THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

NINTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1901.

SUCCESS

Our Sale has been a decided Success.
It is still on, and
—BARGAINS—
Are still to be had.
On Saturday next the 21st inst., we will offer the following special lines:
About 500 pairs of Ladies Shoes.
A quantity of Ladies and Children's Knitted Underwear.
Men's and Boys' Clothing.
Boys Sweaters.

FOR PARTICULARS SEE HANDBILLS.

.....*The BIG STORE*.....

Simon Leiser,

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

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

Agents for McCormick Harvesting Machinery.
Write for price and particulars. P. O. Drawer 563.

A POINT TO REMEMBER

WHEN YOU WANT——
Furniture, Carpets, Linoleums, Wallpaper,
Or Anything in the
House Furnishing Line

It will PAY YOU to Correspond with us. We Manufacture or Import in Car Lots and carry the Biggest Assortment in the West——
OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE ON REQUEST

WEILER BROS.,

COMPLETE FURNISHERS. VICTORIA, B.C

RUBBERS RUBBERS

FOR FALL TRADE

Men's Youths and Children's Rubbers
Waterproof Coats, Pea Jackets and Sweaters,
Hats and Caps, Ladies Jackets.
Our Stock of Groceries Cannot be Beat

——GIVE US A CALL——

C. J. MOORE.

WIRE NEWS

New York, Sept. 26—In the Cup Race today, owing to light winds, race was declared off, yachts not finishing inside time limit.

Winnipeg, 26—Duke of York arrived here today.

New York, 26th—Czolgosz sentenced to electrocution in the week beginning Oct. 28th.

New York, 28—Columbia won today by 85 seconds.

DEATH OF ROBBIE ROBERTSON.

News has been received of the death of poor little Robbie at Kamloops, where he went last Thursday with his mother, en route for Harrison Hot Springs in search of health.

He some time ago had an attack of rheumatic fever, very prevalent here this season. Although he partly recovered, he was unable to regain his strength, and it was decided to take him away to another climate for a change, but the poor little fellow succumbed while in Victoria.

Later information tells us that little Robbie Robertson died at 4 a. m on Sunday morning at Kamloops. He had arrived there on Saturday. The remains arrived from Nanaimo Monday for interment here. The funeral takes place at 4 p.m. today at Cumberland Cemetery.

No doubt most people have noticed that the tips of the maple leaves turned yellow, then brown, unseasonably early in the summer. This was due to the attacks of a small insect, a greenish white creature with bulging eyes, a little like the thrips, which trouble rose bushes. It is one of the so-called "leaf hoppers," and injures the leaves of the maple by feeding on the outer covering of the ribs, invariably beginning its attack towards the smaller part of the leaf where the tissues are more tender. Soon, the rib is barked, just as a tree is girdled, and all that part of the leaf above the injured portion, from loosing the sustenance carried by the rib, withers away often leaving the base still fresh and green. The insects appear to have come from the southerly, as last year their attacks did not show above Roy's, but everywhere south of that. This year, they have reached us here in Union, and other parts of the district. In some places near Nanaimo, many trees appear to be quite dead from their ravages, and it is thought that unless nature intervenes, there is no telling what may be the fate of our finest shade trees.

NOB HILL COUNCIL.

Owing to lack of attendance of members of the board, the council will dissolve to re-unite at the New Year. Mayor Wilson has had a hard time in checking insubordination lately, the chief delinquents being brothers Jackey and Mike.

EXPLOSION AT EXTENSION.

News was received here yesterday morning of another frightful disaster at Extension. Nineteen men are entombed and two of the mines are on fire. The names of Robert Hamilton, W. Pollock, W. Patterson, are given out as being among the unfortunates. These are all old residents of this place, and have large familes.

A BRUTAL WIFE BEATER.

An Italian named D. Buonaparte, was arrested by Constable Thompson last Wednesday evening on the charge of cruelty to his wife. He was locked up for the night, and was sentenced by Judge Abrams to pay a fine of $50, and to serve 4 months with hard labor, or in default, a further term of 4 months. From the evidence, it appears that the unfortunate woman had been virtually kept a prisoner, her protector (?) locking her in the house before going to work each day, and giving her a daily beating to keep her in order. In addition to this, it is said that the poor woman was continually subjected to the most degrading indignities, starved, and forced to sleep on the bare floor, without bedding, at the whim of the tyrant. She had become so utterly cowed by this inhuman treatment, that she was afraid to speak of her wrongs to anyone. Finally her brother, getting an inkling of the truth, caused his arrest. The couple have lived here about a month. Respectable countrymen of the savage are loud in their denunciations, and say that life imprisonment would be too good for him. Some of the stories told are sickening in hellish brutality and degrading loathsomeness.

WEDDING BELLS.

On Friday afternoon at the R. C. Church Miss Tobacco, daughter of Mr James Tobacco, was united in marriage to Mr J. Crosetti. The bride was beautifully attired in white cashmere and silk. After the ceremony the bridal party drove to the residence of Mr and Mrs Tobacco where preparations were made for a long honeymoon to sunny Italy. A sumptuous repast was served at the bride's home during the early part of the day to which a host of their friends were invited. A large number of friends assembled at the station to bid them good-bye, and wish them well, to the accompaniment of showers of rice. The bride's traveling dress was garnet velvet and cashmere.

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

The exhibition held at Courtney on 26th was most gratifying, and with the sports the day was passed most pleasantly.

Owing to the prize list failing to reach us, we are obliged to defer the publication of that document to another issue.

On Friday, Sept. 20, a fifth son was born to Mr and Mrs Geo. Roe at Courtney.

GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

An organization for the protection of game is about to be formed in the town. The principal and most important clauses in the constitution will be: The observance of the game laws. Rigid enforcement of the same, and prosecution of all offenders. Observance of the trespass act. Prosecution of persons found selling game without license, and shooting over their lawful number of head. A general doctrine of moderation in shooting and fishing will be inculcated, so that the stigma of game or fish hog, shall not attach to any member. The farmers of the district have been asked to co operate in this important movement, and it is understood that they will give the organization their hearty support, for they have many just complaints of shooters invading their farms, shooting pheasants and grouse at their very doors, tearing down fences, mutilating notices posted warning trespassers, and misbehaving in many other ways on their excursions to the valley. Arrangements will be made, as by similar organizations in the U.S. and other parts of Canada, to secure legal help in case of any prosecutions, should this be necessary, and the association intend to do all in their power to keep the shooting of the district up to the mark by uncompromisingly stamping out all illegal killing.

NEW WINTER FISHING GROUND.

The members of the defunct Nob Hill Council have long been looking for a place they could fish in during the long, cold, dreary winter months. A place they could fish in in peace and quietness, and warmth, and lo! what was thought to be unattainable has been found. The secret is known to but few, but we shall now "blow the gaff" so that early applicants may have a chance of getting good places. Since No. 4 has been drinking in her thousands of gallons of pure lake water, it has been discovered by Nickynac, the civic detective, that many trout, mostly of great size, such as those that Mike lost last summer, have meandered into the flume thinking they had discovered a new outlet to Courtney. It is obvious that after going a short distance, they were unable to return by the way they came, in fact, they were hurried along at a greatly accelerated rate of speed, hence, the detective argues there must be many fine fish in the stalls, and just so soon as conditions are right, fishing will begin in No. 4 slope. Wattie's Scotch flies will not be used. Bait will be the fetcher, and spearing by pitlamp light. Of course the discoverers claim the right to the best pools, but there will be room for many. Tickets for the season, may be obtained (on payment of the proper fees) from Crackey, Nob Hill.

A MEMORY.

Betwixt the blown sands and the flowing sea
We stood at nightfall. In the hollow west
The ultimate torch of day flared for a space,
Sank and expired. A wind whined round the dunes,
And ragged shreds of vapor, salt and chill,
Went by us in the flaw. We had no tear
To shed, no word to say. Our stricken heads
Were bowed together, and her streaming hair
Swept o'er my cheek. Swiftly the gray night fell
And like a huge hand blotted sea and shore.
I heard her garments rustle in the gloom;
A moment on my breast she laid her brow,
Then turned, and from the darkness where she fled
A sob came down the gust. 'Twas ages since,
But memory still broods on that black hour.

—James B. Kenyon in Lippincott's Magazine.

EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES

The Story of a Kiss.

BY HORACE WYNDHAM.

It was a quarter to 12 on Saturday night—a time when, standing as one does on the threshold of a new week, it is only appropriate that new resolutions should be formed. This, at any rate, was Phyllida's view of the matter, and no Saturday within my memory had ever been permitted to join its predecessors until she had solemnly registered a determination to lead a "higher and more purposeful life" for the future. From previous experience I knew that I should be pressed into subscribing to similar protestations. It was therefore with no feeling of surprise worthy of the name that I heard my departure prohibited, as, on the date in question, I made a strategic movement, hat in hand, toward the door.

"You mustn't go yet," observed Phyllida, laying a detaining hand on my arm.

"But my train will," I protested

"Never mind that—you can catch another."

I resigned myself to the inevitable and sat down again. The pause that followed was broken by my companion.

"I called you back because you'd forgotten something," she remarked insinuatingly.

"I don't think so. My overcoat is in the hall, and I've got your letters for the post all right."

"It's something more important than letters," returned Phyllida. "Guess."

"Parcels?"

"No—nor telegrams, either. You know perfectly well what you've omitted to do. I'm not going to give you the opportunity of making another silly remark, though, so I'll tell you at once. You haven't made any good resolutions for next week yet."

"Quite so; I'm afraid it slipped my memory. Have you noticed how the wind is rising? I see that the meteorological office says"—

"Yes—it will probably be fine if it doesn't rain," broke in Phyllida. "I don't think we need talk about the weather, though."

"It is unspeakable," I agreed.

"Then perhaps you will give me your attention for a few minutes. Do you know what day this is?"

I consulted my notebook. "It is the 15th of the month."

"Yes, and it is also Saturday evening," returned my companion in a deny it if you can voice. "In a quarter of an hour or so we shall enter on a new week. I should like to know, therefore, what your resolutions for its proper observance are?"

"I think, Phyllida," I remarked diplomatically, "that it would be as well if you would mention the more conspicuous of my moral lapses."

"It is a time for self examination," she replied severely. "Still, perhaps it would be better if I did as you suggest."

I am afraid that Phyllida misread the expression with which I received this remark.

"You needn't look so relieved," she continued. "I'm only going to tell you your faults because I don't believe I should get the truth out of you."

"That is not the way to invite confidence," I replied with dignity. "A moment ago and I was more than ready to reveal the inmost workings of my mind to you. As it is—well"—

Phyllida rose from her seat and crossed over to my side. Looking at the matter impartially I cannot regard her subsequent action as being strictly in accordance with the dictates of propriety. It was, however, distinctly tranquillizing—and then there were no spectators.

"Very well," I observed, as she returned to her own chair. "Ask me anything you like."

"Now, you're nice again," she answered smilingly. "You can't think how attractive it makes you. Well, what I want you to do is to describe all the girls you've fallen in love with since last Monday."

"All of them?" I echoed, somewhat disconcerted at the unexpectedness of the demand.

Phyllida nodded acquiescence.

"I'm afraid I shall have to go in ten minutes," I replied, looking at my watch.

"I suppose that means you couldn't exhaust the list before 12 o'clock," she answered sadly. "I'm disappointed in you—and after all your solemn promises too."

"I have no wish to deprive you of any legitimate grievance," I returned, "but you wrong me in thinking"—

"Then you haven't—er—you know—with any one?"

"Precisely."

"Oh, I'm so glad," she exclaimed brightly. "I knew I could trust you. You can't think what a weight you've taken off my mind, though. Do you know," she added softly, "I think I admire your frankness more than anything else."

"I hope, Phyllida," I answered proudly, "that you will always find me meriting your good opinion in this respect. Such experiments as from time to time I have conducted in the matter have ever convinced me that a rigid adherence to truth is the more excellent way."

"One should scorn resort to falsehood from higher motives than those of mere policy," retorted Phyllida severely. "Isn't there a proverb about it?"

"I have heard it said that a lie in time saves nine," I observed.

"Don't be frivolous, or I shall think you're not serious in your promise to be frank with me. Besides, I've got another question to ask you. It's this—I don't want you to mention any names, of course—but have you seen any girl whom you liked very much during the past week? Now, be candid. Examine yourself thoroughly."

I complied with the request. In fact, I did so with such completeness that my companion thought it necessary to repeat the question.

"I have given the matter my attention," I returned at length, "and find that I have only erred and strayed in one single instance."

"Hn!" inquired my inquisitor sharply. "So you admit that you have been misbehaving, do you?"

"Don't make me regret my confidence," I pleaded. "I was not wholly to blame, I assure you. The incident occurred some time ago; three days at least."

"It's inexcusable," was the stern retort. "I declare, you're not to be trusted out of my sight for more than an hour or two at a time. You didn't go the length of proposing matrimony to the lady, who was fortunate enough to win your—er—regard, though, I suppose?"

"Certainly not, Phyllida," I replied. "Your question surprises me."

"Well, I'm glad to find it's not so bad as I thought," she went on unheedingly. "I don't suppose you had time to get tender enough for that, though?"

"I only saw her for five minutes or so," I explained. "Upon my honor, Phyllida, you have no cause for alarm on my account. I assure you that nothing beyond a hasty kiss passed between us."

The self appointed guardian of my morals sprang to her feet.

"What!" she exclaimed. "You—you—kissed her?"

"Only once," I answered soothingly. "You must consider, I hadn't been introduced to her long."

"Oh, this is too much!"

"My own, you asked for frankness," I observed.

"Yes, but not for callousness too. Oh, how could you; how could you?"

"You will excuse my seeming density, but your question does not convey very much to me. How could I what?"

Phyllida's lips shaped themselves to answer; her tongue, however, rebelled at the words. I leaned forward inquiringly.

"Yes," I repeated encouragingly. "You wanted to know how I could"—

"K-k-kiss her? Yes."

"My own, it was quite easy," I answered reassuringly.

"What!" was the indignant response. "You actually boast of it! Why, you must be brazen!"

"Not at all," I returned, stung by the unworthy insinuation. "I am pained that you should condemn me unheard. You do not know all the circumstances."

"What ones?"

"The—er—extenuating ones."

"I don't believe there were any."

"Pardon me; there were several."

"Tell me one of them, then."

"Well, the lady didn't object."

"Then she was brazen too. I knew it! You were both of you equally guilty."

This was overstepping the bounds of ordinary acquaintanceship. Something was due to myself too. In a moment I had resolved upon my course of action.

"I cannot permit you to asperse an innocent lady who is not here to defend herself," I observed. "The blame, if any, was entirely mine."

"Ah, you only say that because you're a man," returned Phyllida, obviously softening a little.

"It is the truth," I asserted proudly. "Never shall it be said of me that I stood by and saw the character of a woman assailed in her absence without raising a voice in her defense."

"Rubbish!" was the inelegant retort. "She's a designing minx, I'm sure—and a cat too! So there! I expect, though," she added in another tone, "if only the truth were known, she led you on."

"Well," I admitted reflectively, "her behavior might certainly be considered—er—er—encouraging."

"There! I was sure of it all the time," cried Phyllida triumphantly. "Tell me, now, what did she do?"

"My dear," I expostulated, "you really oughtn't to ask me such things."

"Why, was it so bad as all that?"

I am afraid I must have unconsciously nodded an affirmative. Phyllida came to my side.

"You poor old thing," she whispered softly. "Did she put her arms round your neck like this when she kissed you?"

This time I nodded purposely.

"Oh, the minx!"

"Don't condemn her unheard," I pleaded.

"You dear, good natured old goose," said Phyllida gently, "it's only your generosity that makes you find excuses for her."

"But she was very young," I urged.

"Young, indeed! H'm—quite old enough to know better, I'm sure."

"Indeed, Phyllida, don't think this was the case."

"Well, how old was she?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly; it's not considered polite to ask a lady her age, you know."

"Well, you seem to have got on such intimate terms with her that I should have thought you would have asked her anything."

"I did ask her mother," I admitted.

"Ah—well, that's something," returned Phyllida in a decidedly more satisfied tone. "Tell me, though," she continued, "did you ask on the day that she made this disgraceful exhibition of herself?"

"Meaning?"

"Oh, you know perfectly well—the day when she kissed you?"

"Yes."

"Well, how old was she then?"

"I don't think I ought to tell you, Phyllida. Consider, how would you like"—

"But I want to know such a lot."

"How much?" I demanded sternly.

"Very much indeed—please."

"All right, then; but promise you'll never tell her."

"Of course I won't—now!"

"You don't want to know out of mere curiosity, I hope?" I asked anxiously, as I made room for her in the chair beside me.

"Oh, don't be aggravating. If you still care for me at all, and don't want me to withdraw my forgiveness, tell me at once how old that horrid girl was when she kissed you?"

"Put your head nearer."

Phyllida inclined a shell-like ear to a suitable proximity.

"Just 2 years," I whispered into it.—Kite.

Trials of a Career.

"In the denunciation scene you must raise your hand to high heaven," said the stage manager.

"But if I do," protested the leading lady, "the calcium light will not strike my diamond rings."

Ah, we petty people who merely pay admission and applaud at the proper intervals have no idea of the trials of a stage career!—Baltimore American.

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 gography 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 woz'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 er 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 fo 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.

When Mayor Meets Mayor.

Civic characters of local fame imbued with a sense of their own importance are not wholly unknown in this country, a fact which may account for the familiar ring of the following story found in "Highways and Byways In East Anglia:"

Mayor Wakefield one day set out for the next town with a load of hay. On the way a truss fell from the load, and he applied to a passerby for assistance in replacing it. The man addressed, instead of rendering willing aid, drew himself up to rather more than his normal height and said:

"Are you aware that you are addressing the mayor of Lynn?"

"Man," replied Wakefield, "that don't make no odds. I'm the mayor of Cattle Rising. Now will you lend a hand?"

"With pleasure," replied the mayor of Lynn.

William L. on Mackenzie's Press.

In connection with a question as to the present location of the printing press of William Lyon Mackenzie, which was at one time deposited in Toronto Bay, Mr. Thomas Shaw of 38 McGill street, Toronto, says as a boy in Stouffville he remembers that Mr. Boyer had a printing press reputed to be the one in question. This was before 1850. Mr. Shaw says the press was sold and passed into the possession of Mr. J. M. Patterson, and later of Mr. Wheeler. Finally, says Mr. Shaw, the bed of the press was purchased by Mr. Jas. Holden of Prince Albert, Ontario County. He thinks this was about 1855.

The Place For Him.

"I'm surprised at the stupidity of the sultan."

"What has he done now?"

"Failed to engage that peerless wrestling Turk as his bouncer of bill collectors."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

IS CANADA IN DANGER?

Money and Men Needed and Americans Furnish Both—What a British Writer Hints May Happen.

Mr. J. Emerson-Neilly, in an article "Links of Empire," which appeared in The Pall Mall Gazette, says: "Will our investing public at home ever consider Canada? It may be too late soon for them to do so. The country is craving capital to help it develop, and most of the money sent in response comes from across the American border. Why is it so? Is Canada still popularly supposed to be a waste of snow and ice, with a sprinkling of white people surrounded by bears and Red Indians? We are generous enough in supporting foreign banks that burst and railways that play queer tricks, while we turn our backs upon our own territory where capital may be sunk to splendid account. Here you have millions of acres of wheat bearing land fit to grow all the grain we want at home. It lies waste, and the Dominion Government has to beg those on emigration bent to come out and take up 160-acre farms free!

"There is more in this particular matter than meets the eye. The scare of war often makes us ask, Will the Russian and American grain supplies be cut off? If they were, we should be in bad case. It would be good policy if we grew our own grain on our own land. Then our supplies would be certain in peace and war, and while dealing with the Canadians, we would be giving our money to our cousins and brethren, and making this great link of empire greater and more prosperous. The Canadian Government has for many years been down on its knees begging for home emigrants, with but small success. Your Irish emigrants go to America for some reason or another, your English and Scotch seek South Africa and Australia mostly. Canada is neglected, yet one day she will call to the home people no longer.

"American farmers are pouring over the border to take up the land refused by the British, and year by year the stream of American immigrants grows greater and greater. Moreover, American capital is spilling into Canada. Uncle Sam is starting new industries and supporting and fostering old ones, and in a few years he will have everything in his grip. If those who have money to invest at home played a more patriotic and more sensible game it would be otherwise. We would be richer and Canada would be richer too.

"Canada is slowly but surely being populated by American people, and run by American money. Will the day come, a quarter of a century hence, when there will be a serious movement to join the Dominion of Canada to the United States of America? I know how splendidly strong is the British Canadian's loyalty, but we must not close our eyes to the fact that the French form a large proportion of the population, and would lend strength to any movement for the union started by the vast mass of American farmers, miners, and others who will have assembled here about the time I name."

Canada Oats Much Admired.

Mr. W. H. Hay, of the Ottawa Central Experimental Farm, has returned from Glasgow, where he has been looking after a portion of Canada's exhibit. Contrary to the reports sent out, all the exhibits at the Glasgow Exposition are not ready to be shown to visitors. The Russians, for instance, have not yet opened their building to the public. Canada's agricultural exhibit is said to be the finest the British public has ever seen. One of the features of the exhibit is an octagonal stand 65 feet in circumference and 35 feet high, covered with Canadian grains. About the bottom of the stand, which is called "Canada's Agricultural Trophy," large sheaves have been arranged. The stand is covered with red cloth, and against this the grain shows to great advantage. The Scotch people, who produce the best oats in the world, were surprised at the excellent Canadian oats displayed, and Mr. Hay says one miller asked where he could buy 100,000 bushels annually of Banner oats, such as were exhibited in the Canadian section. Canada has 10,000 samples of grain on exhibition. The hybrid grains developed at the Central Experimental Farm attracted a great deal of attention. These grains were secured by crossing different kinds of grain, and the result was an improved variety. The Canadian exhibits, Mr. Hay says, get plenty of attention, and are helping the British public to realize what the Dominion can do.

Cumming on Canada.

A recent issue of The Natal Advertiser of Durban contains an interview with Mr. Cumming of Brockville, the Canadian Trade Commissioner to South Africa. After describing the fiscal and economic position of Canada, Mr. Cumming observed: "In addition to manufactured goods we have for disposal enormous stocks of healthy, vigorous cattle, that I believe would be very useful to restock South Africa with after the war. Good cows can be bought in Canada for from £8 to £10. Canadian cattle are being taken to the United States for breeding purposes. I think I may safely say that Canada has the most highly developed cows for milking purposes on the continent of America. On arriving in Durban I found the merchants here handling Canadian cheese and bacon; also Canadian lumber bought in New York and England. That being so, the advantage of buying in Canada will be apparent."

The Governor-General's Salary.

The British North America Act, constituting the Dominion of Canada, provides that "unless altered by the Parliament of Canada, the salary of the Governor-General shall be ten thousand pounds sterling." This amount has been paid yearly since 1867.

Irving's Burden of Years.

For the first time in several years Sir Henry Irving is playing a role in which it is necessary for him to disguise the number of his years. "King Arthur" was the last play in which he faced the same need, and in it his effort to convey the illusion of robust manhood was not altogether convincing. The requirement of a smooth-shaven face in that case was the obstacle over which the art of make-up could not mount. In "Coriolanus," however, he has been able to invoke the friendly aid of a short, black moustache.

The Rome of the day of the haughty Coriolanus was a barbarian Rome which had not set upon its patricians the mark of the beardless face. Had he cared to the actor might have worn a heavy beard, but with the line of black upon the upper lip he evidently was confident. The effect of the moustache, the black wig, and the darkened eyebrows is to make the picture of the actor resemble the present-day portraits of his son, Henry B. Irving.

The flowing robes also trend to the hiding of the signs of age, and it is said that at no time during the performance does the player throw the tunics from his shoulders. At the opening of the play he wears a long, soft robe in color a dull red. Later he invests himself in a war tunic of a golden hue, and in several scenes he wears the senatorial toga of white.

Of the acting of the play, full reports of which are at last available, something will be said at another time, but it may be set down here that in general the actor has been deemed inadequate to the robustious role, and the role beyond the sympathy of this generation of playgoers.

Dollars In Odd Shapes.

Under the law a silver dollar may be a grain and a half over weight or a grain and a half under weight, and this "limit of tolerance" applies to all of our silver coins. In other words, they are not allowed to vary more than that much from standard. In the case of gold pieces, the limit is half a grain either way up to the eagle, a variation of as much as one grain being permissible in the $10 and $20 pieces.

Whenever a fresh batch of dollars is turned out at the mint, samples are forwarded to the treasury at Washington, where they are put through a very curious process. Each dollar is first weighed on exquisitely delicate scales to make sure that it is heavy enough and yet not too heavy. Then it is passed between two steel rollers again and again until it is flattened out and transformed into a thin strip of silver—a sort of ribbon—a foot and a half in length. Then it is put beneath a little machine provided with several small punches, by which hundreds of tiny disks are punched out of the metal strip.

Now, the object of this performance is to obtain samples of metal from all parts of the dollar, inasmuch as it is conceivable that one portion might be richer in silver than another. The little disks are shuffled together, and a few of them, taken at random from the lot, are subjected to an assay. Thus the fineness of the material of the dollar is ascertained with absolute accuracy and, the weight having been already determined, the value and correctness of that coin are perfectly known.

The sample pieces having been found correct, it is inferred that the entire batch of dollars is all right.

The Main Thing.

Ascum—Now that your new house is finished is it entirely satisfactory?

Richman—I believe it is.

Ascum—I was told you didn't like it.

Richman—I don't, but the architect says he's quite satisfied with it.—Philadelphia Press.

Wad.

"With us," exclaimed the Scot, "wad means would."

I did not fail to observe that here was the opportunity to animadvert keenly, not to say wittily, upon the great and growing power of wealth in my own country.

"With us," I rejoined, therefore, "wad means might."

We parted at this, but I set detectives to shadow him, and they reported to me that 3½ hours later he smiled faintly.—Detroit Journal.

Marine Amenity.

Edith—Look at this lovely engagement ring Jack gave me.

Mae—Yes, 'tis very pretty. It was too large for me.—Baltimore World.

The Penalties of the Chase.

"Ma isn't going down to dinner, pa She is all tired out, an she's gone to bed, an she doesn't want anything to eat."

"What tired her?"

"Running up an down stairs so many times."

"And why did she run up and down stairs?"

"She was chasing a moth miller."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HER FATHER WAS A DRUNKARD

A Plucky Young Lady Takes on Herself to Cure Her Father of the Liquor Habit.

STORY OF HER SUCCESS.

A portion of her letter reads as follows:—My father had often promised mother to stop drinking, and would do so for a time, but then returned to it stronger than ever. One day, after a terrible spree, he said to us: It's no use. I can't stop drinking." Our hearts seemed to turn to stone, and we decided to try the Tasteless Samaria Prescription, which we had read about in the papers. We gave h m the remedy, entirely without his knowledge, in his tea, coffee, or food regularly, according to directions, and he never knew he was taking it. One package removed all his desire for liquor, and he says it is now distasteful to him. His health and appetite are also won His health and appetite are also wonderfully improved, and no one would know him for the same man. It is now fifteen months since we gave it to him and we feel sure that the change is for good. Please send me one of your little books, as I want to give it to a friend."

SENT FREE TO ALL.—A sample of Tasteless Samaria Prescription gladly 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

Woman's Christian Temperance Union

ADOPT THE

"SAMARIA PRESCRIPTION"

FOR the CURE of DRUNKENNESS

Letter from Mrs. George Grant, of Paisley, Ont., giving particulars of a cure effected by "Samaria Prescription," resulting in its use and adoption by the Paisley Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

(Copy)

Paisley, Ont., December 11th, 1900.

The Samaria Remedy Co.,
30 Jordan Street, Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—I penned a few lines to you some time ago,—as a member of the temperance cause, I wrote for information; at that time I had in my mind friends, whose son was a great cause of anxiety and trouble on account of his drunken habits. I strongly urged the friends to try the remedy I saw advertised in the Toronto Globe. They did so. It was the Samaria Remedy that was administered and I am pleased to inform the company the medicine was helpful; the young man has not drank a drop since, breaking off from old companions; and special prayers on his behalf, all aided in breaking the chains.

At the last meeting of the W. C. T. U. here, I introduced your medicine for the cure of the liquor habit, and a resolution was passed, "That inasmuch as it is the aim of this organization to help the poor inebriate, we should recommend this remedy in homes where persons are addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors." Now, sirs, wishing you a successful career in your noble work, and feeling that assistance can be given in the precincts of home by the hand of mother or wife, trusting God may open up useful avenues for your labors, Yours very respectfully,

(Signed) MRS. GEORGE GRANT,
On behalf of Paisley W. C. T. U.

FREE SAMPLE and pamphlet giving full information, testimonials and price sent in plain sealed envelope. Enclose 2c stamp. Address THE SAMARIA REMEDY CO., 30 Jordan St. TORONTO, Ontario

If you don't intend to marry the girl, keep away and give the other fellow a chance.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

A man ate a bowl of yeast to win a bet, and is reported to be all puffed up over his success.

Winding Timepieces.

"I have been doing a little figuring on time," remarked an erratic citizen yesterday, "and I have reached some rather interesting conclusions. I wanted to find out how much time man consumed in keeping tab on time, and I found that, if the whole world is considered in the computation, years would be crowded into a second of time.

"To illustrate what I mean, take a city where 100,000 watches are wound up every day. Now, it takes probably an average of 15 seconds to wind a watch. It would take, then, 1,500,000 seconds to wind 100,000 watches. This would mean 25,000 minutes or 530 hours and 10 minutes, or 25 days and 16 hours. I suppose there are in the city of New Orleans 100,000 watches and clocks to be wound up every day, so that nearly a month is spent in the city every day in winding watches and clocks.

"One man in a year's time would consume 5,475 seconds in winding his watch if he is prompt about it and is willing to give 15 seconds every day to this useful article. This would mean several hours during every year that he kept up the practice. Allowing 35 years as the average life, a man would spend 191,525 seconds, or 3,190 minutes and 41 seconds, or 530 hours and 10 minutes, or 22 days and 20 hours, in winding his watch."

What She Saw.

It was at the Normal school that this happened, and the class laughed. It was a laugh on the teacher, too, but he didn't get angry, although it did break into the serious contemplation of serious studies with which he was trying to interest the students.

It was in the study of psychology, and they were discussing what ideas first entered the human mind when certain words were spoken or written—whether the mind thought of one certain object designated by the word or the whole general class which is embodied in that word. To experiment on this mental phenomenon in order to bring it more clearly to the attention of the students the professor said he would write a word on the board and then let one of them tell instantly what impression was made upon her mind.

He called upon one of the pupils to be ready to think quickly and tell exactly what her first thought was after she saw the word which he was about to write. He stood close to the board, so that the word was hidden by his shoulders until he turned. He wrote the word "pig," and all of the class saw it except the girl who was standing ready to make reply. When he turned, she didn't get out of her way, and she couldn't see the word. In reply to his sharp, quick question, "Now, what do you see?" she replied naively, "I see you." And the class laughed.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs,—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT in my stable for over a year and consider it the very best for horse flesh I can get and strongly recommend it.

GEO. HOUGH
Livery Stables, Quebec.

The largest coal train engine in England has been constructed by the Great Northern railway. It is is designed to draw 800 tons.

Said a shrewd minister before the collection was taken up: "Those who are in debt need not place anything on the plate." The collection was double the usual amount."

The Inventor of the Flouring Mill.

About the year 70 B. C. Mithridates, king of Cappadocia, one of the most ingenious and able princes of the time, invented the first mill driven by water. This triumph of his skill and ingenuity he caused to be erected in the immediate vicinity of the royal palace. In the course of time the Cappadocian bakers became celebrated and were in great demand throughout all parts of the world as then known.

These mills were usually placed upon boats on the river, being so elevated and contrived as to be easily driven by the water, and the millers were thus enabled to move from place to place, distributing the meal to their customers.

HAD LA GRIPPE.—Mr. A. Nickerson, farmer, Dutton, writes: "Last winter I had la grippe, and it left me with a severe pain in the small of my back and hip that used to catch me whenever I tried to climb a fence. This lasted for about two months, when I bought a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil and used it both internally and externally, morning and evening, for three days, at the expiration of which time I was completely cured."

AN OLD HAND.

William Barrow, timekeeper at Gilliow's cabinet works, Lancaster, England, has been in the employ of the firm for 66 years. Although 80 years of age, he is still active, being invariably the first on the premises in the morning and the last to leave at night. His father held the keys before him.

A STRAIGHT CASE AGAIN THIS TIME.

TWO LETTERS WHICH PROVE THE PERMANENCY OF CURES BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Sam Derrochers Cured of Diabetes in 1898—Had It For Over Five Years—His Recent Letter Proves That His Cure Still Holds Good.

Quebec, July 29.—(Special.)—Sam Derrochers, of the Fortress City was cured of Diabetes by Dodd's Kidney Pills in 1898. His case is well known here, it having been published in the papers at the time, and a great deal of attention was drawn to Dodd's Kidney Pills on its account.

Diabetes, however, is known to be an incurable disease, and many of the more sceptical of Quebec citizens expressed doubt as to the permanency of the cure. These doubts may now be set at rest. Mr. Derrochers himself attests that in three years he has had no sign of Diabetes return.

On May 28, 1898, Mr Sam Derrochers published the following letter in the Quebec papers: "I have been a victim to Diabetes for over five years, with terrible pains around my kidneys. My feet were always cold, and my thirst could not be quenched, no matter what I drank. I tried remedy after remedy but received no help. I purchased one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and found immediate relief. I have now finished five boxes, and can say I am perfectly cured."

Now to clear away all possible doubt that Mr. Derrochers was not cured, to show beyong question that Dodd's Kidney Pills did not merely relieve him for the time, but actually cured him of Diabetes, and cured him to stay cured, we publish his letter of April 4th, 1901.

Lear Sirs,—My cure of Diabetes by Dodd's Kidney Pills has been permanent. I have not been troubled with a sign of Diabetes since my cure three years ago."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all diseases of the Kidneys and the troubles arising from weak action of the Kidneys. They are used throughout the world.

WHAT HE NEEDED.

Dudeleigh—I say, barbah, I'd like some—aw—hair westorah foh me mustache, doncher know.

Barber—Excuse me, sir, but I think it's hair originator you want.

AN EXPEDIENT.

"Didn't you have trouble in getting so many antiques?"

"Dear me, no—I had them made to order."

$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.

Hold the Fort.

In October, 1864, Allatoona pass, a defile in the mountains of Georgia, was guarded by General Corse, with 1,500 men. It was a strong, strategic point, and, moreover, 1,500,000 rations were stored there. Fresich, the southern general, with 6,000 men, attacked the garrison and drove the defenders into a small fort on the crest of the hill. The battle was fierce. The northern soldiers fell in such numbers that further fighting seemed foll?

But one of Corse's officers caught sight of a white signal flag fluttering in the breeze on the top of the Kenesaw mountain, across the valley, 15 miles away. The signal was answered, and then came the inspiring message from mountain to mountain: "Hold the fort. I am coming.—W. T. Sherman."

Cheer after cheer went up, and, though hopelessly reduced in numbers, they did hold the fort for hours until the advance guard of Sherman's army came to their relief. Six years later P. P. Bliss, the evangelist, heard the story in all its vivid detail from a soldier friend and then wrote the words and music of his famous hymn.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

"What do you think of this scheme of telegraphing without wires?"

"That's nothing new. My wife has kicked my shins under the table for 20 years."

Some of the wooden churches of Norway are fully 700 years old, and are still in an excellent state of preservation. Their timbers have successfully resisted the frosty and almost Arctic winters because they have been repeatedly coated with tar.

Thousands drink Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea every day. Ask any of them what they think of it.

THE WELSH LANGUAGE.

The poll taken of Cardiff, Wales, on the question of whether children in the board schools should be taught the Welsh language has resulted in a majority of 67 votes against it.

A Chicago woman alleges she can't live with her husband because he has a wooden leg. If all that's said by wives is true, some of them are married to men with wooden heads.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

ONE EXPLANATION.

Mrs. Snaggs—I could never understand why the Russians call their ruler the White Czar.

Mr. Snaggs—I suppose that the numerous plots against his life keeps him pale all the time.

Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syracuse, N.Y., writes: 'For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Parmelee's Pills according to directions under 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion.' One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least." These pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required.

Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly—angels could no more.

Be loving and you will never want for love; be humble and you will never want for guiding.—Dinah Muloch Craik.

If one does not take care, one's whole life slips away in theorising, and we want a second career for practice.—Fenelon.

The never-failing medicine, Holloway's Corn Cure, removes all kinds of corns, warts, etc; even the most difficult to remove cannot withstand this wonderful remedy.

A Cruel Blunder.

Two brothers had the habit of calling on the same South Side girl. One of the brothers, George, was to take part in some private theatricals, and the girl had promised to fix up a shirt and a pair of shoes for his costume. The articles were to be delivered to her on a certain evening.

Frank, the second brother, took it into his head to call on the girl that same evening. Frank knew nothing of the arrangements George had made with her to help him with his costume. He rang the bell, asked the maid to tell the girl that Mr. Allen had called and sat down in the parlor.

The maid went up stairs and presently returned, trying hard not to smile.

"Miss Jones says she is busy just now and that you are to send up your shirt and shoes," was the message she handed Frank.

"What?" he yelled.

"I'm to take up your shirt and shoes."

"Thanks, but I may need them myself to go home with. I hope Miss Jones will be better in the morning. Never mind; I will close the door, myself."

She Believed.

Hester—I hope you don't believe what Fred Saunders says. He has been in love with every girl in town, first and last.

Bertha—That's why I value his judgment, you know. A man of his experience may be trusted to know a good thing when he sees it.

Toad in a Bowlder.

A remarkable flint bowlder has been discovered at Lewes, England, and is now in the possession of Chas. Dawson, F. G. S., of Uckfield. In a cavity within the bowlder was found a full-grown toad, which must, when young, have entered the hole in the stone by a small aperture. There the unfortunate prisoner waxed to adolescence, and probably he may have died of chagrin on finding that he had delayed his exit too long, for the hole afterward became silted up. The bowlder, which is shown in section and also with the pieces replaced, was exhibited at the last meeting of the Linnaean Society, and is eventually to be placed in Henry Willett's collection at the Brighton Museum.

Not Disposed to Dispute.

Aunt Hannah—Oh, you fool of a girl! Just because a man tells you you are the prettiest woman in the world and the wisest and sweetest you believe him.

Arabella—And why shouldn't I? Do you know, aunty, I kind of think so myself.

SENSE AND CHIC.

"Miss Dorothy, why is it you enjoy golf so much?"

"Oh, it's just because I like something real stylish to get excited about."

SYMPATHETIC.

"You ought to think more of others."

"But I do. When the first of the month comes round I am as blue as can be, wondering what my creditors will do."

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

A farm has been discovered in Texas on which there is no oil. A stock company has been formed to promote it.

An ostrich tried to eat a collar button and died. The goat is about the only thing remaining for the collar button to overthrow.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the help of any purgative medicine to complete the cure. Give it a trial and be convinced.

A man should never withdraw the sentinel he has on guard sometimes when his wife is pleasantest she is Following a Clue.

New Zealand has so many rapid streams and rivers that their water might be easily utilized to supply motive power for machinery.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

"Why is the root of the tongue like a rejected man?"

"Because it's down in the mouth."

Dawson says the prettiest sewing machine he ever saw was 17 years old, with short sleeves, low-neck dress, and gaiter-boots.

SLEEPLESSNESS is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

F. W. Mills as a "peanut king" has had an interesting career. He began life as a peanut vendor on a train. When only 12 years old he had contracts with several railroads running out of Chicago for the exclusive rights to sell peanuts on the trains.

AGENTS WANTED.

We are in need of a few reliable Agents throughout the country to handle our

GASOLINE LAMPS AND SUPPLIES.

Good profit and quick sales. For particulars address

THE INCANDESCENT GAS LAMP Co.,
313 Main St., Winnipeg.

HE RAN A MILE

and so would many a young lady, rather than take a bath without the "Albert"

BABY'S OWN SOAP

It leaves the skin wonderfully soft and fresh, and its faint fragrance is extremely pleasing.

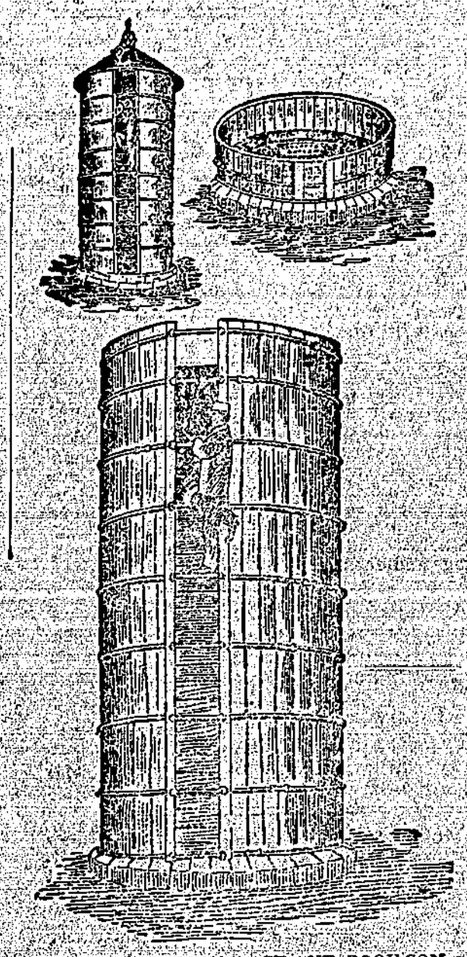
Beware of Imitations.

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs.
MONTREAL.

THE ROUND SILO.

Advantages of the Continuous Open Front Construction.

The most satisfactory silo is the one made of one thickness of two inch staves, planed on both sides and heavily tongued and grooved, says F. H. Ryder in National Stockman. The bevel on the edges of the staves conforms to the circle, and the staves should also be matched according to the bevel. I have in mind a certain make of silo I have seen in which the staves are beveled, but the groove is not put in at right angles to the bevel, so that when the tongue or fin is inserted it is almost certain to split, leaving the lumber practically unmatched. The object of having the staves matched is twofold—to secure a tighter joint and to prevent the building from blowing



OPEN SILO, SHOWING BASE AND ROOF COMPLETE.

down when empty. I know of at least six unmatched round silos that have blown down in the last two years.

Cypress lumber is undoubtedly the best lumber that grows for silo uses. It shrinks very little and warps scarcely at all.

The patent silo, if it be a first class one, is both cheaper and better than any homemade one, no matter how well built.

Not only are they cheaper, but if bought from a first class firm, a patent round stave silo is the best in the world. Ensilage being such a heavy product, the easy, economical handling of it should be considered. With a door silo the plan usually followed is to have about one-half of the front open, the rest closed. This plan, of course, requires much lifting as the ensilage is being taken out. The most desirable way is to have the silo of the continuous open front construction, whereby the entire front can be opened up one board at a time as the feeding from the silo is being done. This makes the door on a level with the feeding surface all the time, and to me this method seems to possess the greatest merit.

Merit In Farm Separators.

The increased value of skimmilk direct from the separator when fed to pigs or calves will in a very short time make a large payment on the machine. Then, too, the very best butter is made from cream direct from the separator. This was shown at the recent creamery butter makers' show at St. Paul, where the first prize butter, scoring 97½ points, was made at a creamery where 15 per cent of the cream came from the farm separator. The separator saves work in the house and is much easier to clean than a lot of sour cans or pans. It requires but little room and does away with handling a lot of ice to cool the milk. In July and August, when it is almost impossible to get good cream or make good butter by gravity methods, the separator works as usual, and by proper handling of the cream as good butter can be made as during cooler weather.

The Guernsey Cattle Club.

The Guernsey Cattle club has its register for pedigree and now proposes to open another, the register for performance, or, rather, for all proved work coming up to or exceeding a certain standard.

The matter has been under consideration by the Guernsey Cattle club for some time, owners of Guernsey cattle having felt it an injustice to the breed that there were only their own tales of performance to show for the merits of their animals, and, as the better the performance was the greater the doubts might be, therefore the less they were inclined to give figures.

Split Teat.

Scarify the edges of the opening; then put a pin through the edges and tie a thread in the form of the figure 8 around the ends of the pin, thus bringing the edges of the opening together. Let the pin remain in until it sloughs off. By that time the edges of the opening will have united. Use a milk tube to draw off the milk.

Rusty Spots In Cheddar.

The Geneva station says there are colonies of minute plants growing on the walls of the air spaces in the cheese. The remedy suggested is plenty of hot water and live steam used upon the cheesemaking utensils and about the vats.

THE FARM SEPARATOR.

Valuable Adjunct to the Small Dairy Equipment.

Addressing the Kansas state board of agriculture at its annual meeting, G. B. Morgan said:

The value of the farm separator to the private dairyman has already passed the experimental stage. The evidence of our experimental stations and the testimony of all who have made a careful, intelligent comparison between the gravity system and the modern cream separator are practically a unit in favor of the latter for the private dairyman. The question as to its advantages in localities where creameries are established is one upon which there is much difference of opinion.

The most serious problem confronting creameries at this time is that of operating expenses. This applies alike both to creamery and patron, and, whether under co-operative or proprietary management, it makes but little difference. All are vitally interested in the expense account. If the eastern creamery enjoys a patronage of from 10,000 to 30,000 pounds of milk per day, while many of our creameries are running along at from 3,000 to 5,000 pounds, then we have lost much of the advantage we possess on account of our cheaper dairy foods in the increased cost of operating. Evidently as long as present conditions exist some system of centralization is inevitable.

The farm separator, we think, will assist greatly in solving this problem. It means a minimum of labor with a maximum of profit. The product is carried in condensed form from the patron to the creamery. We feel safe in saying that fully one-third of the skimming stations in this state from October to May do not pay running expenses. It is in these localities where the farm separator will prove of the greatest benefit.

At points where the patronage is liberal any radical change would not be advisable. It will to a great extent work its own way. But at these weaker, nonpaying stations much good can be accomplished by the use of the farm separator, especially in territory where the distance is too great to haul milk. True, to carry out this plan the farmer must make an investment for which he is amply compensated in the increased value of the skimmilk and the convenience of having it on the farm morning and evening to be fed while warm, sweet and fresh and in the best possible condition to be given to the young animal. The milk patron often suffers a severe loss on account of his Sunday's milk during the heated term. He also loses again by feeding new milk to the calf for six or eight weeks on account of the danger incurred in feeding the creamery milk. Where milk is fed from the farm separator by careful management and the use of Kaffir corn meal the calf can be put upon skimmed milk at 15 days old. It has been our experience that the patrons with from 10 to 15 cows save enough in one year to pay for a $100 machine.

She Sympathized.

"Cook, my husband complains that the coffee was cold, the meat overdone, the biscuits burned and the oatmeal soggy."

"Yez hev me sympat'y, mum. It must be awful to live wit' such a man."—Denver Times.

Beacon Hill Vernacular.

"Say, I told that Boston man my fish story, and all he said was 'Kindly alight. What did he mean?'"

"Oh, that's just his way of saying 'come off.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Spoiled the Pleasure.

Mamma (to Freddie, just returned from a call upon his aunt)—Well, Freddie, what did auntie say?

Freddie (disgustedly)—Don't, Freddie.—Brooklyn Life.

Was One.

Mrs. Enpeck—You acted like a fool when you proposed to me.

Enpeck—That wasn't acting, my dear.—Town and Country.

The Puzzled Lover.

Did she take or reject me?
Is it gladness or woe?
Was it "yes" that she gave me
Or a mercerized "no?"
—Detroit Free Press.

Cheap Birds.

Don't imagine a bird is cheap simply because you got it at a low price. In buying low priced stock knowledge and observation are necessary. If a man wishes to take chances on secondhand clothing and considers he has secured a bargain, while the rip up the back escapes his notice, there is no law to prevent him. But it always pays to buy good goods, pay living prices and remember that the cheapest bird in your yard may have cost you the last [illegible]

CONSOLATION.

When you have an achin longin to go fishin,
When th' minnerscan th' speckled bass invite,
When you sit upon th' dampish bank, a-wishin
That th' consarned invitationers would bite,
Chew th' cud of calm reflection,
Though elected to dejection,
An remember there's a day f'r every night.

When your wife's maternal ancestor's a-comin,
Bent on makin it a long, persistent stay,
An you hear th' busy bees of trouble hummin
An you wish she'd hurry up an go away,
Be th' master of your trouble;
Don't let trouble trouble double,
But remember every night must have its day.

When you sign a note just f'r accommodation,
An your friend forgets th' note is comin due,
An you feel constrained to swear in moderation
When he leaves th' final settlement to you,
Watch your chance an soak it to him,
An he'll wish you never knew him;
Every ink black cloud has got its sky of blue.

When a friend comes up an perpetrates a story
That you've heard a thousand years ago or more,
An you like to make surrounding landscape gory
With this selfsame story tellin feller's gore,
Giggle, grit your teeth an bear it;
Most of us have had to share it,
F'r you've peddled that same tale in days of yore.
—Denver Times.

After the Scrap.

"Cassidy, who wor th' lasht mon to come to th' mixed nihl pahty?"

"Ut wor a toi, Dugan, betwane th' policeman awn th' ambulanche surgeon."—Chicago News.

Feminine Amenity.

Ethel—Look at this lovely engagement ring Jack gave me.

May—Yes, 'tis very pretty. It was too large for me.—Baltimore World.

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.

WANTED—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation; $936 salary per year payable weekly; $3 per day absolutely sure and all expenses; straight, bona-fide, definite salary no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 334 Dearborn St., Chicago.

SMOKE
KURTZ'S OWN
KURTZ'S PIONEER, or
KURTZ'S SPANISH BLOSSOM
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CITY OF CUMBERLAND

All owners of cows in Cumberland and Union are requested to remove the bells, or proceedings will be taken to prevent them running at large.

By order,
LAWRENCE W. NUNNS,
City Clerk.

Cumberland, B.C., 28th Aug. 1901.

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Fresh Lager Beer THE BEST IN THE PROVINCE
STEAM Beer, Ale, and Porter.

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Rifle,
Ammunition
Or anything in the
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CALL AND SEE
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He Can Save You Money on all Purchases.

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, and two per cent. on the remainder:

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

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

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

If paid on or after 1st July, 1901:—

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

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

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

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

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, and 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, and four per cent on the remainder.

Provincial Revenue Tax $3 per capita.

JOHN BAIRD,
Assessor and Collector.

Cumberland, B. C., 11th January, 1901.
My 22

Black Diamond Nursery

QUARTER WAY, Wellington Road

HUTCHERSON & PERRY.

20,000 Fruit Trees to choose from.
Large Assortment of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs and Evergreens.
Small Fruits in Great Variety.

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VICTORIA COMOX ROUTE.

Taking Effect Tuesday, Oct. 15th, 1900.

S. S. "City of Nanaimo."

Sails from Victoria Tuesday, 7 a.m. for Nanaimo and Way ports.

Sails from Nanaimo, Wednesday 7 a. m., for Union Wharf, Comox and Way ports.

Sails from Comox and Union Wharf, Thursday 8 a. m. for Nanaimo and Way ports.

Sails from Nanaimo, Friday 4 a.m. for Comox and Union Wharf direct.

Sails from Comox and Union Wharf, Friday 6 p. m. for Nanaimo direct.

Sails from Nanaimo, Saturday 6 a.m. for Victoria and Way ports

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Henry Hills, Secretary Farmers' Institute, Alberni.
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H. De M Mellin, Cowichan, Somenos.
John Stewart, Nanaimo-Cedar, Starks Crossing, Nanaimo.
J. H. Smart, Motchosin, Motchosin.
C. K. King, Victoria, Cedar Hill.
E. Walter, Islands, Ganges Harbor.
E. A. Brown, Delta, Ladner.
H. Bose, Surrey, Surrey Centre.
A. H. P. Matthew, Langley, Langely.
Alex. Philip, Richmond, Vancouver.
A. M. Verchere, Mission, Mission City.
G. W. Chadsey, Chilliwack, Chilliwack.
Wm. Green, Kent, Agassiz.
J. M. Webster, Maple Ridge, Webster's Corners.
John Ball, Matsqui, Abbotsford.
A. H. Crichton, Okoyoos, 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

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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 personally.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 2, 1901.

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 themselves 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

RESERVE.

NOTICE is hereby given that all the unappropriated Crown lands situated within the boundaries of the following areas are hereby reserved from pre-emption, sale or other disposition, excepting under the provisions of the mining laws of the Province, for two years from the date hereof, pursuant to the provisions of sub-section (5) of section 41 of the Land Act, as amended by section 6 of the 'Land Act Amendment Act, 1901,' to enable the Industrial Power Company of B.C., Limited, to select therefrom timber limits for wood pulp and paper manufacturing purposes, as provided by an agreement bearing date the 13th day of June, 1901, viz:—

AREA 1—All the surveyed land on both sides of Kingcome River, and the land surveyed between Kingcome Inlet and Bond Sound.

AREA 2—Commencing at the north-east corner of Lot 1; thence following up the river at the head of Thompson's Sound and its branches, a distance of ten miles, and having a width on each side thereof of one mile.

AREA 3—Commencing at the northern boundary of Lots 45, 55 and 56, on the Kle-na-Klene River; thence north along the said river and its branches five miles, and having a width on each side of one-half mile, including all surveyed lands.

AREA 4—Commencing on Wakeman Sound at the south-west corner of Lot 61; thence west on the 51st parallel of latitude to a point north of Embley Lagoon; thence south to said lagoon; thence south-westerly following the passage between Kinnaird Island and Pandora Head to Mills Passage; thence to Queen Charlotte Sound; thence south-easterly along the shore line of Noel Channel, and easterly along the centre of Fife Sound to Village Point; thence north-westerly to the north of Trivett Island to the mouth of Kingcome Inlet; thence north along the west shore of Wakeman Sound to the point of commencement.

AREA 5—Consisting of Harbledown and Turner Islands.

W. S. GORE,
Deputy Commissioner of
Lands & Works.

Lands and Works Department,
Victoria, B.C., 22nd June, 1901. jy2,4t

Notice.

Riding on locomotives and railway cars of the Union Colliery Company by any person or persons—except train crew—is strictly prohibited. Employees are subject to dismissal for allowing same

By order
FRANCIS D. LITTLE
Manager.

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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	Koenigs	" 5.34
" 10:48	Duncans	" 6:15
P.M.		P.M.
" 12:14	Nanaimo	" 7:41
A. 12:3	Wellington	Ar. 7:55

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1 Daily. A.M.		No. 3 Saturday A.M.
De. 8:05	Wellington	De. 4:25
" 8:26	Nanaimo	" 4:39
" 9:52	Duncans	" 6:05
" 10:37	Koenig's	" 6:46
" 11:18	Goldstream	" 7:32
Ar. 11:45	Victoria	Ar. 8:00 P.M.

Reduced rates to and from all points on Saturdays and Sundays good to return Monday.

For rates and all information apply at Company's Offices.

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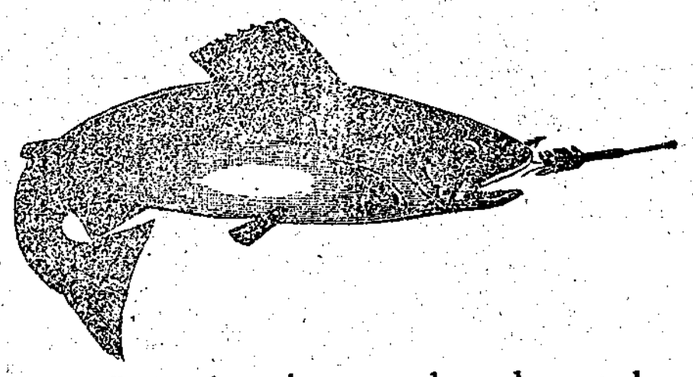

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NEWS OFFICE.

A GODDESS OF AFRICA.

A Story of the Golden Fleece.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBONE

That flying glimpse of a disappearing object was not the stretch of imagination.

"What have you found?" he asked, coming alongside the plainsman, and also riveting his gaze upon the ground.

"Footprints, and not made by an angel, either, you bet," returned blunt Jim, pointing to where the dust had been disturbed, and there Rex discerned a giant imprint.

It meant much to them—discovery—an alarm, the assembling of the black hosts, the destruction of their only path out of the deep crater, a siege, and ultimate destruction! No wonder then, with these possibilities staring them in the face both Rex and the cowboy were anxious to know whither the black spy had flown.

Besides, Bludsoe was at once overwhelmed by a feverish desire to follow, that being a part and parcel of his religion.

He flashed the light over the trail, and Rex did not say nay—indeed, he was in quite the mood to accompany Bludsoe down through the infernal regions if so be there was an object in visiting that abode of the dark shades.

As he went on Jim kept up a running commentary upon the situation, and in that way gave vent to his feelings, while at the same time imparting a certain amount of information; for Rex had never had much practice as a trailer, and might be looked upon as something of a "tenderfoot" in cowboy parlance.

"See, here's where he made that flying leap when you had a glimpse of him, and I just reckon as how the critter must have been scared nigh to death when the fire flashed up so sudden like. He landed yonder—you can see how he slipped as he came down, but recovered and ran like a scart deer.

"Here's the wall of the place, but jest in this spot you see it's riven, and through that opening our chap went licketty split.

"Now, if you asked my advice, sir, I'd surely say we'd be foolish not to go a little way into that ere crevice and see if we can't run across this cussed spy, because if he once gets clear, we'll have to pay the piper. Is it a go, Mr. Rex?"

His tone and manner were persuasive, and Rex, falling in with the spirit of adventure, as he recognized the value of keeping this scout from giving the wild alarm, immediately acquiesced.

So they plunged into the black crevice, which looked more like some freak of nature, resulting from a convulsion of the mountain in the days when Krokato was violent, than any possible passage constructed by man's ingenuity.

It was astonishing how rapidly the experienced Bludsoe pushed on. He seemed to keep one eye on the ground so as to follow the trail, while with the other he endeavored to pierce the darkness that lay like a pall just beyond the line marking the limit of their feeble torch's power.

Hastings could not but experience a sensation of thrilling interest as he kept at the other's heels.

They had quickly passed around several angles, so that a backward glance which Rex shot over his shoulder failed to reveal the first sign of light from the rear. On either side were the roughened, black walls, which looked very much as though they had been burned by the fire of ages, while under their feet the base of the crevice was threatening to trip them up with every move.

To add to the interest of the affair, both of them began to sniff suspiciously of the atmosphere, as though it aroused unbidden fears, for it became strongly impregnated with sulphur or brimstone, as though they approached the bottomless pit.

And as they thus rushed on Rex was surprised to have the flambeau thrust into his hand, while his companion shouted over his shoulder:

"We're closing on him fast, sir!"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SNAP OF A ROPE.

It was easy to see that the cowboy had some plan of action in his mind—that even as he ran he had arranged a scheme by means of which he hoped and expected to accomplish the downfall of the black spy who scurried on before, and of whom they had occasional glimpses as he bounded from pillar to post in a sullen, unwilling way, as though he liked not the idea of being thus chased so heartily into the bowels of the earth.

Rex entered into the spirit of the game with a zest known only to the hunter—an eagerness that is seldom reciprocated by the fugitive, be it man or beast, straining every muscle and nerve to escape.

He kept close at Bludsoe's heels, and waved the torch above his head so that with the draught caused by this double movement, the flame hissed and roared, and ate deeper into the wood of which the flambeau was composed.

The air grew even more suggestive of the infernal regions—it was fetid and strongly impregnated with that sulphurous odor which they had noticed ever since plunging into the crack in the black rocks.

Still Jim Bludsoe ran on, and Rex would not allow any man to outdo him in an affair of this kind, no matter where it led. That was the Scotch blood of his way-back ancestors again—he owed much that was wholesome in his disposition to those sturdy men of brake and fen from whom he was descended.

As his eye rested momentarily on his companion he discovered that Jim had made his lasso ready—that weapon which is more than knife or revolver in the hands of one to the manner born, and with which an adept can perform feats that might stamp him a wizard in the eyes of a tenderfoot.

He coiled it as he ran and woe betide the black fugitive once the rope was launched forth by that practiced arm.

All the while they gained, possibly because the man who fled before them experienced an unwillingness to explore the mysteries of the subterranean passage, and also on account of their avoiding obstacles he stumbled over, thanks to the light.

Now he could be seen very plainly—Rex even caught the look of deadly fear upon his dark face as he twisted his head around in the endeavor to discover whether they were still gaining.

He really felt sorry for the wretch, and yet, knowing what it meant for them should the Zambodi warrior escape to sound the alarm, and arouse the black impis within ten leagues of the sacred crater, he was just as determined as Jim to continue the mad race until it came to its legitimate conclusion.

Twice he shouted to the fellow to stop and surrender, but his voice sounded like a trumpet blast in that narrow, ragged cleft, and appeared to only inspire additional terror in the fugitive, judging from the fresh spurt he took, fear lending him wings.

Bludsoe was almost ready to hurl his rope—he had begun to swing it around his head as if to give warning to Rex that he might keep his distance.

The black runner no longer scrambled over the rocks like a frightened chamois—he had come to a full stop, and his attitude was that of a man who finds himself between the devil and the deep sea—behind him were those white, adventurous spirits from whose touch he had fled in such haste like one possessed, while before him yawned an abyss whence arose a weird vapor that looked like a phantom smoke, together with a dull glare as of some fiery furnace far down in the bosom of the earth.

Rex saw and his heart was chilled with horror at the terrible choice thrust upon the fugitive.

To make the leap meant but one chance in ten of his reaching the opposite side, such was the width of the awful chasm from which these sulphurous fumes drifted, and should failure be his portion his flight to the gates of Hades must be rapid indeed.

As the black athlete stood there, with every muscle strained in anticipation of the fearful task before him, and with one foot drawn back to give impetus to his leap, he presented a picture young Hastings could never forget to his dying day—a picture that has since graced the walls of a salon and aroused the most intense admiration for the marvellous look of fear and resolution combined upon the black face of the sinewy Zambodi warrior.

Bludsoe was swinging his lariat with increasing power, as though it were his intention to wrap the reckless spy in its coils ere he had a chance to launch himself forth upon such a haphazard mission.

He was too late to prevent it.

The black athlete suddenly leaped through space, his form describing a parabola as it rose and fell again.

Bravo! he struck the other side, clearing a greater space than the highest record of a standing jump ever reached, for the dread of death gave the amazing power of steel springs to his muscles.

"Great Scott! what a magnificent leap, and he made it—he has landed on the other side—a tiger could have done no better. Not yet—not yet—he staggers wildly on the brink—his footing is insecure and he failed to throw his weight forward. Poor devil—he is lost after all—my God! what a fate for a brave man."

Even while Rex was thus speaking the black warrior had been going through the most tremendous contortions in an endeavor to maintain the slight advantage secured by planting his feet upon the rocky brink of the cleft; but instead of gaining ground his most frantic and exhausting muscular efforts only served to keep his balance for a space not exceeding fifteen seconds of time.

Then from his lips burst a shriek such as might proceed from the lost souls in torment. Despair had swallowed up hope, and a consciousness of his terrible doom overwhelmed him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The South African winter begins toward the end of April and lasts until September.

WINNIPEG MARKETS.

WHEAT—No. 1 hard, Fort William, 69½c, No. 2 hard, 67½c; No. 3 hard 62½c.

COUNTRY WHEAT—53 to 58c per bushel.

FLOUR—Flour holds firm. Lake of the Woods Five Roses, $2.00; Red Patent, $1.85; Medora, $1.45; XXXX $1.15 per sack of 98 pounds. Ogilvie Milling Co., Hungarian, $2.00; Glenora Patent, $1.85; Alberta, $1.65; Manitoba, $1.50; and Imperial XXXX, $1.10 per sack of 98 pounds.

MILLFEED.—Bran, $11.50 per ton, shorts $13.50 per ton, delivered.

GROUND FEED—Oat chop, $30 per ton; mixed barley and oats, $25 per ton, and corn $23 per ton.

OATS—Manitoba oats are practically out of the market. Ontario oats are worth 47 to 48c per bushel in car lots.

BARLEY—None offering.

CORN—61c per bushel.

HAY—Fresh baled hay, $6 to $7 per ton in car lots on track here. Loose hay on the street is also worth $5.50 to $6 per ton.

POULTRY—Dressed spring chickens, 30 to 40c each.

DRESSED MEATS—Fresh beef, 6 to 6½c per lb, veal, 7 to 8½c, mutton, 11c per lb; hogs, 8c per lb.

BUTTER—Creamery, 15c per lb. Dairy, 11c per lb.

CHEESE—7c per lb.

EGGS—12c per dozen.

HIDES—No. 1 inspected hides, 5½c 5½ to 6½c; veal calf, 7c to 8c; deakins, 25 to 40c; slunks, 15c to 20; horsehides, $1 to $1.50.

WOOL—Manitoba wool is worth about 8c delivered here.

SENECA ROOT—27c per lb.

LIVE STOCK.

CATTLE—Fat cattle are quoted at 2¾ to 3¼c per pound, delivered here.

SHEEP—5c per pound.

HOGS—6c per lb.

HORSES—Very little demand. Work horses will bring from $125 to $200 each, according to weight and quality.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY TIME TABLE

	LV	AR
S. S. Marie, Owen Sound, Toronto and East, Via Lakes, Mon., Thurs and Sat	21.00	
Tues., Fri. and Sun		6.30
Montreal, Toronto, New York and east, via all rail, daily	21.50	6.3
Rat Portage and intermediate points, Mon., Wed. & Fri.	[illegible]	
Tues., Thurs. & Sat		13.00
Rat Portage and intermediate points, Tues., Thurs, and Sat	14.00	2.3
Mon., Wed. and Fri		
Molson, Lac Du Bonnet and intermediate Points, Thurs only	7.30	13.1
Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Calgary Nelson and all Kootenay and Coast points, daily	7.15	1.2
Portage la Prairie, Brandon, and intermediate points, daily ex Sun	12.00	12.15
Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Moosejaw and intermediate points daily ex Sunday	8.00	10.10
Gladstone, Neepawa, Minnedosa and intermediate points, daily ex Sun	3.20	10.1
Shoal Lake, Yorkton and intermediate points, Mon., Wed. and Fri	8.30	
Tues., Thurs., and Saturday		10.10
Rapid City, Hamiota, Minota, Tues., Thurs. and Sat	8.30	
Mon., Wed. and Fri		19.10
Morden, Deloraine and intermediate points daily ex Sun	7.40	13.2
Napinka, Alameda and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., Thurs. & Sat.	7.40	
Mon., Tues., Thurs. and Fri		19.20
Glenboro, Souris, and intermediate points, daily ex Sun	7.30	18.45
Napinka, Melita, Alameda and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., Fri.	7.30	
Tues., Thurs. and Sat		13.45
Pipestone, Reston, Arcola and intermediate points, Mon. Wed., Fri.	7.20	
Tues., Thurs. and Sat		3.45
Frobyshire, Hirsh, Bienfait, Estevan, Sat	7.30	
Mon		17.45
Gretna, St. Paul, Chicago daily	11.30	18.1
Stonewall, Tuelon, Tues. Thurs. Sat	12.20	18.30
West Selkirk Mon., Wed., Fri	18.30	
West Selkirk Tues. Thurs. Sat		10.0
Emerson Mon. Wed and Fri	7.30	17.1

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STATIONS AND DAYS.	Leave Going South.	Leave Going North.	Arrive.
Leave from Canadian Northern depot—Winnipeg to Morris, Emerson, St. Paul etc. dly	13.45		7.15
St Paul to Emerson Morris, Winnipeg dly		20.00	13.30
Winnipeg to Roland, Miami, Belmont, Hartney & Brandon, Mon., Wed and Fri.	10.45		18.15
Brandon, Hartney, Belmont, Miami, Roland, to Winnipeg, Tues., Thurs and Sat.		6.30	16.30
Winnipeg to Portage la P. and intermediate stations, daily ex Sun.		8.00	10.25
Portage la P. and intermediate stations to Winnipeg dly ex Sun.	18.30		20.45
Winnipeg to stations on Beaver and Delta branches, Tues. and Thurs		8.00	14.20
Beaver and Delta branch stations, to Winnipeg Tues. and Thurs.	11.55		
Winnipeg to Portage la P., Gladstone.	16.30		20.45
Dauphin, etc., Mon. Wed. and Fri.		8.00	16.00
Dauphin, Gladstone, Portage la Prairie, Winnipeg Tues., Thurs. & Sat.	13.00		20.45
Winnipeg to W'p'gosis, Tues. and Thurs.	9.45	8.00	20.45
Winnipegosis to Wpg Mon. and Fri.	9.45		20.45
Winnipeg to Grand View, Mon. and Fri.		8.00	19.15
Grand View to Wpg Tues. and Sat	9.15		19.15
Dauphin to W'p'gosis and return, Sat	9.45	6.00	12.00
Dauphin to Swan River & Elwood, Wed.		16.45	6.00
Elwood to Swan River & Dauphin, Fri.	5.00		13.30
Leave from C. P. depot Winnipeg to Warroad Beaudette and intermediate stations, Mon, Wed., and Fri.	14.10		21.35
Beaudette, Warroad, etc. to Winnipeg, Tues., Thurs. and Sat.		5.00	12.20

D. B. HANNA, Gen. Supt. GEO. H. SHAW, Traf. Mgr.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

ELECTION OF THE REV. DR. WARDEN AS MODERATOR FOR 1901.

First Meeting of the New Century in the Handsome St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa—Topics Touched Upon by the Retiring and the Incoming Moderators—The Twentieth Century Fund.

St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, on Wellington street, Ottawa, where the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada assembled recently for the first time in the new century, is within a stone's throw of the Parliament grounds, and is a handsome and costly edifice, and was suitable in every way for the purposes of the new century meetings of the Supreme Court of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. Since the organization of the church, which belonged, before the union of 1875, to the Presbyterian Church of Canada, in connection with the Church of Scotland, St. Andrew's has had five ministers, viz. The Rev. Mr. Durie, the Rev. Mr. Cruikshank, the Rev. Dr. Spence, the Rev. D. M. Gordon, now of Halifax, during whose ministry the handsome edifice that is here was erected, and the present pastor, the Rev. W. T. Herridge, D.D. The congregation has a government in the session of sixteen elders, along with the minister, a temporal board of six, and a body of glebe trustees composed of four. The church has a membership of 595. The people of St. Andrew's Church, together with the minister and the membership of the other Presbyterian churches of the political capital of the Dominion, are united and interested in all plannings and proceedings belonging to the General Assembly, by which they were honored.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, OTTAWA.

On the constitution of the General Assembly, Rev. Dr. Pollock, the retiring moderator, proceeded with his farewell, in the course of which he alluded to the Assembly of 1900, to the unique features of a new century gathering, to the distinction accorded to him of having the last word from the chair for the old century and the first word from the new, to the losses of the Queen, and the veteran missionary, Dr. Mackay of Formosa, to the hopefulness attaching to the Empire by the accession of the new King to the throne, to the adoption of the course taken by the Presbyterian Church in Canada, by the Presbyterian Church in Scotland and Australia in the matter of union, and to other matters that fitted in well in a retiring address.

It was generally expected that the Rev. Dr. Warden would succeed Principal Pollock in the moderatorship. No other name was proposed, and the election of the new moderator this year took up less time than is usual with this eventful portion of the opening of a General Assembly.

The Rev. Dr. Warden was ordained into the ministry in the year 1866, and continued in pastoral work for nine years in Petrolea and western Ontario, when he went to Montreal to assume the financial agency of the Presbyterian College in that city. He remained in Montreal in agency work until after the death of the Rev. Dr. Reid, of Toronto, who for many years was agent of the church. Dr. Warden, by call and appointment, became Dr. Reid's successor and removed to Toronto. The new moderator also shares in the clerkship of the General Assembly with the Rev. Dr. Robert Campbell, of Montreal. He excels in the financial departments of the church's operations. He is convener of the committee on the century fund movement, and took occasion in addressing the Assembly, after having been chosen to be moderator, to state that the expected four hundred thousand dollars, which was the debt portion of the million dollar scheme, was raised and doubled. He stated that four hundred thousand of the six hundred thousand belonging to the common fund, or second portion of the scheme, was actually paid in at the present time, that the remaining two hundred thousand was an assurance, and that there was cause for general rejoicing that instead of the round million which was aimed at for June, 1901, it had become swelled to one million four hundred thousand dollars.

THE REV. DR. WARDEN.

The Slowness of Starvation.

During a prolonged fast the loss of weight is unusually rapid at first and decreases as the time goes on. Death ensues when a certain percentage of the loss has been reached, and this percentage varies according to the original weight. Fat animals may lose half their weight, thinner ones perhaps two-fifths. A man or woman of rather spare build weighing 143 pounds might, therefore, lose about 55 pounds before succumbing. Children die after a fast of from three to five days, during which they have lost a quarter of their weight. Healthy adults, however, have fasted 50 days when water has been taken. A German physician reports the case of a woman aged 47 years who fasted for 43 days, taking water freely. She lost 44 pounds out of 143 pounds and died from exhaustion.

John Montgomery's Petition.

In the Legislative Assembly, petition of John Montgomery, hotel keeper, Toronto, setting forth that in 1837 he was the owner of a tavern and other dwelling houses on Yonge street, which he had rented, in all, for £350 a year; that in December of that year, while in the tavern as a boarder, a party of persons came in on their way to attack Toronto; that while in the house, they were attacked, and routed by a party of militia, who set fire to and destroyed that and adjoining buildings; that petitioner lost property worth £7,000 currency; that he was afterwards indicted for high treason on evidence which he is prepared to prove was false, and praying generally for an inquiry into his case, and for redress.—From The Globe's report on May 29, 1851.

It Is Not a Stimulant But a Tonic You Need

Hosts of people do themselves irreparable harm and shorten their lives by many years by the use of stimulating drugs to whip up the exhausted nervous system and keep the machinery of the body working. Others get temporary relief from nervous headaches and body pains by the use of deadening and nerve-destroying narcotics. Both of these treatments mean death to the nervous system and hasten the approach of paralysis and insanity.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is a protest against these old-fashioned and villainous methods of treatment. Unlike any other medicines you ever used, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food forms new red corpuscles in the blood and creates new nerve tissue to replace that destroyed by overwork and disease. It is impossible to obtain a more effective treatment for nervous disorders than Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, because it gradually and naturally restores the wasted nerve cells and rebuilds the system. It is the up-to-date remedy for weakness and disease resulting from wasted nerves.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food,

50 cts. a Box, 6 Boxes for $2.50. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

GENERAL LORD KITCHENER.

HIS GREAT TASK AND HIS ABILITY TO PERFORM IT.

His Attitude Towards His Subordinate Officers—The War in South Africa a Contrast With European War—The Commander-in-Chief Does Not Spare Himself—A Fine Flow of Language.

In an article on Lord Kitchener a London Daily Mail war correspondent writes:

You cannot defeat the Boer by calling him names. He runs away and glories in it. You cannot get near enough to call him a coward, nor would that epithet sting him to the fighting point. It is a part of Brother Boer's tactics to run, and he makes us run after him; it is a part of the tiring out process, and the dominating maxim of the outlying commando is:

"Who fight and run away,
Live to fight with Delarey."

Kitchener knows this, and where another general might have been covering sheets of foolscap with general ideas for surrounding and capturing the flying burghers, Kitchener is steadily and calmly removing to well-guarded centres the means of flight. Firstly, the burghers must have food—so we are bringing the food in. Then they must have horses, so the country from the Orange to the Crocodile is being denuded of horses. The horses must have forage, and the forage of the country is stored or burnt. Imagine if you can Kitchener's task. Think of the enormous tract of country over which our operations are extended, and you will realize to some extent that in Pretoria is the only possible general for the work in hand—a work that demands better generalship than would be required of the commander of an army corps in a European war.

Contrast the position of the General Commander-in-Chief engaged, say, in a war against France. He would have under his command several compact army corps moving in an area restricted by the boundaries of neutral countries. Little strategy would be called for, for except in the event of a general European conflagration there is no room in the future for purely strategical movements. Certain recognized positions will be held or taken, and the rest will be a matter of tactics. The General's orders to his Lieutenants could be made known from one end of the country to the other within a few hours, he would be in touch with the enemy, whose position and strength would be as well known to him as his own. His work would consist in supervising the Generals of divisions, in whose hands would be left the disposition of the forces.

In South Africa Kitchener is the head, middle and feet of the army. He runs everything and knows everything. He has divisions, brigades and columns moving in all directions over an area not less than 300,000 square miles, and he knows the whereabouts of every one. He has some columns that are 250 miles from any railway line, and as far from telegraphic communication. His grasp of detail is perfect. He knows how many Cape carts Henniker's column has, and he is aware that there are three sick Yeomen in hospital at Buluwayo.

His attitude toward his subordinates is peculiar, for he values man only as a more or less perfect machine, and the more perfect he is the better he treats him. Kitchener has no use for fops of any sort, but he is not so prejudiced by appearances as to order a man home because he wears an eyeglass, as some people would have you believe. Indeed, some of his best officers have an affection for the monocle. If his manner were translated into words it would run something like this:

"I am your superior officer; you have taken service under me, and the world will judge you according to your progress. I have great power entrusted to me by the King through his Parliament, and whoever you are or whatever position you fill in the social world I can make or mar you. I want you to do your duty, and your duty is to do as you're told. If you do as I bid, you shall have all the credit for the success in obtaining which I used you as an instrument. If my plans miscarry I will take the blame—unless it miscarries through inefficiency. I don't care who your tailor is or how many clubs you may be a member of providing you can lead your men into action with a maximum of dash to a minimum of risk. I don't want heroes who will lead their comrades up to the cannon's mouth and reduce the strength of their regiments accordingly, but steady men who will take cover and shoot away obstruction from the shelter of a nice convenient boulder."

Nor does Kitchener spare himself, as the recent chase of Dewet testifies. If he is not at Pretoria sitting at the end of a telegraph wire he is somewhere down the line seeing things for himself, and Dewet had not been long in the colony before Kitchener was at De Aar, talking to the commandant of Hopetown about the horses that had not been removed from the Hopetown district. On such occasions "K. of K." has a fine flow of language.

THE DEADLY COBRA.

How the Venomous Creature Is Handled by Hindoo Snake Charmers—Always on the Defensive.

The creatures were on the defensive, but not one of them attempted to strike at the master, who sat serenely in front of them, so long as he did nothing to annoy them. Kullan talked to them as if they were his dearest friends. After a time, one or the other of them would lower its head, collapse its hood and begin to try to wriggle away. Whereupon Kullan would give it a smart little rap on the tail with his stick and bring it instantly to attention again. Whether this man possessed any special magic over these cobras or whether the description given below of how he could handle and play with them was simply due to his method I cannot say. He himself repudiated the idea of magic and asserted positively that any one who had the necessary nerve and dexterity could do exactly the same.

He used no reed instrument or music of any kind to propitiate the reptiles. He would squat on his haunches in front of them, and, after they had been hissing and swaying their uplifted heads backward and forward for a few minutes, he raised his hands above their heads and slowly made them descend till they rested on the snakes' heads. He then stroked them gently, speaking all the time in the most endearing Hindoostanee terms. The serpents appeared spellbound. They made no effort to resent the liberty, but remained quite still, with heads uplifted, and seemed rather to enjoy it. Presently his hands would descend down the necks about three inches below the heads, his fingers would close loosely around the necks, and he would lift them off the ground and place them on his shoulders. The looseness of the grip appeared to be the main secret. The snakes, being in no way hurt, would then slowly crawl through his fingers and wind themselves round his neck, his shoulders and his arms. They appeared to realize that no harm was to be done them, and they made no effort to resent the handling. He would pick them gently off one arm and place them on the other and, in fact, stroke them and pet them as if they had been a pair of harmless worms.—Cornhill.

THE KING'S PRIZE.

Recent Changes in the Blue Ribbon of Marksmanship.

His Majesty the King has graciously consented to continue as patron of the National Rifle Association, and has further intimated his intention of replacing the late Queen Victoria's prize by a similar one, to be known as "the King's Prize."

In addition to the alteration of targets and allowance of the prone position in the King's Prize, the council have now decided that the second of the three stages of the competition shall consist of ten rounds at 600 yards, and ten at 800, instead of ten at 500 and fifteen at 600 as formerly.

It has also been decided that orthoptics shall be allowed in the St. George's competition, the only competition in the aggregate series in which they were not allowed last year.

The Prince of Wales' Prize, hitherto given by the present King, which was competed for by winners of the N. R. A. medals, will also be included in this year's prize list.

Another significant change consists in the number of competitions in rapid and magazine firing being increased while the number of volley contests is reduced.

The famous Queen's Prize was founded by Her late Majesty Queen Victoria in 1860, and consisted of £250 given by the Queen and £2,170, with gold, silver, and bronze medals and badges given by the N. R. A.

Queen Victoria inaugurated the first great meeting at Wimbleton in 1860, and herself fired the first shot, scoring a bull's-eye.—London Daily Mail.

Just Like a Man.

Husband—My dear, I can't remember where I have left my slippers. Do you happen to know where they are?

Wife—I don't remember having seen them.

Husband—That's just like a woman—always forgetful.

Piracy as a Profession.

"What are you going to do with your boy?"

"He seems to think he can decide all that for himself. Just now he tells me there is more money in piracy than in anything else."

"What does he mean by that?"

"Oh, I fancy he's got Morgan the buccaneer mixed up with Morgan the financier."

A HEROINE HONORED

MONUMENT TO LAURA SECORD'S MEMORY UNVEILED.

Saved British Post From Surprise—Eighty-Eight Years After Her Heroic Act It Was Commemorated by the Erection of the First Public Monument to a Woman in Canada.

Several thousand people on Saturday, June 22, 1901, assembled at the historic village of Lundy's Lane and honored the memory of Laura Secord, the heroine of the war of 1812 to 1815. Here, almost in the shadow of the monument recently erected by the Dominion Government to the soldiers who fell in the battle of Lundy's Lane, lie the remains of Laura Secord and her husband James, where, under the auspices of the Ontario Historical Society, the monument to the heroine of Beaver Dams was unveiled by Mrs. George W. Ross.

This, the first public monument erected to a woman in Canada, is the work of a Canadian woman, Miss Mildred Peel of London, and the funds for the monument were raised through the Ontario Historical Society by subscriptions of five and ten cents, which were contributed by children in the schools, by members of the Canadian militia and the historical societies, the County of Welland, villages of Niagara Falls South and Chippewa, the town of Niagara Falls, the Niagara Navigation Company and the 49th Regiment of the British army (General Brock's old regiment, to which Lt. Fitzgibbon belonged).

The monument shows a granite base bearing a rectangular shaft about seven feet high, on three sides of which are polished shields bearing inscriptions cut in the stone. On the front side, facing the Lundy's Lane monument, the inscription is as follows:

"To perpetuate the name and fame of Laura Secord, who (on the 23rd of June, 1813,) walked alone nearly twenty miles by a circuitous, difficult and perilous route to warn a British outpost at De Cew's Falls of an intended attack and thereby enabled Lieut. Fitzgibbon on the 24th of June, 1813, with 39 men of H. M. 49th Regiment, about 15 militiamen and a small force of Six Nation and other Indians, under Captains Dominique Ducharme and William Johnson Kerr, to surprise and attack the enemy at Beechwoods (or Beaver Dams) and after a short engagement to capture Col. Boerstler, of the United States army, and his whole force of 542 men, with

LAURA SECORD'S MONUMENT.

two field pieces. This monument erected by the Ontario Historical Society from contributions of societies, the 49th Regiment, military organizations, schools and private individuals, was unveiled 22nd of June, 1901."

On the two sides are the following inscriptions: "In memory of James Secord, sr., collector of customs, who departed this life on the 22nd of February, 1841, in the 68th year of his age," and "Here rests Laura Ingersoll, beloved wife of James Secord, born Sept. 13, 1775, died Oct. 17, 1868, aged 93 years."

Just eighty-eight years ago, said the President of the Ontario Historical Society, Mr. J. H. Coyne, on the occasion of the unveiling, the battle of Beechwoods or Beaver Dams was fought, and eighty-eight years ago Saturday evening it was that, according to her statement, Laura Secord learned of the plans of the United States forces at Niagara to capture the small British outpost under Lieut. Fitzgibbon at De Cews. The Americans, by right of might, had established themselves in the home of the Secords. James Secord, the husband, was on parole, dying sick, having been wounded at Queenston Heights. Realizing her duty as a patriotic Canadian wife, a daughter of a United Empire Loyalist refugee, her action was prompt, loyal, courageous and effective, and it has made her famous forever among women. Starting from her home, she proceeded by way of St. David's, where she plunged at once into the dense underbrush of what is still known to old settlers as the Black Swamp. All that hot summer's day, on June 23, from daybreak to moonlight, she traversed the depths of the swamp and forest alone, hungry, faint, for the most part of the way ragged and shoeless, and menaced at every step by the fear of the deadly rattlesnake and wild animals, the wildcat, the bear and the wolf, whose cries once caused even her dauntless courage to falter. This terrible journey of twenty miles the devoted woman traversed alone, finding her way by instinct through the trackless forest and swamp, crossing the swollen torrent of Twelve Mile Creek upon a fallen tree, and after narrowly escaping by rare presence of mind the tomahawks of friendly Indians, who regarded her as a spy, she reached De Cews, told her story to Lieut. Fitzgibbon, and fainted.

Took No Chances.

"I'll tell you how it is, parson," said the board of trade clerk. "You've married us, and you'll admit that it is a good deal of a speculation. Now, I'll pay you $2, the regular fee, now and call it square or I'll wait 60 days and pay you what experience teaches me the job is really worth to me, even if it's $100."

The clergyman looked long and earnestly at the energetic, determined young woman and sighed.

"Give me the $2," he said.

They Hadn't Made Up.

"Well," said he, anxious to patch up their quarrel of yesterday, "aren't you curious to know what's in the package?"

"Not very," his wife, still unrelenting, replied indifferently.

"It's something for the one I love best in all the world."

"Ah, I suppose it's those suspenders you said you needed."

PASSED IN AS USUAL.

The Wayne County Fraud Never Missed a Circus.

Old and a little shaky on his pins, he appeared at the tent now pitched up on Grand River avenue and audibly wondered if they would let him in.

"What would we let you in fer?" was the gruff reply. "Don't block the way, now."

"All right; but that makes me think of one time we was showin down in New Orleans. The reg'lar man was sick, so I was on the door with orders to hus'le and make up soon's the jam slacked up so's the boss canvasman could han'le the crowd. A great big colored mammy waddled in and began goin through her pockets searchin for a ticket. 'Don't block the way, now,' says I, in just them words.

"'Somebody done rob me,' she shouted. 'I bo't a ticket ober dar in dat red wagon, sho', and I'ze gwine inter dis heah cu'cust.' I tried to shove her aside, but it was like pushin on a stone wall. The police could not get in for the crowd, and it was a sure enough blockade. Well, sir, we had to give 'mammy' a front seat, furnish her with peanuts to feed the elephant and promise her a ticket for the afterpiece before she would stir. Your remark recalled it."

"Did, hey? Broken down member of the perfesh, are you? Clown?"

"Yes, and acerbat. But the telegraphs put me out. Before they was in I could use the same jokes the year round and everybody would yell. But when they got to puttin them in the papers and they had all been read in town afore I got there I was done for."

"Go on in, old man, and have all the fun you can. All of us is passin away, as the poet says, and I'll be lookin for a pass some day. Drop round any time."

When the smiling veteran was leaving, the door tender pointed him out to a policeman as an old time clown. "Great man in his day!"

"Old time fraud," growled the policeman, "but great man all the same. He was never out of Wayne county in his life, unless up and down the river, but he gets into every show he wants to see. You were lucky he didn't have you take up a collection for him among the men. He's the smoothest confidence man in the business, but he never works any graft but shows. Seventy years old and has a clear score for doing you fellows."

PICNIC DAYS.

Picnic season now is here,
Most eventful of the year.
Rural pleasures, farming sights,
Now appeal to cityites.

There is hustling day before,
Making pies and cakes galore;
Packing baskets to the brim,
Getting all things put in trim.

In the morning sun comes out,
Putting fears of rain to rout.
There is rushing to and fro;
Then off to the woods all go.

Girls go strolling, get a fright;
Brindle cow puts all to flight.
Later on all scream and quake—
Just a little garter snake.

Gallant chappies push the swing
To which buxom maidens cling;
Work ahead till out of breath
And they're nearly tired to death.

Time for dinner finds it spread,
With a bright sky overhead.
Soon a rain comes pouring down;
All are soaked from feet to crown.

Clothes are ruined, grub the same;
All declare that it's a shame.
Ask them later, and they'll say
That they had a splendid day.
—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Calls Too Near For Comfort.

"Old man, you seem worried."

"Worried is no name for it. Brown is coming round at 4 o'clock to pay me $15."

"Think he may not come?"

"Oh, he'll come all right, but Jones is due at 4:15 to try to collect $10 I owe him. Suppose he should get here just as I was being paid by Brown."—Stray Stories.

A Sentimental Farmer.

"These sheep pictures of Mauve's are beautiful," said Mr. L., the art instructor of the summer art school, to his class as he turned over a lot of reproductions from the great artist's paintings. "They are so gentle, so tender, so suggestive of pastoral peace and quietude."

"Oh, I do love sheep!" exclaimed one of the girls. "They are so dear! Don't you think so, Mr. L.?"

Mr. L. looked thoughtful for a moment, then he said:

"My father, who was a farmer, kept sheep for 20 years. He was an old man when he decided to give up the practice—an old man, but as full of sentiment and feeling as he had ever been. I shall never forget the day when the purchaser of the flock came to take them away. My father stood in the barnyard and watched till the last sheep had passed through the great gate into the road, waited till the last faint bleating of the flock had died away in the distance, then he turned to me with a face full of emotion." There were tears in the eyes of the "class," and their girlish hearts were touched by the pathetic word picture. Somebody said "Ah!" in a long drawn fashion. "He turned to me, my poor old father," the artist continued, "and said in a low, earnest voice, 'William, I'd go five miles any day to kick a sheep!'"—Leslie's Weekly.

His Goal the Letter "V."

When the late Horace Maynard, LL. D., entered Amherst college, he exposed himself to ridicule and jibing questions of his fellow students by placing over the door of his room a large square of white cardboard on which was inscribed in bold outlines the single letter V. Disregarding comment and question, the young man applied himself to his work, ever keeping in mind the height to which he wished to climb, the first step toward which was signified by the mysterious V.

Four years later, after receiving the compliments of professors and students on the way he had acquitted himself as valedictorian of his class, young Maynard called the attention of his fellow graduates to the letter over his door. Then a light broke in upon them, and they cried out:

"Is it possible that you had the valedictory in mind when you put that V over your door?"

"Assuredly I had," was the emphatic reply.

On he climbed, from height to height, becoming successively professor of mathematics in the University of Tennessee, lawyer, member of congress, attorney general of Tennessee, United States minister to Constantinople, and, finally postmaster general.—Success.

Snuff Spoons.

All the world is familiar with snuff-boxes, but snuff spoons are pretty little refinements of which this generation has hardly heard. Very probably they came into use about two years after Sir George Rooke's expedition to Vigo bay in 1702, when he captured half a ton of tobacco and snuff from the Spanish galleons, and snuff thus became a common article in England.

One of the characters in a comedy published at Oxford in 1704, entitled "An Act at Oxford," by Thomas Baker, says, "But I carry sweet snuff for the ladies," to which Arabella replies: "A spoon too. That's very gallant, for to see some people run their fat fingers into a box is as nauseous as eating without a fork."

In the forties and fifties snuff spoons were still in use on the Scottish border. They were of bone and of a size to go into the snuffbox. People fed their noses, it was said, as naturally as they carried soup to their mouths. As late as 1877 a farmer at Norham-on-Tweed was seen using one.

Marvelous Chicken Legs.

The mechanism of the leg and foot of a chicken or other bird that roosts on a limb is a marvel of design. It often seems strange that a bird will sit on a roost and sleep all night without falling off, but the explanation is perfectly simple. The tendon of the leg of a bird that roosts is so arranged that when the leg is bent at the knee the claws are bound to contract and thus hold with a sort of death grip the limb around which they are placed. Put a chicken's feet on your wrist and then make the bird sit down, and you will have a practical illustration on your skin that you will remember for some time. By this singular arrangement, seen only in such birds as roost, they will rest comfortably and never think of holding on, for it is impossible for them to let go till they stand up.

The Way of the World.

"I remember that man," said the observant waiter, "when his income could not have been more than $1,000 a year. He must be making at least $10,000 now."

"Is that so?"

"No doubt of it. He used to give me a 50 cent tip, and now he only gives me a nickel."

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.

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W. B. Anderson, Editor.

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Transient Ads Cash in Advance.

THE LATE PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

For the benefit of several of our readers who have been divided on the question of the ancestry and birthplace of the late President, we give the following information:

The old home of the family was in the County of Antrim, one of the most nortuerly districts of Ireland, and under the roof of the farm house built there, James McKinley, an ancestor of the President was born. William and James McKinley, who founded the two branches of the McKinley family in America, one in the northern, and the other in the southern states, came direct from the north of Ireland. James was but 12 years of age when he arrived in America. He was afterwards the father of David McKinley who was the great grandfather of the President. At the time of the President's birth, the father was manager of an iron furnace at Niles, Ohio. A few years later the family removed to Poland where William, Jr., attended the public school, and made such progress that he taught one term in a district school. When he was barely 16 years of age he united with the Methodist Episcopal church at Poland. He entered Alleghany College at 17, but did not remain long on account of ill-health. When he recovered he joined the army with a cousin, and on his return from the war entered on the study of law. On January 25, 1871, Major McKinley married Miss Ida Saxton of Canton, Ohio, daughter of the late James Saxton, a banker and capitalist. After her marriage she became a communicant of the church of which her husband had been a life-long member. In course of time two girls blessed the union, Kate and Ida, both of whom died in childhood. William McKinley was the twenty-fifth President of the U.S. and came nearer reaching the standard of what an American gentleman and statesman should be, since the days of Geo. Washington. At the time of his death he was 58 years of age. The direct cause of death as issued by the coroner's certificate was gangrene of both walls of the stomach and pancreas, following gunshot wound.

Mr D. Walker is back with us again after visiting Scotland. We are pleased to see Davie, who looks well. We are also glad to hear that his son is improving in health. His condition, a short time ago, was serious, the effect of an operation on the throat.

Misses Milligan and Cameron arrived from Vancouver Friday, and will resume their duties as teachers in the schools here. Their substitutes, Miss Milligan and Miss Machin vacated their desks Monday.

No Chinese are employed in growing, preparing or packing Blue Ribbon Tea.
Are you drinking it?

PERSONAL.

C. Vater is in Cumberland again.

Mr P. Dunne, of Extension, is in town for a few days.

Mr F. D. Little returned to Victoria last Thursday.

Miss Nellie Strang left Monday to take a situation in Vancouver.

Mrs Matthews was a passenger for the capital city on Monday evening.

Mrs Piket and daughter have gone to Victoria and Vancouver and will remain during the visit of the Royal party.

Mr G. R. Robson of the H.B. Co., Victoria, paid Cumberland a visit on Wednesday, returning following morning to Victoria.

Mrs L. Mounce and her sister-in-law Miss Mounce, left on Friday afternoon for Vancouver, and will remain until after the arrival of the Royal visitors.

BUSINESS POINTERS.

Everything in leather goods from a valise to a set of harness, to be found at Willard's.

Tailor made skirts for rainy weather and gossamers of the best quality at Leiser's.

All sporting goods purchased from the Magnet Store are most thoroughly reliable.

C. J. Moore has everything in the crockery line, his dinner and breakfast sets cannot be beaten.

Orders for Campbell's delicious cream pies must be in before Saturday.

The reception at Mrs Collis' on Wednesday evening last was largely attended, a most enjoyable evening was spent, music and games forming part of the entertainment. Those present had an opportunity of welcoming Rev. Mr and Mrs Cleland to Cumberland and also of saying farewell to the Ven Archdeacon Scriven who left on Friday evening for Victoria. During the evening the Archdeacon was presented with an English leather writing case by Mr Bate from the congregation of the church. The people of Cumberland are greatly disappointed at the recall of the Archdeacon, fully expecting that he would have been permitted to remain at least a year. In his departure everyone feels that they have lost a friend as well as pastor.

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.

The 25th and 26th seem to have been Cranes days. Many hundreds of the birds passed over, the point of the V always to the south.

Kitchener Carrying out the Effect of His Proclamation.

Pretoria, Sept. 25th—Ten Boer leaders who have been captured since September have been permanently banished from South Africa.

Victoria, Sept. 27th—Yesterday Judge Walkem found John Rogers, the Zionite, of Victoria, guilty of manslaughter, in that he did not procure medical attendance for his dying child.

The telegraph line has now been completed to Dawson. The rate is $4.25 for ten words.—Free Press.

It is reported from Ottawa that Mr Ralph Smith, M.P., may be made Minister of Labor. If it is intended to maintain a portfolio of Labor, we do not know any one who could bring to bear upon the discharge of its duties a better spirit and a wider knowledge of the subject than Mr Smith, and the Colonist will very heartily congratulate him if such promotion comes his way.—Colonist.

HAPPY HITS.

A Bunch of Good Things From the Yonkers Statesman.

He—I told her I should kiss her every time she giggled.

She—What was the result?

"Why, she giggled the whole evening."

She—What does it require besides patience to make a good fisherman?

He—An utter disregard for the truth.

Patience—Will ran over a dog in his automobile yesterday and burst a tire.

Patrice—Perhaps the dog was a pointer.

Yeast—Did you say your wife is liberal minded?

Crimsonbeak—Why, yes; she's always ready and willing to give me a piece of it.

The Cannibal Chief—You say you are going to give me a batter pudding today for dinner?

The Cannibal Chef—Yes, your excellency. We found a stranded baseball nine near by yesterday.

Mrs. Dearborn—Did Jerry balk when the minister charged him $3 for marrying you?

Mrs. Wabash—He did a little at first, but finally the parson said he'd do it cheaper the next time.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Have you got a real, live goat at your lodge, John?

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Why, no, dear. It's only a dummy—a stuffed affair.

"Why, don't you know that it's against the law to have any bogus butter in your possession?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Jollying His Worship.

The mayoral chair of a certain town was occupied by a gentleman of great generosity. Among the applicants who sought relief from him during his tenure of office was a well known local character, who asked the loan of a few pounds to buy a donkey and cart and set up in the rag and bone business.

"Well, Tim," said the mayor, "if I give you this money how are you going to pay me?"

This was a poser for Tim, but a thought struck him, and he blurted out:

"Well, yer worship, if ye are kind enough to give me the money I'll tell yer what I'll do—I'll name the donkey after yer worship."—Tit-Bits.

Slips of the Pen.

"I am open to conviction," said the burglar, and he was right. Eight years and six months was the sentence.

There is a deal of firing at random, but it is always some one else who gets hit.

A man who rents says a six story recommendation usually goes with a two story house.

When a young man calls on a girl and the old folks immediately leave the parlor, it is safe to propose.—Los Angeles Herald.

What Elsie Said.

"I'm afraid I can't interest my 5-year-old Elsie in fairy tales any longer."

"And why not?"

"I was telling her about the 'Forty Thieves,' and when I got to the 40 oil jars with a thief in each jar what do you suppose she said?"

"I give it up."

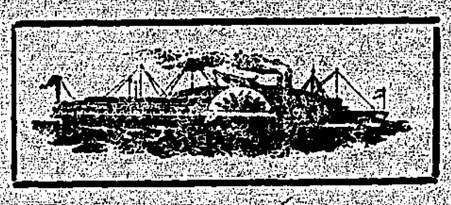
"She said, 'Wouldn't that jar you?'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CAMPBELL'S
BAKERY
Dunsmuir Ave
Cumberland, B C.

CAKES
Chocolate and Cocoanut, 30c.; Cream and Lemon, 10, 15 and 20 cents, etc., etc.
PIES
Apple, 15cts. - Mince Steak, 10cts., Etc.
FRESH BREAD EVERY MORNING.
Orders Punctually Attended to.

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

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

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

FOUND
On Comox Road, a lady's fur boa. Owner can have same by proving property. Apply to
o2 F. SCAVARDO.

WANTED—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation; $936 salary per year payable weekly; $3 per day absolutely sure and all expenses; straight, bona-fide, definite salary no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 334 Dearborn, St., Chicago.

Columbia Flouring Mills Company
ENDERBY, B. C.
Hungarian,
Three Star,
Wheatlets 10 10'
Strong Bakers
R.P.Rithet & Co.,
(LIMITED.)
Agents, - Victoria, B.C

NOTICE

The Wellington Colliery Co.
LIMITED LIABILITY.

NOTICE is hereby given that a meeting of the Stockholders of the Wellington Colliery Company, Limited Liability, to authorize the increase of the amount of the Capital Stock of the Company from One Million to Two Million Dollars, will be held at the office of Company, Store Street, Victoria, on WEDNESDAY, the 3rd day of October next, at 11:30 o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated Victoria, 3rd August, 1901.

JAMES DUNSMUIR.
JOSEPH HUNTER,
s4,td R. W. DUNSMUIR.

NOTICE.

As I shall soon be leaving Cumberland, I will sell my furniture, household goods, sewing machine and bicycle; any of which may be seen at my house.

s18,2t DR. BAILEY.

FOR SALE

A few choice Shorthorn heifers, yearlings and 2-year olds. Will make good milk cows.

Apply to H. E. CHURCH,
s11 Comox.

LOST

On the 22nd August, a gold ring lettered Yukon. A reward of $5 will be paid on returning same to Chas. Bridges or Riverside hotel.

ag28 ROBERT GRANT.