THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

TENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY, JANY. 5, 1904.

NOTICE

At a meeting of the Directors of Simon Leiser & Co., Ltd., at their Head Office, Victoria, B.C., on the 15th inst., it was decided that the Cumberland Branch, commonly known as the BIG STORE, should on and after the First of January, 1904, be conducted as a

CASH BUSINESS.

and that the outstanding Accounts should be collected.

Therefore, those persons who are indebted to the firm of Simon Leiser & Co., Ltd., are requested to call at their Office at the BIG STORE, and make satisfactory arrangements for the payment of such indebtedness.

Simon Leiser & Co., Ltd.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

Just received large shipment of

IRON AGE

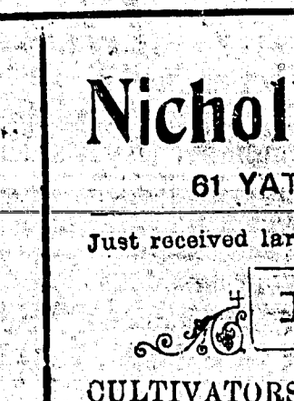
CULTIVATORS, SEED DRILLS, WHEEL HOES, ETC.

VERY LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

Call and see them or write for catalogues and prices.

Telephone 82. Sole Agents for B.C. P.O. Drawer. 563

As a Reminder.



WHAT YOU MAY WISH TO CHOOSE FOR THE HOLIDAYS .. .. ..

OUR NEW CATALOGUE

Will give you more ideas and suggestions than a week of shopping could, and at your own fireside .. ..

1568 ILLUSTRATIONS

Printed on Fine Tone Paper and fully described and priced. Suggestions how to furnish every room in the house—all free for the asking.

WEILER BROS., Victoria, B.C.

HIGH-CLASS FURNISHINGS.

CUMBERLAND

Meat Market

CHOICEST MEATS KEPT IN STOCK.

AT THE FOLLOWING PRICES:—

BEEF, Fore Quarter.....8c. per lb
BEEF, Hind Quarter.....9c per lb
SHOULDER STEAKS.....12c. per lb
ROUND STEAKS.....14c. per lb
SURLOIN STEAK.....15c. per lb
BOILING BEEF.....8c. and 10c. per lb

MUTTON, VEAL and PORK—at equally low prices.

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.

NOTICE.

The firm of Quong me Long, merchants, doing business in Union have disposed of their Union branch to Sui Kee, who will in future conduct the business under the firm name of "Quong me Long—Sui Kee." The patronage so liberally extended us during the past eight years is solicited for the new firm.

QUONG ME LONG.

Union, B.C., Jany. 1st, 1904.

Local and Personal

Mrs S. C. Davies was a passenger to Nanaimo Friday.

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

Mr and Mrs O. P. Stevens have returned from Fernie. They were welcomed by many friends.

Mr and Mrs F. Barrows, and Mr and Mrs J. Gibson had New Year's eve gifts of bouncing babies.

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

A few friends met for a social dance at the Union Hotel on New Year's eve, and enjoyed themselves until a late hour.

Mr Britt has started a boxing class for young people. He still has room for a few pupils, and word left at the Waverley Hotel will receive his attention.

Ladies' Jackets and Capes just to hand at the Big Store.

A few tons of anthracite have been got out at No. 7, and shipped to Victoria. Though troubled a good deal with water in one slope, the other is being driven in with a good roof and prospects of good workings.

Miss Spence who was here a short time ago in the capacity of a private nurse, was married on the 26th December, at Chemainus, to Capt. Hemming of the British ship Dundee.

A most interesting holiday number of the Nanaimo Herald is to hand. Among its many illustrations are some of special interest, being from old photographs of Nanaimo and its residents as well as many modern ones.

The following pupils have passed for the High School in the Cumberland Public School, Nelson stood highest in the percentage for graded schools, while Vancouver made an uncommonly poor showing:—Number of candidates, 11; passed, 5. Mary Shore, 649; C. C. Mounce, 642; Wm Whyte, 593; L. Hunden, 557; Paulina Paton, 566. Minto School—number of candidates, 1; passed, 0,

Have you seen our short Erect Form Corsets at fifty cents. The same quality is usually sold at nearly twice the price.—Stanley H. Riggs.

Call and see the watches at the Big Store.

Some small boys were haled before Judge Abrams last week to answer to the charge of loosing coal cars on the main line and station switch. Owing to their youth, the culprits were let off with a severe reprimand, and were told of the serious consequences liable from runaway cars on a steep grade. A repetition of the offence will be dealt with severely.

Mr T. W. Martindale who recently severed his connection with the B.C. Permanent Loan and Savings Co., made his initial visit to our city this week in the interests of the International Correspondence School. His many friends here wish him success in his new undertaking Mr Martindale was accompanied by the assistant superintendent of the school, Mr W. E. Broderick of Nelson.

NOTICE.

The Third Annual Meeting of the Shareholders and Patrons of the Comox Creamery Association, Ltd., will be held in the Agricultural Hall, Courtenay, at 8 o'clock on Saturday evening, the 9th January.

W. S. MCPHEE, Secy.

Telegraphic News

Chicago, December, 31—Iroquois theatre at Chicago was burned to the ground last night. The wildest panic ensued. 600 persons burned to death.

Over 600 people were killed and 157 injured,—one-third of whom cannot live—yesterday afternoon during the fire in the Iroquois theatre. At 9.30 to-night the police declared 637 bodies had been taken from the ruins. Few people were actually burned to death. Many were suffocated by gas and hundreds were trampled to death in the panic that followed the mad plunge of frightened audience for exit. Origin of fire is very uncertain but it is thought an electric wire on lower part of drop scenery suddenly broke and was grounded thus starting fire. Fire spread rapidly, causing chorus, who were performing, to flee with screams of terror. Curtain was immediately dropped, but stuck half-way down, fire thus was practically given a flue through which a strong draught was setting aided by open doors. With a roar and a bound the flames shot through opening over heads of the people on the first floor, reaching clear up to the first balcony and caught those there, burning them to death where they sat. Immediately following this rush of flames came a mighty explosion that lifted the entire roof off theatre from its walls, killing scores. As soon as the flames appeared beyond the curtain a man in the rear of pit shouted fire, fire, and entire audience rose as one person and made for doors amidst wildest excitement, during which women and children were trampled on and killed by the score. To-day brought only the legacy of yesterday's calamity, and the prediction that the list of fatalities in Iroquois fire will run 600 when list is completed. Latest statement of dead to date, 564; injured, 157; missing, 313.

Later—List of dead now numbers 637.

Chicago, Jany. 4th—The total number of corpses recovered from the Iroquois theatre fire to-day stands at 635. The casuality list will exceed 1000,

Warrants charging H. J. Powers, J. Davis, and J. Williams with manslaughter, were issued last night on complaint of A. Hull whose wife and three children were killed in the Iroquois fire. The complainants state that "these defendants wilfully and maliciously caused the death of L. F. Hull by failing to provide proper protection against injury and death by the fire in construction and management of Iroquois theatre,

Nanaimo, Jany. 2.—Mary Hunter, native of Ayrshire, died here yesterday, aged 88. Deceased came here in ship "Tory," over half a century ago, and was mother of the first white boy born on Vancouver Island—Wm. Hunter, born at Fort Rupert 1852, a resident of this city. Mrs Hunter leaves a daughter, Mrs C. A. Bailey, widow of the first member for local house for Nanaimo, and two sons, William and Thomas. She is the fourth pioneer to cross the Great Divide this Xmas.

[Mrs Hunter's photo appeared a few days ago in the Christmas number of the "Herald," with a short sketch of the deceased lady's life. Ed.]

Nanaimo, Jany. 1st.—Aggregate tonnage of coal mined on Vancouver Island during 1903, is as follows:—Comox, 309,708; Nanaimo, 384,136; Extension, 271,305.

Victoria, Jany. 2—The death of Henry Brackman, a pioneer of Province, and a member of the firm of Brackman & Kerr, occurred yesterday.

Nanaimo, Jan. 4—At one o'clock yesterday morning the blacksmith shop and carriage works of A. Ross, Wallace St, were totally destroyed by fire. Loss, $3,500 (on stock). The building and tools were owned by E. McNeill, whose loss is said to be $7,000 with $1,000 insurance. The origin of the fire is a mystery.

Victoria, Jany. 4 - Victoria rugby football team defeated Vancouver Saturday by a score of 5 to nil.

Pekin, Jany. 4—Information in possession of best informed diplomats in Pekin convinces them that war between Russia and Japan is inevitable in a few days.

Lansdowne has informed the Japanese minister that he fears the war party in Russia is in the ascendant, and that he has but faint hopes of Japan receiving a favorable reply.

Tokio, Jany. 4—Powerful squadron consisting of six armed cruisers has arrived at Korea.

The MAGNET

CASH STORE.

20 Per Cent.

REDUCTION ON

Toilet Soap

THIS MONTH.

Wash Tubs going at.....75c., $1, ...$1.25, and $1.50

Wash Boards at.....25cts.

A Good Window Blind for...50cts.

1 dozen Cups and Saucers only.....$1.20

ALL GOODS DELIVERED.

T. E. BATE,

DUNSMUIR AVE., Cumberland

THE LODGES.

The officers for ensuing terms of the various Lodges are as follows—

A.F. & A.M, Cumberland Lodge—WM, J Thompson; SW, T H Carey; JW, C P Vater; Secy, L A Mounce; Treas., T Edwards; SD, R H Hodson; JD, C A Staples; IG, S H Riggs; Stewards, B R Simpson and T Hudson; Auditors, Geo W Clinton and J Baird. After installation, a handsome Past master's Jewel was presented to P.M. John Baird.

K. of P.—PCC, W McKay; CC, Jas Reid, VC, John Pilat; Prc, A Bradley; M of W, H Whyte; M of F, R Hornal; M of E, J Thompson; K of R and S, W McKay; M at A, A England; IG, E W Jones.

Woodmen.—CC, F A Anley; AL, J R Bennett; Banker, H Moore; Clerk, L W Hall; Escort, F. Ramsay; Sentinel, T H Carey; Watchman, M Magnone; Managers, T E Bate, J Struthers, and F Dalby; Delegate, T E Bate; PCC, Fechner.

HAD A FIXED INCOME.

An Unfortunate Question and a Perfectly Frank Reply.

A lawyer who formerly practiced his profession in Georgia tells in the New York Telegram this amusing case which he once tried in that state. He was then a student in the office of his uncle, Colonel Culver, who figured in local politics. A "trifling" negro, Ben Sutton, had been arrested at the instance of his wife, who was tired of supporting him and insisted that the court make him work:

I defended Ben at the instance of my uncle, who was, I am sorry to say, inclined to curry favor with the colored voter. Ben was on the stand, and I was examining him.

"Now, Ben," I said, "Amanda declares in her complaint that you don't give her any money, and"—

"Dat ole woman's al'ays complainin'," interrupted my client.

"Yes, I know, but what I want to ask you is: Are you able to support her? Have you any income—that is, any fixed income?"

Ben looked puzzled. I tried to explain and told him that a fixed income was an income on which a person could rely absolutely, not one contingent on odd jobs—in other words, a certainty. My uncle was sitting at my elbow coaching me, and I thought I was doing right well. "Now, tell the court," I concluded, "have you a fixed income?"

"Yessar," answered the black scamp. The answer almost took my breath away, for I had not counted on it.

"What!" I thundered. "You mean to say that you, Ben Sutton, have a steady, reliable and fixed income on which you can absolutely depend?"

"Yessar."

"What is it?" I gasped in desperation.

"Well, sar, you see," returned Ben, "Colonel Culver, thar, al'ays guvs me fo' bits an' a sack uv flour on ever' 'lection day."

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Pardon others often; thyself never.—Publius Syrus.

We like to divine others, but do not like to be divined ourselves.—Rochefoucauld.

The Good Spirit never antedates. He never gives us today what we shall need tomorrow.—Emerson.

Do not make excuses to yourself for your failures, but look them squarely in the face and study how to avoid their repetition.

Life is a burden imposed upon you by God. What you make of it, that it will be to you. Take it up bravely, bear it joyfully, lay it down triumphantly.—Gail Hamilton.

We dig and toil, we worry and fret, and all the while close over us bends the infinite wonder and beauty of nature, saying: "Look up, my child! Feel my smile and be glad!"—G. S. Merriam.

God has put it into man's power not to fall into real evils, and the fact that we cannot avoid death shows that it is not a real evil, else God would have put it in our power to avoid it.—Marcus Aurelius.

A man who lives entirely to himself becomes at last obnoxious to himself. I believe it is the law of God that self centeredness ends in self nauseousness. There is no weariness like the weariness of a man who is wearied of himself, and that is the awful Nemesis which follows the selfish life.—J. H. Jowett.

The One Above.

I especially remember Emile de Girardin, editor, spouter, intriguer—the "Grand Emile," who boasted that he invented and presented to the French people a new idea every day. This futile activity of his always seemed to me best expressed in the American simile, "Busy as a bee in a tar barrel." There was, indeed, one thing to his credit: He had somehow inspired his former wife, the gifted Delphine Gay, with a belief in his greatness, and a pretty story was current illustrating this. During the revolution of 1848 various men of note, calling on Mme. Girardin, expressed alarm at the progress of that most foolish of overturns, when she said, with an air of great solemnity and pointing upward, "Gentlemen, there is one above who watches over France." ("Il y a un la-haut qui veille sur la France.") All were greatly impressed by this evidence of sublime faith until they discovered by the context that it was not the Almighty in whom she put her trust, but the great Emile, whose study was just above her parlor.—Andrew D. White in Century.

Sporting Blood.

Blower—I heard that Blowhard jumped out of his yacht and was drowned.

Buzzer—Shocking! Did he do it with suicidal intent?

Buzzer—Oh, no; he was racing and did it to lighten his boat and thereby win the race.

A Mean Trick.

"That's the meanest man I ever ran across," said the book agent.

"What has he done?"

"Kept me calling day after day, and finally said he didn't care anything about reading, but he enjoyed hearing me talk."

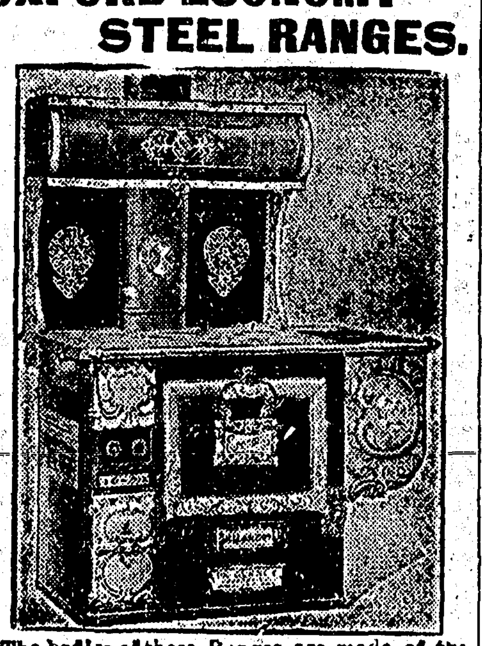
The most expensive Underwear that money can buy is not better made—won't fit better—wear better or longer—and be more comfortable and more satisfactory in any way —than

Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear

Made in Canada—of Nova Scotian wool, and **guaranteed unshrinkable.** A size for every figure. Get your size and it will fit perfectly until worn out.

The best dealers everywhere sell Stanfield's.

OXFORD ECONOMY STEEL RANGES.



The bodies of these Ranges are made of the best quality range steel, all outside exposed parts are interlined with heavy sheet asbestos. They have cast iron extensions with white Enamelled Reservoirs, nickel plated drop Tea Pot Stands, Nickeled Towel Rods. They are made to burn any kind of coal, can be changed in two minutes to burn 26 inch wood. Highly nickeled throughout.

For full particulars send for illustrated booklet.

NOTE:—The following prices for these high grade ranges as illustrated, fully guaranteed.

No 9-18 oven 18x21x14 in. $37.00
No 9-20 oven 20x21x14 in. $38.00
(F. O. B., Winnipeg.)

Ask your dealer for them or write to us.

The GURNEY FOUNDRY Co., 153 - 155 Lombard St., Winnipeg.

HOUSES OR LANDS

For $2.25 a month you become entitled to a loan of $1000.00 without interest. Our depositors absolutely guaranteed against loss, remember this. On our plan you can build a house or buy a farm cheaper than renting. Membership fee $4.00. Agents wanted.

Send for circulars.

The Prairie City Loan Co.
Room 38 Merchants Bank Blk. Winnipeg.

Deceptions of Wild Birds.

Falcons, hawks—the largest species—can compress their feathers and look very slim if they think it necessary to do so. As to the owls, they can hump up into any position they think most suitable. It is useless to look for these self preserving traits in any of the family kept in zoological collections, for the birds are so accustomed to see large numbers of people passing and repassing or standing in front of them that they treat the whole matter with perfect indifference. They know that at a certain time their food will be brought them and that they are otherwise perfectly safe. Then the raptores in a wild state have a bloom on their plumage like the bloom on a bunch of grapes, which is not often seen when in captivity.

Milton's Opinion.

Milton was once asked if he intended to instruct his daughter in the different languages. He replied: "No, sir. One tongue is sufficient for a woman."

Not Yet.

"They're saying you're just like all the other members of the house," remarked the newly elected legislator's close friend. "They say you have your price."

"That's a lie," declared the new member.

"I thought so."

"Yes. I haven't got it yet, but I have hopes."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Mammoth Ocean Appetite.

"It is often said," remarked the traveled man, "that steamship companies make big profits out of seasick passengers. So they may, but the others make the balance even.

"There are so many meals on an ocean liner, and such healthy appetites are cultivated at sea that I can't imagine how the companies make any profit out of passengers.

"Not long ago I traveled from Panama to Guayaquil on an English liner. We hardly stopped eating all the way. The first breakfast was from 7 to 9, the second from 9:30 to 12, lunch from 1 to 3, tea from 4 to 5, dinner from 6 to 8 and supper from 9 to 11. If anybody got hungry between meals, as often happened, the deck steward came around with beef tea, biscuits, oranges, bananas and other trifles.

"I never missed a meal, and I don't think anybody else did. They were good, hearty meals too.

"The German lines across the Atlantic and the lines running from England to the West Indies are also very liberal in feeding passengers."

All Contraltos Dark.

"Did you ever see a blond contralto?" asked a teacher of vocal music. "I'll be bound you never did, for the reason that all contraltos are dark. For a matter of twenty years I have observed the human voice, and I have come to the conclusion that the coloring of a person has some sort of influence upon the vocal organs. Blond persons with blue eyes, ruddy complexions and yellow hair incline to have high, sharp, metallic voices—soprano voices. I won't go so far as to say that I can tell by a woman's appearance what type of voice she has, but I will say that I can usually give a pretty good guess as to her voice. To be sure, I have seen blonds with deep voices and brunettes with high ones, but I have only seen this rarely. Never in my life have I seen a blond contralto—a naturally blond one, I mean."

On the Yacht.

"You'll become used to the motion of the yacht soon, dearest," said the young husband soothingly. "It's your home, you know, for the next month."

"Then what ails me, I suppose," replied the wan bride, trying to smile, "is homesickness."—New Yorker.

No Preparations.

"Their divorce was rather unusual and unexpected, wasn't it?"

"Yes, indeed. I do not believe either of them had any notion whom they would marry next." — Philadelphia Ledger.

Insects Used For Medicine.

The cochineal insect is in some cases recognized as a medicine and at one time had a reputation for wonderful virtues. Honey and wax, often used in pharmacy, are insect products, while galls, used in medicine for the astringent properties and the gallic and tannic acid they furnish, are also the work of insects.—London Tit-Bits.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

A mule by any other name would be a kicker.

TO THOSE OF SEDENTARY OCCUPATION—Men who follow sedentary occupations, which deprive them of fresh air and exercise, are more prone to disorders of the liver and kidneys than those who lead active, outdoor lives. The former will find in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills a restorative without question the most efficacious on the market. They are easily procurable, easily taken, act expeditiously and they are surprisingly cheap considering their excellence.

Some men are unable to think when drunk or talk when sober.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Profit sometimes monopolizes honor in its own country.

PAIN IS A PUNISHMENT.—Pain is a protest of nature against neglect of the bodily health, against carelessness regarding the physical condition. It steals in at the first opportunity and takes up its abode in a man and it is sometimes difficult to eject it. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will drive it out in short order. Pain cannot stay where it is used, but immediately flees away.

The stained glass window to the Temple, London, represents St. memory of Dr. Parker in the City Paul's farewell to the elders at Ephesus. The faces of the elders form a noble and striking group. In the lower panel there is a very fine portrait of Dr. Parker.

The harder you cough the worse the cough gets.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

Is a guaranteed cure. If it doesn't benefit you the druggist will give you your money back.

Prices 25c., 50c. and $1.00

S. C. WELLS & CO. Toronto, Can. LeRoy, N.Y.

The most interesting place of pilgrimage in Dublin is St. Michan's Church, where the organ is still to be seen upon which Handel is said to have composed his "Messiah."

It takes a genius to be a financier without being the possessor of any finances.

A feature of Iowa's dairy exhibits at the St. Louis Fair will be a statue in butter of John Stewart, the pioneer creamery man of that State. It will be kept frozen in a glass case.

Americans imported $25,412,776 worth of precious stones last year.

WOMEN HAVE KIDNEY DISEASE,

And Often Make the Mistake of Attributing the Resulting Backache to Other Causes.

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

Many women have kidney disease and do not know it. They confuse the symptoms of kidney disease with those of ailments of a feminine nature. We would warn you against this danger, as a few days' neglect of kidney disease may mean years of suffering.

Pains in the small of the back or weakness and lameness of the back are the most marked symptoms of kidney diseases; others are loss of flesh, dry, harsh skin, deposits in the urine, swelling of the feet and legs, severe headaches, stiffness and soreness of the muscles, rheumatic pains, cold chills in back and loins, scalding, painful urination, weariness and despondency.

There is, we believe, no preparation extant which affords such prompt relief for backache and the other distressing symptoms of kidney disease as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. That this preparation is a thorough cure is evidenced by the scores and hundreds of statements from reputable people in all walks of life.

Mrs. W. Wilkins, Henry Street, Belleville, Ont., states: "I suffered a great deal with pains in the small of the back caused from kidney trouble. Whenever I stooped I could scarcely rise again, the pains were so great. The disease became so severe that it affected my general health, and I was becoming very much run down. Since using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills I can say that my trouble has entirely disappeared. I can speak in the highest terms of this medicine from the way it acted in my case."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase are on every box.

Many a man who has an aim in life never gets a chance to shoot.

Are your corns harder to remove than those that others have had? Are they not had the same kind? Have they not been cured by using Holloway's Corn Cure? Try a bottle.

To Starve is a Fallacy.—The dictum to stop eating because you have indigestion has long since been exploded. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets introduced a new era in the treatment of stomach troubles. It has proved that one may eat his fill of anything and everything he relishes, and one tablet taken after the meal will aid the stomach in doing its work. 60 in a box, 35 cents.—24.

In the coal mines of Bohemia the average wages inside for nine hours is 86 cents.

Piles cured in 3 to 6 nights—One application gives relief. Dr. Agnew's Ointment is a boon for Itching Piles, or Blind, Bleeding Piles. It relieves quickly and permanently. In skin eruptions it stands without a rival. Thousands of testimonials if you want evidence. 35 cents.—23.

The wise man has sense enough to take good advice, and generally takes his own.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

In some parts of Ireland it is considered unlucky to view a funeral procession while the beholder is under an umbrella.

Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or diarrhoea, and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease. Change of water, cooking, and green fruit, is sure to bring on the attacks. To such persons we would recommend Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial as being the best medicine in the market for all summer complaints. If a few drops are taken in water when the symptoms are noticed no further trouble will be experienced.

It will ruin any man to be henpecked. We never knew such a man to amount to anything.

A SURE CURE FOR HEADACHE.—Bilious headache, to which women are more subject than men, becomes so acute in some subjects that they are utterly prostrated. The stomach refuses food and there is a constant and distressing effort to free the stomach from bile which has become secreted there. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are a speedy alterative, and in neutralizing the effects of the intruding bile relieves the pressure on the nerves which causes the headache. Try them.

More than 8,000,000 of the 13,000,000 people of Mexico do not work.

The Devil's Knell.

Among the famous bells of Dewsbury, Yorkshire, England, is one known as "Black Tom of Scothill," which was presented to the church in expiation of a murder. "Black Tom" is always rung on Christmas eve. Its solemn tolling as it strikes the first tap at exactly midnight is known all over Yorkshire as the "devil's knell," it being the notion that when Christ was born the devil died.

Too Self Possessed.

Mrs. Manykids—There is one thing about our girls—they are always self possessed.

Papa Manykids (grimly)—Yes, they're too self possessed. I wish they'd get some one else to possess them.

Learn From Your Enemies.

Men of sense often learn from their enemies. It is from their foes, not their friends, that cities learn the lesson of building high walls and ships of war, and this lesson saves their children, their homes and their properties.—Aristophanes.

A good many of the things people buy are too cheap for the price.

Mosquitoes bite more readily than fish, but they are equally hard to catch.

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**

FIFTY CTS. R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

DAY AND NIGHT SCHOOL

THE NATIONAL Business College LTD.

Opposite City Hall, WINNIPEG, MAN. THOROUGH COURSES in Book-keeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, etc. One week's trial given.

Catalogues free. 'Phone 1955.

An Extraordinary Offer.

Our Regular No. 7 High Grade $40 BELT for only $5

Warranted to be superior to all others.

DON'T buy an electric belt before seeing our No. 7 - 20th Century Belt. Call or write for book. It is free. We are the largest dealers in electric body appliances in Canada. The genuine Karn Belt can only be obtained from us. Never sold in drug stores.

THE F. E. KARN CO. 132 Victoria St., Toronto, Can.

Birth Stones

Together with number and price, we publish here a list of special Birthday Rings.

All stones mounted in 14k. gold.

January — Garnet — No. 4075—Price, $2.50
February — Amethyst — No. 4077—Price, $2.50
March — Bloodstone — No. 4079—Price, $2.50
April — Diamond — No. 4081—Price, $14.00
May — Emerald — No. 4083—Price, $7.50
June — Agate — No. 4085—Price, $2.50
July — Ruby — No. 4087—Price, $7.00
August — Sardonyx — No. 4089—Price, $2.50
September — Sapphire — No. 4091—Price, $5.00
October — Opal — No. 4093—Price, $5.00
November — Topaz — No. 4095—Price, $2.50
December — Turquoise — No. 4097—Price $3.50

These with innumerable other choice Rings at very low prices are illustrated in our new catalogue, ready Nov. 15th. Write for a copy.

RYRIE BROS. JEWELERS, 118, 120, 122 and 124 Yonge St., Toronto

SIR CUPID OF THE PURPLE HEART

By GRACE ROWAN

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The fates selected Paul Harvey's devotion for his sister as their tool, and with it drove him straight to his doom.

His idolatrous affection for his tall, stately Virginia, who had "mothered" him ever since the death of their parents, made superstitious women shake their heads and his club friends smile. When Virginia married rich, easy going James Drew people said things would change and Paul would certainly marry and settle down, just as such an eligible person as he owed it to society to do.

But things did not change. Paul explained that Virginia's heart was roomy enough for them both, and while he dwelt nominally at his university club the real hearth fire continued to burn for him in Virginia's beautiful home.

And so it happened that when Virginia's second birthday after her marriage drew near the question of selecting a suitable gift for her exercised Paul's mind considerably more than the fate of certain stocks he had on the market. His broker was paid to look after his business. There was no one he would trust with the selection of Virginia's present.

To his bewildered brain it seemed as if there was nothing which she did not have. Then he remembered the dinner she was to give when a certain art connoisseur should arrive from Paris, and he decided that some unique decoration for her table should form his gift. Further, it should be orchids in some shape or form, for orchids of a peculiar pinkish lavender, with great purple hearts, were Virginia's hobby. This idea he carried to Mrs. Donnelly, a sympathetic friend whose fad was charity bazaars, and from her he obtained the address of a young woman who made silk candle shades of exceeding daintiness.

"But, my dear Paul," added Mrs. Donnelly, as she wrote the address on her card, "Miss Carr's prices will probably stagger you. She charges fearfully for those flimsy little things, but she gets her price and you must stand for it. You see, Mrs. Van Allen and her set have taken her up and she has all the orders she can fill."

Paul smiled as he slipped the card in his pocket. Compared to the pearls he had given Virginia last year, a couple of silk candle shades would be a mere bagatelle. But what pleased him and he knew would please Virginia was the personal thought the gift would carry. Virginia was absurdly sentimental for a woman 5 feet 10 who affected tailor made clothes.

And that is how Paul Harvey stood before the small, private entrance of the Carr flat one crisp January morning, with a bit of pasteboard in his irreproachably gloved fingers, the popular air of a new musical comedy on his lips and ignorance of impending danger in his heart. Then she opened the door, and he found himself clutching after a bit of pasteboard that was slipping from his fingers. The soft whistle died on his lips, and a peculiar something in the place where he had heretofore supposed his heart rested clicked out a danger signal.

He introduced himself, presented his friend's card and stated his errand, but all quite mechanically. His real self was asking itself the most absurd questions, such as whether copper colored hair like hers wasn't much more effective than Virginia's blond locks, and why a girl with a carriage like that was working for a lot of inconsiderate, snobbish women, instead of making some good, appreciative chap ridiculously happy.

He was so busy thinking this out that he was quite annoyed when, seated in the diminutive drawing room, he found himself face to face with a mass of "silk things" in many colors, shades of poppies, of roses, of violets, of chrysanthemums. He wondered if a flower grew that could hold the warm light of her wavy hair, or if ever a lily was of an ivory so pure as her face.

"Is there anything here you like?" she was saying, and he gripped hard on his cane.

"No; you see, Virginia goes in for orchids. She has such jolly good taste"—

"Yes," suggested the girl sympathetically.

"Her favorite is a purple with a deeper purple heart, and I want the shades just like her favorite flower."

"Well, shall we have a large shade lined with small orchid blossoms, or each shade a single bloom?"

"Bless me, I don't know. You look as if you knew best about that"— And he almost added "and everything else."

The girl was looking a bit perplexed. "If only I could see one of the flowers I could reproduce its tints very closely in silk."

Paul beamed.

"The very thing! I'll call a cab and we'll drive right down to Shoreley's. His orchids are the finest in town."

A deep flush spread over Sylvia Carr's face, but she said quietly and calmly:

"That is quite impossible. My mother is not well enough for me to leave her today."

But Paul was already groaning in spirit. "Cad that I am to think she is the sort to ride round in cabs with strange fellows," quite forgetting that he was an eligible in favor with all chaperons. Then his face brightened.

"I'll have some sent up, and please make a dozen shades. I forget how many candles she uses, but she must have plenty of light. And, by the way, you wouldn't mind if I dropped in occasionally to see how they are coming on? You know, Virginia is a jolly good sort, the best sister in the world, and—well, I rather think I take more pleasure in making her a gift than she does in receiving it. It's such good fun to think of how surprised and pleased she'll be."

Sylvia hesitated, then smiled.

"I will have some ready to show you by Friday."

And Paul realized that the interview was over.

An hour later Sylvia opened a florist's box and gave a cry of delight. Never had she seen such tints as met her gaze in the purple hearts of those orchids, and under the orchids were other blossoms, sweet scented and dewy.

"These for the mother who is not feeling so well today," read the card, but Sylvia put a white rose in her hair, and when, with one of the orchids in her hand, she started out to buy silk for the shades, she remarked inconsequently, "Of course it is absurd, but I'm glad they are for his sister, even if she is the Mrs. Drew who rolls by me in her carriage."

The shades were finished, barely in time for the birthday. Sylvia had never done more exquisite work, and now she hated to pack them one by one in their dainty nests of tissue paper, a perfect orchid each one of them, and when they saw the light once more it would be at a feast graced by clever men and beautiful women. But they would go out of her life forever. Something else would go out of her life, too—those pleasant little chats across her sewing table where Paul Harvey had watched the orchids grow. Yes, it was all true, this gossip, that Paul gave all his heart to his sister. But perhaps if a certain slump in stocks and an absconding cashier had not done their united worst for herself and her mother it might have been different.

And she closed the box sharply, tied the twine in hard knots and went out for a walk. She would not be home when the messenger called.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. James Drew was giving an "afternoon." The crowd was thinning out, and the hostess was standing in a small alcove with Mrs. Donnelly. Said the latter:

"My dear Virginia, I shall always feel that it was my fault. I sent your brother to Sylvia Carr for those miserable orchid shades and now"—

Virginia Drew smiled with lips that quivered just a trifle.

"And now my brother says he is the happiest man in the world. It is odd to see how composedly she meets the women for whom she once made german favors, but she has certainly been a success. Don't you think so?"

Mrs. Donnelly nodded her head, and they both glanced at the graceful figure, crowned with copper colored hair, crossing the room in a long trailing robe of softest gray. Virginia Drew stretched out her hand to touch a silken orchid which topped a silver candlestick.

"I shall keep them always, for in their great purple hearts is woven the love story of the dearest and best brother in the world."

Are Authors Still Hungry?

It is a fallacy to suppose that the day of the hungry author is of the past. The genus still exists. Often, doubtless, he is author because he is hungry, but the more serious case is to be met where he is hungry because he yearns to be author. Grub street has as many tenants as of old, has, indeed, overflowed its bounds in every direction. The inability nowadays to construct a story of some kind is a very rare piece of distinction, and too frequently the ability to do so makes grubs of many who might unfurl wings in more practical states of being. It is this large class of self appointed grubs that butters the bread of that modern product, the literary reader, who, by a strange anomaly, is apt to be something of a grub himself, with the added gift of discernment. So important a factor, indeed, is the success or nonsuccess of the struggling author is the official reader that it is through his eyes alone that an insight can be gained into the terra incognita lying between the submission of a manuscript and its final disposition.—Cassell's Magazine.

Iron Tree of Vienna.

Hardly the world over could there be found a tree which has come into more intimate connection with the youth desirous of success in life than the curious iron tree of Vienna. For, in the old days, when it was the custom of every apprentice who had attained to some degree of proficiency in his trade to bid farewell to family and friends and set out on foot to seek his fortune, he went before leaving the city and drove a nail into this tree trunk.

Should the nail then drive straight the act was regarded as especially ominous of success and that his road over difficulties would prove smooth, but when it bent or broke in the driving the face of the apprentice turned suddenly awry, he believing that either he would fail utterly in life or that success would only come to him late and through most difficult channels.

In the remnant of the tree that now remains so many nails have been driven that not a vestige of its original wood can be seen. Literally its surface is hard as nails.

Narrow Escape.

She—Of course he bored me awfully, but I don't think I showed it. Every time I yawned I just hid it with my hand.

He (trying to be gallant)—Really, I don't see how a hand so small could—er—hide—er—that is—beastly weather we're having, isn't it?—Philadelphia Press.

Women In England and Wales.

In England and Wales from 16 to 17 per cent of the women do not marry. In London the percentage is twenty.

Servantless London.

London—what is London? To begin with, London is a conglomerate of 800,000 families, if we average five persons to a family, of whom 666,000 have no servants.

While only 95,000 families enjoy the luxury of a domestic servant 3,371,789 persons—men, women and children—wake every morning in London knowing that in the course of the day they will have to do all their own work with their own hands, while only 476,325, or 11 per cent of the whole, are in a position to employ any of the 205,858 persons of the servant class.

Of these 3,371,789 of the servantless class nearly 500,000 are pigged together three in a room, while 375,000 have half a room each; 354,000 belong to the very poor, 900,000 to the poor.

The poor we have always with us to the tune of 30 per cent. The poor and the very poor outnumber all the men, women and children who find themselves on Sunday in church or chapel. There is no overcrowding in the house of God, but the houses of men are inconveniently full.

A Monster Farm.

The Oklahomans claim to have the largest farm in the southwest. It is the 101 ranch in the Ponca reservation, and is so big that it is necessary to plant several varieties of wheat in it, one of which ripens several days later than the other, in order that all of them may be harvested at their prime. On this farm the wheat fields are of 1,000 acres each, the cattle pastures are of 1,000 to 1,500 acres each and pasture 6,000 head annually, the corn rows are one and a half miles long, requiring 500 mules and 300 men to handle the crop, and it takes thirty self binders three weeks to cut the wheat crop and a dozen or more steam thrashers forty days to thrash it. There are 50,000 acres in the ranch.

Where Are We At?

Drink water and get typhoid. Drink milk and get tuberculosis. Drink whisky and get the jimjams. Eat soup and get Bright's disease. Eat meat and encourage apoplexy. Eat oysters and acquire taxemia. Eat vegetables and weaken the system. Eat dessert and take to paresis. Smoke cigarettes and die early. Smoke cigars and get catarrh. Drink coffee and obtain nervous prostration. Drink wine and get the gout. In order to be entirely healthy one must eat nothing, drink nothing, smoke nothing, and even before breathing one should see that the air is properly sterilized.

Bread Better Than Blood.

You could give a number of children a good bowl of oatmeal and milk at a penny a head. This means for 300 days £1 5s. per head; say, for 200,000 children for every week day in the year, £250,000. The war in South Africa cost about £250,000,000. Taking money at 3 per cent; this is equivalent to £7,500,000 per annum. And yet probably the advantage to the race of giving a substantial meal to 200,000 children every day that they attend school would be worth a good deal more than any benefit likely to accrue to us from the South African war.—London Truth.

Covering Books.

To cover paper bound books take two pieces of cardboard a trifle larger than book. Paste fly leaves at front and back to cardboard, which of course is outside. Then take a strip of strong cotton cloth; paste it down back of book; have it wide, so it will cover about one inch of each piece of cardboard, thereby joining the two pieces together. Now put a cover of brown paper over all, pasting securely, and your decorated cover goes over this.

The books may be covered with decorated silk, pique or duck if you paint or embroider, but the simplest way is to cover with tissue paper (not crape). Paste a pretty card on the front and after cutting title and author's name from old cover arrange them prettily on the new one.

HOW PERFUMES ARE MADE.

Care and Skill Requisite In Extracting Essences From Flowers.

The manufacture of perfumes deserves to rank as one of the finest arts. The extraction of the essences from flowers, such as jasmine, tuberose, violet and cassia, has long been carried out by the process of enfleurage, the blossoms being left in contact with purified lard for a few days and then replaced by fresh blossoms. The lard is either sold as such or the essential oil may be extracted from it by melting it under strong alcohol.

As the process of enfleurage is somewhat tedious, attempts have frequently been made to extract the oil directly from the flowers by means of light petroleum, but these processes have not, as a rule, proved successful, and it has recently been found that a very large proportion of the perfume is actually produced for the first time in the blossoms during the time occupied by the enfleurage.

An interesting illustration of this is given by Dr. Albert Hesse in a recent number of the Berichte, in which he states that a ton of tuberose blossoms yielded only sixty-six grams of oil when extracted with light petroleum, but during enfleurage yielded 801 grams of oil to the fat in which they were imbedded, while a further seventy-eight grams remained in the faded blossoms and could be separated by extraction or distillation. It thus appears that eleven times as much perfume is produced during enfleurage as is originally present in the flowers, and that, even after enfleurage, the exhausted flowers contain more perfume than when first gathered.—Chicago Chronicle.

Lives of Animals.

Animals vary greatly in the length of their lives. Elephants, eagles and parrots may celebrate their hundredth birthday, but our domesticated beasts are thought to be aged when they have reached a quarter of a hundred. A horse is old at twenty, a donkey at twenty-five and a cat or dog at fifteen. The span of existence allotted to insects is shorter still, the fly and the butterfly commonly enjoying but one summer of vigorous life and then being taken off by the cold if they are not previously snapped up by a bird.

Siamese Delicacies.

Among the articles of diet relished by the natives of Siam are snails, crocodile eggs, ants, silkworms and horse beef.

An Affecting Scene.

Mr. Younghusband—Darling, you have been weeping. What is it, my sweetest love?

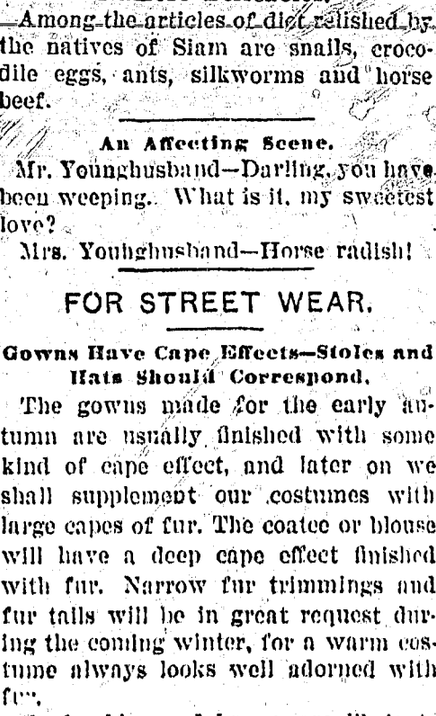
Mrs. Younghusband—Horse radish!

FOR STREET WEAR.

Gowns Have Cape Effects—Stoles and Hats Should Correspond.

The gowns made for the early autumn are usually finished with some kind of cape effect, and later on we shall supplement our costumes with large capes of fur. The coatee or blouse will have a deep cape effect finished with fur. Narrow fur trimmings and fur tails will be in great request during the coming winter, for a warm costume always looks well adorned with fur.

So far blue and brown are likely to be the leading autumn colors for



GRAY COSTUME.

gowns, and black will still be in great demand. A very brilliant empire green is to be much used for trimming, and this new tint is more intense than the vivid emerald shade of last season.

When a wide, fluffy stole or a large boa is worn the flat hat condenses the figure and has not a happy effect. The new autumn hat, with the left side turned over on to the crown, is very effective with the bushy stole or boa, and the flat spreading chapeau is most harmonious with the cape effect.

The picture shows a costume of dark and light gray cloth, with the latest double sleeve. JUDIC CHOLLET.

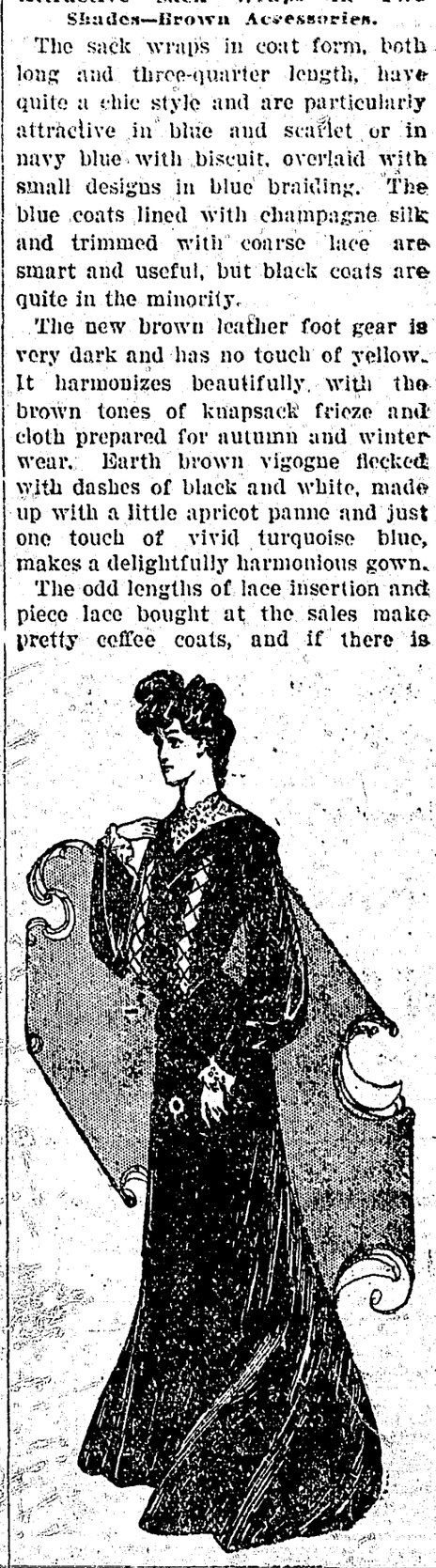
COLD WEATHER STYLES.

Attractive Sack Wraps In Two Shades—Brown Accessories.

The sack wraps in coat form, both long and three-quarter length, have quite a chic style and are particularly attractive in blue and scarlet or in navy blue with biscuit, overlaid with small designs in blue braiding. The blue coats lined with champagne silk and trimmed with coarse lace are smart and useful, but black coats are quite in the minority.

The new brown leather foot gear is very dark and has no touch of yellow. It harmonizes beautifully with the brown tones of knapsack frieze and cloth prepared for autumn and winter wear. Earth brown vigogne flecked with dashes of black and white, made up with a little apricot panne and just one touch of vivid turquoise blue, makes a delightfully harmonious gown.

The odd lengths of lace insertion and piece lace bought at the sales make pretty coffee coats, and if there is



BLUE VELVET GOWN.

barely sufficient material it may be eked out in many ways with figured silk or ribbon.

In veils a popular fashion is the pale shade of blue, rose or mauve mousseline or gauze spotted with black chenille and velvet pastilles. These are arranged in a very plentiful fullness. From gathers at the top they puff out in a striking fullness, but are then drawn in a little tightly beneath the chin and disappear up the back of the hair, where a series of tiny quillings seems to finish off the mousseline, combining a continuation of the hat garniture. These are worn with large picture hats and may be considered becoming, but appeal more to those who drive than to the promenader.

The cut shows a plain blue velvet dress, the waist of which laces over an underblouse of guipure.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

The Professor.

His Wife—That melody was really fine.

Professor—I thought so too. I will tie a knot in my handkerchief so that I won't forget it.

The Baby Humorists.

"Of course," said Mrs. Extrygood, "you are fond of bright, precocious babies?"

"Oh, yes; certainly," replied Old Fuddy. "But I draw the line on the supposed smart sayings made up by the parents and loaded off on the poor infants."

Keen of Scent.

The aborigines of Peru can in the darkest night and in the thickest woods distinguish respectively a white man, a negro and one of their own race by the smell.

Stage Lights.

Foote Lights—Did you ever take the character of a cook?

Sue Brette—No; I don't think I could do it.

"Oh, well, you know some cooks have some pretty poor characters."—Yonkers Statesman.

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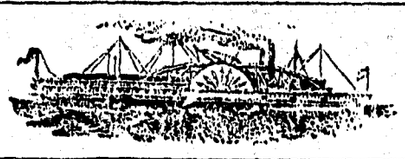

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A.M.		P.M.
Dp. 9 00	Victoria	Dp. 3.00
" 9 28	Coldstream	" 3.28
" 10.24	Koenig's	" 4.24
" 11.00	Duncan's	" 5.00
P.M.		P.M.
" 12 35	Nanaimo	" 6.41
Ar 12 53	Wellington	Ar. 7.03

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No. 1—Dail		No. 3—Sunday
A.M.		A.M.
Dp. 8 00	Wellington	Dp. 3.00
" 8.20	Nanaimo	" 3.1[illegible]
" 10.02	Duncan's	" 5 00
" 10.42	Koenig's	" 5.36
" 11.38	Coldstream	" 6 32
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TUESDAY, JANY. 5, 1904

A STORY TELLING CONTEST

Man With the Solemn Face Easily Beat All the Others.

One evening at a well known hotel a number of traveling men were spinning yarns, and the talk turned upon self sacrifice and the privations good friends had undergone to contribute to the worldly success of an associate. One solemn faced man told the following.

"I had two schoolmates," he began. "One of them was aspiring to be a lawyer and the other had aspirations for a high place in the medical profession. The college we attended was one at which the discipline was severe and the requirements for graduation were exacting. Well, those two boys managed to worry along until the day of the final examination came. The young law student had perfected himself in his studies and was likely to pass with high honors. The medical student, however, was in a far less enviable plight. He found that the examination would be for the most part upon the anatomy of the leg, and this was the one branch of the course he had neglected. He confided in his roommate and wailed out his sorrows.

"'If I only had a leg to dissect,' said he, 'I would pass that examination at the head of my class.'

"It was here that his roommate rose sublimely to the occasion. He rolled up his trousers and insisted that his friend amputate his leg at the knee. His medical friend demurred, but the law student insisted, and finally the amputation was performed and the medical student captured his diploma.

"Years afterward this same doctor was sitting in an office surrounded by all the evidence of a prosperous practice. The door opened and in came his old roommate at college. The greeting was, of course, affecting, and then the doctor inquired how the lawyer was getting on in the world. The lawyer said he had been practicing several years in the petty affairs of the law and would rise to distinction if he could secure a good case. 'I want a murder case,' said he; 'one that will attract special attention and involve some well known citizen.'

"The doctor excused himself and, picking up a heavy poker, left the room. He proceeded down stairs and killed his landlady, resorting to all the atrocities that ingenuity could devise to make his crime one that would create a sensation. He was successful. The papers teemed with the awful details of the deed and the tragic events of the trial. His friend, the one legged lawyer, defended him, and he was cleared. Both of these men occupy leading places in their professions today. If you don't believe this story, you can come up to my room and I will show you a picture of the school these two friends of mine attended."

Selling Your Diamonds.

People who buy diamonds are apt to answer reflections upon their extravagance with the remark that diamonds are a good investment and that they can always get their money back on them. This is plausible and partly true, but not entirely. The ring itself, though the design may be elaborate, as it sometimes is in men's rings, and of the finest and most artistic of workmanship, will seldom bring more than the worth of the gold unless sold to an individual, and styles of setting change enough to make old fashions of little value.

A woman in reduced circumstances recently sold a ring which cost at the time of its purchase $150 for $40. It is a cluster ring, with nine small diamonds surrounding a larger one. The ring was appraised at a jeweler's, who set the present value upon it. It is a pretty ring, with white stones and brilliant, but it is not worth a third of what it was forty years ago, when it came into the possession if its original owner. Dealers in stones say also that diamonds lose in weight perceptibly with wear, and for that reason become less valuable.

Got What He Deserved.

"You know Throggins? Smooth fellow. Great jollier. Tries to keep on the good side of everybody. Well, he went to church last Sunday morning and slept through the whole sermon. Then he had the gall to tell the Rev. Dr. Fourthly, after the congregation had been dismissed, that he had never enjoyed a discourse so much in his life, and he would like to borrow the manuscript of it and take it home with him, so he could read it again during the day. What do you suppose the doctor did?"

"I can't imagine."

"Well, sir, I think he'd seen Throggins nodding and knew he hadn't heard a word. At any rate, he took Throggins by the arm, led him into his study, made him sit down and then he read every blessed line of that sermon over again to him before he would let him up. Oh, you don't get ahead of Dr. Fourthly—not much!"—Exchange.

Her Idea of It.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I wish you would save up your money and buy a yacht."

"What for?"

"We need so many things for the table. And winning races seems such a cheap way to get silverware."—Washington Star.

The Intelligent Typo.

"Look here!" cried the foreman. "Aren't there any 'n's' in your case? You've used 'd's' for 'n's' all through this 'take.' How's that?"

"I don't dow," replied the compositor, "udless it's because I've a cold id the head."—Catholic Standard and Times.

From a Safe Distance.

"Why, Georgie, you didn't call on papa as you positively promised you would!"

"No, dear, I—I am going t-to notify him a little later."

"How?"

"B-y-y wireless telegraph."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In a Dressing Room.

"Wouldn't you like to play the part of Cigarette in 'Under Two Flags?'" asked the "first old woman."

"Oh, yes, I'd love to," replied the soubrette. "The critics would be so apt to puff me, you know."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Minute Caution.

"Every woman ought to know something about cooking," said the wise girl.

"I don't know about that," answered Miss Cayenne. "In case of incompatibility it gives the husband a chance to blame her for his dyspepsia."—Washington Star.

The Place For Him.

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

"What has he done now?"

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

Equal to the Occasion.

Antiquity Dealer—Madam, this Spanish coin is old—more than 100 years old.

Madam—H'm! It is stamped 1870.

Antiquity Dealer—Is that so? Well, that, of course, is a misprint.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Constitution and the Flag.

"That Mr. Flagg from Boston seems to be very attentive."

"Yes. I think he must take me for the constitution the way he sticks to me."—

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DINNER ON THE GRIP

By A. WALLIE

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Captain Alexander Mather of the steam coaster Grip was hurrying along Cardiff street dockward to his vessel when he was accosted by a youngish man smartly attired in yachting costume.

"Captain Mather?" the stranger queried.

"That's me," the sailor retorted gruffly enough, having all the dislike of his class toward the average amateur seaman.

"You were pointed out to me as master of a boat just leaving for Southampton. I want to go there at once."

The hint was obvious enough, but Mather did not choose to follow it up. "Take the train, then," he replied. "Passengers ain't in my line."

"So I would"—the young man appeared disposed to be persistent—"but I have a lot of heavy baggage here, and I wish it to accompany me to my yacht, which is lying off Cowes. If you'll take it and me I'll make it well worth your while."

The captain hesitated. The Grip possessed small accommodation for outsiders, but a job like this might mean something in the skipper's pocket.

"Well," he said, surveying the stranger over again, "my ship ain't a liner, you know, but just a coastin' tramp covered this blessed minute with coal muck that won't come off her till she starts washin' herself outside Lundy."

His new acquaintance seemed in no way dismayed at this description. "That will be all right, captain," he returned. "Come in here a minute and let us talk it over."

The place thus indicated was an adjacent bar, where over suitable drinks the yachtsman continued negotiations.

"There are about a dozen large wooden cases," he went on, "with furnishings and my own outfit for a long West Indian cruise. I should have sent them on ahead of me but for some stupid delay, and now if I lose sight of them heaven knows how long I may be kept waiting for them."

"What's your yacht's name?" demanded Mather.

The stranger took out his cardcase. "You are a bit suspicious," he said pleasantly enough, "but we'll have everything fair and square." He handed over a card as he spoke, and on it the sailor read: "E. V. Rentore, S. Y. Sea-Swift R. Z. Y. C."

The first names were unknown to Mather, but the last four cryptic letters he was aware represented the title of one of the most exclusive clubs in the kingdom.

"Then, sir," he said with an obvious change of manner, "if you want me to take your things it will have to be arranged quickly. I'll be haulin' out for sea in a couple of hours. If they are not too heavy and you have them alongside within that time I might manage."

"My man shall have the cases down within the time you say—they are not heavy, and your own crane will easily swing them on board. And as to terms—will £20 suit you?"

The sailor gasped. He had not expected nearly so much.

"If you'll throw in the price of a new hat for myself, sir," he responded quickly, "we'll call it a deal."

"Good!" Rentore produced his purse. "Here's half of it now, and a couple of sovereigns for yourself."

Thus the bargain was sealed, and Mather, much elated at his fortune, made his way down to the Grip. He had not been long there when a wagon appeared, bearing the cases and escorted by a man of the valet type.

"There's the stuff," the latter grumbled to the skipper, "and what the gov'nor wanted traveling with it in a coal barge for I don't know. Is your ship safe, captain?"

Mather surveyed him scornfully. "She'll carry you, my son," he retorted sarcastically.

The servant scowled. "I 'ope so," he replied with meaning. "Anyway you'd best see the goods are kept right side up—they're all marked for that."

Presently Rentore himself clambered on board.

"Ah," he remarked, smiling in the pleasant way he had, "I see you have my dunnage, captain. Are you going to carry all the cases on deck?"

"Yes, sir," answered Mather. "The weather is fine, and they'll be safe lashed."

The dock gates just then opening, the captain took his post on the bridge, while the passenger went below to see his accommodation.

Nor did Mather set eyes on him again until the Grip had opened out the channel and in the growing dusk the light on Flatholme was commencing to twinkle far astern. Then he met the skipper as the latter was descending from the bridge.

"Come along, captain," he said. "I've taken the liberty of making myself at home, got my man to overlook your cook and have a bit of dinner ready for you."

In response to this invitation the sailor passed below to encounter a scene such as the dingy saloon of the tramp had not seen since her long past trial trip, if then. The table was set with crystal on spotless linen, silver and flowers garnished it, and the swinging tray above sparkled with bottles full of such wines as the captain had seldom seen nearer than across a bar counter.

"I told you I'd make myself comfortable," Rentore laughed at the other's amazement. "The hotel people put some of this up for me, but your cook did the rest, so sit down and do him justice."

Captain Mather was sufficient of a philosopher to accept the gifts the gods thus sent. He sat down as requested, and if his handling of his knife and fork left something to be desired his appreciation of the meal was none the less patent. Moreover, his host saw to it that his glass was frequently replenished, so that as the cheese came on the table the skipper went under it.

"Perkins," ordered Rentore, "get the steward to help you to take Captain Mather to his room; he does not seem well. And—ah—you might have word sent to the bridge I'll be glad if the mate will join me here. The night's fine, and I expect the boatswain can take the ship past Lundy without sinking the island."

The passenger appeared to the steward, who was present, to be also slightly touched with an after dinner manner. The mate, when he came, had the same impression, but nevertheless that officer also collapsed, as his superior had done, leaving Rentore still quite composed. The chief engineer, who had joined the feast at the request of the giver of it, along with the mate, was simultaneously overcome.

"Most extraordinary," remarked Rentore. "Never saw men so easily upset. I'm going on deck. Perkins, you might see the steward gets out that case of whisky for the men forward and the stokers."

On deck the passenger lit a cigar, mounted to the bridge and joined the boatswain, who had charge of it.

"I've sent a bottle or two of hard stuff forward," he said to him affably. "You might go down and have your share. I'm sailor enough to watch her if you leave me the course."

"Thank 'ee kindly, sir," answered the seaman, who, like the rest of the crew, was blessing his stars for having given the Grip the carrying of such a benefactor. "Keep her sou'west by west, and she'll take no harm for the minute I'll be gone."

When the boatswain's cap had vanished down the ladder Rentore turned to the hand at the wheel.

"You shouldn't be out of this, my man," he said. "Off you go, and drink my health. I can keep her head straight."

He gripped the wheel, and the sailor saw the compass card kept steady to the course. Then he, too, disappeared, and silence reigned fore and aft along the decks of the Grip.

This lasted for perhaps half an hour—then Perkins appeared upon the bridge.

"They're gone under at last!" he said in tones very different from any he had previously used. "Shall I let our lads loose?"

"Yes," answered Rentore. "Tell some of them to see quickly to the fires—I can feel the old tub's speed slackening. And send a hand here to relieve me."

Perkins descended to where the cases were ranged and tapped on each. They opened as he did so, and dim figures from them darted swiftly to his bidding. The Grip had got a fresh crew.

Next morning, just before daylight, a small coasting steamer crept into the anchorage of St. Mary's, Scilly, and brought up close alongside the palatial yacht Boccanera, belonging to a multimillionaire of American extraction. It had been lying there for some days while its owner explored the islands in accordance with intentions previously announced somewhat widely in the public prints.

The Boccanera was visited by a boatful of armed men from the new arrival. The anchor watch on her deck was overpowered, the remainder of her crew battened down, and the millionaire was robbed under threat of violence of every portable article of value he had with him, including a large sum of gold and his wife's jewels, reputedly of fabulous worth.

Word of this daring robbery reached the shore, but by that time the stranger had utterly vanished beyond sight.

During the night following the Grip reached Southampton and was berthed ready to commence discharge next morning. Not even the police on duty noticed that her crew all slipped ashore one by one during the darkness. It was the lumpers, coming down to commence work on the cargo, who found the place deserted. They explored the forecastle last, and from below it came a muffled knocking. Raising the hatch leading into the fore peak, there emerged from that literally black hole a string of disconsolate figures, Captain Mather bringing up the rear in crestfallen fashion.

"Here," he demanded, rubbing his eyes, "where in blazes are we?"

"Southampton, of course," he was told.

"Where's the ship been?" he added brokenly. "I know no more than a baby. I'd best see the police. If they'll catch me that yachtsman I'll hang him for them myself."

A sentiment in which the multimillionaire fully concurred.

The Origin of Woolwich Arsenal.

Woolwich arsenal is said to owe its existence to an explosion. According to the story the surveyor general gave orders that some old French guns, captured by the Duke of Marlborough, should be recast into English guns at Moorfields. A young Swiss student, Andrew Schalch, who was traveling in search of scientific knowledge, happened to be present and noted that the molds to receive the molten metal were not dry. He spoke to the authorities of the danger, but the metal was run, and the generation of steam in the damp mold caused an explosion, attended with loss of life. Schalch was subsequently summoned to the ordnance office, his abilities tested, and he was then requested to select a site for a new foundry. His choice fell on Woolwich, where he was superintendent of the arsenal for many years.—London Chronicle.

Shakespeare's Handwriting.

W. Carew Hazlitt in an article on Shakespeare's handwriting said: "We have to bear distinctly in mind when we seek to criticise these somewhat unclerkly examples of penmanship that the great dramatist used the court, not (like Jonson and Bacon) the Italian, hand, and that in the case of his contemporary and countryman, Michael Drayton, the characters of the signature are equally distant from fulfilling technical postulates and, if possible, still less elegant. The question of handwriting is, of course, independent of that of educational acquirements, as we may satisfy ourselves from innumerable instances, ancient and modern; but if Shakespeare was less happy in his calligraphy than in other directions the circumstance does not affect, as some have sought to demonstrate, his general learning and was his personal idiosyncrasy rather than the blame of the excellent provincial school which had the unique honor of being his alma mater."

Equal to the Occasion.

The rising artist was painting in his studio when a visitor entered leading a dog. The animal at once commenced to bark furiously at the picture on the easel.

"Oh," said the caller, "you follow nature closely. The best evidence of the faithfulness with which you have painted that dog in the background is the earnest way my dog barks at him."

"But that isn't a dog," was the reply. "That's a cow."

It was a terrible situation, but the visitor did not lose his head. Said he languidly: "Well, the dog's eyes are better than mine. He always did detest cows."

A Queer Tug of War.

In Burma the inhabitants have a novel form of the sport that elsewhere is commonly called tug of war. In the Burmese game there is a rain party and a drought party, which pull one against the other, the victory of either party being considered to have immediate results as regards the weather. The drought party, however, obtains few victories, for the kind of weather it represents is commonly not so much desired as rain. In the face, therefore, of a strong public opinion the rain party is nearly always allowed to win, the palpable "roping" in the popular notion being generally followed by a fertilizing downpour.

Getting Even.

Some retaliations are too clever to be resented. They seem to be almost a logical part of the circumstances that evoked them.

Dr. Wines, says the Christian Register, was formerly the principal of a boys' school. One day he had occasion to trounce a lad, who naturally resented the punishment.

On the doctor's front door was a plate bearing the one word "Wines." That night a bold and clever hand added three words to the inscription, so that in the morning the doorplate read this way: "Wines and Other Lickers."

In the Woods.

"I couldn't find any wild flowers, Miss Jane, but I have a peculiar lichen for you."

"Oh, Willie! This is so sudden!"—Life.

The Necessity of Advice.

Gabber—Are you going to housekeeping?

Benedict—(Answer drowned by passing car.)

Gabber—That's right. Nothing like ... [illegible]

Benedict—I said I wasn't.

Gabber—Oh, well; that's where you're wise. You'll miss, etc.

A Shattered Romance.

"I think our teacher of composition is charming, don't you, Emily?"

"Fie, Bertha! That heartless monster? Captivated by his blue eyes the other day, I slipped a little affectionate note in my copy book."

"And what did he do?"

"He gave it me back with all the spelling mistakes corrected in red ink."

MY HEART'S DARLING

BY W. HEIMBURG.

A feeling of utter weariness came over her after her two sleepless nights; she lay down on the bed and fell in a heavy sleep. But it did not refresh her as it generally did after any great fatigue. She woke up feeling exhausted, dried her damp forehead, and began the daily task she had set herself. She was soon engrossed in her new duties; they were not too much for her, but they required endless patience, especially by the sick man, whose speech she alone could understand rightly. And now the days followed each other in a dull uniformity; each hour seemed exactly like the other; her life ran on like a wound-up clock. It is hard when a young life longs for sleep to be able to forget the day which only brings it work and sadness, when it wakes in the morning only to take up again the burden of gloom, and looks out upon the golden sunshine with eyes as dull as if looking into a gray sky.

"Another day—would it were over! What shall I do in the world? what do I live for?"

Each morning Lucie stood before the glass and wound her light braids into a knot, and each morning she went down to the old baron and asked how he had slept, and then read the papers to him. And each morning mademoiselle would sign to her to come into her room, and would then talk to her and retail every little occurrence in the town. And in the afternoon they sat opposite each other in the large, cool dining-room, and Peter brought the soup, to which Lucie helped, and then the roast which she carved. Every afternoon the carriage was at the door at the same hour, and the ladies drove for exactly an hour and a half by the clock—always the same way out to the Wasserthor. Mademoiselle never went in any other direction; on that side there was no railroad to pass, and to cross the track always made her nervous. The fat gray horse knew exactly the spot to turn—he always did it himself without the slightest hint from the coachman, and he trotted home at a little quicker pace than he had come away from it. Then came the most dreaded time of all, the time she was alone upstairs in her room. Lucie would sit there hours at a time without moving. The little hands that used to be so busy by her work-table now lay tired in her lap; her eyes looked out at the quiet little garden, but without seeing anything. Sometimes she brought up some books, trying to read herself into forgetfulness; but she seemed unfortunate in her choice—everything that she read seemed to depress her. She looked over "Manfred," and the dull despair of the hero had given her a sleepless night. Another time she had taken up Chamisso's poems, and some verses in them brought before her the picture of a modest little house beaming in the evening sunlight — that paradise that she had lost, lost forever through her own fault. She threw the book on the table and ran out into the garden, trying to master her painful thoughts.

She found herself standing again by the garden wall and noticed listlessly some bunches of purple grapes that were peeping over the wall from the neighboring garden. They swayed and nodded to her in the wind as if they would say, "Shall we not know you, you blonde maiden? Did you not only last year sit on the bench in our arbor with your lover? Then we could not see over the wall, we only knew the little garden over there. Why are you here, and so alone?"

And then she went on as hurriedly as if it were for a wager; and memory brought back every word, every look as she had sat there with him; and the present seemed to say to her, "It is all over, another waits for him there." It was frightful to think she had lost him through her own fault, and that he was able to forget her, and so soon — that was to her the hardest of all. And yet she had no right to reproach him, no indeed!

And still it was anger and pain together that made her spring up and dart from the old man's side when she heard his steps in the hall. And then again she would spend hours picturing to her self how she would beg for forgiveness, and he would put out his hand to her and say, "Let us forget it all, Lucie. I love you as much as ever." Then she would scold herself and try to comfort her poor heart with pride, and try to justify herself—but it was so weak and battered—had become so small and humble that that old way of keeping up a heart that was full of sorrow and regret would not serve her any longer.

Hortense wrote often; they were always unfinished letters, always begging for forgiveness, and asking about the condition of the patient, as if the writer had no time, and still would perform a duty. And still through the ordinary lines a carefully concealed happiness would steal. Why did not Hortense confess it openly to her? Did she fear to tell her, the lonely one? Ah, she knew so well what a dazzling ray of light had made its entry into Woltersdorf. Might God protect it! She felt herself doubly poor after such letters. In the whole wide world there was nothing more for her to fix her longing thoughts upon in hope or secret happiness.

CHAPTER XXXII.

September passed sad and still, then October was over. November came. The fires burned in the porcelain stoves, and the dining-room was so dark that one of the lights in the chandelier had to be lighted for dinner. Mademoiselle put her feet upon the fender and wore a red shawl in which she wrapped herself like an Esquimau.

The baron rarely left his bed; he was always cold. Lucie sat patiently by him, reading the papers or talking to him, or listening to him as he would tell anecdotes of his active life, in the broken manner caused by his illness. He told her of things that had happened before her time. She learned from them that there was always trouble and sorrow in the world, and that they had the hardest lot to bear who suffered through their own fault.

Mademoiselle and Lucie dined alone in the large dining-room. Those were painful silent meals; why speak of them? Except Dr. Adler, no stranger came to the house; and he had remarkably little time, and told no news. *The old Major von Schenk* had been ill for several weeks. And when once mademoiselle had been to see Fraulein Dettchen, and was telling about it on her return, Lucie changed color at the mere mention, and kept her head down for fear she would add, "So the engagement is announced."

She knew she must hear it some day, and she had confused feelings as to what would happen to her if she did; it seemed to her she should not be able to live any longer.

They were sitting at dinner one gloomy November day; outside the clouds were dark and heavy; a few large snow-flakes were tumbling down in the air, and lay like stars against the window-panes. The little French woman even spoke but little to-day; the leg of mutton, which Peter was serving with green beans, took her whole attention. They were, in her opinion, almost as good as those at her home in her beautiful France.

At last she wiped her mouth, laid her napkin on the table, and asked:

"Lucie, will you do me a favor? Will you take coffee with me? I expect a visitor."

The girl's eyes came back from some far corner and fastened themselves with astonishment on the old lady's round face.

"A visitor?"

"Yes; why not? You see, Lucie, I really had to invite Fraulein Dettchen, she is always asking me to something—coffee, cake, or lemonade. I am a little nervous, entre nous, always a little before this evenement, but what can I do? At first, indeed, I wanted to invite her for the evening to tea with the doctor—of course then I should not have troubled you; but just think, he declined, and she—the German ladies are odd, at least this kind—she would rather, she said, come to a sociable cup of coffee. She does not like to go out in the evening, she said; she can not stand it. Well, I was there yesterday, and invited her for to-day, and she has accepted, but regretted at the same time that she could not stay long, for she had to go to her sister-in-law's to see Fraulein Selma in her ball-dress, and then must go home, as her nephew too is going to the ball. I believe some club has its anniversary ball. Oh, well, that will suit me very well. Will you come, little one. Oh, you will be doing me a great favor," and as Lucie hesitated and was silent, she added: "I know Fraulein Dettchen will be pleased; she never says anything but what is nice about you."

Lucie had not seen the kindly little lady since that last morning in the mother-in-law's house, and a longing seized her to see that loving face again.

"If you will allow me," she said, half against her will, "I will come."

"Charmant! Very well, at four o'clock. I will take a nap until then. I feel frightfully tired."

In fact mademoiselle hid a yawn behind her plump little hand. As Peter brought in the dessert, and instead of one of her favorite puddings, she saw only apples and some of the small cakes the cook always kept in a tin box for such occasions, she imperceptibly shrugged her shoulders, and reaching out her hand to Lucie in passing said, "Au revoir," and tripped out of the room.

Lucie had taken a letter from the servant. It was from Hortense; but she could not make up her mind to read it at once; she was having one of her hardest days. As she had been sitting that morning at the baron's bedside and he had been complaining of unusual exhaustion, Dr. Adler had come in without its being possible for her to escape. He had bowed to her, looked at her for a moment, and then utterly ignoring her presence, had occupied himself with his patient. A feeling that had something of defiance in it had made her keep her place for a few minutes near the baron's arm-chair; but when he, after a few questions about the old gentleman's health, began to speak eagerly about some ordinance passed yesterday, and then began to describe some project concerning the building of an hospital, she rose slowly and walked out. She could still hear him say. "And I will not rest until I have proved to them that the spot offered to them by the town is the most unhealthy in the whole district."

"It is all over," she said to herself.

(To be Continued.)

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

Newton is the most common of town names in England. It occurs either alone or with some affix no less than 22 times.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

I was very sick with Quinzy and thought I would strangle. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT, and it cured me at once. I am never without it now. Yours gratefully,

MRS. C. D. PRINCE,
Nauwigewauk, Oct. 21st.

American imports have increased $159,000,000 in ten years, and exports $873,000,000 in the same period.

A Veteran's Story.—George Lewis, of Shamokin, Pa., writes: "I am eighty years of age. I have been troubled with Catarrh for fifty years, and in my time have used a great many catarrh cures, but never had any relief until I used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. One box cured me completely." 50 cents.—25

No man ever brings suit against the assessor for underrating his worth.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Kind Lady—"So you were in one place for three years? Why did you leave?

Tramp—"I wuz pardoned, ma'am."

DON'T BECOME AN OBJECT.

Of Aversion and Pity. Cure Your Cold and Catarrh, Purify Your Breath and Stop the Offensive Discharge.

Rev. Dr. Bochror, of Buffalo, says:—"My wife and I were both troubled with distressing Catarrh, but we have enjoyed freedom from this aggravating malady since the day we first used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. Its action was instantaneous, giving the most grateful relief within ten minutes after first application. Sold by all druggists.

Some men are as anxious to find a complimentary notice of themselves in a newspaper as others are to find something bad about their neighbors.

$100 Reward $100.

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

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all druggists; 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Many a man who poses as the architect of his own fortune, would be in hard luck if the building inspector were on to his job.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

Removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, sweeney, stifles, sprains; cures sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save $50 by the use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Sold by all druggists.

Some men brag about their wives as if they wanted to sell them.

It is a good idea to have a telephone in the house; it gives a man something else to get provoked about beside the baby.

The longest submarine telephone cable in the world is 245 miles in length. It is a part of the line between London and Brussels, and was completed June 8, 1903.

Ayer's

Give nature three helps, and nearly every case of consumption will recover. Fresh air, most important of all.

Cherry Pectoral

Nourishing food comes next. Then, a medicine to control the cough and heal the lungs. Ask any good doctor.

"I first used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral 58 years ago. I have seen terrible cases of lung diseases cured by it. I am never without it."
ALBERT G. HAMILTON, Marietta, Ohio.

25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. — J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for

Consumption

Health demands daily action of the bowels. Aid nature with Ayer's Pills.

WHEAT — OATS — FLAX — BARLEY

SHIP to a strictly commission firm—TRY

THOMPSON, SONS & CO.

Write to-day for particulars. GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS Winnipeg.

Do You Want

SOME ONE TO HANDLE YOUR SHIPMENTS TO CONSIGN YOUR GRAIN TO A RELIABLE FIRM PROMPT SERVICE AND CAREFUL ATTENTION ?

If so, the undersigned wants your business and will endeavor to give satisfaction. Cash advanced on consignments. Reference: Union Bank of Canada.

The oldest established Grain Commission Merchant in Winnipeg.
Grain Exchange, Winnipeg.

S. SPINK

Maclennan Bros.,

GRAIN MERCHANTS,

TELEPHONE 1490. P. O. Box 585
McIntyre Block, 304, Winnipeg.

Wheat and grain of all kinds. Car Load Lots a Specialty. Regular advances on Bills of Lading.

Write or wire us for Track Bids, or Consign Your Grain to us, which we will sell for your account, on your approval to highest bidder.

PHILIPPINE VOLCANOES.

Mayon Is the Most Famous, and the Taal Comes Next.

The most famous Philippine volcano and one of the finest volcano cones in the world is that of Mayon. Its height is 8,970 feet, and the volcano is visible at a great distance. Since 1766 records have been kept of its eruptions. In that year many plantations and villages were buried under a stream of lava which flowed down its eastern slope. About 1,200 lives were lost in the eruption of 1814, which buried the country around a part of the base of Mayon under the outpourings of lava and dust. A similar calamity in 1825 destroyed the lives of about 1,500 persons. In the nineteenth century there were a number of severe eruptions, including one in 1886-87 which continued about nine months. An eruption in 1897 killed 350 persons and destroyed much property. Twenty-two violent eruptions of this volcano are on record.

Next to Mayon the Taal volcano is the most remarkable. It is on an island in the lake of Bombon, and the island, built up by its outpourings, has an area of 220 square miles. The volcano is incessantly ejecting dust and vapor from its crater. Taal, as well as Mayon, has been the center of numerous destructive earthquakes, but no very great eruption has occurred since 1864, when four villages around the mountain were completely destroyed.—Bulletin of American Geographical Society.

The Earliest Surgeons.

Surgery is said to be older than medicine, and probably, in its simplest offices, it is as old as human need for it. Skulls of the neolithic period give evidence that the operation of trepanning was then practiced.

The Hindoo surgeon Susruta, who lived several centuries before Christ, had more than a hundred different sorts of surgical instruments, and there is abundant proof that his countrymen were skilled in amputation, lithotomy and operations for hernia, fistula and even for restoring lost ears and noses.

Hippocrates, who lived 400 B. C., was a skillful surgeon, and discoveries by Ebers and others in Egypt prove that the ancient Egyptians practiced surgery, with suitable instruments, nearly 6,000 years ago.

Among the six hermetic books of medicine mentioned by Clement of Alexandria was one devoted to surgical instruments. The Greeks are thought to have learned the Hindoo methods, and the Romans were skilled in surgery.

How Hens Roost.

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

Home of the Chinchilla.

The chinchilla, the little animal the size of a squirrel, is met with only in the Andes of Bolivia, Ecuador, Peru and northern Chile and is never found under a height of 9,000 or 10,000 feet. The Indians are eager trappers and hunters of it for its fine fur. The skins are well seasoned with salt and made up into small packages for dispatch to the towns, whence they are shipped abroad.

Of the world's hay crop the United States grows 28,000,000 pounds. This is about half as much as Germany and two-thirds as much as England.

Spirit of Unrest.

"What do you want to go across the ocean again for?"

"Oh, nothing; only I'm tired of being on this side of it—that's all."—

STRUCK THE ROOT OF HIS TROUBLE

James Atwell Cured his Kidneys by using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

And His Lumbago and Urinary Troubles Vanished once and for all—He Tells his Story.

Campbellford, Ont., Nov. 2.—(Special)—That Urinary Troubles and Lumbago are results of disordered Kidneys has been proved by James Atwell of this place. He had Lumbago and pains in the bladder, and in passing his urine would hurt him so as to almost cause tears of pain to come to his eyes.

He cured his Kidneys by using Dodd's Kidney Pills and his pains of all kinds vanished.

Speaking of his case, Mr. Atwell says:

"I think Dodd's Kidney Pills made a permanent cure in my case, but I will never be without them in the house. I had Lumbago and Bladder Trouble for years. I tried other medicines and a bandage prescribed by the doctor, but I could get no relief till I used Dodd's Kidney Pills, and they cured me."

If the disease is of the Kidneys or from the Kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it.

Every cloud has a silver lining—and here is where clouds have the bulge on trousers pockets.

BABY'S FIRST TOOTH.

Every mother knows how much baby suffers while cutting teeth. Swollen, tender gums cause a feverish, fretful condition, sometimes seriously affecting baby's health. This can be overcome, and the teething process made easy by the use of Baby's Own Tablets. Proof of this is given by Mrs. J. Peckover, New Liskeard, Ont., who says: "I am the mother of six children, and I can truthfully say that Baby's Own Tablets is better than any other medicine I have ever used for the ills of little ones. I can especially recommend them for teething children, and would advise all mothers to use them."

The Tablets cure all the minor ills from which infants and young children suffer, and are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A man thinks there is only one man in the world whose whistling is not a nuisance.

Lifebuoy Soap disinfectant—is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases.

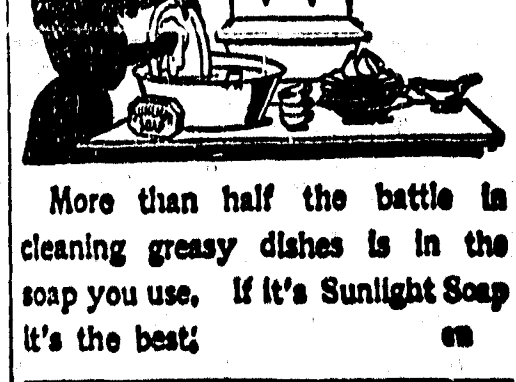
Poverty is no disgrace, but it's a mighty good excuse for heading off a borrower.

The healthy glow disappearing from the cheek and moaning and restlessness at night are sure symptoms of worms in children. Do not fail to get a bottle of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is an effectual medicine.

Brazil's crop of coffee this year equals fifteen-sixteenths of the world's consumption.

There are three thousand male "domestics" in London, England.

The more the average man sees of others the more he respects himself.



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

Unshrinkable H. B. K. Underwear

Made from the best sidewool in the fleece—elastic ribbed knit—shaped to fit body—absolutely non-shrinkable—wool treated by H.B.K. exclusive process to make it so—every particle of oil, grease, slivers, etc., removed by the H.B.K. patent cleaning process—tough wear, light, fleecy, all wool, clean, pure, luxurious underwear, and absolutely non-shrinkable, emphasize non-shrinkable

Sold by dealers everywhere.
Only genuine with this brand. H.B.K. BRAND

Tough

A pinto bronco is tough from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail. And the toughest part of him is the light, muscular hide that covers his back and hips. From that part of his hide the famous "Pinto" Shell Cordovan leather is made for H.B.K. mitts and gloves. Scorch, boil, wind, rain, cold proof.

Genuine only with this brand. H.B.K. BRAND

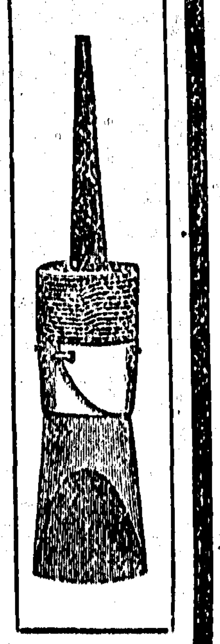
Sold by enterprising dealers everywhere.

Write for "Strayed," the funniest bronco story ever written.—FREE

Hudson Bay Knitting Co.

MONTREAL. WINNIPEG.

Makers of Warm Wearables for Everybody.



Going to Paint?

If so, you should procure the best Paint Brush on the market, absolutely the most satisfactory Paint Brush made to-day.

BOECKH'S Flexible Bridled Brush

The bridle can easily be removed or replaced. It is not affected by water, oil or paint and works on a pivot, thus keeping the bristles elastic. The name "Boeckh" is branded on each brush. Sold by all reliable dealers.

WE SHOULDER THE RESPONSIBILITY

when we tell you that OGILVIE'S HUNGARIAN Flour is as good or better than any other Brand for all Baking, and our **guarantee goes with every Sack!**

Your Grocer sells it with that understanding.

The Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, Limited,

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.

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

W. B. Anderson, Editor.

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

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

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

The following by S. Griswold, of Omaha, in "Forest and Stream," shows that the question of useful birds is one which is wide spread. The despised crow is gaining champions daily:—

"I am fully sensible of the fact that it requires considerable courage to champion the cause of the bird the whole world condemns, almost, but with me a universal impression is not synonymous with a demonstrated truth, as many claim, and while the crow is truly as black as he is painted, this sable hue is only feather deep. Our farmers always see the crows when they are engaged in their deviltry, but never catch a glimpse of them when they are delving like Trojans in their interests. They feel the loss of the handful of corn he cost them yesterday but have no thought of the dollars he will save them to morrow in his destruction of ravaging insect life.

The crow is a friend of man. He is one of the greatest insect destroyers that wears feathers, and it is high time his true worth was being heralded throughout the benighted regions. A flock of crows in October and November does not range from one end of our field to the other for mere exercise. These birds do no roll over dead branches and good-sized stones, scatter the matted leaves and dead grass and harry the runways of mice and gophers for the mere sake of doing something. Kill one of these crows thus engaged, and examine his stomach and be convinced of the knowledge of those who have conscientiously studied the subject. The damage the crows do is so completely offset by the good they perform that statistics are not necessary. The part the ebony professors play as scavengers is almost entirely overlooked, and yet the part is played with the greatest of eclat, notwithstanding its minor standing in nature's ever enthralling drama.

It is my honest belief that in just proportion as birds are protected, including hawks, owls and crows, the pursuit of agriculture becomes less onerous and the use of poisons as insecticides a supererogatory expense. For a hundred years or more nature's quota of native birds has not been allowed to freely roam the country over, and the difficulties of contending with the particular foes of each crop have increased."

DEATH.

Mr and Mrs James Harvey were called on to mourn the death of their little daughter on Sunday last. The child had been in the best of health until that morning, when it became ill and was at intervals better and worse throughout the day, but not so bad as to cause any great alarm. However, it was thought [illegible] who arrived in the evening, and who at once saw that the little child was in a critical condition, as it became worse towards night, when death mercifully put an end to its sufferings at a little after 7 o'clock. The parents are distracted over their bereavement, Mrs Harvey being prostrated, and the greatest sympathy is felt for them.

The funeral takes place tomorrow at 1.30 p.m.

DIED

At Sandwick, on Sunday, 3rd inst., Agnes Marie Elizabeth, the infant daughter of J. S. and M. A. Harvey, aged 5½ months.

The funeral will leave the house at 1.30 p.m. Wednesday. Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend.

ELECTRICITY IN STEEL MAKING.

In any summary of the causes of our success in steel manufacture, great stress must be laid upon the early and multiplied adaptation of electricity as a motive power in the thousand and one uses to which it has lent itself so admirably. Among other applications that come to mind, there are:—the overhead traveling electric crane; the electric charging machine that picks up a box containing a ton of mixture, thrusts it into the furnace, empties and withdraws it; the electric conveyer; the electric elevator for loading the blast furnaces; the electric buggies that receive the heated ingot after it has been lifted from the soaking pits and runs it down to mill; electric machines for pushing the blooms in at one end of the furnace, and electric tongs for gripping them and pulling them out at the other end. These are a few of the uses of electricity, to say nothing of pneumatic and hydraulic power, that, conjointly with similar exhibitions of ingenuity, forethought, and administrative skill in mine, ship, and railroad, have enabled our manufacturers to sell "three pounds of steel for two cents," while paying the highest wages in the world to labor and returning the princeliest of fortunes to capital, —The SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN's Special Number on Iron and Steel of December 12th, 1903.

We sell Force, Malta Vita, Shredded Wheat Biscuits, Grape Nuts, and Postums Cereal Mixture.—Stanley H. Riggs.

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH SERVICES.

Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 p.m. —first Sunday in the month, 11 a.m.; Morning service, 11 a.m.; Sunday School, 2.30 p.m.; Evening service, 7 p.m.; Choir Practice every Friday at 7.30 p.m.

F. G. CHRISTMAS, Pastor.

For Preserving Jars, all sizes, Rubber Rings for same, and Sugar, enquire prices at the Big Store; by so doing you can save money.

FOR SALE

One Pure Bred JERSEY BULL, 4 years old.—ALEX. URQUHART, Courtenay, B.C.

MUNICIPALITY OF THE CITY OF CUMBERLAND.

NOMINATIONS FOR SCHOOL TRUSTEES will be received on Monday, the 11th day of January, 1904, at 12 o'clock noon.

The mode of nomination of candidates shall be as follows:—

The candidate shall be nominated in writing; the writing shall be subscribed by two voters of the Municipality, as proposer and seconder, and shall be delivered to the Returning Officer at any time between the date of the notice and 2 p.m. of the day of nomination, and in the event of more than two nominations a Poll will be opened on Thursday, the 14th day of January, 1904, at the Polling Station, corner of Dunsmuir Avenue and Third Street, Cumberland, B.C. of which every person is hereby required to take notice and govern himself accordingly.

Qualification for Trustees is as follows:—

Any person being a householder in the Municipality and being a British subject of the full age of twenty-one years, and otherwise qualified by this Act to vote at an election of School Trustees in the said Municipality shall be eligible to be elected or to serve as a School Trustee.

The term Householder includes every person who holds and occupies a dwelling, yielding a rental value of [illegible] per annum.

Given under my hand at the City of Cumberland this 19th day of December 1903

LAWRENCE W. NUNNS,
Returning Officer.

NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to the Electors of the Municipality of Cumberland that I require the presence of the said Electors at the Polling Station on Dunsmuir Avenue on Monday, the 11th day of January, 1904, at 12 o'clock noon, for the purpose of electing a Mayor and Aldermen to represent them for the year 1904.

The mode of nomination of candidates shall be as follows:—

The candidate shall be nominated in writing; the writing shall be subscribed by the voters of the Municipality as proposer and seconder, and shall be delivered to the Returning Officer at any time between the date of the notice and 2 p.m. of the day of the nomination, and in the event of a poll being necessary, such poll will be opened on Thursday, the 14th day of January, 1904, at the Polling Station, corner of Dunsmuir Avenue and Third Street, Cumberland, B.C., of which every person is hereby required to take notice and govern himself accordingly.

The qualification as candidate for Mayor is as follows:—

He must be a male British subject of the full age of twenty-one years and not disqualified under any law and have been for the six months next preceding the day of nomination the registered owner in the Land Registry Office of land and real property in the City of the assessed value on the last Municipal Assessment Roll of $1000 or more over and above any registered incumberance or charge, and who is otherwise qualified as a municipal voter.

The qualification as candidate for Aldermen is as follows:—

He must be a British subject of the full age of twenty-one years and not disqualified under any law, and have been for six months next preceding the day of nomination the registered owner in the Land Registry Office of land and real property in the City of the assessed value on the last Municipal Assessment Roll of $500 or more over and above any registered incumberance or charge, and who is otherwise qualified as a municipal voter.

Given under my hand at the City of Cumberland this 19th day of December 1903

LAWRENCE W. NUNNS,
Returning Officer.

IN THE COUNTY COURT AT VANCOUVER,
HOLDEN AT VANCOUVER.

In the matter of the Estate of JOHN MCDONALD, deceased, and in the matter of the "Official Administrators Act,"

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that by an Order bearing date the 2nd day of December, 1903, made by His Honor Alexander Henderson, Judge of the County Court of Vancouver, in the above cause and matter, I have been appointed Official Administrator of all and singular, the estate of John McDonald, deceased, intestate.

All persons having claims against the Estate of said deceased, are required to forward particulars of the same to me, duly verified, on or before the 31st day of January, 1904, after which date I shall proceed to distribute the assets amongst such of the creditors of whose claims I have then received notice.

All persons indebted to the said Estate are required to pay such indebtedness to me forthwith.

Dated Cumberland, B.C., this 14th day of December, 1903.

H. P. COLLIS,
Official Administrator for portion of County of Nanaimo.

2t

NOTICE.

Any person found taking Timber from Block A of Lot 76, and Block B, of Section 76, Comox District, will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

GEO. STEVENS.

New Stock
—OF—
LATEST PATTERNS

Suitings for Gents,
—and—
Costumes for Ladies.

T H CAREY,
LADIES & GENTS TAILOR
Dunsmuir Ave., Cumberland

Cold Storage: Air Dry System.

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

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

UNION BREWING CO., LTD.

Phone 37. DUNSMUIR STREET P. O. Drawer 45

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Negative Plates, and Films Developed.
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☞ Use of Dark Room for Amateurs

NEWS PUBLISHING CO.

Photographs

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SINFUL HABITS IN YOUTH
MAKE NERVOUS, WEAK, DISEASED MEN.

THE RESULT of ignorance and folly in youth, overexertion of mind and body induced by lust and exposure are constantly wrecking the lives and future happiness of thousands of promising young men. Some fade and wither at an early age, at the blossom of manhood, while others are forced to drag out a weary, fruitless and melancholy existence. Others reach matrimony but find no solace or comfort there. The victims are found in all stations of life—the farm, the office, the workshop, the pulpit, the trades and the professions. Nervous Debility and Seminal Weakness are guaranteed cured by our New Method Treatment or No Fee. You run no risk 25 years in Detroit. Bank security.

CURED WHEN ALL ELSE FAILED. No names used without written consent.

"I am 33 years of age and married. When young I led a gay life. Early indiscretions and later excesses made trouble for me. I became weak and nervous. My kidneys became affected and I feared Bright's Disease. Married Life was unsatisfactory and my home unhappy. I tried everything—all failed till I took treatment from Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. Their New Method built me up mentally, physically and sexually. I feel and act like a man in every respect. They treated me six years ago. They are honest, skilful and responsible financially, so why patronize Quacks and Fakirs when you can be cured by reliable doctors."—W. A. Belton.

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY. Consultation Free—Books Free—Question Blank Free for Home Treatment.

Drs. Kennedy & Kergan, 148 Shelby Street, Detroit, Mich.

K&K K&K K&K K&K K&K K&K

Japanese Goods.

A Fine Assortment of
BAMBOO STANDS, PORCELAIN DESSERT AND TEA PLATES, TEA POTS, &c. TERRA COTTA JARDINERES, TOYS, &c., SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS.. .. ..
Silk Handkerchiefs, Scarfs, &c.
ALL JAPANESE WORK; ALSO WATCHES, CLOCKS, AND JEWELLERY .. .. ..
Call and see them

SHIBATA,
Third Street, Cumberland.

....CITY MEAT MARKET....

TO THE PUBLIC,

We have opened a Fish and Meat Market and keep only the Best of Meats in Stock. We can supply Beef by the Quarter at Octs. and we desire all Boarding Houses and Hotels as well as private houses to enquire our prices.

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