hold of my neck. My arms closed around her"—

He stopped suddenly. He had been talking as if unaware of my presence. There was a long silence and before it ended my hand found its way to his shoulder.

"I understand now, old friend," I said softly.

He shook himself up and laughed a little bright laugh.

"Yes," he said, "I thought I should give you a surprise. So much for the opinion of the world and a man's penetration of a woman's heart and mind. And here we are, after all, with enough saved out of the wreck to live on simply and with content. Hark, I hear wheels. My wife is arriving home. Come and be introduced to her."—Tatler.

Rubies Rare.

In trade three classes of rubies are distinguished—rubies of the orient, rubies of Siam and spinel rubies. The ruby of the orient is the first of all colored stones in beauty, as in price. Its marvelous hue is that of the human blood as it jets from an open artery, that of the red ray of the solar spectrum at its maximum intensity.

The ruby is one of the most exquisite products of nature, but it is becoming more and more rare to find it perfect. It even causes astonishment to find an oriental ruby as large in size as the topazes and sapphires of the same countries. If it reaches a certain size, it is almost always filled with defects. Rubies of all sizes are put to use. The smallest, down to twenty or thirty to the carat, are employed specially for delicate jewels, for numbers, figures, etc. Many of the smallest are cabochons. When a ruby exceeds the weight of a carat, it commands a high price. A ruby may fetch ten or twenty times the price of a diamond of the same weight if it is really of a superior quality.

How Lincoln Refused.

Judge Glenni W. Scofield was a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln. A Warren county private, having knocked down his captain, was tried, convicted and sentenced to the Dry Tortugas. His friends urged Scofield to have him released, so he went to see the president and told his story. Listening attentively, Lincoln replied: "I tell you, judge, you go right down to the capitol and get congress to pass an act authorizing a private soldier to knock down his captain. Then come back here, and I will pardon your man." The judge says that there was such an air of quizzical earnestness and desire to serve him about the president's manner that they both broke out in an outburst of laughter. The judge did not press the case further.

Solving It.

Patrick, a thrifty tradesman in the neighborhood of the Dublin docks, was, the story goes, a man who never spent a penny more than he needed to spend, but he was nevertheless as good a man at the making of an Irish bull as any who lived between Bantry and Ballycastle.

Having one day occasion to send a letter to a place some distance, Patrick called a messenger and asked him his price for going such a distanc.

"It'ill be a shillin'," said the man.

"Twice too much!" said Patrick. "Let it be sixpence."

"Nivver," answered the messenger. "The way is that lonely that I'd nivver go it under a shillin'."

"Lonely, is it?" said Patrick, scratching his head. "Faith, an' ye're right. Now, man, I'll tell ye what we'll do; make it sixpence, an' I'll go wid ye to kape ye company!"

Excuses.

Excuses for absence handed to teachers in the public schools are often calculated to evoke smiles. Here are two that were received on the same day last week by a teacher in one of the Manhattan schools:

Teecher—Plees ecskus my sun he wuz help his muther half a babi to oblig his father.

Dear Miss—Please accuse my dorter. I was confirmed with a new babie. Hope it will be satisfattory.

Unsatisfied.

"To be a master of high art,"
Says he, "is my ambition."
But, somehow, he wasn't satisfied
With the way they had his picture
"skyed"
On the wall at the exhibition

A Distinction.

"Our son is always needing money," said the young man's mother.

"No," said the precise man; "he doesn't need it. He merely wants it."

Tearful Tom's Lament.

It may be said of many men
What oft of hogs is said—
We do not know how good they are
Till after they are dead.

Just a Slip.

Brady—Did old Fog see the joke in placing a banana skin on the pavement?

Broadbent—Oh, yes; he tumbled all right.

Realistic.

He put his arm around her waist,
And the color left her cheek.
But upon the shoulder of his coat
It showed up for a week.

Point of View.

Matilda—Isn't it too bad that flowers fade?

Lovelorn but Poor Youth—Yes, but it's a good thing for the florists.—New York Times.

A Safe Bet.

They get the best of meats they can,
The packers claim, and yet
We're pretty sure it's not their plan
To can the best they get

All But.

Visitor—Your father cleared this farm, did he not?

Haggard Agriculturist—Yes; of everything but the mortgage.

Too Much For the Goats.

Because sweetbrier became too abundant in Tasmania goats were introduced to head them off, as it were, by eating them, but the brier came out ahead by killing the goats.

Metempsychosis.

"So dey convicted dat feller dat was swinging a high society bluff so as to lift jewelry," said Plodding Pete.

"Yes," answered Meandering Mike. "He's got his prison clothes on now. Dey've changed him from a social lion into a zebra."

Plain Gold Ones.

The maidens of Denmark never receive a diamond engagement ring. They are always presented with a plain gold band, which is worn on the third finger of the left hand. On the wedding day the bridegroom changes the ring to the right third finger, which is the marriage finger in that country.

ADVENTURES OF CUPE

The Story of a Poor Young Man's Visit to the Country Seat of a Rich Friend.

By F. W. ARNOLD, Jr.

The lace curtain was limp with rain, the windows of the house opposite reflected the clouds, and Little Cupe's own window sill was blistered with little backs of rain on which floated tobacco atoms. Little Cupe felt much as the day looked. "Go anyway," encouraged the medical students.

The day before Little Cupe had seen Eb (all the medical students knew Eb, for he had been one of the more distinguished men in college), and Cupe had told his medical mates that Eb had invited him to spend Sunday at his home in the country. The medical student knew that Eb had colored carriages and when at college had dined with the most exclusive families. They said he was "a darned bright man" and always talked earnestly and bravely when they met him.

Eb was now a lawyer in his first year's practice "and doing darned well," they had wisely agreed.

Little Cupe had begun the recital of his invitation as if "it was nothin'," but had grinned with delight before he had ended it, and had dilated that a lot of girls from the neighboring houses would be there with a young chaperon.

The fact that Eb had once given a theater party was the basis of Cupe's belief that he always entertained.

But now Little Cupe wasn't sure if he had been invited. Possibly Eb had said, "Drop in some time, and we'll go out for Sunday," or, "Let me know how you're doing. Drop in some Saturday, and we'll go out Sunday."

"Go on, Cupe!" the medical students yelled again. They were doubtless sincere.

Suddenly a puff of determination carried him to the closet. He had decided nothing consciously. From its drawers he pulled two white shirts, seven single cuffs, six collars and two changes of other clothes (only 3 per cent. diluted, of these things bore Little Cupe's own red stamped mark) and was shaking the creases out of a dress suit—

"Drop it!" yelled one medical student. "I've got to wear it this evening." All the rest had to wear theirs too. "Lord, we're sorry." Cupe's own was torn and hadn't been mended. "I can't go," said he, depressed and looking frightened.

"Sure you can. Eb and the girls will understand."

Eb sat in his own "box," his desk topped by two rows of fresh leather books and a black tin box, "Re Moulton." The senior offices opened through the sunny doorways back of him. With business precision he was deciding that he would not stay in town that night, but would go to his home for a nine hours' sleep and in the morning drive to a friend's for the day. With a business chirography that had made Little Cupe when he had seen it predict for him a trust presidency he started to write to his friend to said effect (see above). But he noticed the door.

"Come in," said Eb.

For thirty seconds a shadow had been hovering over its gray glass. Little Cupe was outside trying to muster courage to knock. At Eb's voice he couldn't go down the elevator, so he pretended he had not heard him and made the glass shiver.

"Come in!" again called Eb.

With a frightened little grin Cupe entered. His hands felt cold. He shut the door so that it would not disturb anybody. He held behind him his birthday dress suit case.

"How are you, Cupe?" Eb was always glad to see his friends. "Sit down. I'll be with you in a minute." And he handed him a fragrant box of cigars. "Have one."

Cupe took one and held his dress suit case in his lap, but he didn't smoke, for he had no matches. Those cigars had always impressed him, and he had often told his medical students that he occasionally dropped into Eb's office and smoked his cigars.

Eb continued writing to his friend that he would be there tomorrow and, handing the note to a messenger who came from the main office—Cupe was greatly impressed—said, "Special delivery," and then, leaning back, added: "Well, Cupe, what can I do for you?" as if surveying a client.

The stone faces through the window grinned fiendishly.

"Nothin'," answered Cupe. "I was bringin' this empty dress suit case from a store"—he pointed indefinitely out toward the street—"and just stopped in. I'm goin' right along; got to go now." He arose meekly and held out his hand, which felt as if its veins pulsed with mist. When he said "empty" dress suit case, the two white shirts, seven separate cuffs, six collars and two changes of other clothes weighed heavy with guilt.

"Can't you come out to dinner?" Eb thought Cupe would enjoy that more than his boarding house.

"Haven't any dress suit." Eb assured him it made no difference, not the least. He believed all Little Cupe had said. Cupe, after deliberating a proper while whether he could get away, said he guessed he could go; he'd be glad to.

Eb's house hid in a park and was dwelt in by two maidservants, one manservant and a chatty housekeeper. There was but little entertaining, though Eb occasionally brought homo some friend for the night.

The room in which Little Cupe now stood was pink with flowered wall paper, flowered chairs and a flowered quilt on the bed. He had been shown into this bower by a man with side whiskers and a strange dress suit and who had been very polite. When the man had bent to lift Cupe's dress suit case, Cupe had said, "No, no, no, thanks," and told him and Eb and the chatty housekeeper, who were also in the hall, that he would carry it up stairs himself, for he needed the exercise.

His unfolded dress suit case surged with his two white shirts, seven separate cuffs, six collars and the two changes of other clothes. Then he heard girlish voices in the hall; they must be the dinner guests chaperoned by some young wife from across the hedges. They were really the two maidservants.

"Knuckle, knuckle," deferentially on the door.

"Come in," said Cupe. In poked the side whiskered head of the butler or porter. "Will you have a cocktail, sir?"

Cupe's own head was full of dress suits, so he thought the butler said, "Will you have a coattail?"

"Yes, please," answered Cupe, and while waiting for the dress suit to come began deciding between his two white shirts in the case.

"Knuckle, knuckle," again on the door. Cupe hoped the suit would fit. But it was Eb who entered.

"Knuckle." The butler entered with the cocktail.

"And the coattail?" inquired Little Cupe. He said this partly to Eb. He would let him upbraid his own servant. Eb stared; the butler stared; the house seemed to sigh to Little Cupe.

There had been no relieving feature to the situation. Eb thought Cupe might have meant to say some indefinite jokes; the butler or porter probably thought so too. Cupe was now at the dining room table with his napkin fallen to his feet, where he was unable to pick it up. He had entered the dining room very erect, for he had expected to find the invited girls there and wanted them to be favorably impressed and whisper to each other, but he learned he was to be alone with Eb and his only conquest the courses. He didn't know how to take all of them out of the platters, but that same porter or butler was a valuable man and did it for him.

After the dinner Little Cupe felt much relieved. He discussed the paintings, for he had taken a course in "fine arts" once as a "snap" and smoked many cigars. He didn't know when to stop smoking, and Eb marveled.

That's about all that happened to Little Cupe. Eb, who at last realized that Cupe had expected to stay over Sunday, if not a week, explained to him that he himself, unfortunately, had to be away for the day, but urged Cupe to remain and have at his disposal the house and horses.

"No, thanks; no," said Cupe. "I promised the fellows I would be back for church."

This latter tale was unfortunate, for Cupe had to rise in the morning earlier than he would have otherwise.

He felt much like this story, which started with graphic enthusiasm and then wilted away like a bashful schoolboy. But you should have heard the reasons he gave the medical students why he didn't stay over Sunday. Nice Little Cupe!—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Old Pikemen.

In the days when the musket was in its infancy as a defense against charging cavalry it was almost useless. It was as much as could be hoped for if the musketeer got off one shot, to a certainty badly directed, owing to the eccentricities of his weapon, before the horsemen would be on him. Consequently we find that the pikeman was a person of considerable importance, and in a volume of 1659 the most elaborate instructions are given to govern the drill and tactics of the pikemen, who in action were, as a rule, placed in bodies among the musketeers to stand the brunt of the shock of the cavalry attack.

And we learn from history that these pikemen did valiant service on occasion; for instance, when the pikemen of the London trained bands withstood the repeated and desperate assaults of Prince Rupert's cavaliers. But their drill was no child's play. For example, in the pages devoted to "The Postures and Charges of the Pike" we find the following:

"And here, Fellow Souldier, whoever thou art, thou maist perceive that there are no more than eight Postures of the Pike and foure Charges, that is to say, to the Front, Reer, and both Flanks."—Contemporary Review.

Ireland's Lord Lieutenant.

The salary of the lord lieutenant of Ireland is £20,000 a year, and he has £1,000 for an outfit.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

What to do with yesterday's mutton—eat it yesterday.

Soups should be made the day before they are required—never the day after.

For keeping the bed deliciously cool in the summer months there is nothing like sleeping on the sofa.

To make people feel at home—Visit them at their own houses.

To prevent sunburn—Keep in the shade.

The best thing to do if you desire to have soft, white hands—Nothing.

TAKE NOTICE.

During the year the space devoted to advertising MINARD'S LINIMENT will contain expressions of no uncertain sound from people who speak from personal experience as to the merits of this best of Household Remedies.

There has been a fire at the Amsterdam Zoological gardens. It is said to have been caused by a careless smoker who threw away an unextinguished match, which lighted the tapir.

Many of us might be happy if we did not suffer from disorders of the liver. Then we ought to use Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops, which cure the disorders and bring the whole system to a healthy condition.

When a man's collar gets unbuttoned in church and begins to climb up the back of his neck he might as well get up and go out; the sermon will not do him much good.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

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

Sold by druggists. Price, 75c per bottle.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Luck is a combination of an opportunity and the man.

In his Vegetable Pills, Dr. Parmelee has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For delicate and debilitated Constitutions Parmelee's 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.

If a man always pays cash he is entitled to a lot more credit than he ever gets.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

The more you pelt a tanner the better he seems to like it.

Some people experience but little difficulty in making fools of themselves.

Ask a conceited man a question and he will never say, "I don't know."

Minard's Liniment Cures LaGrippe.

It is all well enough to judge a tailor by his clothes.

An Au Revoir.

Love and a stork they met one day.
"Love," said the stork, "oh, whither away?
Why hurry and hurry and hurry so fast?
Is time so pressing that work won't last?
Oh, whither away, and where is the place?"
And Cupid swift pointed and turned his face,
And away he sped, and the stork cried clear,
"I'll see you later, my Cupid, dear!"

What Women Like.

He—I love you, darling, more than words can utter.

She—Utter them just the same, Harry. I like to hear as much as I can.

Sick and Discouraged.

"He used to be so optimistic—always smiling and full of hope."

"I know it. But that was before he found out that he was getting $3 a week less than the man at the next desk."

In a Brown Study.

Architect—Have you any suggestions for the study, Mr. Quickrich?

Quickrich—Only that it must be brown. Great thinkers, I understand, are generally found in a brown study.

Lunacy In Scotland.

Since 1858 the number of lunatics in Scotland has increased by 180 per cent, while the population increase has been only 49 per cent.

SENSATION IN QUEBEC

Wonderful Cures By Dodd's Kidney Pills Causing Much Talk.

Dame Joseph Milette, of St. Rosaire, Tells of Her Pains, and How Easily She Got Rid of Them.

St. Rosaire, D'Arthabasca, Que., Jan. 5.—(Special)—Among the people of this neighborhood there has been much talk of late of the numerous cures resulting from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Such diseases as Rheumatism, Backache, Heart Disease and even Catarrh have yielded readily to this wonderful remedy, and people are fast learning how important it is that the Kidneys should be kept in shape to perform their duty of removing impurities from the blood.

One of those who speak out often and earnestly for the good that Dodd's Kidney Pills have done is good Dame Joseph Milette. She suffered from Kidney Complaint and Catarrh and is now completely cured. It is not to be wondered at that she speaks as follows:

"I suffered much from malady of the Kidneys. It settled in the loins and gave me great pain and discomfort. I took two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and am perfectly well.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are a grand remedy for me. I give Dodd's Kidney Pills my certificate from a big heart."

Many others, once suffererd but now in good health, unite with Dame Joseph Milette in singing the praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They have proved conclusively that no disease arising from diseased kidneys can stand before them.

Naturally the man who leads a crooked life is unable to keep both feet in the straight and narrow path.

Horses are like eggs. It is impossible to tell what's in them until they are broken.

UNEQUALLED.—Mr. Thos. Brunt, Tyendinaga, Ont., writes:—"I have to thank you for recommending Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for bleeding piles. I was troubled with them for nearly fifteen years, and tried almost everything I could hear or think of. I have now been free from the distressing complaint for nearly eighteen months. I hope you will continue to recommend it."

If the average woman knew what her neighbors say of her she would probably talk about them worse than ever.

A lazy man is always trying to work other people.

Down Sick with a Cold

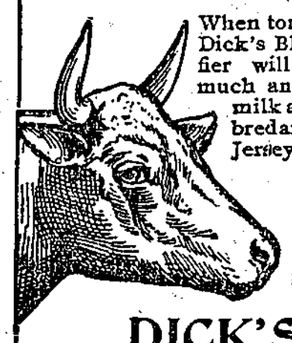
If we could only convince you how easily you could cure a cough or a cold by using

Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum

there would be less pneumonia and consumption. It will cure your cold as quickly as you caught it.

All Druggists 25 cents.

A Common Bred Cow



When toned up by Dick's Blood Purifier will give as much and as rich milk as a highly bred aristocratic Jersey cow gives upon ordinary feed, and a Jersey cow when given.

DICK'S BLOOD PURIFIER

will wonderfully increase her yield of milk. It saves feed too, because a smaller amount of well digested food satisfies the demands of the system and every particle of nourishment sticks.

50 cents a package.

Leeming, Miles & Co., Agents, MONTREAL.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

When a lock works stiffly, fill the barrel of the key with oil and put it into the lock. The effect will generally be excellent.

A heavy broom should always be selected in preference to a light one for thorough sweeping, as the weight aids in the process.

To clear a stove of clinkers put a handful of salt into it during a hot fire. When cold, remove the clinkers with a cold chisel.

Renovate brass chandeliers which have become dirty and discolored by washing them with water in which onions have been boiled.

To rid a pantry of insects stir a couple of pounds of alum into four quarts of boiling water. Then take a brush and apply it, as hot as possible, to the cracks and crevices, shelves, etc.

Cut out the best pieces of your old oilcloth when you are substituting a new one and use them for rests for your pots and kettles when you bring them from the stove to the table.

To remove whitewash marks from floors, furniture and windows apply a small quantity of paraffin on a soft cloth. The stains will disappear completely, and this does not injure the most delicate paint.

To Independent Women.

Fashionable clergymen seldom insert the word "obey" in the marriage service.

It is the bride's pet aversion. While it has never really prevented a wedding, it is a stumbling block to the altar.

A pretty and a tactful way out of this difficulty of the marriage ceremony was suggested by a bride, who substituted the word "yield" for "obey" and thereby asserted her right to equality with her husband. She recognized his authority, but it was the authority of love, not law, and to the feminine mind there is a wide difference between doing a thing because you want to do it and because you have to.

No man has a right to rule his wife any more than she has to rule him. If a woman hasn't honesty enough to be trusted with her husband's purse, if she hasn't discretion enough to be the confidant of his business secrets, if she hasn't sense enough to know what to do without being bidden like a child, she is not fit to marry.—Hartford Post.

Woman's Choice.

The best work, says an English writer, in the world is done by those of both sexes to whom love is not the master passion. Long ago Balzac insisted on this great truth, and it is only when a woman has cut men clean out of her life that she becomes a great artist. Thus it will be seen that brains do not make for the happiness of woman, for at heart there is scarcely a woman alive who would not thrill at her man's successes as she never would at her own, who would not rather be the little wife of a great man than the great wife of a little one. Perhaps unwillingly has been thrust on her the burden of fame, and she must stagger painfully along under its weight, for no one can help her, envying the happy woman who sits warm in the ingle nook, who has no lonely tasks, no drudging hours, but who puts her heart and intelligence into home, making it a nest of comfort for those she loves.

Eyelashes.

An eyelash is a pointed hair. If it is cut, it will never regain the pointed state. It always lives for a certain length of time, then falls out, to be replaced in a vigorous skin soil by another lash. It grows approximately to its full length more quickly than a hair in any other situation. It may fade from the skin extremity. In that case there is something wrong with the secretion of pigment, and the fading is likely to increase and be permanent. Or it may fade from the tip. In the latter case the lash itself is either effete or injured. If a lash fading from the tip has the faded part cut away, the lash will grow and will not show any fading. A lash, like any other hair, does not grow from the free end, but from the part within the skin.

Cleaning Common Laces.

In cleaning common laces make a suds. Let the lace soak in this for ten hours or more. Then rub gently between the palms of the hands. Wash in a second suds in the same manner, then rinse until the water is clear. If the lace is to be tinted, do it now; then starch. Have a flannel tacked tightly on a board; spread the lace on this and pin to the flannel. Be sure that the lace is drawn out properly and that each point is fastened to the flannel with a pin or the wet lace may be drawn out perfectly smooth, covered with a piece of cheesecloth and ironed with a moderately hot iron until quite dry.

Sappho.

The one poem most often translated into every language of the civilized and uncivilized world was written by a woman—"The Ode to Aphrodite," by Sappho. Shakespeare's works have borne the test of but three centuries. Sappho's have stood through twenty-five centuries.

ASK FOR Ogilvie Oats

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

Ogilvie's Hungarian

As now manufactured, the great Family Flour. Insist on getting "OGILVIE'S," as they are better than the best. HAVE NO EQUAL.

Housekeepers must find it difficult to decide which PACKAGE TEA is the best—there are so many. If you try GOLD STANDARD It will settle all doubts.

ARE YOU BUILDING?

IF SO USE EDDY'S IMPERVIOUS SHEATHING

THE BEST BUILDING PAPER MADE.

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

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

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

THE BEST. CARNEFAC STOCK FOOD.

A Veterinary Conditioner.

Winnipeg, March 5, 1902.

W. G. Douglas, Esq.

Dear Sir—This is to certify that I examined W. G. Douglas' formula for the Condition Powder, "Carnefac," and think it excels any food ever put before the public for purifying the blood and fattening purposes.—Yours, GEO. P. MURRAY, V.S.

You can obtain it from your dealer.

SANTA CLAUS

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

LUCINA CIGAR.

No other has that peculiar sweet flavor.

Manufactured by

GEO. F. BRYAN & CO.

20 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD EVERY YEAR.

Happiness is the absence of pain, and millions have been made happy through being cured by ST JACOBS OIL of RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, LAMENESS, SCALDS, BURNS, SPRAINS, BRUISES and all pains for which an external remedy can be applied. It never fails to cure. Thousands who have been declared incurable at baths and in hospitals have thrown away their crutches, being cured after using ST. JACOBS OIL. Directions in eleven languages accompany every bottle.

CONQUERS PAIN

HALCYON HOT SPRINGS SANITARIUM

Arrow Lake, B.C.

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

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

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

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

IMPERIAL MAPLE SYRUP

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

ROSE & LAFLAMME, Agts., MONTREAL.

DRUNKENNESS A DISEASE

and can be cured at

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE

133 Osborne St., Winnipeg. Established 1880.

Over 300,000 cures. Don't be deceived if you want a cure. Take The Keeley where you are treated by a qualified physician. Correspondence strictly private.

T. H. METCALFE & CO.

Grain and Commission Merchants.

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

P. O Box 550. Winnipeg, Man.

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

WINNIPEG CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY

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

The man who is trying to lead a double life is generally a man who can't live one decently.

A man with a lot of money should be satisfied with his lot.

Girls are weak creatures at best, yet the weakest of them is capable of throwing a strong man over with the greatest of ease.

Woman may never break into parliament, but she will continue to be speaker of the house just the same.

Ragged clothes quickly—that's what common soaps with "premiums" cost; but

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar

Some women grow weary trying to look young, but they do not tire themselves half as much as they tire others.

The average man is generous to a fault—if it happens to be one of his own; and he treats it so well it stays with him.

ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY.
Subscription.....$2 00 a year.

W. B. Anderson, Editor.

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

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

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

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

COAL MINERS' STRIKES.

At a meeting of the Kootenay Presbytery held at Nelson on the 15th February, a resolution was passed entreating and emploring the directors of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co., to adopt the most prompt and energetic measures to adjudicate upon the alleged grievances of the men, with a view to the immediate resumption of work and thus averting the hardships and sufferings which must fall upon the families of the strikers. The resolution attributes the cause of the strike to repeated breaches of faith on the part of the managers of the Coal Co., and their failure to meet the men and their representatives in a brotherly spirit, or to adequately recognise either their feelings or their rights. The Victoria Colonist in commenting on the Fernie strike, and the troubles at Nanaimo, says "it is curious that troubles should have broken out simultaneously at Fernie and Nanaimo immediately upon the opening of the United States market to Canadian coal, as the Western fuel interests predicted the the ruin of their home industries if British Columbia coal was allowed in free of duty." This is only a conjecture. The real cause of the strike is the dissatisfaction of Montreal shareholders with the smallness of the dividends paid on Crow's Nest Coal mines stock, which is held in that city to the extent of some twenty millions of dollars. Expenses must be reduced in order to increase dividends, and the first move in this direction has caused trouble.

TRAP FISHING.

The Victoria Chamber of Commerce has passed a resolution in favour of allowing British subjects to use traps, drag nets, and purse seines for the catching of fish in British Columbia waters, and ask the assistance of Nanaimo and other Island cities. A committee on manufactures was also appointed for the encouragement of home manufactures.

PRESENTATION AND VALEDICTORY.

After a business meeting of the managers of St. George's Church they adjourned to the residence of Mr Riley to bid farewell and Godspeed to their pastor Rev. Thomas Glassford. In reply he thanked them and in a few well chosen words reviewed his pastorate among them, forecasting for the congregation usefulness and prosperity if they were loyal to their Master the Great Head of the church.

On Thursday a delegation of a number of the congregation met for the purpose of presenting Mr Glassford with a gold-headed cane as souvenier of his stay among them and as a token of their respect for his sterling qualities as a pastor, friend and Christian gentleman. The following minutes are an index of the esteem of the colleagues of Rev. Mr Glassford in the Presbytery of Victoria:—"In accepting the resignation of Rev. T. S. Glassford . . . . the Presbytery of Victoria desires to place on record its high estimate of his ministerial faithfulness, Christian character and general ability. He leaves behind him in the minds of his co-Presbyters the kindest memories and takes with him their best wishes for future happiness and usefulness in the service of the church and her divine Head." Extracted from the minutes of the Presbytery of Victoria, by D. A. MacRae, Presbytery clerk, Victoria, Feb. 20th, 1903.

MUNICIPALITY OF THE CITY OF CUMBERLAND.

Notice is hereby given that the Court of Revision for the Municipality of the City of Cumberland for hearing all complaints against the Assessment as made by the Assessor of the said Municipality, will be held at the City Hall, Cumberland, on Wednesday, the 25th day of March next, at 7 30 p.m., and so on from day to day until the complaints shall have been heard, provided that at least ten days notice shall have been given of such complaints.

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

L. W. NUNNS,
CITY MUNICIPAL CLERK.

3-3-03 4t

NOTICE.

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

WM. GLEASON,
Administrator.

New England Hotel,
Cumberland, B.C.

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

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

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

A PROCLAMATION.

H. A MACLEAN, Deputy Attorney-General.

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

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

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

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

By Command.

A. CAMPBELL REDDIE,
Deputy Provincial Secretary.

3-3-03

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

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

To our faithful the members elected to serve in the Legislative Assembly of our Province of British Columbia, at our City of Victoria,—Greeting.

A PROCLAMATION.

H.A. MACLEAN, Dep Attorney-General } WHEREAS we are desirous and resolved, as soon as may be, to meet our people of our Province of British Columbia, and to have their advice in our Legislature:

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

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

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

By Command,

A. CAMPBELL REDDIE,
DEPUTY PROVINCIAL SECRETARY.

24 2 '03. 2t

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

A Fine Assortment
of Cutlery and General Hardware
RECEIVED AT THE.....
MAGNET CASH STORE.
Pocket Knives, Table Knives and Forks Spoons of all kinds, Scissors, Razors and Clippers, Tea Trays, Meat Choppers, &c
WASHING MACHINES.
Dunsmuir Avenue, Cumberland, B.C.

Cold Storage: Air Dry System.
Our facilities for Storing Perishable Articles are now complete. Eggs, Butter, Game, Fowl and Meats of kinds Stored at Reasonable Rates.....
$10= WARD will be paid for information leading to the conviction of persons appropriating or destroying our Beer Kegs
UNION BREWING CO., LTD.
Phone 27. DUNSMUIR STREET P. O. Drawer 45

Fertilizers Fertilizers
For Orchard, Field and Farm.
Highest Grades. Best results obtained from their use. Adapted to all Soils. Suitable for all Crops.
ANALYSIS AVAILABILITY & SOLUBILITY strictly guaranteed.
GOVERNMENT ANALYSIS OF STANDARD BRANDS SHOWS THEM TO BE ABOVE PER CENT OF PLANT FOOD CLAIMED.
STANDARD FORMULAE
BRAND "A"—For Grass, Hay, Grain, Truck and General Farming
BRAND "B"—For Orchards, Berries, Potatoes, Roots, Hops or any crop where Potash is largely needed.
BRAND "C"—For Crops on Peaty Soils, Clovers, Pease, Beans or wherever Nitrogen is not wanting.
We also carry a complete stock of Muriate of Potash, Sulphate of Potash, Kainite, Superphosphate, Thomas Phosphate and Nitrate of Soda.
For Prices, Pamphlet and Testimonials address
Victoria Chemical Co., Ltd.,
31 12 02 VICTORIA, B.C.

TAKE NOTICE.

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

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

Dated at Cumberland this Second day of February, 1903.

4 2 03 4t

"LAND REGISTRY ACT."

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

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

S. Y. WOOTTON,
REGISTRAR-GENERAL.

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

4 2 03 6t

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

Dated this 6th day of February, 1903.

THE PACIFIC NORTHERN CANNERY LIMITED.
NORTHERN CANNERY.

17203 8t

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

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

CHARLES H. LUGRIN,
Solicitor for Applicants.

24 2 03 6t

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52t 14 1 03