THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

NINTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19, 1902.

GO TO THE BIG STORE

.....FOR.....

SEEDS

Flower and Vegetable Seeds in Packets,

Put up by THE STEELE BRIGGS SEED CO., LTD., and D. M. FERRY & CO.....

Also the following--

SEEDS IN BULK:

ECKFORD'S SWEET PEAS (Mixed); NASTURTIUM BALL; NASTURTIUM DWARF; CORN; TIMOTHY; RED CLOVER; KENTUCKY BLUE GRASS; WHITE DUTCH CLOVER; QUEEN CITY LAWN GRASS SEED; IMPROVED PURPLE TOP SWEDE

SIMON LEISER

Dunsmuir Ave., Cumberland.

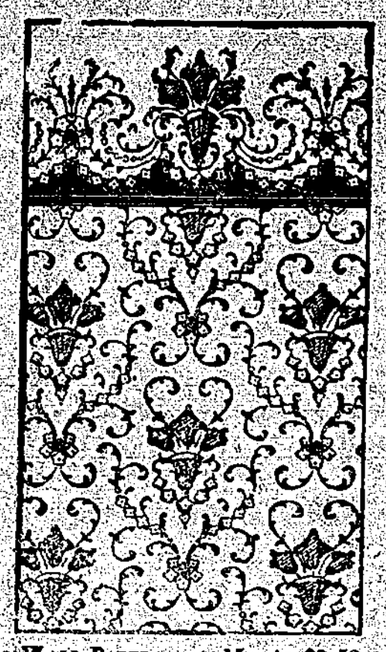
Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

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.



WALL-PAPER - - 15c. to $2 50 per Double Roll.

Wall-Papers

Newest Designs and Colors.

Linoleums

PRINTED—50c., 60c., 70c. 90c., ...to $1 25 sq. yd

INLAID—$1.25, $1.40 & $1.50 "

PLAIN—85c. to $1.50 "

Straw Mattings

.....15c. to 50c. per yard

Carpets

.....At all Prices.

An Elegant Line of Samples will be sent you FREE on application, but give us some idea as to your wants.....

WEILER BROS.,

THE FURNISHERS. VICTORIA, B.C.

PIANOS ON EASY TERMS.

Now is the time to Buy a Good Piano—Prices are Low, and easy terms can be secured. Large new shipments are now being opened up. Write us for Catalogues and Prices.

The Hicks & Lovick Piano Co.

(Formerly GIDEON HICKS & CO.)

123 HASTINGS ST., Vancouver, B.C. — 88 GOVERNMENT ST., Victoria, B.C.

SOLE AGENTS FOR "MASON & RISCH" PIANOS.

TRY US FOR

JOB PRINTING

Work of Every Description at Moderate Rates.

COUNCIL MEETING

Minutes read and adopted.

Accounts presented: Cumberland News, printing, $14 05c.; B. Crawford, hay and feed; T. Whyte & Co., dog tags.

Referred to Finance Committee.

Communications: from School Trustees giving Council authority to move Old School-house.

Laid on table.

Reports—R. Hornal re scavenger and road work. Received and filed.

T. Banks—Scavenger collection $60. Dog tax, $20; due for scavenger, $25 25; dog tax, $25.

Complaint re open drain near D. Anthony's. Laid on table.

From Board of Works that drain near Kilpatrick's had been repaired

Tenders—For clearing Dunsmuir Avenue from 3rd street to Martin's. J. Nash, $45; H. Martin, $39 Moved Ald. Reid, second Bate, that Martin's tender be accepted.

Carried.

Urquhart Bros., lumber, rough, $11 50 per m.; sized, $12.50; flooring and rustic, $17.50; single dressed, $14.50.

Grant & Co.—Rough per m. $10; dressed, $14; sized, $12.

Moved Ald. Bate, second Ald. Partridge, that Grant's tender be accepted. Carried.

New business.—Streets By-law Amendment to sec. 14 to prevent goods and chattles being exposed on sidewalks or streets.

Moved Ald. Bate, second Reid, that motion be received.

Ald. Partridge thought it a personal matter. Simon Leiser used to crowd the walk with forks and shovels some years ago, and there was no need for Council to go to the expense of a by-law now more than then. He thought it was a personal grievance brought forward and made a by-law of.

Ald. Reid differed. Did not matter about past years, but now it was desired to rectify matters. Only a short time ago he saw the sidewalk from Stevenson's corner down filled with baskets of boots, &c. It was not fair to people, and there would be no discrimination. He was not in favour of any person blocking the street and would support the amendment.

A few hot passages here passed between Ald. Partridge and Reid, and order was called.

Ald. Calnan here interposed that the discussion was out of order and Ald. Bate moved second by Ald. Reid, that amendment pass first reading.

Ald. Bate—This amendment was thought of long ago, and I can as sure Ald. Partridge that nothing personal was intended against him.

Passed first reading.

Petition from ratepayers on Maryport Avenue praying that sidewalk on that street be 8ft. wide. 11 signatures.

Ald. Reid here said that Mr Pullen wanted his name taken off.

Moved Bate, seconded Reid, that petition be received.

Ald. Calnan thought that as sidewalks elsewhere were 5ft. wide that signers of petition should be notified that they must bear extra expense.

Ald. Reid thought 6ft. be right as a compromise.

Ald. Partridge did not see why walk should be wider for them than elsewhere. A 4ft. sidewalk was wide enough. In fact they did not require as wide a walk up there as in other parts of the town. The reason why Mr Pullen wanted his name off the petition was that he had five maple trees about 6ft. from the fence and he would have to remove these.

Ald. Bate was sorry to see opposition to progress. The town was growing and it did not matter if the walks already built were 5ft. his idea was to improve.

Ald. Reid moved that the future walks be 6ft wide instead of 5ft.

No seconder.

Moved Ald. Calnan, seconded Ald. Partridge, that communication be filed. Carried.

Re Health Officer.—Committee appointed to interview Dr. Millard.

Re Police Magistrates.—Committee appointed to wait on Judge Abrams and find out what salary be required for the office.

Deferred business.

Moved Ald. Bate, seconded Ald. Partridge, that drain complained of be referred to Board of Works.

Re Old School.—Moved Ald. Bate, seconded Ald. Reid, that tenders be called for printed on large placards.

Re Teachers' Salaries.—Mayor Willard informed Ald. Partridge that the Government paid allowance quarterly.

Ald. Partridge thought that Council should borrow money to pay back salaries—two months being now nearly due. He moved that Trustees be asked if they were willing to pay interest on borrowed money out of school fund.

Ald. Reid thought it time to take action when Trustees appealed to the Council.

Ald. Calnan wanted to know what fund Trustees would find available to draw on for interest.

Ald. Reid moved, seconded Ald. Calnan, in amendment that matters be left as usual as the quarter was nearly expired.

Motion carried.

Ald. Bate and Partridge to interview Trustees.

THE LEADING FEATURE of the season at Courtenay is McPhee & Son's cheap counter sale, by means of which they are reducing stock at prices regardless of cost.

PERSONAL

Mrs Wilkinson has gone to Nanaimo on a visit.

G. R. Robson, H.B.Co., was registered at the Union Hotel last week.

Mrs Piket and daughter were passengers home by last Thursday's steamer.

Mr Morrison, lately in the employ of Stevenson & Co., has gone to Steveston.

We are sorry to announce the serious illness of Mrs Hudson, of Union Bay. She is at present with her mother, Mrs Piket.

Mr Harford and wife of Nanaimo have arrived to reside in Cumberland. Mr Harford has charge of Stevenson's store.

Miss Crossman has gone on a visit to her home in Pensylvannia. During her absence Miss Holmes of Victoria has charge of U.S. Consul Clinton's household.

The little son of Mr and Mrs Leighton of Courtney, who was successfully operated on a short time ago by Drs. Staples and Millard, is rapidly recovering his strength.

MESSRS MOORE BROS. have opened out many new goods. Some nice lines of crockery. In dry goods—latest styles in dress goods. Full line in golf stockings.

Notice of Partnership.

I HAVE taken in my Brother, HERBERT MOORE, as a Partner in my General Store Business, and in future the Business will be carried on under the Firm's name of "C. J. MOORE & CO."

Thanking my Customers for their patronage in the past and hoping for a continuance of same for the new Firm.....

I am,

Yours Respectfully,

C. J. MOORE.

LOCALS.

DR. GRICE, DENTIST, is in town to-day and will remain till the 27th for business.

DEATH OF MR WALKER.—Mr Ed. Wolker, an old time and much respected resident of Union, died at 7 p.m. Monday, in his 79th year. The funeral takes place 2 p.m. Thursday at the New Cemetery.

WE are pleased to note that Miss Nash is again in Cumberland after a long absence. She has been living at Oak Lake, Manitoba, but hopes to reside in Cumberland in future.

MR J. HENRY, the popular seedsman of Mt. Pleasant, advertises onion, mangold, and grass seeds of best quality. His special collections of vegetable and flower seeds should commend themselves to all amateur gardeners.

WORK is progressing in No. 7 tunnel, but owing to the bad nature of the soil, is going slowly yet. It is hoped that firmer earth will be met with further under the hill, which will improve matters. We understand that Mr T. Whyte is prospecting for a suitable site for No. 8 shaft, towards the river. The railway grade is nearly completed to No. 7.

Bank Meeting.

The second meeting re establishing a bank was held in the Council chambers Friday last. Owing to its not being sufficiently advertised the meeting was small.

Letters were read from Mr MacPhee and Mr Lucas, representing the Valley and Comox, complaining of inefficient mail service to do banking business from their section.

It was resolved that City Clerk be instructed to write Bank of Commerce asking that an inspector go over the field and report as to amount of business to be done.

THE BIG STORE AGAIN! Good cheap suits for men and boys of latest cut and pattern. Stoves in the hardware department for large or small households.

Mr Barrett returned from Vancouver on Wednesday last.

A GODDESS OF AFRICA.

A Story of the Golden Fleece.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBONE

In vain did those above fire volley after volley into the mass — the great ox-hide shields were able to stay even the progress of bullets, such was their exceeding toughness and thickness, and with the steady creeping motion of the rising tide the impis pushed on, gradually drawing closer to the top where the Winchesters and revolvers were spitting out tongues of flame.

Could nothing be done to stop this steady advance — in a brief interval it must reach the crest — must flow over the top and engulf the few whites who endeavored to manfully hold their own against the advance of the foe, which was not unlike the resistless march of a mighty glacier, save that its progress is downward while they climbed upward.

Now the foremost war shields overtopped the crest and were suddenly thrust aside to expose the fierce figures of the braves who had made this assault, with cries that would have done credit to demons they sprang at the whites.

Only a few cartridges remained and these were put to good service, but the impis scrambled over the crest faster than they could be cared for, and presently what promised to be the last tragic scene of the drama commenced, when the defenders of the little fort among the rocks were compelled to wield their guns as clubs, and meet the rush of numberless foes, savage for their lives.

They fought like brave men, long and well, and not one of them but who performed prodigies of valor upon that field.

Hope they had none — desperation alone urged them to resist to the last gasp.

The end seemed close at hand. Their number began to decrease. Bludsoe, the bravest of the brave was down. He had been carrying consternation into the midst of the enemy, and wherever his clubbed rifle swept there mourning followed.

One of the cunning blacks seeing how impossible it was to force a way within the circle which Jim's whirling weapon covered, dropped to the rocks, and rolled to the feet of the cowboy — then, clasping his arms about Jim's legs he threw him down, just as an assegai, hurled by no other than the hand of Hassaje himself, pierced Bludsoe's breast.

Thus fell an heroic spirit, in the performance of duty. All his life had Jim Bludsoe seen action — it was his business to take part in such dramas as seldom fall to the lot of most men — he had played his little part in pushing forward the torch of civilization and crowding the blackness of ignorance and savage superstition to the wall. In his own way he had carried out the role for which nature had best fitted him. No longer would the roar of battle disturb this hero's slumber — for him the reveille had sounded in another land.

Bludsoe's fall weakened the little garrison very much, but it did not paralyze them. Such was the condition of affairs that even though but one should be left that last survivor must believe it his duty to continue the battle.

They had managed to get together after a degree, which was all that saved them from immediate destruction. Back to back they fought, delivering and receiving blows. When all were heroes, why mention the valorous deeds of a single member of that gallant little band?

Lord Bruno, because of his magnificent physique, was a prominent mark for the attack of the savage blacks, and it was only by the most herculean efforts that he managed to avoid the numerous missiles that were hurled at him.

The numbers of their foes instead of diminishing constantly increased, for though casualties occurred among them, those who drew out of the melee wounded were more than replaced by fresh arrivals.

This could not last long — the end must speedily arrive — indeed, it seemed but a question of a few minutes at the most before one and all of the whites must have met the fate of Jim.

As they fought like Trojans Rex and Lord Bruno chanced to come together.

The gray light of dawn had crept over the scene even while this deadly hand-to-hand conflict was taking place, and when the furiously fighting Briton shot a glance at his friend's face, he found it almost unrecognizable on account of the powder grime, and splotches of blood, either from his own vein or that which came from enemies struck at close quarters.

But Lord Bruno saw something else — he discovered Hastings' countenance illuminated with an eager expression, and the English artist on the instant surmised that poor Rex must have had his reason shattered in the horrid din of battle, for any man who could laugh or even show the faintest hope under such conditions as these must certainly be out of his mind.

If Rex was mad there must be a method to his condition. What was this he shouted in the ear of his companion:

"Did you hear it?"

"Hear what?" bellowed the big athlete, as he launched his rifle against the foe and sent several blacks flying in a confused heap.

"The blessed notes of a bugle!" cried Rex.

"Bugle — you are away off, my boy. It was some call of these accursed devils."

"No, no, I heard it. There—listen — now tell me I am crazy!"

An Lord Bruno's ears caught a never-to-be-forgotten sound. Thank God! it was the clear, thrilling note of a bugle that arose above the awful clamor of battle.

Others heard it too — the battle cries grew less in volume, so that from the region beyond came the heavy thud of many horses' hoofs — aye, and the glorious cheers from the throats of British soldiers.

Burnham had kept his word, and just in the nick of time the British South Africa mounted troops had reached the scene — had they been five minutes later the tragedy would have been complete.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

When the black allies realized what a trap they were caught in, consternation came upon the majority of them, and they began to leave the apex of the rocky mount with even more celerity than they had shown in reaching it.

Through the gray of morning the oncoming resources could be seen, advancing as fast as their horses would carry them, and sending forth encouraging shouts.

As their enemies melted away from in front of them the tired defenders of the fort let their arms drop, and answered the shouts of their coming friends.

It was at this moment a black hideous figure arose from among the rocks, holding an assegai in his hand; a figure that might have been recognized as that of old Hassaje, the witch doctor of Zambodi.

Not ten feet away stood Lord Bruno, all unconscious of his peril—he had detected the presence of the valiant Armstrong at the head of the on-sweeping column, and waving his hat while sending cheer after cheer from his stentorian lungs.

Without a warning he heard a sudden shrill cry behind him, and whirling about was just in time to see Little Phil sink at his feet pierced through with an assegai that had undoubtedly been intended for the Briton, while a black figure he knew full well was bounding for the parapet.

Waterford heard a gun sound beside him, and realized that Rex had kept a last bullet in his Winchester for some desperate purpose. He saw the witch-doctor leap high into the air and then fall like an inert mass upon the rocks, his devilish incantations forever stilled by the young American's lead.

The Lord Bruno threw himself down beside the boy who had saved him at what a fearful cost.

A moment later and he called Rex, who found him, the strong man, actually weeping.

"Don't think I have gone out of my senses, Rex; but a strange thing has happened, the most marvellous thing in the course of my whole existence. Fool—blind dolt that I was never to have suspected the truth."

"Tell me," said Rex, in a maze.

"You remember—Little Phil — I promised a girl in Natal to take her brother with me. I was to blame—I made love to her, and then said good-bye without speaking of my intentions. Little Phil—that brother—is Madge herself!"

"I might have suspected it," said Rex, as a score of things flashed through his mind.

"But you didn't, any more than myself. We were all blind. And now, God bless her, I am afraid she has given her life for me. Come, bring the doctor if he is able to move, and see if there is any hope. Why did she do it—I am not worthy of such a sacrifice."

Little Phil smiled when they bent over her—the consciousness that she had saved his life made her happy.

"It is just as well—this was my mission. He is an English lord, and could never have married a poor girl like me," she kept repeating, begging Lord Bruno not to weep.

The doctor reported the case almost hopeless, but everything was done that lay in their power, and Marian upon learning the truth proved an exceedingly clever nurse.

First of all they left the rocky fortress with its ghastly mementoes of battle, and sought a new camp to secure a short rest ere taking up the march for Buluwayo.

The hills were alive with the Matabele, and it would not be safe for even such a company of well armed border fighters to remain in the enemy's country, since the impis could muster thousands of braves if given time.

By slow stages they made the journey, and Buluwayo was reached at last.

The girl still lived, buoyed up with new hope, for Waterford had breathed words of love into her ears, and besought her to stay for his sake—that he would be proud to make her his wife, since she reigned in his heart as his queen.

(To be Continued.)

The law of nature is that a certain quantity of work is necessary to produce a certain quantity of good of any kind whatever. If you want knowledge you must toil for it, if food you must toil for it, and if pleasure you must toil for it.—Ruskin.

What the arts are to the world of matter, literature is to the world of mind.—Genera, Garfield.

A bachelor says the only certain thing about a woman is her uncertainty.

Christianity wants nothing so much in this world as sunny people, and the old are hungrier for love than for bread, and the oil of joy is ever cheap; and if you can help the poor on with a garment of praise it will be better for them than blankets.—Henry Drummond.

Remember that if the opportunities for great deeds should never come, the opportunity for good deeds is renewed for you day by day. The thing for us to long for is the goodness, not the glory.—W. F. Farrar, D. D.

Put a seal upon your lips and forget what you have done. After you have been kind, after love has stolen forth into the world, and done its beautiful work, go back into the shade again and say nothing about it. Love hides even from itself.—Professor Drummond.

If then you would do great deeds hereafter, prepare for them, rehearse them, show yourself fit for them now. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful in much."—F. W. Farrar, D. D.

FOR THROAT IRRITATION.

Hoarseness, Dry Throat, Sore Throat, Bronchial Troubles, Coughs, Colds and Asthma, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is a Cure of Proven Merit.

There are more ministers, singers and public speakers using Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine than any other similar preparation, because it is exactly suited to their needs. By taking a dose of this preparation before going on the platform they feel certain of freedom from dry throat, hoarseness and throat irritation, than which there can be nothing more embarrassing to a singer or speaker.

Besides the annoyance of throat irritation public speakers seem to be especially susceptible to bronchial trouble, pneumonia and lung diseases, and for this reason it seems wise to have in your grips when leaving home a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, which is beyond all doubt the most thoroughly effective treatment for bronchial and lung troubles that is to be obtained.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine aids expectoration, clears the throat and air passages, soothes and quiets the nerves which cause coughing and thoroughly cures all throat and bronchial troubles. There are other preparations of Linseed and Turpentine put up in imitation of Dr. Chase's. Be sure that the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase are on the bottle you buy. 25 cents a bottle; family size, three times as much, 60 cents. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

EPILEPSY CURABLE.

A DISEASE THAT HAS LONG BAFFLED MEDICAL SKILL.

Mr. M. A. Gauthier, of Buckingham, Gives His Experience For the Benefit of Other Sufferers From This Terrible Malady.

From The Post, Buckingham, Que.

We venture to say that in our town of 3,000 inhabitants few business men are better known that Mr. M. A. Gauthier, the young and hustling butcher, of Main street. He wasn't however, as energetic or as hustling a couple of years ago as he is today, and for a good reason—he wasn't well. Having gone into business ere reaching his majority his desire to succeed was such that no heed was paid to keeping the body in the state of health necessary to stand a strain, and in consequence of the extra demands upon the system it became run down to such an extent that epilepsy or falling sickness resulted, and these lapses into unconsciousness becoming alarmingly frequent he consulted physicians and took some remedies, but without beneficial results. Finally seeing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised as a cure for falling sickness he decided to give them a trial. As to the result the Post cannot do better than give Mr. Gauthier's story in his own words: "Yes," said Mr. Gauthier, "for nearly four years I suffered from epilepsy or falling fits, which took me without warning and usually in most inconvenient places. I am just twenty-four years of age, and I think I started business too young and the fear of failing spurred me to greater efforts perhaps than was good for my constitution, and the consequence was that I became subject to those attacks which came without any warning whatsoever, leaving me terribly sick and weak after they had passed. I got to dread their recurrence very much. I consulted doctors and took their remedies to no purpose, the fits still troubled me. I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised and determined to try them. I did so, and the medicine helped me so much that I got more and kept on taking them until today I am as well, yes better, than I ever was, and am not troubled at all by epilepsy or the fear of the fits seizing me again. Thinking there may be others similarly afflicted, I give my story to the Post: it may perhaps lead them to give this great medicine a trial."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a positive cure for all diseases arising from impoverished blood, or a weak or shattered condition of the nervous system. Every dose makes new, rich, red blood and gives tone to the nerves, thus curing such diseases as epilepsy, St. Vitus' dance, paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, heart troubles, anaemia, etc. These pills are also a cure for the ailments that make the lives of so many women a constant misery. They are sold in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full name—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Can be procured from druggists, or will be sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Spoiled Her Disposition.

"I don't know what's the matter with Susan," said Mr. Snaggs. "She's so quarrelsome now, whereas she used to be so sweet tempered."

"Well, it's your own fault," retorted Mrs. Snaggs. "I didn't want her to join the church choir, but you insisted that she should."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A woman never puts off till tomorrow what she can wear today.

SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER 25c

The photographers show cases where couples are quite taken with each other.

As Parmelee's Vegetable Pills contain mandrake and dandelion, they cure liver and kidney complaints with unerring certainty. They also contain roots and herbs which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. A. Cairncross, Shakespeare, writes:—"I consider Parmelee's Pills an excellent remedy for biliousness and derangement of the liver, having used them myself for some time."

That woman was created from a rib is perhaps the reason that she is even unto this day a bone of contention.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

Poetry and Hogs.

This particular practical wife looks like a dream, but she is right up to the mark in business. One day just as the frost was on the pumpkin he came in. "Darling," he began, "I have just been thinking this is a most memorable day in our lives, both yours and mine. Do you know what it recalls?"

"No," she declared.

"What! Not remember this particular date?" he asked in horror and reproach. "Oh, surely you must."

She said again that she didn't, though to oblige him she would if she could, and he bowed his head and looked sorrowfully out of the window at the swaying trees loaded with red leaves.

"Don't say it!" he exclaimed. "Don't tell me you have no recollection of the serious import of this day. Think! See how I am impressed by the recollection. Surely you recall it."

A dawning light spread over her face. "I believe I do," she cried joyously. "Yes, it was just this time we killed hogs last fall."

He gave a hollow groan and left the room of his too, too practical wife. It was their wedding anniversary.

The Good Bargain.

Sheridan, the celebrated playwright, who was no sportsman, having gone one day on a shooting excursion, everything flew before him and his gun, despite his effort to secure something for his bag. On his return home with an empty bag he saw a man, apparently a farmer, looking at a flock of ducks in a pool.

"What will you take," said Sheridan, "for a shot at those ducks?"

The man looked at him with astonishment.

"Will half a crown do?"

The man nodded and Sheridan gave him the half crown, taking his shot at the ducks. About half a dozen fell dead. As he was preparing to bag them he said to the man: "I think on the whole I made a good bargain with you."

"Why," said the man, "they're none o' mine."

Our First Glass.

The first glass made in this country was manufactured in Jamestown by the English colonists in 1609.

150 Kinds for 20c.

It is a fact that Salzer's vegetable and flower seeds are found in more gardens and on more farms than any other in America. There is reason for this. We own and operate over 5000 acres for the production of our choice seeds. In order to induce you to try them we make the following unprecedented offer:

For 20 Cents Postpaid

20 kinds of rarest luscious radishes,
12 magnificent earliest melons,
16 sorts glorious tomatoes,
25 peerless lettuce varieties,
12 splendid beet sorts,
65 gorgeously beautiful flower seeds,

in all 150 kinds positively furnishing bushels of charming flowers and lots and lots of choice vegetables, together with our great catalogue telling all about Teosinte and Pea Oat and Bromus and Speltz, onion seed at 60c. a pound, etc., all for 20c. in Canadian stamps.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis.

EVERYBODY who plants seeds of any kind either in the home or market garden will secure the best results from using

SEEDS

from J. M. PERKINS, Seedsman, 220 Market St., WINNIPEG. 1902 Seed Annual free.

RIPPLEY'S COOKERS.

Sell from $10.00 to $45.00. Made of boiler steel. No flues to rust or leak. Can't blow up. Guaranteed to cook 25 bu. feed in 2 hours, and to heat water in stock tanks 200 feet away. Will heat dairy rooms. Catalogue and prices mailed free.

RIPPLEY HARDWARE CO., Box 350 (U.S. Fact'y, Grafton, Ill.) London, Ont.

MEN AND WOMEN $12.00 A WEEK BONA FIDE SALARY to represent us, appointing agents. Some to travel, others for local work. Rapid promotion and increase of salary. Ideal employment, new brilliant lines; best plans; old established House.

Bradley-Garretson Co., Ltd., Brantford, Ont.

Alloway & Champion

BANKERS AND BROKERS

WINNIPEG.

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

A married man isn't necessarily a Hercules because he's fond of his club. Nor is he an Atlas because he carries a heavy load.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

A million dollars a week is the cost of the United States army.

Monkey Brand cleans and brightens everything, but won't wash clothes.

Pipe dreams are not restricted to plumbers.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

One ounce of Sunlight Soap is worth more than Two ounces of impure soap.

REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar. If your grocer cannot supply, write to LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, Toronto, sending his name and address, and a trial sample of Sunlight Soap will be sent you free of cost.

TIES OF AFFECTION

CONTRIBUTE MUCH TOWARDS MAKING THE KING'S BIRTHDAY.

Whole Royal Family Unite in Spending Much Thought and Care on Their Presents to the Head of the Household—The King at Home—How He Enjoys This Yearly Family Gathering.

The anniversary of King Edward's birth is always a day of great rejoicing in his own family. The firm ties of affection which bind all the members to each other are proverbial, and any event in the life of one affects them all.

Hence, much care and thought are previously expended on the choice of presents for this particular birthday, each one of the circle preparing or obtaining something that is either wanted or has been admired. In days gone by, when the King's children and their pocket money was limited, the offerings often consisted of little articles solely prepared by themselves, such as elaborate pen-wipers or worked tobacco pouches. But although the presents of later years have been of a much more costly kind, it is perfectly safe to assert that quite as much pleasure was felt by His Majesty on the receipt of the former as of the latter.

On the morning of Nov. 9 it is usual for the King and Queen to depart from the frequent custom of breakfasting in their own apartments and to take the first meal of the day in company with all the members of the family who are staying with them. The mail bag of this morning is of a prodigious size, in fact, the carrying capacity of the mounted groom who usually rides to Wolferton for the letters is altogether inadequate. Huge bags of letters, an unlimited number of packages of all sizes, and hundreds of telegrams—which latter come direct over the private wire from the central office—mark the happy event. Literally from all parts of England, the Continent and the British dominions, from emperors, princes, officials, public bodies and private individuals come the time-honored words, "Many happy returns of the day," accompanied by some suitable token from royal relatives.

The family presents adorn the breakfast-table, or are in convenient proximity, in the good old-fashioned way, and His Majesty's grandchildren are not behindhand, but pay an early visit with their little offerings, their small voices, too, swelling the general chorus. The presents take a variety of forms—silver models of favorite horses, handsome inkstands, or riding whips, choice curios, paintings or sketches, or handsomely bound volumes of prose or poetry, for although the King is essentially a practical man, he is a great admirer of certain modern poets, chief of whom stands Sir Edwin Arnold and Mr. Swinburne.

A shooting party is generally organized, so as soon as the King can dispose of his correspondence, all the gentlemen of the party start off for the preserves, the ladies of the family generally arranging to meet them a little later in the morning. This shoot is generally the biggest of the year, and the day being always observed as a general holiday on the estate, every inhabitant of each village gets up with the resolute determination of putting in an appearance at the event. The shooting of the Avenue, then, which is a fixture for the King's Birthday, is exceedingly well attended, the villages being almost entirely deserted. The sight is extremely picturesque, the bright colors worn by the beaters standing out in vivid relief against the green of the pines and the velvety turf, and the red sand of the intervening roads and paths. Big bags are the rule, the villagers participating later in the day in the share of the contents.

The luncheon hour finds the royal family and the numerous guests assembled, but no one lingers over the meal, for all the employes of the estate have a special dinner provided for them in the riding school, and the King, Queen and family make an invariable custom of being present for a short time. The tables literally groan beneath their weight of good things, and the gatherings are delightfully hearty, the King entering into the spirit of the thing with the utmost good nature, listening attentively to the formal speech by the principal employe, or to occasional shyly offered individual congratulations. His Majesty's health is drunk with a three times three; and, if anyone ever doubted the shouting capacities of a group of Englishmen, he would speedily have such doubts set at rest were he to be present at the King's Norfolk birthday dinner.

In the afternoon the women and children are regaled, a festival tea being arranged on their behalf; and, if the King does not find time to be present at this, the Queen and her daughters do, and they may be generally seen in the vicinity of the children's tables, looking after their particular pleasures and requirements. His Majesty has a busy day, but whatever part of his usual routine he is compelled to forego, rest assured that an inspection of the stables and kennels is never omitted, for the King is a genuine animal lover and has a thorough practical knowledge of horses and dogs. These are housed to perfection, and not the slightest detail of mismanagement escapes the King's keen eye in his daily perambulations.

There is a merry meeting in the saloon for afternoon tea, and all who have not joined the family luncheon party now put in an appearance. The hour spent at tea is, therefore, by no means the least enjoyable in the long day. Queen Alexandra herself pours out the tea, in homely English fashion, and everyone thoroughly enjoys the birthday cakes, specially prepared by His Majesty's own chef in honor of the day. The various grandchildren, who have enjoyed the birthday in their own particular fashion, romping and playing to their hearts' content, aided and abetted—which states the Lord—by their aunties, have soon afterwards to retire from the circle for their respective nurseries in the house, while the adults of the company separate until such time as they shall assemble in the drawing-room, a few minutes previous to the dinner hour. Very beautiful is the scene when all are assembled around the large oval table. The apartment itself is of stately proportions, and the tables are exquisitely decorated with the choicest of flowers, the electric lights flashing on the beautiful plate, and the glittering jewels worn by the Queen and the Princesses present. The menu is a special one for the auspicious occasion, the good old English plum pudding occupying the premier place among the sweets.

The after-dinner events vary. At one time it was the custom for a large ball to be given. There is a magnificent ballroom at Sandringham—lofty, well ventilated, with a splendid floor, a musicians' gallery at one end, and walls rich in decorations, consisting of Indian arms and trophies, which were brought home by His Majesty when he returned from his eastern visit. It was one of the most picturesque of sights when the royal procession came in and advanced between the lines of the county people. Very enjoyable were the dances, Their Majesties always taking part in the opening number. Occasionally a variety has been made by substituting a theatrical performance, one of the best London companies going down for the evening.

SIXTH OF ROYAL SET.

Newfoundland Issues New Stamp Bearing Portrait of Duchess.

In commemoration of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York to Newfoundland that colony has issued a new four-cent postage stamp. In color it is royal purple, and it bears an excellent portrait of the Duchess. This stamp is the sixth of what philatelists term the "Royal set." The other five were issued several years ago. Their values are 1-2c, bearing the portrait of little Prince Edward Albert; 1c, bearing the features of the late Queen Victoria; 2c, with the lineaments of the present King; 3c, with the features of Queen Alexandra; and 5c, bearing the likeness of the Duke of Cornwall and York, now Prince of Wales. This set of stamps is one of the most handsome ever issued by any Government.

Paul Kruger's Coach.

It would be interesting to know what has become of the extremely gorgeous carriage with which ex-President Kruger startled his "simple" people at the time of his election three years ago. He then used it for the first time. This extraordinary vehicle was sent to the Transvaal in pieces, packed in hermetically sealed tin cases with outer coverings of wood. It was put together at Johannesburg and exhibited there before being sent on to Pretoria.

It is painted in royal blue, picked out vermilion, and double fine lines of white and green, the State colors of the late South African Republic. The hammer-cloth is in sky-blue, and trimmed with laces in red, white, blue and green. Inside the carriage is lined with sky-blue satin, with silk laces and velvet pile carpets to match.

On each door and on the front and rear panels are emblazoned the arms of the late Republic; while a soaring eagle of liberty is painted on the side quarter panels. At the top corners of the roof solid silver soaring eagles are fixed, eagles also forming the crowning ornaments of the lamps.

Each side of the hammer-cloth has a solid silver impression, the fittings are of silver, and the body of the carriage is finished off with heavy silver beading and ornaments. At the back there is a standard for footmen. In this gorgeous turnout Oom Paul must have felt like a toad in a jewel-box. It cannot have cost less than £2,000.

Knows Her Own Mind.

The following two advertisements appeared one immediately following the other, in a recent issue of The Kentish Gazette, an English paper:

£5 REWARD—LADY MISSING.

"The above reward will be paid to any person who will give such information as will lead to the recovery of MISS KATE BETTS, who left her home at Bournemouth on June 24, 1901, and was last seen at Belmont House, Gordon Road, Canterbury, about July 20, 1901. Apply to Messrs. Stanley Evans & Co., Solicitors, 20 Theobald's Road, W.C.

"NOTICE.

"Miss Kate Betts, having read an advertisement in The Kentish Gazette and Canterbury Press of October 19 last, begs to inform the solicitors, Theobald's Road, W.C., that she is quite well, and not lost or missing, as her whereabouts is known to a large circle of friends and relations in England. Being over age, Miss Betts claims to be at liberty to go and live where and with whom she pleases, either at Belmont House or any other place, without being molested. K. BETTS.

"Calais, Oct. 22, 1901."

British Ignorance of Canada.

The London (England) Canadian Gazette has the following: "The royal tour will have done much towards enlightening the British public in their ignorance of colonial geography and colonial customs. Amusing exhibitions of this ignorance are constantly occurring. It is related that a lady in England said not long ago to one who came from the City of Quebec, 'I suppose you frequently see the Falls of Niagara.' 'Oh, yes,' was the reply, 'I often take a morning walk there before breakfast,' adding, 'It is only about 500 miles.' According to another story, at the time of the Queen's Jubilee in London a lady of rank sent an invitation for a garden party to some Canadians. It was a very pleasant letter and very kindly expressed, and she ended by saying, 'Please come in your native dress.'"

The Korean Family Shrine.

The rooms of a Korean woman are as sacred to her as a shrine is to its image; indeed, the rooms of a wife or mother are the sanctuary of any man who breaks the law. Unless for treason or for one other crime he cannot be forced to leave those rooms, and so long as he remains under the protection of his wife and his wife's apartments he is secure from the officers of the law and from the penalties of his misdemeanors.

It is hard to persuade the average housekeeper that soft cloths make the best of dusters. They pin their faith to feather dusters, and they are abominations. They simply move the dust, set it flying, to settle down again when the back is turned. Cloth will wash, and the dust will linger in its folds until it is removed by soap and water.

It is not sufficient in cleaning rooms that have been occupied by persons sick with contagious diseases to simply expose them to disinfecting vapors. The floors and woodwork should be thoroughly scoured with disinfecting fluid, and the walls and ceilings should also be carefully cleaned.

Isinglass is sometimes adulterated with gelatin. To test, place some of the isinglass in cold water. If it remains opaque and does not smell, it is probably pure. If it smells and becomes rather translucent, it is adulterated. Russian isinglass is the best.

When your feet are very tired and hot, plunge them into a basin of cold water and keep them there until a sensation of warmth begins. Then dry them and put on fresh stockings and shoes.

Mr. Meekton's Impression.

"Henrietta," said Mr. Meekton, "your speech was very fine. By the way, the orator who preceded you was obviously an unmarried woman, who didn't know what she was talking about."

"What do you mean?"

"She talked about man being a tyrant and an oppressor. We know better, Henrietta, and I don't think she ought to be encouraged in putting such foolish ideas into the heads of husbands."—Washington Star.

A Japanese on Japanese Women.

Among the Japanese women a certain number have no reason to envy the European ladies in the matter of purely white skins. When that whiteness is slightly rose colored, it is in Japanese eyes the ne plus ultra of beauty. Unfortunately, that beauty soon fades. The proportion of white skinned women is about one in ten. It is needless to say that this whiteness is held in high esteem. As the proverb has it, "A white skin covers seven misfortunes," a rather doubtful Japanese way of appreciating its loveliness.—Paris Figaro.

A Plan of Campaign.

"Mother," said the trembling girl who was about to be led to the altar for the first time, "before it is too late there is something I want to ask you."

"Speak on, my child. Be perfectly frank with me."

"I—I—mother, if after we are married Jack should ever get tired of me wh-what could I d-d-do?"

"Send for me, darling, before committing yourself in the presence of witnesses on the question of alimony."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Hearts Not Trumps.

"Oh, darling," exclaimed the young man as a look of pain chased itself across his open faced countenance, "you have broken my"—

"Your heart?" interrupted the maiden fair. "I'm so sorry."

"No, not my heart," he rejoined, "but every cigar in my vest pocket, and they cost 10 cents apiece too."—Chicago News.

Those Boston Girls.

Hortense—Tom Alley says he loves me better than anybody else in all the world, and he says, besides, that he never loved anybody else in all his life.

Flora—And Charley Bliss tells me he has been in love with hundreds of girls, but he loves me better than he ever did any of them.—Boston Transcript.

A Mind Reader.

"I suppose," said the physician, smiling and trying to appear witty while feeling the pulse of a lady patient—"I suppose you consider me an old humbug?"

"Why, doctor," replied the lady, "I had no idea you could ascertain a woman's thoughts by merely feeling her pulse."—Chicago News.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IV, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 26.

Text of the Lesson, Acts iii. 1-16. Memory Verses, 6-8—Golden Text, Ex. xv, 2—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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1-3. It was the hour of the evening sacrifice, the hour when Jesus died on Golgotha (Matt. xxvii, 46, 50), that found Peter and John going into the temple on this occasion. While the unbelieving Jews continued their forms the believers in Jesus Christ met for prayer, knowing that the true and only sacrifice for sin was in heaven on their behalf and that they, His witnesses, could do nothing without Him.

4, 5. As Peter and John said, "Look on us," he looked, expecting to receive something in the way of money, for he knew not of the durable riches and righteousness of Prov. viii, 18. "He gave heed, expecting to receive," and that is more than many believers do when they pray, for they ask, and wonder if they are heard, and are surprised if they receive, and talk about its being so wonderful and so strange. How much better it would be when we pray to expect, according to Ps. v, 3; lxii, 5; John xiv, 13, 14. This lame man was expecting from people, but Peter and John had learned to expect from God. If believers would lay hold of or be laid hold of by these words: "Cease ye from man," "It is God who worketh" (Isa. ii, 22; Phil. ii, 13), great things might be seen.

6. "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." Silver and gold could not do this nor all the power of man, but those who have neither gold nor silver can be friends of and partners with Him who doeth all such things. There is something better than money which can be had without money (Isa. lv, 1; Rev. xxii, 17). Many profess to have the gift of God, but some really possess Him. It would be well to consider, "Have I Christ, or do I only seem to have or think that I have?" (Luke viii, 18, margin; I John v, 12). Peter could say: "I have," "I give."

7, 8. "Walking and leaping and praising God." This by a man over forty years of age who had never walked! Well might the people call it a notable miracle (chapter iv, 16, 22). It was accomplished in a moment. As soon as Peter took him by the right hand immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength. It was written by the prophet that the lame man should leap as a hart (Isa. xxxv, 6). But how few would ever expect that such words would have such a literal fulfillment? And that is one of our great difficulties and hindrances. We seem so slow to believe that God means just what He says.

9, 10. The people saw Him and knew Him and were filled with wonder and amazement. So on the day of Pentecost they were all amazed and marveled (chapter ii, 7, 12). The change in this man was so manifest and unmistakable that it could not be denied (iv, 16), yet the authorities would, if they could, stop all such doings. A lady whom I know, whose eyes were miraculously healed after all the doctors had failed to help, put the story in tract form, and a doctor who read it told her she was doing wrong, as others might think they could have a similar experience. What are we on earth for if not that the works of God may be seen in us. (John ix, 3.)

11. "The lame man which was healed held Peter and John." The healed man naturally clung to his deliverers, and the crowd ran to see the healed and the healers. There is so little power of God in the church today that the crowd has to be drawn by entertainments, suppers, concerts, etc.; but let some of the power that was seen on this occasion be again manifested, and the things which now disgrace the church might speedily vanish. This man's help came through Peter and John, and he clung to his visible deliverers. When we learn to say sincerely, "My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth," we will no longer look to the hills for help (Ps. cxxi, 1, 2, margin, and Jer. iii, 23).

12. "Why look ye so earnestly on us?" Not knowing the invisible God, people gaze with wonder upon the visible instruments by whom God is graciously pleased to work, but if those whom God uses would continue to be used by Him they must be careful to give God the glory, for no flesh shall glory in His presence (I Cor. i, 29-31). As soon as the instrument is willing to be magnified the power ceases. Concerning Pharaoh's dream, Joseph said that it was not in him to interpret it, but that God would do it, and Daniel said that there was no wisdom in him more than in others, but that the God in heaven, who revealeth secrets, would make known the dream (Gen. xli, 16; Dan. ii, 28-30).

13-16. "His name, through faith in His name, hath made this man strong." As on the day of Pentecost, he told them that Jesus, whom they had crucified, had by God been raised from the dead and received up into heaven, so now he again tells them that the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob had glorified His Son Jesus, having raised Him from the dead, and that the perfect soundness of this man who had been lame was due wholly to the risen Christ, whose witnesses they were. We do not know that the man had any faith in Christ, but Peter and John had, and as the faith of the woman of Tyre and Sidon brought health to her daughter and the faith of the centurion brought health to his servant (Matt. viii, 10, 13; xv, 28), so their faith brought health to this man. Who can tell the possibilities of faith in God, and what do we know of the faith of the Son of God? (Mark xi, 22-24; Gal. ii, 20.) As Mephibosheth was lame through no fault of his own, yet was made to live with the king and eat continually at the king's table (II Sam. iv, 4; ix, 13), so we who are all lame through Adam's sin, without strength, ungodly, may be healed by Him who, having died for us, is now alive forevermore (Rom. v, 1-10; iii, 24). Peter, in the power of the Spirit, preaches unto them Jesus and the resurrection, as taught by the prophets, and, telling them that Jesus Christ shall come again to restore all things of which God hath spoken by the mouth of all His holy prophets, he urges them to repent, that their sins may be blotted out and that the times of refreshing may come with the coming again of the Lord Jesus (verses 17-21 and see R. V.). To the Jew first (verse 26) and to every creature (Mark xvi, 15) we are to give the gospel, that out of all nations the people for His name may be gathered (Acts xv, 14), and thus His Eve builded, that He may take her to Himself and come again in His glory.

The Cook's Cannonade.

The first thing that strikes a landsman on a man-of-war is the rigid discipline observed everywhere. On some of the ships belonging to the tropical countries, however, discipline is very lax.

The Defense, a Haitian man-of-war, was lying in the harbor of Port au Prince. One day a mess cook for some reason cleaned about a peck of knives and forks on the gun deck and, being suddenly called away and not wishing to spend time to go to the galley, he seized the mess pot full of knives and forks and stuck it in the muzzle of the ten inch gun, putting the tampion in after it.

About an hour afterward the admiral came aboard, and as the gun was loaded with blank cartridge they used it to fire a salute.

It happened that the gun was aimed toward the town, and almost point blank at the Grand hotel. The guests assembled on the porch to witness the ceremonies, when they were saluted with a rain of knives and forks, which stuck against the wooden walls like quills on a porcupine.

Fortunately no one was hurt, although there were many narrow escapes.

How the Mistletoe Comes to Be.

The story of how the mistletoe gets on the trees is a most interesting one. Covering the mistletoe twigs are pearly white berries. These come in the winter season, when food is comparatively scarce, and hence some of our birds eat them freely. Now, when a robin eats a cherry he swallows simply the meat and flips the stone away. The seed of the mistletoe the bird cannot flip. It is sticky and holds to his bill. His only resource is to wipe it off, and he does so, leaving it sticking to the branches of the tree on which he is sitting at the time.

This seed sprouts after a time, and, not finding earth—which, indeed, its ancestral habit has made it cease wanting—it sinks its roots into the bark of the tree and hunts there for the pipes that carry the sap. Now, the sap in the bark is the very richest in the tree, far richer than that in the wood, and the mistletoe gets from its host the choicest of food. With a strange foresight it does not throw its leaves away, as do most parasites, but keeps them to use in winter, when the tree is leafless.—Professor S. C. Schmucker in Ladies' Home Journal.

Value of Education.

Once upon a time a crow sat on a high branch of a tree with a large bit of cheese in his mouth when an envious and hungry fox came prowling along and spied the choice morsel.

"You are a beautiful bird," said the cunning fox, "and yet your great beauty is not equal to your marvelous voice, which charms all of the beasts of the forest. Pray, Mrs. Crow, do let me hear you sing."

The crow turned her head to one side, as is the habit with such birds, and looked at Mr. Fox. Then she deliberately ate the cheese and after clearing her voice spoke.

"Thank you for your compliment, Mr. Fox," she said. "If you will wait a minute, I will sing for you. I never speak or sing until after dinner since I have been reading ancient fables."

The fox did not wait, but trotted on his way.

Moral.—A literary education is not without value.

An Unexpected Answer.

When it was too late, the barber's customer discovered that the operator he had selected to manipulate the razor had been indulging in strong drink. But he sank back in his chair, trusting to luck for a successful shave. The inevitable happened, however, when the nerve racked barber jabbed a piece of cuticle from the victim's chin.

"Now you see, sir, what hard drinking will do," wailed the damaged person.

"Yes, it does make the skin tender," said the man of shears and blade.—Exchange.

The "Blue" Danube.

Those of the Austrian poets who are fond of singing the charms of the "blue Danube" were recently disappointed to hear of the investigations of a certain German scientist. This man watched the big river for a whole year, giving to his studies an hour every morning. The result of these observations was that he found the water to be brown 11 times; yellow, 46; dark green, 59; light green, 45; grass green, 25; greenish gray, 69; other shades of green, 110, and that it never had anything like the hue with which it is credited by the bards.

GUS' SATISFACTION.

We'll skip it, reader; for it would look unseemly to begin a story with an oath like that Gus Gurley swore, standing over his wife's dressing table that morning. And Gus wasn't a swearing man either.

How came he, then, to commit such a breach of etiquette and ethics? Well, may be you wouldn't have done it; but don't be too sure till you've heard enough to be able to "put yourself in his place."

Imagine a young husband of six months' standing, ardent, fond and trusting, casually entering his wife's dressing-room in her absence, and stumbling on a mischievious-looking, rose-colored note, freshly opened, a cupid in every crease, and a lurking lock of another's hair—red—peeping stealthily from its folds!

The very paper blushed guiltily as Gus caught it up. Eagerly and wildly his eyes ran over the contents. For a moment he stood amazed and motionless, and then broke out—. But we've promised to skip that. Perhaps any other man would have given utterance to as much reading such a missive as this, addressed to his wife:

"AFFINITY, Aug.—th, 18—.

"DEAREST KATE:—How could you go and marry that great hulky fellow behind my back, and without a word of notice?

"Though I've returned too late to forbid the bans, I'm still in time to give that lord and master of yours a hint—which I mean to do—that an older love than his won't quietly suffer another to monopolize its rights.

"Expect me, by Monday, and keep a kiss for

"Your ever affectionate SAM SMITH."

Smith! Smith! Sam Smith! Faugh! What a name! Had it been Brown, Jones or Robinson, there might have been some bearing it. But Smith! And red-headed, too! "Frailty, thy name is woman!" Yet it might be that Smith was some presuming puppy, whose vile epistle was the sheer result of his own impudence. But no; the wife that could receive such a communication and conceal it from her husband could not be else than false.

Smith's heart's blood was the very least atonement the case admitted of. Had Gus been more collected, he might probably have bided his time and taken his peace-destroyer unawares and then "tripped him," trusting to an intelligent jury and proof of a mental alibi to bring him out all right. But he was not sufficiently rational for that, and so adopted the foolish plan of summoning Smith to mortal combat.

Gus had a friend, Captain Borax, a retired quartermaster, thoroughly versed in points of honor. The captain was just the man for the emergency; but, as ill luck would have it, he was out of town for the day.

That no time might be lost, Gus demanded satisfaction by mail, directing his challenge to the address indicated in the caption of Smith's note, and fixing a time and place at which his friend, Captain Borax, would be prepared to confer with any friend of Smith's. At the same time a brief message to Mrs. Gurley explained that important business necessitated her husband's absence for the next few days. Meanwhile, Gus took up quarters at an obscure country inn, leaving everything to the management of the captain, whom he had succeeded in finding at last, and who, proud to be sought for such a service, promptly repaired to the appointed rendezvous, where he was punctually met by a friend of Smith's. The preliminaries were speedily settled, and a meeting was arranged for the following morning.

As the time drew near, Gus grew nervous. The fact is, Smith's alacrity had taken him a little aback. He had felt quite confident that that miscreant would shrink from encountering the man whose honor he had outraged. But instead, without turning a word, Smith's second had chosen pistols, and named ten paces as the distance! It was plain the wretch was as bloodthirsty as unscrupulous. Besides, Gus was no shot, which Smith, judging from his choice of weapons, no doubt was. How much better, Gus began to think, to have fled forever from the scene of his unhappiness, or to have invoked the benign aid of the laws of South Dakota. But it was too late now to retract.

From a troubled slumber, such as condemned criminals are apt to fall into in the last hours of their last night, Gus was startled by a sensation as of a bullet piercing his thorax. It was only Captain Borax poking him in the ribs, by way of reminder that his "hour had almost come!"

In a brief space—how very brief it seemed—they were on the fatal field. At nearly the same instant a close carriage drove up, containing the enemy's party.

Smith's second sprang out, closing the door behind him. He took Captain Borax aside, and the two held a hasty consultation; which over, the ground measured, pistols loaded, positions allotted, and everything in readiness, it only remained to place the men and give the word.

The combatants were to stand back to back, and, at a signal, to wheel and fire. Gus had already taken his place, and was struggling, manfully but doubtfully, against an inclination, will-nigh irresistible, to leap over an adjacent hedge, and run as fast and far as his legs could carry him, when an exclamation from the captain caused him to turn his head.

"In Heaven's name, who's that?" said Captain Borax, accosting the fellow-second, in the act of conducting a young and beautiful lady to the very spot destined for Smith.

"My principal, gentlemen, Miss Samantha Smith—'Sam Smith,' as she's called for short,' the other answered.

Gus saw it all. Flinging down the pistol, he rushed forward, and would certainly have hugged and kissed "Sam Smith," without ceremony, if her second—no other than her affianced lover—hadn't looked like a chap that would stand no nonsense. As it was, no man was ever equally pleased by the discovery that he had made an ass of himself.

The lock of hair was the only puzzle unexplained, and "Sam" soon cleared that up. It was one of Guy's own, given long before to Kate as a souvenir. "Sam" had stolen it, to tease her friend, and had taken the method we have seen of returning it. Of course it wasn't red, but auburn.

"Sam" and her friend went home with Gus, first solemnly promising, as did the captain to keep the secret, and, above all not to let Kate know; but, bless you, such things always do get out.

He Had It Bad.

Isaac Newton was very absent-minded. Sometimes, after arising in the morning, he would often sit with one leg in his breeches, and thus remain for hours considering some mathematical problem, without ever thinking of the other leg.

Monstrous Waves.

The waves that hurl themselves against "Lot's Wife," one of the Mariana islands, drench it to its topmost pinnacle, about 350 feet above sea level. The tremendous surf sometimes runs at Baker island, even without any strong wind, or perhaps the wind blowing from a contrary direction. An unbroken wall of water twenty-five feet high and one-quarter of a mile long rolls in, threatening to deluge the island and affording one of the grandest sights imaginable. These waves are said to be due to the southwest monsoon blowing strongly in the China sea, many miles away.

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There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. Wells, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and Asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full-sized bottle."

Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler,
Rabbi of the Cong. Bnai Israel.

New York, Jan. 3, 1901.

DRS. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO.,

Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful.

After having it carefully analyzed, we can state that Asthmalene contains no opium, morphine, chloroform or ether. Very truly yours,

REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

AVON SPRINGS, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901.

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

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

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

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

Upon such excess of income—

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

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

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

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

If paid on or after 1st July, 1901:—

Four fifths of one per cent. on real property.

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

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

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

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

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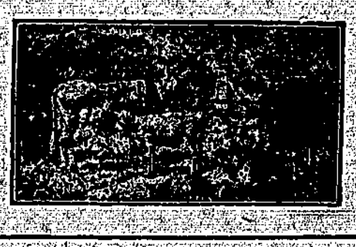

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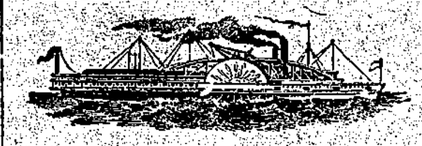

Steamship Schedule Effective Tuesday, January 21, 1902

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Leaves Victoria Tuesday, 6 a.m., for Nanaimo, calling at North Saanich, Cowichan, Musgraves, Burgoyne, Maple Bay, Vesuvius, Chemainus, Kuper, Thetis and Gabriola.

Leaves Nanaimo Tuesday, 3 p.m., for Union Wharf and Comox direct.

Leaves Comox and Union Wharf Wednesday, 12 noon, for Nanaimo and way ports.

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

Leaves Comox Friday, 7 a.m., for Nanaimo direct.

Leaves Nanaimo Friday, 2 p.m., for Victoria, calling at Gabriola, Fernwood, Ganges, Fulford and North Saanich.

Leaves Victoria Saturday, 7 a.m., for Island Ports, calling at North Saanich, Cowichan, Musgraves, Burgoyne Maple Bay, Vesuvius, Chemainus, Kuper, Thetis, Fernwood, Ganges, Fulford and Victoria, when freight or passengers offer.

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TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE NOV. 19TH, 1898

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 Daily. A.M		No. Sa P.M
De 9:00	Victoria	Do. 4:25
" 9:28	Goldstream	" 4:53
" 10:9	Koenigs	" 5.34
" 10:48	Duncans	6:15
P.M.		P.M
" 12:14	Nanaimo	7:41
A 12:3	Wellington	Ar. 7:55

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1 Daily. A.M.		No. 3 Saturday. A.M.
De. 8:05	Wellington	De. 4:25
" 8:26	Nanaimo	" 4:39
" 9:56	Duncans	6:05
" 10:37	Koenig's	" 6:46
" 11:18	Goldstream	" 7.32
Ar. 11:45	Victoria	Ar. 8:00 P.M.

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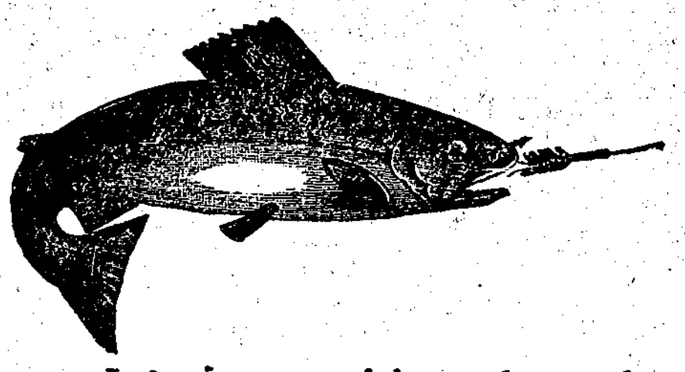

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The Remaking Of Mr. Watts

And What It Led To.

I very nearly killed a man once—indirectly. As it was, I led to his breaking his arm, cutting his face very badly and spoiling his clothes. It is a horrid confession to have to make, but I want to ease my conscience by setting it down.

One night I was sitting in my little room in the dull little provincial town of Churchly. I was thinking what a dull little provincial town it was. And yet, I mused philosophically, I suppose all the human interests of the big world can be found in Churchly and all the different types of human character if one will only go through the boredom of looking for them, when they are on such a very small scale. Talk of romance, why there is poor Watts!

At that moment Watts came in. He often visited me of an evening. It was not so much that he wanted to see me and to hear my sentiments, but I was almost the only person who would sit patiently by while he aired his two pet subjects—to wit, butterflies and Molly Garton.

And Watts wasn't such a bad fellow either. He had all the makings of a fine man, I used to think, but unfortunately he was the only son of a silly mother. And so she had never sent him to school to be kicked by the horrid, rough boys, but had kept him at home with a tutor, who wore spectacles, and had got into the habit of eternally catching butterflies and moths and things and killing them and putting their little corpses in boxes with their wings stretched out. If he had done it in moderation, one would have excused him. But he didn't. He simply lived for it and for Molly Garton. And the two things were incompatible.

As for Molly herself, I had my ideas about her. She was my sister-in-law, and we had been friends from the days when we had bowled our hoops together in the High street (much to the annoyance of wayfarers) right down to the time of which I am speaking, when we had many a ride and game of hockey in each other's company. So I flattered myself I knew something of that erratic and athletic young lady's mind, and I had come to the conclusion, first, if Watts would cease to be quite such an ass he would make her an excellent husband, and, secondly, that, given that change in disposition, she would not be unwilling to recognize him in that capacity.

Butterfly hunting was not to the fore with Watts tonight. It seemed that that day the lady had rejected him for the second time.

Whereon, seated upon my chair, he made much moan.

"I didn't think you had the remotest chance," I said, when he had finished his narrative. He looked at me blankly.

"Unless," I proceeded, "you make up your mind to do several things."

"What? What?" he said eagerly.

"First," I replied, folding my hands in philosophic calm, "never to talk of beetles and bugs for a whole six months, never to let yourself be seen with that long net of yours in your hand, never to show a soul those little creatures you have stuck pins through."

He gasped, but was silent.

"Secondly," I proceeded, "you must become an athlete."

"I! An athlete!" he exclaimed.

"You must play football," I said, "and be careful to get your shins well hacked."

He gasped again.

"And in summer time," I proceeded, "I think it will be well for you to join the cricket club."

"Impossible!" he murmured.

"It would be desirable also," I went on, paying no attention to the interruptions of the silly man, "if you became a hero. Now, you might save a life from drowning."

"I can't swim," he muttered feebly.

"Then you must learn to swim," I shouted with a sudden emphasis that quite quenched him for a time. "And, above all, you must learn to cycle."

"Oh-h!"

"Do you think," I said with much indignation, "that a well built, active girl like Molly Garton wants to spend her life sewing on the buttons of a wretched fellow who can only handle a butterfly net?"

He looked so miserable as I thundered these words at him that I felt moved to genuine sorrow for him. But I was cruel only to be kind.

"Come now," I said in a gentler tone, "I have known what love is"—here I sighed and thought of my own dear Katie lying under the grass in the churchyard—"and I know it's worth a good effort to win a woman. Let me help you."

"How can you?" he said dismally.

"Tomorrow," I replied decisively, "we start learning the bicycle in my back garden. On Saturday there is a pick up of the Busy Bees, and you come with me to have your shins hacked."

He groaned, but thanked me and assented.

Ah, what weeks they were, those succeeding weeks in which we toiled, Watts and I together, to make him an athlete! I will say nothing of the football, save that he displayed really admirable pluck in the presence of his ladylove; fighting with a ferocity that called down the rebuke of the referee and covering himself with sticking plaster if not with actual glory. But the bicycle! Oh, what weary hours I spent in that garden of mine in frantic endeavor to teach him to ride! He seemed to have a positive genius for doing the wrong thing. Time after time I nearly despaired, and yet at last there came a day when he actually wabbled the whole length of the garden path without any assistance and without a fall.

"Molly," I said, about a fortnight after, "who do you think is going to join our bicycling party tomorrow? Watts."

"Why, he can't ride," she answered.

"Oh, can't he!" said I. "He can ride like anything. He has been learning for weeks."

"Whatever made him do that?" she asked with the least little self conscious change of expression.

"Wanted company, I suppose," I answered in my most matter of fact voice. "He's a great friend of mine you know, and"—

She made a slight gesture of annoyance, from which I gathered that I had said the wrong thing.

"You don't mind his coming, poor chap?" I asked. "He's getting so tired of going about alone."

"He can come if he likes," she said.

From which, being a philosopher, I gathered that she was very pleased he was coming.

And so next day Watts turned up with his bicycle and a splendid pair of new knee breeches and some wonderful thick stockings to cover his skinny calves.

We started for our trip satisfactorily. I lagged a little behind and watched the fun. Watts, grasping his handles with immense firmness and gazing fixedly at the road before him, plied his legs with great vigor in the effort to keep abreast of Molly, who was in a mischievous mood.

But at last came a catastrophe. There was a point where the road forded a tolerably wide, shallow brook, while by the side a couple of planks and a single handrail made a bridge for foot passengers. Molly rode in front, and, giving a half turn of her head, which revealed to me a broad smile and a twinkle of mischief in her eyes, she went straight as an arrow over the planks. I saw poor Watts hesitate for a moment. His bicycle staggered. Then, gathering himself up with a mighty effort, he rode on to the bridge. Then came a crash, a plunge, a loud shriek from Molly and in a moment I was in the water extricating Watts from a confused mass of spokes and handles and carrying him to the side of the ford. Poor chap! I am bound to say that he was very plucky. He only gave one groan, but he looked ghastly pale. The blood was running fast from a cut in his forehead, and I quickly saw that his arm was seriously injured.

I called on Molly that evening, after I had left Watts with his head bound up and his arm in a plaster. She looked white and seemed intensely anxious to hear news of him.

"I just dropped in," I said casually, "as I thought you might like to know"—

"How is he? How is he?" she asked.

"Well, I think he will pull through all right," I said slowly, "but it is a bad smash. His arm is broken and his head is horribly cut. But he is plucky about it."

I saw her lip quiver; then, with feminine quickness, her manner changed.

"Whatever made the poor, silly creature try to cross that plank?" she asked with a lightness that was really admirable.

I looked her full in the face with a blank expression.

"You know as well as I do," I said.

"No, I don't, indeed I don't," she answered with most impressive inaccuracy.

I explained at considerable length why Watts had got his legs backed at football and why he had got his arm broken while bicycling, and I left her thoroughly miserable to think it all over.

It was late in the afternoon before I could get round to see the invalid next day. I found him in marvelous spirits, with a quantity of beautiful fresh cut flowers by his sofa.

"Who sent these?" I asked.

"Guess," he answered, a radiant smile lighting up all that part of his face that was not hid in bandages. So I guessed. And every day during his convalescence there were fresh cut flowers in his room, and I had to guess who sent them.

And then one day I overtook him as he walked feebly down the street with his arm in a sling. He told me he was thinking of dropping in to tea at Western Lodge. Now, Western Lodge is where Molly lived, and it was a very nice place. So I asked suavely, "May I come too?"

"Oh, yes, of course, if you like," he replied in such a dismal and disgusted tone that I laughed and went away without another word.

But as I sat in my chair that night, thinking over things in general and particularly meditating on the fact that, just for want of a candid friend, a really fine fellow may do nothing but catch insects all his life, a little note was brought me.

It ran thus:

> I have caught my last butterfly. Unique specimen. Priceless value. I had to chase it on a bicycle. Dear old boy, how can I ever thank you enough! WATTS.

—Penny Pictorial Magazine.

Bees Not Using Their Stings.

There are a number of honey making bees which apparently do not use their stings or in which the stings are atrophied and too blunt to hurt. Some are very small, so diminutive that they are called mosquito bees. They gather quantities of honey, of which Bates, in one of the forests on the Amazon, took two quarts from one of the nests. In Jamaica, where some of these amiable bees are also found, they are called "angelitos," a name given them by the original Spanish settlers in honor of their good temper.

Some Australian dwarf bees—also "angelitos" so far as human beings are concerned—do not use their stings, perhaps because they are not sharp enough to hurt, but deal with their enemies something after the manner of the Quaker on board ship who refused to use a gun, but threw the Frenchmen overboard. An enemy is held down by several of the bees, who gradually put him on the rack by pulling his limbs out tight and keeping them so for as long as an hour, by which time the prisoner "dies a natural death."

Bumblebees are popularly supposed not to sting. The males have no stings, but the females have, at any rate in the common bumblebee. There are so many sizes in a bumblebees' nest—large females, small females and males—that it is a safe speculation not to take the risk, though bumblebees are very easy going creatures and only sting when pressed or hurt.—Spectator.

Breaking Them to the Yoke.

Mr. Edward Lisle, whose "Observations on Husbandry" was published in 1757, describes the method employed by his "oxhind" or cattleman to break cattle to the yoke. "He yoked two of the steers, being two yearlings, together, and so suffered them to walk about the ground where there were no pits or ditches for them to receive hurt by. He also tied together the bushy parts of their tails, the reason of which was because they should not be able to turn their heads to each other, so as to strike one another with their horns, or by bending their necks too much by endeavoring to face one another and then striving break their necks." In this condition the oxhind let them go on the ground, if without holes or ditches, all night, or else turned them into an empty open barn so yoked and thus treated them two or three times before he worked them.

To Cure Pork Without Brine.

To 100 pounds of meat take two quarts of salt, three pounds of brown sugar and three ounces of saltpeter. Pulverize the last as fine as possible and mix thoroughly with the salt and sugar. Now rub a small quantity of the mixture on the rind side of the pork, the remainder on the flesh side, rubbing it in well. Pack in a box that will allow the drippings to run off. Rub each piece well as you put it in the box. After thirty-six hours take out and apply two quarts of salt in the same manner and pack again. Leave it for three or four weeks and then smoke. See that the meat is not frozen when applying either the mixture or the salt. It is said pork is better when cured in this way than when brine is used.

Useful to Know.

Mud stains on dark dresses, when they will not yield to the clothesbrush, generally disappear when rubbed with a raw potato.

An easy way of cleaning flatirons is to rub them on a knifeboard. This will make them bright and smooth and lessen the toil of ironing.

Wash the bristles of silver and nickel hairbrushes in lukewarm water and rinse in clear cold water. Polish the backs with a flannel dipped in ammonia.

To remove fruit and wine stains cover with salt and then pour boiling water through them. Borax water is also useful for taking out stains.

To clean fine lace try putting it away in wheat flour for twenty-four hours. Unless it be very badly soiled it will then be found quite clean and will only need to be shaken free of the flour to look like new.

When stitching with a machine on muslin, gauze or other thin material, lay it over thin paper. This will prevent puckering, and after the work is done the paper may easily be torn away.

Brother Dickey and the Sultan.

"Dey tells me," said Brother Dickey, "dat de insultin er Turkey wants money, an' I don't wonder at it one bit, fer I heah tell he got so much wifes dat he clean fergits what dey name is an' don't know 'em w'en he meet 'em on de street, an' w'en it come ter buyin' new hats fer 'em he sen' word ter de powers, ez dey calls 'em, dat he can't pay 'em dat money what he owe, kase he in de han's er a receiver an' he dunno what de devil he gwine ter receive. But dey oughtn't ter be hard on 'im, kase no man in his right min' would have no'n one wife at a time, ef dat much. I des ez sorry fer 'im ez I kin be, kase, ef I 'members rightly, I been married myse'f, an' some er 'em is keepin' house fer me now."—Atlanta Constitution.

Cautious but Inconsiderate Man.

The young wife was weeping when her mother called.

"It's all because of John," she wailed. "He's a brute, and he doesn't love me any more. I asked him if I wasn't the dearest little wife in the world"—

"I know, I know," interrupted the elder woman. "And he said his checkbook indicated that you were."

"No; he didn't."

"He didn't?"

"No."

"Well, husbands must have changed since I was a bride. What did he say?"

"He said very cautiously, 'Well, you know, my dear, I haven't seen them all.'"—Chicago Post.

No Hope For Him.

He—Will you marry me if I stop smoking cigarettes?

She—No, Mr. Sappy. I can't bear the idea of marrying a man who does nothing.

Cupid on Board Ship.

"I've had ten offers of marriage since we left Liverpool."

"Mercy goodness!"

"Yes; all from Jack."—St. Paul Globe.

Of One Engagement.

Sillicus—Have you noticed that most heroes are married men?

Cynicus—Sir, every married man is a hero.—Philadelphia Record.

Well Equipped.

"Has your son any particular talents?"

"I should say he had. He ties his own neckties and rolls his own cigarettes."—Philadelphia North American.

The Modern Literary Market.

"Yes," said the fair girl, "Adolphus is perfectly devoted to literature."

"Is that the young man who proposed to you?" asked Miss Cayenne.

"Yes. He knows ever so much, and he has a command of English that is absolutely correct and classic."

"That's very nice, my dear. But before you trust your future to his keeping you try him on up to date slang."—Washington Star.

His Good Wife.

Dr. Price—Your husband's trouble is melancholia. Now, you'd help him materially if you'd only arrange some pleasant surprise for him.

Mrs. Sharye—I know. I'll tell him you said he needn't bother about paying your bill till he feels like it.—Philadelphia Press.

And Even Then She Doubts His Word.

A woman has no faith in a man's love unless she feels she can wake him up in the middle of the night to ask him if he remembered to post her letter.—New York Press.

SHE LIKES ANIMALS.

A Society Woman Who Breeds and Trains Dogs and Horses.

Mrs. Richard Donnelly, daughter of Dr. Cyrus Edson, enjoys the unique distinction of being the only society woman in America to devote herself to the training and breeding of animals.

Horses and dogs are Mrs. Donnelly's especial care, and it goes without saying that only those of well established pedigree find entrance to her stables and her kennels.

Her dogs and horses have won innumerable blue ribbons at the shows in New York, Newport and other cities. As

MRS. RICHARD DONNELLY.

a horsewoman Mrs. Donnelly ranks with Mrs. James L. Kernochan and Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg in skill and intrepidity.

Mrs. Donnelly's stock farm is in Westchester county, N. Y., not a great distance from New York city. She calls it her "ranch," and the neighbors have fallen easily into her custom in this respect. Though small in area—it occupies only about the space of two city blocks—it is crowded with the finest breeds of horses.

Mrs. Donnelly was born with her fondness for dogs and horses. In the days before her marriage and previous to her removal to Mamaroneck she was to be seen nearly every day in Central park on her favorite horse Rocks.

The horse was white, and as the rider's hair was of the color that artist's call Titian there were many pleasant jokes by her friends at her expense, which she relished as much as they did.

Home Life.

There is probably no other subject in the world about which there has been so much sentiment as home. The sweetest poets have sung its delights; the finest oratory has laid the fairest garlands upon its altars. There is no fancy so dull it does not picture a place where the weary heart may find peace and rest and where love binds up the wounds the world has dealt.

It is the ideal home of which every man dreams and in which every true woman hopes to reign some day as queen. So far as the outward signs go, many achieve their desire, but if "stone walls do not a prison make or iron bars a cage" still less does the mere possession of a house make a real home. It may be beautiful within and without, rich in art treasure and costly bric-a-brac, yet if consideration and forbearance and love and patience do not furnish it it is as lacking in the essential attributes of a true home as the bare stones in the street.

"Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" asks bluff Sir John. "Shall I not take mine ease in mine own house?" we ask. "Shall I not there be free from prying eyes and at liberty to do even as it pleases me?"

Only too many of us roughly translate this to mean that we feel at perfect liberty to make our homes a dumping ground for all our bad temper and irritability and the boorishness that we would not dare to inflict on the outside world.

It is a strange and very pathetic fact that we give our best to strangers and chance acquaintances and keep for our nearest and dearest only what is left of our brightness and amiability.

New Cure For the "Blues."

Quite the newest prescription for relief of that form of nervousness known as "the blues" is the simple direction to smile. "Smile early and often. The more blue you feel the more you must smile," says a physican. "One of the greatest advantages of physical training is the effect it has upon the nerve system and the mental atmosphere that is so closely dependent upon it. If the blood is circulating vigorously, every muscle firm and elastic and every heart beat strong and regular, there is not much to fear from the blues. Even legitimate causes for depression lose half their weight when the body is kept in good condition by judicious exercise.

"The philosophy of the smile cure lies in the fact that the body being the means by which the mind expresses itself there must be a certain co-ordination. If the body refuses to express the mental suggestion of depression, the mind will change its attitude and accept the body's suggestion of joyousness.

"If, on the contrary, the physical admits the mental 'blueness,' the body in a short time becomes languid, the head feels dull and often aching, the blood flows sluggishly, and actual sickness results in some degree.

"The facial muscles being those through which the greatest play of expression is possible, it follows that their reaction upon the mind is quickest. The mere effort to smile produces a revulsion of feeling, and the artificial soon becomes a real laugh."

A Woman of Judgment.

It is pretty well understood that the surest way to please a man is to flatter him. Did you ever see a skillful woman at that sort of work? Her methods differ, according to the characters of her dupes, but she generally uses the inferential process.

"I don't care for short men," she says to De Long, with a killing upward look. "They lack presence." And De Long, who suggests a drawn out jumping jack, smiles with delight and tries to look majestic. To Short she confides that she dislikes big men. Most great personages have been small, and she alludes to Napoleon and Cæsar and similar gentry. Short—he is 5 feet 1 and tips the scales at 110—is reduced to imbecility and follows her about like a poodle.

She compliments an author's book and pretends she did not know who wrote it. She discusses a picture with an artist and is overcome with surprise when she finds it is his. She tells the man who deafens you by means of a cornet that she loves martial music. She informs the violinist who has jarred every one of your nerves that there is nothing so divinely sweet as string instruments, and everywhere admiring masculine eyes follow her, and masculine tongues murmur in delighted chorus, "Truly a woman of judgment, and her manners are charming."

At which women smile. But the flatterer scores every time.—Tit-Bits.

Country Cures.

Modern wisdom smiles at the superstitious charms our forefathers used to depend upon to cure their ills and preserve them in health, but it is not so very long ago that Devon and Cornwall people used to believe that the knuckle bone of a leg of mutton worn round the neck was a sure for sciatica or that blackheads in the face would disappear immediately if the afflicted individual crept under an arched bramble branch. A Somersetshire cure for consumption was to lead or carry the sufferer through a flock of sheep in the early morning when they were first let out of the fold. Some mothers used to place consumptive children in cots in the center of the sheepfold and there leave them from 11:30 till 1 o'clock in the morning, believing that the malady would pass away before the rising of that morn's sun. West of England folk still say that an invalid when going out for the first walk during convalescence must take care to go with the sun, from east to west, or west to east if after sundown; otherwise a serious relapse cannot be avoided. In south Wales as late as 1848 a woman who had been bitten by a mad donkey was persuaded by her neighbors to go and eat grass in the nearest churchyard.—Family Herald.

Managing a Wife.

Not without experience did the Senegalese chief formulate his rules for the management of women. Forty-five wives had fallen to his share, and he may be forgiven some little touch of cynicism. "A woman," he says, "admires a lion that will eat her more than a monkey that chatters for her peanuts. Better have a woman to fear you. Slap some; pinch others; never pat them unless to save a word."

Here speaks the wisdom of Solomon. "A woman fights with glances, a man with spears, and some glances are sharper than spears. Some wives love grievances, like children. See that such wives have a family of grievances."

Again this much married philosopher unburdens himself in this wise: "If there is trouble in your huts," he says, "shift the women; women must live together a week before they fight. Marry much, and do not take it seriously. Often bad wives make good widows. It is hard to be the widower of a good wife."

The Young Marquis.

In the lower end of Union square, in New York, is a bronze statue. It is nearly opposite the corner of Broadway and Fourteenth street. It represents a tall young man in the close fitting uniform of an American general of the time of the Revolution. With his right hand he clasps a sword against his breast. His left hand is stretched out toward the statue of Washington on horseback, which is near by.

This is the statue of Lafayette, the gallant Frenchman, whom the people of the Revolutionary days delighted to name "the young marquis." His real name was Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Moties, marquis de La Fayette.

His service to America was so great that the statue was set up in his honor in order that young Americans may not forget him who fought for them.

A Queen Made a Color Famous.

Marie Antoinette early in the summer of 1775 appeared before the king, her husband, in a lustrous dress of chestnut brown, and he remarked, laughing, "That puce color is delightfully becoming to you." Very soon all the court ladies had puce colored gowns, but the color not being universally becoming and less extravagant than light brilliant tints the fashion of puce colored toilets was adopted by the upper middle class more than by the nobility, and dyers could hardly fill their orders. The varying shades were given the most peculiar names, none of them attractive, "flea's back," "Paris mud" and "indiscreet tears" being the most euphonious.—Chicago News.

A Case In Point.

"I don't understand it," said the young physician. "The symptoms were the same, and yet you said one man had colic and the other one had appendicitis."

"One was rich and one was poor," said the older doctor.

"What has that to do with it?"

"Circumstances alter cases."—Brooklyn Life.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

THAT BOY O' ROGERS.

That boy o' Rogers, Lord spare him
From raisin' such a one as he!
Ef ever mischief was boiled down
Into a freckled, red haired clown
And turned loose on two spindlin' shanks
T' bother mankind with his pranks,
'Twas that ar' boy o' Rogers!

Th' wa'n't no question that he'd be
Inside th' penitentiary
Afore he was a man full grown.
He could conspire more tricks alone
Than any boy I ever seed.
Th' biggest scamp, we all agreed,
Was that ar' boy o' Rogers!

He went t' school, then went out west;
I 'low we thought it was th' best
Thing that had a-happened yit
When he made up his mind t' git;
For us he couldn't go too fur,
An' we all said, "Good riddance," sir,
T' that ar' boy o' Rogers!

He left us twenty years ago.
I was out west a month or so
Las' spring, an' Jack, my boy, says he,
"I'll take ye up today t' see
Th' guvernor!" Wâul, sir, I'm nonplused,
I knew him when I seed him fust;
'Twas that ar' boy o' Rogers!

—Bismarck Tribune

MINARD'S LINIMENT for Sale Everywhere.

A paper of pins is not without its fine points.

TAKE NOTICE.

We publish simple, straight testimonials, not press agent's interviews from well known people.

From all over America they testify to the merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT, the best of Household Remedies.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

The oldest secret trade process is the manufacture of Chinese vermilion red.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The average young man's hopes are raised more often than his salary.

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

When it comes to telling their ages most women are old enough to know better.

SOZODONT FOR THE TEETH 25c

It is unfair to say that your wife is given to incendiary speeches just because she asks you to get up in the morning to make the fires.

Scepticism.—This is unhappily an age of scepticism; but there is one point upon which persons acquainted with the subject agree, namely, that Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is a medicine that can be relied upon to cure a cough, remove pain, heal sores of various kinds, and benefit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied.

Cold cash is a thing it gives us a chill to part with.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY TIME TABLE

	LV	AR
Sault Ste. Marie, Owen Sound, Toronto and East via Lakes, Monday, Thursday and Saturday	16.00	10.15
Tues., Fri., and Sun		
Montreal, Toronto, New York and East, via all rail, daily	16.00	10.15
Rat Portage and intermediate points daily	8.00	18.00
Molson, Lac du Bonnet and intermediate points, Thurs. only	7.30	18.30
Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Calgary, Nelson and all Kootenay and all coast points, daily	16.30	14.30
Portage la Prairie, Brandon and intermediate points daily except Sunday	7.30	22.30
Gladstone, Neepawa, Minnedosa and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	7.30	22.30
Shoal Lake, Yorkton and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., and Fri.	7.30	
Tues., Thurs., and Sat.		22.30
Rapid City, Hamiota, Miniota, Tuesday, Thur. and Sat	7.30	
Mon., Wed., and Fri.		22.30
Morden, Deloraine and intermediate points daily except Sunday	8.20	15.45
Napinka, Alameda and intermediate points, daily except Sunday via Brandon	7.30	
Tues., Thur., and Sat.		22.30
Glenboro, Souris and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	9.05	15.15
Pipestone, Reston, Arcola and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., and Fri. via Brandon	7.30	
Tues., Thur., and Sat. via Brandon		22.30
Frobyshire, Hirsch, Bienfait, Estevan, Tues., Thurs., Sat., via Brandon	7.30	
Tues., Thur., Sat., via Brandon		14.30
Gretna, St. Paul, Chicago, daily	14.10	13.35
West Selkirk, Mon., Wed. and Fri.	18.30	
Tues., Thurs., and Sat.		10.00
Stonewall, Teulon, Tues., Thur., Sat.	12.20	18.30
Emerson, Mon., Wed., and Fri	7.50	17.10

J. W. LEONARD, Gen. Supt. C. E. McPHERSON, Gen. Pass. Agt.

If You Could Look

into the future and see the condition to which your cough, if neglected, will bring you, you would seek relief at once—and that naturally would be through

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

SHILOH cures Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all Lung Troubles. Cures Coughs and Colds in a day. 25 cents. Guaranteed. . . . . .

Write to S. C. WELLS & Co., Toronto, Can., for free trial bottle.

Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the Blood

Some people go abroad to complete their education and some to begin it.

It's a pity the average man does not lose his tongue when he loses his head.

No sooner does one physician discover some new disease than all the others try to suppress it.

Man is never satisfied. Just when he has acquired enough money to retire on he joins another lodge.

It is said that a St. Paul girl recently prayed for a husband, but, then, most St. Paul husbands need praying for.

CHILDHOOD INDIGESTION

Often Leads to Serious trouble Unless Prompt Steps Are Taken to Check it—How This Can Best Be Done.

Indigestion is a trouble that is very common in infancy and early childhood, and unless prompt measures are taken to control it the result is very often serious. It prevents the proper growth of the child and weakens the constitution, so that he is unable to resist other disease that are more dangerous. Fortunately, however, the trouble is one that is easily controlled. Proper food—not too much, but absolutely pure—plenty of fresh air and Baby's Own Tablets, freely administered according to the directions, will soon put the sufferer right, and make both mother and child happy. Mrs. W. E. Bassam, of Kingston, Ont., is one of the many mothers who has proved the truth of this statement. She says: "When my little girl was about three months old she had indigestion very badly. She was vomiting and had diarrhoea almost constantly. She was very thin, weighed only four pounds, and although she had a ravenous appetite her food did her no good whatever. I had tried several medicines, but they did not help her. Then I heard of Baby's Own Tablets, and procured a box. After giving her the tablets for a few days, the vomiting and diarrhoea ceased, she began to improve at once and grow plump and fat. I always give her the tablets now when she is ailing and the result is always good. Baby's Own Tablets are the best medicine I have ever used for a child."

These tablets will promptly cure all the minor ailments of little ones, such as sour stomach, indigestion, colic, constipation, allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth, etc. They are good for children of all ages, and crushed to a powder or dissolved in water can be given with absolute safety to the youngest infant. If you cannot obtain Baby's Own Tablets at your druggists, they will be sent postpaid at 25 cents a box by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A GUARANTEE—"I hereby certify that I have made a careful chemical analysis of Baby's Own Tablets, which I personally purchases in a drug store in Montreal. My analysis has proved that the Tablets contain absolutely no opiate or narcotic; that they can be given with perfect safety to the youngest infant; that they are a safe and efficient medicine for the troubles they are indicated to relieve and cure."

(Signed)

MILTON L. HERSEY, M.A.Sc.,
Provincial Analyst for Quebec.
Montreal, Dec. 13, 1901.

The only way to make some men acknowledge the corn is to stamp on their feet.

The mining expert is not necessarily a melancholy individual because it is natural to associate him with the dumps.

It is hard to bring either a prize-fighter ot a bald-headed man to the scratch.

N. TEMISCAMINGUE SENDS A STORY

A STURDY FARMER STRICKEN WITH RHEUMATISM IS CURED BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

This Man Was So Bad That He Was Almost Paralyzed—A Wonderful Case and a Very Happy Cure By This Excellent Remedy.

North Temiscamingue, Que., Jan. 6.—(Special)—At the Douglas Farm near here lives Mr. W. H. Johnston, who today considers himself a very happy man indeed.

The cause of Mr. Johnston's happiness is his somewhat sudden and very remarkable recovery from the most severe case of rheumatism ever seen in this county.

For a long time he suffered with the rheumatism which gradually grew worse till it incapacitated his little farm.

His principal trouble was in his left side, and it was so bad that his neck stiffened so that he could scarcely move it, and was beginning to feel Paralysis. The pain would go away for a time, but return with greater force, and a strange feature of his case was that after the pain would leave any part, it left behind it that prickly "pins and needles" sensation.

He thought that perhaps his smoking tobacco had something to do with it, and he gave this up, but received no benefit at all until he used Dodd's Kidney Pills.

This remedy he found to be a complete and absolute cure for his malady, and very soon after commencing its use, the pain began to leave him and now he is strong and well.

That such an extreme case should yield so easily and quickly proves that Dodd's Kidney Pills Will Cure any case of Rheumatism.

It is funny that the people whom society has thrown overboard are not in the swim.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Relieves Neuralgia.

The man who marries a spiritualist generally only gets a medium wife.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has the largest sale of any similar preparation sold in Canada. It always gives satisfaction by restoring health to the little folks.

Most men, instead of being born leaders, are followers—of women.

It is only necessary to read the testimonials to be convinced that Holloway's Corn Cure is unequalled for the removal of corns, warts, etc. It is a complete extinguisher.

The man with fringe about the bottom of his trousers has a poetical look.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Dandruff.

Never quit certainty for hope.

Losers are always in the wrong.

A good companion makes good company.

Better go about than fall into the ditch.

The disease a man dreads, that he dies of.

Plow, or not plow, you must pay your rent.

He who sows brambles must not go barefoot.

The submitting to one wrong brings on another.

Fools make fashions and wise men follow them.

Last year the sale of agricultural machinery in Greece was four-fold that of the previous year.

Man is the image of God; why run after a ghost or a dream?—Emerson.

My creed is very simple—that goodness is the only reality.—Emerson.

Life's Requiem.

A Billville bard in some memorial verses on a late distinguished citizen has this reflection:

Life's all mixed up
With thorns an' clover,
But we're powerful sorry
When she's over.

—Atlanta Constitution.

Sozodont Tooth Powder 25c

Good for Bad Teeth
Not Bad for Good Teeth

Sozodont Liquid 25c Large Liquid and Powder 75c All stores or by mail for the price. Sample for postage 3c.
HALL & RUCKEL, New York

Jolly Evenings

will be insured if among other good things you have provided a WILLIAMS PIANO, as then a joyous climax is sure to be yours.

Providence has blessed you with a good crop, so surprise your family, who have also worked, by ordering a new

Williams Piano.

All makes of organs for sale.

We usually have a number of good pianos and organs slightly used, for sale cheap.

Forrester & Hatcher,
Y. M. C. A. BLOCK, - - - - - - - - WINNIPEG.

Free to Men!

Are you a weakling? Are you one of those unfortunate young men who, through ignorance and bad company, have contracted nervous spells, weak back, varicocele, gloomy forebodings, loss of courage and ambition, loss of confidence, bashfulness, despondency and weakness? Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt will cure you.

Are you a middle aged man suffering from varicocele, prematureness, indigestion, constipation, rheumatism, lame back, etc.? Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt will cure you?

Are you an old man, declining before your time, having lost all ability to enjoy life, with prostatic trouble, lost strength, debility, pains and aches, and general decay of organic powers? I can cure you with Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt with free suspensory for weak men.

I will send you, sealed, free, my beautiful book telling about it if you will send this ad. Send for it to-day.

DR. M. B. McLAUGHLIN, 130 Yonge Street, TORONTO, ONT.

Office Hours—9 A.M. to 8.30 P.M.

You might as well compare a Trunk Line Railway with a corduroy road as Blue Ribbon Ceylon with any other tea

Eddy's Parlor Matches

For Sale Everywhere

Try our Parlor Matches. They produce a quick LIGHT without any objectionable fumes.

THE E. B. EDDY CO., LIMITED, HULL, CANADA.

THE HASLAM LAND & INVESTMENT CO.

LANDS FOR SALE IN ASSINIBOIA, SOUTH OF INDIAN HEAD.

We have For Sale in this District TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND ACRES

of what we think is the finest grain-growing land in the Northwest. The lands under cultivation in this District have unquestionably given during the last seven years, a higher average yield of grain than any other district either in Canada or the United States. We think that grain growing can be conducted more safely in this district, and with a certainty of surer returns than in any other district where wheat is grown.

When it is considered that the average wheat crop of the United States is LESS THAN FOURTEEN BUSHELS TO THE ACRE this year, and that wheat has averaged TWENTY-NINE BUSHELS TO THE ACRE in this district, the value of it as a wheat-growing district is at once manifest. Several farmers in this district have over FIFTY THOUSAND BUSHELS OF WHEAT for sale this season.

We have sold about ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND ACRES since the 1st of October, 1901, mostly to American farmers. This is a great opportunity for anyone wishing to get prime wheat land in a district which is free from early frost; where GOOD WATER abounds; and which is well supplied with RAILWAY FACILITIES.

Write us for particulars, maps, etc. SECURE LAND AT ONCE, BEFORE THE RISE. Our prices are from $4.00 to $6.00 an acre, with EASY TERMS of payment.

THE HASLAM LAND AND INVESTMENT CO., FORUM BLOCK, WINNIPEG

Fellows who travel on their faces may be said to have means of support.

With the dealer in second-hand goods it is never too late to mend.

When a young man calls on a girl, and she says she feels as if she had been up late the night before, it is time for him to trot along toward home.

EVERY [illegible]
Subscription. $2 per year, in advance

Wm. B. Anderson, Editor.

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

Subscribers calling for the News regularly will confer a favor by notifying the office.

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

The Legislature

Beyond debating the address in reply to the Lieutenant Governor's speech on the opening of the present session of the Legislature, and the placing before the House the draft of the agreement between the Government and Messrs MacKenzie & Mann, for the Canadian Northern Railway Co., nothing but routine business was transacted up to Friday when several private bills got a first reading. The Premier announced that the Government would bring down a Redistribution Bill which will remove the anomalies existing in the distribution of seats in the Province. The Government still hold the House by a majority of 4. The B.C. section of the Northern Railway will be constructed from West to East, and the terminus is fixed at Victoria. This means the absorption of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway by the Canadian Northern Railway Co. The supporters of Mr Bodwell have left nothing undone to turn public opinion against the contract, as it would interfere with the building of that will-o'-the-wisp project, the Coast-Kootenay railway. The scenes at Col. Prior's meeting on the evening of the 8th, were very deplorable. An organised gang of toughs managed to get into the upper gallery of the theatre and disturbed the meeting from beginning to end with their howls while the different speakers were addressing the large audience. The theatre was so densely packed that the police were unable to get at the disturbers. The meeting supported the railway policy of the Government by a unanimous vote. The Premier and his colleagues were loudly applauded by the large audience. It is the intention of the Government to carry on the business of the country until it is completed. The business of the much more populous Province of Ontario was carried on successfully some years since by a majority of 2 or 3, and there was no popular out-cry and no injury done to that Province that we ever heard of. Messrs Helmcken and McPhillips who were elected to support the present Government have greatly injured themselves by joining the ranks of the cliques in the House who are greedy after a share of the plums dimly seen as through a glass by the deserting members for Victoria city. It will take some time to finally complete the terms and conditions of the railway agreement, but the draft published will be satisfactory to the public. The contract will be closely scrutinized and if necessary by the Government. We think the Island constituences outside of Victoria city are greatly interested in the construction of the Canadian Northern Railway. The cities of Nanaimo and Cumberland, and the farmers of the counties should strengthen the hands of the Government by holding public meetings and endorsing the railway policy of Premier Dunsmuir. An active political faction in Victoria city must not be allowed to speak for the people of the whole Island. We hope our Mayor and Council will at once take steps in this matter.

A fine new assortment of fishing tackle is displayed at the Magnet.

L.T.B. BASKET SOCIAL.

A very successful function under the auspices of the True Blues, for the benefit of the Orphans Home at Picton, Ontario, was held in the Lodge-room of the Society last Thursday evening. A short and entertaining programme of songs, addresses, &c., was first gone through. Then came the sale of baskets. Many of the ladies' had brought these receptacles well filled with substantials and dainties in the comestible line. But the pains that had been taken to embellish and decorate the exteriors showed that the owners had the good of the Order at heart, and that they were possessed of rare good taste, as the masses of artificial flowers were most naturally made, and the styles of decorations in most cases very artistic. We were sorry to observe that the bidding was low, and slow. Whatever is coming over the young fellows in this degenerate age is hard to surmise. There were baskets there that gave suggestions of owners for which we, in our 'way back young days, would have paid every shiner we could rake and scrape together by hook or by crook. Cumberland boys will have to get a good move on or run the risk of being branded as the slowest on the earth. After the sale the entire company adjourned to the Union Hotel where supper was provided by Mrs Davis, and the baskets were opened and partaken of. Then back to the hall where a few songs, &c., were sung and games were indulged in until the hour of parting arrived in the small hours. It was during this part of the evening that we got a bad shock. Meandering across the room to find a seat, we were, when just opposite the chairman's desk, halted by the awful words—"Guilty or not guilty." Needless to say, we promptly threw up our blood-stained mits and answered "guilty." The sins of a whole lot of long years nearly paralyzed our accusing conscience, but then, to our intense relief, we perceived that a pretty girl was reciting, and the dreadful words we had heard were the opening ones of her recit., and not those of an accusing judge prying into our past. A new Lieut. Hobson was the hero of the evening, the part being ably carried out by Mr McLeod, and right nobly did he do the kissing act. B. Strang got a basket by much hard bidding—some one else did the bidding though.

We noticed several of our Courtney neighbours present, among others Miss McPhee and Miss Berkeley. Among those owning baskets we perceived Mrs Ripley, Mrs Jas. White, Mrs W. White, Mrs Walker, Miss Maxwell, Miss Villa Grieve, and a host of others we were unable to connect, and all beautiful. The following is the programme:—

Opening Speech ..... J. N. McLeod
Song ..... Miss J. Halcrow
Song ..... Miss Denton
Speech on the good of the Order—T. Ripley
Recitation ..... W. Walker
Address ..... Rev. Glassford
Address ..... Rev. Cleland
Sale of Baskets, and Supper.
Recitation ..... Miss A. Anthony
Song ..... R. Gibson

The total receipts, clear of all expenses, $30.00.

THE numerous friends of Qualicum Tom, both here and in Nanaimo, will grieve to hear that he had a bad capsize on the hill by Baynes road river when going home recently. Tom appeared at a settler's house near the scene of the accident and told that his horse, (the white one) had got scared at something on the hill, presumably a panther, had reared and fallen backwards over the grade, carrying the wagon with him down the hill into the bush. "He all dead now," said Tom. His host, thinking he had seen the dead horse, made him stay until morning, when they together proceeded to the place. Judge of their surprise when they found the horse standing in the shafts, but facing the wrong way about, and as happy as possible under the circumstances. The wagon was lying upside down in a brush heap, and it is a marvel that the horse was not killed, let alone able to rise and twist the shafts about so as to be able to stand. Tom also discovered that a bottle of rum, and one of Scotch were uninjured, and his grief was much mitigated thereby. He says he will apply to Marshall Bray to keep tigers and things off the road in future.

A NEW LOT of the very best razor strops are offered by A. H. Peacey. A number of the best novels cheap.

Court of Revision,

Jas. Strang, appeal against improvement tax — reduced $100; N. McFadyen, do.,—reduced $200; H. Pullen, do.—reduced $100; T. Irwin's appeal disallowed.

Campbells' Bakery.

Bread, Cakes and Pastry.

DELIVERED DAILY BY VAN.

Dunsmuir Avenue, Cumberland.

MAGNET CASH STORE

Garden Tools,
Field Tools,
Brass Syringes,
Spray Pumps,
Flower Pots,
Hanging Baskets.
&c., &c.

Dunsmuir Avenue, Cumberland, B.C.

A. H. PEACEY, Druggist & Stationer

FOR THAT COUGH, TRY

WINTER'S INSTANT COUGH CURE,

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

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

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

Dunsmuir Ave., Cumberland, B.C.

To Have Something Swell.

Take a Dry Sponge and pour on it a bucket of water
It will swell every time sure. ....

BUT we are not selling sponges, our line is——

SWELL BUGGIES

of all kinds. We have just received a Car Load of Open and Top Buggies with Steel and Rubber Tires. Expresses of all kinds with Platform, Half-Platform, Duplex and Elliptic or Hog-nose Springs. Brickboards, Carts, Sulkies, etc., all of the most Up-to-Date Patterns and Finish. Guaranteed for one year by the Makers and ourselves. .. ..

NANAIMO STEAM CARRIAGE WORKS,

STANLEY CRAIG, Prop.

Sale of Work and Concert

IN THE CUMBERLAND HALL,
On WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26th.

THE LADIES' AID of the METHODIST CHURCH will have a Large Assortment of Useful and Fancy Articles for Sale

SALE AT 2 p.m.; CONCERT AT 8 p.m.

ADMISSION (to Concert) ..... 25c.

NOTICE.

ENGINEERS, Firemen, Machinists and Electricians send for 40-page Pamphlet containing Questions asked by Examining Board of Engineers to obtain Engineers License.—Address, GEO. A. ZELLIR, Publisher, 18 S. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

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

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Repairing Neatly Done while you wait.

W. WILLARD.
s11

MORTGAGE SALE BY TENDER OF PROPERTY IN THE TOWNSITE OF CUMBERLAND, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

UNDER and by Virtue of the Power of Sale contained in a certain Mortgage, dated the 18th day of July, 1895, between Charles Francis Whitney and The Canadian Mutual Loan and Investment Company, there will be offered for Sale by tender to be opened on MARCH 24th, 1902, the following property, namely:—Lot Six in Block Six in the Townsite of Cumberland, as shown on Map 522. All tenders to be mailed in sealed envelopes addressed to Macdonell, MacMaster & Geary, 51 Yonge Street, Toronto. Tenders must be received at the above address on or before the 23rd day of March, 1902, when same will be opened. The property is situate on the North side of Dunsmuir Avenue, and on the same are said to be two Frame Dwellings used as a Printing office and Dwelling-house.

TERMS:—

Ten per cent. of purchase price to be paid when the offer is accepted and the balance within Thirty days thereafter. The property will be sold subject to a reserved bid.

For further particulars and conditions of sale apply to MACDONELL, MCMASTER & GEARY, 51 Yonge Street, Toronto

Advertise in the News.