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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

NINTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1901.

Heating Stoves
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We have lately received two consignments of STOVES and RANGES including the Latest Patterns. . .

AIR - TIGHT STOVES
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HARDWARE, MILL AND MINING MACHINERY, AND FARMING AND DAIRYING IMPLEMENTS OF ALL KINDS.
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WHEN YOU WANT——o
Furniture, Carpets, Linoleums, Wallpaper,
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It will PAY YOU to Correspond with us. We Manufacture or Import in Car Lots and carry the Biggest Assortment in the West——
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XMAS XMAS
IS COMING
and dont forget we have a New Stock of
XMAS GROCERIES ARRIVING
Lots of Good Things for the Holidays.
C. J. MOORE.
TRY A LB. OF OUR BULK TEA.
XMAS XMAS

WIRE NEWS.

Ottawa, Nov. 20—A cabinet meeting is being held this afternoon to consider the question of sending another corps of mounted troops to South Africa. All the ministers are in favor of sending the corps if Britain accepts."

Victoria—Owing to the birthday of Her Majesty Queen Alexandra falling this year on a Sunday, the usual royal salute will be fired the following day, Monday, December 2, by His Majesty's ships and the garrison at Work Point. Her Majesty will be fifty-seven years of age on December 1.—VICTORIA TIMES.

London, Nov. 20 A dispatch from Lord Kitchener, dated from Pretoria today says Lieut.-Colonel Brander's column has rounded up Beyers's and Badenhorst's Boer commandoes, northwest of Pretoria. The troops killed three men, wounded three and captured fifty-four, including two field cornets.

The column also captured much stock and munitions of war.

London, Nov 19—The Globe this afternoon discusses the Hay-Pauncefote treaty in its usual ultra-jingo tone. It says: "Unless Lord Pauncefote and secretary Hay have strictly observed the principle of quid pro quo, the treaty is far more likely to impair than to strengthen friendliness. If British rights on the Isthmus have been abandoned without a tangible equivalent, it will not be long before Great Britain will be invited to surrender the West Indies and even Canada as peace offerings to American chauvinism."

New York, Nov. 20—Arturo de Brigard, consul-general of Colombia to-day received private dispatches informing him that the Liberals had surprised and captured the city of Colon last night. His telegrams placed the loss at 12 killed and 30 wounded. Mr Brigard said that the taking of the town did not amount to much, as it was not a fortified place, and that Gen. Carlos Alban, governor of the department of Panama, was now in the city of Panama with 1,100 trained troops He says that when Gen. Alban returned to Colon the Liberals would run away.

Washington, Nov. 20.—To-day secretary Hill cabled United States Consul-General Cudger at Panama a direction to notify all parties who are engaged in molesting or interfering with free transit across the Isthmus that such interference must cease. He was also directed to consult freely with Capt. Perry, the commander of the United States battleship Coma, now lying at Panama. Captain Perry was cabled by secretary Long to land Marines if necessary for the free transit across the Isthmus in accordance with the treaty rights and obligations of the United States. At the same time Capt. Perry was enjoined to avoid bloodshed if possible. Meanwhile news came that commander McRae of the Machias which is now lying at Colon had anticipated this instruction from the Navy department by landing a force of bluejackets at Colon and occupying the railway station. The understanding at the Navy department was that the landing party consisted of about 100 sailors who are employed in lieu of marines, of whom the Machias has an insufficient force.

Berlin, Nov. 20—And. D. White, the ambassador of the United States to Germany, went to Potsdam yesterday for the usual ceremonious visit to the court after an ambassador's absence from the country. Under President Roosevelt's instructions Mr White communicated to the Emperor the President's message of goodwill for His majesty and for Germany, also expressing the President's hearty co-operation in everything tending towards peace and strengthening the friendly relations between the two countries.

The Emperor in reply referred in the most friendly terms to President Roosevelt, showing the greatest familiarity with the President's history and characteristics. His Majesty also dwelt upon the evidently happy influence of President Roosevelt's prestige and character upon the political development of his country. The Empress who was looking well and cheerful, referred in terms of great sympathy to the assassination of President M'Kinley

London, Nov. 20.—When Dr. Krause, the former governor o Johannesburg, who was arrested on September 2nd on the charge of high treason and inciting to murder, was brought up at Bow Street to-day for the thirteenth time, the treasury representatives created some excitement by announcing that they withdraw the application for the prisoner's extradition to South Africa and wanted Dr. Krause committed to the Old Bailey on the charges of high treason and incitement to murder. The treasury officials consider there is ample justification to try Dr. Krause here on the charge of inciting Dr. Cornelius Broecksman, the former public prosecutor of Johannesburg who was executed on September 30th, to murder Douglas Foster, an English lawyer attached to Lord Roberts's staff, who was very active against the Boers.

Krause was remanded for a fortnight in £6,000 bail.

KNIGHT OF PYTHIAS.

GRAND CHANCELLOR BINNS VISIT.

Benevolence Lodge, K. of P., last Wednesday met on the occasion of the visit of the Grand Chancellor, who, assisted by P.G.C. Haddow, exemplified the secret grand officers work. The Castle Hall was well filled by members and visiting brethren, who spent a profitable half hour in following the Chancellor's teachings. After session, a social evening was indulged in, songs, recitations and anecdotes serving to while away the time. A bountiful supper, prepared by hostess Robertson, of the Vendome, tickled the palate and filled the inner man, and it was late when the company departed for their homes, well pleased with the evening, and the Grand Chancellor.

WARM TIMES at GRANTHAM

As a result of a complaint of a parent of children attending Grantham public school, a meeting of the board of trustees convened for the purpose of investigating the affair. While the meeting was in session two farmers got into an altercation which finally resolved itself into a free fight in the room. It is said to be probable that the affair will terminate in the Police Court, but of this there is as yet no confirmation.

LOCALS.

MRS CLELAND has been very ill with la grippe, but is rapidly recovering.

DR. GILLESPIE who has been appointed assistant colliery surgeon, is registered at the Cumberland Hotel.

PIANOS.—Persons desirous of securing a really first-class piano should do so now while Mr Hicks is in town.

SERVICE.—There will be divine service on Thanksgiving day at Trinity Church, at the usual hour in the morning.

PEOPLE are returning to the town as signs of prosperity advance apace. There will be no vacant buildings in 1902.

MARRIAGE—Hon. Mr Dunsmuir and Mrs Dunsmuir have gone to San Francisco to attend the marriage of their son, Mr R. Dunsmuir.

ACCIDENT.—Little Carrie Piket had the misfortune to fall and hurt her knee on Saturday, but as no bones were broken she will be alright in a few days.

THE WILD MAN OF THE WOODS.—Constable Thompson on Saturday last brought up the unfortunate man Leedie, who has been living in a cabin near the Trent River, and is undoubedly demented.

THE track on No. 7 is progressing. Leaving No. 5 track near the cut the line goes through the rock dump and follows an easy grade with a splendid gravel road bed two miles to No. 7 shaft site.

BAZAAR.—The ladies' guild of Trinity Church contemplate holding a bazaar early next month. A number of beautiful articles suitable for Xmas presents will be offered for sale. An attractive programme is being prepared.

MARRIAGE—Mr Luigi Allara and Miss Catherine, neice of Mrs Parancelli, were married on Saturday at the residence of Mr and Mrs Parancelli. A large gathering of friends spent a pleasant evening on the occasion.

DRAWING.—Pupils wishing to be instructed in Drawing, Water-Colors and Oil-Painting will kindly call at Mrs Cleland's residence on Saturday between the hours of 2 and 5, and 7 and 9. Mrs Cleland wishes to send the order for out fits, and would like to know about how many will be required.

THE Colliery Medical Council met Saturday evening for despatch of business. The most important item brought up for discussion being the insurance for employees. Mr Dunsmuir has offered to pay one half the premium. The fund required will probably be levied by assessment.

SOCIAL.—A most enjoyable social evening was spent by the children of Grace Methodist Church on Thursday of last week. The object of the entertainment was to obtain friends with which to organize a children's swing circle. The goodly sum of $7.50 was subscribed by those present. The intention is to hold a sale of work some time in the spring.

MARRIAGE.—Miss Flodie MacDonald, fourth daughter of Mr and Mrs G. McDonald of the Elk Hotel, Comox, was married on Saturday to Mr John Baird. The numerous relatives of the bride, amongst whom are Mrs Hooper of Union Bay, Mrs J. McKenzie of Courtenay, and Mrs Stewart of Comox, will unite in congratulating Mr Baird on his successful matrimonial venture.

A GODDESS OF AFRICA.

A Story of the Golden Fleece.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBONE

Then Bedlam was let loose.

Such fiendish yells as emanated from the throats of those Zambodi warriors as they rushed pellmell hither and thither in a mad search for their unseen foe, would have won recognition among the adherents of a modern football game. Higher praise is impossible since the supporters of rival latter-day colleges are supposed to have reached the limit of lung capacity with regard to volume of sound and variety of slogans.

The impis advanced in the shape of an open fan, extending their lines continually; but with a fair start there was at least a chance of eluding them.

Expecting to run against foes in hiding at any minute the warriors did not move as rapidly as under other conditions they might have done.

Rex discovered that his fair guide knew what her course was to be, and that she had undoubtedly mapped it all out beforehand.

His hopes increased.

What if they should throw the Zambodi off their trail, and escape—oh the rapture of that thought—in its contemplation he even forgot the treasure contained in the side pockets of his coat, the whereabouts of which he had recently been bemoaning, since the last time he saw it, Lord Bruno had snatched it from the ground.

At least they held their own, and even that was a satisfaction to the fugitives.

The greatest danger menacing them day in the many small squads of warriors, returning from the hunt of the little band of argonauts—to run slapdash into the arms of such an ambush would doubtless prove very unpleasant, to say the least.

But the fair guide was wonderfully cautious, and could hear sounds ahead that never reached Hastings' ears. Only in this way could he account for the sudden turns she would make.

They were all the while ascending the mount, and presently he began to suspect that she was taking him to some refuge where she had lived aloof from the tribe since the death of her father, whom they had regarded as a wizard.

This was soon proven to be the truth. To his startled eyes there appeared a little cabin on the side of the hill, partly hidden by encroaching trees—a structure that had been doubtless erected by the hands of the man she called her father, in the days of "Auld Lang Syne" when as a child she came with him into this wilderness, this strange man who seemed to desire to hide himself from his kind.

Nor did his surprise end there at the threshold, for as they entered he found himself amid many of the comforts of civilization, which had doubtless been brought here into the wilderness to make life more endurable for the girl.

The lodge was not untenanted. A figure sprang up and stood before them, with flashing eyes. Rex saw it was a young girl of the Zambodi tribe, though long association with the white maiden had caused her to renounce many of the strange customs of her race, and adopt those of the whites.

When she saw who entered she fell on her knees, proving that in common with the rest she also worshipped at the shrine of the white beauty.

Then her wondering eyes fell on the disguised Rex, and she seemed almost overcome at the discovery; but her mistress spoke quickly to her, and she dared no longer let her eyes rest on his face, for she believed him also a god, perhaps even the terrible M'limo.

Obeying the command given her she went outside the door to watch.

And now Rex felt confused because of his heathen disguise, but he put a bold face on the matter and even laughed at it as a huge joke at his expense.

"Come," he said, with a lugubrious smile, "what would my aristocratic friends of the Racquet Club in New York say if they saw me in this war dress. Really, it gives me the queerest sensation. But whether I look like a fool or a full fledged Zambodi warrior does not matter. I am deeply in your debt, miss, and only await a fitting opportunity to repay the account."

A man may even be polite when his arms and face and chest are smeared with what might be called plumbago, with cat-tails dangling at his waist and a feather ruff around his neck that gives him the sensation of wearing a ladies' ostrich boa—circumstances do not make the man, for a gentleman is born such and his natural instincts crop out despite contrary environments.

His eyes were fastened upon her face, as though it exceeded his power to withdraw them. Who could blame him, for it was a fair countenance upon which to gaze—such as artists love to paint in connection with hovering angels, with more than a little wisdom and determination also written there.

The girl smiled at his words—perhaps the sound of his voice was like music in her ears, for since the death of the wizard, her protector, she had not heard an English tongue frame speech.

"Do not concern yourself about that, sir. What I have done is small enough, Heavens knows, when you have declared one of the objects that brought you to Zambodiland was my release, my rescue from this distasteful bondage," she said, quickly.

"Then your are not happy here?" he asked.

Her face took on an expression of sadness.

"Happy—no, no. True, I have little to complain of except of late the unwelcome attentions of Walkulla, and the evil plottings of Hassaje, the old witch doctor, who hates me in secret because I cure those who are beyond his skill. The people worship me as a spirit; but I have not been happy. Time was when as a girl I sang the whole day long—when the carol of the birds and the ceaseless murmer of the waterfall were the sweetest music in all the wide world to me." Alas! it is no longer so. Everything has changed. I hear strange voices in my sleep and while wandering alone in the forest—voices that seem to come to me from across the sea—voices that speaks in my native tongue and urge me to seek the fair country where I first saw the light of day. Oh! sir, I have begun to yearn to see my mother's home, to learn who she was, and whether she be living or dead. It is a terrible thing to be alone in this great world, and never to have known your mother."

She seems overcome for the moment, and tears glistened in her glorious eyes; but Rex knew not how to comfort her, for Rex was only a stupid man, and quite helpless to assuage a woman's grief.

His face expressed his deep sympathy, but he could only stand there and be mute, much as he might have enjoyed taking the lovely angel into his arms, and whispering that she need never again believe there was not at least one honest heart that was most intensely interested in her welfare.

Presently she seemed to recover her composure, and endeavored to smile.

"By degrees then, I have determined that when the proper time came I would fly and seek my own people. My heart has grown weary of contact with these poor, wretched blacks, for although I have endeavored to teach them many things, they are wedded to their idols, and naturally turn to the medicine man with his horrible customs, which seems to have a fascination over their souls.

"I have been sorely puzzled how to escape, for Walkulla as if suspecting my designs, has seemed to watch me day and night. So you see, deliverance from this bondage will be very welcome. Heaven takes strange methods to accomplish a result.

Rex felt very glad to be concerned in her escape, although he winced a little when he recollected how very helpless he was, now that his companions had been forced to flee. Still, her words of gratitude were pleasant to hear, and his resolve to take her from the land of the Zambodi if it were within the power of mortal to do so, was strengthened. The determination was there, and a kindly Providence, watching over the affairs of those devoted to a noble purpose, would supply the means in good time.

He had much to tell, and many questions to ask, remembering the face in the locket worn by Lord Bruno.

This fair goddess of the Zambodi was no doubt a long lost sister of the English lord. In no other way could he account for her great resemblance to the picture of Bruno's mother. Such things occur in real life as well as in fiction, and as Rex looked upon her face in the light cast by the lamp which burned some crude oil of the wilderness, he was endeavoring to see his friend there.

It was no time to ask questions, however.

Danger still hovered nigh. To his ear was borne the clamor of excited multitudes, showing that the kraal was seething with a tumultuous upheaval, doubtless resulting from the death of the war chief Walkulla. He could easily imagine that grim old humbug the witch-doctor, clad in all his hideous paraphernalia, arousing the superstitious blacks to a state of frenzy.

And even while he listened and marveled at the fearful sounds, the little Zambodi girl came plunging into the retreat to declare that the whole populace, led by the witch-doctor himself, was advancing up the side of the mountain.

CHAPTER XXI.

HASSAJE AND THE FIRE-DEVIL.

Hastings, as soon as he heard in the Zambodi girl's broken English what new disaster hung over their heads, put his hand under the dangling cat-tails and drew out his revolver.

It was mute testimony as to his intentions, and yet what folly to think he could stand off ten score of fierce black warriors with a puny weapon like that.

Down in his heart he knew full well that if deliverance came it would have to be through the influence of the fair being to whom he already owed so much.

Therefore, while showing the front of a brave man, whom danger could not daunt, he cast a quick glance not unmixed with apprehension in the direction of his companion. What would she do to meet this crisis—could her influence outweigh that of the vicious old demon of a juggler Hassaje?

To his relief he found that even such alarming news did not seem to overwhelm the young goddess who had dared set her power up in opposition to that of the necromancer claiming to have intimate dealings with the Evil One.

"I have anticipated something of this sort and in a measure prepared for it," was what she hastily said to Rex as she moved toward the exit of the retreat.

He saw her go with considerable apprehension, for while the Zambodi might believe in her as a being not of earth, the high priest was crafty and vindictive, and would exhaust every means in his power to accomplish her downfall?

"If I can assist you in any way, call upon me to the utmost," he said, and she gave him a rare smile that would haunt him for many a day.

The native girl had followed her mistress, carring several things. Evidently she had been well drilled for this emergency.

Left alone, Hastings examined his revolver which he found in first-rate condition. Then he reached out and picked up the assegai to which he had clung while escaping from the vicinity of the scene where his deadly duel with the war chief had occurred.

It was Walkulla's assegai, and as fine a stick as could be run across from Zululand to Damaraland on the west coast.

His next move was to extinguish the light so that the little cabin should be wrapped in darkness.

This done he too stepped outside, desirous of being a witness to the strange scene about to occur.

The first thing that attracted his attention was the weird light arising from a myriad of blazing torches carried by the crowd of blacks on the steep hillside.

Rex stepped forward to find a place where he could see without exposing himself, for the tumult was enough to arouse his curiosity, even if his life had not been in prril.

What he saw he never forgot. It was a picture to haunt an artist's dreams—a page from the nether world, a mingling of countless black and painted faces, grotesque forms and flashing smoking flambeaux.

Ye gods, what a weird spectacle. He forgot for the moment that it was his life they sought, and only measured the scene as a basis upon which a masterpiece fit for the best hanging at the Paris Salon could be built.

This sensation gave way to one more practical. What was about to happen—would the mad impis forget their veneration for the fair goddess, and overwhelm her in their search for the person who had slain their chief?

Rex noticed with uneasiness that some of those in the advance were bending over as they advanced.

He did not require the training of Bludsoe to understand what this meant—that these men were the expert trailers of the tribe, and that they had followed his tracks from beside the smouldering council fire where the valiant Walkulla fell, to the retreat of the white god.

Did they know the war chief had been slain by a hated paleface—perhaps Walkulla had retained sufficient strength to inform them with his last breath, or possibly the foot prints revealed this much to their keen eyes.

The main thing of course was the means to be employed in baffling their fury.

All depended on the girl.

Rex drew back and glanced toward her as she stood upon an elevation. A peculiar glow began to surround her form, an unearthly white light very like that produced by electricity. Her figure stood out like a pale statue. She had discarded the black robe and was now as he had first seen her, an angelic being in purest white.

As the peculiar light increased even Rex was astonished—it seemed to proceed from the figure itself, just as may be seen in the glow-worm or the fire-fly. Of course he knew the cause was some ingenious contrivance which had been arranged by her father, with the purpose in view of controlling the superstitious blacks.

The shouts began to grow less in volume as those below caught sight of the girl at whose shrine they had worshipped these years.

She spoke to them in their own tongue, and an answer came back.

What was said Rex could only surmise, but he felt sure it concerned him.

Curiosity again urged him to glance over the edge. A few of the blacks were on their knees, but the main throng stood erect. Rebellion was in the air—the evil influence of old Hassaje had made itself felt, and only by a supreme effort could the fair god regain her superiority over these wavering superstitious minds, so prone to be led by sophistry and a show of power.

Could she do it?

Somehow he had a great faith in her ability to cope with this new dilemma.

One thing he noticed, and this was the absence of the witch-doctor. Why had he not kept up with the procession—was he deep in some scheme for the overthrow of the white god?

(To be Continued.)

Occasionally a man is so great that he is missed for nearly a week after his death.

THE MAIDEN OF THE SMILE.

In that fair land where slope and plain
Shine back to sun and sky
And olives shield the sprouting grain
When wintry arrows fly,
Where snow fed streams seek sun warmed vale,
Through vineyard scarped defile,
The world we enter with a wail
She greeted with a smile.

Slumbering, she smiled and, smiling, woke,
And when she felt the smart
Of grave, sad life smiles still bespoke
Her tenderness of heart,
And nightly when she knelt and prayed
Beside her snow white bed
Her face was one pure smile that made
A heaven about her head.

When love first trembled in her ear
The heart throbs that beguile,
She listened with assenting tear,
Then chased it with a smile.
Sorrow and pain with smiles she bore
Unto her latest breath;
But the sweetest smile she ever wore
Was the smile she wore in death.

—Alfred Austin in Independent.

SELF FLAME OF JEWELS.

The Glow the Diamon Shows When Under Pressure.

A traveler for a diamond house was talking shop the other evening and, speaking of gems, said:

"The most overworked expression used by the unsophisticated and deeply impressed diamond purchaser is, 'It actually looks as if it glows of itself.' Now, it is not generally known that such is actually the case, although not, of course, in the way the public intends. The beauty of the gem in light is, of course, in its remarkable refractive power, but under certain conditions the diamond has more, for it may gleam even in the night with a pale but extremely beautiful light. In short, it becomes phosphorescent. Heated to a certain temperature the internal fire shows itself, and under pressure the same is true.

"Some years ago I went to Amsterdam to purchase some special stones for a California millionaire who had ordered them through our New York house, and while there I was shown the inside workings of the famous diamond cutting establisments of that city. Of all that I saw, however, the 'self flame' of the stones under pressure most surprised me. The manager placed a large rose cut gem between the jaws of a vise and carefully applied a certain amount of pressure. He then extinguished all the light in the shop, and as soon as my eyes had become accustomed to the darkness I saw the diamond emitting a soft radiance of its own like a very pale glowworm. As I remember it, he said that the yellower diamonds were slightly more phosphorescent than the first water stones.

"By the way, you would be really astonished to know the number of jewels which also possess 'self flame' to a more or less extent, and I have often wondered if the alchemists who performed such apparently well authenticated wonders in the middle ages did not know something of phosphorescence and its oddities."

What the Eye Tells.

Eyes are very treacherous, and those who meddle in amorous matters should know all about them.

When the upper lid covers half or more of the pupil, the indication is of cool deliberation. An eye the upper lid of which passes horizontally across the pupil indicates mental ability. Unsteady eyes, rapidly jerking from side to side, are frequently indicative of an unsettled mind. It is said that the prevailing color of eyes among the patients of lunatic asylums are brown and black. Eyes of any color with weak brows and long, concave lashes are indicative of a weak constitution. Eyes that are wide apart are said to indicate great intelligence and a tenacious memory. Eyes of which the whole iris is visible belong to erratic persons, even with a tendency toward insanity. Wide open, staring eyes in weak countenances indicate jealousy, bigotry, intolerance and pertinacity without firmness.

Strictly Appropriate

One of the pretty Sunday school teachers has a class of little girls, and it is her custom to tell them each Sunday of some little incident that has happened in the week and request the children to quote a verse of Scripture to illustrate the story. In this way she hopes to impress the usefulness of Biblical knowledge upon the little ones. Last Sunday she told her class of a cruel boy who would catch cats and cut their tails off.

"Now, can any little girl tell me of an appropriate verse?" she asked. There was a pause for a few moments, when one little girl arose and in a solemn voice said:

"Whatsoever God has joined together let no man put asunder."

Told Him.

An old Scottish farmer, being elected a member of the local school board, visited the school and tested the intelligence of the class by his questions. The first inquiry was:

"Noo, boys, can ony o' you tell me what naething is?"

After a moment's silence a small boy in a back seat arose and replied:

"It's what ye gi'e me t'other day for haudin yer hourse!"

A Light Sleeper.

In spite of its capacity for hard work the elephant seldom, if ever, sleeps more than four or occasionally five hours.

"Hand to Mouth" Livers.

One of the paradoxes of waste is that the persons most addicted to it are not men and women of independent means who can support themselves in spite of their extravagant expenditure, but the poorer classes. There is hardly an able-bodied laborer who might not become financially independent if he would but carefully husband his receipts and guard against the little leaks of needless expense. But unfortunately this is the one thing which the workingman finds it the hardest to do. There are a hundred laborers who are willing to work hard to every half dozen who are willing properly to husband their earnings. Instead of hoarding a small percentage of their receipts so as to provide against sickness or want of employment they eat and drink up their earnings as they go, and thus in the first financial crash, when mills and factories shut down and capitalists lock up their cash instead of using it in great enterprises, they are ruined. Men who thus live "from hand to mouth," never keeping more than a day's march ahead of actual want, are little better off than slaves.

Why the Boy Was Sure.

A certain officious head nurse in the accident ward of a local hospital received an unexpected "call down" recently. An unfortunate young man of the age of 10 had been practicing with a cartridge pistol several sizes too large for him, and the result was unpleasant. The doctors and nurses had cleansed and dressed the wound, and he was resting easily.

Then the nurse, who had not been present and who hated to miss a trick, walked over to the little boy's bed, around which the attendants were still standing, and asked him solicitously:

"Are you sure that the bullet isn't sticking there still?"

"Sure."

"What makes you think so?"

"It was a blank cartridge."

There was a sharp decline in that nurse's stock of pride, and the laughter failed of unanimity by one dissenting voice.

OVERWORKED WAGE-EARNERS

What hosts of poor, weak and debilitated men and women are sapping the vitality from their bodies by plodding long hours in poorly ventilated shops and factories. The blood gets thin and vitiated, digestion is bad, the nerves become shattered and exhausted, there are headaches, backaches and weariness that is not overcome by the night's rest. Despondent and despairing of having strength and vigor restored, life becomes a burden to the wage-earner who cannot afford the rest he so much needs.

The system demands unusual assistance. It requires just such aid as is best afforded by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the great tissue builder and nerve restorative. Thousands of exhausted and weak men and women have gone to work with new strength and a current of fresh new life flowing through their veins after using this treatment. Their minds act more clearly, their nerves are more reposeful, their digestion is better and their work more easily accomplished.

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

Fifty cents a box. 6 boxes for $2.50; at all dealers, or post paid from Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

RUSSIAN STUDENTS.

WHY THEY SOMETIMES REVOLT AND WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THEY DO.

Universities Are Center of the Disturbances—Students Live on a Cent a Day—Two of the Best Hated Men In the Czar's Domains.

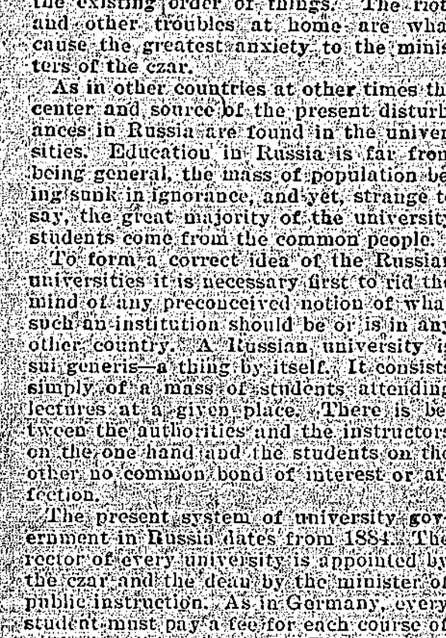
Trouble, both external and internal, seems to be the portion of Russia in the present and in the near future. Of the two the internal is, according to the keenest observers, by far the more serious, for, while the Muscovite empire has little to fear from international squabbles in the far east or elsewhere, her domestic disturbances seriously threaten the existing order of things. The riots and other troubles at home are what cause the greatest anxiety to the ministers of the czar.

As in other countries at other times the center and source of the present disturbances in Russia are found in the universities. Education in Russia is far from being general, the mass of population being sunk in ignorance, and yet, strange to say, the great majority of the university students come from the common people.

To form a correct idea of the Russian universities it is necessary first to rid the mind of any preconceived notion of what such an institution should be or is in any other country. A Russian university is sui generis—a thing by itself. It consists simply of a mass of students attending lectures at a given place. There is between the authorities and the instructors on the one hand and the students on the other no common bond of interest or affection.

The present system of university government in Russia dates from 1884. The rector of every university is appointed by the czar and the dean by the minister of public instruction. As in Germany, every student must pay a fee for each course of study he elects to follow. This fee goes to the professor, who receives besides a salary from the government. Russian university students need not attend the lectures. They are simply obliged to follow the course of study they elect in any manner they may choose.

The vast majority of Russian university students are wretchedly poor, and some of them live on a cent or two a day. They are absolutely forbidden to form any clubs or associations of any kind or to hold public meetings, and in their goings and comings are subjected to the closest surveillance. The slightest action on the part of a student that seems suspicious to the authorities causes redoubled vigilance, and the merest trifle of an offense that would be overlooked or laughed at here is sufficient cause for severe punishment. The Russian government maintains at each university an official



GRAND DUKE SERGIUS.

known as an inspector, assisted by a small army of spies, whose duty it is to keep watch on the students. The government of the czar spends a small fortune each year on these inspectors.

In spite of harsh, repressive measures, however, the great and growing discontent of the people of Russia finds a voice in the universities. The present disturbances are taking place at the universities of Kiev, Odessa, St. Petersburg and Moscow, the most important in the empire. The alleged reason for the outbreak is the dissolution by the government of all existing student organizations, which had been founded by stealth, but the real reason goes deeper and is rooted in the discontent of the mass of the people.

In June of last year a general congress of Russian students, attributed by the government to certain student secret societies and convened, according to the same authorities, for the criminal purpose of the unification of the student clubs into one organization, was called together at Odessa. The government broke up this meeting, and riots ensued. There have been sporadic outbreaks ever since that time.

According to most Russian agitators the fault lies not with the czar, who is a weakly man, lacking both the splendid physique and the stern will of his ancestors. The malcontents hold that their "little father" does not know their distress and that he is being kept in ignorance by his ministers and family.

The most unpopular of the ministers and the most powerful and best hated man in Russia is the famous or infamous procurator of the holy synod or actual head of the Greek church. This man is named Constantine Petrovitch Pobiedonostseff, and he is sometimes called the "Russian Torquemada." To him are due the cruel measures against the students, the Jews and the dissenters from the official church. The recent attempt on his life only shows the hearty detestation in which he is held, but with the czar and the government he possesses unbounded power.

The member of the czar's immediate family most feared and hated by the progressives of Russia is probably the Grand Duke Sergius Alexandrovitch, the uncle of the emperor. He holds the important post of governor of Moscow, the ancient capital of Russia. He is very unpopular for he is arrogant, bigoted and brutal. The riots which began at Moscow on March 4 and continued for several days, in which at least one student was killed and many severely injured, were directed partly against this detested member of the imperial family, who was then celebrating the tenth anniversary of his appointment as governor of the city.

MEN'S VIEW OF WOMEN.

Earth has nothing more tender than a pious woman's heart.—Luther.

Remember, woman is most perfect when most womanly.—Gladstone.

Lovely woman that caused our cares can every care beguile.—Beresford.

He that would have fine guests let him have a fine woman.—Ben Jonson.

A woman's strength is most potent when robed in gentleness.—Lamartine.

Disguise our bondage as we will, 'tis woman, woman, rules us still.—Moore.

Oil and water, woman and a secret, are hostile properties.—Bulwer Lytton.

Women need not look at those dear to them to know their moods.—Howells.

Kindness in woman, not their beauteous looks, shall win my love.—Shakespeare.

Raptured man quits each dozing sage, O woman, for thy lovelier page!—Moore.

He is a fool who thinks by force or skill to turn the current of a woman's will.—Samuel Tuke.

The most beautiful object in the world, it will be allowed, is a beautiful woman.—Macaulay.

If the heart of a man is depressed with cares, the mist is dispelled when a woman appears.

Taking Sunday Collections.

An old and not yet obsolete mode of taking a collection in a Scotch church is by means of a ladle—a small wooden box at the end of a straight wooden shaft about four and a half feet long, the top of the box being sufficiently open to receive contributions of money. For all special collections this was the usual mode in the chief churches of Edinburgh when I was a boy at school there 50 years ago, but it has gradually gone out of fashion and is not often to be seen nowadays.

For ordinary Sunday collections the general custom has been to have a metal plate or basin on a small table at the church entrance superintended by an elder—a mode which was often called the brod. When ladles are used, they are handed round the congregation by elders after the sermon or after the last psalm, and the common Scotch phrase to "lift" the collection may have come from this custom.

Some Queer Verdicts.

What is "a reasonable state of intoxication" apparently just missed precise definition by a coroner's jury in Mississippi which stated in its verdict that "we, the jury, find that deceased came to his death by a stroke of an east bound train, No. 204, on I. C. Railroad at Fentress, Miss., in Choctaw county, he being in a reasonable state of intoxication."

A somewhat similar indefiniteness of legal conclusion mars a verdict of a neighboring Georgia jury to the effect that "we, the jury, find the defendant almost guilty."

Equally as uncertain and ambiguous as these statements by laymen is the opinion in an early Maryland case which "acknowledges the corn" by saying that an occurrence referred to took place "at a former sitting when the court was full."

Too Liberal.

Wife—Here's an advertisement in the paper that you'd better look into. It says a man is wanted, and he won't be worked to death, and he'll get paid enough to live on.

Husband—Says he won't be worked to death, eh?

Wife—Yes; and they promise pay enough to live on.

Husband—Some catch about that!

Mary's Fractious Sister.

"I suppose your baby sister cries some?" asked one of the neighbors. "Cries!" said Mary. "Why, she just seems to look on the dark side of things all the time!"

Honeycomb.

There are 9,000 cells in a piece of honeycomb a foot square.

A Depraved Appetite.

"No, we couldn't have our usual ride on Sunday, and we were so disappointed!"

"What was the trouble?"

"Why, our horse got loose in the night and ate up his best bonnet."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She Did as He Advised.

Hocus—What happened when you told your mother-in-law to mind her own business?

Pocus—I don't exactly know. When I recovered consciousness, I was in the hospital.—Tit-Bits.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Set a small box of lime in the pantry, and it will help to keep it dry and the air pure.

Soda should never be used for flannels, and if they are kept in good condition they should be neither mangled nor ironed.

Mud stains can usually be removed from silk by rubbing with a piece of flannel. If the stain proves obdurate, rub with a piece of linen saturated with alcohol.

If your window glass is lacking in brilliancy, clean it with a liquid paste made of alcohol and whiting. A little of this mixture will remove specks and impart a high luster to the glass.

To render feathers white immerse them for a short time in naphtha or benzine. Rinse in a second dish of the same and dry in the open air. Then bleach by exposing in a box to the vapor of burning sulphur in a moist atmosphere.

Good clear starch is easily made. Wet the lump starch with cold water, stir till smooth, pour on boiling water and cook till clear. It takes a quart of boiling water to "clear" two tablespoonfuls of lump starch. If too thick, thin with blued water.

Including the Frame.

His indulgent friends had praised his attempts at painting and drawing to such an extent that the youth really imagined himself to be an artist. His wealthy friends even bought his pictures for considerable sums of money "to encourage him," as they said.

Recently in walking along the Strand in London he was much delighted at seeing one of his pictures, finely framed, in a dealer's window, especially as he was walking with a pretty lady before whom he wished to appear in the best possible light.

Calling the attention of the lady to the picture, he said:

"Pardon me, but I have some curiosity to know how my pictures stand commercially."

And the two entered the shop.

"My good man," said he to the keeper of it, "what is the price of that picture in the window here?"

"Three shillings."

"Great Scott!" cried the artist recoiling.

The shopman, thinking the exclamation to be one of surprise at the high price, added:

"Well, it includes the frame!"—Exchange.

The Successful Doctor.

The king of purgatory sent his lictors to earth to bring back some skillful Chinese physician. "You must look for one," said the king, "at whose door there are no aggrieved spirits of disembodied patients." The lictor went off, but at the house of every doctor they visited there were crowds of wailing ghosts hanging about. At last they found a doctor at whose door there was only a single shade and cried out, "This man is evidently the skillful one we are in search of." On inquiry, however, they discovered that he had only started practice the day before.—Giles' "History of Chinese Literature."

Wet Wedding Days Preferred.

The adage "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on" is one that is unknown in many lands. A Breton bride takes it unhappily when the day of her wedding dawns bright and sunny. Rain on her marriage morn is held to signify that all her tears are shed and that she will therefore have a happy married life.

It is said that the Erza of Simbrisk call the day before the wedding the weeping day, and the bride and her girl friends weep as much as possible with the idea of getting the mourning of life over, so that only what is joyful may remain. In some countries this result is attained by sousing the bride with water. The Greeks think that a thorough drenching of the bride will bring her lasting good fortune.

Crushed the Diamond.

Among historic diamonds one, the "Piggott," has gone out of existence. The story of its destruction is a tragical one. It was said to be worth $200,000. The diamond came into the possession of Ali Pasha, who always wore it in a green silk purse attached to his girdle.

He was wearing it when he was wounded by Reshid Pasha. Knowing that his wound was mortal, he immediately retired to his divan, gave orders that his favorite wife should be poisoned and then delivered the diamond to Captain D'Anglas with the order that it should be crushed to powder in his presence. His command was obeyed, and the beautiful gem was utterly destroyed.

Sugar Refining.

The refining of sugar was invented in Antwerp in the sixteenth century.

Stamped Them.

She stamped her feet in pretty rage.

"Ha, ha!" sneered the heavy villain. "You'll have to pay excess postage on them. You had as well stamp them some more."

True, her feet were not the kind that made Cinderella famous, but was it real chivalry in him to say such things?

HIS START IN LIFE.

"DOC" HARTMAN AND HIS WONDERFUL GREASE ERADICATOR.

With Soap Candles and Bottles of Rainwater He Fooled the Public and Laid the Foundations of a Substantial Fortune.

"Talk about your self made men," said an old timer among a party of horsemen gathered in one of the speedway inns, "I don't think any of 'em can equal the early experiences of Tim Hartman, who died in St. Louis many years ago, leaving nearly a million dollars to be fought over by his heirs. He made his first good sized pile on patent medicines, then he picked up a great deal more on real estate, and at last he rounded out with speculation in Montana copper, but he was known as 'Doc' Hartman to the time of his death by his few intimate friends.

"But the story that I'm going to tell, and the one which he often told himself, concerns his very earliest experiences in the accumulation of money. Tim Hartman started life with $1. He kicked around as a barefooted boy—and a pretty mean one, too—in a little town in Connecticut until he was 13 years old, and at that time he had become so fresh and so full of wind and general cussedness that his father one day told him he was no good, never had been and never would amount to a picayune. The old gentleman, just to carry out the bluff, told Tim that he had a good mind to cut him off with a dollar and make him earn his own living. Tim straightened up and called the bluff. He told the old man that he would take the dollar and get out then and there and hustle for himself. The old man handed him a crisp $1 bill and told him that he'd be glad to see him make a fortune with it.

"The first thing that cuss did was to go about in a few back yards that he knew of and gather together a lot of empty bottles which were of no use to anybody. Then, for 10 cents, he bought a large cake of a kind of white soap that was then, and still is, on the market. He melted this soap and, after borrowing an ancient pair of candle molds from an old granny in the neighborhood, made two beautiful looking candles of soap. He next filled his bottles full of choice rainwater. Then he made for himself one of those little three legged tables like the chuck-a-luck and shell game men use outside the circus, and struck out on foot for a county fair that was being held about 40 miles away.

"When he got there he put up his little table outside the grounds, where the crowd was pretty thick, lighted one of his soap candles and began to extol the virtues of 'Dr. Hartman's Famous *Grease Eradicator*,' contained in the bottles set before him.

"'Now, ladies and gentlemen,' he would shout in a stentorian but plausible voice, 'this marvelous liquid, so harmless that it can be drunk with impunity by the smallest infant and yet so penetrating that it will seek out and destroy stains and discolorations from the most refractory substance, was discovered by accident by the famous scientist, Dr. Hartman, the eminent scholar, while he was wandering o'er the wilds of Patagonia. It is colorless, you see, as the waters from heaven, and yet observe the effects of its startling properties!'

"At this point Tim would reach for his soap candle and, inverting it, would smear a lot of the grease over the sleeve of his coat.

"'Now, every one of you knows, ladies and gentlemen,' he would continue, reaching over and uncorking a bottle of his rainwater, 'that there is nothing so penetrating and ineffaceable as the grease from a candle, and yet it is a stain that we are all likely to suffer almost every evening of our lives while toying with that common article of the household, the candle. You will observe that my sleeve is smeared with the annoying substance. Behold'—

"Here that country bred fakir would spill a couple of drops of his rainwater on the soap and, with a rub or two would produce a beautiful lather. Another swipe and the soap would have entirely disappeared from the sleeve, leaving not a trace.

"'Now, we make this famous eradicator in such enormous quantities,' Tim would continue, 'that in order to introduce it into every home in this broad land we will dispense with it at the absurdly low price of 5 cents, a nickel a bottle. Step right up! Step right up!'

"Then, when the public was surging forward to purchase the rainwater, Tim would pause occasionally to drink a bottle of it, just to show that it was absolutely harmless.

"Well, the stuff went like hot cakes. When Tim's bottles were all exhausted, he bought more, and when the fair was over he went to another and another until he had traveled all over the country. Then, in some way or other, I don't know how, he got hold of some old patent medicine, and, being a genius, of course he made a big go of it. So that's the way Tim Hartman almost became a millionaire."

Raintime.

Rain falls most frequently all over the world between 3 and 8 o'clock in the morning.

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND.

John Bull and His People—An Extra Newsy Record of Occurrences in Their Island Home.

Sir R. West has been appointed reader in Indian law at Cambridge University.

The old English custom of dressing the wells is still observed at Fissington, in the Midlands.

Two of the King's wild boars have been sent from Windsor Great Park to Western Australia.

A rope of pearls with a brilliant snap sold for £850 at Debenham, Storr & Sons' rooms, Covent Garden. A row of 52 pearls realized £250.

King Edward has appointed Abbas Kuli Khan to be Assistant Oriental Secretary to His Majesty's Legation at Teheran.

A picture of a child with cherries, by Sir H. Raeburn, realized 2,000 guineas at the sale of the late Sir W. Cunliffe Brooks' pictures.

At Birkenhead, T. H. Callow, gunsmith, was fined £30 and costs for sending gunpowder by train to Bristol without registering it as such.

It has been decided to establish a Public-House Trust Company for Essex. A fully licensed public-house is at the disposal of the company.

Owing to the small attendance on Sundays at the St. George's-in-the-East Public Library, London, it has been decided to close it altogether on that day.

Damage amounting to between £20,000 and £30,000 was done by a fire at the timber yard of the City Sawmills, Glasgow, owned by Messrs. Brownlie & Co.

Mr. Joseph Goodrich, an old farmer, of Cotton, near Stowmarket, left £70,000. After providing for his family he bequeaths about £40,000 to Suffolk hospitals.

The members of the Royal Navy Club 1765-85 dined at the Hotel Metropole to commemorate Lord Howe's action, June 1, 1794. The guest of the evening was Lieut.-General Sir C. Clarke.

The amount thrown to the children of the Poor Law Schools at Sutton by persons driving to and from the Derby and Oaks was £206 9s. The money goes to the Children's Recreation Fund.

A sensation was caused in Gnoll Road Congregational Church, Neath, by a gentleman in the congregation, named Williams, excitedly protesting against the introduction of politics into the pulpit.

The marriage of Commodore W. Goodenough, H. M. S. Resolution, and Henrietta Margaret, eldest daughter of the Hon. Lyulph Stanley, and niece of Lord Stanley of Alderley, was recently celebrated.

Chichester was gaily decorated when Lord Roberts, accompanied by his eldest daughter, Lady Aileen Roberts, drove through on a visit to his aide-de-camp, Lord Selbrington, at Molecombe House, Goodwood.

Odds and Ends.

For every 110 civilians, 380 soldiers commit suicide in Great Britain.

A record pine log, 94 feet long, 19 inches square and perfectly straight, was recently landed at Leith.

Italy and Spain have fewer houses in proportion to population than any other country. The Argentine Republic has most.

Since 1840 European towns have increased 470 per cent. in population, while in the country districts, increase has been but 70 per cent.

Britain digs canals more cheaply than other countries. The average cost of English canals being £9,600 a mile, against £10,000 in France and £15,500 in Canada.

Potatoes have ceased to be the principal root crop of Ireland, if they are to be compared with turnips by weight or yield—last year, for example, only about 1,542,000 tons, against 4,426,000 tons of turnips.

The tusks of Congo elephants are as a rule very large and weigh on an average 60 pounds. Some of them are of extraordinary size. At the Brussels exhibition a pair of tusks were on show each of which weighed 156 pounds.

At the Moon sale of coins in London a silver Oxford crown of King Charles I. brought $745; an Oliver Cromwell pattern gold 50-shilling piece, $700; a "petition" crown of Charles I. in silver, $1,575; a pattern crown in gold of George III., 1817, $720, and a double sovereign of Edward VI., $1,275.

Heine in Japanese.

The first European book that ever appeared in the Japanese language was a translation from the German of Heine's songs.

Modern Man's Great Appetite.

Custom seems to have decreed that three "square" meals a day should be the allowance for the citizen of the United States and Canada, and it was looked upon as being as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians, but an up town restaurant man states that a great number of New Yorkers are no longer satisfied with the regulation three meals a day. Four meals are now asked for, breakfast, lunch, dinner and supper. The last is no doubt superfluous for those who can and do make three hearty meals out of the others, but there must be many who will learn with pleasure that it is no longer incumbent upon them to go "supperless to their bed." The idea that indigestion may be caused by the introduction of the fourth meal is absurd.

"WHEN SKULE LETS OUT!"

I'm happy ez a clam; oh, you kin bet I'm feelin gay!
Becuz the time fer closin skule gits nearer ev'ry day.
I'm sick uv this here study work an monkeyin in skule,
Uv learnin that ole gograty an math'metician rule.
I jist can't git it through my head—the spellin book, I mean—
Fer blame near ev'ry word I spell I miss it slick and clean.
Oh, won't I be a happy kid an won't I whoop an shout
An have the slickest kind uv time
When
Skule
Lets
Out!

It ain't a bit uv fun fer me to go to skule an learn
'Bout who discovered 'Meriky, cuz I don't keer a durn!
I ten times druther be the man what has a line an hook
An 'scovered that the fish are bitin down in Colton's brook.
I don't see why they fill me up on 'rithumtic an say
I'm goin to be a banker, like my papa is, some day,
Becuz I'll be a pirut or a cowboy, jist about
Ez quick, by ginger, ez I kin
When
Skule
Lets
Out!

I wonder if they think it's fun to multiply an add.
I never yit could figger right, an that's what makes me mad.
The only time in all my life when I kin figger straight
Is when I figger slidin in about ten minutes late.
I druther read uv Buff'lo Bill an what the cowboys do
Than hear 'em tell 'bout Dewey an his brave an trusty crew.
I'd like to kill a Injun chief an be the Buckskin Scout,
An mebby I will stand a show
When
Skule
Lets
Out!

Jist think uv what I'm missin in the way uv winnin fame!
If I keep goin on to skule, I'll never carve a name.
I don't see how I'll stan' a show to do a blessed thing
If I must stay cooped up in skule a-studyin, by jing!
But, hully gee, I'm glad it's June, an soon I will be free;
They won't be no more schoolin fer awhile, you bet, fer me!
I'll make things hum around our house when I begin to spout:
Gee whiz! I wish't this wuz the day
When
Skule
Lets
Out!

—E. A. Brininstool in Los Angeles Times.

Tactical Blunder.

Maud—Has Mr. Goodketch come to call on you yet?

Mabel—No. He asked me several weeks if he might call too.

Maud—What did you say in reply?

Mabel—I told him mamma would be glad to see him.

Maud—Well, that's where you swallowed your gum.—Chicago Tribune.

Mean of Them.

"Well, Dorothy," said Aunt Jane, "they've decided to name the baby Harold."

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed little Dorothy. "I think that's too mean. Why couldn't they name it Elsie or something? They know I want a little sister."—Philadelphia Press.

A Test of Prominence.

"He assumes a great deal of importance as a public official," said one Chinaman.

"Yes," answered the other, "but any one can see he doesn't really amount to much. He has been beheaded only twice in the past six months."—Washington Star.

A Very Painful Joke.

Bertie Soppiful—I s'pose, my boy—aw—that all the acres heah belong to the—aw—squire—aw!

Kid (with toothache)—Some on 'em. But I've got arf a dozen achers of me own, and well I knows it!

Emergency Ability.

"Women have no originality—no inventive genius."

"Nonsense. I've seen my stenographer make a memorandum with a hatpin on a cake of soap when she had no paper handy."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Fair Minded, Anyhow.

Briggs—Who was the homeliest man you ever saw?

Griggs—Ugglimugg, by all odds. He was so homely that he took offense if you told him that his children resembled him in the least.—Boston Transcript.

Not His Way.

Judge—You are charged with stealing six turkeys from Colonel Smilax. Have you any witnesses?

Rastus—No, sah; you bet I ain't. I doan' steal turkeys befo' witnesses, sah."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

ASTHMA CURE FREE

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in All Cases.

SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL.

Write Your Name and Address Plainly.

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

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

Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler,
Rabbi of the Cong. Bnai Israel.
New York, Jan. 3, 1901.

DRS. TAFT BROS.' MEDICINE CO.,

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

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

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

DR. TAFT BROS MEDICINE CO.,

Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene, for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as many others, I chanced to see your sign upon your windows on 130th street New York, I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her Asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease.
Yours respectfully, O. D. PHELPS, M.D.

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO. Feb. 5, 1901.

Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full-size bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have family of four children, and for six years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and doing business every day. This testimony you can make use of as you see fit.
Home address, 235 Rivington Street. S. RAPHAEL,
67 East 129th St., New York City.

TRIAL BOTTLE SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO., 79 East 130th St., New York City.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

A PIG RAISER'S NOTION.

No "Bumps" For the Farmer In This Clean, Sweet, Paying Pigpen.

The picture, from Rural New Yorker, shows the style of pigpen that a firm of Kansas farmers claims has given best results after 20 years' experience

A KANSAS PIGPEN.

in that line: "We have tried everything, from a tight barn with a little window in the south side and a stove in the north side through 'wigwams' and open shed to a bunch of grass in the field. As to the merits of the pen shown, the most important is the large hinged door on the south side that admits sun to the whole of the pen and keeps it sweet and warm. We never have wet nor ill smelling pens. Have the roof slanting at least 45 degrees. This makes the north side so high that the north winds do not blow in the pens when doors are open. Then, again, when the roof is high at the center you can get into the pen without bumping your head. A farmer gets enough bumps in life without going to a pigpen for them. The figure will show how the pens are constructed. Twelve foot roofing boards are cut so that 4½ feet are on the south side and 7½ on the north; width of pens, 8 feet; height on sides, 30 inches, and each sow has seven feet in length. Cost of materials is about $2 per pen. We raised 150 pigs with six pens last spring. At a month old we put the litters in open sheds. We found it did not pay, so have built six more pens."

True to Life.

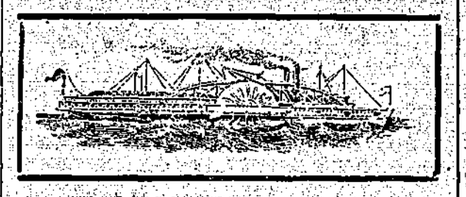
Hoax—They say D'Auber's animal pictures are remarkably true to life.

Joax—Yes. They're beastly, sure enough.—Philadelphia Record.

Slow Cooling of Beeswax.

The most of the wax in this country is of a bright yellow if properly cleansed, but when rapidly cooled, as is likely to be the case with the inexperienced, it has mixed in it more or less foreign particles that give it a dull or dirty color. If allowed a long time in cooling, it will be kept a long time in that liquid state suitable for the settling of the foreign particles, and thus the dirty looking wax will become bright yellow, says American Bee.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.



Steamship Schedule Effective September 30th, 1901

NANAIMO COMOX ROUTE.

S. S. "City of Nanaimo."

Sails from Nanaimo, for Union Wharf, Comox and Way ports on Wednesdays at 7 a. m.

Sails from Comox and Union wharf for Nanaimo and way ports Thursdays at 8 a. m.

"S. S. THISTLE,"

Sails from Nanaimo for Union wharf and Comox direct on Thursdays at 10 a. m.

Sails from Comox and Union wharf for Nanaimo direct on Friday at 6 p.m.

GEO. L. COURTNEY,
Traffic Manager

Black Diamond Nursery

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ASSESSMENT ACT AND PROVINCIAL REVENUE TAX.

COMOX DISTRICT.

NOTICE is hereby given, in accordance with the Statutes, that Provincial Revenue Tax, and all taxes levied under the Assessment Act, are now due for the year 1901. All the above-named taxes collectible within the Comox District are payable at my office, at the Court House, Cumberland. Assessed taxes are collectible at the following rates, viz:—

If paid on or before June 30th, 1901:—
Three-fifths of one per cent. on real property.
Two and one-half per cent. on assessed value of wild land.
One-half of one per cent. on personal property.
Upon such excess of income—
CLASS A.—On one thousand dollars and not exceeding ten thousand dollars, one per cent. up to five thousand dollars, one and two per cent. on the remainder:
CLASS B.—On ten thousand dollars, and not exceeding twenty thousand dollars, one and one-half per cent. up to ten thousand dollars, and two and one-half per cent. on the remainder:
CLASS C.—On twenty thousand dollars, and not exceeding forty thousand dollars, one and one-half per cent. up to twenty thousand dollars, and three per cent. on the remainder:
CLASS D.—On all others in excess of forty thousand dollars, three per cent. up to forty thousand dollars, and three and one-half per cent. on the remainder.
If paid on or after 1st July, 1901:—
Four-fifths of one per cent. on real property.
Three per cent. on the assessed value of wild land.
Three-quarters of one per cent. on personal property.
On so much of the income of any person as exceeds one thousand dollars, in accordance with the following classification upon such excess the rates shall be namely:—
CLASS A.—On one thousand dollars, and not exceeding ten thousand dollars, one and one-half per cent. up to five thousand dollars, and two and one-half per cent. on the remainder:
CLASS B.—On ten thousand dollars, and not exceeding twenty thousand dollars, two per cent. up to ten thousand dollars, three per cent. on the remainder:
CLASS C.—On twenty thousand dollars, and not exceeding forty thousand dollars, three per cent. up to twenty thousand dollars, and three and one-half per cent. on the remainder:
CLASS D.—On all others in excess of forty thousand dollars, three and one-half per cent. up to forty thousand dollars, four per cent on the remainder.
Provincial Revenue Tax $3 per capita.

JOHN BAIRD,
Assessor and Collector.
Cumberland, B. C., 11th January, 1901.
My 2

GOVERNMENT DISTRIBUTION OF STUMPING POWDER.

Farmers desirous of being supplied with Blasting Powder at cost price for clearing land can obtain blank forms of requisition from the Secretaries of Farmers Institutes:

Henry Hills, Secretary Farmers' Institute, Alberni.
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A. M. Verchere, Mission, Mission City.
G. W. Chadsey, Chilliwack, Chilliwack.
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John Ball, Matsqui, Abbotsford.
A. H. Crichton, Oboyoos, Kelowna.
W. P. Horsley, Spallumcheen, Armstrong.
S. M. McGuire, Salmon Arm, Salmon Arm.
J. W. Smith, Kamloops, Kamloops.
H. Percy Hodges, Okanagan, Vernon.
Department of Agriculture, Victoria, B. C. May 8th, 1901.

J. R. ANDERSON,
Deputy Minister of Agriculture.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

Issued Every Wednesday.

W. B. ANDERSON, - - - - EDITOR

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

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

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 27, 1901.

HENRI G. JOLY DE LOTBINIERE.
CANADA.
PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

EDWARD VII., by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, KING, Defender of the Faith, &c., &c., &c.

To all to 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 Honor the Lieutenant-Governor in Council, by Order in Council dated the 24th day of October, 1901, has ordered that the disabilities as to the shooting of Cock Pheasants be removed with respect to the Comox Electoral District, during the months of November and December, 1901.

It is hereby ordered and declared that it shall be lawful to shoot Cock Pheasants within the Comox Electoral District, during the months of November and December, 1901.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, We have caused these Our Letters to be made Patent and the Great Seal of the said Province to be hereunto affixed: WITNESS, the Honourable SIR HENRI G. JOLY LOTBINIERE, K.C.M.G., Lieutenant-Governor of Our said Province of British Columbia, in Our City of Victoria, in Our said Province, this 24th day of October, in the year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one, and in the first year of our Reign.

By command.

J. D. PRENTICE,
Acting Provincial Secretary.

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RE COAL MINES REGULATION ACT.

EXAMINATION FOR CERTIFICATE OF COMPETENCY.

NOTICE is hereby given that an Examination for Certificates of Competency as Managers of Mines will be held on the 1st day of August, 1901, at the Court House, Nanaimo, B.C., and at Fernie, B.C.

Candidates, not under twenty-three years of age, desirous of presenting themselve for examination, must deliver to Mr. Thomas Morgan, Chairman of Board of Examiners, Nanaimo, on or before the 15th day July, 1901, notice of such intention, in writing, together with a certificate of service from their former, or present employers, testifying to at least two years' experience underground.

The examination will be in writing and will include the following subjects viz.:—

1. Mining Acts and rules.
2. Mine Gases.
3. General Work;
4. Ventilation.
5. Mining Machinery.
6. Surveying and Levelling.

Any further particulars required may be obtained on application to Mr. Morgan, Chairman of Board of Examiners. Nanaimo, B. C.; Mr. Archibald Dick, Inspector of Mines, Cranbrook; and Mr. J McGregor, Inspector of Mines, Nelson, B.C

RICHARD McBRIDE,
Minister of Mines.

Department of Mines,
18th June, 1901. je24,4t

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TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

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

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1 Daily. A.M.		No. 3 Saturday. A.M.
De. 8:05	Wellington	De. 1:25
" 8:26	Nanaimo	4:39
" 9:52	Duncans	6:05
" 10:37	Koenig's	6:46
" 11:18	Goldstream	7.32
Ar. 11:45	Victoria	Ar. 8:00 P.M.

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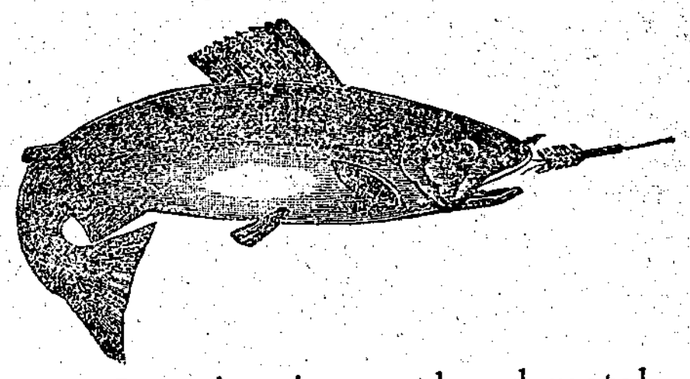

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THE NEW EVE TO THE OLD ADAM.

I charge thee, love, set not my aim too low.
If through the cycling ages I have been
A partner in thy ignorance and sin,
So through the centuries that ebb and flow
I must, with thee, God's secrets seek to know.
Whate'er the conflict I will help to win
Our conquest over foes without—within—
And where thou goest, beloved, I will go.

Set no dividing line between the twain
Whose aim and end are manifestly one.
Whate'er my loss it cannot be thy gain.
Wedded the light and heat that makes life's sun;
Not thine the glory and not mine the shame.
We build the world together in one name.
—Annie L. Muzzey in Harper's.

The Street Car To Topo Chico

WHY PATRICIA ROBBED THE DRIVER.

BY JOHN H. RAFFERTY.

Four miles above Monterey toward Topo Chico, uplifted from the dust and dead heat of the plain, lies the hacienda of Jose del Casa, the alcalde. His white home sits enshrined in a wilderness of green, encinctured by 5,000 acres of vines and corn lands and billowing meadows that reach from edge to edge of the steep walled table fountain of which his estate is the crown and glory.

Patricia, his only child, 18, with sloe black eyes, hair like a stormcloud and the oval, luminous face of a Botticelli Madonna, had spent three years with the Ladies of the Sacred Heart in Paris. She had seen the boulevards and sniffed from afar the gallantry and gayety of the French capital. Therefore she yearned and moped amid the desolate splendor of her Mexican home.

Have you ever seen the queer little street car line with its tandem of small brown mules that runs, or, rather, creeps, between the Hotel Hidalgo, on the plaza in Monterey, down through the narrow streets, away across the dusty fields, where sage and cactus, dry and gray, cover the rising plateaus with desolate monotony, out past the beetling buttes of Casas Hacienda, which tower red and hot in the sun, to the uprising canyon that leads to Topo Chico, the boiling spring, the health giving waters in whose fountain pool Aztec and Indian, peon and patrician, have sought and found health for a thousand years? This Topo Chico is the terminus of the little narrow gauge street car line that starts in Monterey. Its single car, with open seats running across the width of it, are seldom crowded. In the morning a few tourists bound for the baths smoke and idle through the tedious trip, but in the evening, when the summer sun sinks behind the green, cool shoulders of Del Casas, the lone car is always empty except for the driver or an errant shepherd returning from market in Monterey.

It was at this time in the evening that Patricia chose for a little jaunt on that queer little street car. With ancient Madre Anselma, her nurse when she was a romping child, her governess, maid and duenna by turns as the girl grew to womanhood, Patricia would ramble down the long stone stairway and in the purple shadow of the roadside thicket wait for that empty car to come droning out of the haze. Anselma neither spoke nor understood English, and so it was her wont to sit in the rear seat while the beautiful Patricia, her mantilla now fallen from before her radiant face, would sit on the front seat near the driver and urge or bribe him to send the little mules galloping.

The driver was a great, yellow haired giant, with blue eyes and a laughing mouth. For Patricia he would speed his queer little team till the car swayed like a boat on running billows and her delighted laughter fell upon his willing ears like the music of tinkling mandolins. As for Anselma, so long as the car was empty but for themselves she was content to sit in the rear seat, black, motionless, but alert, smoking her cigarettes, as Mexican women must and wondering what Patricia could have said to the big, fair Gringo to make him drive his mules so fast, to make him smile so benignantly.

Every summer evening till the chaparral lost its luster and the willows in the river bed began to scatter crackling leaves across the sands Patricia and her chaperon stole away to this clandestine frolic on the street car till it became the event of the gay child's days and a habit even with the withered woman who watched the harmless frolic.

One night as the blond American car driver was laughing and thrashing over the road with the laughing senorita at his elbow a horseman with his rifle presented loomed across the narrow road. The mules hesitated, stopped, backed up in their trace chains. The driver put down brake and ceased to smile. He seized the switch bar; bade Patricia lie down, faced the enemy.

"Money or your life!" commanded the outlaw in good English.

"You can have the box," roared the driver, "but if you rob the woman you must fight."

The robber dismounted, boarded the car, and while Patricia and the old woman looked on he smashed in the money box with the butt of his rifle and pocketed the few pitiful centavos that jingled in the bottom. If Patricia had left the car, or drawn up her lace mantilla, or even turned her face away, the robber might not have seen the diamond brooch glistening at her throat. But the sight was too much for him. The big American saw the flash of his eyes as he leveled his rifle, and at the same moment the switch bar swung above his head. The rifle cracked, the driver lurched over and fell in the dust by the road and the robber held out his hand to the woman.

"Give me the diamonds!" he bellowed.

She gave them without a word, then her watch and her ring, while the old woman, screaming like a harpy, clung to his rifle and cursed and prayed in incoherent Spanish. But the robber had no notion of harming them. He kicked the fallen driver as he ran toward his horse, and in another moment the clatter of hoof beats across the bowlder strewn valley told them that he was gone.

It was nearly dusk now, and from the stairway a hundred yards off the voice of Jose del Casa could be heard calling Patricia. She paused a moment as she heard it, then leaped to the ground and bent over the insensible driver. With her small, brown hand she pushed away the yellow curls and bent her face low above his. For a moment old Anselma could have sworn that the girl was kissing his white face, but no, after all, she was only examining with tear wet eyes the facial signs of returning life. Then she unbuttoned the collar of his shirt, fumbled beneath its folds and, snatching away a cluster of trinkets that hung about his neck, thrust them hastily into her corsage.

Then old Del Casa and two of his rancheros came up. The wounded man was placed on a bench in his car. The mules were hitched to the other end and one of the rancheros drove them back to Monterey.

"Senorita, mio muchacha, what did you take from the Gringo? What was that you snatched from his neck? Tell me, pretty one, you did not rob him?"

Patricia's smile came struggling through her tears.

"No, no, Mother Anselma," she murmured, "not so bad as that, but bad enough, too. You won't scold me, will you, mother?"

And she pulled from her bosom the poor car driver's cluster of trinkets. There were a little medal of the Virgin, a tiny amulet—the relic of Our Lady of Guadaloupe—a silken scapular and a golden locket.

"Look, mother, and forgive me," said Patricia as she opened the locket and displayed a miniature portrait of herself. "I gave it to him myself. I was afraid they might find it, and so—and so I robbed him of it."

"But you will not give it back, Patricia?" asked the scared and staring old woman.

"Yes, mother, I'll give it back to him, and more, too, mother. I'll give him that and more—everything—when he's well."

And old Anselmina could only pray.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Chinese Mourning.

If a son, on receiving information of the death of his father or mother, or a wife, suppresses such intelligence and omits to go into lawful mourning for the deceased, such neglect shall be punished with 60 blows and one year's banishment. If a son or wife enters into mourning in a lawful manner, but previous to the expiration of the term discards the mourning habit and, forgetful of the loss sustained, plays upon musical instruments or participates in festivities, the punishment shall amount for such offense to 80 blows.

Whoever on receiving information of the death of any other relative in the first degree than the above mentioned suppresses the notice of it and omits to mourn shall be punished with 80 blows; if previous to the expiration of the legal period of mourning for such relative any person casts away the mourning habit and resumes his wonted amusements, he shall be punished with 60 blows.

When any officer or other person in the employ of the government has received intelligence of the death of his father or mother, in consequence of which intelligence he is bound to retire from the office during the period of mourning, if, in order to avoid such retirement he falsely represents the deceased to have been his grandfather, grandmother, uncle, aunt or cousin, he shall suffer punishment of 100 blows, be deposed from office and rendered incapable of again entering into the public service.—American Law Review.

How He Found Out.

He had been in town several days, had taken in pretty much all the places of interest and concluded that he would take a trip out on a Woodward avenue car. On the car which he boarded were several students from a stammering school. Two of them were sitting in front of him and were very much absorbed in an animated conversation, talking in that long drawn out, monotonous voice and beating time at every syllable with the hand. One was saying: "I—was—down—town—the—other—day—and—met—an—old friend!"

"Did—you?" his friend answered in the same way.

Turning to a young man sitting next to him, the stranger inquired, "What sort of dum fools are those fellows?" when, much to his surprise, the young man straightened up and, getting his arm in action, only beating about 75 strokes a minute more than his friends were doing, said, "I—am—one—of—those—dum—fools—myself."

The stranger nearly fell off his seat and every one in the car was on in a moment. He pushed the button, got off at the first corner and waited for the next car, wondering what sort of people he had bumped up against.—Detroit Free Press.

Cause For Low Spirits.

She—You are very depressed. I didn't know you cared so much for your uncle.

He—I didn't, but I was the means of keeping him in an insane asylum the last year of his life, and now that he has left me all his money I've got to prove that he was of sound mind.—Exchange.

Butter Making Fifty Years Ago.

Thomas Helme, Goshen, Orange county, N. Y., won first prize for butter at the American Institute fair in 1849 and, as required by law, filed his method of making, giving us an idea of first class dairying a half century ago. His dairy consisted of 17 cows, the product of the year being 2,414 pounds of butter, exclusive of that used by the family of eight. The cows came into profit in the spring and were each fed per diem two quarts of grain with their hay until turned out to grass, when the pasture sufficed. The milk was strained into clean pans and allowed to stand until "loppered," when milk and cream were churned together, the churn filled half full, and water, cold or warm, according to weather, was added. The churning generally required two hours. When the butter had "come," cold water was added, the butter taken out and washed, salted and put in a cool place for about eight hours, when it was worked again and left to stand until next morning. It was then worked once more and packed away.

Cause of Low Test.

"We know of a patron whose average test in May was 1 6-10 to the 100," says Jensen's Dairyman, Beloit, Kan. "Upon investigation we found the cause of this very low test. The patron made a practice of milking a portion of each cow's milk and then letting the calf suck the rest. We here have an actual fact, proving what previous experiments have shown, that the first milk from a cow is very thin, getting gradually richer. It has been found that the first quart of milk milked from a cow tested eight-tenths, while the last quart of milk secured tested 11 per cent. Our readers will readily see the importance of clean milking, a job that should be done by the most reliable and trustworthy person on the farm. We must also reckon with the animal instinct of the cow. She doesn't give up her milk willingly, and if she is not milked clean or if she knows that her calf will get the last share of the milk she will be particularly careful in reserving the best and richest portion."

Exercise and Digestion.

A cow left alone and having room to move about freely will usually take all the exercise she needs and at the time she needs it. All attempts of her owner to force her to take exercise will prove not only useless but injurious. Some people have the idea that a cow that has a full stomach requires to be driven around to work off the surplus food. That may be a partial remedy when the cow is bloated and lies down. She is then full of gas, and some motion of her body and limbs is useful to allow the gas to escape. But in any ordinary digestion, when an animal has a full stomach, which is being disposed of normally, rest and sleep are beneficial rather than otherwise. Some exercise to maintain health is necessary, but there is no danger that a well fed cow will not take all that is good for her if let alone. She will take it when it will not distress an overloaded stomach or an udder that is distended with milk which needs to be drawn from it.—Boston Cultivator.

Getting His Money's Worth.

"You seem to lie out in the sun a good deal. Why is it?"

The man who was on his vacation turned and looked at the inquirer in surprise.

"I've got to have something to show for my money when I go back to town," he said, "and a good tan is about the easiest thing acquired."—Chicago Post.

In the Joke Factory.

"Sir," said the expectant writer, "I have here a little joke on a brand new subject which I would like to sell. I know the public tires of the old, stale jokes, and I have made a new one, entirely original, I assure"—

"What'sthjoke?"

"Why, a man has insomnia, you know, and he goes to church and hears the preacher and sleep comes over—ha, ha! Isn't that"—

Of course the city usually takes care of such cases, and the authorities made no demur when the editor rang for the ambulance and sent the poor fellow to the hospital at the public expense.—Denver Times.

A WAY TO HAPPINESS.

If You Haven't What You Like, Try to Like What You Have.

Find out as early as possible what you can best do and do it with all your might and expect to succeed, no matter what obstacles you may encounter. Cultivate a philosophical vein of thought. If you have not what you like, like what you have until you can change your environment.

Do not waste your vitality in hating your life. Find something in it which is worth liking and enjoying while you keep steadily at work to make it what you desire. Be happy over something every day, for the brain is a thing of habit, and you cannot teach it to be happy in a moment if you allow it to be miserable for years.

Make yourself worthy of true friendship and lasting respect and worthy love, and if any of these emotions seem to prove ephemeral remember they were not the realities. The real ones will come to you since you are worthy.

Acquire all the knowledge and accomplishments possible and enter into studies and sports with all your energies. They help to round life out and to keep the mind fed with a varied diet, while they open new doors of pleasure and enjoyment.

Form a habit of trying to do some little act to add to the comfort and pleasure of some living thing, man or beast, every day of your life. If you do no more than to feed a starving cat, speak kindly to a lost dog or loose the cruel check of a misused horse, you have traveled a step toward happiness and have not lived the day in vain.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Success.

A Jolly Saint.

When it can be said that in England there are only three public statues to women, it would seem as if volumes could and should be written of the accomplishments of these three. One of them at least would take 40 volumes of the size of the Encyclopædia Britannica to tell her good and homely deeds.

Dorothy Pattison she was, and Sister Dora she became to no one can say how many who were benefited by her, says the Boston Journal. Twice she did work that no other man or woman would do in a town visited by an epidemic of smallpox, and at all times through her life after she broke the bonds that held her as a schoolmistress she dealt out aid to the sick and friendless wherever and whenever they had need of her, in order to do so learning anatomy and medicine and exposing herself to frightful risks with diphtheria.

If there are any who think they are called to live a life like Sister Dora's, let them know at once that she had a downright gift for funmaking. As one of her beneficiaries said, she would "make you laugh when you were dying," and the face under her nurse's cap on her marble effigy is lighted up with a sweet, brooding smile.

A Good Suggestion.

Dainty 5 o'clock tea cloths may be made from fine linen handkerchiefs mounted with lace. One which the writer saw recently was the adaptation of this idea by a clever worker to old handkerchiefs, of which the edges had become worn. The center of cambric was ornamented with an added insertion of drawn thread work and a border of hemstitch. Each square when finished was then joined to the next by an insertion of torchon lace, and a lace insertion and border were sewed all round, thus forming an extremely pretty, delicate looking cloth. The idea is capable of developing in various ways. Silk handkerchiefs could be made up well in this manner, and a good finish might be given by working the owner's monogram in one of those forming a corner.

What One Woman Thinks.

The woman who is a good daughter generally makes a good wife.

One of the best ways to keep a man's love is to make him proud of you.

It is never judicious to recognize a fashion as being in style ten years ago.

Because a girl can make fine chocolate caramels it does not necessarily follow that she is a first rate cook.

Some women's idea of economy is to be so very careful of their clothes that they hang them up in the closet until they are too old fashioned to wear.

It isn't easy to say the part about "trespasses" in your prayers at night when you have vivid recollections of the clumsy woman who stepped on your new lace gown and tore a big hole in it in the afternoon.

The Untidy Temperament.

It may be that there is in the artistic temperament something antagonistic to tidiness, for it is a fact that most great singers and actresses toss their belongings about in the most confusing manner, making a great amount of work for their maids.

The big baskets which most of these princesses of the stage and the concert platform take on tour with them to contain their belongings are models of chaos and confusion, magnificent dresses often enough being crushed in with manuscript parts in plays, odd knicknacks, books and make up boxes.

It is one woman in a thousand among "artistes" who is even a moderate lover of order and tidiness.

Appreciative.

Miss A., who is a teacher of English in a school of high rank in her native state, Mississippi, and who, in spite of her vivacity in conversation, is, perhaps, if anything, too fastidious in her choice of words, was spending the summer at the New York Chautauqua. Her flow of spirits made her the delight of the dining table, but at the end of a fortnight she was moved by her landlady to another place. A lady from Boston who had been sitting opposite the southerner expressed her regret at the change. "I am so sorry you are going to leave us," she said with warmth. "We have all enjoyed your dialect so much."

DOG PRISONER WITH BOERS.

Remarkable Experiences of a Scotch Collie Pet of Bushmen Corps.

The men of the Bushmen's Corps who returned to Melbourne from South Africa recently brought back with them "the Bushmen's Dog"—"Bushie," a beautiful collie, who carries a sort of saddle on his back, on which, inscribed on a silver plate, are these words—"I am the Bushmen's dog—whose dog are you?"

On the voyage out Bushie was severely stabbed by a black sailor. Recovering, it landed with the regiment at Beira, where it was predicted that it could never survive the journey through Rhodesia—the tsetse flies and the ticks would kill it, but the dog accompanied the men to Marandellas, and thence to Mafeking.

On the way the ticks infested it, with the result that both hind legs became paralyzed, and for the last three weeks of the journey the dog had to be carried in one of the baggage wagons.

Two months later, during a severe engagement, he was lost, but turned up subsequently in the ranks of the Scottish Regiment, with which, after sharing the fortunes of the field, he fell into the hands of the Boers.

On the release of the Scotsmen the Boers decided to retain "Bushie," but the dog managed to escape, and, following the tracks of his comrades, rejoined the Scottish ranks after a long and lonely pursuit of over 150 miles.

The faithful animal was again made a prisoner of war, and again managed to escape, for the Wiltshires in passing through Elandsfontein to join the Bushmen at Naauwpoort in pursuit of Dewet, found him suffering from a bullet wound in the chest at the former town, so were able to restore him to his astonished master, hale and sound, when their forces joined.

"Bushie," whose sire and dam are both high-pedigreed dogs and the winners of numerous prizes, is now in the possession of the original owner.—London Times.

Knighted in a Train.

The Wellington (New Zealand) correspondent of The London Times telegraphed the other night: "Sir John McKenzie, who was knighted by the Duke of Cornwall and York in His Royal Highness' railway carriage during the Royal visit to New Zealand, is dead. Parliament adjourned out of respect for his memory." Sir John McKenzie was born at Ardross, in Rossshire, Scotland, in 1838. He went to Otago, New Zealand, in 1860, and soon acquired sufficient experience to become working manager of the Pakitapu Station, near Palmerston. Afterward he carried on farming on his own account in the Shag Valley. In 1868 he unsuccessfully contested Waikouaiti for a seat in the Provincial Council of Otago. Three years later, however, he was elected to the Waihemo seat, which position he held until the abolition of Provinces. Sir John McKenzie was Whip to the Stout-Vogel combination in 1884, and did good service for his party. He was appointed Minister of Lands and Immigration when the Ballance Government came into office in January, 1891. During the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York to New Zealand the Royal train, while running between Christchurch and Dunedin, was stopped opposite the residence of Mr. McKenzie, who had been ill for a long time. Mr. McKenzie entered the Royal carriage, and the Duke conferred upon him the K. C. M. G.

Rare Jewels Sold.

Some rare jewels and gems, the property of a French woman of rank, whose name was not given, realized remarkably high prices at Christie's rooms, London, the other day. Among those who viewed the jewels were King Edward and many others.

The event of the afternoon came when a magnificent pearl necklace, composed of six rows of 424 finely matched graduated pearls, was put up. The pearls were of the highest quality, and had a circular open clasp and a fine, large rose diamond in the centre. The weight of the pearls was about 4,050 grammes.

The bidding started at $50,000, and was sold to Robinson & Co., of Hatton Garden, for $100,000. Next in importance was a beautiful rope of 234 graduated pearls, a fine orient, which was secured by E. J. Arbid for $15,750.

Snails as Racers.

The new summer sport is snail racing, according to London Answers. While not quite as exciting as horse racing, it has the advantage of being enjoyed at the clubs or any place without moving from one's chair. Clubmen began by organizing races between snails, handicapping the fleetest by putting a weight on his back.

Then they tried to find out how much weight a snail can carry, but as it was difficult to fasten weight on the animal's back they harnessed a snail to a little doll's carriage by means of a wire and a strip of paper pasted to the shell. The result was surprising. The snail moved the carriage loaded with a weight of more than eight pounds. Good racing snails have changed hands at as high a figure as £100 each.

Silkworm Cocoons.

The silkworm cocoon is from 1 inch to 1½ inches in length and of a bright yellow color.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

SHE PATIENTLY BORE DISGRACE

A Sad Letter From a Lady Whose Husband Was Dissipated.

How She Cured Him With a Secret Remedy.

"I had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery and privations due to my husband's drinking habits. Hearing of your marvellous remedy for the cure of drunkenness, which I could give my husband secretly, I decided to try it. I procured a package and mixed it in his food and coffee, and, as the remedy was odorless and tasteless, he did not know what it was that so quickly relieved his craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly, and we now have a happy home. After he was completely cured I told him what I had done, when he acknowledged that it had been his saving, as he had not the resolution to break off of his own accord. I heartily advise all women afflicted as I was to give your remedy a trial."

SENT FREE TO ALL.—A sample package of Tasteless Samaria Prescription SENT FREE with full particulars in plain sealed envelope. All letters considered sacredly confidential. Address The Samaria Remedy Co., 30 Jordan street, Toronto Ont.

The diver has a practical way of getting at things.

C. C. Richards & Co.

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

It never fails to relieve and cure promptly.

CHARLES WHOOTEN.

Port Mulgrave.

Unless a man has true faith he never calls for a second plate of hash.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Love, like lightning, seldom strikes twice in the same place. That's why widows usually marry for money the second time.

"DIAMOND HALL" PLATFORM

THE rules upon which all "Diamond Hall" mail order business is conducted are as follows:

All goods marked in plain figures. Positively only one price to all alike. All charges for carriage, etc., paid by us. Money cheerfully refunded in full upon return of goods if desired.

This makes it possible for the most distant point in Canada to have the very best stock of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry and Silverware at its very door. Try it, no matter how small the order, and be convinced.

RYRIE BROS.,
Cor. Yonge and Adelaide Streets,
TORONTO.

BENUMBED LIMBS

A TROUBLE RESEMBLING PARALYSIS IN ITS EFFECT.

The Victim Loses Strength in His Limbs and Is Usually Unable to Do Any Work—The Story of a Former Sufferer, Showing How This Numbness Can be Overcome.

From "The Whig," Kingston, Ont.

There are few men in the city of Kingston better known than Mr. H. S. Johnson, the genial proprietor of the "Bon Ton" barber parlor on Brock street. For several years he had been in failing health, being obliged to give over the entire work of his busy shop to his assistants. But this spring his health is so wonderfully improved that his many friends have been congratulating him on his restoration. In conversing with a reporter of The Whig recently, Mr. Johnson had the following to say concerning his illness and cure: "For many months I was practically paralyzed. Numbness took possession of my limbs, especially of my hands. From my hips down my body was without strength, and despite all that I could do, I was unable to prevent my hands and feet from becoming icy cold. My appetite left me, and soon I had to give up work. My general health was of course failing, and I lost flesh. As you know, I am 65 years of age, and when a man loses strength at that age, it is a hard thing to build him up again. I tried several kinds of medicines, but they all failed to benefit me. The doctors whom I consulted were also unable to help me. I was growing discouraged when some of my old customers advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. At first I refused, for I did not believe any medicine on earth could help me, but at last friendly persuasion had its effect, and I bought a supply of the pills and began taking them. I soon found that they were benefiting me, and so continued their use until Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have made me a new man. I feel stronger and better day by day, I am gaining in weight, and once again I am able to attend to trouble. I consider the pills my best friend and would not be without them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the friend of the weak and ailing. They surpass all other medicines in their tonic, strengthening qualities and make weak and despondent people bright, active and healthy. These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine, or can be had by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A man's declaration that a woman is his first love should be read like a Chinese book—the last page first.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

How the shades of the ancient prophets must sneer at the man who grinds out our weather predictions.

$100 Reward, $100

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

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Solomon gained his reputation for wisdom by refusing to umpire a ball game.

Small favors are as thankfully received as large ones are unthankfully remembered.

TRY IT.—It would be a gross injustice to confound that standard healing agent, DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL, with the ordinary unguents, lotions and salves. They are oftentimes inflammatory and astringent. The Oil is, on the contrary, eminently cooling and soothing when applied externally to relieve pain, and powerfully remedial when swallowed.

No wonder the up-to-date girl limps after being vaccinated.

Modern airships are a success—as dime museum attractions.

PARMELEE'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carswell, Carswell, P. O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Parmelee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine and one that will sell well."

Elevators lift many a discouraged mortal up in the world.

Paradoxically speaking, fast colors are those that refuse to run when washed.

No respectable cat will look at a king if there is a mouse in sight.

Sozodont Tooth Powder 25c

Good for Bad Teeth
Not Bad for Good Teeth

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

A HIGHLAND DEAL.

"Dit you wass bocht a coo, Tugal?"

"Yiss, I wass bocht him, Rory."

"And what dit you'll pay for the coo, Tugal?"

"I wass pey for her to Maister M'Parritch, sree punds serteen shillin' and sree pence, Rory," but Maister M'Parriatch gif me back ten shillin, and tounty pence and sree farthings, and ten pecks of barley meal and five pecks of oatmeal, and I gif him eight days of wark in the tatties and fower days wark in the neeps, and he carted my peats for two days, and I wass kill his pig and salt her, and he was gif me straw to thatch my hoos, and I was mend his sreshing mill and breik in his colt, and he—— That's what I wass pey for the coo, Tugal, whatever, forbye."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

An Irishman was sitting in front of his house, puffing heroically at his pipe. He would light a match and pull and pull, then throw the match away and light another. He continued the performance until the ground around him was strewn with burnt matches. "Come to dinner, Pat," said his wife. "Faith an I will in a minit, Biddy," said he. Mike was tellin' me that if Oi wud schmoke a bit uv glass Oi cud see the spots on the sun. Oi dun know whether Mike's been foolin' me, or whether Oi'm schmokin' the wrong kind uv glass!"

ELEVEN YEARS A CLOSE PRISONER

STORY OF A QUEBEC MAN'S TRIAL AND HIS LONG UNEARNED PUNISHMENT.

His Recent Marvellous Escape by the Aid of Dodd's Kidney Pills—His Gratitude to the Help that Saved Him—Six Boxes Completely Restored Him to Health.

St. Patrice, Lotbiniere, Que., Sept. 30.—(Special)—A sad story of unjust imprisonment is that told by Phillipe Boissonneault of this place. His case was worse than that of the ordinary prisoner, for his bonds were those of pain and disease. For 11 years they held him, a hopeless victim, chained, tortured, a slave to Kidney Disease.

Who is there in the world that thinks man was intended to suffer, that he merits his fate, that he deserves the afflictions disease put on him? Surely, no one thinks that. We were put here to be happy, to be healthy and free from pain. Nobody will say that Phillippe Boissonneault of St. Patrice deserved his long punishment, and nobody but will rejoice to learn that through the aid of a wonderful medicine—Dodd's Kidney Pills—he has escaped.

Dodd's Kidney Pills, the remedy that proved such a boon, have made a reputation all over the world in curing of diseases of and arising from the Kidneys. Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Backache, Bladder and Urinary Troubles, Women's Disorders, Dropsy, Nervousness and Blood Impurities all come within the scope of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and Dodd's Kidney Pills have testimonials for the cure of all of them. Phillippe Boissonneault's case was the common form of Kidney Disease.

"For eleven years I have suffered untold agony with Backache which crippled me as though I were barred and shackled. I dwindled in weight to a mere shadow. I have taken all sorts of remedies, nothing doing me any good. I read in Dodd's Almanac what was recommended for the Kidneys. I decided to try them and sent for six boxes, though without confidence, but today I am completely cured and thank Dodd's Kidney Pills alone for it."

A fool man keeps quiet when he ought to talk and a fool woman talks when she ought to keep quiet.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when purchasing.

The man who courts an heiress usually figures on drawing a capital prize in the matrimonial lottery.

A man is not wholly bad if his dog has confidence in him.

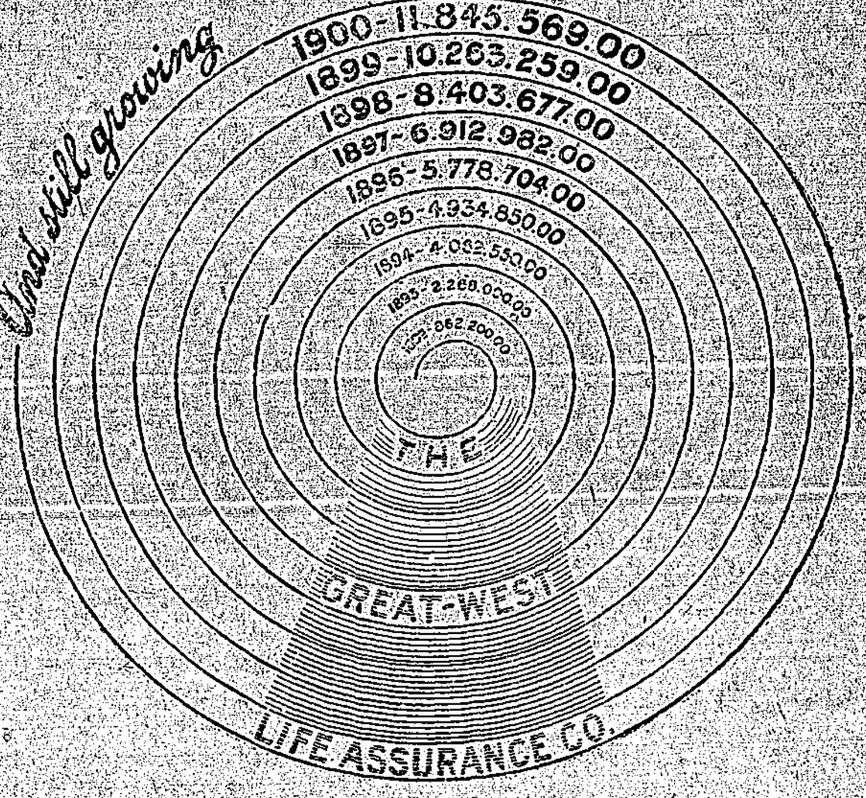
The Most Direct Route

To the hearts of music lovers is through good music well played on a WILLIAMS PIANO. There is sympathy in its tone though its volume is remarkable. The case is of exquisite design and finish so that it is an ornament as well as a musical delight. Also organs and phonographs and Eldredge "B" Sewing Machines. Easy terms. Your credit is good.

FORRESTER & HATCHER
Y. M. C. A. Bldg, Portage Ave., Winnipeg.

If you wish to enjoy a cup of really delicious tea try Blue Ribbon Ceylon.

An Ever-Widening Circle



O	O	O	T	T	R	N
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$200 IN CASH, FREE

We will give the above reward to any person who will correctly arrange the above letters to spell the names of three Canadian cities. Use each letter but once. Try it. We will positively give the money away, and you may be the fortunate person. Should there be more than 1 set of correct answers, the money will be divided equally. For instance should 5 persons send in correct answers, each will receive $40; should 10 persons send in correct answers, each will receive $20; twenty persons, $10 each. We do this to introduce our firm and goods we handle as quickly as possible. SEND NO MONEY WITH YOUR ANSWER. This is a FREE contest. A post card will do.
Those who have not received anything from other contests, try this one.
EMPIRE SUPPLY CO., ORILLIA, CANADA.

An old bachelor says if marriages are really made in Heaven, Providence must have a grudge against a lot of people here on earth.

In his VEGETABLE PILLS Dr. Parmelee has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For DELICATE AND DEBILITATED CONSTITUTIONS Parmelee's Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

SOMEWHAT ANTICIPATORY.

"A man is going to try to cross the Niagara river gorge on a bicycle with grooved wheels."

"Is he? Wonder if he'd like grooved wheels on his hearse?"

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Every time a man is too sick to go down town his wife begins to wonder how she will look in mourning.

Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these troublesome excresences, as many have testified who have tried it.

A man's heart may be in the right place, but it doesn't cut any congealed water with some women if his fortune's missing.

RICHARDSON & BISHOP
Dealers in PAPER WINNIPEG
Printers' Supplies
Billheads, Envelopes, Stationery

Saying mean things is the one bad habit cultivated most assiduously by the average woman.

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

FOR AN ENEMY'S SHOT.

Careful observations have been made in order to find out which colors for uniforms present the best marks for the enemy's shot, and it has been found that the most fatal color is red, rifle green coming next, brown third, while Austrian bluish-grey is the least fatal.

A football game is never considered a success if it is as bloodless as a French duel.

W. N. U. No. 344.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.
Subscription, $2 a year, in advance.

W. B. Anderson, Editor.

☞ Advertisers who want their ad changed, should get copy in by 12 a.m. day before issue.

Subscribers failing to receive THE NEWS regularly will confer a favor by notifying the office.
Job Work Strictly C. O. D.
Transient Ads Cash in Advance.

The Khaki.

The use of Khaki for army clothing has not proved an unmixed success. In many recorded instances in the South African campaign, the enemy have availed themselves of the ease with which the dress may be counterfeited to steal a march on the Imperial troops and create havoc before the deception was discovered. It was far more difficult to counterfeit the splendid red and blue, and gold uniform of the past, and it remains to be proved whether the object sought — inconspicousness in the field—is in the long run better for troops or worse. No dress is easier or less costly than Khaki to imitate, and so well can this be done that a wedge of the enemy could insinuate themselves into the midst of the opposing force without detection until they struck the fatal blow. There will, doubtless, be changes made yet in the clothing of troops.

The Rev. Speer again.

Nanaimo "Herald" puts it up to the Rev. Speer again and roasts him for his pro-Chinese attitude at a servant gal meeting in Toronto—

"This Mr. Speer once lived in British Columbia and had the opportunity of observing for himself what a horrible and unmitigated curse the Chinese are here. He would not have dared to make any such deliberate and gross misstatement here, and it is not anything to his credit as a man that he goes three thousand miles away to utter falsehoods in a meeting of impulsive women where he doubtless thought he was safe from being contradicted.

• • •

So much for his manhood. Now what shall we say of his Christanity?

• • •

Why in the name of God should a minister of the Gospel advocate letting a drag hook down into the most unclean and immoral races of humanity and dumping the refuse on a Chrisian community to soil and contaminate it.

• • •

Surely the church will spurn from her precints the man capable of such horrible blasphemy. But no, the church is filled with the vanity of pride and though charges may be preferred against ministers for smoking or for holding certain views on matters of empty doctrine, the Rev. Mr Speer will continue to go through the mockery of administering the holy sacraments of the church while acting the sneak and the false witness in other relations of life."

REPAIRS NEEDED. — The road from the hill near the Fire Hall to the butcher shop is the worst in the district, and this is a piece used by the whole town in hauling freight to and from the station. Women and children wishing to cross to the doctor's office find it difficult to do so, and impossible without getting covered with mud. A gravel pit is handy, and the road bosses should see that this necessary and badly needed repair is done without delay.

To know Blue Ribbon Tea is to love it. Are you drinking it?

PERSONAL.

Rev. Wm. Hicks is paying Cumberland a business call.

Mr Geo. Howe visited the town Monday; Tupper was also in evidence.

Mrs Beveridge and Mr Manson of Union Wharf were visiting our city last week.

Mrs and Miss Williams have returned to Sandwick from a visit to Tacoma.

Mr T. Piercy of Denman Island paid a visit to Comox on Wednesday last.

Mr N. Binns, Grand Chancellor of the K. of P. lodge, visited Cumberland last week.

Capt. Freeman of the "Glory of the Seas," is the guest of his daughter, Mrs F. D. Little.

Mrs G. M'Donald and daughter of the Elk Hotel, Comox, were among last Wednesday's arrivals from Nanaimo.

WHARF NOTES.

Steamer Lapwing, Capt. Rogers, landed a consignment of oats from Fraser River points this week.

S.S. Tellus, Capt. Petersen, arrived from San Francisco and took half cargo of coal afterwards proceeding to Ladysmith to finish loading.

Ship America, Capt. Harding, arrived from San Francisco in tow of s.s. Tacoma, and is loading at Union Bay for the Bay City.

H.M.S. Egeria called in for coal on Thursday on her way down from Queen Charlotte Sound where she has been surveying for the last few months.

The Transfer was in early on Saturday morning for a load of coal and coke.

S.S. Pioneer called in for coal on Sunday on her way north to Kennedy Island to tow the steamer Farallon, which had her machinery disabled on the voyage from Skagway to Seattle.

The smelter at Texada Island has been started again, and the s.s. Lois and scow has been over for two loads of coke this week.

The s.s. Trader was on the beach Friday repairing a plank in her bottom that had been damaged by hitting a large floating log, while she was coming from Ladysmith to this port.

Miss Cathcart, teacher of the public school at the Bay, resigned her position as teacher, and left on the Thistle Friday night to take charge of a school near Victoria. Miss Carter takes the Bay schoo until the close of the present term.

We notice that the Nanaimo Herald continues to fill up locals stolen from the sheet run by the "Carpenter and Baker." They are slightly mutilated, but still bear the plane marks. Good old Herald! She can give us all pointers how to fill up a paper.

THE masquerade ball on Thursday evening promises to be a great success.

NOTES & JOTTINGS.

Collier Victoria towed into Esquimalt disabled at sea.

Bodwell, K.C., is a candidate for legislative honors in Victoria city.

Rumours are current that another Canadian contingent will organize for Africa.

Mayor Morris of Ottawa has been disqualified for buying liquor after legal hours.

Twelve bodies have been taken from Baby mine, W Virginia. Mine is still ablaze.

Wealthy Seattle women have been systematically smuggling silks into that town from Victoria.

Lord Pauncefote and secretary Hay have signed Isthmian Canal Treaty. Text is secret as yet.

Thirty lives lost by fire in Bullion mine, Telluride, Colo. Shift of 200 had entered, but mostly escaped.

Pan American Exposition books show a deficit of nearly three and a half millions. Shows do not pay now-a-days.

S. F. papers says that a plot has been frustrated by which a Republic was to have been established in the Yukon with Dawson for capital. Yah!

A Notion Worth Attention.

Prevention of oat smut by hot air treatment of the seed is a new idea advanced by the Oregon station. Seed was heated in a laboratory hot air sterilizer. It was found that exposure to heat in a wide range (from 130 degrees to 200 degrees F.) for ten minutes did not affect germination. It is suggested that hop and fruit driers could be used for this purpose. It does away with all the apparatus needed in the hot water and chemical solution treatment and obviates trouble of drying the seed and the danger of injury to the seed through germination, mold or decay, which may occur with the wet method. In one instance seed so treated produced but a single head affected with smut, and this might have come from one kernel of accidentally untreated seed.

The Early Bee Pollinates the Fruit.

Experiments made some time ago at the Michigan Agricultural college showed that the bees were altogether the earliest insects out; that at the time the average fruit tree is in bloom it is too early in the spring for other insects to be of any value for fruit pollination.

NOTICE.

I BEG to notify the public that I have disposed of my interest in the Business of the Firm of THA & DALLUS, to F. Dallus. who will carry on the business.

JOHN THA.

CUMBERLAND, B.C.,
Nov. 25th, 1901.

COURTENAY HOUSE,

COURTENAY, B.C.

HEADQUARTERS for Sportsmen in the Best DUCK and PHEASANT SHOOTING GROUNDS in the district. .. ..

MEALS PROMPTLY SERVED

THE BEST OF——{
WINES, LIQUORS, and CIGARS
}——IN STOCK.

BARBER SHOP . . . . .
In connection with the Hotel.

D. W. RICHARDS, Manager.

CAMPBELLS'
BAKERY
Dunsmuir Ave.
Cumberland, B. C.

ALL KINDS OF ...CAKES...
PLAIN OR ORNAMENTED.
Social - Entertainments - Supplied.
Minced Steak Pies, - 10c. or 3 for 25c,
ON SATURDAYS.
NOTICE—THURSDAY, 28th inst., being THANKSGIVING DAY, the Store will be closed.

Magnet Cash Store
HEADQUARTERS FOR
Sporting Goods
AND
Fishing Tackle
Shells Loaded to Order

Court of Revision.

COMOX DISTRICT.

A Court of Revision and Appeal under the Assessment Act, will be held at Cumberland in the Court House, on November the 20th, 1901, at three o'clock in the afternoon.

JOHN BAIRD,
n6,3t Assessor.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undernoted have made Application for Renewal of their Liquor Licence under the provisions of the statutes in that behalf :—

Samuel C. Davies, Union Hotel Union; John H. Piket, Spring Inn, Comox Road; Robert Grant, Riverside Hotel, Courtenay; Sam. J. Cliffe, Lorne Hotel, Comox; George G. McDonald, Elk Hotel, Comox; John Humphrey, Wilson Hotel, Union Bay; George Howe, Nelson House Union Bay; Charles Thulin, Malaspina Hotel, Lund; John Ward, Thurlow Hotel, Shoal Bay; H. & C. A. Bull, Heriot Hotel, Valdez Island.

NEW LICENCE.

Moses Ireland, Bold Point Hotel, Valdex Island.

The Board of Licence Commissioners will meet to consider the above Applications on Monday, December 16th, at the hour of 10 a.m., Court-house, Cumberland.

JOHN THOMSON,
Chief Licence Inspector, Comox Licence District.

CUMBERLAND, B.C., Nov. 26, 1901.

IN THE MATTER OF GEORGE F. DRABBLE, DECEASED INTESTATE, AND IN THE MATTER OF THE "OFFICIAL ADMINISTRATORS' ACT,"

NOTICE is hereby given that an Order of the County Court of Nanaimo holden at Cumberland, was made on the 25th September, authorizing the undersigned to administer the Estate of the late GEORGE F. DRABBLE. Therefore, all persons having claims against the said Estate are requested to send in particulars of the same within 60 days from date hereof, and all parties indebted thereto are requested to pay such indebtedness to the undersigned forthwith.

HENRY P. COLLIS,
OFFICIAL ADMINISTRATOR.
November 13th, 1901.

Columbia Flouring
Mills Company
ENDERBY, B. C.

Hungarian,
Three Star,
Wheatlets 10-10,
Strong Bakers.

R.P.Rithet & Co.,
(LIMITED.)
Agents, - Victoria. B.C

Hand Made Single
...HARNESS...
$15, $20 and $25 for Rubber Trimmed.

Factory Harness $10, $12 & $18

☞ Repairing Neatly Done while you wait.

W. WILLARD.
s11

Cumberland Hotel

COR. DUNSMUIR AVENUE AND SECOND STREET.
CUMBERLAND, B. C.

MRS. J. H. PIKET, Proprietress.

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Sample Rooms and Public Hall Run in Connection with Hotel

Rates from $1.00 to $2.00 per day

TO THE DEAF.

A rich lady cured of her Deafness and Noises in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, gave $10,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free Address No. 14517 The Nicholson Institute, 780 Eighth Avenue, New York, U.S.A.