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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

NINTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, NOV. 26, 1902.

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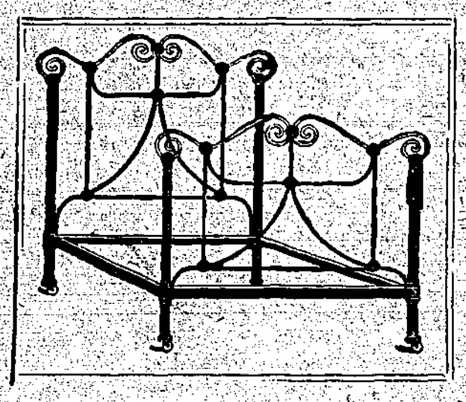

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WE HAVE ABOUT 50 DIFFERENT KINDS TO SHOW YOU.

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If you want to buy a Piano or Organ, call and see our stock or write for particulars. Our Prices are Reasonable and terms can be arranged to suit your convenience. Every Instrument we Sell is Fully Guaranteed We Sell Only Reliable Instruments, from the best manufacturers. Our Patrons Risk Nothing.

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Work of Every Description at Moderate Rates

Mr Dunsmuir has Resigned

COL PRIOR NOW PREMIER

Victoria, Nov. 22.—The rivalry for the post of Premier of B.C., in succession to Hon. Jas. Dunsmuir, is ended at last and Col. Prior becomes the First Minister of the Province. He was sworn in at 6.30 last night by the Lieut.-Governor as Premier and Minister of Mines.

The resignation of Mr Dunsmuir was handed in to Sir Henry Joly de Lotbiniere early in the forenoon of Friday, but the fact was kept very secret, and when it was published in the evening was received almost with incredulity. The Premier has kept his pledge to Hon. Mr Wells absolutely, namely, that he would retain office until his return. Hon. Mr Wells returned yesterday, and although he did not come on to Victoria, remaining in Vancouver, he was in the Province, and Mr Dunsmuir was therefore relieved of his obligation.

After Hon. Mr Dunsmuir's interview with the Governor yesterday forenoon, when he recommended the Minister of Mines as his successor, Col. Prior was sent for and was entrusted by His Honor with the task of forming a Government. This he undertook to do, and at the hour mentioned last evening formally took over the reins of office.

Hon. J. D. Prentice, Finance Minister and acting Provincial Secretary, was sworn in to the former position at the same time, and the only thing which prevented Premier Prior from adding to the list a Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, was the fact that Hon. Wimmer C. Wells was still in Vancouver.

Latest Developments.

Hon Mr Prior and Hon Mr Prentice went with Hon. Mr Well to the Lieutenant-Governor this morning, when Mr Wells was sworn in. Mr Dennis Murphy is a probability for the provincial secretaryship, but he has not yet been definitely asked to accept the portfolio. If asked he may decline owing to Col. Prior's pro-Canadian Northern policy.

Col. Prior, when seen this afternoon by the Province representative said that he would fill the posts of Provincial Secretary and of president of the Council at once. The Premier says he would also open North Victoria at once.

Regarding the attitude of Mr Eberts, the Premier said:—"I have asked Mr Eberts to join my ministry, but he as yet has not indicated whether or not he will accept."

In discussing his prospective policy, Premier Prior said:—"My policy first will be to open up the country by means of railways, and the Canadian Northern Railway is one scheme that if carried out, believe is in the best interests of B.C. as a whole. I shall continue to push the project as I have long been a believer in it."

Regarding his support in the House, Col. Prior said he was assured of a good majority of the members, otherwise he would not have accepted the premiership.

A SET OF TEETH FOR $12.50.

Guaranteed as to Fit, Quality, and Workmanship. The Best Teeth and Rubber used, and in every way equal to the usual TWENTY DOLLAR set.

DR. GRICE will be in Cumberland on or about December 2nd, and will stay two weeks only.

LOCALS.

Some of the handsomest patterns ever seen in Cumberland in Lace, Rep and Art Cretonne Curtains at the Big Store. Call and see them.

Mr Wm Hicks is expected to be in Cumberland shortly. Any one desirous of purchasing a strictly first-class piano or organ should place their order with his firm. All business conducted in a straightforward manner, and no unreliable agents employed.

The practices for the children's drill, to be one of the features of the Hospital concert, are progressing rapidly. Mrs Glassford conducts the musical portion, whilst the drill, songs, &c., are superintended by Mesdames Staples, Gillespie, and Collis. The entertainment is to take place on Thursday, Dec 4th.

Patrick Murphy, at one time a resident of Comox Bay, died at Kelceyville, Cal., on the 11th inst. The deceased at one time owned and resided on the property now in the possession of the R.C. church, and was reputed wealthy. Several charitable institutions, including S. Joseph's and Jubilee Hospital, have benefited by his bequeaths. The late Mr Murphy's wife died several years ago and was the mother of Mr Chas. Hooper of Union Bay.

The remains of the late Charles B. Rabson were interred in Ross Bay cemetery. The funeral took place from the undertaking rooms of W. G. Hanna, and then from St. Barnabas' church, where Rev. E. G. Miller conducted appropriate services. Deceased was a native of Esquimalt and 37 years of age. Mrs Rabson is now in Victoria, and will remain here for some time a guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs Jas. Hood, Alfred Street. The deceased was a brother of Mrs Rees of Sandwick.—Colonist.

The many patrons of Dr. Grice will be pleased to learn that this gentleman has decided to visit Cumberland again and will arrive by the first boat in December, to remain for two weeks. All wishing first-class dental work done should not lose this opportunity as it will be positively the doctor's last visit. Full plates—upper and lower sets—which formerly cost $20.00 have been reduced to $12.50. Dr Grice's reputation as a first-class dentist is so well known that further comment is unnecessary. Office adjoining premises occupied by Mrs M Walker

A Magazine 30 Years Old.

The Christmas (December) number of The Delineator is also the thirtieth anniversary number.

To do justice to this number, which for beauty and utility touches the highest mark, it would be necessary to print the entire list of contents. It is sufficient to state that in it the best modern writers and artists are generally represented. The book contains over 230 pages, with 34 full-page illustrations, of which 20 are in two or more colors. the magnitude of this December number, for which 728 tons of paper and 6 tons of ink have been used, may be understood from the fact that 91 presses running 14 hrs. a day, have been required to print it; the binding alone of the edition of 915,000 copies representing over 20,000,000 sections which had to be gathered individually by human hands.

LAMP HUNTING.

The practice of pit lamp hunting, or jack-lighting for deer, though illegal, is indulged in to a great extent by certain unprincipled poachers in this neighbourhood. Although columns have been written, in nearly every newspaper in the country, protesting against the evil practice, pointing out its dangers to man and beast, and giving accounts of the many fatal accidents resulting from that practice, yet there are men who still speak out with their lamps and deadly long range rifles, in defiance of law, and in utter, and selfish disregard of their neighbors' and their neighbors' cattles' lives, to shoot deer at night. Not so long ago, and not a hundred miles from the little valley where Messrs Harrigan, Fraser, Calnan and others live, a settler was arranging things about the stove, preparatory to retiring, he had turned around, and was about to step into the next room, when a bullet from somewhere outside, pierced the window glass, glanced off the stove, and went out through the other side of the house. Had the man not moved just when he did, he must have been shot. Of course, an examination out of doors failed to reveal anything. Night prowlers of this sort are in habit like sneak thieves, and so soon as they had become aware of the effect of their shot, they promptly "doussed the glim." The settler referred to is saying very little, but it is extremly probable that there will be warm times in store for anyone he catches pit-lamping in that vicinity. Fool criminals of the jack-lighting class should, in addition to all the several penalties of the law, have their fire-arms taken from them and never allowed to again carry a gun.

DEATH OF JOHN PUETZ.

News of the death of John Puetz was received here last Saturday, as having occurred that morning at his home at Union Wharf. Deceased was a German, a pioneer of B.C. having been in the first Cariboo gold rush. Of late years, he had been in the employ of the Well. Col. Co., at the Wharf. Probably every coasting captain between this place and San Francisco knew John Puetz, and knew him favourably. The funeral took place at 2 p.m. Monday, the remains arriving by train, and being received by the Masonic fraternity, of which Order the deceased was a prominent member.

BASKET BALL.

The first senior match in the league series was played Friday evening in the Cumberland Hall. The Whites were as follows—M. Coe, W. Wilkinson, R. Strang and L. Coe. Blacks—Thos. Whyte, W. Walker, C. Grant and W. Hayman.

Score—13–12 for Whites.

The Juniors played their second match the same evening—Whites—A. Denton, J. Whyte, D. Collis, A. Grant and J. Grant. Blacks—R. Grant, W. Harrison, S. Abrams, T. Armstrong and Crossan.

Score—17–16 for Whites.

Mrs J. Johnston who has been seriously ill is now recovering.

Dominion Telegraph Inspector Henderson paid Cumberland a visit last week.

Mr Simon Leiser was a passenger by Tuesday's steamer, returning to Victoria by the same boat.

A GIRL OF GRIT.

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

Copywright by R. F. Fenno & Co.

"Lawford, I will make it two, three, five thousand pounds if you get me out of this trap in time for the steamer."

"You wouldn't be safe on it. They cannot afford to let you up. They've other good reasons for putting a stopper on you and getting first across. You're not perhaps aware that your scheme for the attack on New York has fallen into their hands? The duke has the papers, and he means to trade them with the United States government for coin. Yes, sir."

"I tell you, Lawford, I must recover them. It's a matter of honor, of more than life and death. Name your own price. Only set me free from this."

"It's worth £10,000, and you won't miss it. Here, scribble down an I. O. U. for the amount. I'll take the risks," and I agreed for the amount conditional on release.

I knew nothing of what was in progress above, for Lawford never came near me again. I saw nothing of the chase, for I was not suffered to go on deck or even leave my cabin. The negro brought me my food, but was absolutely dumb, and I was forced to possess myself in patience for what might come to me. It was early in the afternoon that, looking through my port, I first saw land ahead. The outer port had never been lowered, and the deadlight, being too small in circumference to allow a man to pass through the aperture, had not been closed or fastened. So I easily made out rocks and green slopes, but no houses or signs of life.

I realized, as I heard the anchor rattle down at the chains that we had entered some quiet haven where we might lie free from interference and prying eyes.

For the rest of the day I experienced all a captive's emotions when escape seems near. I alternated between high spirits and the depths of despair, the latter predominating as the hours crept slowly on to nightfall. I had all but given up hope, believing either that Lawford had sold me or could not see his way to help, when something ticked lightly against my porthole, and I saw a small parcel pendent outside. Opening the deadlight eagerly, I fished in the parcel, which was wrapped around with paper and contained a key. There were also a few brief lines from Lawford:

"This will let you out. It is the key of your cabin. Beware of the black and wait till after dinner, when we are on deck and the darky forward. Slip out through the stern ports. The dingey is astern, if you can only reach her. Cut adrift and paddle your own canoe. That's about the best I can do."

I did the rest easier than I thought. (The movements of the dingey have already been told, and the events that followed the escape.)

I was quite lost, at first, when I got on shore; but I did not care, so long as I was free. I was in France, I knew that much, and after climbing a steep path I soon hit on a road gleaming white and dusty in the darkness. I stood for a moment debating which way I should turn, eastward or westward, my object being to reach some town or place on a line of railway, whether by walking to it or taking a vehicle. As soon as I came upon a milestone I struck a match and read the legend. In the direction I was going Lamballe was distant 15 kilometers, and behind me the road led to Brest, 160.

It was clearly to Lambelle, not Brest, that I must make my way, some eight miles in all, and I reached it before 11 p. m. People were still up as I passed along the narrow streets, seated at the cafe doors, and I took my place at one of the tables, calling for a "bock" and a railway guide. I was not long in arranging my plan. Fortunately I had money, plenty of money, in my pockets, and that made everything easy. I found that a train left at 6:30 a. m. for Paris, the longest, yet the quickest, route to Southampton. I could catch the night express for Havre, and be in Southampton at daylight. By this I should have a couple of hours and more in Paris, enough to buy necessaries and make a considerable change in my appearance; for I was resolved to take passage incog. and in the fore cabin, where I should attract no attention.

CHAPTER XI.

MEETINGS.

All fell out as I had planned, except that, to my extreme surprise, at Southampton, when embarking, I tumbled on friends, the dearest, most faithful friends, and the unfailing instinct of one of them was not to be denied. I met both my love and my dog. The first, I felt certain, was making this voyage on my behalf, and I hungered to speak to her, yet dared not make myself known too soon. I was nearly betrayed, however, for Roy, clever brute, soon penetrated my disguise and was not to be shaken off. Only when I had seen him comfortably stowed away in the fore part of the ship near where my own quarters were would he settle down.

I had no opportunity of meeting Frida, nor was I able to advance my other business, until the voyage was half over. There is a wide gulf set between first and second cabin passengers. My range was strictly limited. I could not go near the hurricane deck nor enter the principal smoking room, the music room or saloon, although I hung about constantly and became at last an object of suspicion to the officers, stewards and quartermasters and met sometimes with rough rebuffs.

The second day out I once more became conscious that I was being watched wherever I went. Recent events had left me very sensitive of espionage. I was no longer disposed to make little of it, but still my feeling was more of resentment than alarm, so much so that I turned sharply on my follower, who was a saloon passenger and quite out of place on the fore deck, our territory, and I challenged him to explain his conduct.

"I am a friend, Captain Wood," he said in a whisper as he took me aside. "Rossiter is my name, and I represent Saraband and Snuyzer, who could not sail with us. He went after you, following the Fleur-de-Lis. How in thunder are you here?"

As soon as I was satisfied of his good faith—and he proved it by his knowledge of every circumstance of the case—I told him my story.

"Miss Fairholme will be real glad, I tell you, sir. She knows nothing yet, although I made you out from the first, through the dog, sir, besides which, I had your description and your photograph. Snuyzer is great, sir, and misses no point of detail. I have had no chance of speaking to her. This is her first day on deck."

"She must be told at once. I must speak to her myself. You must manage that, please, now, directly."

"Why, certainly, sir. I will bring you together, and at the earliest possible moment after dark. It won't do

I turned sharply on my follower.

for that young lady to be seen consorting too openly with a second class passenger. It might spoil the game."

"And that is"—

"Grand, sir, grand, now you're aboard. We'll let them have rope, and just when things look rosiest produce you. These ladies will identify you; Sarabands have all the threads of the conspiracy, and we'll land the lot in state prison, whenever it suits us. Yes, sir, they're about fixed."

"You say Sarabands have all the threads. I haven't. What does it all mean?"

"I got an outline from Snuyzer. The plot originated with one McQuabe."

"I know him. I have reason to do so"—

"Well, he was in with Buily McFaught, the testator; had some of his secrets, and was the first to hear the money was going to you. So he joined in with the Spaniard, who is no duke, and the pair brought over a clerk once in Quinlan's law office. That's the larrikin who's personating you on board. But it will all come right now, and you may trust that to Sarabands."

"There's one thing I cannot leave to them," and I proceeded to tell my new friend about the missing papers. "I must recover them before we arrive in port. If all else fails, we must have the villains arrested on board; but that I'd rather not do, for it might expose the contents of documents that are of absolutely the most secret and confidential nature."

"Don't you suppose this crook will have got them by heart long ago?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Saxon State Dinners.

At Saxon dinners slices of bread were the substitutes for plates, and these generally went into the alms basket afterward. Grandees were treated to a silver platter placed beneath the bread, which last in course of time became discarded as people came to recognize the superior advantages of metal and pewter.

A Lawful Order.

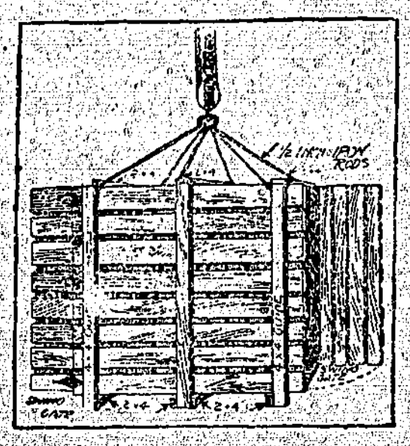
Because she refused to wash a baby's face a native nurse at Hongkong has been fined $5 for "disobedience of lawful orders."

MANGE IN CATTLE.

Small Dipping Plant for Ordinary Farm Use—An Admirable Example of the Smaller Kind Illustrated.

Of the various dipping plants in use there are the small dipping plant which is inexpensive and suitable for use by a community of farmers, and the larger dipping plant, with swimming tank, such as would be needed if large numbers of range cattle are to be treated. A suitable plant for a community of farmers has been built for $150, while a swimming tank will cost $250.

A plant which seems to be an admirable example of the smaller kind was built, with the exception of the tank, by farmers. A thrashing engine was used for heating purposes by connecting a 1½ inch pipe to the whistle intake, the whistle being removed, and the pipe joined to the



CAGE FOR SMALL DIPPING PLANT.

union. The plant has a capacity of 200 head per day. Its cost, without engine or labor, excepting the labor to build the tank or vat, was $150. One person can easily lower the cage when loaded, by taking a hitch around a post, and it may be raised as shown in the illustration, either with engine or horses.

A plant of this capacity will answer very well in a community where various owners have bunches of cattle ranging from 80 to 100 head or less. Its chief advantage over the swimming tank is cleanness in construction because of its size.

In communities where mange exists or even where numbers of small herds are infected with lice a plant of this character might be constructed and use with profit to the cattlemen. Specifications of the material for this plant as well as further information in regard to dipping plants and scabies in cattle occur in U. S. Farmers' bulletin No. 152, by Dr. R. W. Hickman.

Sheep Worrying by Dogs.

Although little has been said lately in regard to sheep worrying by dogs the evil is still with us. Every little while the news arrives of some farmer's sheep being worried by dogs. The subject is then always one of interest, and it may be of advantage to know what is being done in other lands to stem this evil. In Great Britain, the worrying of sheep by dogs is a constant source of annoyance and loss to many farmers. The matter has been before Parliament in number of times, and while the laws regulating dogs have been made more stringent, they have not been made sufficiently so to prevent serious loss to many farmers, because of sheep worrying. In 1865 an act was passed providing that the owner of every dog shall be liable in damages for injury done to every cattle or sheep by his dog. Previous to this it was necessary to show a previous propensity, or that the injury was attributable to neglect on the part of the owner of the dog. The above Act also makes it risky to harbor a sheep-worrying dog. It does not extend to Scotland for the reason that its enactments are common law there.

Such is the existing law in the old land. But a movement is under way to have it strengthened. A meeting of the Central and Associated Chambers of Agriculture was held recently to discuss the question. Since the passage of the Act, now in force, several dog bills have been before the House of Commons, one providing for the wearing of collars by dogs with means of identification, inscribed, and for the protection of cattle and sheep from injuring by stray dogs. But a proposal recently made to enact bylaws for preventing all classes of dogs from straying during all or any of the hours between sunset and sunrise, is strongly favored. This would be a regulation, keeping dogs out of temptation, and strictly enforced, should do much to prevent the losses now occurring from the ravages of sheep by dogs.

How would some regulation of this kind work in Canada? If every person who owns a dog were compelled to keep that dog tied up or shut up during the night, there would be less sheep worrying and we think, fewer mongrel curs kept in the country and in the towns and villages. No one should object to securing a valuable dog for the night, while many people rather than go to this trouble, would prefer to destroy their good-for-nothing canines. We should be glad to hear from any of our readers as to how such a regulation would work in this country.—Farming World.

Queer Rent.

The British government holds land in Chatham by paying the heirs of the man from whom it was bought two peppercorns. The man's descendants now live in Holland, and the peppercorns are annually sent thither in a gold box.

MOVING THE MANITOBA CROP.

A Herculean Task, But it Will Be Done in Due Time.

The correspondent of a Winnipeg paper writes:—

Let us see how the Northwest harvest, which furnished England with 7,000,000 cwt. of wheat last year, her total importation from foreign countries and colonies being 70,000,000 cwt., is being handled this year. The figures I am about to quote have been prepared from official sources. Unfortunately I am not able to obtain any data relating to the business of the Canadian Northern.

The elevator capacity on the Canadian Pacific west of Winnipeg is 16,500,000 bushels. At Winnipeg, Meewatin, Fort William and Port Arthur, on the Canadian Pacific, there is an additional capacity of 7,000,000 bushels. At each station in the grain-growing district the agent keeps an order book, accessible to the public, in which applications for cars are entered, the rule of first come, first served, being observed. Cars are also furnished to the farmers for loading at grain platforms, and where grain platforms have not been built he is supplied with cars to enable him to load direct from his wagon. The average load per car this year is 880 bushels. A wheat train bound from the grain district to Winnipeg consists of from 30 to 50 loaded cars. At Winnipeg the trains are re-arranged, the number of loaded cars hauled to Fort William being usually 45, containing 40,000 bushels. Not counting the host of switchmen and others engaged in making up trains at shipping stations and in receiving them at terminals, or of the agents, operators, etc., who have to do with directing the traffic, there are at this writing, 215 Canadian Pacific train crews, engine drivers, firemen, conductors and brakemen, averaging 5½ men per crew, at work running the trains from the wheat fields to Fort William. It takes from eight to ten days to haul a full car from the wheat fields to Fort William and bring it back empty in readiness for another load.

Last session the Canadian Pacific obtained power from parliament to issue new stock, the proceeds to be applied in part to the acquisition of new rolling stock. The company's shops at Hochelaga were at once enlarged and since early in April 3,000 men have been employed in constructing box cars, while 600 machinists have been building locomotives. Further, a great number of cars and locomotives have been built for the company in other Canadian shops as well as in the United States. The upshot is that this year the Canadian Pacific has 35 per cent. more rolling stock on the Western Division than it had this time last year and 40 per cent. more motive power. The season for getting out the crop is, however, very short. Wheat does not begin to move freely till the end of September and navigation usually closes at Fort William about the end of November; indeed for all-water shipments to Kingston and Montreal it closes in the first week in November. Under such circumstances a tremendous crush is inevitable towards the end of the season.

Some day, perhaps, the Manitoba farmer will seriously ask himself if is wise to shove all his wheat on the market within the space of six weeks or two months. In times past, when his crop was but an insignificant item in the world's production, his haste to get it sold and shipped before the close of lake navigation had little, if any, effect upon the price. But now that the total yield is approaching 75,000,000 bushels a year, and that he will soon have that quantity and more for export, it would be well for him to consider whether he should not store at least a portion in his granaries until the spring, instead of rushing it all out in the Fall. In other lines of business, men take care that the market for their goods is not swamped by a sudden and excessive supply, and the Northwest wheat-grower ought, I should think, to be equally cautious in that respect.

Rates by the Canadian Pacific to Lake Superior are as low as, in fact are an appreciable shade lower than those charged by the Great Northern and Northern Pacific to the farmers of Dakota and Minnesota. If the reader will look at the map he will see that the wheat belt in these two States is considerably nearer the lake than the wheat belt of Manitoba. But, mile for mile, Canadian Pacific rates are lower. For example, from Brandon to Fort William, 560 miles, the rate is 16c per 100 lbs.; whilst from Manitoba, on the Great Northern, the rate to Duluth, a distance of 561 miles, is 20c. The rate from Carman to Fort William, 484 miles, is 16c; from Norwich, on the Great Northern, 481 miles from Duluth, 18c; from Deloraine, 629 miles to Fort William, 18c; and from Trenton to Duluth, 627 miles, 25c. Take Emerson, Man., and St. Vincent, Minn.; Gretna, Man., and Neche, Dak.; Snowflake, Man., and Hannah, Dak.; Boissevain, Man., and Bottineau, Dak.—places facing each other on the international boundary—and it will be found by reference to the tariffs that while the distance in each case from the Manitoba points to Fort William is greater than from the American points to Duluth, the rates by the Canadian Pacific to Fort William are just as low as those by the Great Northern to Duluth. Inasmuch as the Great Northern rates are pronounced fair and reasonable by the State Railroad Commissions and the Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington, I for one do not see why we in Manitoba should "holler" so loudly about railway oppression.

NEWEST GERM DISCOVERY.

How the Bacillus of Summer Complaints Was Found.

Physicians and parents the world over were deeply interested the other day in the announcement that through the philanthropy of Mr. John D. Rockefeller there had been discovered in the Thomas Wilson sanitarium near Baltimore, the germ of the infantile disease commonly known as summer complaint, which for many years has defied the skill of medical science and has swept hundreds and thousands of small children to death every summer, says The New York Herald. Two years ago little Jack McCormick, the two-year-old grandson of Mr. Rockefeller, died of this disease at Mr. Rockefeller's summer house at Tarrytown, N. Y. Shaken with grief, Mr. Rockefeller demanded of the physicians to know the cause of so great mortality among young children.

"We only know that this disease in infants is probably caused by some germ," they told him, "but what that germ is or how to reach it we do not know."

"Then it is time you found out," replied Mr. Rockefeller, "and I shall put you in the way of finding out."

Within a month Mr. Rockefeller had set aside $200,000 for the establishment of an institute of medical research. Under the direction of Dr. William H. Welch the work was taken up in earnest at the Wilson Sanitarium For Children near Baltimore. Here each summer from 300 to 500 children are treated. With the opportunities thus afforded the germ was isolated. Experts are now at work to learn some method of destroying the germ and thus curing the disease.

The discovery of the "summer complaints" germ is regarded by physicians in New York as of great importance, though not unexpected. The bacteriologists of the health department think it will prove of value for use in the tenement house districts. Dr. Ernest J. Lederle, health commissioner, said that the discovery was most valuable, and he was deeply interested in it. The death rate among infants in New York had been cut down this summer, but he could not say whether this was because of the department's concentrated labors or the mild weather.

Dr. George F. Shrady said that the discoverer deserved great credit for isolating the fatal bacillus. He added that most antitoxic treatment, except in diphtheria, was a failure, but he hoped that the discovery, which might be a protozoan instead of a bacillus, would be of practical value.

Public Speakers Contrasted.

Australia may have in Sir Edmund Barton a speaker who is greater than Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the heavy movement of solid argument or the stead march of parliamentary controversy.

Sir Edmund Barton is not the equal of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the fine art of platform oratory.

It may be that Sir Edmund Barton prefers strength to art, but strength and art are united in some phases of Sir Wilfrid's genius.

Give Sir Wilfrid Laurier a question which enables him to spurn the earthen expediencies which govern his public life, and his genius for words shines bright and clear.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's style of proposing the health of the French Republic was a perfect example of his art. There was an appearance of unstudied sincerity, and yet the deft hand of a master craftsman was in every touch of his reference to his own descent from a French monarchist, and his own allegiance to the British monarch, who was still the friend of Republican France.—Toronto Telegram.

Since Fifteen Years Ago.

Sir John Forrest, Minister of Defence in the Barton Government, and formerly Premier of West Australia, while in Toronto recently, spoke of the changes noticeable since his last visit, some fifteen years ago. To his mind the most striking development has been that of electricity and transportation. Great strides have been made both in Canada and the United States because attention has been paid to their transportation facilities. This has enhanced the value of the millions of bushels of wheat of the west. During his tenure of office he had been a firm believer in the utility of railways and waterways, and endeavored to construct the same wherever practicable even in advance of settlement. Speaking of trade, he thought they already had in Australia almost all we had here—wheat, apples, pears and other fruits. Corn, however, was not very extensive, except in Queensland.

A Jury Coincidence.

A panel of jurors was summoned in a London court. Sixty-two of them answered to the name of Clark. A jury of twelve was drawn and eleven of them were named Clark. The twelfth man was G. H. Clarkson.

AT NINE O'CLOCK

By James W. White

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It was Sir William Colville of Colville Manor who first discovered Signor Albano. Sir William prided himself on being the patron of struggling genius and so gave him the commission to perpetuate in marble the beauty of his only daughter, the Lady Margaret.

The sculptor was a man of twenty-eight, with a fair face and an aristocratic bearing. There could be no question that he was a real artist with the chisel. His enthusiasm promised a masterpiece. It was arranged that he should stay at the manor while his work was in progress.

It proved a lengthy task, but the sittings were anything but tiresome to the young lady. Signor Albano was both well traveled and well read, and, while he knew how to keep the moments from dragging, he yet preserved his attitude of deepest respect. Lady Margaret looked upon him with reverence as a genius. Perhaps his youth and good looks contributed somewhat to her enjoyment in the sittings, but this pride forbade her to acknowledge. The bust when finished was all that he had promised. If either of the two young people sighed that the long mornings in the studio would be no more, they gave no sign.

Three months afterward the father and daughter were passengers on a steamer for the orient. They had been out three days before they discovered that the sculptor was on board. He explained that through the death of a relative he had come into a fortune and had set out on a tour around the world. Sir William was rather chagrined to find his protege so far beyond the need of his help. While he congratulated him on his good fortune, therefore, his manner yet conveyed the fact that he did not consider that his change in prospects entitled him to treatment as an equal. The Lady Margaret was a most well brought up young woman, and she unhesitatingly followed her father's cue.

Two days later, as she sat alone on deck, Signor Albano approached her with the assurance of an old friend and entered into conversation. In vain her manner showed him that the old days of happy intercourse must be forgot-

"DID YOU NOT RECEIVE PAYMENT IN FULL FOR YOUR WORK?"

ten. The Italian was imperturbable. When she rose to go, he even dared to lay a hand upon her arm as he said:

"Lady Margaret, I am here on this steamer today because I knew you were to sail on it. I am here to say something to you, and you cannot go until I have spoken."

The girl had snatched away her arm and faced him proudly as she drawled with slow insolence:

"Did you not receive payment in full for your work?"

A look of such poignant suffering crossed his mobile face that a flush of shame rose to her own cheeks.

His voice was full of reproach as he replied:

"Is it kind to taunt me with the fact that I had to sell my genius for shillings and pence? You were not so when you were my model. You were not only pleased with my work as an artist, but I fondly hoped that I had found favor in your eyes as a man."

Perhaps her heart responded to his words, but only pride of race showed in her voice as she answered hotly, "Sir, have you lost your senses?" and walked away like an injured queen.

Half an hour later the wrathy Sir William hunted up the sculptor and said:

"Should you speak to my daughter again while this voyage lasts I will appeal to the captain to have you locked up in your stateroom."

"Sir William," replied Signor Albano respectfully, but imploringly, "do not urge me to desperation."

But Sir William refused to listen.

For the next few days Lady Margaret often felt his sad, imploring eyes fixed upon her, but he did not again venture to approach her.

The fifth evening a note was delivered at her door. Almost immediately following Signor Albano made his appearance in the smoking room. He carried a revolver in his hand. His face was pale and his eyes blazing.

"Gentlemen," he said to the dozen loungers in the room, "I must trouble you to go out. In the next half hour I may receive a note. If I do, all will be well; if I do not, we will all go to the bottom together at exactly 9 o'clock."

There was a hurried scuttling of the smokers. The whole ship was soon in commotion, discussing plans for his capture. But he was armed and evidently mad and hence must be cajoled rather than forced.

At quarter to 9 he called to the whispering group outside the saloon door: "Gentlemen, we have fifteen minutes left. I warn every one not to hasten the calamity by tampering with my stateroom door. If you open that door, you will explode thirty pounds of dynamite at once."

There was something theatrical about it all, and yet the menace in the Italian's voice brought a shiver. The captain made a sign to the ship's carpenter, and they silently went below. Avoiding the fatal door, the carpenter feverishly began work on the room partition. It seemed hours before he had cut a hole large enough to allow his body to slip through. Just clear of the door was the signor's steamer trunk. Two wires ran from the door to the trunk, and from the interior came a noise like the ticking of a clock. When the wires had been cut, the captain said:

"Softly, now. Up with the cover. Ah! Here is the clockwork, and a handkerchief among the wheels does the business."

At the same moment the report of a revolver rang out. Up in the saloon the clock was pointing to 9. The mad lover had pressed the weapon to his temple, pulled the trigger and fallen back a corpse. The white faced passengers waited tremblingly for another report, but instead they heard a woman's cry. The Lady Margaret had fallen, fainting, in the doorway.

Was there dynamite in the trunk? Truly ninety pounds of it. But for the coolness of the captain 400 lives would have been sacrificed to the disappointment of a madman.

And did the Lady Margaret yield at the last moment? That is the secret locked in her own proud heart.

Baptism of Bells.

Bells were solemnly baptized like children, a custom which is still extant in the Roman church. This is probably not a primitive practice and cannot be traced further back than the reign of Charlemagne. It is first distinctly mentioned in the time of Pope John XIII. (988), when he gave his own name to the great bell of the Lateran church. Sleidan gives an account of the ceremonial to be observed: "First of all the bells must be so hung that the bishop may be able to walk round them. When he has chanted a few psalms in a low voice, he mingles water and salt and consecrates them, diligently sprinkling the bell with the mixture both inside and out. Then he wipes it clean and with holy oil describes on it the figure of the cross, praying the while that when the bell is swung up and sounded faith and charity may abound among men, all the snares of the devil—hail, lightning, winds, storms—may be rendered vain and all unseasonable weather be softened. After he has wiped off that cross of oil from the rim he forms seven other crosses on it, but only one of them within. The bell is censed, more psalms are sung and prayers are put up for its welfare. After this feasts and banquetings are celebrated just as at a wedding."—Gentleman's Magazine.

Words and Their Origin.

The dictionary tells us of the origin of things familiar, and in its pages we may learn that the bayonet was first made at Bayonne, in France; that damask and the damson came originally from Damascus, that coffee first came to Europe from Kaffa and copper took its name from Cypress, that candy was first exported from Candia and that tobacco was so called from the island of Tobacco, the home of De Foe's imaginary hero; that gin was either invented at Geneva or early in its history became an important factor in the commerce of that city, that tarantula was once a notorious pest in the region about Taranta, that the magnetic property was first noticed in iron ore dug in the neighborhood of Magnesia, that parchment was first made at Pergamus, cambric at Cambray, muslin at Mousseline, calico at Calicut, gauze at Gaza, dimity at Damietta, that milliners first plied their trade in Milan and that mantuas were invented in the Italian city of the same name.

Japanese Theaters.

The theaters of Japan are generally wood and inexpensive buildings. Their interior arrangements are somewhat similar to ours, but not nearly so elaborately finished. There are no seats provided for the auditors; consequently they sit on the floor. The stages revolve like a locomotive turntable, have no drop curtains, but use sliding ones instead. Their musical instruments consist principally of a kind of cross between a mandolin and a banjo, with a metal drum and some other unpronounceable instruments for accompaniment. The music has a kind of humdrum air and but very little variation. Their entertainments are of long duration and are generally during the day. The plays are almost invariably tragedy. The admission fee is small.

Seventeenth Century Napkins.

About 1650 Pierre David published the "Maistre d'Hostel," "which teaches how to wait on a table properly and how to fold all kinds of table napkins in all kinds of shapes."

The shapes were: "Square, twisted, folded in bands and in the forms of a double and twisted shell, single shell, double melon, single melon, cock, hen and chickens, two chickens, pigeon in a basket, partridge, pheasant, two capons in a pie, hare, two rabbits, sucking pig, dog with a collar, pike, carp, turbot, miter, turkey, tortoise, the holy cross and the Lorraine cross."

Intelligent Robins.

The following incident seems too remarkable to be true, and yet it is vouched for by a writer whose word should not be doubted: Two robins were trying to teach their little one to fly. It attempted to cover too great a distance and fell to the ground. My little boy caught it, and I told him to put it on the roof of our side porch.

Then he and I watched to see what the old birds would do. They fluttered about the yard for awhile and then flew off. We waited for them to return, but they did not, and I had just made up my mind that they had deserted the young one when I saw them coming, accompanied by a third one. They flew directly to the roof of the porch, and I saw that one of them had a piece of twine in its bill.

And what do you suppose they did next? If I had not seen it, I never would have believed it. Two of them caught hold of the twine, one at each end, and the little one caught the middle of it in his bill. Then they flew off the porch, the third robin flying under the little one and supporting it on his back.—Minneapolis Journal.

They Were Discreet.

In the course of an interview Cardinal Manning, a short time before his death, referred to his boyhood days as follows: "Well, if you want me to talk nonsense I will say that it is a long way back to remember, for I am eighty-three, but I spent my childhood at Totteridge. A boy at Coombe Bank, Christopher Wadsworth, late bishop of Lincoln, and Charles Wadsworth, bishop of St. Andrews, were my playfellows. I frankly admit I was very mischievous.

"The two Wadsworths and I conceived the wicked intention of robbing the vinery. The door was always kept locked, and there was nothing for it but to enter through the roof. There was a dinner party that day, but there were no grapes. This is probably the only case on record where three future bishops were guilty of larceny. Were we punished? No, we were discreet. We gave ourselves up and were forgiven."

Her Reproof.

"The chimney is smoking," he said.

"Yes," she retorted. "That's the effect of bad example. Usually the chimney has consideration enough to do its smoking out of doors."

Thus it came about that he finished his cigar on the back porch.

As It Sometimes Seems.

"Willie, do you know what happens to bad little boys?"

"Sure."

"What."

"They have more fun than the good little boys."—Chicago Post.

He Knew Him.

Jones—Clark? Ah, yes! His sayings are in everybody's mouth.

Brown—Um! I've noticed he's not very original.

Dreams.

The ancient belief that dreams were an important element in the diagnosis of disease has been revived of late by French physicians.

Glowworms.

The glowworm lays eggs which are themselves luminous. However, the young hatched from them are not possessed of those peculiar properties until after the first transformation.

An Illustration.

He said as he heeded the highwayman's threat
And straightway uplifted each hand,
"This gives me the best illustration I've met
Of the law of supply and demand."

IN THE GHOST'S PATH

By Lester Grey

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Mary Manners was at war with herself and with all the world. Will Voight found that this was not a case where "present company is excepted."

"No," she said and shook her head so decidedly that certain rebellious curls bobbed in her eyes. "No, I don't want to go to the theater. I want to be alone and to think. Who could think in a hot, stuffy theater? We will go to the park."

He ventured to hint that even his presence might be a bar to the flow of thought.

"I could not go alone, stupid! It would not be proper."

"Or interesting."

She flashed him a look, and he subsided.

The park looked cold and rather gloomy, but her sigh of satisfaction

"OH, IT'S GOING INTO THE WATER! SAVE IT! SAVE IT!"

was quite ecstatic as she cried: "Oh, I do love the park!"

"So do I in summer."

"But now, when the breath of spring is in the air."

"More winter than spring in this air," he retorted grimly. "There is a lot of ice still in these sheltered walks, so do let me help you."

But she refused his proffered hand and stepped daintily along. She even hummed a fragment of a gay dance tune. Evidently her spirits were rising in proportion as his fell. Overhead the bare branches creaked and sighed. Underfoot the walk looked treacherous enough in the fitful glimmer of the gas lamps.

Now came a bit of incline. She started down recklessly, with a challenging look at her silent escort. "Let's see who gets to the bottom first."

But on the instant her foot caught on a bit of gravel. She swayed and would have fallen if his ready hand had not steadied her. The effort, however, destroyed his own equilibrium. Down, down rolled the dignified Mr. Voight to the bottom of the slide. His high silk hat rolled even faster in an exploring expedition toward the little brook that ran alongside the path.

The girl clasped her hands tragically. "Oh, it is going into the water! Save it! Save it!" Then she burst out laughing.

Mr. Voight raised himself stiffly and went in chase of the hat.

When he brought it back, she was still laughing.

"I am glad that I afforded you so much amusement." His tone was very freezing. "And I am happy to tell you that the hat has escaped injury. Your anxiety about it was quite remarkable. As for my injuries—oh, that is a matter of no consequence to you evidently."

Her laughter had died away, and she bent toward him contritely. "Forgive my laughing! If you could only have seen how funny you looked!" Another paroxysm was threatened, but she steadied her voice as she caught sight of his face. "But you are not hurt, are you? Just let me brush you off, and you will be all right, Will."

"Will" refused to be placated. He had been laughed at, and ridicule pierces to the innermost core of a man's being.

"Don't pretend an interest you have just shown conclusively you do not feel. I am quite ready to resume our walk—homeward." And he turned and began to ascend the incline.

The girl was glad that the friendly darkness hid her involuntary expression of pained surprise. William the meek, William the long suffering, had rebelled. She had teased him and played with him. This, then, was the last straw.

Then a wave of indignation flooded over her. How rude he was, how unkind! She stood still and gazed at the tall figure hurrying up the slope. How could he treat her so? She would go home alone. But the park was very dark and silent. A cold tremor seized her. She was afraid.

With most undignified haste she hurried after and caught up with him, panting. A glance at him brought back her courage. His bearing was anything but victorious.

Her tone matched his own as she said: "I cannot go home alone. We need not have any further conversation, however, and I won't trouble you again."

Voight winced visibly at her words. There were signs of yielding as he replied, "You know that I am always glad to do things for you."

Miss Manners laughed bitterly. "And yet you were going to leave me alone just now. It wasn't a kind, wasn't a gentlemanly thing to do."

His anger flamed up again. "I could not endure your mockery. It simply showed that I had been mistaken all along; that you did not care for me; had been only playing with me."

Her voice was low and vibrant as she retorted: "That is why I was restless tonight, why I have been restless for many days. I was trying to make up my mind whether I really loved you. You have helped me to solve the question. I can give you the answer now. It is 'No.'"

He was too stunned to speak, and so they hurried on in silence. An angry spot of color burned in the girl's cheeks, but the darkness hid this as well as the glint of tears in her eyes and the pallor of the man's face.

Suddenly he caught her to him almost rudely. She struggled, but he lifted her bodily and then set her down, trembling. Even as her cry of indignation rang out there was a blaze of white light, a whir of wheels, and the automobile was out of sight.

Voight's voice trembled as he whispered, "That is the White Ghost, but it might have been the White Death for both of us."

He held her in his arms, though she struggled. She was yet too indignant and too startled to realize her narrow escape.

After a moment: "What was it to you if I had been killed? What right have you to interfere?"

There was a traitorous tremble in her voice that gave him courage.

"The right of loving you. Had the last ten minutes made life seem so worthless for you too?"

He tried to see her face, but she had hidden it on his shoulder. He bent his head till his lips almost touched her hair. "Can't you find it in your heart to change your answer?"

Her face was still hidden, and only a lover's ear could have caught the faint reply.

Origin of Old Glory.

In the reminiscences of Lord Ronald Gower is found a story of the origin of the stars and stripes.

The "star spangled banner" of the American republic has its origin from an old brass on the floor of Brington church, in Northamptonshire. The brass covers the tomb of one Robert Washington and is dated 1622. On it appears the Washington coat of arms, consisting of three stars, with bars or stripes beneath them. On the first day of the new year, 1776, the thirteen united colonies raised a standard at Washington's headquarters.

This introduced the stripes of the present, but retained the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew on a blue ground in the corner. In 1777 the crosses were replaced by stars, as the Declaration of Independence rendered the retention of the English element unnecessary and inconvenient. In thus adopting the arms of his ancestors as his own distinctive badge Washington no doubt intended the flag merely as a private signal for his own personal following, but it was at once adopted as a national emblem. Probably there is not another case in the world's history in which the private arms of an obscure family have attained such world-wide eminence and repute.

He Pronounced It Butter.

Senator Depew contributes a butter story to the gayety of nations.

"A friend of mine went into a high class restaurant," he says, "and discovered oleomargarine upon the table. 'Come here,' he said to the waiter, 'How do you pronounce o-l-e-o-m-a-r-g-a-r-i-n-e?' And the intelligent servitor of the magnificent palace of pleasure at once responded, 'I pronounce it butter, sir, or else I lose my job.'"—Washington Post.

After the Circus.

"Did you see the trained animal exhibition?"

"I did," answered Miss Cayenne.

"Did you enjoy it?"

"No. Such things always give me a certain impression of sadness. When I see what can be done in educating dumb brutes, I cannot understand why more human beings cannot be moved to a display of intelligence."

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Cloths or Clothes.

One learns many strange uses and misuses of things at country inns, but let us hope that the following experience related by a friend of mine as having happened to himself is a rare one: He had gone to bed in an Irish inn, bidding the landlady to have him called at 8. At 6, however, next morning, she knocked at his door.

"Ye've to git up," she said.

"What o'clock is it?"

"Six, surr."

"Go away. I am not going to get up till 8."

At 7 she reappeared. "Indade, and ye must git up now: it's 7." Finding him unmoved at her next return, she said: "Git up, there's a sweet gintleman. There's two commercial gintlemen waiting for their breakfast, and I can't lay the cloth till I have yer honor's top sheet."

With All My Worldly Goods.

A minister whose first parish was in the backwoods of the west some years ago says that he once married a very seedy looking bridegroom to a buxom girl of perhaps twenty years. The ceremony was performed in the log cabin home of the bride's parents, and there were many guests present. When the bridegroom repeated the words, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," a tall, lank fellow with a huge tobacco cud in his bulging cheek drawled out nasally:

"Thar goes Hank's bull terrier, by gum!"

A Costly Prayer Book.

Queen Elizabeth used to carry about with her suspended by a chain of pure gold a book called "The Golden Manual of Prayer," a dainty volume of 300 pages, bound in "hammered virgin gold." One side of this costly volume gave a representation of the judgment of Solomon, the other the brazen serpent on the cross in the desert.

The Death Chair.

Doubt is often cast upon electrocution as a system by the fact that persons may survive an accidental shock of 2,000 volts. The Electrical World and Engineer points out that the conditions of a chance contact are entirely different from those provided in the chair. It says, "There can be no question that the subject dies by the effects of the electric shock and is dead beyond all hope before the autopsy takes place."

Pure Blood.

If infectious disease is in the vicinity, it should be remembered that pure blood contains bodies that will combat disease germs. These bodies are the white corpuscles, and they will enwrap and actually devour the fatal bacilli of fevers and similar diseases. So it is well to keep the vital fluid in health.

The Intricacies of Trade.

Woman—How much for children's pictures?

Photographer—Ten shillings a dozen madam.

Woman—Why—er—yes; but I've got only nine.

Out of His Own Mouth.

He—Wise men hesitate. Only fools are certain.

She—Are you sure?

He—I'm quite certain of it!

Then she laughed.

There is no fluctuation in the price of wild oats.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

s. s. "City of Nanaimo.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE
OCTOBER 25th, 1902.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

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

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

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

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About 400 healthy Bearing Fruit Trees.
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62 Acres cleared up rough, but good pasture.
85 Acres bush—easy cleared.
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The whole of the 230 acres is excellent land and will grow any kind of grain and root crops. Is suitable for beef, dairy or sheep.

15,000 Cedar Rails in boundary and field fences.

Large 7-roomed house—water in house 2 Story Bank Barn, 32 by 75 feet. Sheep Barn, Hen Houses, etc.

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Issued Every Wednesday.

W. B. ANDERSON, - - - EDITOR

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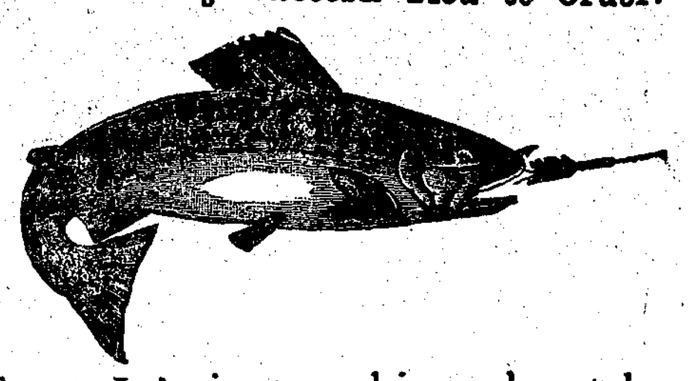

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NEWS OFFICE.

ZEB WHITE'S TALE.

THE OLD HUNTER'S STORY OF A CRITTER LOOKING FOR BLOOD.

He Tells How a Cantankerous Man Was Suddenly Put to Flight After Being Beaten Beyond Expectations by Zeb's Good Wife.

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

ONE October day Zeb White, the possum hunter of Tennessee, took me along with him when he went the rounds of his woodchuck traps, and as we were coming home he told me this story:

"I worked so hard fur three or fo' y'ars arter the wah that I got all run down and couldn't skassly git about. Thar was days when I felt purty well and days when I jest sot around and hadn't strength 'nuff to move outdoahs. That same y'ar a critter named Pike moved into the nayburhood. He was

"NOW, THEN, ZEB WHITE, CUM OUT YERE!"

from Alabamy, I believe, and he let it be known powerful soon that he was a hefty man in a scrimmage. He talked so loud and blowed so high that everybody was skeart of him, and he jest went around steppin' high and bossin' the roost. That critter used to cum down to my cabin and brag and blow and tell how many men he'd licked, and one day I gin him plain to understan' that I didn't believe his stories. That made him mad, and he went away sayin' as how he'd wallop me fur his next victim. He knowed I was in pore health and couldn't fight a fly, but every two or three days he'd cum down and stand in front of the cabin and yell:

"'Now, then, Zeb White, cum out yere and git the awfulest wallopin' a human critter ever received! I'm no hand to brag, but I kin tie both hands behind me and then chaw yo' up in two minits. I've licked forty-seven different men and never got my nose skinned. Either own up that yo' dasn't fight a man or cum out and be walloped.'

"That's the way he'd talk to me," continued Zeb, "and I'd git so mad that I cried like a child. Bimeby I begun to git a leetle better, and one day when he was callin' on me to cum fo'th and be walloped I told him that if he'd show up a week from that day I'd tackle him. He went away crackin' his heels and whoopin' and rejoicin', and the old woman sez to me, sez she:

"'Zeb White, if yo' was a well man yo' could wallop that critter befo' I could make a hoecake, but yo've bin down the banks all summer, and yo' can't git well in a week. I'm sorry yo' passed yo'r word, but bein' it's passed we'll hev to abide by it. I'll git whisky and roots tomorrer and brace yo' up.'"

"And did you get better?" I asked.

"No; I got wuss. Whisky and roots didn't do me no good. When the week was up, I was in bed and too feeble to walk across the room. That pesky critter knowed jest how it was with me, and yit he cum and stood in front of the cabin and shouted to the ole woman:

"'Ar' this the dwellin' place of a varmint named Zeb White?'

"'She be.'

"'Calls hisself the possum hunter of Tennessee, don't he?'

"'Yes; he do.'

"'Has wrassled with b'ars and wildcats and painters and thinks hisself powerful on the fight?'

"'That's my Zeb.'

"'Then I hain't made no mistake. Would yo' do me the everlastin' kindness to tell him to step out yere while I chaw his ears off and stay my hunger.'

"'He's sick abed just now, but if yo'll cum back arter dark he'll make yo' eat grass and beller like a calf.'

"'Then yo' kin be lookin' fur me, Widder White. I'll be kinder sorry to see death take him from yo', but I must hev him fur my forty-eighth victim. Good arternoon, Widder—White; good arternoon.'

"That's how they talked," said Zeb as he heaved a rock at a snake sunning itself on a rock, "and of co'se I heard every word of it. I jest couldn't help weepin' with my madness. How was I to go out and fight him when I couldn't git outer bed? That's what I asked the ole woman, and she sorter winked and smiled and sez to me, sez she:

"'Zeb, doan' yo' worry no mo' 'bout this wallopin' bizness, but leave it all to me. If that varmint shows up here tonight, he'll be the wust licked man in all Tennessee befo' he gits away.'

"'But who's gwine to lick him?'

"'Never yo' mind.'

"She wouldn't say no mo'," continued Zeb, "and I was too feeble to figger it out. I cried myself to sleep, and it was arter dark when I woke up. That thar varmint had cum back, 'cordin' to promise, and was in front of the cabin a-shouthin':

"'Zeb White, the time has cum fur yo' to be pulverized. Mebbe I won't do no mo' than chaw yo'r ears off and cripple yo' fur life, but I'll do that much fur shore. Cum outer yo'r hole and stand up to me like a man.'

"Jest about the time he begun to holler my ole woman begun to git outer her clothes and inter mine.

"'What yo' gwine to do?' sez I.

"'Gwine out to wallop that critter or die,' sez she.

"'But yo' ar' a woman, and he's a powerful fighter.'

"'Zeb White, yo' snuggle down and keep quiet. He's cum fur a fight. He's bin promised one and has to hev it. As yo' can't fight him, I shall, and I'm a-feelin' that the Lord will put a jawbone inter my hand to slather him.'

"It wasn't no use to talk to her. When she got dressed up, she looked like a man, and as she stood in the door that varmint cracked his heels together and crowed like a rooster. I jest had the strength to git to the winder, and I saw all that took place. When the feller had crowed and cracked, he yelled out:

"'My forty-eighth victim ar' now befo' me to be chawed. Speak up, Zeb White, and tell me which ear yo'd rather I'd begin on to git up my appetite. Whoop, whoop-ee!'"

"And about the fight?" I asked, as Zeb was silent for several minutes.

"It was full of surprises," he answered. "That varmint was only a blowhard arter all. The ole woman walked around him two or three times and then sailed in. He hollered at the fust jump and tried to git away, but she wouldn't let him. She scratched, kicked and pulled ha'r, and when she finally let up on him he wouldn't hev looked wuss if half a dozen b'ars had played with him. I've seen a heap of men walloped, but he was the walloped-est man of the hull lot."

"And he didn't know it was a woman?" I asked.

"Never knowed it till he got home and his own wife examined the claw marks and the bites. The story got around, and purty soon he had to jest pull up and move away. He had bin licked by a woman, and it was the wuss lickin' he ever got."

"And how did Mrs. White come out of it?"

"She didn't git a scratch, but I've allus bin sorry about it."

"For what reason?"

"Waal," said Zeb as he turned his face away from me, "befo' that fight she was a mighty humble woman and left all the bossin' to me. Sence then she's—she's"—

"She's not so humble?"

"Jest so; jest got the idea that she kin wallop me, same as she did him, and thar ar' days when she's all ready to make a try at it. Spiles a woman to git such noshuns in her head—of co'se it does."

And an hour after we got home that evening I overheard her saying to him:

"Now, Zeb White, yo' git me up a heap of firewood by the back doah tomorrer or take the consequences, and I'm tellin' yo' that them same consequences will make yo'r back ache fur a hull month to cum."

M. QUAD.

Romance In Short.

Contemplation;
Adoration;
(Gallant thinks her great).
Preparation;
Decoration;
Off to learn his fate.
Palpitation,
Trepidation
On the lover's side.
Desperation,
Osculation;
Now she is his bride!

Water Supply.

A stream five feet wide, a foot deep and running at twenty feet a minute will provide water for 90,000 men.

Tasmania.

Tasmania is said to be the soberest of the Australian colonies.

Non-Paying Cows.

The dairy commissioner of Minnesota says that 25 per cent. of the cows of that State do not pay for their feed, and that they should be sent to the butcher as soon as possible. This is possibly true of the cows of the Dominion also. The sad part of this, says the Farmers' Review, is that the owners of those cows do not know that they are not paying for their feed, but keep them in the belief that they are doing something to increase the profits. Many a man has been bankrupted by the cows he has kept. The trouble has been that there was no way the owner could know what was being done by his cows, till the Babcock tester came into use. Since that time the great factor that presents its use is negligence. It takes a great deal of hammering to get a single new idea into the heads of some men.

MR. BOWSER'S CANDY

HE TRIES HIS HAND AT MAKING THE OLD FASHIONED KIND.

The Cat Gurgles With Joy at His Experiment, Which Would Have Proved a Great Success Had the Flavoring Been All Right.

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

JUST as the Bowsers had finished dinner the grocer's boy handed in a gallon jug, and as the cook pulled the cork and found the contents to be molasses she reported that some mistake had been made.

"There is no mistake," replied Mr. Bowser. "I ordered the molasses as I came along."

"But how did you happen to do that?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"I am going to pass a homelike evening, and to help me do it I am going to make some old fashioned molasses candy. I have been longing for some for months past."

"But you can buy any amount of it."

"Not the kind my mother used to make. You can buy a compound made up of glue, molasses, coffee grounds, saleratus and shavings, but I don't

MR. BOWSER SAT DOWN TO STIR THE CONTENTS.

want that sort. I never think of the old farmhouse without thinking of molasses candy. Mother used to make a kind that one could never get enough of, and I am sure I can turn out something just as good."

"You'll only muss up the kitchen and make the cook mad," sighed Mrs. Bowser.

"I shall muss up nothing, and the cook won't get mad. I think she will see what you fail to—the sentiment of the thing. You may smile at my connecting sentiment with molasses candy, but it's there just the same. Some of the happiest evenings of my boyhood were spent in—in"—

"In gobbling down molasses candy," she finished as he hesitated.

"There you go! Woman, is there nothing in the past sacred to you? Is it nothing to you that my parents are dead, my brothers and sisters scattered and that the dear old homestead is now in the hands of a wall eyed pirate who has turned it into a mule farm? By John, but I believe you would stand beside the tomb of Washington and haggle with a shoestring man over a cent!"

The cat came up from the basement and saw that there was fun ahead and sat down to wait for developments.

"I am sorry if I hurt your feelings," said Mrs. Bowser after a time, "but it never occurred to me to connect sentiment and molasses candy. There are songs about boyhood and pear trees, cider mills, babbling brooks and all that, and I don't know why they shouldn't sing of boyhood and molasses candy. The cook has just gone upstairs, and you can have the kitchen all to yourself."

Mr. Bowser walked to and fro and looked at her, but as she said no more he finally descended the stairs and began to work. The cat followed him, and as she saw him poking up the fire and pouring the molasses into a kettle she walked around and gurgled to herself. When the jug had been emptied, the kettle was placed on the stove, and Mr. Bowser sat down with a big spoon in hand to stir the contents and call up old recollections. There were more recollections than stir, and as a consequence Mrs. Bowser soon got the scent of scorched molasses. She didn't feel it her duty to make any investigation, however. Even when the kettle suddenly boiled over and a great cloud of smoke swept across the kitchen and upstairs, causing Mr. Bowser to cough and the cat to sneeze, she made no interruption.

"That's as it should be," he mused as he stirred away. "There was always a burny smell in the house when mother was making candy. That smell takes me back to the dear old days, and I feel as if I could eat the whole outfit. I must watch for the air bubbles."

In ten minutes more he saw them rising to the surface and poured the contents of the kettle into a pan to cool. In a dim way he remembered that his mother used to put in flavorings, and, hunting through the cupboard, he found vanilla and cinnamon and put them in with a generous hand. As he cooled a spoonful, however, there seemed to be something lacking, and after a moment's thought he went up stairs and queried of Mrs. Bowser:

"Don't you remember that I bought a bottle of wintergreen essence some time ago? It's exactly what mother used to use in her candy. Bless me, but how many times in my boyhood I have hunted for the delicious wintergreen berries!"

"If there is any, you'll find it in the right hand cupboard," she replied, "but you want to be careful. There are a lot of other bottles there. It smells as if you had scorched the molasses."

"Just enough to give it the right taste. I'll show you some candy that is candy in about ten minutes. If this smell gets out on the street, everybody will be wanting a taste."

There were a score of bottles in the cupboard, and Mr. Bowser ran his eye over them and selected one and sniffed its contents and poured them into the dish and stirred vigorously. This was the finishing touch. He waited to grease his hands with butter and then bore the dish up stairs in triumph and set it down under Mrs. Bowser's nose and said:

"If you don't say that this beats anything you ever tasted, I'll buy you the nicest hat in town. Pitch right in."

"It has a queer smell," she replied as she sniffed at it.

"Your nose must be off. The smell is simply delicious, and as for the taste—ah—um!"

There was only one "ah—um!" He began to choke as he chewed, but recollecting that Mrs. Bowser had opposed him he bravely hung on until she suddenly rose up and said:

"Are you sure you got the right bottle out of the cupboard?"

"Of course I'm sure. What's the matter with you?"

"It smells as if you had flavored it with benzine. I know the cook had a bottle of it to clean a collar."

"But do you think I'm such a fool that I can't tell benzine from wintergreen?" he shouted, though he turned pale and lost his taste for old fashioned molasses candy in an instant.

"We will see."

He followed her down to the kitchen, and she picked up the empty bottle and read the label and held it out to him. The word "Benzine" was bigger than a house, but he had doped his candy with three ounces of it.

"Did your mother use this flavoring in your happy boyhood days?" she asked as he turned red and white and a look of fear came into his eyes.

"Am I—am I poisoned?" he whispered in reply.

"No, but it's not your fault. Is there nothing in the present sacred to you? Why didn't you open a box of chloride of lime and douse it in? If you want to die, why not stick your head into the washtub?"

"Wo-woman, I understand! I see through the plot! I—I"—

"You sit down and think of your boyhood days," she interrupted—"of your mother and old fashioned molasses candy and benzine and death! I'm going to bed, and I'll pitch that dish out of the window to the cats as I go along!"

Mr. Bowser tottered to a chair and sat down and thought and thought. At midnight Mrs. Bowser came softly down stairs to find him asleep in his chair and the cat sitting on the kitchen table to act as his guardian angel. The feline had a grin on her face, but she wasn't saying a word to disturb the harmony of the occasion.

M. QUAD.

Abijah's Fourth of July.

Abijah Stone strolled off alone
While yet the morn was hazy;
The neighbors' boys made such a noise
They almost drove him crazy.
"I love my country well," said he,
"But think it is a sin, sir,
To spoil July's sweet jubilee,
By making such a din, sir!"

So, in a nook beside a brook,
Serenely sound asleep, sir,
Abijah lay the livelong day,
Curled in a little heap, sir.
While in the town the brass bands brayed
And cannon boomed like thunder
Until a very small boy made
A most tremendous blunder.

For, just at dark, he dropped a spark
Where sparks are very worst, sir;
A blinding flash—a frightful crash—
* * * * * * *
A powder keg had burst, sir!
Abijah found but scattered shreds
When he returned to town, sir,
And people standing on their heads
Where they had just come down, sir!

—St. Nicholas.

Ancient Oilfields.

The Greek island of Zante has oilfields which were known to Herodotus.

Swallows' Nests.

A Swiss schoolmaster who has made a special study of swallows has found eight nests built in bedrooms, four in schoolrooms and one in a tavern.

She Ventured.

She ventured in the briny deep
A little while ago
And yelled for murder, fire, police!
A crab had pinched her toe.

And, though at that momentous time
Her screams were plainly heard,
Yet when a lobster squeezed her waist
She didn't say a word.

Gave His Consent.

"I want your daughter," said the young man aggressively.

The old man was shrewd.

"Have you got her?" he asked.

"I have."

"Then take her."

Lord Roberts' Retort.

Lord Roberts once found himself the centre of a circle of new friends in a London club. There was a very tall gentleman present, who, evidently believing himself to shine as a wit, seized every opportunity to raise a laugh at the other people's expense. On being introduced to Lord Roberts, the wit bent down patronizingly to his lordship and remarked:

"I have often heard of you, but" (shading his eyes with one hand, as though the famous general, being so small, could be only seen with difficulty)—"I have never seen you before."

To this Lord Roberts promptly replied:

"I have often seen you, sir, but I have never heard of you."

Everyone present was delighted with Lord Roberts' reply, and the wit soon afterwards disappeared.—London Answers.

King Edward's Family.

It is not generally known that on ascending the throne King Edward became guardian of his grandchildren, the parents' rights being superceded. This arrangement was established by law nearly 200 years ago, and the right was frequently exercised by the Georges, who had a way of quarreling with their sons. No member of the royal family may marry without the King's consent, otherwise the marriage is void. The act governing this matter was passed at the instigation of George III. in consequence of his brothers marrying subjects.

An Awful Death.

Jehoram, king of Judah, died of a loathsome disease which caused his body to drop to pieces before death came to his relief.

An Ancient Statue.

During the excavations at the Forum, in Rome, a colossal statue of the Empress Faustina was discovered in front of the temple of Antoninus and Faustina.

Pineapples.

It is estimated that more than 1,000,000 pineapples are used every year in this country by confectioners and candy makers.

Sugar and Salt.

Brown sugar is an antidote to salt. If too much salt has been put into soup or vegetables or sauce, a little brown sugar should be stirred in, and the dish will become quite palatable once more.

"Old Age" at 24.

A peculiar story comes from Australia in connection with the old-age pension system of Victoria. At Warrnambool, Victoria, an application for an "old-age pension" was made on behalf of a young man named McLean, whose height is 7 ft. 4 in. and his age 24 years. It was stated that owing to a heart weakness this youthful Goliath would never be able to work, and that he had no one to he had been an inmate of the local rely on for support. For some time hospital where two beds had to be placed together in order to accommodate his recumbent form. It was officially promised that his case would be laid before the Ministry.

A Misunderstanding.

Hicks—I thought you said there could be no misunderstanding as to Browne's veracity.

Wicks—Well, there can't. He is an unmitigated liar.

England.

While England is to all intents and purposes a republic, on its social side it is most aristocratic and clings fervently to every feature of court tradition.

Little Holy Land.

Palestine is a small country, not more than 150 miles in length from Dan to Beersheeba, and an average breadth of not more than fifty miles. The area of all Syria, including Palestine, is officially calculated at 108,000 square miles, and the population is between 3,000,000 and 3,500,000.

Costly Shooting.

The cost of firing a single shot from a sixteen inch gun would pay a private soldier for five years.

Monument to British at Delhi.

The secretary for India has commissioned a London firm to execute a granite monument to be erected at Raipur cemetery, Delhi, says The London Standard. Portraits of the King and Queen and of the late Queen Victoria will be carved on the sides of the monument with the following inscription: "Sacred to the memory of the officers and men of the British army buried here who fell before Delhi from June to September, 1857, gallantly upholding their country's cause."

London's Worst Fire.

The old world's most calamitous fire was that which took place in London in 1666, which destroyed 14,000 buildings, laid 400 streets waste and rendered 200,000 persons homeless, the loss of life being 1,000 and that of property destroyed $40,000,000.

Zululand Nights.

In Zululand, when the moon is at the full, objects are visible at a distance of seven miles. By starlight one can read with ease.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

The pin machines of England, Holland and Germany turn out an average of 67,000,000 pins for every work day of the year. At Birmingham one factory makes 30,000,000 pins per day.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.,

Gentlemen—In June '98 I had my hand and wrist badly bitten by a vicious horse. I suffered greatly for several days, and the tooth cuts refused to heal, until your agent gave me a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT, which I began using, and the effect was magical. In five hours the pain had ceased, and in two weeks the wound had completely healed and my hand and arm were as well as ever. Yours truly,

A. E. ROY,

Carriage Maker, St. Antoine, P.Q.

Queen Victoria disliked the smell of furs, and especially of sealskins very much indeed, and when she invited anyone for a drive they had to leave such wraps behind.

Dyspepsia and Indigestion.—C. W. Snow & Co., Syracuse, N.Y., writes: 'Please send us ten gross of Pills. We are selling more of Parmelee's Pills than any other Pill we keep. They have a great reputation for the cure of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.' Mr. Chas. A. Smith, Lindsay, writes: 'Parmelee's Pills are an excellent medicine. My sister has been troubled with sepere headache, but these Pills have cured her.'

Some men think it folly to lay up treasures in heaven, where it's ten to one they would never see them again.

What's good to eat is bad to eat, says a chronic dyspeptic.

Mr. T. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: 'I have been afflicted for some time with Kidney and Liver Complaints, and find Parmelee's Pills the best medicine for these diseases. Those Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required. They are Gelatine Coated, and rolled in the Flour of Licorice to preserve their purity and give them a pleasant, agreeable taste.'

You never hear one girl say that another is too young to marry.

It is far better to have a policeman call you down than take you up.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take, sure and effectual in destroying worms. Many have tried it with the best results.

The horse you get a sure tip on is sure, perhaps, but slow.

Wise is the man who can distinguish between his friends and his enemies.

Minard's Liniment Cures LaGrippe.

It has been computed that the death rate of the globe is 68 per minute, 97,790 per day, or 35,717,790 per year. The birth rate is 70 per minute, 100,800 per day, or 36,817,200 per year to be 365¼ days in length.

HELP FOR MOTHERS.

Baby's Own Tablets Are What You Need When Little Ones Are Cross, Fretful and Sleepless.

If a child is cross, fretful and sleeps badly, the mother may feel absolutely certain that some derangement of the stomach or bowels is the cause. And she can be just as certain that Baby's Own Tablets will put her little one right. These Tablets cure all the minor ailments of little ones, such as indigestion, constipation, simple fevers, diarrhoea, worms and teething troubles. They are guaranteed to contain no opiate and can be given with absolute safety to the youngest and most feeble child. Every mother who has used them speaks of these Tablets in the warmest terms. Mrs. E. Bancroft, Deerwood, Man., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach and bowel troubles, for simple fevers and teething, and I think them the best medicine in the world. They always strengthen children instead of weakening them as most other medicines do."

You can get Baby's Own Tablets at any drug store, or by mail post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

When a married man falls downstairs he is sure to blame his wife for the mishap.

A New York boarding house keeper attempted to commit suicide recently. Usually it is the boarders who feel like taking a flier into the great beyond.

A railroad between Coalzacoalcos and Salina Cruz, Mexico, which will open a new means of transportation between the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific coast, has been completed recently.

The scientists have decided that the average workingman requires daily in his food not less than four ounces of proteids, two ounces of fat and eighteen ounces of the carbo-hydrates.

If yod are not satisfied with the world you should hire a balloon and get out.

Clam and Egg Scramble.

For clam and egg scramble chop a dozen steamed clams rather fine, beat slightly four eggs, add clams and four tablespoonfuls clam liquor; turn mixture into tablespoonful melted butter, stir over boiling water until thickened; pepper and serve quickly.

Cancer.

In Germany 70 per cent of male and 68 per cent of female cancer patients suffer from cancer of the digestive organs.

Tinware.

To clean tinware wash it with hot water and soap and then, after drying, polish it with dried flour using a piece of old newspaper as a polishing cloth.

Swept the Country.

The first epidemic of smallpox in Mexico is estimated to have carried off 3,500,000 people.

To Purify Water.

To prevent a bad smell from water which has been left to stand in tanks a few scraps of hoop iron should be placed in the water. As the sulphur compound evolved from the water combines with the iron it will leave the water quite sweet.

American Shoes.

The American shoe for men is far superior in appearance and comfort to the French article, which is hard and boxy. The American shoe for women is an improvement on the English article, which is provocative of corns.

Nero.

Nero tried to kill himself, but was afraid to do so. He finally gave himself a slight wound in the throat, one of his friends pushed the sword farther in, and a fatal wound resulted.

LOST HIS RHEUMATISM By the Use of a Bottle of St. Jacobs Oil.

Sergeant Jeremiah Maher, of Ardcath, Royal Irish Constabulary, says: "My friend, Mr. Thomas Hand, has been a great sufferer from rheumatism in the back and joints for the last four years, during which time he has applied many different methods of treatment, but obtained no relief whatever, and for the last two years has been unable to walk without a stick, and sometimes two sticks, and was in great pain constantly. I induced him to procure a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which he applied with the most astonishing and marvellous effects. Before he had finished using the contents of the first bottle he could walk readily without the aid of a stick, and after a few applications from the second bottle he was free from pain, and has been ever since, and although fifty years of age and a farmer, he can walk and work without experiencing any pain or difficulty whatever."

The office may seek the man, but the boy looking for a job comes in bunches.

WILSON'S FLY PADS

WILL RID YOUR HOUSE OF FLIES IN A FEW HOURS.

A brave man hazards life, but not conscience.—Schiller.

From the lowest depths there is a path to the highest height.—Carlyle.

HOW'S THIS?

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

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

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

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Of course, a woman doesn't care whether her photograph resembles her or not just so it is pretty.

The "smile" of the summer girl is usually ice-cream soda.

Why go limping and whining about your corns, when a 25 cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial, and you will not regret it.

The Yoho Region.

The Yoho region in British Columbia is of a more majestic beauty even than California's Yosemite.

The Sapphire.

Hebrew tradition says that the tablets of Moses were of sapphire. In Hebrew the word "sappir" means the most beautiful. It symbolizes loyalty, justice, beauty and nobility.

Shark Fishing.

In all the equatorial islands of the north and south Pacific shark fishing is a very profitable industry to the natives, and every trading steamer and sailing vessel coming into the ports of Sydney or Auckland from the islands of the mid-Pacific brings some tons of fins, tails and skins of sharks.

HAD LITTLE FAITH.

HOW A DOUBTFUL MAN WAS CONVINCED AND RESTORED.

A Story that Illustrates the Advantage of Reading and Being Guided by Newspaper Advertisements.

Lower Windsor, N.B., Sept. 29th.—(Special).—"I want to say that I believe that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the right medicine for Kidney Trouble."

This is the declaration of Mr. T. H. Belyea, postmaster of this place, who for a long time was the victim of a very severe case of this painful disease.

Mr. Belyea reads the newspapers, and after he had tried plasters, oils and liniments and all kinds of external remedies as well as doctors' treatments, with no good results, he began reading the testimonials of Dodd's Kidney Pills. He says:—

"This remedy was so highly recommended for Kidney Trouble that after reading some testimonials I concluded to try them for a short time, but I must admit that having tried so many things and failed to obtain a cure, I had but little faith that Dodd's Kidney Pills or anything else could or would help me.

"However, I did not use them long before I found out that they were all and more than was claimed for them.

"I used to have very bad spells, which of late years became so frequent and so severe that I was almost laid up.

"I received more benefit from Dodd's Kidney Pills than from any other medicine I have ever used and they certainly made a complete cure of my case.

"I feel as well as ever I did and have not the slightest trace of the Kidney Trouble that bothered me for so many years."

Mr. Belyea is not the first skeptical man that has been convinced by experience of the medicinal value of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

The alligator does not attain his full length until he is 50 years of age. When 1 year old his length is about 12 inches; at the age of 15 he has grown to two feet.

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.—Franklin.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

There are 147 Indian reservations in the United States.

A healthy definite purpose is a remedy for a thousand ills.—O. S. Marden.

When washing greasy dishes or pots and Pans, Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) will remove the grease with the greatest ease.

Perseverance is failing nineteen times and succeeding the twentieth.—J. Anderson.

It is impossible that a man who is false to his friends should be true to his country.—Bishop Berkley.

Cucumbers and melons are "forbidden fruit" to many persons so constituted that the least indulgence is followed by attacks of cholera, dysentery, griping, etc. These persons are not aware that they can indulge to their hearts content if they have on hand a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, a medicine that will give immediate relief and is a sure cure for all summer complaints.

The self-made man is often the only one who is satisfied with the job.

The mantle of charity protects a multitude of amateur theatrical performers.

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

An old bachelor is a man who admits that he doesn't think he is smart enough to take care of anyone but himself.

Minard's Liniment is the best.

It is generally supposed that when a man's heart pulsations go down to 40 a minute death will follow unless restoratives are administered. Parisian doctors are now, it is said, puzzled over a man, in one of the hospitals, whose pulsations have sunk as low as 18 a minute, although to all appearances he is well and strong.

Thoroughness.

Prof. W. Hodgson Ellis, Official Analyst to the Dominion Government, states that "Sunlight Soap has "a thorough cleansing power, without danger to the clothing or skin." Women who want washing done thoroughly cannot use better than Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar. Unlike common soaps, there is no damage to the clothing, and no danger to the skin; hence the saying: Sunlight Soap reduces expense. Try Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar—next wash day, and you will see that Prof. Ellis is right. He should know. 213

ASK FOR

Ogilvie Oats

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

Ogilvie's Hungarian

As now manufactured. The great FAMILY FLOUR. Insist on getting "OGILVIE'S," as they are better than the Best.

HAVE NO EQUAL.

"First prize goods!" Blue Ribbon Tea, Coffee, Baking Powder, Flavoring Extracts and Jelly Powder. Dont forget about them.

ARE YOU BUILDING?

IF SO USE EDDY'S IMPERVIOUS SHEATHING THE BEST BUILDING PAPER MADE.

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

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

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

Housekeepers must find it difficult to decide which PACKAGE TEA is the best—there are so many. If you try

GOLD STANDARD

It will settle all doubts.

HALCYON HOT SPRINGS SANITARIUM

Arrow Lake, B. C.

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

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

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

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

W. N. U. No. 396.

T. H. METCALFE & CO.

Grain and Commission Merchants.

Highest prices paid for wheat, oats, barley or flax in carlots. Wire or write me for prices before selling. Liberal advances made on consignments and handled on commission. Licensed and Bonded. P. O. Box 550, Winnipeg, Man.

GOOD MONEY EARNED

Knitting for us. Other inducements to right parties. We rent new machines. Send for particulars at once. Ontario Furnishing Co. Toronto, Ont.

People who are troubled with sleeplessness should drink cocoa instead of tea or coffee at the evening meal.

"KELPION" (A STAINLESS IODINE OINTMENT.)

Endorsed by best English medical journals.

Supplied to British soldiers in South Africa.

For all Throat and Gland Troubles, Lumps, Abscesses, Old Sores, Ulcers, Felons, Skin Diseases, Eczema, Pimples, Stiff Joints, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sprains, Bruises, Piles, Cuts, Sore Feet, Pleurisy.

Sold by Druggists, 25c. Try it once.

In 1890 the railroads of the world were estimated at 370,281 miles.

England has forty ships engaged in the South African traffic. Germany eight and the United States only two.

Minard's Liniment is best Hair Restorer.

"Good men, you know, are very scarce." "Yes, I know, and even bad men have to make themselves so at times."

JUST LOOK at the scramble for our LUCINA CIGARS. Simply Wonderful.

MANUFACTURED BY GEO. F. BRYAN & CO.....WINNIPEG

IMPERIAL MAPLE SYRUP

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

ROSE & LAFLAMME, Agts., MONTREAL.

HAVE YOU SEEN IT? WHAT? LEE'S Priceless Recipes, 3,000 secrets for the home, farm, laboratory, workshop, and every department of human endeavor, with full index to contents; 368 pages, bound in cloth; send 25 cents for a copy, and if you think the book is not worth the money send it back, and your money will be refunded; this is a good side line for canvassers. Write for terms if you want to canvass. WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book-room, Toronto, Ontario.

THE ANGLE LAMP

combines the maximum of light with the minimum of heat, the minimum of trouble, the minimum of expense. Used in HOUSES, STORES, CHURCHES HOTELS, FACTORIES Etc., Etc.

It is perfection in lighting. The light that never fails. It uses ordinary coal oil—one quart in 16 hours. No smoke, no odor, no drawing up, no removing of globe or top to light, filled while burning, the only light having no undershadows. Apply to your local dealer or send for catalogue and prices to Hilton, Gibson & Co., P. O. Box 391, Winnipeg.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control: these three alone lead life to sovereign power.—Tennyson.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.
Subscription $1 50 a year, in advance

W. B. Anderson, Editor.

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

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

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

MONSOON

Dear Mrs. B—— in reply to your inquiry as to which is the best tea to use, I would say that in my opinion it rests between the Blue Ribbon and Monsoon Packet Teas. If you like rich, strong tea, then Blue Ribbon is undoubtedly the best, but should your taste be for a delicate and very flavory tea I would advise you to call on C. J. MOORE for a packet of Monsoon. Personally, I drink Blue Ribbon in the morning and Monsoon at 5 o'clock, but then, you know, I am a perfect crank about tea.

Yours truly,
SARAH GRUNDY.

MAGNET CASH STORE.

All kinds of Hardware and Tools at lowest prices. Barbed and other Fencing Wire. Lead and Iron Pipe. ... ...

It will Pay you to obtain our ...Prices before sending away...

Dunsmuir Avenue, Cumberland, B.C.

A. H. PEACEY, Druggist & Stationer.

A NEW LOT OF
ROCHESTER & CANADIAN CAMERAS
PHOTOGRAPHERS' SUPPLIES,
PLATES, PAPER, MOUNTS, ETC.

NEW FANCY LEATHER GOODS
PURSES, CARD CASES, TOILET SETS.

Try a Bottle of ☞
FRAGRANT OLD ENGLISH
LAVENDER WATER.

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.

NORTH WEST CANADA.

During the fiscal year which ended on 30th June last, no less than 22,000 residents of the United States took up their abode and became permanent settlers in North-west Canada and this immigration is increasing at the rate of 12,000 for the last four months. The majority of the migrators are agriculturists from the North-western States, are excellent farmers, and readily take the British oath of allegiance. In referring to this "large, unaided, and almost unsolicited immigration pouring into North-west Canada," the Montreal Star, one of the leading papers of the Dominion, thinks the time has come for stopping the Dominion's antiquated policy of promoting artificial and assisted immigration. It says: "The young and unborn of Canada ought to be considered. Their proper heritage is being alienated. Where are they in their turn, to get free or cheap lands? We have thought too much of the hour, of the transportation companies, or the speculators who desire to sell farming lands or town lots. Our own posterity may yet curse the short-sighted folly of their fathers. It will seem almost incredible twenty-five years hence that we maintained a costly staff to do nothing but try to get outsiders to take the lands that our children are sure to need. Parliament should carefully consider the matter after next session." Whatever may be the ultimate result of the absorption and settlement of large tracts of our public lands by Americans, there is no doubt that its present result will be the hastening of the completion of the Canadian Northern, with its terminus on Vancouver Island, which will greatly benefit B C. The great object of our new citizens in the North-West appears to be the betterment of the condition. The wheat-lands of Dakota and Minnesota, where they principally came from, are not very productive, and the Canadian North-West wheat lands are the best and most productive on the American continent.

A great world-wide Temperance Movement is to be commenced on Sunday, November 23rd. It will be under the general direction on this continent of the National Temperance Society, largely supervised by special committees. The special committee for Great Britain and Canada is headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury; and for the United States by Henry B. Metcalf of Rhode Island. The public agitation of the matter is in the hands of a press committee of which W. N. Hearst, of the New York Journal, is chairman, and Dr. Jas. B. Dunn, secretary of the National Temperance Society is secretary. It is said that co-operation will be made by the various ministerial bodies throughout British Columbia.

The Provincial Government Loan has been all underwritten, and will be issued at 92. Hon. Mr Prentice has proved himself to be an able Finance Minister, and the successful flotation of this loan will add to his reputation as a financier.

Preliminary operations in connection with the fortification of Signal Hill, Esquimalt, which have been proceeding for some time past, have been brought to a standstill, it is understood, on receipt of orders from the Imperial authorities. A couple of work and implement houses have been erected, and it is altogether likely that operations will be resumed in the near future. The intention of the war department is to fortify this hill by constructing thereon fortifications similar in character to those at Rodd Hill and Macaulay Point, and to equip new batteries with more formidable ordnance than is installed at either of the points mentioned.—Victoria Times.

Mr R. Shaw with Rev. Mr Jeremy visited Cumberland last week coming from Gabriola Island in a sloop. Both gentlemen have located there and are engaged in a fishing enterprise. A shipment of kippered cod has been received by Moore Bros., put up by Messrs Shaw and Jeremy and is a delightful and appetizing breakfast delicacy.

FOR SALE, Cheap, a Good Bicycle in first-class condition.—Apply, "News" Office.

municipality of the
City of Cumberland.

NOTICE.

All persons who are entitled to vote at the next Municipal Election must see that they are registered on or before the 1st of December next.

Office Hours:—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 7.30 p.m to 8.30 p.m.

L. W. NUNNS,
City Clerk.

Cumberland, B.C.,
11th November, 1902.

Straying on Bridges Farm, Comox, for the past six months, Yearling Heifer, has slit underneath each ear; color, rhone. Owner can have same by applying to C. Bridges, and paying expenses.

Reliable Lady Agents wanted to take orders for the Best Custom-made Dress Skirts and Walking Skirts in Canada. Write quickly.

Dominion Garment Co.,
Guelph, Ont.
Box. 209.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undernoted have made Application for Hotel Licences under the provisions of the Statutes in that behalf:—

RENEWALS

George G. McDonald, Elk Hotel, Comox; Samuel J. Cliff, Lorne Hotel, Comox; Robert Grant, Riverside Hotel, Courtenay; John H. Piket, Spring Inn Hotel, Comox Road; George Howe, Nelson Hotel, Union Bay; John Humphrey, Wilson Hotel, Union Bay; John Ward, Waverly Hotel, School Bay; H. C. and A. Bull, Heriot Bay Hotel, Valdez Island; Moses C. Ireland, Bold Point Hotel, Valdez Island; Charles Thulin, Malaspina Hotel, Lund.

TRANSFER.

Dan. McDonald, from Wm. Lewis, Courtenay Hotel, Courtenay.

NEW LICENCE.

Theodore Paterson, Port Kusam Hotel, Port Kusam.

The Board of Licence Commissioners will meet to consider the above applications on Monday the 15th December, at One o'clock p.m., at the Court House, Comox.

JOHN THOMSON,
Chief Licence Inspector,
Comox Licence District.

Cumberland, B.C.,
24th November, 1902.

Cold Storage: Air Dry System.

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

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

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

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. Buckboards, 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,
3-12-'02 STANLEY CRAIG, Prop.

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

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

To all whom these Presents shall come—Greeting.

A PROCLAMATION.

D. M EBERTS, Attorney-General. } WHEREAS by section 24 of the "Game Protection Act, 1898," it is enacted that it shall be lawful for the Lieutenant-Governor in Council, on good cause shown, to remove the disabilities as to the shooting of Pheasants in the Province, and to declare within what periods and limits the said birds may be shot:

And whereas His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor in Council, by Order in Council dated the 18th day of October, 1902, has ordered that the disabilities as to the shooting of Cock Pheasants be removed with respect to the Comox Electoral District from the twenty-fourth day of October, instant, to the thirty first day of December, 1902, inclusive:

—It is hereby ordered and declared that it shall be lawful to shoot Cock Pheasants within the Comox Electoral District from the twenty-fourth day of October, instant, to the thirty-first day of December, 1902.

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

WITNESS, the Honourable Sir HENRI GUSTAVE JOLY DE LOTBINIERE, K.C.M.G., Lieutenant-Governor of our said Province of British Columbia, in our City of Victoria, in our said Province, this eighteenth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and two, and in the second year of our Reign.

By Command,
A. CAMPBELL REDDIE,
DEPUTY PROVINCIAL SECRETARY.

29-10-'02. 2t

NOTICE.

Cumberland City,
October 8th, 1902.

HAVING SOLD OUT my Butcher Business to Mr Donald McKay, Mr Jas. McGee will pay and collect all accounts on or before November 15th, at my office next to Campbells' Bakery, Dunsmuir Avenue.

JAS. WOODLAND.

15-10-02 4t

NOTICE.

Cumberland, B.C.,
Oct. 6th, 1902.

TO all whom it may concern this is to certify that the partnership formerly existing between Donald McKay and Wesley Hodgson, in the butcher business carried on in the City of Cumberland, B C. has this day been dissolved by mutual consent.

The business will still be carried on under the name of Donald McKay, who will assume all liabilities against the late firm of McKay & Hodgson.

All accounts due the late firm must be paid to Donald McKay.

Signed. W. HODGSON.
" D. MCKAY.

Witness—F. A. ANLEY.

15-10-02 3t