THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

EIGHTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, OCT. 24, 1900.

CLOTHING.

Boy's Corderoy Suits, $5.
Men's Suits, black and navy. $14, $15.

This is the best finished clothing we have had the pleasure of showing our friends and patrons.

We hope that all those who are interested will call and inspect them.

Agent for the Butterick Pattern Co.
New Idea Patterns in Stock.

Groceries Cheaper than the Cheapest.

Simon Leiser's

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

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

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

A Little Talk on Dining Room Furnishing.

SIDEBOARDS,
EXTENSION TABLES,
DINING ROOM CHAIRS,
TABLE LINENS and NAPKINS,
A NICE DINNER SET,
CUTLERY.
SILVERWARE,
GLASSWARE, and EVERYTHING COMPLETE.

If you are needing anything in above lines give us some idea as to price and we will send descriptions and all information required.

Weiler Bros.

COMPLETE FURNISHERS. VICTORIA, B. C.

NEW GOODS!

Fall Clothing Now Arriving.

Fine Tailor-made Suits, guaranted fit. Also,
Fall and Winter Overcoats, Mackintoshes, etc.

A nice line of Boys' and Youths' 3-piece suits.

Call and see our NEW STOCK. —:—

C. J. MOORE.

WHARF NOTES.

Mrs. L. Ray returned home after spending a few weeks in Cumberland with Mrs. R. Grant.

Mrs. Humphrey and son came up on Wednesday's boat from Vancouver.

The Glory of the Seas is loading coal.

The United States' message on the Chinese question is concisely as follows:

"Washington, Oct. 11—The reply of the state department to the French note relative to the basis of Chinese negotiations was made public late to-day. It reads as follows:

The Secretary of State to the French Charge d'Affaires (sent to Mr. Thiebaut, Oct. 10th, 1900:

Memorandum—The Government of the United States agree with that of France in recognizing as the object to be obtained from the Government of China appropriate reparation for the past, and substantial guarantees for the future.

1. The punishment of the guilty parties who may be designated by the Powers at Pekin. * *

2. The continuance of the interdiction against the importation of arms. * *

3. Equitable indemnities for the Goevrnments, corporations and private individuals. * *

4. The organization in Pekin of a permanent guard for the legations. * *

5. The dismantling of the forts at Taku. * &

6. The military occupation of two or three points on the road from Tien Tsin to Pekin. * *

If you don't like Blue Ribbon extracts it is because you've never tried them.

Paddy C—, last week, was the recipient of a fine pair of pigeons, Black Homers. For some weeks past two grown friends of his had promised that a pair of prize birds would reach him before long Last week, he had a wire telling him the birds were on the way and would arrive that day. Sure enough, when Paddy went to the station in the evening, there was a box marked "Pigeons," and the address. Very carefully were they carried to a loft in a barn much frequented by Paddy and his friends. Having been warned not to open the box for several days, he fed his precious charges through a small opening in the box, and carefully watched them. Towards evening, he go so impatient that he could stand it no longer, and cautiously inserted his hand through the hole to stroke the pets. His hand was at once seized and severely pecked, causing him to withdraw the member in double time. Thinking he had a rather savage pair of pigeons, he closed the box up and left them for the night. Next morning, about 125 of the "small guys" of the town assembled, and importuned the fortunate owner of the birds to open them up so that they could see them. Finally, yielding to their solicitations he cautiously opened the lid when—out flew two crows, a big one and a little one. The look of horrified amazement on the pigeon fancier's face was a set off to the wild yell of "crow," "crow" from the tribe of assembled kids, and when a bystander ventured the remark that they were genuine homers and were bound there now, Paddy interjected, "Yes, to the slaughter house" The trouble is that he has contracted for the sale of several pair of young birds at $5 per pair, and how to fill his part of the agreement troubles him not a little. The donors of the birds now insist that some evil minded and covetous rival swiped the Antwerps during the night and substituted the Corbies.

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. Addres No. 14517. The Nicholson Institute, 780, Eighth Avenue, New York, U.S.A.

FARMERS INSTITUTES.

The following additional appointments have been made by Mr. J. R Anderson, the superintendent, completing the programme for the autumn meetings of Farmers Institutes. These meetings will be addressed by Mr. Jas Stonehouse, an expert dairyman, now in the employment of the Dominion Government in the Northwest Territories: Parksville, Friday, 26th Oct.; Alberni, Saturday, 27th Oct.; Comox, Wednesday, 31st Oct.

Ceylon Tea is the finest tea in the world. Blue Ribbon Tea is the finest Ceylon Tea in the world.

PUBLIC MEETING.

Mr. Ralph Smith spoke here Monday night to a fair sized audience. The meeting was opened by Mr. Woodman's short address. He was followed by Mr. Anthony Anderson, for Mr. Sloan. Then Smith spoke with much vigor and fluency. In the course of his remarks he denounced Mr. Sloan's method of procuring a nomination and accused the Liberal delegates who attended the convention from this place with being paid servants of Sloan. We notice that Mr. Smith was under the pilotage of "Resolution William." How strong is becoming the fad among politicians to pack a hoodoo around the country with them! We are not sure, but thought, as a perfectly indifferent and unbiassed listener, as between Messrs. Smith and Sloan, that the air felt a little frosty in the hall last night. It may have been the broken window, which we would advise brother Bruce of the Cumberland to have fixed up.

"Shoul lauld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind,
We recollect her father's boot
And the pain it left behind."

A PURE GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR POWDER.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

Highest Honors, World's Fair Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair

Avoid Baking Powders containing alum. They are injurious to health

LOCAL ITEMS.

The Blue Ribbon brand of goods are put up by Canadians. No Chinese labor employed.

"Aw Jock, div ye ken a cuddy?" "Aye do I. I ken him weel by his bray, an' I can hear him fine the noo."

Several of our business men have availed themselves of the services of Mr. Keen to have very artistic and neatly executed signs painted both on glass fronts and boards.

Mrs. R. Vass entertained a few friends at her cosy home Monday evening. Dancing and singing was kept up by the jolly party to a late hour and a nice supper was partaken of with relish by all.

Hunters are bringing in deer fairly often now. H. Rees and party accounted for three last week. Frank Parkes and C. Gaunner, one each, and several others were successful. The bucks are in superb condition.

The Aldermanic board last night after the Council meeting went in a body to Mayor Bate's residence and read an address of welcome to him, congratulating him upon his recent marriage and 17 years incumbency of the Mayoralty of Nanaimo. They also presented him and Mrs. Bate with a beautiful silver breakfast service. The Mayor made a suitable reply.—Free Press.

Ducks are coming in plentifully on the Courtenay flats, large bags being made by some gunners, R. Coe being particularly successful.

Speaking of ducks. One chum of ours one day on the flats, shot a duck which was strange to him. Just after, a companion pushed his head into his blind and asked, "What luck?" "Oh! only a couple and one of them is no good. Guess its a sawbill," picking up the bird as he spoke. "Sawbill!" echoed the friend, "Why that's a shoveller, one of the best ducks that fly." First hunter said nothing but thought a whole lot. His real intention had been to throw the boat shooting thing away before the rest saw it for fear they would laugh at him.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. L. A. Mounce left last week for a visit to her home in Kansas.

Mr. Walters, who was formerly associated with Mr. F. Partridge in the grocery business here, is in Messrs. Stevenson's store here.

A PATCH OF MOONLIGHT

A Soldier on Picket Is Frightened to Death.

Now and then you have read of a soldier being drummed out of the army for cowardice, and you felt nothing but contempt for him. It is human nature to despise a coward. No dog will own a master who shows the white feather. Cowardice in a citizen is bad enough, but when displayed by one who is paid, drilled and equipped to fight our battles and who has been passed upon as a brave man you can find no excuse for him. You condemn him offhand and remember only to avoid him. You go too fast. Soldiers have been disgraced who would have made proud records if circumstances had been a little different. For every coward weeded out a thousand have been left in the ranks.

Did you ever go to war expecting to be killed? Of course not. There would be dead and wounded, but you would not be among them. No one had cause to wonder whether you were a brave man or a coward until your first battle. Then there were hubbub and confusion, and if your nerve gave way you had plenty of company, and it was not commented on. You were afraid, mortally afraid. Don't deny it, for no one but a bluffer will believe you. Shot and shell and bullet and roar of battle, with men flinging up their hands and screaming in agony, benumbed you. It was a horrible nightmare, and you deserved neither praise nor censure. You carried yourself better on the second occasion, but don't say that on the third you felt no trepidation. That would be false and find no believers. How many of us took in all the big battles, from McClellan's first to Grant's last, and yet did we sweep forward under Custer at Sailor's creek without fear of death? There were pale cheeks and chattering teeth and choking hearts as we went, and there was a cause for it.

But if a soldier went through his first battle with credit his courage was not put beyond question. There was a harder trial in store for him. It was the picket post at night, with the enemy's posts only half a mile away, and a day of battle was not to be compared to a turn of two hours in the darkness under the trees. Here is post No. 7 in the far edge of a piece of forest. A quarter of a mile in rear of it is a bivouac of the reserves. In front is an old cotton field. On the far edge of the field is a farmhouse, and beyond that the enemy may be found. The view by day is peaceful and pleasant, and it is hard to imagine that war is upon the land. When there is no sharpshooting, the day pickets are rather bored. They smoke, cut their names on the smooth beeches and write letters to wives and sweethearts in pencil. They feel almost as safe as if at home on village street or farm. But when night comes all is changed. There are bushwhackers prowling about by night; there are scouts seeking information; there are spies trying to penetrate the camps. Under cover of darkness the enemy may advance in force to new positions. Gaunt and savage dogs, driven from home by battle, skulk in the thickets and are desperate with hunger, and at the lonely cry of the midnight owl the buzzards roosting in the dead trees wake up and utter such strange sounds that the picket's heart leaps into his throat.

There was something like pity in the corporal's heart as he relieved post No. 7 at 10 o'clock at night and whispered instructions to the smooth faced boy who was to enter into battle with the night. A boy he was, and yet he had come out of his first battle with a good word from all and had stood fire on the skirmish line and with the wagon train. It was his first picket post at night in face of the enemy. He had given the matter no thought. He was cool and collected as he took the post, and he laughed as the corporal warned him against getting overexcited and raising a false alarm. In three minutes the footsteps of the relief could no longer be heard, and the picket sat down at the foot of his tree to wait and watch and commune. There was home to think of—father, mother, brother and sisters. While his thoughts were busy he could also watch and listen. It was not against orders to smoke his pipe.

For ten minutes the boy's thoughts were so pleasant that he almost forgot where he was. Then he was suddenly aroused by a gust of wind which moaned through the branches above his head and rubbed two limbs together to make an uncanny creaking. It was nothing to alarm, and yet it set his heart to beating at a furious rate and brought him to his feet to look about him as if expecting a blow. Loneliness, darkness, a gust of wind—that was the beginning of it. Before 80 minutes had passed the boy was trembling in every limb. He knew he was scared. He feared for his courage, and yet he could not help it. He sank down and had a fight with himself. He argued that there was no danger; that it was only the darkness; that it was foolish to get rattled over nothing. He might have fought his fears back, but the night had only begun to toy with him.

Some animal—dog, fox or rabbit—was moving about in the forest to his right. There was a pat, pat, pat, on the dry leaves, with now and then the breaking of a stick. The boy felt a chill from head to heel as the sounds reached his ear. He magnified them into the tread of a man. His wide open eyes transformed every tree and bush into the form of a human enemy stealing upon him. Run away from the post? No! Only half a dozen such cases were ever known, and the men were babbling lunatics or dumb idiots when they came back to the reserve. Standing with his back to the tree, his musket ready and his eyes searching the darkness, the boy waited. If the danger would only come! If the skulking bushwhacker would rise up and strike at him and break the spell and give him the smallest show to fight for his life! But there was darkness, and the wind moaned like a wounded man, and the forest seemed alive with uncanny noises. The boy threw his musket away from him and sank down and wept like a child. He knew that he wept, and he cursed himself. He realized that his nerve was gone, and he called himself a cur and a coward. But he could not choke back his sobs or bring the strength back to his limbs. He fought—God knows how hard he fought—but there came a new fright over the knowledge that he could not conquer. When an owl in a thorn tree down in the field sent forth his dismal hoot, the picket groveled with his face in the dead leaves and prayed God to have mercy on him.

The clouds were racing overhead as the boy sobbed and prayed and cursed. By and by they broke up to let the moon cast her light at intervals. From a cluster of bushes on the far side of the old field a man began creeping and halting. While the moon was hidden he crept. When she sent down her light, he crouched and waited. In a quarter of an hour he had crossed the field. With infinite precaution he climbed the fence, and he made no more noise than a field mouse as he crept under the trees and around the bushes. The picket should be hereabout. To that creeping, skulking man, whose home had been in the path of war, there came no thought of fairness. War meant kill. To kill an enemy in any sort of manner was not murder. He was there to kill in revenge for the home which was in ashes. He was crafty and cunning. He advanced inch by inch and took no risks. Under that spreading tree must be the lone picket, and the bushwhacker was finally within ten feet of it. The moon had long been under a cloud, but as the man turned a bush and was about to rise to his feet to peer about him the cloud drifted away, and down through the tree tops, focused on that one spot, came a burst of moonlight. The skulker dared not move. He cursed and waited and made ready to dash forward if challenged. Thus for two long minutes, and then the boy, stretched at full length on the ground, raised his head. His face was white and pinched and old. His own mother would have passed him by as a stranger. He looked directly out upon the patch of moonlight, and his eyes grew large, and a new terror crept into his soul as he saw his midnight visitor. He did not call out or spring up to run away, nor did his hands reach out for the musket among the leaves. For 30 seconds he gazed at the figure in the moonlight, and then his head sank down until his face was buried in the soft, black soil. A shudder passed over him, and he was still. The bushwhacker crept forward again suspiciously and ready for sudden attack, and by and by he made out the figure on the ground. Asleep? No. A picket sometimes stood on his feet and napped, but never a one stretched himself out on the ground to sleep.

"He couldn't have got a bullet," mused the bushwhacker, "because there has been no shooting. He looked me square in the face, but what is he lying there for?"

The prowler drew back, fearing a trick. Presently he reached out for a stick and hurled it at the recumbent figure. There was no movement. Then he called out:

"You there—do you surrender?"

There was no answer. The prowler called again and again and then crept forward. Holding his gun ready to fire, he advanced with cautious steps until he stood over the soldier. Curiosity had got the better of his desire to kill. With the muzzle of his gun he poked the bluecoat in the body to arouse him if he slept. There was no movement in reply. The man who had come with murder in his heart knelt over the body and turned it on its back. Then he placed his hand on the heart and found it stilled forever. The body was warm, but it was the body of a dead man. A sudden chill and a feeling of panic came to the bushwhacker, and with a wild look he dashed away in the direction he had come.

"Yes, dead," said the corporal as he came with the relief again and opened his lantern that it might shine on the face of the stiffened picket. "He hasn't been shot or stabbed or clubbed. It was the night horrors which gripped him by the throat and choked him to death."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

That Was All.

"I can't imagine why Miss Rockingham treats me so coldly. The other evening when I called she said she had been eating green onions and hoped I would excuse her. Since then she has hardly spoken to me."

"That's curious. What did you say when she excused herself?"

"Let me see! Why, I merely told her not to mind: that it would be an easy matter for me to keep far enough away not to be disturbed."

"Oh!"

A HUMAN LIFE

A ship that throbs along in dire distress
Till lost in oceans of forgetfulness.

A tangle of sweet flowers, whose petals turn
To ash of unfulfillment in an urn.

A wisp of tangled threads, whose parted ends
No deft hand joins, no endless effort mends.

A play whose fickle players merely greet
And go and leave the story incomplete.

A bud that opens brilliant at the dawn,
Flings sweet perfume a moment and is gone.

A breath between a cradle and a bier,
The blending of a smile, a sob, a tear.

A book whose pages turn with each new day
Till time has read the tale and cast away.

A mask worn till a passing play is done
To cloak a wraith and hide a skeleton.

A lie, whose ghostly semblance is concealed
Till in a shroud its untruth lies revealed.

A thing that shapes the sod for a brief day
And dies and leaves its faithful slave mere clay.

A story that is told ere 'tis begun,
A song that only whispers and is done.

A thing that chains the lightnings and that stirs
The deep, the elements its messengers.

Lord of the sea and sky, a ruler proud
That quakes at storms and trembles at a cloud.

That comes and goes on wings unseen, a germ
That grows to fill a grave and feed a worm.
—James Foley, Jr., in Bismarck Tribune.

CUPID WITH A JIMMY.

How a Husband Discovered Her Worth to His Wife.

BY HELEN FOLLETT.

When John Trumbull fell in love with vivacious and sprightly Gertrude Moore, no one would ever have suspected that he was a scholar, a thinker and a settled man of 40. His general actions were those of a youth of 18 undergoing his first case of love. The upshot of it was that when these two became engaged Miss Moore pulled Mr. Trumbull around by his philosophical nose and made him dance to her fiddling as suited her capricious and changing moods. Matrimony found the same condition of affairs. Every domestic question was decided by Mrs. Trumbull, no matter whether it was the choice of an apartment or the selection of a new coffee grinder. Mr. Trumbull, being still in a state of blinding affection and admiration for the little girl of 20 whom he had wooed and won, let her have her way, with the result that he was being henpecked to the queen's taste.

But as the years went by, as the years have a way of doing, Mr. Trumbull gradually awakened to the one sided state of affairs. Mrs. Trumbull, being selfish and possessing a thistledown intellect, fancied that it would not do to let Mr. Trumbull know that she was at all fond of him. Some old lady had told her once that when a man knows a woman loves him his affection becomes chilled like whipped cream in an ice chest. So she stuck up her nose—it stuck up of its own accord, by the way—and went her usual pace of bullyragging and worrying him. She would do this, she would do that—what John thought didn't matter.

But, as said before, a change finally came over John's heart. He still considered that dainty wife of his quite the smartest, cleverest woman in the world; but, strange to say, he was becoming aware of her peculiar powers of dictating and laying down the law. John was quiet and inoffensive and just the kind of a man that offers splendid opportunities for the woman with a will of her own. For a long time Mrs. John did not observe that her husband's substantial admiration was growing thin almost to a shadow. But when she did realize it the blow was something fearful. It had been her opinion that even though she were to sell his best clothes to the rag man or burn the house up or turn his hair white with her everlasting criticisms John would ever remain the same—faithful, adoring, enduring.

One morning John didn't kiss his wife when he went down town to business. She moped and wept and scolded the baby and the kitchen maid and then decided she didn't care. From that time on things went from bad to worse and from worse to even worse than that. Once in a great while when John's old vision of love for his wife came up he would take her in his arms and tell her that she was the prettiest thing in the world. Following her old time tactics, Mrs. John would in return comment on his bad choice of a necktie or let loose the pleasant information that his collar was soiled on the edge. John's heart would sink, and he'd tramp off to work feeling like an orphan asylum in a derby hat and creased trousers.

As it was not John's nature to war against any one he simply kept himself out of Mrs. John's way. Sunday afternoons he went over to the North Side to see an old college chum of his. These trips were his only dissipations.

One Sunday afternoon when he and his old friend were discussing some particularly exciting college scrimmage that had taken place 15 years back the telephone bell rang, and a woman's voice begged to speak to Mr. Trumbull. He went to the 'phone.

"Is that you, Gertrude?"

"Yes, John. And won't you come home, please? I let Sadie take baby over to your mother's, and everybody in the building is out, and I'm having the fidgets. I don't know what I'm scared about, but I'm just nervous."

"All right, dear," said John, and home he went, not stopping long enough to finish up the recollections of the college fight.

At home he found his wife sitting curled up on a little settee looking very much as she had looked when five years before he had begged and entreated and kissed her into saying "Yes." She was twisting her handkerchief into little wads and ropes, and he knew by that that she was distracted about something.

"I know you think I'm a silly to feel this way when it's not even twilight yet. But I know positively that somebody tried the kitchen windows while I was lying down, and I just couldn't get over it. I always was afraid of burglars and ghosts." And then she had a nervous chill.

John said nothing. He took out a copy of Spencer and lighted a cigar. After a time the baby was brought home and put to bed. Mrs. Trumbull had recovered from her nervousness and was peeking out from behind a window shade listening to a conversation that was going on in the court.

The servant employed by the family in the apartment just below the Trumbulls' abode was in the flat opposite telling the occupants of that place that she was unable to get into the house.

"I can't turn the key, and if you don't mind, ma'm, I'll go through your window."

The people didn't mind at all. They even held the girl's parasol and pocketbook while she clambered from one window sill to the other.

Then came a crash. It was a terrific crash. Had the girl fallen into the court? No. The sounds that came from the door below were unlike those heard when Hendrik Hudson played ninepins in the Adirondacks. At that point came a shriek, such as the stage heroine gives vent to when the villain gets after her with a butcher knife. It was sickening. Mrs. Trumbull waited half a second, then stuck her head out of the window and with the help of half a dozen other feminine voices called: "Mary! Mary! What's the matter?"

The reply was a volley of sobs and squeals winding up with, "The flat's been robbed!"

Mr. Trumbull was surprised to see his wife with hair streaming down her back, and hands clutching the folds of a bath robe go scooting through the library out into the hall and down the stairs.

In ten minutes she returned. Her eyes were big and black and scared. Her teeth were chattering, and her hands were busy with each other. She curled up on the divan and looked at her husband.

"John, what do you think? The Smiths' flat has been robbed, and there's hardly a scrap of anything left. They came through the kitchen window. They even took some Persian rugs and Mrs. Smith's sealskin. And the silver's all gone, and the house—oh, you just should see it! It's knee deep with the things that they've pulled out of the dressers and wardrobes."

John continued to read his Spencer.

"That's too bad," he said.

Silence of five minutes.

"John," she spoke very softly.

"Yes?" he asked, not looking up from Spencer.

"John, do you know I'd just be scared stiff if you weren't here?"

John smiled sadly.

"You won't go off on that hunting trip, will you?"

"Well-ll-ll," he drawled uncertainly.

"I just won't let you, now. They might come in and take my old candlestick or the baby or my grandmother's set of china. And—I'm not a bit afraid when you're here—honest. I'm not."

John's chest swelled up. This was something new. He threw Spencer on the floor and went and looked at his revolver. Then he tried the dining room windows. After that he threw his arms out and doubled them up to see if his muscle swelled up as it did when he was a lad at school.

He walked back and forth through their bit of a flat and held his head up high. Then he sat down beside that little tyrant of a wife and looked her in the eyes.

She giggled hysterically and ran her fingers across his mustache, just as she used to do when poor John was so crazy with love for her that she could have pulled out every hair of his head and he'd never have known it.

"Dear," John said softly, "I never knew before that there was any place for me in this house, that I filled any want here. But now I find that I am useful, that I am a burglar scarer. God bless the man that stole those things down stairs. It'll be hard on the Smiths, but it's a mighty fine thing for me."

And they lived happy ever after or had for a week, as the burglary only took place that far back.

A Business Woman.

"Is she interested in any business?"

"Oh, yes; everybody's."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Stupid" British Officers.

The Duke of Wellington once declared that there was nothing so stupid as a gallant officer, and a correspondent of the London Times complains that while the British officers are as brave as brave can be they are mostly "stupid." This charge is not brought against the British navy. In explanation of it Navy and Army Illustrated says: "When an army officer is careless or stupid in handling his men, he rarely kills anybody. It is otherwise with a naval officer. If he is careless or stupid, he will in all probability not only come to dismal grief himself, but will bring it on others. Therefore there is a perpetual stimulus to efficiency in the case of a naval officer, and his superiors have a powerful motive to be sharp with him. An easy going colonel or general may tolerate shams in field days and maneuvers, but the admiral or captain who wants to sleep with some confidence that he will not be waked by a collision or a stranding cannot make light of neglect on the part of the officer of the watch.—Army and Navy Journal.

Premature.

"Did you ever try mud baths for your rheumatism?"

"No. I once ran for a political office, but that was before rheumatism had asserted itself."
ald.

Mighty Bad Luck.

The colored gentleman who collects paper scraps has a disabled "right." Only the thumb is of much service. Asked how it happened he looked sad and replied, "Dat ar wuz a piece of bad luck, boss; yes, sah, mighty bad luck."

"How was that?"

"Ah doan' like tuh tell, but 'twuz mighty bad luck."

Finally he consented to explain:

"Two felluhs insulted me in a place across the street heah, an Ah stahted in tuh frazzle dem out. De second felluh Ah tackled wuz stan'in 'tween me an an iron pilluh dat suppohted de roof. Jus' as Ah wuz erbout tuh hand him a smash on de nose dat niggah stepped one side an mah hand struck de pilluh instead. Hit done broke ebry one of mah finguhs, an dey've been stiff eber since. Yes, sah, dat wuz suhtinly bad luck."

"But what about the first fellow you went up against? You didn't say what became of him."

"Oh, dat felluh? Yah, yah! Boss, Ah kin show you dat niggah any time. 'E work jus' a block from heah. 'E ain't got no nose an only lilly piece one ear"—

"How'd he lose 'em?"

"How'd 'e lose 'em? Boss, 'e didn't lose 'em. Dey wuz took from 'im, an Ah's de man what done hit. Ah done bit 'em bofe off. Yes, sah, Ah bit 'em off while we'se rollin round on de flo'."

A Football Incident In New York.

Mr. Frank W. Graves during his newspaper career witnessed many singular scenes, but the oddest one happened, according to Mr. Graves, in the old days when the big college football teams played their star games on the New York polo grounds on Thanksgiving day.

On the occasion mentioned Yale and Princeton had played and Yale had won.

Going up Broadway there walked a dapper young Princeton man and a girl. Going down Broadway at the same moment were eight victorious young Yale men. They were happy, but silent, and they came straight down the street until they spied the Princeton pair.

Then still in silence, moved by a single purpose, the Yale men formed a circle, and as the other pedestrians made way for them they went around and around the Princeton pair. At first the young man was surprised, then angered, and at last he raised his cane and made a dash for liberty, whereupon the Yale men stopped and, without a word, fell upon him as they do in football, quietly, heavily and quickly.

Then, straightening themselves again into a line, the eight Yalesians stopped a moment and in concert raised their hats to the thoroughly frightened girl and silently resumed their march down the street.

Not Too Dead.

"I am not prepared to state that the dead can come to life," said a Pennsylvania man, "but the experience of a friend of mine in a Pennsylvania German town would seem to incline one that way.

"In the town where he was visiting he became acquainted with the local undertaker and in that way was enabled to be present at the funeral of a young woman who had expired from shock at seeing her husband fall from a load of hay. He was not hurt at all, but she was, to all intents and purposes, as dead as the proverbial door nail. The body was laid out in the parlor, and all the relatives and friends had assembled to pay their last respects to the dead.

"As is customary in that locality, a big funeral dinner was served. In the midst of the meal the parlor door opened and in walked the corpse. It didn't take a minute to clear the room, leaving the intruder from the spirit world in sole possession. The undertaker finally plucked up courage to return to the dining room and found his subject enjoying a hearty meal after her enforced fast.

"Her first question was, 'Was Jake hurt much?'"

Attendant Anxieties.

"What a harassed look Mrs. Waddleton always wears when she gets up a picnic!"

"Yes; she's either afraid of snakes or afraid the lemonade won't go around."—Chicago Record.

Why His Coat Was Buttoned.

"Sure, Pat, and why are ye wearin yer coat buttoned up loike that on a warm day loike this?"

"Faith, yer riverence, to hoide the shirt Oi haven't got on."—Punch.

Alloway & Champion

BANKERS AND BROKERS. . . .

362 MAIN ST., WINNIPEG

Stocks and bonds bought, sold and carried on margin. Listed mining stocks carried

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

THE DRESS MODEL.

The most fashionable lace insertions and embroidered bands are those with undulated edges.

L'Aiglon is the name of the last new Paris picture hat. The original model was designed for Mme. Bernhardt.

A simple and effective decoration for waists of silk, net figured batiste veiling, etc., is a very narrow band of black velvet ribbon with an equally narrow edge of valenciennes set upon each side of the ribbon.

Bengaline and faille silks in white and delicate colors are much used in combination with cloth for plaited skirts where fan insertions are introduced to produce an extra flare from the knees down and for the tailor finish of strappings, vests, etc., on the bodice.

A pretty, graceful and comfortable modification of the mutton leg sleeve rivals the long directoire and the Marie Antoinette styles with puffed or gathered undersleeves. On autumn gowns for general wear this sleeve will take precedence of the other models just mentioned.

A popular morning costume worn at the various summer resorts consists of a tailor made skirt of the best quality of white pique, a pink linen shirt waist, with white stitching, a Ladysmith hat of stitched white pique trimmed with a soft silk scarf, white shoes and gloves of white wash kid or suede finished lisle.

The thinnest of fine white bishop's lawn waists are to be very fashionable this summer. They may be made in surplice form with hemstitched scarf ends that tie at one side of the belt, may follow the conventional lines of the silk or linen shirt waist or be shaped in some simple, pretty fashion of the wearer's own designing.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

GLEANINGS.

The restoration of the bloody tower in the Tower of London is now completed.

There are 500 hotels and camps in the Adirondacks receiving guests. They have a combined capacity of 62,000.

Glycerin is a byproduct of soap and candle factories, and something like 40,000 tons of this commodity are made yearly.

Philadelphia policemen carry canes with curved handles. They are sometimes useful in reaching for escaping lawbreakers.

Recent floods in upper, central and southern Italy, which threatened the lines of railway, have brought to the attention of the government the necessity of replanting forests on the hillsides.

Recent explorations show that Brazilian resources, if pressed, could furnish 50 per cent more raw rubber than at present. Investigations in Africa have disclosed a supply which is practically limitless.

The Basutos are a tribe of Bechuanas, and they number about 250,000. They are a race of recent origin, being really an agglomeration of peoples who had been scattered during the Zulu conquests at the beginning of the present century.

DO NOT DELAY.—When, through debilitated digestive organs, poison finds its way into the blood the prime consideration is to get the poison out as rapidly and as thoroughly as possible. Delay may mean disaster. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a most valuable and effective medicine to assail the intruder with. They never fail. They go at once to the seat of the trouble and work a permaneut cure.

The Genesis of a Patriot.

One night in 1776 the Duke of Gloucester, the royal brother of George III, then hiding from his kingly brother's wrath in Paris, was regaling a table party of aristocrats at the expense of the king of England with a trenchant account of the "Boston tea party." His cynical sympathy was expressed for the American rebels, and he dwelt upon their need for recruits to fight against his brother. The table laughed at the tale, which was the first the most of them had heard directly on the preposterous ambitions for freedom of the new world colonists. Among the company was a silent, solemn young soldier who had listened intently to the recluse until the dinner was finished. Then he strode across the room to the duke.

"I will join the Americans! I will help them fight for freedom! Tell me how to set about it!" he cried, his sallow, listless face now aglow with a fire none of his idle comrades had ever seen there before.

It was Lafayette, the 19-year-old marquis, who was the despair of his family because he seemed always in a drowse. Coming from one of the noblest houses of the empire, he was married to a lady of high degree and was already a father. His wife had been his love, but now freedom became the stronger passion, and for more than 60 years he was to follow its cause. This was the genesis of Lafayette.—Edward Page Gaston in Woman's Home Companion.

NATURAL CURIOSITIES.

The erosion of rock caused by the Niagara river is said to be from one to five feet a year.

Niagara falls was at one time situated at Queenstown, several miles from its present location.

In the Drakenberg mountains, in Natal, is a natural formation known as Napoleon's kop. It gives an excellent bust representation of the Little Corporal.

Table mountain, at Cape Town, South Africa, is a magnificent natural curiosity. It is nearly 4,000 feet in height and has a level top about three square miles in area.

Why We Wink.

Scientists are so tiresomely practical. They entirely lack breadth of comprehension. Here is The Popular Science Monthly with an article on "Winking," in which it says that "no satisfactory determination has been made of the reason we wink."

Doesn't that tire you?

But, of course, it is quite probable that no friendly looking, pretty girl ever wanders by a "popular scientist."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ancient History.

Ida—Some one has discovered that the Smith family existed 2,000 years ago.

May—I wouldn't be the least surprised if Adam's last name was Smith.—Chicago News.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs,—For some years I have had only partial use of my arm, caused by a sudden strain. I have used every remedy without effect, until I got a sample bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT. The benefit I received from it caused me to continue its use, and now I am happy to say my arm is completely restored.

Glamis, Ont. R. W. HARRISON.

IF YOU WANT TO BE LOVED—

Don't find fault.

Don't over or under dress.

Don't believe all the evil you hear.

Don't jeer at everybody's religious belief.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.

Don't contradict people, even if you are sure you are right.

Don't believe that everybody in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunity in life.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friends.

Don't get in the habit of vulgarizing life by making light of the sentiment of it.

Don't express a positive opinion unless you perfectly understand what you are talking about.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickles' Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

A Smart Boy.

"Now, Willie, dear," asked his mother, "why did you not come when I called you the first time?"

"Because I did not hear you till you called the third time," said little Willie.

The heart of the mother was pained at this evidence of depravity. For how, she reasoned, could he have distinguished the third call without hearing the second?

"I know it was the third time, mamma," little Willie hastened to explain. "'cause you sounded so mad."

She clasped him to her bosom. A boy who could bolster up a poor story with a better one was not doomed to remain in obscurity.

THE COUGHING and wheezing of persons troubled with bronchitis or the asthma is excessively harassing to themselves and annoying to others. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil obviates all this entirely, safely and speedily, and is a benign remedy for lameness, sores, injuries, piles, kidney and spinal troubles.

Unimpeachable Evidence.

The Goat—I warn you, about 10 tonight the maid is going to elope with the milkman.

The Watchdog—Indeed! How do you know all this?

The Goat—I have inside information. I swallowed his note.—Collier's Weekly.

VALOR OF CANADIANS.

Artist Hider Reproduces in Colors a Spirited Incident in the South African War.

We are in receipt of the Free Press premium picture "The Capture of Commandant Botha by the Canadian Mounted Rifles." The Winnipeg Free Press has made a great hit with this fine plate. Representing a spirited scene in the South African war, it has caught the public taste and the demand for it is enormous. Although the picture is copyrighted and the Free Press control the exclusive right to its sale, it is offered at a price which places it within the reach of everybody. The Free Press advertise that for 35c they will send the Weekly Free Press to end of 1900 and a copy of this beautiful picture. Any one wanting a really handsome picture, one that is well worth framing, should avail themselves of this offer at once.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound, unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

Hard on the Profession.

"John, our doctor is recommending Welsh rabbit as a breakfast dish."

"Well, you see through that, don't you? He's getting so lazy that he doesn't want to be called out at night."—Indianapolis Journal.

Pop's Definition.

Tommy—Pop, what's a fair weather friend?

Tommy's Pop—A fair weather friend, my son, is one who has sense enough not to lend you his umbrella.—Philadelphia Record.

A WOMANS FACE.

PLAINLY INDICATES THE CONDITION OF HER HEALTH.

Beauty Disappears When the Eyes are Dull, the Skin Sallow, and Wrinkles Begin to Appear—How One Woman Regained Health and Comliness.

Almost every woman at the head of a home meets daily with innumerable little worries in her household affairs. They may be too small to notice an hour afterwards, but it is nevertheless these constant little worries that make so many women look prematurely old. Their effect may be noticed in sick or nervous headaches, fickle appetite, a feeling of constant weariness, pains in the back and loins, or in a sallow complexion, and the coming of wrinkles, which every woman who desires comeliness dreads. To those thus afflicted Dr. Williams' Pink Pills offer a speedy and certain cure; a restoration of color to the cheeks, brightness to the eye, a healthy appetite, and a sense of freedom from weariness.

Among the thousands of Canadian women who have found new health and new strength through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Mrs. Francis Poirier, of Valleyfield, Que. Mrs. Poirier was a sufferer for upwards of seven years; she had taken treatment from several doctors, and had used a number of advertised medicines, but with no good results. Mrs. Poirier says:—"Only women who suffer as I did can understand the misery I endured for years. As time went on and the doctors I consulted, and the medicines I used did not help me, I despaired of ever regaining health. There were very few days that I did not suffer from violent headaches, and the least exertion would make my heart palpitate violently. My stomach seemed disordered, and I almost loathed the food I forced myself to eat, I was very pale, and frequently my limbs would swell so much that I feared that my trouble was developing into dropsy. I had almost constant pains in the back and loins. It was while I was in this sad condition that I read in La Presse of the cure of a woman whose symptoms were much like mine through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I told my husband and he urged me to try them, and at once got me three boxes. Before I had used them all I felt better, and I got another supply of the pills. At the end of the month I was strong enough to do my household work, and before another month had passed I had entirely recovered my health. I am sorry that I did not learn of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills sooner, for I know that they would have saved me several years of sickness and misery, and I feel that I cannot too strongly urge other sick women to use them."

The condition indicated in Mrs. Poirier's case shows that the blood and nerves needed attention, and for this purpose Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and woman's best friend. They are particularly adapted to cure the ailments from which so many women suffer in silence. Through the use of these pills the blood in enriched, the nerves made strong, and the rich glow of health brought back to pale and sallow cheeks. There would be less suffering if women would give these pills a fair trial. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Largest Steamer Being Built.

The North German Lloyd Company has just entered into a contract with the Vulcan shipbuildeing yard, at Stettin, for the construction of a steamer which will surpass all the others in size and speed. The length of the vessel will be 706 feet, and she will have engines of 44,000 horsepower, giving a speed of 24 knots, and she is to be delivered finished in 1902.

PREVENT DISORDER.—At the first symptoms of internal disorder Parmelee's Vegetable Pills should be resorted to immediately. Two or three of these salutary pellets, taken before going to bed, followed by doses of one or two pills for two or three nights in succession, will serve as a preventative of attacks of dyspepsia and all the discomforts which follow in the train of that fell disorder. The means are simple when the way is known.

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea
and
"Transplanted Mocha and Java Coffee"
should be in every home where there is a good housekeeper.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Relieves Neuralgia.

A Hypnotic Failure.

Smythe—It won't work.

Brown—What won't work?

Smythe—Hypnotism. Tried it on the butcher. Looked at him fixedly until I had his undivided attention, then I said very slowly and with emphasis, "That—bill—is—paid."

Brown—And what did the butcher do?

Smythe

His Nature.

"You never can believe what the india rubber man says," confided the Circassian princess to the wild man from Borneo.

"Why?" asked the latter.

"Oh, he is always stretching things," giggled the lady with the upright hair.

MINARD'S LINIMENT for Sale Everywhere.

To persevere in one's duty and be silent is the best answer to calumny.—George Washington.

It is estimated that the people of England spend £250,000 a day in furniture moving.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Dandruff.

LAUNDRY LINES.

Make your iron holders square, then double them and sew up the ends. They will not drop off when the iron is put down.

If short of room for hanging clothes, put your lines parallel with each other and about two feet apart; then hang from one line to the other. This is worth remembering if you dry your clothes in a piazza or unused room in winter.

It is a mistake to iron flannels. If pulled out evenly while on the line, so they dry in good shape, and if, when dry, they are folded and put in the bottom of the clothesbasket and the other clothes piled on them, they will be smooth enough to suit anybody but a crank. Hot irons take the life out of flannel.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

The ports of New South Wales are the freest on the globe, and in none of the Australian colonies are there any discriminating or differential duties.

The man who tells you all he knows isn't half so bad as the man who tries to tell you all he thinks he knows.—Somerville Journal.

LA "TOSCANA," RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

Coming! Coming!

Oh, the good times air comin,
Like a regiment a-drummin—
The good times air comin ever' day;
A rose fer ever' thistle,
While we whistle, whistle, whistle,
To the good times a-comin 'long the way!

Oh, the good times air comin!
Don't you hear 'em hummin, hummin?
The storm has still a star with steady ray!
An trouble will not bind us,
An sorrow'll never find us
When the good times air comin 'long the way!
—Atlanta Constitution.

HOTEL BALMORAL, Montreal. Free Bus. Am. P. $1.50 up. E. P. $1.00 ea.

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.

Did you ever use Acetylene Gas?
THE ONTARIO
ACETYLENE GAS GENERATOR
Is the best, the only reliable, and the most durable generator in Canada. Works automatically; requires no attention while working.
The North-West Acetylene Gas Company,
312 Princess St., Winnipeg, Man Agents Wanted

THE NATIONAL LIFE
ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA
Issues an Ideal Policy.
Write to NARES, ROBINSON & BLACK
Mgrs. Manitoba and N. W. T., Winnipeg, Man.
Or to ROBT. DICKSON, General Agent, Winnipeg, Man.

Brass Band
Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.
EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND.
Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue 500 illustrations mailed free. Write us for anything in Music or Musical Instruments.
Whaley Royce & Co., Toronto, Ont., and Winnipeg, Man.

ROSA LINDA CIGAR
Manufactured by THOS. LEE, Winnipeg.

Western Canada Business College
The Forum, Winnipeg, Man.
Best Systems. Capable Staff. Individual Instruction.
Evening classes now organized. A course in our college will cost you from ½ to ⅔ the time and money you will have to spend in other business colleges for the same degree of efficiency 86 per cent of our graduates are holding good positions. Write for catalogue.
W. A. SIPPRELL, B. A., Principal.

Catholic Prayer Books, Rosaries, Crucifixes, Scapulars, Religious Pictures, Statuary, and Church Ornaments, Educational Works. Mail orders receive prompt attention. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal

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175 OWEN ST., WINNIPEG.

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. 24th, 1900.

REQUISITION

—TO—

William Sloan.

TO WILLIAM SLOAN, ESQ.

SIR:—We the undersigned Electors of Vancouver Electoral District, feeling that the interests of British Columbia have been subordinated to the expediencies of the East and having confidence that as our Representative you would ever keep the demands of our Province to the front and be able to ensure adequate attention being paid to the more special needs of our District, do hereby respectfully request that you allow your name to be placed in nomination as a candidate to contest this constituency at the forthcoming Dominion Elections; and we hereby pledge you our hearty support, and promise to use all fair and honorable methods to secure your election, should you see fit to accept this requisition.

Signed.

Charles Allen, Charles Santy, John Parkin, William Edmonds, John A. Johnson, John White, Thomas Jenkins, William Neave, James Hodgkinson, Benjamin Noots, O. C Hansen, Anthony Anderson, John Riley, William Hoult, Ed. Gibson, Peter Woodburn, Wm. Smith and 385 others.

TO THE SIGNERS OF THE ABOVE REQUISITION:

GENTLEMEN:—

I response to your generous request I beg to announce myself a candidate for this District in the approaching Dominion Election.

In doing so I wish to express my deep appreciation of your confidence and to record at once my complete concurrence in the public views expressed in the requisition. I am convinced that the just demands of the West can only be secured by its representatives sinking partisan considerations and taking a firm united stand for our rights. Both parties when in power have failed to recognize or have deliberately ignored the importance of our local interests. Accordingly while I am a Liberal, I prefer, nevertheless to be loyal rather to this Province than to party, and will therefore press for the exclusion of Asiatics, larger representation, an equitable return of the enormous revenue contributed to the Federal Exchequer by this province, and a fair consideration of the pressing needs of our developing conditions irrespective of party exigencies.

If elected I will heartily co-operate with my fellow members in any effort to secure these objects.

I intend to take an early opportunity of explaining to the Electors my views on the general issues of the campaign. In the meantime I may say in a word that I am in favor of Government Ownership of Railways and Telegraphs, reduction of Royalty on Yukon Mines, Revision of Yukon Administration, Direct Legislation, application of eight hour law to all Dominion works, compulsory Arbitration in disputes between Capital and Labor, Reduction of Tariff on all imports entering into the development of our natural resources, all measures calculated to cement the Empire, and every well advised step tending to the advancement and general prosperity of our District, Province and Dominion.

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM SLOAN.

Nanaimo, Sept. 10, 1900.

ASTRAY ON MY PREMISES:

ONE RED STEER, branded X. Owner may recover same by proving property and paying costs and charges of advertising and damage.

M. GIBSON,
Sandwick.

o8t3

MAHRER & CO.
Wholesale Wine and Liquor Merchants.
NANAIMO, B C.

Direct Import

of Whyte and McKay, Glasgow Special Scotch Whisky,
Jas. Watson & Co., Dundee, Glenlivet.
R. McNish & Co., Glasgow, Dr. Special.
Al. Demerara and Jamaica Rum,
Guiness' Stout and Bass' Ale.
French Cognacs in the very best qualities,
Port, Sherry, Clarets, Etc., Etc.

ALWAYS ON HAND—A Carload of.....
Hiram Walkers & Son's Rye Whiskies.
CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED. P. O. BOX 14

WANTED.
A NUMBER OF PIGEONS to purchase.
CHARLES SCOTT,
Quarterway House,
st12c Nanaimo, B.C.

LADYSMITH
(Extension)
LOTS FOR SALE,
Apply to,
m.5m3 L. W. NUNNS.

RAW FURS
HIDES AND DEER SKINS
SHIP TO
McMILLAN FUR & WOOL CO.
EXPORTERS AND IMPORTERS.
200-212 FIRST AVE. NORTH, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
Write for Our Circular and See the Prices We Pay.

Union Brewery.
Fresh Lager Beer THE BEST IN THE PROVINCE
STEAM Beer, Ale, and Porter.
A reward of $5.00 will be paid for information leading to conviction of persons witholding or destroying any kegs belonging to this company.
HENRY REIFEL, Manager.

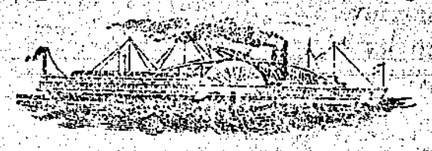
BALL AND SUPPER

GUY FAWKES DAY,
NOVEMBER 5th. 1900.
—AT—
CUMBERLAND HALL.
—Under auspices of...
Mount Horeb, L. O. L.

Tickets == Gentleman and Ladies, $2.00.

GET OUR PRICES AND TERMS ON
Pianos and Organs
BEFORE ORDERING ELSEWHERE.
M. W Waitt & Co.
Victoria, B. C.
The oldest and most reliable house in the Province.
Chas. Segrave, Local Agent,
Cumberland, B. C.

Dominion Steam Laundry,
Vancouver.
Basket sent every week. Goods returned following week. No charge for expressage. Prices same as in Vancouver.
E. BARRETT, Agt.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

VICTORIA COMOX ROUTE.
Taking Effect Tuesday, Oct. 16th, 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 7 a.m. for Victoria and Way ports.
FOR Freight tickets and Stateroom Apply on board,
GEO. L. COURTNEY,
Traffice Manager.

Black Diamond Nursery
QUARTER WAY, Wellington Road
HUTCHERSON & PERRY.
20,000 Fruit Trees to choose from.
Large Assortment of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs and Evergaeens.
Small Fruits in Great Variety.
Orders by mail promptly attended to.
s12tc P. O. BOX, 190

FINE
Job Printing
DONE AT—
The News Office.

LENGTH OF MILES.

Distance Measurements in Use in Different Countries at the Present Time.

It is no wonder that there is some uncertainty about the length of a mile. English speaking countries have four different miles—the ordinary mile of 5,280 feet, and the geographical or nautical mile of 6,085, making a difference of about one-seventh between the two; then there is the scotch mile of 5,928 feet, and the Irish mile of 6,720 feet; four various miles, every one of which is still in use. Then almost every country has its own standard mile. The Romans had their millia passum, 1,000 paces, which must have been about 3,000 feet in length, unless we ascribe to Cæsar's legionaries great stepping capacity. The German mile of today is 24,318 feet in length, more than four and a half times as long as our mile. The Dutch, the Danes and the Prussians enjoy a mile that is 18,440 feet long, three and a half times the length of ours; and the Swiss get more exercise in walking one of their miles than we get in walking five miles, for their mile is 9,155 yards long, while ours is only 1,760 yards. The Italian mile is only a few feet longer than ours, the Roman mile is shorter, while the Tuscan and the Turkish miles are 150 yards longer.

The Swedish mile is 7,341 yards long, and the Vienna post mile is 8,296 yards in length. So here is a list of twelve different miles; and besides this there are other measures of distance, not counting the French kilometer, which is rather less than two-thirds of a mile. The Brazilians have a millia that is one and one-fourth times as long as our mile; the Neapolitan miglio is about the same length; the Japanese ri, or mile, is two and one-half times ours; the Russian verst is five-eighths as long as our mile while the Persian standard is a fersakh, four and a half miles long, which is said to be equal to the parasang, so familiar to the readers of Xenophon's Anabasis. The league that is familiar to readers of French and Spanish books varies just as does the mile. In Brazil it is three and four-fifths miles long, in France it was three miles, in Spain it was two and two third miles, and once on a time in England it was two and one-half miles long The only measure that is about the same in every country is the meter, and even that varies slightly, for in France it is 39,370,432 inches in length, while in this country it is 39,37079 inches—a difference to be mentioned, but not to be considered in practice.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

The Method Adopted for the Packing and Handling of the Coin.

Another half million of gold went abroad yesterday on La Normandie, of the French line, bound for Havre, Kuhn, Loeb & Co. being the shippers. It was claimed that this gold was on an old order, but at the Sub-Treasury the officials said that nothing was known about it being wanted until Friday, when it was bought.

So much has been written of late about gold exports that the method of shipping the coin may interest those who read about the numerous purchases of gold for Europe. The gold coin is kept in stout canvas bags in the vaults of the Sub-Treasury, each bag containing $5,000. The denominations are kept separate. When a broker receives an order from Europe for a certain amount of gold coin, he buys it at the Sub-Treasury, paying for it in treasury notes, gold certificates or greenbacks. Silver certificates are not taken at the Treasury in exchange for gold.

All the carting of specie or bullion in this city is done by one express firm—F. C. Barkley & Son. Barkley is known to every banker and broker in Wall street, and it is his proud boast that he never lost a dollar intrusted to his care. While he has drivers and helpers on his wagons to handle the bullion, he or his son is always present to superintend the loading. Then they walk beside the wagon to its destination and see that the load is safely delivered. While the gold is being loaded on the truck several men may always be seen standing close by, apparently watching the men at work. They are really watching, and watching sharply, too, to see that no attempt at robbery is made. They are in Berkley's employ and are all heavily armed.

At the broker's office the coin, still in the canvas bags, is placed in kegs resembling those in which white lead is packed. They are made of stout oak staves and are heavily hooped with iron. A keg will hold $50,000 in gold, or 5,000 silver dollars. A $50,000 keg of gold weighs about 197 pounds, and, if filled with silver dollars, 315 pounds. The kegs are then loaded on the truck and taken to the steamship dock, generally just a short time before the hour set for the vessel to sail. It is taken on board and placed in the "specie room," a small steel-walled compartment, well down in the hold. There it remains until unloaded on the other side of the ocean. Once the coin is placed in the specie room on the ship Barkley's responsibility ceases.—New York World.

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No. 2 Daily. A.M.		No. 4 Saturday P.M.
De. 9:00	Victoria	De. 4:25
" 9:28	Goldstream	" 4:53
" 10:9	Koenig's	" 5.34
" 10:48	Duncans	6:15
P.M.		P.M.
" 12:14	Nanaimo	7:41
Ar. 12:35	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.

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CHAPTER XXV.

THE LETTEE.

A month passed, and Cyril Ormsby was still a guest at Oakwoods.

The doctor came every day—and every day poor Miss Fancourt's inquiries had met with but one reply.

"He can't be moved!"

A month is a long time, and a few changes had occurred in the feelings of some of the inhabitants of Oakwoods. Jane Steer, whose mission in life seemed to be that of the consoler, had not carried on her kindly ministering in the sick-room without, as the patient grew better, experiencing the influence of Cyril's noble nature.

Indeed, in time he so won upon her, that she would sit for hours at her needlework, talking by his bedside; and when Mrs. Steer talked, one subject, like the head of Charles the First, in Mr. Dick' s famous memorial, was pretty sure to glide in; and that one subject was her young mistress.

If Jane was never tired of speaking about Maud, Cyril was never tired of listening; and as he grew better, his rapt attention and eager delight, whenever her name was mentioned, would have opened the eyes of a far less acute person than the housekeeper.

She knew that her darling was beloved by Cyril Ormsby, and the discovery was one of pleasure rather than pain.

With Jane, the conviction of her former mistress' innocence of all wrong was not less firm than her belief in the falsity of the charges which had been brought against Cyril's father.

At whose door, then, did the heinous crime of bloodshedding lie?—and by what means could the dark stain be eradicated with which the breath of slander had sullied the whiteness of Lady Willoughby's fame?

For fifteen years, long, weary, anxious years, had this faithful woman waited of an answer to these questions.

But Time the Destroyer is also Time the Avenger, and Jane Steer had lived on, hoping almost against hope, that some means would arise by which the veil of the mystery would be rent, and the truth discovered.

That such discovery would utterly clear the memory of Lady Willoughby, and exculpate Percival Ormsby from any share in Sir Hugh's murder, she never once doubted.

To clear his father's name was to clear his own; and if other motive were wanting, his love for Maud would make the fair fame of her mother almost as priceless a treasure as her hand.

So the housekeeper sat by Cyril's bedside, and talked of her young lady by the hour.

Maud had explained to her aunt it was on one of her sketching expeditions she had met Mr. Ormsby.

So, you see, Aunt Cordy, felt herself not a little to blame for Maud's indiscretion in being seen about so much alone, and, consequently, being exposed to such an encounter as the one she, Miss Fancourt, now so deeply lamented.

She had therefore discovered that if Maud had been indiscreet, she had been neglectful—both faults of a nature to be now rectified.

But a far more alarming discovery was in store for her.

A month had elapsed since Cyril's entrance beneath the roof of Oakwoods, and he was getting so rapidly better, that Doctor Cameron had informed Miss Fancourt, to her inexpressible joy, that in a few days he should consent to his removal to Ormsby Towers.

A joy that was by no means shared by Maud, nor by the sick man himself.

A day that had been unusually sultry, even for August, was fading into evening, when Maud Willoughby, who had heard of her lover's proposed departure, returned from a long and solitary ride, and, without speaking to any one, sought her own room.

When there she closed the door, went hurriedly to the table and, undoing the ribbon which was fastened round a small packet of books, opened eagerly each volume, till from one she drew out a letter which had been carefully pinned to one of the leaves.

After a moment's hesitation, with a brightened color and a beating heart, she moved towards the half-open window and, breaking the seal, commenced to read.

The letter was from Cyril Ormsby.

It had been written in the housekeeper's absence that morning and, in the fashion described, had reached its destination.

We will here mention that though Maud could not by any possibility pay a visit to the invalid—that is to say, enter the sick room, yet rigid propriety did not interdict, as he grew better, an inquiry, accompanied often by a gift of fresh flowers, as to her patient's progress, of Mrs. Steer, as Maud passed, which she was continually doing, the chamber door.

To these inquiries Cyril himself, at last, made answer. And as the two classic lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe, conducted a dialogue through a wall, so did our two modern ones talk snatches of talk through the panels of a door.

"Could Miss Willoughby lend Mr. Ormsby some books?"

This was the request brought by the servant who, in Jane Steer's absence, had charge of the sick-room.

Surely! Why not? The contents of Miss Maud's small library were entirely at Mr. Ormsby's service. True, there were very many hundreds of volumes in the Oakwoods library—a gloomy room filled with dusty books and scowling portraits—but who was to enter that dreary place and make a selection?

Mr. Ormsby would naturally prefer to avail himself of the good taste which had governed Miss Willoughby in the selection of her own little library.

So each day brought a fresh supply of volumes, which, when duly read or glanced at, were as regularly returned, tied together with the same narrow ribbon which had encircled them when sent.

Had Miss Maud written to Cyril?

Not once.

Had Cyril written to her before this one letter?

Many times.

A few words only each time.

A few phrases of pleasant greeting, asking for no reply, but breathing a love which would not be expressed to a stranger's eye by the mere words.

The evening before the present one the note received was even more brief usual.

"Doctor Cameron promises to tell me to-morrow, when I shall be able to quit Oakwoods. It will be in a few days. I implore you read what I next send."

The servant who brought back the books returned them in the early evening, when, the housekeeper's duties over, she was relieved of her charge of the sick-room.

Knowing this and with that wish to be alone which lovers seem always to have had from time immemorial—"their own sweet thoughts being dish sufficient for their delicate appetites"—Maud had ridden out on the heath and in the woods, to return weary of body and more weary of mind, a prey to all sorts of vague fears and gloomy fancies.

Yes! here was the letter she was implored to read. The broken envelope was lying at her feet, the open letter in her hand and her eyes had already scanned the first lines when a tall figure, stepped silently out from that part of the room where the evening shadows were deepest, laid a hand softly, very softly, on Maud's shoulder.

"Maud!"

"Aunt, you here?"

"Is it possible that I am an unwelcome intruder in my niece's room?" asked the old lady sadly, but without a tinge of anger in her voice.

"Unwelcome! oh, how could you be an unwelcome visitor to me?"

'I trust that I am not." She had moved round so as to face her niece and, still without any show of anger, pointed to the open letter in the latter's hand. "Who is that letter from?"

Maud raised her eyes at once to her aunt's face, and though her face flushed from brow to chin, replied at once. "From Cyril Ormsby."

"May I read it?"

There was a moment's hesitation on the part of Maud, but it lasted no longer than a moment.

"Yes."

"Stay!" and Miss Fancourt put back the letter extended towards her with a touch of her hand. "Before I do so, it is necessary that you should know why I am here—why I have been here for the last two hours sitting in the darkness and waiting your return."

The fading light of the dying day was now shining on her aunt's face and Maud saw that she had been weeping.

"Oh! aunt—dear, dear, aunt——"

But the same gesture, so full of a quiet dignity, yet so utterly free from anger, checked her, and Miss Fancourt continued without otherwise noticing the interruption.

"My explanation is simple enough. The Scrattons, as you know, in spite of all the snubs they have received from me, have announced their intention to pay us a state visit to-morrow, accompanied by that underbred creature, their cub of a son. I should have been as usual, 'absent,' but that in the man's letter he speaks of some business of importance concerning you, which, to quote the vulgarian's own words, 'is for my private ear.' Such people as the Scrattons, you will say, are despicable. They are so; but they are also dangerous. So I shall receive this man with the other members of his menagerie; but shall receive them in my own little private parlor without any of that ceremony which they, the creatures, cling to as an outward evidence of their own importance. For that reason I directed my playthings—I mean my needles and worsteds—to be cleared out of the way, and, while the servants were chattering about, I came here to chat with you. I found those books upon the table. Mechanically, I turned them over and read the titles on the backs. One was the new poem, Tennyson's; I untied the ribbon."

"Aunt—dear aunt!"

"Hush, darling; I'm not angry. We cannot place old heads on young shoulders. Charity forbids we should try to do so. They grow gray fast enough as it is. But when I saw the letter, I own I cried a little, but that's all over now. I waited for you, dear, to tell me all about it. I am a very old woman now and have outlived much; but till these dim eyes are closed forever I cannot outlive my love for you, even if then."

It was Maud who was weeping now. She clung to her aunt with both hands, as one tired with battling with the waves clings to a rock of safety.

The same loving hand was laid upon the young head as it drooped upon Aunt Cordy's shoulder, and the same gentle voice, which had not one touch of anger in it, spoke in her ear. "Sit down, darling, here on this stoop by my feet, for my old limbs soon get tired of standing; and then, when we are quite comfortable, if you consent, we will read this letter together."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Her Electric Spark.

"Millie!"

The young lineman twirled his hat in his hands in an agitated manner and spoke in a voice that seemed to have a tendency to get away from him.

"Millie, the fact is I—I—there's something I've been wanting to tell you a long time, but I can't seem to fetch it. When you look at me like that, you know, it breaks me all up. I've been coming here so long that I oughtn't to be afraid, I reckon, but—but you know how it is—or maybe you don't either. I thought I could say it all right when I came in, but you're a little the livest wire I ever—I didn't think it would be so hard when I"—

Here he came to a dead stop.

"Millie," he exclaimed in desperation, "I'm short circuited! I've burned out a fuse!"

"Jerry, are you trying to ask me to marry you?"

"Y-yes!"

"Why, of course I will, you foolish boy!"

And love's current flowed unobstructedly again, lighting up with its pure radiance the rose embowered pathway that, etc.

The Disputed Name of the War.

The Confederate Veterans, in their annual convention in Louisville, decided that the war of 1861-5 should be known as the "war between the states." This is the name that Alexander H. Stephens favored, and it is the one generally used by the people of the south in speaking of that war, the northern people calling it the rebellion. Strange it is that neither name is a correct definition of the event. All know that there was no rebellion. States that had sovereignty could not be guilty of rebellion. Neither was it a war between the states, but actually a war between two governments made up of states. Some writers call it a civil war, yet it was not a war between citizens in their civil capacity, but, as before said, a war between regularly organized governments. There is, in fact, no concise way of naming the conflict; hence these misnomers. Possibly the best title would be the simple one of calling it by the years of its beginning and close—namely, the war of 1861-5.

The Waves Kicked.

In the old theatrical days, before the introduction of "mechanical waves," it was the custom, when a sea scene was wanted, for men to "make" the waves by kicking about under a green cloth tacked across the front of the stage, the men being blindfolded to keep the dust out of their eyes.

One night a "new hand" was asked to tack the cloth down across the stage, but instead of doing this he tacked it across the curtain. The wind whistled, the thunder rolled, and—the curtain went up, revealing a body of men lying on their backs, kicking for their lives, instead of the sad sea waves.

The roars of laughter from the audience may be better imagined than described.

Hills and Voices.

The low lying level of Lincolnshire, England, is accountable for a curious difficulty at Sleaford—namely, the absence of boys with choir voices. The influence of a hilly environment in developing singing talent has long been well known, and even in the middle ages it was not uncommon for boys to be sent from the highlands of Scotland to supply the treble and alto in continental cathedrals.—London Standard.

A Clipper.

"Has he got a yacht?"

"No, but he has a revenue cutter that's a regular clipper."

"You don't say!"

"Yes. The scissors he cuts his coupons with"—Philadelphia Press.

Pretty Bad.

"What did her father say when you asked him for his daughter?"

"Can't do it, my boy. What he said would have shocked a sailor's parrot!"

Her Damaged Horn.

"Well, well," remarked the maiden all forlorn to the cow with the crumpled horn, "you remind me of a bicycle that has been in collision with something."

The cow ceased ruminating long enough to inquire, "Why?"

"I observe," said she, "that one of your handle bars is twisted."—Philadelphia Press.

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for a man who can appreciate their value, but too many men judge both from the beauty of their covering.

Where the sun does not enter the doctor must go.—Italian Proverb.

A BENTON PARK BURGOO.

The Concoction of This Gastronomic Dream a Work of Art.

The "burgoo" has played an important part in the politics of Missouri, and Colonel John T. Crisp, now a shade in the nether world of politics, was a past master in the art of concocting the delectable dish. This is a campaign year, and "burgoo" time is at hand, so the following extract from the New York Herald may not come amiss:

"Not far from Kansas City, where the Democratic national convention will be held, is a park, nominally the property of Colonel John T. Crisp, one of the picturesque, old time politicians of Missouri and for many years fish commissioner of the state. This park is named after the late Senator Tom Benton, the pride of 'Mizzourah.'

"Benton park is a great place for politics. Many meetings of the state Democrats have been held there, and many a scheme has been cooked up while Colonel Crisp and his men were concocting the famous Benton park 'burgoo,' which was indispensable to every meeting of the kind. The concoction of a 'Benton park burgoo' is a work of art both in the selection of the ingredients and the timing of their introduction into the caldrons in which they are cooked. It is also an expensive operation.

"For a 'burgoo' of 60 gallons the fires are started at 3 o'clock in the morning, and at half past 1 o'clock in the afternoon the 'burgoo' is ready to serve to the hungry Democrats. Here is a list of the ingredients of a 'burgoo:'

"Twenty-five pounds of beef bones sawed short for the extraction of the marrow, 40 to 50 fat half grown chickens chopped in small pieces, 75 half grown squirrels, especially the saddles, with the heads, which are full of brains; 50 squabs, a large gulf of Mexico turtle chopped into small pieces, 25 pounds of fresh pork, 12 pounds of Jersey butter browned and drawn, 15 pounds of old ham chopped fine, a bushel of Irish potatoes sliced, 10 bushels of scarlet tomatoes, 4 bushels of onions, 3 bushels of carrots, the milk of 100 sweet roasting ears of corn, 5 pounds of macaroni, all the vegetables in season in proportion, 200 to 300 pods of cayenne pepper chopped fine.

"When the 'burgoo' is done, it is the color of rich old burgundy, and the odor of it can be smelled all over the park, drawing the Democrats about it like flies around a honey jar. Bread has been fried and cut into dice. Every man has a gallon cup and a big spoon. The cup is three-quarters filled with 'burgoo' and the bread dice thrown in. Old Democratic lovers of 'burgoo' have been known to swallow four gallons of it in four hours and for a year thereafter look upon other foods with contempt as only capable of sustaining life."

He Has New Moon Spells.

The investigation made by Humane Inspector Wilson in the case of Edward Kennedy, a colored man found bound hand and foot to a stake in the rear of his father's home, 1515 Asbury street, has brought to light a strange condition.

Edward Kennedy was born an idiot. He is harmless until a new moon appears in the sky. Then his quiet nature becomes demoniacal, and he can only be controlled by being tightly bound. His "new moon spells," as his father calls them, have increased in violence and duration during the last few years, and his father, a North Carolina negro, feared he would kill the family by the sudden change in demeanor. It was for this reason that Edward was placed in bondage.—Indianapolis Press.

One Congressman's Work.

In a printed appeal to his constituents Congressman Henry R. Gibson of Tennessee tells what he has done to entitle him to a re-election. During the last three congresses he has put through 833 war claims amounting to over $1,200,000 and 65 special pension bills, had 41 men commissioned as army officers by the president, had 74 new postoffices established, had 29 men appointed as postmasters, made about 12,000 calls on the pension bureau, sent out 29,000 packages of vegetable seeds, distributed 67,000 pamphlets and books, mailed 167,000 copies of his speeches and wrote 47,000 letters to his constituents.

Most Expensive City.

The annual expenses of the city of New York are larger than those of any other municipality in the world, and the financial transactions of a year represent the receipt and expenditure of more than $200,000,000, counting temporary loans, sinking funds and bond issues. The gross budget of the city for 1899 was $20,000,000 greater than the expenses of the city of London, $18,000,000 in excess of the budget of Paris and only $1,000,000 less than the combined expenditures of Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia.—Popular Science Monthly.

False Pretenses.

An Iowa young man not long ago proposed marriage to a young woman and was accepted. But hearing that her hair was false he declined to fulfill his engagement. She brought suit against him for breach of promise and, being put on the stand, admitted that she wore a wig, whereupon she was nonsuited on the ground that she had won the young man's affections under false pretenses.

Turks In German Army.

It is the custom for parties of Turkish officers to take temporary service in the German army for the purpose of learning the methods of modern warfare. They are drafted into different corps as lieutenants, but receive no pay. The term of service is generally three years, during which they are subjected to the same discipline as German soldiers.

After the Convention.

I ain't the man who led the way
A-ridin proud an stately;
I walked fur miles in the display;
The same fatigued me greatly.
I wasn't of the chosen few,
Silk hatted an high collared;
I did jes' what they told me to;
I am the man who hollered.

They told me I was needed there;
Sech doin's always has 'em—
The folks who forward the affair
With their enthusiasm.
I never tried to make a speech,
Not bein any scholard.
I merely j'ined the general screech;
I am the man who hollered.

I've had to meet with some expense;
That couldn't be neglected.
My achin head, it feels immense;
I'm weary an dejected.
Not one of 'em could tell my name—
Those leaders whom I follered.
A patriot all unknown to fame,
I am the man who hollered.

Pink Pearls.

One of the most important industries of the Bahama islands is the gathering of pink pearls. It is the only place in the world where these pearls are found. They are not taken from the oyster shell, but from a shell resembling a large snail shell, called a "conch." These pearls, when perfect, bring very high prices, it is said, ranging from $50 to $5,000.

A Feminine Butter.

"And now, children," said the teacher, who had been talking about military fortifications, "can any of you tell me what is a buttress?"

"Please, ma'am," cried little Willie, snapping his fingers, "it's a nannygoat!"—Philadelphia Press.

Not Right Up to Date.

"Do you know that Chicago lady's last name?"

"No, but I know her next to the last one."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

TRIUMPHS OF DR. CHASE

Over the Most Obstinate Diseases That Torture Human Kind—Remedies That Bring Health and Happiness to Canadian Homes.

The marvellous successes of Dr. Chase's great family remedies prove to all the world that no disease is too severe or of too long standing to yield to these great prescriptions. Their worth to the sick and suffering can never be estimated.

PILES FOR 23 YEARS.

Mr. W. T. Wigle, "Uncle Mike," Kingsville, Ont., states:—"For about 23 years I was troubled with piles, which at times would cause most intense distress by itching, and would ulcerate and bleed. I was treated by several physicians, and tried every remedy I could hear of, but could get no more than slight temporary relief. A traveller, Mr. Golding of Toronto, recommended Dr. Chase's Ointment, which I at once purchased from our dealer and obtained relief after the third application. Dr. Chase's Ointment completely cured me. That was two years ago, and I have never since had a touch of piles. It has since cured many to whom I have recommended it, and I am anxious to have every sufferer know of its value."

PALE AND WEAK.

Mrs Stephen Dempsey, Albury, P.E. County, Ont., writes:—My little granddaughter, nine years old, was very pale and weak, and had no appetite. She had a tired, wornout appearance, and was delicate and sickly. I got some of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for her, and it has helped her very much. She is gaining considerably in weight and looks real healthy."

CHRONIC CONSTIPATION.

Mr. Geo. Benner, Wiarton, Ont., writes:—"'I don't like to have my name put in public print, but I feel it a duty to my fellow men to recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. For about four years I was troubled with chronic constipation and weakness of the kidneys. My condition was serious when I began to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and I verily believe that they have saved my life. I am now well and feel like a new man."

Dr. Chase's portrait and signature is on every box of the genuine remedies. Imitators dare not reproduce them. All dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

COUNTRY AND TOWN.

God made the country and man made the town.
What wonder, then, that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet and bitter draft
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threatened in the fields and groves?
Possess ye, therefore, ye who, borne about
In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
But that of idleness and taste no scenes
But such as art contrives, possess ye still
Your element; there only can ye shine,
There only minds like yours can do no harm.
Our groves were planted to console at noon
The pensive wanderer in their shades. At eve
The moonbeam, sliding softly in between
The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish,
Birds warbling all the music. We can spare
The splendor of your lamps; they but eclipse
Our softer satellite. Your songs confound
Our harmonious notes. The thrush departs,
Scared, and the offended nightingale is mute.
There is a public mischief in your mirth;
It plagues your country. Folly such as yours,
Graced with a sword and worthier of a fan,
Has made, which enemies could ne'er have done,
Our arch of empire, steadfast but for you,
A mutilated structure soon to fall.

—William Cowper in "The Task."

The Yellow Tomatoes

And How They Gave Shape to an Engagement Ring.

When Dominicus Van Brunt first went to the public school in his adopted country, he had the felicity of sitting opposite a little girl with freckles and blue eyes. Her name was Bertha Manderson, which was a difficult name for Dominicus to remember. But it was not at all hard for him to remember the dear little girl with freckles. She wore tiny black tassels at the top of her shoes and white aprons, ruffled and tied upon the shoulders with large, airy looking bows, and the ends of her smooth braids were tied with ribbons now the color of the violet and now the color of the rose.

Dominicus said to himself that in Amsterdam he had never known any little girl so freckled and so dear.

"I wish she would look at me," thought little Dominicus Van Brunt. But he thought it in Dutch, although when he spoke aloud he managed to make himself understood in English. It must be confessed that little American children are too egotistical to be polite. Thinking as they do that they are molded on the right pattern, they are inclined to regard all children differing from them as curiosities. They considered the round faced Dutch boy, with his shy ways and deferential manner to the teacher, a strange little fish indeed. And no one in all the school was more amused than the dainty Bertha, who looked at him covertly out of her gray blue eyes. However, she did not laugh at him. So Dominicus, who did not know that she was amused and who perceived only her aspect of gravity, thought her kinder than the rest and was grateful. If only she would have spoken to him or looked at him as if she were his friend, he would have had nothing more to ask. He could even have been patient with that terrible English language which every one around him was jabbering.

He determined to do something to call the attention of his freckled heart's own to himself, and one day he hurried into the schoolroom the first minute the doors were opened and laid three pear shaped yellow tomatoes on her desk. The scholars came, saw the pretty vegetables, and had little trouble in deciding from what source the tribute came. For who else in a fashionable suburb would have yellow tomatoes, except the son of the Dutch gardener? The school indulged in unrestrained giggling, but Bertha, instead of participating, shot defiance from her gray blue eyes, and, turning with an adorable smile toward Dominicus, carefully fitted one of the yellow tomatoes into her red mouth and devoured it in the same spirit in which a loyal subject drinks to his king. It was evident that Dominicus had been right. Bertha was different from the others. His happiness stained the boy's amiable face scarlet, and while the other boys jeered at him, a number of them felt a distinct pang of jealousy. They were quite alive to the extraordinary favor which had been shown him.

From that day on Bertha, the daughter of a prosperous lawyer and a little maid distinctly conscious of her social opportunities, and Dominicus, the son of the man who raised garden truck, were friends. There came a day when Bertha, having reached the proud age of 10, gave a birthday party on her father's lawn, and insisted on having Dominicus among her guests—a famous day for Dominicus, in which he saw his princess in all the glory of her best white frock, with her hair crimped down her back, and had the rapture of eating cream tarts in her company!

But there was yet a prouder day in which Dominicus was permitted to return this social attention and was allowed to invite Bertha and three other friends to the snowy kitchen of his home back of the garden, where the mother of Dominicus sang beautiful songs to them in a language they could not understand and fed them with crullers and grape juice. Bertha thought she had never seen any room so charming as this kitchen, with its racks of blue plates, its shining pans and its illuminated mottoes upon the wall.

Bertha was not more than 12 when she was sent to a private school, and as the years went by she saw people of quite a different sort from Dominicus and his father and mother and ought, probably, to have forgotten all about them. But it is an undeniable fact, though it may have shown some evidences of vulgarity in her nature, that all the years that she was occupied with other matters, such as boarding school and summer resorts and "coming out" and the gayeties of a winter in the city, she remembered that curious kitchen and the people who lived in it and wondered where they had gone, for it had happened that one autumn, after returning from the seashore, Bertha had discovered that the house back of the garden was empty. It had been a sad moment for her. She had felt the tears come to her eyes as she looked at the untidy piece of ground where the exquisitely kept garden of Jacob Van Brunt had been, and the windows from which the round face of her friend had often smiled at her repulsed her now with their bareness.

It happened that in course of time Bertha had a notion to go abroad, and, having the consciousness of her certificate of graduation in her trunk, she was in no haste to return to her home. So she lingered where she pleased, arrogantly directing the movements of her party, which consisted of a maiden aunt and an elderly second cousin. With this double chaperonage she was allowed to do almost anything she pleased.

At length they reached Amsterdam, making headquarters for themselves there and planning to go upon many excursions through the country. It was natural enough that, having a local habitation, they should make some friends in the city, and so it came about that before they had been there long they were invited to dinner by an American lady, Mrs. Truax, whose husband was engaged in some mercantile enterprise there.

The Truax house was a cosmopolitan one, and at it the habitue expected to meet all manner of celebrities and human curios. Bertha, much elated at the prospect, whirled off, accompanied by her decorous relatives, arrayed for the occasion in the most unbecoming of their best silks.

"What dear old frumps they are," Bertha commented to herself. "I think the Amsterdam ladies will like them. They just suit this background."

They seemed to indeed and got on better than Bertha, whose youth condemned her to a subordinate place. This was not as it was in America, Bertha reflected and permitted herself to indulge in a moment of homesickness as she sat apart, her glowing beauty unnoticed by the middle aged people who were paying their respects to her aunt and her second cousin.

"I have delayed for a moment for another guest," Mrs. Truax said. "I wished to present to your niece, Miss Manderson," she said, addressing Bertha's aunt, "a young man who is half an American. Ah, there is the bell now!"

The man at the door announced a moment later:

"Herr Van Brunt."

Bertha turned with an anticipation which she endeavored to subdue. It was not likely that the son of a gardener would be at the home of Mrs. Truax. But in the young man who entered Bertha saw with unmistakable recognition the amiable, soft eyes, the round face and high brow and quiet, kindly manners of her old friend, borne with the assurance and ease that come of self confidence.

The hostess managed to whisper to Bertha's aunt, and of course Bertha overheard:

"This young man has distinguished himself in landscape gardening. He has just laid out a park for Prince Zagenwell and is much thought of both in Holland and Germany. I hear that the Duke of York is likely to send for him for his new place in Scotland."

Dominicus Van Brunt saluted his hostess with a profound bow. How well Bertha remembered that quaint reverence of manner! He was presented to the guests and at last was led up to Bertha, who suddenly felt as if she were in short frocks, with freckles on her face and braids down her back. He started and flushed and then held out his hand in the good American way, regardless of ceremony.

"What, you are acquainted!" cried the hostess. They explained. The hostess turned in some perplexity to the spinster aunt. She wondered if she had unintentionally committed an indiscretion. But there was no annoyance in the face of the elder Miss Manderson, and the hostess felt at liberty to permit the two young people to go down to dinner together.

The conversation at dinner would not be particularly interesting to recount. But Bertha remembered every word of it. Perhaps Dominicus Van Brunt did too—but it has been impossible to secure his confidence. It is a certain thing, however, that the next day a basket came for the young American lady containing a dozen yellow tomatoes, dropped like eggs in a nest of white daisies. Which was, surely, a curious gift!

Now it is undeniable that Bertha Manderson found Amsterdam interesting, yet for some reason best understood by her sex she remained in it but a short time, hastening away to other points of interest. It is also certain that about the time of her departure a young landscape gardener ran to yews and weeping willows in his designs and accepted with alacrity the opportunity of designing a cemetery for some new American town. But he recovered from his gloom when there reached him from the shores of the Baltic a trinket fashioned of lucent amber, shaped like a yellow tomato. It occurred to him that he ought also to visit the storied beaches of the Baltic, and he did so without an hour's unnecessary delay.

And the consequence was, as the children say when they play the old game, that when Miss Bertha Manderson returned to America she wore for an engagement ring a tomato shaped topaz on her third finger.—Exchange.

The Wires Were Crossed.

Hotel Man (who thinks he is calling down his butcher)—Say, I am shy a heart and a liver, eight ribs and a shoulder. Now I want 'em right away.

Railway Office (which has been connected by mistake)—Sorry, sir, but the wreck has been cleared up.—Baltimore American.

The Head Waiter's Tips.

One of the most expensive restaurants in New York is conducted, so far as its observing patrons can tell, on a unique system of tips. The head waiter of the room devoted to the use of the men guests makes it a point to become acquainted with them, find out their names and becomes genial in the half respectful, half presuming way that so frequently passes for good nature among employees of the kind in this country. Naturally he receives liberal fees from his clientele, which is made up of rich men able to pay high prices for the extra service they receive.

When there is no financial response of this kind to the waiter's advances, his cordiality diminishes. The waiters under him do, with unusual willingness, the head waiter's bidding. They are evidently indifferent as to their own success in the matter of fees. It is only the good will of the head waiter that appears to be the goal of all their efforts.

Such unselfishness astonishes regular patrons of the restaurant, and one in particular undertook to discover the reason of this attitude of the waiters toward their chief. He learned after awhile that the tips the head waiter received were large enough to enable him to give the waiters a part of his earnings for attending with particular care to his patrons, who, as a rule, confine their contributions to the head waiter. The guests who fail to take advantage of the head waiter's overtures to friendliness are not likely to fare well in that restaurant, where the waiters, certain of a fee from the man over them, are indifferent to the guests not included among the list of his patrons.

A Son of a Sea Cook.

The information concerning the expression "a son of a sea cook," says the Philadelphia Times, has not been found in any reference dictionary. It comes from a prominent citizen, a man of affairs and a man of intelligence. In 1862 he was for a period the campaign companion of Leonard Swett, who at that time was a candidate for congress in Illinois. Mr. Swett was the bosom friend of Abraham Lincoln—his alter ego. In 1888 he was the advocate in Chicago of the presidential aspirations of Walter Q. Gresham.

At the time referred to Mr. Swett had an engagement to address voters in Fremont and Pekin, in Tazewell county, and by the informant referred to was driven from Fremont to Pekin. Swett had few equals as a conversationalist, and the talk was brisk and naturally never to be forgotten by the man who had proffered his services as a driver.

The latter, speaking of a well known lawyer of Pekin, remarked, "He is a son of a sea cook." Mr. Swett turned abruptly about and said: "That expression is not correct. You mean the son of a sekawk, which is a perversion of the Indian name segonk, which means a skunk and is usually pronounced sekawk. Few people ever use the term correctly or comprehend its meaning."

One Old Horse Guards Another.

Two beautiful chestnut horses, Jack and Sam, were among my early friends. They were clean built, high stepping trotters of a speed which might have distinguished them on the track, but they led a happier life, being favorite carriage horses in a region of beautiful country roads or sometimes, under the saddle, threading lovely forest paths.

Rarely used in single harness, they had been as rarely separated, and when in their old age Sam became blind it was a touching thing to see Jack's constant watchfulness over him. Their pasturage was in fields broken by rocky ledges and where more than one steep ravine suddenly descended from the smooth sward. Jack never left his friend. Constantly beside him, if Sam went too near a perilous edge, the stream, a rock or fence, he would go between him and the danger, pushing him aside or, if that could not be done, he would take him by the mane and gently lead him to a place of safety. No allurements in lumps of sugar, apples or the salt basket ever drew Jack from his dependent friend.—Our Animal Friends.

Not to Be Discouraged.

"Polite society" is often at its wits' end to devise means of getting rid of people who are not wanted as callers or visitors, but who will not take a hint, for polite society cannot say in so many words, "I do not want you to come again." A French paper repeats this dialogue between two ladies:

"And so you still receive that dreadful Mme. Comeagain?"

"Impossible to get her to take a hint! Do you know, the last time she called I never offered her a chair!"

"And what was the result?"

"Result? Why, the next time she came she brought a folding camp stool!"

By a Modern Æsop.

In the days when Children understood the language of Everything a Boy was telling his Troubles to the Eggs.

"They always Beat me," he Complained, "unless I am Good."

"They will not beat us," observed the Eggs, "unless we are Good."

Moral.—There must be some Mistake in those Jokes about Omelets.—Baltimore American.

Where He Didn't Study.

"My gracious!" cried the sympathetic girl. "Your dog seems half starved. He looks as if he hadn't had anything to eat for a week."

"Neither he has, poor fellow!" replied the college student. "I forgot all about him."

"Why, where was he?"

"Locked up in my study room!"—Philadelphia Record.

All About a Signature.

Tellers and clerks of savings banks have a rare opportunity to study human nature. All sorts of people, with many strange notions of the methods and purposes of banks, come before them. A teller of a Boston savings bank tells a true story of a good Irishwoman who came to the bank to open an account.

"Please write your name on that line," said the official, pushing toward the woman a book and a pen.

"Do yez want me first name?" she asked, taking the pen in her hand.

"Yes, your full name and middle initial if you have any."

"Do yez want me husband's name?"

"Yes, his last name, but your own first name."

"Oh, me name before I was married?"

"No, your given name—Ellen or Bridget"—

"Sure, then, me name is naypher wan o' them!"

"Well, what is it then?"

"Sure, it's Mary."

"Very well. There are others waiting for you, so please hurry and write your name."

"Ah, sure, do yez want the 'Mrs.?'"

"No, never mind that. Now go ahead."

"Ah, sure, mister, I would, honest, but ye see I can't write!"—Youth's Companion.

He Saved the Bridge.

"At Harpers Ferry on one occasion the flood in the Potomac was so great that it threatened the destruction of the costly railroad bridge, which was seen to shake in its unsteadiness," said former Governor Thomas G. Jones. "When everybody present was looking each moment to see the bridge go down, President John W. Garrett of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad arrived upon the scene. Appreciating the necessity of instant action, he gave an abrupt order for a loaded train of freight cars standing on a side track to be run with the locomotive on to the bridge and kept there.

"'But, Mr. Garrett, that is a trainload of silk,' said the local superintendent.

"'I don't care: run out the cars!' commanded the great master of railroads. 'It would be easier to pay for the silk than to build a new bridge.'

"The 'silk train' was run on to the bridge, and the structure was saved. The silk was being sent by rail across the continent from San Francisco, at which port it had been received from China and Japan. Garrett was a great man, one of the greatest of those who have aided in the material development of America. In emergencies he was very resourceful, as was demonstrated in perhaps a small way by the Harpers Ferry incident."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Cards on the Cars.

"Cards are not played as much on the cars as they used to be," said the commercial traveler. "A few years ago it was a common sight to see three or four games, whist, euchre, poker or seven up, going on in a car, and wherever four or five drummers were gathered together there was sure to be a lively game of draw in progress. Suburban trains were turned into whist clubs, and morning and night the commuters were engaged in a rubber.

"But all this has been changed. Nowadays it is the hardest thing in the world to get up a game of any kind in a train. Ask a stranger if he would like to take a hand at whist or euchre, and he will freeze you with a suspicious look. And, what is worse, he is entirely justified in his suspicions.

"In the last ten years the railroads of this country have been the harvest for gamblers, bunko men and short card experts. They have worked the field to the limit, from New York to California and from Vermont to Florida. They have worked all kinds of flimflam games, until now it is almost impossible for a man to flash a deck of cards in the smoking compartment of a Pullman without the atmosphere growing a dozen degrees colder. A man who has been bitten once doesn't care to have the experience repeated."—Rochester Post-Express.

Why So Many Young Men Fail.

"One trouble with many young men who start out in business is they try to do too many things at once," says Hetty Green. "The result is that they don't know as much as they ought to about any one thing, and they naturally fail. The trouble with young men who work on salaries is that they're always afraid of doing more than they're paid for. They don't enter into their work with the right spirit. To get on and be appreciated a young man must do more than he's paid to do. When he does something that his employer has not thought of, he shows that he is valuable. Men are always willing to pay good salaries to people who will think of things for them. The man who only carries out the thoughts and ideas of another is nothing more than a mere tool. Men who can be relied upon are always in demand. The scarcest thing in the world today is a thoroughly reliable man."

Changed by Circumstances.

"Where's your watch?" asked the observant man.

"Why, here it is," replied the man whose prosperity had slipped a cog or two recently.

"But that's a silver one. The one you used to carry had a handsome gold case."

"Well—er—circumstances alter cases, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

Slow Work.

"Maria, you let that young Bobster stay last night until 1 o'clock."

"But, mamma, you told me I must give him time to propose."

"But five hours!"

"Why, mamma, you know he stutters."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Giraffe's Timidity.

A giraffe is very timid on hearing slight sounds, but is indifferent to loud ones. A writer in The Leisure Hour says:

Noisy sounds, like a man walking by with hobnail boots, it does not notice, but a lady coming in with hardly more sound than the rustling of her dress makes it start, with pricked ears and eyes distended.

We remember well, after a terrible explosion of gunpowder on a barge on the canal, asking the keeper of the giraffes of that day how they had taken it, and he said he was surprised how very little notice they took. They jumped to their feet, but almost at once lay down again when they found nothing happened.

"But," he added, "if I were at nighttime to creep along that gallery in my socks they would be so scared that I believe they would dash themselves to bits."

They fear the lurking foe, and a bing bang scares them less than a faint, rustling sound. They are in that respect very deerlike.

Let It Go at That.

One day, in advocating a more liberal loosening of the purse strings at a Methodist conference in Washington, Bishop W. A. Candler said that several years ago he sent an article to a paper in which he wrote that "we pray too loud and work too little."

The intelligent compositor got in his fine Italian hand, and when the article appeared it read, "We bray too loud and work too little."

"I let it go at that," said the bishop. "The fact is, I believe the printer was right, and I never attempted to correct it."

A Quick Wink.

The closing of the eye, the rest and the opening of it have been measured and are found to consume three hundred and ninety-five-one thousandths of a second. This is a quick wink, and winks have been measured that required forty-one thousandths of a second more time. For these measurements especially arranged photographic apparatus is required, and then when a bit of white paper is placed on the eyelid its motions can be accurately determined. In a quick wink the closing of the eye has been found to require seventy-five one-thousandths of a second, the rest twice as long and the opening one hundred and seventy-one thousandths of a second.

Not So Sickly After All.

Recently a negro convict was taken from Wichita to the penitentiary. On the way down he begged the sheriff to tell the warden that "I am sickly and not able to work in the coal mines."

The sheriff promised, and, after seeing the warden, told the negro that it was all fixed; that he was not to work in the coal mines, but be watchman at the dead house instead.

"Oh, heaven!" shouted the affrighted negro. "Tell dat wahden I kin dig fohty tons ob coal a day, an don let him put me wid dem corpuses!"

Write for Samples. P. O. Box, 600.

The White House,

THE LEADING DRY GOODS STORE.

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We buy direct from the manufacturers and sell at a small profit.

Agents for Butterick's Patterns and take subscriptions for THE DELINEATOR. Fashion paper mailed free on request.

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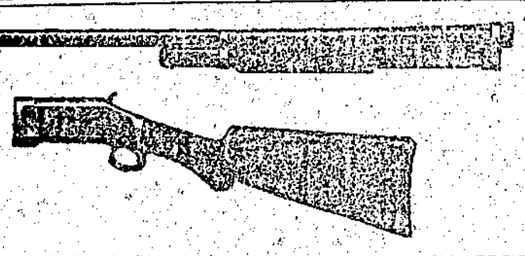

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W. B. Anderson, Editor.

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Job Work Strictly C. O. D.

Transient Ads Cash in Advance.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 24th, 1900.

The Times has had headers telling us that the Public Bank deposits, August 1895, under Conservative rule, was $183,103,038, and August 1900, Liberal rule, $300,175,770. What a black eye for the Liberal party! Seems that people are afraid to invest capital in any enterprise while the country is under that administration. And yet we always thought the Times a Liberal paper.

* * *

The Colonist is advocating the establishment of a Finnish colony in B.C. We want to know when the fashion of importing foreign subjects of questionable desirability, as an experiment, will cease to be the rage? What good has ever accrued to the country and its legitimate inhabitants from the importation and settlement of such people as Menninites, the Scandinavians, or Sifton's Doukhobors? Of all, the Norweigns have done best, for they are more prone to mix with the outer world and are capable of entertaining broader views than the others. But, while we, the people of this country, welcome and kindly treat immigrants of any nationality who choose to come among and throw their lot in with us, we submit that we are being unjustly dealt with by having foisted on us a whole colony of people whose manners, language, and customs are at wide variance with our own, and who, being banded together, are very liable to entertain such narrow views of men and things that they are apt to close the door against all outsiders, the consequence being that in time to come, these settlements may quite resemble a bit of the country to which they belong, with the sentiments of the residents anti-British, or at least utteely indifferent to the welfare and success of the British nation. No! No! We have enough Tartes and Bourassas now to cope with. Enough criminals of the type of the Doukhobors who committed the shocking murders in the Northwest a short time ago. If the Government wishes to assist immigrants, let it assist those of our own blood in great Britain and Ireland where many may be found who would be glad of a temporary assistance as settlers. There are, even in our towns, many young men without means who would avail themselves of any offer by which they could settle on land without being required to produce ready cash at the outset. Then, should it be desired to extend the privilege to any other country let our cousins in blood and country be granted that. The Americans. There is plenty of good mate ial to work on without digging up a horde of half savage Slavonic barbarians to experiment on.

All changes of advs must be in by noon on Mondays to insure insertion.

Genuine extract of vanilla is soft and mild. Blue Ribbon vanilla is the only genuine extract of vanilla on the market.

THE UNFORTUNATE CAT.

The following verses were written by a young lady of this town who is a senior pupil in the public school, upon seing some boys teasing a kitten. She did not intend us to see this, but our swift reporter got hold of it and we print it with pleasure and with a word of encouragement to Maggie:

A little cat once chanced to roam
Away from friends, away from home,
He wandered along the dirty street
And a crowd of boys he chanced to meet.

One picked him up by its little tail,
And the poor little thing gave a dreadful wail,
Another put it in his umbrella
Till his little eyes seemed to turn yellow.

Another showed he had some pity
For he put it in his pocket, the little kitty,
But he was not long there to be sure
And once more teasings had to endure.

After a while the cat got free
And took refuge in a maple tree.
The boys tried with might and main
To capture it, but all in vain.

WANTED.

A NUMBER OF PIGEONS to purchase.

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THREE STAR,
WHEATLETS, 10-10'
STRONG BAKERS.

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STEVENSON & CO'Y.

The quick selling in our store the last three days is positive proof of the appreciation of the specials advertised last week.

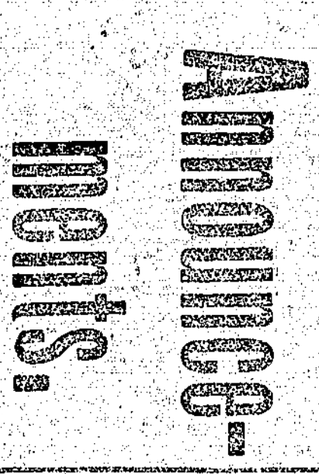
Those specials are only a small advance shipment from the bankrupt stock now on the road.

THIS WEEK'S SPECIALS

MILLINERY

We are placing on show this week a new lot of trimmed hats at popular prices.

Watch this SPACE -for- Later



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We have just to hand by last boat some striking values in women's coats. These are trade winners and will sell quickly.

"First come first served."

STEVENSON & CO.

F. C. PURDY, Manager *Cumberland, B. C.*

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Just received over $1,000 worth, which we now offer at the lowest cash prices.

Chamois skins from 25c. to 75c.
Bailey planes from 50c. to $3.90.
Hand saws from 85c. to $2.65.
Compass saws 30 and 35 cts.
X-cut saws from 4 feet to 8 feet.

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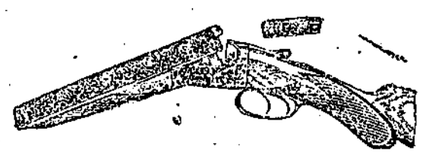

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