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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

ELEVENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY, JUNE 21, 1904

At the Big Store

- SPECIAL SALE -

MEN'S SUMMER WEIGHT

HATS

Fancy Crash Hats,..... *75c, each*
Light Shades in Felt Fedoras,.. *$1* "

Numbers of other Styles and Prices
.....to choose from.....

S. Leiser & Co.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

Just received large shipment of

IRON AGE

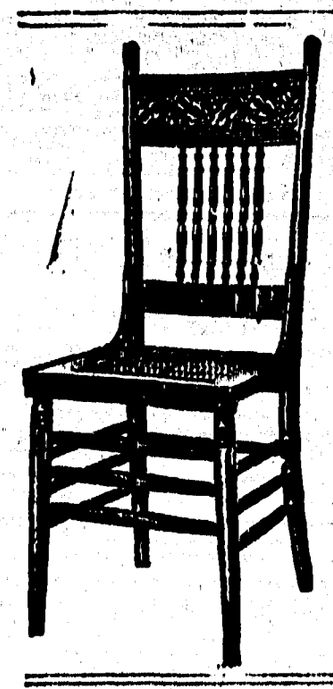
CULTIVATORS, SEED DRILLS, WHEEL HOES, ETC.

VERY LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

Call and see them or write for catalogues and prices.

Telephone 82. Sole Agents for B.C. P O. Drawer 568.

Did you ever stop to think



"Weiler"

STANDS FOR ALL THAT IS GOOD AND RELIABLE IN THE

Furniture : Trade.

FOR OVER 40 YEARS in the one line of business of Furnishing Homes, and our continual growth proves our methods of conducting this business are correct.

LARGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
Mailed Free. .. .. Write for it at once.

WEILER BROS., Victoria, B.C.

COMPLETE FURNISHERS.

CUMBERLAND

Meat Market

Choicest Meats
Supplied at Lowest Market Prices

Vegetables
A Great Variety will always be in stock; also a supply of

Fresh Fish
will be on Sale every Wednesday

Your patronage is cordially invited, and all orders will be promptly delivered.

J. McPhee & Son

PROPRIETORS.

NOTICE.

I beg to inform the public that on and after January 1st, 1904, my business will be strictly cash, by so doing I can give my Patrons better satisfaction.

T. H. CAREY, TAILOR.

Top for quality, bottom for prices so don't make a mistake, but buy your groceries from the Big Store.

HOSPITAL MEETING.

The regular meeting of the Hospital Board of Directors was held June 18th. Members present—Judge Abrams, L. Mounce, Dr. J. Gillespie, Geo. Stevens and J. Roe.

The minutes of last meeting read and adopted.

Letters read from Government Agent J. Baird and Registrar General re drain and hospital, defining same within city limits. Moved seconded and carried that the communication from Registrar General be filed. It was moved, seconded and carried that communication from Govt. Agent be acknowledged and filed.

Communication from Miss Shaw tendering her resignation. By motion the resignation was accepted

Communication from Miss McOuatt requesting increase of salary. Request granted.

Tender of J. W. Collins for bathroom and closets was duly accepted by motion.

Price of bath tub was left in hands of committee but not to exceed $25. Committee—L. Mounce J. B. McLean, and Dr Gillespie.

Bills for month of May—McPhee & Sons. $33.93; Napier & Partridge. $38 27; C. H. Tarbell, $8.35; J. Piercy, 4.60; T. E. Bate, $3.50; Mr Woods, $4.70; Miss Mounce sundries, $4; Salaries, $110; Laundry, $3; Electric Light, $5; Water Rate, $2 25.

By motion the bills were ordered paid

Matron's report received and filed.

Receipts for March and April, $115. Meeting adjourned.

COUNCIL MEETING

Council met Monday evening—present, Mayor Short, Alds. Bate, McFadyen and Willard.

Minutes read and adopted

Communications—From Dr Staples complaining of cows and horses running at large during prohibited hours in the vicinity of the hospital, and asking that steps be taken to remedy the nuisance. Laid on table.

From Registrar General, informing Council that Hospital block was inside the City limits. Received and filed.

From Ladysmith Celebration Committee inviting Mayor and Council to their town on Dominion Day, Answered with thanks.

Accounts—H. Mitchell, blacksmithing, $5.50; Water Company, $3; Napier & Partridge, nails, $19.79; Segrave & Grant, 500 tax receipts, $6. Referred to Finance Committee.

Moved Ald. Bate, seconded Ald Willard, that Council take steps to acquire control of cemetery. Carried.

Deferred business.

Re Dr Staples' complaint. The matter was referred to Board of Works to report at next meeting.

Ald. Bate reported that the Orangemen had asked that July 12th be proclaimed a public holiday here.

It was decided that the Council could not do this.

Council adjourned.

FOR SALE, an Eastman No. 3 folding cartridge Kodak, complete in leather case. Price $12, apply at NEWS office.

A Football match was played on the Comox Spit on Saturday between the Egeria team and one from Cumberland. Game resulted in a score of 5 to 2 in the "Egeria's" favour. A return match will be played on the grounds here next Thursday evening.

Seed - Potatoes.

EARLY ROSE, BEAUTY OF HEBRON, BURBANKS, FLOWERBALLS.
All Choice, Hand Picked, Selected Stock.

The Sylvester Feed Co., Tel. 413

87-89 YATESSTREET, Victoria.

Local and Personal

You can get Pit Boots, Overalls, Pit Caps, &c., at rock bottom prices at the Corner Store.

Miss Miller returned Tuesday.

S. H. Riggs and daughter also came by same boat

Convivialities are on the swing Trinity Church entertains on 21st, also Ladies Auxiliary give one on the 27th, the funds to be applied to purchase a bath tub for the lady patients in the hospital.

U. S. S. Perry was at Union Wharf on Friday and Saturday.

The Victoria Intermediates have challenged for the cup now held here. A meeting was held on Monday evening to discuss the matter

A concert will be given by the Ladies Auxiliary on June 27th, for the purpose of purchasing a bath tub for lady patients in the hospital

The concert in connection with Trinity Church takes place this evening.

The Royal Bank officials have leased the premises they now occupy for two years, which fact goes to show that they are satisfied with the prospects here.

The Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian Church at Sandwick intend holding their annual strawberry festival in the Agricultural Hall, Courtenay, on the 29th inst.

E. Emde has purchased the stock and fixtures lately owned by H. Tanaka & Son, and will in future conduct his business of bicycle and gun repairing, &c., in the premises on 3rd Street vacated by the late firm.

J. Walker, sprained his knee at the football game Saturday, and was forced to stop working for a few days following. After the game, the Egerias treated the visitors in royal style at the canteen.

FOR SALE:—Gent's bicycles, apply at this office.

Hosiery, underwear, whitewear, blouses, fancy lace collars, belts. All the fashionable novelties for Spring and Summer now showing at the Big tore.

Inspector Stewart is conducting the High School Entrance Examination here. 22 candidates are in the field.

Ladies skirts cheap at Davis' Opposite the Drug Store.

Among others stopping at the Union are Mr and Mrs Faulds, C. Innes of Esquimalt, T.L Beaven representing Fletcher Bros., music dealers, C.J. Loat of Victoria, F.H Hearst from Duncan's, and A. Anderson, Victoria.

The MAGNET

CASH STORE.

MAY PRICES

FLAGS—ALL SIZES.
BRASS & SILVER POLISH

50ft. Rubber Hose, per ft...	$0 09
Wall Paper—2 rolls for....	0 25
1 Gal. Mixed Paint.....	1 90
1 doz. Tumblers (Glass)....	0 70
Window Blinds.....	0 35
1 doz. Soup or Dinner Plates	1 00
1 doz. Cup and Saucers, usually sold at $1.75, now...	1 50
Brooms, good.....	0 25
Wash Boards.....	0 25
Wash Tubs—75c, $1, $1.25.	$1.50

ALABASTINE,
VARNISH,
STAINS,
ETC., ETC.

T. E. BATE,

DUNSMUIR AVE, Cumberland

A meeting of the Athletic Club was held in the Old News Office, and it was decided to keep on in those premises for the present. The managing board was filled and instructed to procure necessary paraphernalia at once. Several new members were enrolled.

Honest Value for every dollar is what you get atthe Corner Store.

Playing ball on the public roads is becoming a nuisance and should be prohibited, besides being a source of danger to pedestrians, windows are frequently broken. Last week a large stained window was destroyed in Trinity Church by a football, and the fence which has been in existence hardly one year is fast being mutilated by children who make the streets their playground.

For trunks, valises and bags, you will find right and at moderate prices at Simon Leiser's Big Store.

New York, 20th—Up to to-day 630 bodies have been recovered from the Slocum wreck. The work of rescue continues.

To Lease or for Sale.

A RANCH of 160 acres, in Comox District, about 20 acres clear and partly clear, with good barn.—Apply this Office.

NAPIER & PARTRIDGE

Better Clothes

$12.50, $15, $17.50, $25.

There is a demand for better Clothes for men better cloth better trimmings and better tailoring. .. ..

THE EMPIRE BRAND

tailor made suits fill the bill They're equal to custom tailored suits at double the price. .. ..

Your Money back if not satisfied

The Departmental Store,

DUNSMUIR AVE. CUMBERLAND.

ELSIE'S GRAY HAT

By Marvene Kennedy

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

"The gray hats aren't a very pretty shade this year," said the saleslady. "Brown would look well with your hair. Here's a beauty."

"I'll take this gray one," said Elsie, unheeding.

In her own room she put the hat on and studied herself intently in the mirror. Brown would have been more becoming, she decided. She was too pale for gray now.

It had been six years since she had made that promise. It was just as she bade him goodby. "You look like a pink rose in that gray hat, darling," he had said. "I shall expect to see your dear face under just such a hat when I come home." So for six years, summer and winter, she had worn a gray hat—six years in which she had heard from him but twice and that shortly after he left.

But she believed in him, loved, excused him. Aweary sometimes, but never despairing, she remained steadfast. He had gone to Africa; that was so far away and offered so many fine excuses. She feared always for his safety, but never his constancy.

It was a pretty face the mirror held, a sweet, womanly face, with a happy girlish smile. She turned away with a little sigh and went lightly down the steps into the street. It was a holiday, and school teaching was serious work with conscientious Elsie Wentworth. She was glad of the rest, the day outdoors, the sunshine and pure air.

"Where are you going, Elsie?"

It was a man's voice and a man's eyes that gazed into hers, both telling their love for the slender creature in the gray hat.

A rich glow came to her pale cheeks. So stalwart and determined, she felt afraid of him, afraid he would make her love him, make her faithless to poor, absent Dave.

"I'm going to see Mrs. Young," she faltered.

He laughed. "It's too bad, dear. Go on to the woods, Elsie. I won't insist

THE NEXT ONE CAME IN SLOWLY, A SLENDER, GRACEFUL CREATURE.

on going. I was on my way to your place. I had hoped for this day with you."

She laughed tremulously. "I wish you wouldn't hope, Jack. I'd like to have you—for—for a friend if only"—

"I'd be content with that. Well, I won't. I want you for my wife, want to have a home with you in it, want to have you to go home to, want to work, plan, save, spend, for you. It's all you, Elsie. Are you really going to Mrs. Young's, dear?"

"Jack," she said firmly, "I don't love you. I will never marry you. This talk of yours makes me unhappy. Will you please not repeat it?"

"Not till I see you again," he said good humoredly. "Another gray hat, by Jove!" his eye catching its freshness. "I believe these gray hats are my hoodoo. Something is. You love me all right, my darling. Get a white hat, Elsie; white, trimmed with blue cornflowers, just the color of your eyes. I think you'd say 'Yes' then."

"I should then." The strangeness of her voice held him. "Goodby," she said lightly and hurried away.

Her eyes grew troubled, piteous. She did so want to see Dave. It came over her with a rush just how unhappy she was, how lonesome. Her heart ached almost to bursting. The woods no longer attracted her. She turned toward Mrs. Young's listlessly.

"You're all worn out," said that lady, with concern. "That gray hat takes the color out of your face too. Gray's not becoming, Elsie. Get a blue one next time."

"Or a green one," said Elsie irritably. Brown, white, blue, had been recommended. Why not green, red, purple? she thought desperately.

"You are worn out, that's sure," said Mrs. Young.

Elsie took off the despised gray hat and held it lovingly in her slim hands. It comforted her. She was soon chatting away gayly, but her head ached, and there was a strange heaviness weighing her down. She wanted to cry instead of laugh.

"Wait," said her friend as she was leaving. "I got a picture yesterday of Frank and Annie and a friend of theirs and her husband."

She handed Elsie the picture. There sure enough were Frank and Annie Young and—Elsie clutched wildly at the little cardboard—Dave Brady, with a woman sitting archly on his knee, his eyes gazing at her adoringly.

"They had them taken that way just for fun," explained Mrs. Young. "Annie and Emma were friends years ago, and they came across each other last month at Manila. They've both been married the same length of time—three years—and there's not a month's difference in the ages of the children. Emma's is a girl, though."

Elsie rushed blindly out of the house. Dazed, she made her way home, the pretty head sadly drooping under the faithful gray hat. She laid it off and sat down beside it and gave way to tears, tears that pride had held back till she was away from prying eyes.

Three years! And she waiting, watching, hoping, loving. Wife and baby, home, love, everything to fill his life! And she? An orphan, living alone, no one to care whether she came or went, was glad or sorrowful. She sobbed on pitifully. All night long she lay awake, going over, year by year, the time between.

It was almost morning before she could believe that Dave was actually out of her life and—and—

She sat up in bed and laughed and cried all in a breath. It was most wonderful. She climbed out of bed, found the little gray hat and bit by bit tore it into shreds. She laughed again, then cried again and, all flushed and rosy, lay down and slept peacefully till long past sunup.

John Stewart sat in his office listening gravely to his patient recount his ills. He gave him a prescription, smiled, asked him about the children, bowed him out, smiled again and sat down to wait the next patient. They came oftener now. A few years before they had been few and far between.

The next one came in slowly, a slender, graceful creature, with fair, flushed face peering out shyly from under a soft white hat covered with blue cornflowers, the color of her eyes.

"Jack!"

He turned quickly, gave one swift look and caught her in his arms.

"Elsie, my darling!"

Dr. Stewart was certainly not slow witted.

"When—how?" he questioned, kissing her all in a breath.

She put her arms around his neck and hugged him tightly.

"Ever since I knew you," she whispered. "I've wanted you—you—you! Oh, Jack, I can never love you enough to make up for what I've missed."

He laughed, puzzled, but blissful.

"Then why?" he asked.

She answered his kiss first, smiling and dimpled, then a frightened look flashed over the happy face. What—oh, what if Dave had been true, had come back! She hugged the doctor again frantically.

"It was the gray hat," she cried. "It was a hoodoo. I tore it up last night. I was never so happy as while pulling it to pieces."

And that was all the explanation she ever gave him, but he had the woman he loved and was as happy as is good for mortal to be.

As for Elsie, she wrote Dave a nice, friendly letter after she was married and sent his baby a present. She was so afraid he might have fleeting moments of remorse, and she felt that would hardly be fair. Which goes to show that a woman's reasoning is rather complex.

All Ready to Mourn.

Lucy is a smart young colored woman who officiates as maid of all work in a Brooklyn family. She is much esteemed by her mistress and the rest of the family, and all take a very friendly interest in Lucy and her affairs. When, on a recent "afternoon out," she appeared in a complete suit of mourning, several inquiries were made with regard to her bereavement, as she had said nothing about the recent death of any relative.

"How long have you been wearing mourning, Lucy?" asked her mistress.

"Well, 'm, this is just about the fust time Ah's worn this yere suit, and it ain't exactly mohnin'."

"Not mourning!" was the reply. "Unless you were swathed in crape you couldn't wear much deeper mourning."

"Yass'm, Ah know de color's all right black enough, but Ah isn't really in mohnin' yet 'cause he isn't daid yet. You see, Ah's engaged to marry Clarence Jones, an' he's daown right low with an oncurable disease. No'm; cahn't possibly git better. An' seein' as Ah had to hev a new dress Ah reckoned Ah might as well git mohnin' right now, then Ah'd be sure to hev it when Ah needed it."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Meaning of "Mews."

Pennant, the naturalist and antiquary, in his "Account of London" (1790) says that "on the north side of Charing Cross stood the royal mews, where the king's falcons had been kept since the time of Richard III."

"Mews" is thought to be derived from the French muer, Latin mutare, to change or molt, and to have been used of a cage for molting birds, as muette is used in France for a place in which horns shed by stags in the forest are kept by officials of the chase.

As time went on horses were kept in the inclosures used at first for hawks, and the old name was retained.

In this connection we may quote Dryden's line,

> Nine times the moon hath mew'd her horns,

and Milton, who speaks of the eagle as "mewing its mighty youth"—i. e., fresher from its molting, and Shakespeare, who adopts the secondary meaning, "More pity that the eagle should be mew'd."

Canada Doing Well.

The Oswego Times has been glancing over Canada's progress, and has come to the conclusion that Canada is not slow, as some uniformed Yankees have been wont to believe. It presents the following table of percentages of increase in the two countries in the period since 1891:

	Canada.	U.S.
Bank deposits	138.3	129.2
Public debt	14.3	73.8
Immigration	51.8	52.9
Copper	296.2	112.5
Gold	2,130.0	144.5
Railway mileage	41.5	20.0
Railway passengers	57.3	9.7
Exports	151.2	59.6
Imports	96.6	21.5
Pupils in P. schools	9.1	19.6
Tele. messages	25.5	32.9

Bernier's Temptation.

Captain Bernier will have a Government ship in which to sail the Arctic Sea—but only to patrol the Canadian coast and put down smuggling. The captain will be under a terrible temptation to break away and make a dash for the Pole.—Hamilton Herald.

A Jewish View of Inspiration.

The question of revelation is always involved in discussion concerning the contents of the Bible. The ambiguity of this term would be removed if the idea of the supernatural were detached from it. The old theology must certainly count with the indisputable fact that the personal characteristics, the temper and disposition and the variable range of intellectual culture and spiritual insight are the inseparable conditions controlling every manifestation of human intelligence. When it is conceded that the Bible speaks in the language of man the idea of a miraculous revelation is abandoned.

In the case of the Hebrew prophets the nature of the psychological process inciting their oracular messages is not difficult to understand. The intensity and clearness of their moral and religious convictions and the irresistible urgency to proclaim them they felt as an impelling force not their own, but coming from a higher source. Jeremiah and Ezekiel in a less enthusiastic state of mind acknowledge that the divine law is written upon the heart. In fact, every liberation of thought is a revelation. Spiritual experience can be nothing else than the best and noblest thoughts that the wise and good in every age have felt and taught.—Menorah.

Milesian Mendicants.

Here are some characteristic stories anent Milesian mendicants:

"Could yez help a poor fellow today and the Lord save yez?" said a beggar to a Dublin publican. "Get away!" cried the landlord. "I've had a dozen of your kind here today already." "Shure, and it's meself that sadly knows how the professhion is overrun," replied the beggar.

Quite recently the following conversation was overheard between two old crones: "Good morra to ye, Mrs. Fogarty," said one. "Good morra, kindly, Judy," replied the other. "I hope I see you well this morning?" "Oh, very well, entirely! So, Mrs. Fogarty, ye married yer daughter Kate. Did she get a good match?" "A splendid man, praise be to heaven! She got Blind Darby Driscol on the Dyke, that makes more money than any three beggars in Cork." "Ah, thin, but it's me that's glad to hear yer news! And did ye give her anything?" "Faix, I did, then! Didn't I give her the best side of Patrick street, which if well begged is worth siven and sixpence a week?" "Upon me word, but 'tis ye that was generous!" exclaimed the other.—London Family Herald.

The Same Girl.

Young Husband—When I used to kiss you, you slapped me. Your Wife—Well, you won't get slapped now unless you forget to kiss me.

End of Their Engagement.

Gee—It was rather abrupt the way Tom broke his engagement with Miss Easy. Whiz—How did he do it? Gee—He simply took her hand in his and, clasping the diamond, said, "Ring off!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

CHASED BY HUNGRY WOLVES.

Drummers Who Had an Exciting Time Quite Near Winnipeg.

Only fourteen miles from Winnipeg two commercial travelers had an exciting chase by a hungry pack of wolves a week or two ago. The Winnipeg Tribune tells the story:

"A pack of timber wolves was noticed on the road a short distance ahead of them. These animals invariably show their heels when approached, but on this occasion they gave promise of making a determined stand. The travelers, however, drove along apparently unmindful of them, and when within a few feet of them the pack slunk sullenly away amongst the drifts of snow and poplar scrub.

"The occupants of the rig became a little more easy at this juncture, believing that, as is customary, the animals would look for other prey. But in this they were disappointed. One of the occupants of the rig in glancing around happened to notice the outline of one of the gaunt animals as it leaped from one knoll to another. This was followed by the outlines of the others, until the whole pack was discovered to be doggedly following the rig.

"The travelers were without firearms of any kind, and then only did the real danger of their position dawn upon them. Wolves become much more dangerous and daring when they see a prospective prey retreating than when a stand is made. The men, too, did not lose any time in increasing the speed of their horse and it rapidly resolved itself into a race between the travelers and the wolves. The hungry animals sped over the ground at lightning rate, and, becoming more daring, took to the road behind the fleeing rig. Fortunately the men were driving a good piece of horseflesh, and just managed to reach Stony Mountain ahead of the animals. Here they, entered at breakneck pace, to the utter astonishment of one or two of the villagers, who happened to be about at that early hour of the morning.

"Of course the wolves gave up the hunt at this point, not daring to follow up the rig into the village. The winter has been particularly hard on there animals, and has been making them look for food other than by the usual channels. They were making their appearance very much closer to settled sections of the country than heretofore."

Agriculture in British Columbia.

One of the most beautiful locations in the interior of British Columbia is Princeton. Advantageously situated at the confluence of the Tulameen and Similkameen Rivers, it is the centre of a large district rich in a variety of minerals. The country around is generally open with rolling hills, covered with luxuriant and most nutritious bunch grasses, well supplied with lakes and streams and containing considerable agricultural land. The hillsides are capable of cultivation to an extent that will ultimately greatly increase the area of arable lands. Spring wheat grows remarkably well on much of the bench lands without irrigation. Properly cultivated and irrigated, wheat, oats, barley and rye do well. Potatoes grow to a prodigious size, average yield from eight to ten tons per acre. In the immediate vicinity of Princeton three pounds of potatoes produced one hundred and ninety pounds. Cabbages weigh from twenty to twenty-five pounds, cauliflowers four to eight pounds. All kinds of vegetables do well, also small fruits. Apples trees planted in 1901 bore fruit in 1903.

Notwithstanding that this district is particularly adapted to dairying outside points make regular shipments of butter to supply our demands. For good dairy butter a local market is afforded, and in view of the constantly increasing demand the price is likely to remain as high as at present. Forty cents a pound for "ranch" butter was the lowest price paid in Princeton during the last four years. Evidently there is an opening for several dairies.

A Love Letter.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the poetess, has recently been having an adventure with a too-amorous swain. First, she received a telegram with an expression of love, dated at Montreal. Then came another from a nearer point. Then she found a note from "Amedee Cypriot," left at her apartments at the Hotel Everett, New York, during her absence. Finally, there appeared the amorous Amedee in person. It was soon determined, however, that he was not quite sane, and an officer was sent for. To the police judge next morning Amedee said that he didn't know why he had sent the message of love to Mrs. Wilcox. At the request of the poetess, and upon his promise to send no more love-letters and to hie him back to Montreal, he was released.

Getting Back at Him.

"I'm afraid," said the actor when a cabbage came within an inch of his nose, "that somebody in the audience has lost his head."

Brought Trouble.

White—What is the matter with Plunger's head?

Green—Yesterday was his wooden wedding, and he gave his wife a rolling pin for a present, and when he returned from celebrating the event she returned the present with a speech suitable to the occasion.

You can't cure a cough or cold from the outside. You must cure it through the blood.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

is the only remedy that will do this. It gets right to the root of the trouble. It is guaranteed to cure.

Prices: 25c. 50c. $1. S. C. WELLS & Co. LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can. 312

PRINTING PLANTS

EVERYTHING FOR THE PRINTER

Outfits supplied for newspaper and job offices on a day's notice. No plant too large for us to figure on, and none too small to merit our closest attention. Prompt service guaranteed.

TORONTO TYPE FOUNDRY CO., LTD.

WINNIPEG, CANADA

A horse with a mane eighteen feet long is in the possession of George O. Zilgitt, of Inglewood, Cal. The mass of hair is so heavy that, when braided, the upper part of the braid is six inches in diameter.

Your Faith Wanted For 30 Minutes

We will positively cure you of nervousness, sleeplessness, indigestion and heart disease, if you will only have sufficient faith to take one dose of Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure. The benefit you can derive from its use will surprise and delight you. This remedy is the greatest agent that medical science has discovered for weak hearts, weak blood, weak nerves. A few doses will positively convince you. To believe in this instance means health to you. It will relieve every form of heart disease in 30 minutes. It strengthens the nerves by feeding them through the heart. For sale by all dealers. 32

Dr. Agnew's Ointment cures eczema, 35c.

A plump beauty bears the name of Lydia Wiedelman, and her residence is Calumet, Mich. She is only 15 years old, yet she weighs 365 pounds.

It Cures All Creeds.—Here are a few names of clergymen of different creeds who are firm believers in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder to "live up to the preaching" in all that it claims: Bishop Sweatman, Rev. Dr. Langtry (Episcopalian); Rev. Dr. Withrow and Rev. Dr. Chambers (Methodist); and Dr. Newman, all of Toronto, Canada. Copies of their personal letters for the asking. 50 cts. —105

A boy employed in his father's shoe factory, in Salem, Mass., lost his finger in a machine. He sued his father for damages, and the verdict was in his favor.

When Baby Had Scald Head—When Mother Had Salt Rheum—When Father Had Piles,—Dr. Agnew's Ointment gave the quickest relief and surest cure. These are gems of truth picked from testimony which is given every day to this greatest of healers. It has never been matched in curative qualities in Eczema, Tetter, Piles, etc. 35 cents.—103

Leather waste, which used to be thrown away, is now compressed, and makes an excellent substitute for iron when it is converted into cog-wheels.

"They Sell Well" says Druggist O'Dell of Truro, N.S. Want any better evidence of the real merit of Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets as a cure for all forms of stomach trouble than that they're in such great demand? Not a nauseous dose that makes one's very insides rebel—but pleasant, quick and harmless—a tiny tablet to carry in your pocket. 35 cents.—104

Locomotive engineers, on the run from Crewe to London, a distance of 166 miles, have to notice no fewer than 285 signals.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Great Britain is the greatest market in the world for automobiles, of which last year 3,500 to the value of £1,046,000 were imported; while the numbers for the first nine months of this year had risen to 4,330 valued at £1,600,000.

Your criticism of another is your verdict on yourself.

The heart's protest against death is the promise of life.

CUPID AND THE COMET

By ANNA S. RICHARDSON

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

It had been bad enough, said the cowboys, to have Buena Vista county turned into a rendezvous for invalids in various stages of hay fever, bronchitis and consumption. It was an outrage to have one's favorite barroom remodeled into a sanitarium, but it was heaping insult upon injury to have a twenty-five horsepower French racer flashing over roads—and good roads, too—long sacred to the festive cow pony.

With Harvey Thatcher, owner of said racer, the good roads surrounding Fort Norton, the county seat of Buena Vista county, had been the main attraction. When his physicians had ordered Colorado air, Thatcher had stipulated that section of eastern Colorado where the roads would permit him to break the already brilliant record of the Comet. And so it happened that he and his machine, his valet and his chauffeur, were thorns in the flesh of the cowboy element, even as the latter had worried the respectable faction among the early citizens of Fort Norton.

The cowboys had barely become accustomed to the presence of the Comet in their midst and had decided that it might prove dangerous to shoot up a gasoline engine when there arose fresh cause for dissatisfaction. Nan Bearce took to riding in the Comet. And Nan was the prettiest girl in Buena Vista county, or all the adjoining counties, for that matter. She had been the toast of every camp on the range, the belle at every ball, the queen of every county fair tournament in which the cowboys had fought for honors after their own peculiar fashion. Her favors had been evenly distributed, and her devotion had gone to her worthless father, who ran the one shoe shop of which Fort Norton could boast. A dilapidated, evil smelling den he kept at the end of the street leading north from the postoffice, but the three rooms behind the shop were as fresh and sweet as Nan's stout arms and sunshiny nature could keep them.

There were men, dozens of them, in Buena Vista county who would have

THE MOB CAME UPON THE COMET TWO MILES FROM HETH'S RANCH.

been willing to overlook the father, miserable, drunken wretch that he was, for love of the girl, but she seemed too proud to foist the old man on any of her anxious suitors. The only favor she had ever been known to accept was at the hands of Ben Heth, a stolid, almost morose young ranchman, who had started into the stock raising business in a small way and who held himself aloof from the rollicking, roistering element which had terrorized Fort Norton at regular intervals. When old Bearce had been smitten with smallpox Heth, under cover of darkness, had removed him to his own ranch because of Nan's horror of the posthouse, and the three had endured the relentless quarantine together. Then the intimacy had apparently been broken off, old Bearce going back to his bench, Nan to her poverty stricken life and Heth to his lonely existence on the cattle range.

All this was before Thatcher and the Comet came to Fort Norton. After old Bearce had skillfully mended some rents in Thatcher's leather robes the friendship between the dashing young automobilist from New York and the humble and beautiful daughter of the village shoemaker became town gossip. Women discussed it over their back fences and at the sewing circle of the Union church. Men shook their heads around the stove at Gilbert's general store, and the news spread out on the range. Thatcher was making a fool of Nan Bearce, and there were mutterings that boded ill for the owner of the Comet. The only man who declined to discuss the situation was Ben Heth and that even after Nan and young Thatcher had ridden out to his ranch twice in the devil's wagon, as one old woman called it. To be sure, the chauffeur was in attendance, but what was a chauffeur perched up in the back seat with Nan—enticing, alluring Nan—her soft, brown hair tossed by the wind, her eyes dancing with the excitement of the run, urging the young New Yorker on to higher speed?

Once they had been seen coming back to town at a slow pace, with Ben trying to keep his astonished pony within talking distance of the machine. Parties who had witnessed the scene reported it variously. Some said that Ben appeared to enjoy the proceeding, more fool he, while others maintained that he was berating Nan for unfaithfulness, even in the presence of his rival.

But Ben's love affair was utterly forgotten in the face of more momentous events which came with the roundup. The H. O. Cattle company, with which Ben had worked before branching out for himself, discovered what it chose to designate as a shortage in H. O. calves and a corresponding and suspicious increase in calves with the Heth brand. The H. O. brand was a bar with an O on the end. The Heth brand was a dumbbell. Rumor—and rumor in Buena Vista county is an ugly customer—declared that it was easy to change the bar-O to the dumbbell. The air around Fort Norton became rife with things other than mere rumors, including some very bad whisky. And justice, as drink crazed cow punchers sometimes see it, works with appalling suddenness.

Rumors travel faster than half drunken cow punchers who stop at each saloon to drown their threats in bad whisky, and a twenty-five horsepower machine will travel faster than either. That was why the mob that had started out to hang Ben Heth as a sort of climax for the annual roundup came upon the Comet, its owner, his valet and his chauffeur two miles beyond Heth's ranch. They were still hunting for Heth, after having razed his ranch cabin. The Comet was piled high with luggage, a couple of dress suit cases showing above the boxes, and rubber blankets, which filled in the body of the machine. Thatcher explained in a casual way that he was trying some new roads and might be gone a week or more. The cowboys sent him on his way with a volley of shots. They were bent on more serious work.

The Comet shot along the country road, through the soft twilight and the limpid moonlight, straight across the state line into Nebraska. At precisely the same time the Overland limited was carrying a white faced but determined girl over the same state line.

Thatcher insisted upon giving away the bride and receiving the first kiss after the ceremony. He said it was due for excess baggage on the best run the Comet had ever made. Then the great red machine, its owner, his chauffeur and his valet rolled back to Fort Norton without the impressive array of luggage, and Harvey Thatcher, tenderfoot, from New York, announced that when a certain bunch of unmitigated fools had finished their annual spree and had recounted their blankety blank calves the bride and groom would come back to Fort Norton, at which time the damages claimed by said groom for injury done his property and his reputation would be paid or the sheriff of Buena Vista county and one Harvey Thatcher, Esq., would know the reason why, whereupon said Harvey Thatcher promptly rose in the estimation of the cowboy element, and his horseless vehicle was forgiven him.

What We Find In Old Schoolbooks.

Along with the writing in old schoolbooks there is more or less drawing. The very early books sometimes have fly leaf sketches of Indians and log houses. The later books, says Leslie's Monthly, have houses of more modern sort, and you find rude drawings of steamboats, horses, birds, flowers, faces and the like. Often a penny or other coin was slipped under the fly leaf and the surface of the paper covering the coin was rubbed with a piece of lead from the schoolboy's pocket or the blunt end of a pencil.

The children had numerous methods for defacing their schoolbooks, and they also had certain devices for keeping them in good order. Many of the older books are protected by an outer cover of sheepskin neatly folded in at the edges and sewed in place with homespun tow. After 1825 this outer covering was apt to be calico, and sometimes there were tie strings attached to the sides. The girls were addicted to the use of a "thumb paper" folded and slipped in where the thumb rested when the book was in use.

Her Opinion.

He was very badly gone in love indeed, as may be judged by the fact that he sat up till the wee sma' hours and nibbled two inches off a pen in composing the following epic:

Beautiful one with eyes so blue,
Oh, how my fond heart sighs for you!
Sweet spirit, listen to me now,
Hear once again my ardent vow!

There wds about two feet six inches of this soul inspiring verse, and he sent it to the object of his adoration, with a request that she would express an opinion on its merits. He got it.

Dear Mr. Theodore Hopkins—You ask me for my opinion of your verses. I do *not like to hurt your feelings*, but if you will read the initial letters of the first four lines downward I may say that you express my sentiments exactly. Yours very truly, MABEL BROWNE.

And when Theodore strung the first four letters together he pondered bitterly.—London Telegraph.

The Harm Noise Does.

Noise is an undoubted factor in impairing the tone of the nerve centers. Whether we are conscious of it or not, it hurts the brain and has a deafening, dazing, bewildering effect on the mental processes. It tires the brain and tends to produce cerebral hyperemia. To live in a noisy atmosphere is to shorten one's day. Irritability, neurasthenia, insomnia, are common effects. The tympanum, or drum membrane, of the ear is injured, the circulation of the cerebro spinal fluid is disturbed and the nerve cells themselves suffer as though subjected to mechanical violence.—Family Doctor.

READY SIGN WRITER.

How Dean Swift Helped the Business of His Barber.

One of the institutions of all civilized countries is the barber. Formerly, when wigs were worn and beards were not, the barber had his hands full. Dean Swift was every day shaved by a barber with whom he was on excellent terms.

When he was busy on his famous customer one morning the barber said he had a great favor to ask his reverence, adding that at the suggestion of his neighbors he had taken a small public house at the corner of the churchyard. He hoped, with two businesses, that he might make a better living for his family.

"Indeed," said the Dean, "and what can I do to promote the happy union?"

"*If it please you,*" said the barber, "some of our customers have heard much about your reverence's poetry: so that, if you would but condescend to give me a smart little touch in that way to clap under my sign, it might be the making of me and mine forever."

"But what do you intend for your sign?" inquired the cleric.

"The 'Jolly Barber,' if it pleases your reverence," "with a razor in one hand and a full pot in the other."

"Well," rejoined the Dean, "in that case there can be no great difficulty in supplying you with a suitable inscription."

Taking up a pen he instantly wrote the following couplet, which was duly painted on the sign and remained there for many years:

"Rove not from pole to pole, but
step in here,
Where nought excels the shaving but
the beer."

Leadership and Nerve Power.

The tragedy is great. Hystoria, formerly the curse of the female sex, has been the cause of the downfall of two distinguished men. Lord Randolph Churchill succumbed to the ailment, Lord Rosebery has lost his grip of men, if not of matters, in consequence of fragile nerve fibre. No brain, however brilliant, can suffice in a leader of men. The extraordinary nerve power of Joseph Chamberlain is felt throughout the British Empire. Granted that at times his figures are inaccurate, his presentation of facts open to criticism of friends and foes alike, he yet has the power which makes him the acknowledged leader of men. Those who know him best, and who have the privilege of intimate personal intercourse—and they are few and far between—tell me that the way in which he guards the quietness of his home life is most remarkable. His wife simply devotes herself to his requirements and needs. She is hardly intimately known to a dozen women in her own circle of acquaintances. Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain is in public a "woman of no importance." She devotes herself to caring for the home in which the great statesman finds the storage of his electrical energy and power. All his speeches are, I am told, read over to her, in the quiet of his library, and her American blood tells when her criticisms are levelled at some point which she deems obscure, by reason of the language used.

An Ex-Convict.

Jolkley—I once heard a man say that he would rather be an ex-convict than anything else he could think of. Polkey—The idea! How eccentric! Jolkley—Not at all. The man was in the penitentiary for life.

No Interruption of the Music.

A dog was playing a piano in a circus in Yorkshire, England, recently, when one of the audience called out, "Rats!" The dog immediately vacated his seat and "went for" the [illegible] The piano kept on playing.—Philadelphia Record.

Marine Insurance.

Marine insurance is very old. The earliest voyagers, the Phœnicians, practiced a kind of insurance. The master, before sending his small bark to the edge of the earth, mortgaged her against her return. If she came back he returned the loan with a heavy premium.

THE DESPISED TOAD.

POPULAR HATRED OF THE ANIMAL IS OF GREAT ANTIQUITY.

In Legendary as Well as In Superstitious Lore the Uncouth and Misshapen Creature Plays No Small Part—The Belief In Toad Stones.

The unfortunate toad has from time immemorial been an object of distrust and aversion, especially among the common people. A pleasing tale runs that a gentleman, walking along a country lane, came suddenly upon a village boy belaboring the crushed body of a toad with a heavy stick and exclaiming at each blow, "I'll larn 'e to be a toad!" whereat the indignant newcomer, seizing the miscreant by his collar, vigorously applied a cane to his legs, remarking, "I'll larn you to be a boy!" The popular hatred of the toad, indeed, is of such antiquity and is still so general as to seem ineradicable. That the creature is not dangerously poisonous it is hopeless to attempt to convince the ordinary rustic. Doubtless this belief has its origin in the acrid secretion which the toad has the power of emitting when disturbed or annoyed unduly and which will cause a dog that has incautiously picked up a toad to foam at the mouth. Again, the uncouth appearance of the creature has had much to do with the feeling of repulsion with which it has always been regarded. "Squat like a toad" is the phrase by which Milton describes the evil one essaying to reach the ear of Eve.

Superstition, in truth, has laid a firm hold on the toad's misshapen figure. The belief, not only in the existence of "toad stones," but in their efficacy as a sovereign remedy for certain ills, which is still common in parts of the country, is of very ancient date. "There is to be found in the heads of old and great toads," says Fenton, writing in 1569, "a stone they call borax, or stelon, which, being used as rings, gives forewarning of venom." In the Londesborough collection is a silver ring of the fifteenth century in which one of these toad stones is set. They were supposed always to bear on their surface a figure resembling a toad, being somewhat similar trinkets, one may imagine, to the scarabæus ornament of the Egyptians. Another early writer remarks, "A toad stone called 'crepandia,' touching any part envenomed by the bite of rat, wasp, spider or other venomous beast, ceases the pain and swelling thereof." It was believed that when brought near to poison the stone sweated and changed color, thus conveying to its wearers a timely warning of danger.

It is to these peculiar amulets that Shakespeare is supposed to refer in "As You Like It:"

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

Is it not probable, however, that the poet, being a poet, is here alluding to the eye of the toad, an object, as all who are really familiar with the appearance of this humble batrachian will agree, than which there are few more beautiful in nature?

Perhaps the most familiar superstition in regard to toads is that, still rife, which supposes them capable of existing for an indefinite period in the interior of rocks, stones or hermetically sealed cavities. Numberless "authentic instances" of this remarkable power have been brought forward from time to time. The following example from an old book is typical: "In 1703 Mr. George Wilson, a mason, met with a toad, which he wantonly immured in a stone wall that he was then building. In the middle of the wall he made a close cell of lime and stone, just fit for the magnitude of its body and seemingly so plastered as to prevent the admission of air. In 1800, sixteen years afterward, it was found necessary to open a gap in this wall for a passage of carts, when the poor creature was found alive in its stronghold. It seemed at first in a very torpid state, but it soon recovered animation and activity and, as if sensible of the blessings of freedom, made its way to a collection of stones and disappeared." It is known that toads can exist for a long time without food, and it is generally believed that they live to a great age, and doubtless these two peculiarities have had much to do with the superstition in regard to their supposed penchant for a hermit's life. The fallacy, however, was completely exposed by Dean Buckland, father of Frank Buckland, the great naturalist, who went to the trouble of testing the truth of the theory by an exhaustive series of experiments. It need only be remarked that none of his victims survived the incarceration.

In legendary as in superstitious lore the toad plays no small part. It may not be generally known that the fleur-de-lis of France was originally the [illegible] a toad. Thus at least runs the tale. Clovis, king of France, bore on his banner the device of three toads, or "bates," as they were called in old French. His baptism gave great umbrage to the Arians, who rebelled and assembled a large host against him under King Candat. Clovis while on his way to meet the heretics was granted a vision, wherein he saw in the heavens his device of three toads miraculously changed into three lilies "or" on a banner "azur." Such a banner he caused instantly to be made, calling it his "liflambe."—London Globe.

The Only One.

"Charles," said Miss Passay coyly, speaking of her fiance, "is quite individual. He is different from other men."

"Of course; he's willing to be engaged to you," replied Miss Sharpe.—Exchange.

The best armor is to keep out of gunshot.—Bacon.

Early English Lotteries.

The first lottery in England, so far as can be ascertained, began to be drawn on Jan. 12, 1569, at the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral, and continued day and night till the 6th of May. The scheme, which had been announced two years before, shows that the lottery consisted of forty thousand lots or shares at ten shillings each, and that it comprehended "a great number of good prizes, as well as of ready money as of plate, and certain sorts of merchandise." The object of any profit that might arise from the scheme was the reparation of harbors and other useful public works.

Lotteries did not take their origin in England; they were known in Italy at an earlier date; but from the year mentioned down to 1826 (excepting for a short time following upon an act of Queen Anne) they continued to be adopted by the English Government as a source of revenue. It is difficult to realize that there were large and imposing offices in London, and pretentious agencies in the provinces, for the sale of lottery tickets; while flaming advertisements on walls, in new books and in the public journals proclaimed the desirability of such and such "lucky" offices.

What Annoyed Phil May.

In an article on the late Phil May and his work it is stated by one who obviously knew him well that he was of such a kindly nature that he was unable to say "No" for fear of giving pain. "He was done to death by a shoal of hangers-on, who sent him to his grave before he was forty broken in health and empty in pocket. More than one even forged his name to bills, trusting to his good nature not to prosecute, and they were right in their calculations. On one occasion he was shown such a bill, and, strange to say, he showed resentment. 'I'm annoyed—I'm really very much annoyed,' he said quietly, as he stared at the signature: 'it's so badly done!'"—Magazine of Art.

Tribute to a Mother.

Sir John Blundell Maple was never tired of telling his friends how much he owed to his mother. He used to say, "She was the cleverest woman I ever knew," and he often related the advice she gave him when as a boy he thought of being called to the bar. "If ever you were to become Lord Chancellor," she said, "you would have reached the end of all things in that profession. You would have such and such an income and such and such a position, which are already known to you. But if you go into business there is no limit to your opportunities." The boy chose his father's business and, as he often said, never forgot his mother's advice.

The Hudson Bay Wilderness.

Alfred E. Preble, a senior at Tufts College, Boston, Mass., has returned to his studies after a trip of 3,000 miles into the Hudson Bay wilderness, 1,200 miles of it in a canoe. His assistants on the trip were his brother and Merritt Cary. The expedition, which was in the interests of the United States Government, was for the purpose of gathering specimens of rare birds and mammals.

The party reached Athabasca Landing, in the Province of Alberta, on May 16, after a trip of 100 miles by wagon from Edmonton, the northern point on the Canadian Pacific Railroad. From there the party went down Athabasca River in a canoe with guides to Lake Athabasca, and across that lake to the mouth of the Slave River. The course down the Slave River to Great Slave Lake was almost due north for about 200 miles, where the party arrived the first of June.

At this point the party separated, Preble's brother going alone from Great Slave Lake through Yellow Knife River to Great Bear Lake, while Preble himself went with Cary down the Mackenzie to survey the Nahanni Mountains and the country about the Mackenzie as far north as Fort Wrigley, one of the Hudson Bay Company posts. By the fourth of July the northern point had been reached and [illegible] specimens had been collected. The data which Preble brought back are of great value to biologists.

Canada in the Forefront.

The [illegible] Congress, recently held in Louisville, Ky., says: As regards prison work in general, Canada is in the forefront. The management of the large institutions reflects great credit on the Canadians engaged in this work.

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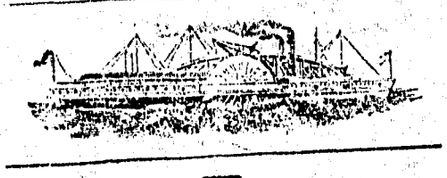

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" 12.35	Nanaimo	" 7.37
Ar 12 53	Wellington	Ar. 7.52

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TUESDAY, JUNE 21, 1904

Telegraphic News

London, 15th Despatch from Tokio this afternoon says a naval engagement is now in progress in the Korean Straits between the Russian cruisers which escaped from Vladivostok and a number of Japanese cruisers. No details have yet been received.

St Petersburg, 14th—The Emperor has received the following:—A battle began at noon to-day around the Russian position four miles south of Wafan Hoon. The enemy made repeated attacks and attempted to drive in our left flank The attack was repulsed and we regained our position. The first regiment that occupied the left flank of our position sustained severe losses. Its commander, Col. Khavasounoff and Lieut. Nanochinsky were killed and General Gerngriss was wounded. The enemy's losses are not known but are thought to have been heavy.

New York, 15th—500 persons, mostl children, perished to-day by the burning of the excursion steamer General Slocum near Hell Gate in the east river. The Slocum, which had on board the annual Sunday School excursion of St Mark's German Lutheran Church of this city, was on her way up the river to a resort of Long Island Sound. When just off about 125 h street persons on shore saw smoke and flames spring from the upper part of the crowded steamer. A panic ensued on the boat [illegible] The crowds of the forward deck, panic stricken, began to jump overboard or to crowd to the after part of the boat. The screams of the terrified passengers could be heard on shore and hundreds of small boats went to the rescue. Owing to the rocks on either side of the channel at this point it was impossible to beach the vessel. The captain stuck to his position and steered the vessel straight through Hell Gate for North Brother Island and there she went ashore in the shallow water. 500 feet of open water lay between the burning steamer and the shore and many persons perished either in the water or on the burned vessel after she was beached. The steamer carried more than 2,000 persons. The General Slocum is the largest excursion steamer in these waters and can carry 4,000 passengers. Last report is that at least 600 persons have been burned.

Her position made it impossible for those on board to reach Brother Island. Fifty or a hundred persons, mostly women and children, jump overboard. Most of the throng were on the hurricane deck when we plainly saw a portion of it collapse—many must have been killed instantly The flames originated on the forward part of the boat. Almost instantly persons who occupied places on the forward deck began to jump overboard. Captain William Vanschick, who commanded the Slocum, has been arrested. The fire started in the lunch counter on the forward part of the boat. When the alarm was spread among the passengers the hurricane deck was crowded and it collapsed. Many of them were precipitated into the seething furnace below and roasted to death. Many of these bodies recovered are horribly burned. Wreckers say it will be hours before the fire in the hold of the boat is out and the bodies there recovered. The Slocum burned to the waters edge. Both firemen and wreckers say the greatest loss of life extending into hundreds will be found in the hold.

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A LOST WIFE

A NOVEL.

BY MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON,

Author of "Worth Winning," Etc.

"Alas, no!" she said. "It is but the delusion of her poor warped brain. Some people might think that I have done wrong in flying from him, in not, on the contrary, seeking him out, and forcing him to marry her. But I could never reconcile it to my conscience to surrender her to the care of a wicked man, and as I have told you, I hope—God forgive me if it is a wicked hope—I hope that he is dead. If not, if she were ever to see him again, I am quite sure, in the state of health in which she is, that the shock would either kill her, or drive her to raving madness. She was mad once, many years ago—at the time. After it had all happened she was completely insane for three months. It is best perhaps to tell you this. Shall you be afraid to stay with us, Freda?"

Poor Miss Barbara, her trial was indeed a sore one! I kissed and comforted her, and told her I would never leave her as long as she and Ellinor required my services.

The stern-featured but soft-hearted woman wiped away a few tears, and bade God bless me, ere she wished me good-night.

CHAPTER XXIV.

We had a very severe winter at Kaneton Scars that year; a long, hard, dry frost, and then a heavy fall of snow, that lay for weeks upon the face of the earth like a great soft white winding-sheet.

Ellinor had completely recovered from her attack of illness, and there had been no repetition of it, neither had she spoken again about her supposed marriage. She had also either forgotten to show me her wedding-ring, or else had changed her mind about doing so—at any rate she had never alluded to it again. The only reference she had made to her past was one day when I had come suddenly into the drawing-room, and called her by her name.

"Oh! here you are, Ellinor!" I had said, for I had been looking for her in her own bedroom.

"Ah!" she said dreamily, "it is always Ellinor now. Once, a long time ago, somebody called me Nell, his little Nell! Don't you think Nell is a much prettier name than Ellinor, Freda?"

"No, dear, I think Ellinor is a beautiful old English name," I answered, lightly.

She sighed, and did not answer me. That was her nearest approach to the dangerous subject which it was my duty to her sister to prevent her as much as possible from dwelling upon.

One morning, when the snow had been upon the ground for nearly ten days, one of the maids came in and told Miss Barbara that Thompson, the gardener, the only male being about the premises, desired to speak to her at once.

Miss Barbara went out of the room. Ellinor and I rose from the breakfast-table, and went into the drawing-room. There, standing idly at a window that looked to the side of the house, watching the robins pecking up the crumbs we had thrown out to them, I was surprised to see Miss Barbara, in thick clogs, and with a shawl thrown hastily over her head, plodding her way by the side of Thompson through the thick snow.

To my astonishment, they pushed through some laurel bushes in the shrubbery, heavy with snow, and which scattered a white shower over Miss Barbara's back as she stooped under them and disappeared. Presently they both reappeared through the same narrow opening, and passed down the swept path, on the drive, out through the front gate, where they must have remained outside the walls for nearly ten minutes.

Just then Ellinor called me to come and give my opinion upon the conduct of Samuel, in putting the unfortunate Agag to death, after he had thought that "the bitterness of death was past."

"I don't think it was very kind of him, do you, Freda?" she said, referring to the open Bible before her.

"No, but we are told that God or [illegible]"

"Yes, I suppose that was it. And perhaps he had deserved punishment in some other way; he had been cruel to some woman, perhaps, as that cabman was to me. And then, of course, he deserved to be killed."

I laugh at her queer way of bringing things home to her own life, and asked her if she thought the cabman deserved to be killed, too.

"There is nothing to laugh at, Freda," she answered, gravely. "I don't trouble my head about that cabman. But I know very well that God will punish him, and reward you."

This quaint discussion, arising from the story of Agag, had so diverted my thoughts from Miss Barbara, and her unprecedented expedition across the snow, that I had forgotten all about it, until a few minutes later, happening to cross the hall, I met her coming in at the front door, with a face as white as the snow behind her.

"Come in here, Freda," she said in a queer, choked voice. "I want to speak to you." She drew me into her little sanctum, half boudoir and half study, where she transacted all her daily business, and locked the door.

"What is the matter?" I asked in surprise, as I helped to divest her of her wet shawl and overshoes.

She looked not white, but ashen gray, frightened as if she had seen a ghost, and she trembled in every limb.

There was a medicine chest in the corner of the room. I ran to it, and poured her out some sal volatile, which I made her swallow.

"For heaven's sake what is it—what has happened?" I asked, alarmed in my turn at the sight of her evident agitation.

"You saw that Thompson came to speak to me?" she said, as soon as she was sufficiently recovered to be able to speak. "Well, it appears that he discovered quite early this morning that there were footprints in the snow, fresh footprints coming from under the shrubbery bushes, against the wall straight up to the house. I have just been out to see for myself, and they go from the conservatory, right up to the wall; then I went outside the wall, and there are the footprints again, coming from a long way off, across the snow; and stopping short at our wall, exactly corresponding to the place within the walls where they reappear. The bushes grow rather close to the wall. I have ordered Thompson to cut them down this morning. Freda, a man got over the wall last night, and came up to the house!"

I was rather surprised that Miss Barbara, who was, as I had always imagined her to be, a strong-minded little woman, should be so terribly upset and frightened by the alarm—common enough, I have no doubt, in lonely neighborhoods—of a thief wandering round the house in the night.

"Oh! don't be frightened, Miss Barbara," I said, reassuringly. "The thief, whoever he is, did not get in. You know how strong this old house is, how thick the walls are, and how well barred-up and shuttered are all the windows. No one could get in, I believe, and nothing has been stolen. If you feel nervous let us send to the police station at Kaneton, and ask them to send us out a couple of men for a few days to protect us. But no doubt since the burglar was unable to affect an entrance, he will not trouble us with another visit."

Miss Barbara continued to rock herself backwards and forwards in her chair, in an uncontrollable distress of mind.

"Oh! my dear," she said, with a sort of groan, "you don't understand. It is no burglar—oh! how I wish it were!—that I could believe it for a moment. Do you suppose a whole gang of thieves would frighten me in this way? But it is not a thief."

"Not a thief?" I echoed in surprise. "Why what else could it be, Miss Barbara? No honest person would come climbing over people's walls, and wandering round their house at dead of night. Who else could it be but a thief?"

"Oh! my dear girl—my story is only half told. Look here at what I have found."

She held out her hand, which she had kept closed upon her knees, and showed me what she had hitherto concealed from me.

It was a small bright object. I took it from her and examined it, and found that it was the broken half of a solid and rather handsome gold sleeve-link.

"Tell me your opinion," she said, watching me anxiously as I turned it over and over in my fingers. "Tell me what you think. That sleeve-link never belonged to a thief, it belongs to a gentleman."

"Not at all," I said, reassuringly, as I handed it back to her. "No [illegible] belonged to a gentleman, but a thief may have stolen it, and probably has done so in this case. Where did you find it?"

"Just at the foot of the wall at this side; it must have broken off as he scrambled down. Oh! Freda, you must see now what frightens me. It is that man come to look for Ellinor!"

It was in vain that I tried to soothe and to comfort her, to assure her that nothing was more unlikely, no supposition could be more wild and improbable. The notion had taken firm root in her mind that our midnight visitor was her sister's false lover and none other, and no words of mine had the least effect in shaking her conviction.

"I am certain of it—quite certain," she kept on repeating.

"But, dear Miss Barbara, what motive could he have in tracing her out?"

"What motive? Why, to regain possession of her, of course."

"But is it likely," I argued, "that after all these years he should suddenly endeavor to find her, now that her first youth is past—that illness—"

"What can you mean, Miss Clifford?" she interrupted, angrily. "My sister's beauty is as great as it ever was. I have never met any woman so lovely as she is!"

To her sister poor Ellinor, in all her faded, woe-begone pallor, was as faultlessly lovely at eight-and-twenty as at eighteen. I could not help being touched by the devotion which could see no flaw in its idol.

"Yes, that is true," I said, humbly, feeling sorry that I had unwittingly offended her on so tender a subject; "but still you have described him as such a heartless villain."

"Ah! he may have heard that she has come into a little money lately. I told you, I think, that my uncle had left me this house, and his little fortune was divided equally between Ellinor and myself. If that miserable man has heard of this, it would perfectly account for his being anxious to claim the poor child, he will pretend that he married her, so that he may get hold of the money she has come into now."

Further arguments were wasted upon her. Miss Barbara stuck to her own opinion persistently, and refused to listen to any of my far more reasonable theories.

One immediate result of the night occurrence was that she instantly stopped our daily walks, and that the place was put in a condition of siege. Workmen appeared the next day, and in spite of the hard weather the whole length of the gray wall was speedily garnished with a most alarming looking "cheveaux de frise" of iron spikes, that, like the flaming swords of the Garden of Eden, turned every way, and brandished their formidable points in every direction. The entrance-gate was kept locked and barred day as well as night, and Ellinor was told that there were some gypsies, evil-looking characters, about the country, and that it was safer to confine our walks for the present to the garden.

The snow disappeared, and with it the footprints which had so much alarmed Miss Barbara, and that lady seemed bo degrees to recover her usual equanimity of mind. I could see that she was still watchful, for every night she went round the premises and inspected the fastening of every door and window in the house herself; but as days went by and nothing further happened, and no fresh alarm by night or day occurred, she gradually relaxed in her vigilance, and her extraordinary fears appeared to be quieted.

As for myself I had always regarded her terrors as the wildest and most unlikely fancies of her own imagination, so that I very soon dismissed the whole incident of the thief and his mysterious footprints entirely from my mind.

Things were in this condition at Kaneton Scars when an incident suddenly happened to myself so extraordinary and so unaccountable that, although I carefully kept it to myself, judging it worse than useless to alarm Miss Barbara by imparting to her my discovery, it had the effect of making me take a far more serious view of the appearance of those strange footprints than I had hitherto done.

It happened that one day as I was thinking of going up to my room in the usual way, up the wide oaken staircase which led from the entrance hall, I found my progress barred by a carpenter, who had been sent for to repair one of the steps which had got broken. I found the man, tool-basket and all, kneeling across the stairs, hammering away with all his might, with his back turned towards me. Sooner than disturb him I ran down again, along a passage at the bottom of the house to a small spiral back staircase seldom used, and which led from the conservatory door up to the landing, where my bedroom was situated. Running lightly up the stairs, which were but dimly lighted, I caught sight of a small glittering object in the corner of one of the steps. I picked it up, and carried it to the light.

It was a broken gold sleeve-link!

With a strange terror at my heart, I rushed into Miss Barbara's room, tore open the drawer of her writing-table, and sought for the half of the gold link she had showed me the morning of the discovery of the foot-prints. I fitted them to each other. They corresponded exactly.

The man, then, who had dropped the first half of his sleeve-link near the wall outside, had dropped the second half inside the house!

CHAPTER XXV.

Early in the winter before the heavy fall of snow, there had been a slight change in the household. A new under-housemaid had come, and at the time of her arrival, Miss Fairbank had remarked to me that she was a south-country woman, and that she had taken her from the inn at Kaneton, where, however, she had only been two months, as she did not care to stay there, but wished to get into a lady's service. I remember that Miss Barbara remarked to me that she hoped the girl would do, that she seemed willing and respectable, but that it was rather an experiment taking her out of a country inn.

To all appearance, Elizabeth—that was her name—did her duties quietly, and was likely to retain her place. I did not, of course, take any particular notice of her.

It was about this time, however, that something unusual in the girl's manner suddenly arrested my attention. She flushed up quickly if any one spoke to her, and started if one came across her unexpectedly about the house. And once I met her in the dusk going along the passage outside my bedroom, carrying something in her hands over which she hastily flung her apron as I approached. The house, as I have said before, was old and rambling, and many of the rooms were uninhabited and unfurnished. The two sisters slept in adjoining rooms, with Ellinor's maid beyond them at one side of the house, and my bedroom was quite at the opposite extremity. There was a door at the end of the passage where I slept, which led into a room used as a lumber-room, which had been in old days a passage into the chapel now ruined, and there was still a door at the further end, outside which were the broken stone steps, down which one might scramble, if so disposed, on to the floor of the now grass-grown chapel. In this room were kept old furniture and boxes, and no doubt a miscellaneous collection of rubbish of all kinds. When I had arrived at Kaneton Scars, my box, after it had been unpacked, was taken in there. One day I had occasion to want a leathern strap which had fastened my traveling-rugs, and I thought it must have been left inside my box. I went to the door of the lumber-room intending to fetch it myself, but, to my surprise, I found it locked.

I called out to Elizabeth, who happened to be in my bedroom, and asked her for the key.

"I want to find a strap I have mislaid," I said.

The girl seemed rather confused. She said she thought Miss Fairbank had taken they key away, and she would ask her for it.

Miss Fairbank had gone out driving, and about a quarter of an hour afterwards, long before she came in, I went up to my room again and found the strap lying upon my dressing-table. Curiosity induced me to go again to the lumber-room door. It was locked.

It was evident that Elizabeth had the key in her own possession, and had gone in and found my strap, and had relocked the door after taking it out.

I said nothing to anybody about this any more than I had done about that broken sleeve-link which I had found a few days ago; but it was evident to me that something unusual had occurred, or was going on still in the house, and that Elizabeth was cognizant of it.

It came into my mind that she might be one of a regular organized gang of thieves, of whom the thief who had got over the wall during the snow-fall was one, and that possibly she was daily stealing our property little by little, and storing it up in the empty lumber-room. Everything seemed to point to this theory being a correct one, excepting in one all-important particular. I could not discover that anything of any kind had been lost by one inmate of the house.

I determined not to frighten Miss Barbara by revealing any of my discoveries or my alarms, but carefully to watch things for myself.

For a few days all went on quietly. I could notice nothing unusual in any respect. The door of the lumber-room remained locked, and Elizabeth went about the house as usual.

One night, however, I remained up very late in Miss Barbara's bed-room talking over many things—over Ellinor's story and her general health; and I had been telling her something too—not much, for I am not given to making confidences—of my own history.

The servants had all gone to bed, and no one was stirring as I went up to my room. Suddenly I noticed that the door of the lumber-room was ajar!

I am not physically very brave as a rule, but I own that my curiosity on this occasion quite got the better of my fears. I felt convinced that I should find Elizabeth inside disposing of her stolen goods. I should catch her in her own trap!

Shading my candle with my hand I crept cautiously to the door, pushed it softly open—not without a beating heart—and looked in.

The room was absolutely empty. There was a pile of boxes and lumber at one end, and one large trunk was pulled out from the rest, and covered over with an old horse-cloth; an empty tumbler and a plate containing some fragments of food, and some cutlet bones—I swiftly recollected that we had cutlets for dinner in the dining-room—stood on the floor. I had ventured into the room whilst making these observations, and now noticed suddenly that the door at the further end, which led out only on the broken steps in the ruined chapel, was also unfastened and was swinging gently backwards and forwards with the wind—of course it was the draught from this outer door which had blown open the inner door into the house.

It struck me suddenly that Elizabeth was no burglar in disguise, but that she simply pilfered the good things that came out of the dining-room and brought them up here to eat them at her leisure. With this new theory on the subject I retreated to my own room, carefully closing all the open doors, and by some instinct of self preservation, born of nervousness, locking my own bedroom door upon myself for further security.

The next morning when Miss Barbara came out of the kitchen, after ordering dinner, she called me into her sanctum, with a face full of annoyance.

"All the servants are in a commotion," she said. I am so angry with them all, I have no patience with them! The cook declares she saw a ghost last night, and is sitting in hysterics in the kitchen."

"A ghost! What sort of a ghost?"

"I am sure I don't know; they were all talking at once, and all declaring they would none of them go to bed to-night. I told cook I would throw a pail of cold water over her if she did not leave off screaming, and that threat did stop her hysterics!" added Miss Barbara, grimly.

"She must have dreamt it," I said, musingly; "of course it is all nonsense."

"Of course; but as soon as she could speak she declared solemnly 'upon her Bible oath,' she said, that she was wide awake, and heard footsteps going along the passage—that she thought Miss Ellinor might be ill and something be wanted, so she got out of bed and lit her candle and opened the door, and there she saw a tall figure, wrapped in a long dark cloak disappearing at the further end of the passage, that would be toward your room, Freda!"

Miss Barbara laughed as she said this, but she looked very much annoyed.

"There they all stood, the idiots! round her, with their teeth chattering as if they would tumble out of their silly heads, shuddering like a parcel of geese!"

"And what did Elizabeth say?" I asked.

"Elizabeth?—Oh! by-the-way, she was the only one who showed any sense at all. She laughed at the whole thing, and told the cook she had been dreaming of her sweetheart. I think she seems a sensible girl, that Elizabeth."

I was silent for a minute pondering over many things.

I was trying to put two and two together in my mind, but found the task a harder one than that mathematical puzzle is generally supposed to be.

"Of course it is all rubbish!" continued Miss Barbara, impatiently and irritably. "And if they don't like to sleep in my house, I am sure they are quite welcome to go out of it. But what worries me is, that I am so dreadfully afraid that Ellinor will hear of it, and, with her state of nerves, I am in constant dread of her being upset, or frightened in any way. You must watch her carefully to-day, Freda, and see that she does not overhear any of this silly chatter."

"I will do so, Miss Barbara," I answered: "But would you mind, before I go to her, sending for Elizabeth here?"

"For Elizabeth! what for?" she asked, in surprise.

"Well, as you say she was less foolish than the others, she might be able to tell us quietly what she thinks of it all."

"I don't see how she is likely to know anything more about it than what she said in the kitchen. She did not see the so-called ghost. Ghosts, indeed! I wonder how any sensible grown-up woman can believe in such rubbish! As if God would allow dead people to come out of their coffins to go walking about living people's houses in the night. If they were good they are praising their Maker in heaven; and if they were wicked, why you may depend upon it they have enough on their hands to keep them quiet somewhere," added Miss Barbara, grimly.

I laughed at her quaint theology, but persisted in my request.

"Please send for Elizabeth, Miss Barbara. I should really like to see her."

"Very well, my dear, I am sure I will if it pleases you," and she rang the bell.

In due time Elizabeth appeared. She came in jauntily enough, but when she saw me I fancied that she looked suddenly confused.

"Elizabeth," said Miss Barbara, "you seem to have a head on your shoulders, which is more than I can say for most of you: just tell us what you think of this business, and whether there is any foundation for these silly fears."

"About the ghost, ma'am?" answered the girl, rather nervously I fancied. "Oh! I have no patience with such ignorance, any more than you, ma'am. I know very well that it's downright wicked, and flying in the face of Scripture to believe in such things."

"Still there might be somebody who wants to sleep in the house."

"Or thieves," I suggested.

[CONTINUED.]

The Weak Chin.

Gasaway—My razor's in pretty poor condition I believe it's tired. You know, they say razors get that way. Sharply (wearily)—Ah, yes; tired of your chin.

Her Dear Friend.

Bride (exchanging bridal costume for traveling dress) Did I appear nervous at all during the ceremony, Clara? Bridesmaid (envious)—A little at first, dear, but not after George had said "I will!"

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

Bismarck's Wonderful Eyes.

No one ever came into the presence of the chancellor without a deep sense of the mind power reflected from those large gray blue orbs. Their flashing brilliancy and the piercing penetration of the glances shot from them were never to be forgotten. They seemed incapable of expressing affection, and their steel-like hardness only inspired awe for the towering intellect, the irresistible will, the defiant courage, the fiery energy of their owner. To watch the lightning changes of expression mirrored in them, reflecting the strong emotions evoked by humbled pride, wounded ambition and thwarted selfishness, and, above all, by the loss of his absolute sway, was indeed an enviable privilege.—Henry Villard in Century.

The Jilt In Italy.

In some countries a betrothal is considered only a degree less sacred than a marriage and therefore a breach of promise, especially on the girl's side, is regarded as very shocking. This is very much the case in Italy, where a girl who after betrothal has changed her mind is known for life as a civetta (owlet) and has rarely another chance of matrimony. The term "owlet" conveys no idea of reproach here, but in Italy it is significant, because owlets are there used for insnaring other birds.

Couldn't Tell the Truth.

Horner—You saw Melcher, did you? Well, did he tell you any lies?

Skinner—What are you driving at? He was saying—

Horner—Oh, then he did lie to you!—Boston Transcript.

"Lots of men," said Uncle Eben, "kin look wise an' lots kin talk wise, but de men dat kin act wise is mighty scarce."—Washington Star.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer One Hundred Dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

That which is useless cannot be harmless.

A full-grown whale weighs one hundred tons. Few whales exceed seventy feet in length.

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 disease 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 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, course through 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 incresed 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 opinions of scientists, the wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

The man who is afraid of burning up his wick need not hope to brighten the world.

When a man sets popularity before his eyes he is likely to let principle out of his heart.

Ayer's

If your blood is thin and impure, you are miserable all the time. It is pure, rich blood that invigorates, strengthens, refreshes. You certainly know

Sarsaparilla

the medicine that brings good health to the home, the only medicine tested and tried for 60 years. A doctor's medicine.

"I owe my life, without doubt, to Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the most wonderful medicine in the world for nervousness. My cure is permanent, and I cannot thank you enough." MRS. DELIA MOWELL, Newark, N. J.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER Co., Lowell, Mass.

for

Poor Health

Laxative doses of Ayer's Pills each night greatly aid the Sarsaparilla.

FARMER GIVES THE REASON WHY

He Pins His Faith to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

They Made Him Strong and Well After Years of Intense Suffering from Lumbago and Other Kidney Troubles.

North Pelham, Ont., Apr. 13 —(Special)—Mr. Joseph L. Thomas, a substantial farmer of Pelham Township, well known and highly respected throughout this neighborhood, has joined the ranks of the great army of Canadians who pin their faith to Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Thomas gives his reasons for doing so as follows :

"For several years I was sorely afflicted with Kidney Trouble, having many of its worst symptoms in an aggravated degree. I had Lumbago and was in such a condition that I was unfit for anything for weeks at a time.

"Insomnia resulted and I was an intense sufferer. I had almost a perpetual headache and grew thin in flesh.

"I had been treated by a doctor without good results, so upon the recommendation of a cousin, who had been saved from a life of misery by Dodd's Kidney Pills, I began taking them.

"The first box gave me decided benefit, and after taking five boxes the old trouble was a thing of the past and I was again in every way strong and well."

Ask those who have used them if they ever heard of a case of Kidney Disease Dodd's Kidney Pills would not cure.

In the Royal Aquarium of St. Petersburg there are several carp that are known to be more than six hundred years old. It has been ascertained in several cases that whales live to be over two hundred years old.

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.

Glanis, Ont. R. W. HARRISON.

The River Tinto, in Spain, hardens and solidifies the sand of its bed. If a stone falls in the stream and alights upon another, in a few months they unite and become one stone. Fish cannot live in these waters.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Words are but things that truth wears.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath, softens the water and disinfects. 38

Only the self-centered are self-satisfied.

IT IS AN ELIXIR OF LIFE.—Since forgotten time, men have been seeking for the Elixir of Life, which tradition says once existed. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is an Elixir, before which pain cannot live. It is made up of six essential oils, carefully blended so that their curative properties are concentrated in one. It has no equal in the treatment of lumbago, rheumatism, and all bodily pains.

An albino deer, with a coat as white as snow and eyes a delicate pink, was recently killed in the Canyon Mountains of southern Oregon. It was one of the very few albino deer ever seen in the mountains of the West.

The Tibetans.

The Tibetans are not beautiful. How could they be when, by their own confession, the national ancestry runs back to the king of the monkeys and a hobgoblin? Bonvalot says of them, "The very bears are better looking." The type is midway between the Eskimo and the Chinese. Broad, flat noses, without visible bridge; no eyebrows, wide mouths, full lips, oily skins, hair as coarse and straight as horsehair, and short, square, ungainly figures—these are the elements of the unpleasing picture.

Talking English.

Here is a story that comes from London and illustrates the peculiarities of the American boy: The youngster was at the Hotel Cecil, and he listened intently to a group of English folks. Suddenly he looked up at his mother. "Say, ma, do those people talk English?" "Certainly they do, my child. What a question!" "Then we don't," said the cub.

The Cardiff Giant.

The Cardiff giant, the famous stone man hoax of years ago, was 10 feet 2½ inches in length, had a nose 6 inches long, a mouth 4 inches wide and a foot 15½ inches from toe to heel.

PAGE LAWN FENCE

Indestructible, Handsome, Perfect. Only 25 cents per running foot. Supplied by us or local dealer.

THE PAGE WIRE FENCE CO. Limited, - Walkerville, Montreal, Winnipeg, St. John

Arrested for being drunk, James Stuart, a tailor, of Liverpool, stripped himself and tore his clothes to shreds. Next day he appeared before the magistrate in his shirt, which he draped like a toga. He said that he was of the Stuart clan, and objected to mere policemen handling him. He was sent to prison for fourteen days.

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

Provost Kennedy, of Partick, is a man of ambitious schemes. The town council resolved to spend the sum of £80 on music in the parks, and the provost gave it as his opinion that before spending more money on music they should first teach the people how to listen to it. Partick always did aspire to a leadership.

The great lives have all loved something greater than life.

Righteousness is the only recommendation that goes to heaven.

Disappointment is not a sufficient reason for discouragement.

There is more in being worthy of great place than there is in winning it.

Holiness is the reaching after rather than the arriving at perfection.

The doors of truth open only to the true.

Knowledge Coming.

"He's had a fortune left to him suddenly. He has actually got more money now than he knows what to do with."

"Never mind. There are certain people who will be anxious to meet him now, and after that he'll know more."

The Terrible Boy.

The Mother—Eunice, was there any kissing in that pantomime you and the others were rehearsing in the parlor last evening? The Daughter—Why, of course. Herbert and I had to kiss, but it was in pantomime.—Johnny—No it wasn't, mamma. I heard it!

A sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use.—Irving.

Extreme of Elegance.

"Quite an elegant wedding, wasn't it?"

"Elegant! I'll bet it will take her father a year or more to square up for it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—The intrusion of uric acid into the blood vessels is a fruitful cause of rheumatic pains. This irregularity is owing to a deranged and unhealthy condition of the liver. Anyone subject to this painful affection will find a remedy in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Their action upon the kidneys is pronounced and most beneficial, and by restoring healthy action, they correct impurities in the blood.

The ice-cutters on the Hudson River have discovered microbes in ice blocks. This is a sure sign that dealers intend to advance the price of their commodity next summer.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Trees whose roots are of the same length and fiber do not thrive as well as those which are unequal they develop better when their roots reach for nutriment in different strata or depths of the earth.

More than half the battle in cleaning greasy dishes is in the soap you use. If it's Sunlight Soap it's the best. 68

Your Liver

Is it acting well? Bowels regular? Digestion good? If not, remember Ayer's Pills. The kind you have known all your life. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

FLOUR

"JUST THE LOVELIEST BREAD."

"I had just the loveliest bread from my baking with your ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR; it couldn't have been nicer—as white and light and sweet as anyone could wish for."

The above is an excerpt from a letter received from a user of

OGILVIE'S "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" FLOUR

We've got lots of somewhat similar communications. We'd like very much to have you try this Flour, and write us yourself, stating what YOU think of it.

Every user becomes a most valuable advertiser in some manner; perhaps only by telling friends of the results obtained

Your Grocer keeps it or will get it for you.

FLOUR

Are You Building? If so, use

EDDY'S IMPERVIOUS SHEATHING

The Best Building Paper Made.

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

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

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

There was an exciting incident at the launch of the Midland Railway Company's steamer Antrim on the Clyde recently. As the Antrim reached the fairway she was swept by the wind and tide towards a large Cunarder on the adjoining stocks. Several of the uprights on the Cunard's stern was knocked away, and disaster was only averted by the prompt assistance of tugs. The Antrim was practically undamaged.

THEY ARE A POWERFUL NERVINE.—Dyspepsia causes derangement of the nervous system, and nervous debility once engendered is difficult to deal with. There are many testimonials as to the efficacy of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills in treating this disorder, showing that they never fail to produce good results. By giving proper tone to the digestive organs, they restore equilibrium to the nerve centres.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

India Rubber.

Few articles seem more strangely named than india rubber. It gets the "rubber" from the first use to which it was put—that of erasing pencil marks by rubbing. Nor should it be associated with India. The tree was first mentioned by an explorer among the Mexican Indians three centuries ago, and the first account of the substance occurs in connection with Columbus' visit to Haiti on his second voyage. Most of our present importation comes from Brazil. But Columbus and those explorers who followed him were searching for a short passage to India, and they supposed that the land they discovered was India. The name india rubber is therefore a permanent sign of their mistake.

The Indian and a Gas Furnace.

Just before gas began to be used in Pawhuska one of the Osage braves visited Bartlesville and got his first glimpse of a gas fire. All he could see in the stove was a pile of redhot bricks, through the crevices of which the blue flames were curling. He said nothing, but before starting home he went to the yard and bought a lot of brick and hauled them home. He burned up six boxes of matches and all the dry wood his wife had cut trying to get the bricks to burn and finally hauled them back to Bartlesville and told the yard man they were no good.

His Balance.

Jinkins—How is your son getting along in his literary labors?

Jorkins—Oh, famously. You should see how gracefully he carries his pen behind his ear.—Boston Transcript.

BLAIR'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

TESTIMONIAL from the Late SIR SAMUEL BAKER, the famous Nile Explorer:

"Newton Abbot, Devon. Dear Sirs—I have delayed my thanks as I wished to test the effect of Blair's Pills by a sufficient interval of time.

"For ten years I had suffered acutely from Gout and life had lost its attraction owing to the uncertainty of health and the sudden visitations of the enemy which prostrated me for months, or weeks, according to the virulence of the attacks.

"Blair's Pills have rendered me immense service, as I no longer fear an attack of Gout.

"For the last twenty months I have been comparatively free, as one or two attempted visitations have been immediately stamped out by the assistance of Blair's Pills.

"Truly yours (Signed) Saml. W. Baker."

Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal and Toronto; The Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg; The Martin, Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg.

The Best Family Medicine.

The best, surest, safest and most reliable remedy for all Liver, Stomach and Bowel troubles. You will save doctor's bills, sickness and suffering if you always have and use

Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 25 cents.

B & C

LONG HIP

A POPULAR CORSET FOR 1904 STYLE

253

NO BRASS EYELETS

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

BRUSH & Co.,

TORONTO, ONT.

ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY.
Subscription ....$2 00 a year,

W. B. Anderson, Mgr.

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

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

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

There are countless numbers of people under the delusion that money will supply every defect, and on every hand there are amusing illustrations of the fancy that a Paris frock makes a woman a Parisian or that London clothes make a Nova Scotian an Englishman It is a droll blunder, but it provides a great deal of entertainment. Take for example a person elevated by a streak of fortune to some high office or position, how he or she extend their hand as if anticipating a reverent osculation upon it. A youth who was asked what he meant to be when he grew up, answered, "Only a common gentlemen, like papa,"—something more easily described than attained A hundred people may succeed in making a fortune for one who makes himself a gentleman, and it is the assumption that money is a patent of gentility which makes much of the comedy of society. If the spectacle of society were deprived of its humour, participation in it would demand a very much higher standard of heroism than is now necessary. It is an ordeal which requires much courage at the best. But it is greatly alleviated by the pleasant sight of commonplace which is swathed in purple in no born in it, and of vulgarity which believes itself to be refinement because it is gilded. This involuntary amusement however, for which every sensible person is grateful, does not make those who produce it, and who themselves live only to be amused, more capable of enjoyment. The assumption that living for amusement is better than living for usefulness and service, and confers a kind of coroneted rank upon its votaries, is in itself the source of an exhilarating entertainment, for which we ought to be grateful to those who furnish it. There is after all some benefit in snobbery. In every community there is always a class of persons which is called distinctively society, but it is not a class of noble families of hereditary ascendancy. It is constantly changing, and the sole-leather of to-day is the plumed hat of to-morrow. It is imitative and puts on pretty airs of grandeur, and an amusing smirk of superiority, but it is neither grand nor superior, and is quite harmless. Any old Directory will tell the secret, and gives this grandeur away—the inexorable Directory of other years—the prosperous parlor-maid, blacksmith, haberdasher, tinsmith or shoemakers—honorable callings which none should be ashamed of and which at once define snobbery. Our pseudo earls and duchesses are of an evening. They only have an air of permanence but it is an air only. For a time they drive in coaches to their palatial residences, but soon descend and walk to a modest flat.

It is said that the anonymous letter-writer is again throwing its filthy venom at people who perhaps do not suit the creature. It is believed that the effusions are the work of the same reptile who was in evidence about a year ago, and the finger of suspicion is said to again point in the same direction. Really, it seems a loss of time to pay any attention to vermin of this class, except for the sole purpose of letting them know how loathsome they appear to respectable people. Things in human shape who degrade the race by such vile corruption, are possessed of no shame, no morality, no religion. The vilest creature of the slums is clean in comparison, and the only possible charitable explanation of such senseless foulness is that the acts are the emanations of diseased minds borne by miserable creatures who should properly be in lunatic asylums, and well away from decent lunatics at that.

That is a picture of the anonymous letter writer. How does it like the view of itself?

Mr and Mrs Joe Davies beg to tender their sincere thanks to the people of Cumberland who kindly assisted them in the promotion of the concert for their benefit. Some misleading statements have been circulated by certain malicious persons concerning the contributions which have been received by Mrs Davies. Upon inquiry it has been learned that all articles of clothing which have come to Mrs Davies' family were sent by friends in Victoria. The statements which have been circulated to the contrary are entirely without foundation. It is to be regretted that further funds cannot be raised to send the family home before the season is too advanced.

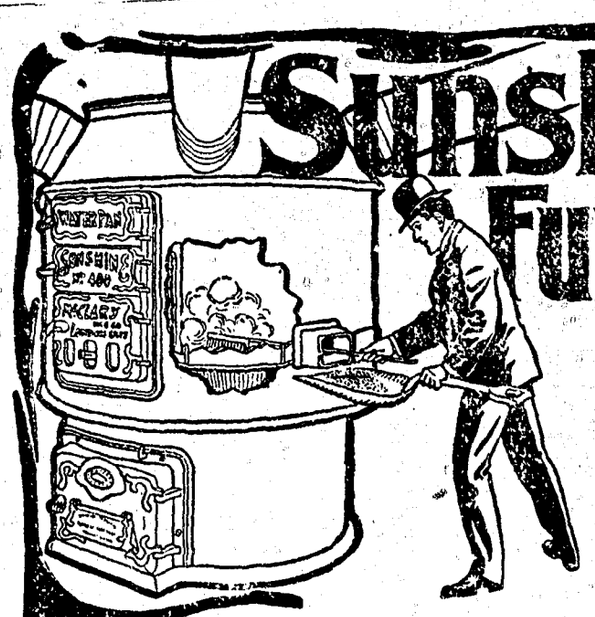
PROFESSOR SHUTT VISITS.

Prof. F. Shutt, of the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, accompanied by Mr J. R. Anderson, the Provincial Deputy Minister of Agriculture, drove through the Comox Valley last Wednesday, the while studying the various conditions of soil and aspect of the fertile belt. In the evening Prof. Schutt spoke to a large meeting held in the Agricultural Hall, Courtney, on the subject of soils and fertilizers, one of great importance and one which has been little studied in this district, but which should be the first in every farmer's education. Mr Anderson spoke on pure seed, and when the gentlemen left the hall it seemed evident that they had given great satisfaction to the large representative gathering. The two gentlemen later drove to Cumberland and left overland for Parksville next day, where they held a meeting the same evening. Prof. Schutt expressed himself as being delighted with the district.

The members of the Union Lodge No. 11 I. O. O. F. paraded on Sunday last, headed by the band, through the main streets as far as the Court House corner where the band was dismissed and the Brethern took vehicles and proceeded on their way to decorate the graves of departed members at the four cemeteries, here and at Courtenay.

A Grand Japanese and Character Concert of unusual merit will be given on Monday evening, 27th, by several of the leading talent of the District and town, under the auspices of the Ladies Auxiliary in aid of the Union and Comox Hospital Programme to consist of vocal and instrumental music, choruses, fancy drills, skirt dances, etc. all in character. Admission 50c's. No reserved seats. Refreshments will be sold, ice cream, candy, etc. all at moderate rates. Doors open at 7.30 o'clock, concert to begin at 8

Offering this week at the Cash Furniture Store. Stair carpets, linoleums, baby buggies and go-carts, children's high chairs, youths dining chairs, tables in endless variety, wire, jumbo and moss mattresses, sideboards, bedsteads. Rocking chairs from $2 up; bedsteads from $3; wire springs, $3; iron bedstead with wire spring mattress, complete, $8.—A. Nickerson.



Flues Easily Cleaned

Cleaning out the flues of most furnaces is so difficult and complicated that only an expert can do it, and experts' services usually come high.

The flues in the Sunshine Furnace can be cleaned from two different clean-out doors and from the feed-door, so that there is no part of the flues which is not easily reached.

A special brush for this purpose is always supplied, and the operation is so simple that a boy can perform it.

The whole Sunshine Furnace construction is on the same plan of simplicity.

Sold by all enterprising dealers. Write for booklet.

McClary's

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER, ST. JOHN, N.B.

C. H. Tarbell, Sole Agent.

Rams for Sale.

I have a bunch of 18 Rams (Shearlings) part registered, and part full blood, and lots of Ram Lambs. These are all Shropshires and an extra good lot. Having sold my place I will let them go at a very reasonable price to a quick buyer, single or in lots. Come and see them if possible. If not write to Geo. Heatherbell, Hornby Island.

MINERAL ACT.
(Form F.)

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

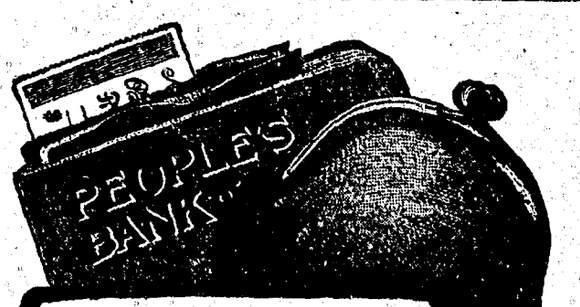
NOTICE.

Priest, Texada, Cadet, Key fractional, Gabriola fractional, Toothpick fractional Mineral Claims, situate in the Nanaimo Mining Division of Texada District, Texada Island.

TAKE NOTICE that I, William A. Bauer, acting agent for Edward Phillips, Free Miner's Certificate No. B. 71559, intend, sixty days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action under sec. 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 26th day of May. A.D., 1904.



A Bank Account
AND A
Full Pocketbook

Result from a course of training by mail with the International Correspondence Schools. We qualify men and women for better work and better pay, and equip inexperienced people for salaried positions.

That our students succeed is proved by the hundreds of testimonials we have received from all parts of the country.

In the following pages are given the names, addresses, and brief mention of the advancement of a few ambitious people who have increased their salaries by enrolling for courses of special training in the

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
799 Wyoming Ave., Scranton, Pa.

UNION BREWING Co,
NANAIMO, B.C.

The yearly return of the Bock Beer season is of interest to the brewer as well as the public, and the

UNION
BOCK : BEER
FOR 1904.

Will again show that special care has been taken in the manufacture of the superior article. The Union Brewing Co.'s Bock has been breweed for a number of months and stored in their famous cellars until it has reached the proper age, and is now ON DRAUGHT AT ALL HOTELS.

Royal Bank of Canada

Capital (paid up)..... $3,000,000
Reserve Fund. 3,000,000
Undivided Profits, ... 192,505

T. E. KENNY, President, E. L. PEASE, General Manager.

BRANCH AT CUMBERLAND.

Savings Bank Department:—Deposits of $1 and upwards received; Interest allowed at current rates, compounded twice each year on 30 h June and 31st December Drafts on all points bought and sold.

D. von CRAMER, Manager.

OFFICE HOURS 10 to 3; Saturday, 10 to 12; Open Pay Nights, 7 p.m to 9 p.m

MINERAL ACT.
(Form F.)

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

NOTICE.

Leonard, Europe, Volunteer, Great Copper Chief, Gladys Mineral Claim, situate in the Nanaimo Mining Division of Texada District, Texada Island.

TAKE NOTICE that I, William A. Bauer, acting as agent for Edward Phillips, Free Miner's Certificate No. B. 71559, and Angelo Catori, Free Miner's Certificate No. B. 7168, intend sixty days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements

Dated this 26th day of May, A.D., 1904.

NOTICE.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofor existing between us, the undersigned, as butchers in the city of Cumberland under the firm name of McKay Brothers, has been this day dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to the said partnership are to be paid to William McKay and Duncan McKay at Cumberland aforesaid, and and all claims against the said partnership are to be presented to the said William McKay and Duncan McKay by whom, the same will be settled.

Dated at Cumberland this 30th day of May A. D. 1904.

Donald McKay.
William McKay.
Duncan McKay.

WITNESS:—James Abrams.

THE LITTLE
Repair Shop
(Opposite the Big Store)
Dunsmuir Ave., Cumberland

Bicycles, Guns and Fishing Rods repaired. Lathe work neatly executed. Best of Material and Fittings used.

E. EMDE.

FOR SALE.

160 Ac., Crown Grant Land
On VALDEZ ISLAND.

100 acres in Grass Pasture, about 10 acres in Meadow.
House, Barn, Stable, and other Outhouses.

50 FRUIT TREES in BEARING

Well watered by a creek; 2 miles from Wharf, having semi-weekly steamer calls from Vancouver.

15 HEAD GOOD STOCK, &c., &c.

A BARGAIN
Apply this Office.

Go to the Big Store for men's, youth's and boy's clothing, best all round goods at popular prices, large selections.