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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

TENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY, APRIL 12, 1904.

The Big Store

Would draw the Public's attention to our

Grocery Department

We carry only the highest grades and sell at the lowest possible cost. A trial order will convince you that what we say is so.

PRICE MAKES TRADE AND QUALITY HOLDS IT.

Special attention will be paid to this department under the new management and we trust that merit and straight forward dealing will secure the continuation of your patronage and secure us many new customers.

S. Leiser & Co.

LIMITED

Dunsmuir Ave. Cumberland.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

Just received large shipment of

IRON AGE

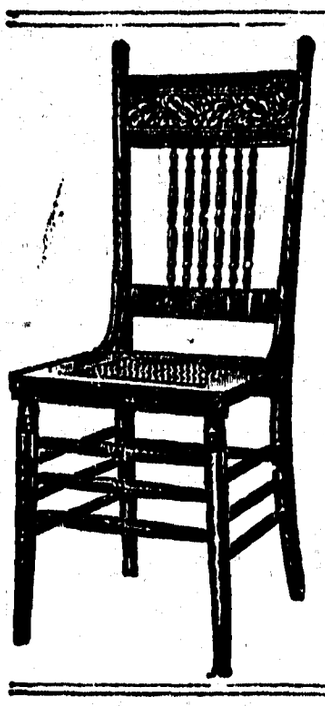
CULTIVATORS, SEED DRILLS, WHEEL HOES, Etc.

VERY LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

Call and see them or write for catalogues and prices.

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

Did you ever stop to think



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STANDS FOR ALL THAT IS GOOD AND RELIABLE IN THE

Furniture : Trade.

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

LARGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

Mailed Free. .. .. Write for it at once.

WEILER BROS., Victoria, B.C.

COMPLETE FURNISHERS.

CUMBERLAND

Meat Market

Choicest Meats

Supplied at Lowest Market Prices

Vegetables

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

Fresh Fish

will be on Sale every Wednesday

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

J. McPhee & Son

PROPRIETORS.

NOTICE.

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

T. H. CAREY, Tailor.

WANTED, Janitor for the Cumberland Public School. For Particulars, apply to Thos. H. Carey, secretary.

HOSPITAL MEETING.

The Board met at 7.30 Tuesday evening Present—Pres'd. Abrams, directors, J. Roe. G. Stevens, L. A. Mounce, W. B. Anderson, Dr. Gillespie and secretary Hall. Minutes read and adopted.

Accounts—S, Leiser & Co., groceries, $31.60; J. McPhee, meat and butter, $33.89; S. Piercy, milk, $3.60; Indian, fish, $2; Salaries, $110; Water, $5; Laundry, $3.

Deferred business.

T. Edwards account of $79.65 was taken up, and the committee reporting that they were unable to get any reduction of same, the item was passed.

Resolution was passed by which all serving on the Board in future would have the $1 membership fee refunded if desired.

Mr Stevens reported that Constable Thompson had spoken to him about the drain from the Hospital leading into the Government lot.

The Board was not aware that this had been done, and a resolution was passed ordering the drain to be carried to the natural water course up to the limits of the Hospital lot, and that the Government Agent be notified that this was done, and requesting him to take steps to have the drainage carried away through the Government lot.

The annual meeting was then formally opened, but owing to the lateness of the hour, 9.15, it was thought best to adjourn it until next Wednesday evening.

COUNCIL MEETING.

Council met Monday evening. present, the Mayor, Alds. Bate, Grant, McFadyen, Willard and Daniels.

Minutes read and adopted.

Accounts—Electric Light Co., $37.05; Segrave & Grant, 300 tax notices, $5.—Referred to Finance Committee.

Reports — Clerk reported receipt of School cheque, $1105.95.

Mr Banks report for March stated scavenger collections, $69.50; scale fees, $3.25; hall rent, $7.50—total, $80.25. Also reported that drains from Messrs Riggs and Clinton's properties were in bad repair. After discussion this matter was referred to Board of Works.

Re Syren—Clerk instructed to write Mr Dunsmuir in this connection.

Moved Ald. Bate, seconded Ald. Grant, that the City Hall be scrubbed out. Carried

Ald. Daniels stated that Mr Stevens desired an order from the Council before moving hydrants.

The Alderman being chairman of Board of Works was instructed to proceed with the work.

Extension of City Limits.—After discussion, it was decided to appoint a committee of three—Alds. Willard, Grant and Bate, to submit a plan of proposed change to the Colliery Co., for final adjustment.

By motion of the Board, Mayor Short called a public meeting for Monday, 18th, for the purpose of arranging for Victoria Day Celebration.

Council adjourned.

LAND NOTICE.

TAKE NOTICE that sixty days after date, I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioners of Lands and Works, to purchase a small island containing about Ten (10) acres, and lying about ¼ mile north-westerly from Ramsay Island, and between Ramsay Island and Murchison Island

Dated this 5th day of June, 1903.

F. W. HOWAY.

Seed - Potatoes.

Early Rose, Beauty of Hebron, Burbanks, Flowerballs.

All Choice, Hand Picked, Selected Stock.

The Sylvester Feed Co., Tel. 413

87-89 YATES STREET, Victoria.

Local and Personal

Simon Leiser & Co for bargain in fishing rod and tackle.

Mrs Sage of Nanaimo is visiting her daughter, Mrs Ed. Walker.

Brown Leghorn's Eggs, Ist. Prize winners, 75cts a setting. S. F. Dobson. Courtenay.

A fine map of the Dominion has been presented to the Public School for which the teachers wish to thank the donors,

Mrs M. Magnone, and family, came over from Vancouver on a visit to Mr Magnone. They will stay a fortnight.

Two Chinese were instantly killed by a fall of rock in No. 4 mine Saturday morning. They were buried Sunday.

Have you tried the pickled black Cod from Mr McPhee's? The most delicious fish of all for breakfast.

Mrs John Thompson was taken seriously ill with pneumonia last Friday. Sunday, it was thought best to remove her to the hospital.

Mr J. P. Watson left last week to visit Mrs Watson, in New Westminster. It is hoped she will soon be well enough to return home.

Large assortment of garden tools and all the new seeds at the Big Store.

Str. Missouri is due on 12th, and Stanley Dollar on 13th, at Union Wharf, to load bunker coal for St. Michaels. Barque Richd. 3rd, in tow of "Escort," loaded Sunday for Skagway.

Easter attractions in all departments, at the Big Store.

Messrs Bennet and Simpson returned home on Saturday from Vancouver by the Transfer. The schools opened this week after the Easter vacation. Miss Bate will have charge of Miss Peacey's division.

Mr Bate, the second teacher, is still in Vancouver, Mrs Bate being very ill. A child, lately born to them, lived but a few days, and the mother is in very ill health.

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

A farewell dance will be given to Miss Peacey by Mrs J. Matthews on Thursday evening at the City Hall. A number of that young lady's friends have been invited to bid her farewell.

Books in volumes, paper covers, torn covers, (décollete) fairy tales, books of conundrums, dime novels and books indescribable attended the "book" ball on Thursday evening last at Comox, a large Cumberland contingent also being present. Refreshments were served by the ladies, and dancing was kept up until a late hour.

The MAGNET CASH STORE.

SPRING STOCK

—OF—

HOUSE, BARN & ROOF PAINTS

STAINS, Varnishes, Paint Oil, Red and White Lead, Ochres, Enamels, Silver Frosting and Alabastine have arrived.

TRY OUR

PUTZ CREAM or EVERBRIGHT for Polishing Silves, Nickel, and Brass.

SPECIAL PRICES

For Mixed Paints in Quantities

T. E. BATE,

DUNSMUIR AVE., Cumberland

Mr Archie Dick is in town, attending the Chinese Inquest.

Mr and Mrs McCann of Comox had a funeral of their infant child, still-born, yesterday,

A Chinaman was brought out of No. 4 mine on Saturday with a dislocated hip, the work of a runaway car. Dr Staples set the member in short order at the Hospital.

The funeral of the late Dario Zanolli who died by his own hand on Tuesday last, took place on Sunday afternoon from Mr Edwards' undertaking establishment The jury which was impannelled to enquire into the cause of death brought in a verdict of suicide committed while in a state of temporary insanity.

Another of the old pioneers of Comox, Mr Jas. Stuart, crossed the great divide on Tuesday last at his brother's home. The deceased had been ailing for a long time. He leaves a number of relatives, among whom are his brother and newhew, Messrs D. and Hugh Stuart. Mrs J. Fraser, Mrs Hooper, Mrs J. W. McKenzie of Courtney, and Mrs G. McDonald of the Elk Hotel.

The funeral took place on Thursday, and was largely attended. The late Mr Stuart was highly esteemed by all who knew him.

TENDERS.

Will be received by the undersigned for certain carpenter work in the the City. Tenders will be received up to the 23rd inst. Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. For particulars apply to Hugh Mitchell.

NAPIER & PARTRIDGE

—DEALERS IN—

Flour and Feed, Groceries and Dry .....Goods, Boots, Shoes, Etc.....

WE wish to draw your particular attention to our

GROCERY DEPARTMENT

Where Prices are always the Lowest, consistent with the Quality of the Goods.

Best American Hams, - - - 20c. per lb.

STRICTLY FRESH EGGS, - - - 25c. Per Doz.

A Car Shipment of

Five Roses Hungarian Flour

Daily Expected.

Napier & Partridge, Dunsmuir Ave.

EZRA BRIGGS' REVENGE

By D. H. TALMADGE

...Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure...

My friend the postmaster and general storekeeper of Harleyville was sitting on the front porch of his establishment lazily puffing small clouds of blue smoke into the air and blinking comfortably at his slippered feet, which were resting against a post on a level with his face. I spoke to him, and the feet slipped down with a thud.

"Howdy," he said. "Some warmish, ain't it?"

I nodded, wiping from my face the perspiration engendered by an ill advised walk of two miles over a road unshaded from a merciless July sun. The family at the farmhouse where, from motives of economy, I was spending my vacation had gone to a funeral, and I had wearied of my own company. Wherefore, the afternoon being too hot for fishing, I had come to Harleyville to seek companionship.

"I'd have went to Ike's funeral myself," said the storekeeper when I had explained thus to his understanding, "only the rest of the folks wanted to go, and I didn't like to close up the place on account of the postoffice. I was down to Ike's when the great damp breath blew his lamp out. I set up with him two or three nights along at the last."

"He was a close friend of yours?" I asked.

"Well," sighing explosively, "there ain't much doubt he was considerable close, and we was always friends, him and me. I had a feeling of sympathy for him during the last years of his life, too—sort of an admiration for him, because he took his medicine like a man. 'Tain't every male human that does."

"Then he had long been an invalid?"

"No; that ain't the idea. He wasn't sick a great while. The story dates back nigh on to twenty years, when him and Ezra Briggs was rivals for the hand of Martha Telford. 'Twas nip and tuck between 'em, but Ezra finally won the match. Ike was fool enough to get mad about it, and when his pa died, leaving among his other effects a mortgage on the old Briggs place where Ezra was living, his parents both being defunct, he foreclosed the thing and made a regular dickens of a bad mess. Ezra could have paid if he'd had another six months, but Ike wouldn't wait. That was the beginning of a mighty hard time for Ezra. Nothing he touched after that seemed to prosper. Him and Martha—there wasn't no children—come at last to live in a house not much better than a shanty down by the mill yonder, and the woman's love, so my wife and daughter say, sort of took sick and died. I've heard tell there ain't much female love that's proof against poverty long drawn out, and heaps of what passes for real honest affection leaks away through the worn-out places in woman's clothes.

"It's my opinion that Martha wasn't a real comfortable person to live with during the last two or three years of Ezra's life. I've got a suspicion, more or less founded on fact, that she was sourer than the dregs of vinegar and that her patience sort of shot off like a Gatling gun once it had bu'sted. Ezra took sick finally with somebody or other's disease of something or other that the doctors said was incurable, and he didn't keep up after that, just poked around and groaned till the trouble knocked him down into bed.

"He kept his own counsel pretty much, but I've got a notion he was nursing a feeling of bitterness against Ike most of the time then. I said to myself 'twould be a blessing if the old death angel would only flop down and carry him off before he done anything that would shock the community.

"But I was worrying unduly. However much he may have been figuring on revenge, there wasn't no bloody violence mixed into his figuring. He did give the community sort of a shock, though, such as 'twas. Most of us couldn't understand then why he done as he did, but it is as clear as molasses to me now.

"The river yonder five years ago last March got on a ripping tear owing to a sudden thaw, and among other things it done it swooped down across Ike's barnyard and carried off a lot of live stock and things, including Ike himself, who was trying to rescue a valuable ram he'd paid a big price for at the state fair.

"He went along with the flood and never stopped till he stuck in the branches of a small tree about seventy or eighty feet from shore near where Ezra's house stood. And as chance would have it Ezra heard him yelping for help and dragged himself out of the house, where he was staying alone with his disease while Martha washed dishes up to the hotel over at Bottom village.

"Now, 'twould have been no more than natural for a man in Ezra's position to have done nothing but gloat over the situation. But Ezra didn't do nothing of the kind. He hustled around as fast as his disease would let him to save Ike before the tree come unrooted.

"He got a long rope and tried to throw one end of it to Ike, but it fell about five feet short every time, so he waded out into the water, though the doctor had told him 'twould kill him to get his feet wet. When Ike had tied one end of the rope to himself Ezra tied the other end to a fence post, and the current done the rest.

"That wetting of his feet and legs was the beginning of Ezra's finish. That night he had a chill, and his disease simply got rampageous. The doctor said 'twas hopeless the minute he seen him and give him a week to live, if he didn't drop off in the meantime. And Ike—well, Ike come around penitent and humble as anything the Old Testament ever produced, saying Ezra saved his life, for he couldn't swim a stroke, and asking if there wasn't anything he could do to make amends to him. There wasn't, of course. The time had gone by for that. But Ike hung around the place clothed in figurative sackcloth and ashes most of the time till Ezra passed along to the next world eight days later."

It seemed to me rather a pretty story of the greater-love-hath-no-man-than-this sort and heap-coals-of-fire-upon-his-head sort, and I said as much to the storekeeper.

"Shucks! That wasn't Ezra's revenge at all, though I thought it was till I learned different. Ezra was simply saving Ike for the torture; that was all. Two days before he died he sent for me, and he says, with a shivery chuckle, when he'd sent the others out of the room: 'Old friend, I've got to tell somebody this, and I've chose on you. It'll be easier dying if I know that somebody alive knows how I got even with that cuss. I've forgive him and all that; but, say,' and he drew me down closer to him, 'I've made him and Martha promise solemnly, with their hands touching mine, that they'll get married as soon as decent, and, oh, glory, won't she just knock the plaster off of him!' He was chuckling hard when I left him, and I reckon he died chuckling. My wife said he looked real peaceful and contented and satisfied and sort of natural in his coffin."

"And Ike?" I asked after a short interval, during which the storekeeper's gaze rested upon a distant hilltop where white stones gleamed in the sunshine.

Once more he sighed, more softly this time. "Poor Ike!" he murmured. "I never see a man who seemed so glad to die as him."

Poetry and Science.

Poetry has perhaps no place in the exact sciences, partly because exactness is incompatible with poetic license, partly because of the unalterable tendency of the poet to get things wrong. A curious example of this was noticed in a lecture at the Camera club by Mr. Duncan on cuttlefishes. The modern cuttlefish is a descendant of the fossil belemnite, but the only descendant of the coeval ammonite is the paper nautilus. Better known is the Portuguese man-of-war, with which the paper nautilus is sometimes confused and which is really allied with the belemnite group, because, while its shell appears external, it is not really so. The poets Pope, Byron and James Montgomery all easily fell into the error, and Pope's well known lines in the "Essay on Man"—

Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar and catch the driving gale—

embody a wrong description of this very interesting survival. Pope believed, with many other people, that the little nautilus comes to the surface keel downward and spreads some fleshy oval and ciliary expansions in the form of two sails and six little oars. But it does nothing of the kind. The two little oval expansions—the sails—are never raised at all, but always tightly clasp the shell. They form, in fact, part of the shell. Moreover, the nautilus comes to the surface upside down, if we may so express its position.—London Post.

Train Pictures.

A quaint but not unpractical device for enabling passengers who have alighted from a railway carriage to find their compartment again is that which has been tried on a French railway. It is a system of pictures. On the window of the end compartment of each carriage is a different picture—a windmill or a soldier or a horse. This makes recognition easy. It is difficult in England and on the continent to find the right carriage after leaving it. The pictures in France serve much the same purpose as the names on American parlor cars.

Tumut the Future Great.

The Australian federation seems likely to settle upon Tumut as the permanent capital of the commonwealth. But it is a condition that the town must change its name. Ottawa, the capital of Canada, was originally named Betown, but Tumut is much worse.

Sympathy.

"Mr. Bazzo," asked the little girl, "don't you hate to have to go away down to one of those low notes?"

"Not at all, Kitty," replied the eminent vocalist. "What put that in your head?"

"Why, you always look as if it hurt."—Chicago Tribune.

We Convince Sceptics.

Colds, Catarrh, and Catarrhal Headache Relieved in 10 Minutes and Cured by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Here's one of a thousand such testimonies. Rev. A. D. Buckley, of Buffalo, says: "I wish all to know what a blessing Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is in a case of Catarrh. I was troubled with this disease for years, but the first time I used this remedy it gave most delightful relief. I now regard myself entirely cured." Sold by all druggists. 22

Authorities have us bewildered as to what we are, contending between what we think, what we read, and what we eat.

Indigestion, that menace to human happiness, stiffens in its assaults, and no respecter of persons, has met its conqueror in South American Nervine. This great stomach and nerve remedy stimulates digestion, tones the nerves, aids circulation, drives out impurities, dispels emaciation, and brings back the glow of perfect health. Cures hundreds of "chronics" that have baffled physicians.—68

Ida—I don't think Mr. Smart believes my handkerchiefs are linen. May—Why not? Ida—I told him that I had my pin money wrapped in my handkerchief and lost it. He said there was a great deal of money lost in cotton these days.

Help the Overworked Heart.

—Is the great engine which pumps life through your system hard pressed, overtaxed, groaning under its load because disease has clogged it? Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is nature's lubricator and cleanser, and daily demonstrates to heat sufferers that it is the safest, surest and most speedy remedy that medical science knows.—67

"If" is the most unsatisfactory word in the English language.

First comes the doctor, then the lawyer, then the undertaker, then the lawyer again.

A Cry for Help.—A Pain in the back is a cry of the kidneys for help. South American Kidney Cure is the only cure that hasn't a failure written against it in cases of Bright's disease, diabetes, inflammation of the bladder, gravel and other kidney ailments. Don't neglect the apparently insignificant "signs." This powerful liquid specific prevents and cures.—70

There has just died at Ballycarry, County Antrim, Mrs. Ann Penny, 102 years old. Her mother died at the same age, and a brother, who is still living, is a centenarian.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

A fancied wrong is harder to bear than the real thing.

The vainer we are the more do we object to the peacock's traits.

Nothing hurts a small man as much as to have people ignore his threats.

Opinions are good things to keep dark.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

"You hold my future happiness," he told the girl. "Why don't you hold it yourself?" she asked coyly. And she wasn't so heavy that he couldn't do it easily.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the when, by the timely use of Bickle's Anti-risk of filling a consumptive's grave, Consumptive Syrup, the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.

Physician—Your trouble lies in the larynx, thorax and epiglottis. Hoolihan—Indade? and me afther thinkin' th' trouble was in me throat.

Do you catch cold easily? Does the cold hang on? Try

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

It cures the most stubborn kind of coughs and colds. If it doesn't cure you, your money will be refunded.

Prices: 25c. 50c. $1 — S. C. Wells & Co., LeRoy, N. Y., Toronto, Can. 303

BAR FIXTURES POOL TABLES.

The Brunswick Balke Collender Co.

J. D. CLARK, Agent, Winnipeg.

Newspapers FROM THE Old Country

and MAGAZINES, PERIODICALS, BOOKS, etc., dispatched to subscribers by first mails by WM. DAWSON & SONS, Limited, Cannon House, Bream's Buildings, London, England. The largest Subscription Agency in the world. Send for our list. Free on application. Est. 1809. Prompt and reliable.

THE QUALITY OF GENIUS.

Its Practical Absorption of a Man's Best Faculties.

To be a great lawyer is incompatible with being a great poet. Nevertheless, Shakespeare was fond of showing his little legal knowledge, and Bacon has written some verse. There have been writers of eminence, like Walter Scott and Thackeray, who were lawyers by profession, but they must have made law quite subordinate to literature, although some of them, like Walter Scott, have got money by following the law. Hoffman, the author of "The Pot of Gold" and other imaginative stories, was a man of genius, who was also a judge or a magistrate. I think, however, that his legal duties sat lightly on him. His connection with the law seems somewhat similar to that of Walter Scott. It was neither absorbing nor permanent. Politicians turn to literature. Literary men, like Chateaubriand and Lamartine, have held high places as politicians, but they never were real statesmen, and I should not call them men of great genius. A man of action may be great in more fields of action than one. Julius Cæsar and Napoleon Bonaparte were statesmen and generals, but they were not and could not be poets, though Julius Cæsar was a writer. Among the ancient Greeks and later Spaniards and Portuguese we find poets who were soldiers and even generals. They, however, were not wholly military. Only a part, and sometimes a small part, of their lives was spent in service. Horace's experience of war was very short, and, although he was a military tribune, he was not a distinguished soldier. A man may be excellent in more ways than one, but he cannot be a man of genius in two different ways. A few instances, such as that of Sheridan, might be given which seem to be exceptions to the rule. I doubt whether they are so. The same inclination made Sheridan an orator and a writer of comedy.—Notes and Queries.

STEPS THAT BETRAY.

Steps that are quick are indicative of energy and agitation.

Tiptoe walking betrays surprise, curiosity, discretion or mystery.

Turned in toes are often found with preoccupied, absent minded persons.

The miser's walk is represented as stooping, noiseless, with short, nervous, anxious steps.

The proud step is slow and measured. The toes are conspicuously turned out, the legs straightened.

Slow steps, whether long or short, suggest a gentle or reflective state of mind, as the case may be.

The direction of the steps wavering and following every changing impulse of the mind inevitably betrays uncertainty, hesitation and indecision.

Obstinate people who in argument rely more on muscularity than on intellectual power rest the feet flatly and firmly on the ground, walking heavily and slowly, and stand with the legs firmly planted far apart.

Box Office Superstition.

A newspaper man was the second in line at the box office of one of the popular theaters on the opening night. The first man asked for four seats, and when he started to pay for them the man in the box office said:

"Oh, that's all right. There's no charge at all for those seats."

The man looked surprised, thanked the ticket manipulator and went on. Then the newspaper man had his turn, and he said:

"Please satisfy impertinent curiosity and tell me why you wouldn't take that man's money."

"Well," said the treasurer, "I expect you didn't notice that that man was cross eyed. If I had sold him the first tickets we wouldn't have had a bit of luck through the whole engagement."

Wasp's Method of Attack.

Belt in his "Naturalist in Nicaragua" draws attention to the methods of attack used by different species of wasps. One accustomed to animals and not to men takes care to crawl down the outstanding hairs to the skin before inserting its sting, while others which live in the midst of human dwellings fly straight at a man's face. The first species, true to inherited instinct, when it attacks unfamiliar human beings attaches itself to their hair or their beards. But there must have been a time when the second species discovered that the face was the vulnerable part, and the discovery was the outcome of the action of brain.

Saw His Finish.

"Oh, oh," exclaimed Mrs. Naggs, "I've bitten off the end of my tongue!"

"Well, I certainly feel sorry for myself," rejoined the heartless Naggs. "Hereafter there will be no end to your tongue."

THE GRIP AGAIN.

THIS DANGEROUS EPIDEMIC HAS MADE ANOTHER APPEARANCE.

A Suggestion as to How to Guard Against the Trouble and its Pernicious After Effects.

Every winter influenza, or as it is more generally known, the grip, makes its appearance in Canada. Every few years it spreads and assumes alarming proportions. From all appearances this is one of the years in which it will seize upon a great number of victims, for every day new cases are reported. As in scarlet and typhoid fever, the after effects of grip are often worse than the disease itself. The sufferer is left with a debilitated system, short of breath upon the slightest exertion, subject to headache and heart palpitation, affected by every change in the weather, and in a physical condition to invite the attack of more serious diseases, such as pneumonia and consumption.

A timely suggestion as to how to enable the system to resist the inroads and its after effects, is given by Mrs. Emma Doucett, St. Evalalie, Que., who says:—"I had an attack of the grip which left me a sufferer from headache, pains in the stomach and general weakness. I used several medicines but found nothing to help me until I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I began to take these pills I was very much run down and very weak, but they soon began to help me, and after using them a few weeks I was not only as well as ever but had gained in flesh as well. I can hardly tell you how pleased I am with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for I was feeling very hopeless when I began their use."

These pills cure by making new, rich, red blood, thus strengthening every part of the body and enabling it to throw off disease. You can always avoid imitations by seeing that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post-paid at 50 cents a box or six for $2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Don't think that because a man's word is as good as his bond, that his bond is worth anything.

It is easy to put on a bold front if you have good backing.

SIGNALS OF DANGER—Have you lost your appetite? Have you a coated tongue? Have you an unpleasant taste in the mouth? Does your head ache and is out of order and you need medicine, have you dizziness? If so, your stomach is out of order and you need medicine. But you do not like medicine. He that prefers sickness to medicine must suffer, but under the circumstances the wise man would procure a box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills and speedily set himself in health and strive to keep so.

Some people would be improved if they had the holiday heart all the year round.

AN END TO BILIOUS HEADACHE.—Biliousness, which is caused by excessive bile in the stomach, has a marked effect upon the nerves, and often manifests itself by severe headache. This is the most distressing headache one can have. There are headaches from cold, from fever, and from other causes, but the most excruciating of all is the bilious headache. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will cure it—cure it almost immediately. It will disappear as soon as the Pills operate. There is nothing surer in the treatment of bilious headache.

Geologists speak of that fraction of the rainfall which reaches the sea through streams as the "run-off." The run-off in Connecticut is half the rainfall, while in the Mississippi basin it is but one-fourth.

Sunlight Soap will not injure your blankets or harden them. It will make them soft, white and fleecy. 13

Good Pills

Ayer's Pills are good liver pills. You know that. The best family laxative you can buy. They keep the bowels regular, cure constipation. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE**

P. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

PAGE FENCES Wear Best

It is the fence that has stood the test of time—stands the heaviest strain—never sags—the standard the world over. Order through our local agent or direct from us. 201

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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS
Issued Every Tuesday.
W. B. ANDERSON, - - - EDITOR

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

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

TUESDAY, APRIL 12 1904

Telegraphic News

On board steamer Haimun, off Port Arthur. April 6th, by De Forrest wireless telegraph to Wei Hai Wei:—I have been cruising in the immediate vicinity of Port Arthur for 50 hours. The situation here is a most remarkable one and but for the searchlights on Golden Hill which illuminates the waters brightly, it might be thought that all the world was at peace. There is absolutely no evidence of hostilities and we have not seen a single craft of any description belonging to either belligerents. Although we have been at sea since Saturday we have failed to locate, even a scout ship which is very unusual at Port Arthur. Another singular feature is the absence of the large flotilla of Chinese junks which have always been seen going northwest usually laden with provisions for Port Arthur. None of these have been seen for 2 days.

Tokio, 6th—It is announced at the War Office that 20,000 Japs have arrived at Chang Seng on the south bank of the Yalu. The forward movement was slightly opposed by a force of Cossacks but the latter confined their operations to long range rifle firing which for the most part was ineffective.

Brussels, 6th—The following despatch has been received:—King Edward has taken precautionary steps to ascertain if Russia would be disposed to accept an offer of mediation. The Czar is declared to have assured the King that if such an offer were properly made it would readily be accepted by Russia. With Russian acquiescence thus secured, it is difficult to see how Japan can decline the proposal when it emanates from her powerful ally. Optimists here believe that the slow march of event in the Far East is due to the fact that these notifications have actually begun.

Seoul, 6th—It is reported that the Japanese have killed 2 Tonghak bandits. The province of Chulta, in southern Korea, where the Tonghaks precipitated the Chino-Japanese war, is being overrun with them. A returning missionary reports that 45 Tonghaks have been hanged at Hong Ju, capital of the Province of Hung Pung. The British military attache has returned here from Ping Yang.

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A LOST WIFE

A NOVEL.

BY MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON,

Author of "Worth Winning," Etc.

The boat was pushed off, and I was safe! Only half recovered from my bewilderment, I listened to Mark's hurried explanations.

"Did you understand what it was? No? Ah, what a brute you must have thought me! I found the rocks on which she had been bumping had driven through the bottom of the boat; she leaked awfully. I shoved my waistcoat into the hole, but it was not safe; with two of us she must have sunk. I did not know what to do at first; it seemed horrible to leave you, but it was the only thing to do. I rowed for my life, but every five or ten minutes I had to stop and bale the water out with my hat. You knew I should come back for you, didn't you? How brave you have been!"

"I could not help myself!" I muttered; but no honeyed compliment ever sounded in my ears with half such sweet flattery.

We were being rowed rapidly out of the bay, meanwhile; the two boatmen, whom Mark had brought with him rowed us, and we sat together in the stern of the boat.

He had brought a warm, thick shawl with him, and was now wrapping it round me.

"I have nothing to fasten it with, and it will blow off your shoulders—do you mind my holding it?"

I don't answer, and presumably silence gives consent, for he keeps his arm sound me, and somehow it happens that being very tired I rest against his shoulder.

"Poor little hands, how cold they are!" he says, and lays his over them. They are cold, and his are warm, and I do not withdraw mine.

After that we neither of us spoke for a long time.

Oh, divinest, happiest, blessedest night! It blows and it drizzles; the sea is rough, and it is bitterly cold; the boat is the crankiest, most uncomfortable of her species, yet never moonlight moments in velvet-cushioned gondola, under warm Italian skies, all fragrant with heavy scented orange and citron flowers, was half so intoxicating as that boisterous hour upon the storm crisped waters of the Devonshire coast.

I am wildly, insanely, supremely happy! No more thought of George Curtis enters into my head than if that good and worthy old gentleman had never been born.

I am alone in the night with Mark Thistleby—for the boatmen don't count, it is so dark we cannot see their faces—and I love him; if I did not acknowledge it then, I have known it well enough since. This man, whom yesterday I did not know, is to-day the best and dearest among men to me.

It is foolish, unmaidenly, wicked if you will, but to-morrow will be time enough to fight against my folly; to-morrow I will crush it out of my heart; to-morrow I shall go away, and neither see him, nor think of him more; but for this one evening I will let myself go down the current of those "enchanted waters"—for to-night I will be happy.

Despite the cold wind, the blood is coursing rapidly through my veins, and my heart is beating wildly. I glance timidly up at my companion. Has he any thought of me, I wonder? Oh, no—what a foolish fancy! His face is turned away from me, and I can just see its dark outline against the gray sky behind. He is not thinking of me, his thoughts are evidently far away.

Upon seeing this I grow bold, and, favored by the darkness, take a prolonged stare at him. It is ill-bred to stare, I believe; at least, I was always told so as a child. I am inclined to think that it is even worse. I am inclined to look upon it in the light of a sin; for are we not positively told whatever sin we do to be very sure that sin will find us out? With the perversity to which frail humanity is prone, whenever I see anything or anybody pleasant to look upon, I do look; and as invariably, with the remorseless retribution that is supposed to attend that and all other bad actions, I am found out.

In the present instance, I sin, and I suffer for it. I stare, and I am caught at it. But there the simile ends. My punishment, it is true, follows immediately, but the punishment is even pleasanter than the offence.

Mark Thistleby draws his arm a little bit closer round me, and me with it a little bit closer to his side. I submit to my penalty with a resignation beautiful to behold.

Ah! sweet witching hour of bliss, why did you not last forever? But alas! it is well-nigh over; the lights of the little town of Sencliff have already come in sight, and every moment brings us nearer to them.

"How quickly these fools have brought us!" muttered Mark, discontentedly.

And then suddenly, when we are but a couple of hundred yards from the shore, he bends his head down close to mine and looks into my face. It is so dark that I can hardly distinguish his features, and yet I seem to feel the light that is in his eyes and the thrill of passion in his voice.

"For once only?" he whispers; and before I know what it is he has asked of me, he has touched my cheek with his lips.

In another second the keel of the boat has grated upon the shingle among a crowd of men and women that is assembled to greet us. There are confused shouts, and questions, and answers, amidst which Captain Thistleby assists me out of the boat, and, very stiff and cold, I begin scrambling up the beach towards the garden steps.

The boat had been landed just opposite our house, and as we reached the steps, Bella came running out of the brightly-lit room into the darkness to meet us, with mingled exclamations of dismay and delight.

"My darling child, I have been so frightened about you—thank Heaven you are back safe! When I came home an hour ago, I found nobody in, only a message sent up to the house by Mark when he came back for the boat. I was so upset to think of you having been left in such awful danger for so long. My poor pet, how cold and shivering you are!"

"Yes, Bella, she is cold and tired, and must be half starved; take her in and look after her, and don't make her talk till she is better."

Saying which Captain Thistleby stalks off and leaves me to Bella's care.

What a fuss they made over me, that evening; and how nice it was; after dinner, to be installed in a big arm-chair by a bright fire, with two people making much of me, as if I had done something very wonderful.

Bella was never tired of asking questions. The whole story was told over and over again to her, and every recital brought forth fresh expressions of affection and pity, and fresh admiration for me, the unwilling heroine.

As to Mark, the respectful tenderness with which he arranged the cushions at my back and the footstool under my feet, and brought me my cup of tea, made me feel terribly shy and conscious, and I blushed in a guilty manner every time that I met his eye. Needless to say there were some details of our homeward voyage in the boat which we did not think necessary to impart to our sympathizing Bella.

I could not get the recollection of that swift stolen kiss out of my mind. I tried hard to be angry, to look upon it as an unpardonable liberty, as a deliberate insult, which every well-brought-up young woman ought to resent; but these fine, virtuous sensations refused to be conjured up at my bidding. I could only feel foolishly happy.

"Thank Heaven I shall be gone to-morrow!" I kept on saying to myself, as I furtively watched Mark's tall, graceful figure standing opposite me, leaning against the mantel-piece; and then I could not help smiling to think how utterly my thoughts had changed since last night, when he had seemed to me to be such an odiously disagreeable man.

Could it be only one day that I had known him? and was it possible that I had *in so short a time* actually lost my heart to this man? No; I could not believe it. True, one day, spent as ours had been, entirely together, and ended by so romantic an adventure, goes often further towards making people know each other, than whole months of ordinary humdrum acquaintance; but then, was I not engaged to George Curtis, and so reasonably supposed to be fenced about and protected from the charms of all other men, "charm they never so wisely?" And what a direful, miserable plight I should be in, were I, in this unwomanly and reprehensible manner, to have allowed my heart to go out unsought to this man, so lately an utter stranger to me!

My heart?—perish the thought!—my heart is safe, if not in George Curtis' keeping, at all events in my own. And as to Captain Thistleby, has he not proved himself to be exactly what I predicted of him when I had described him to myself as one of that race of men to whom long moustaches and indiscriminate love-making seem to belong as a prescriptive right? The only unintelligible thing to me is that instead of feeling angry and indignant at the love-making, I have enjoyed it, loved it, gloated over it beyond all things.

Decidedly I must be a very depraved young woman, and original sin must be strongly developed in me!

From the spinster's point of view the men who never marry are all cowards.

CHAPTER V.

Bed-time came, and with it the end of what I can honestly say was still, with all its terrors, the very happiest day of my life.

Bella and her brother-in-law wished me good-night at my bedroom door. Bella, with the rapturous embraces which always accompany my demonstrative little friend's expressions of affections, and Captain Thistleby, who had carried up our flat candlesticks for us, with well-bred indifference, merely remarking, as he handed me mine, that he hoped I should sleep well, and have quite recovered the fatigues of the day by to-morrow morning. And then my room door was shut, and they passed on together to their respective rooms beyond.

Bella, who was the very beau-ideal of a thoughtful hostess, had had a fire lit in my room, and, although it was August, the long chill exposure to the winds and waves I had experienced made it a very grateful sight.

Her maid had packed my solitary box, and it stood there already strapped and labelled, to remind me unpleasantly of my coming departure, whilst an open traveling bag, half filled, threw a still further air of dismantled desolation over my cosy bedroom.

Partly the sight of these tokens of my approaching journey, and partly, perhaps, the reaction after the afternoon's excitement, made me feel thoroughly depressed and low-spirited. I leant my elbows on the mantel-piece and stared into the red-hot fire. I felt disappointed—I hardly knew why, and vexed with myself for being so. That cold, indifferent "Good-night," and the civil platitudes about my health, seemed such a descent into the commonplace prose of daily life.

I felt unreasonably irritated. I do not know what else I had expected; nothing else, surely, and yet I was disappointed.

All at once I was roused by a low tap at my door, and a voice outside spoke my name almost in a whisper:

"Miss Clifford."

"Yes."

"Can you speak to me for one minute?"

I have already given it to be understood that I am a very badly brought-up young woman. From my earliest infancy I have been accustomed to follow the primary instincts of my nature, leaving all the proprieties and conventionalities to take care of themselves. I know not whether I may not have, on that occasion, transgressed every known rule of feminine decorum; but certain it is that, with scarcely a moment's hesitation—which moment, be it known, was not taken up in any wavering debates with my conscience, but simply in rapidly smoothing my rumpled locks at the glass over the mantel-piece—I opened the door.

Mark Thistleby stood outside, and I leant against the door-post to speak to him.

Since our formal "good-night," some five or ten minutes ago, he had changed his evening-dress for a loose smoking suit, and I suppose he was on his way downstairs to discuss his nocturnal pipe.

The smoking suit was of dark blue satin, with gold braided collar, and its magnificence completely overwhelmed me. He looked splendidly handsome in it.

I cast one swift glance up at him, and then, finding myself utterly unequal to meeting his eyes, I hung my head shamefacedly.

"Well?"

"I could not say good-night to you without asking you to forgive me, Miss Clifford."

"What for?" blushing furiously.

"You know very well what *for*. I could not help it. I am very sorry—no, I don't mean that either, for I am not sorry at all; but I would not offend you for anything. I am the last man in the world that had any business to do such a thing; but the temptation was very strong, and men never do resist temptation of that sort, you know, if it is strong enough. You are not angry, are you?"

He spoke rapidly, and with a certain amount of agitation in his voice, which his half-jesting words could scarcely conceal.

I glanced up at him, and his eyes were fixed upon my face with a wistful, pleading look in their depths which I could not quite understand.

There is a strong element of the coquette about me. It is given to some women, I believe as a safeguard against man, their natural enemy.

I saw something in his face which made me tremble for his next words. At all risks, I must avert it.

I answered him lightly, with a little toss of the head.

"Yes; of course I am angry; but not half so angry as I ought to be with you."

It was, I suppose, like a wholesome cold water douche. The tender look was gone out of his eyes in a second, and I could see that I had sunk myself a very little in his good opinion.

"Very well; then it is to be peace, I presume, Miss Clifford, until the next time of asking, eh?" he answered, in the most "chaffy" tone.

The dancer was over; but was I any the happier?

"Good-night," I said, turning away, listlessly, and gave him my hand.

He held it between both his own.

"By-the-way, you need be under no apprehension concerning next time," he began, lightly; and then after a pause of a second, with a sudden roughness, he added: "For I have sworn never to see you again!"

He dropped my hand, and before I could answer him was gone.

As far as the next morning was concerned, Captain Thistleby kept his oath. I saw him no more.

Breakfast, in consideration of my departure, was half an hour earlier than usual, and Bella was my only companion.

A message sent up by the footman to Captain Thistleby's room, to the effect that coffee and kidneys were getting cold, only elicited in reply:

"The Captain's love, ma'am, and you was please not to wait for him. He is very sorry as 'ow he 'as overslep' himself this morning."

"What a shame of Mark not to be down," remarked Bella, looking rather annoyed. "But he is sure to be ready in time to say good-bye to you, Freda. Another egg, darling? Do, you have such a long journey before you."

Breakfast was spun out as long as possible, and the fly, all ready, with my box on the top of it, waited at the door till the very last moment.

We neither of us said so, but Bella's motives were transparent, and I was weak enough to fall silently into her tactics. But it was all of no use. Mark Thistleby's chamber remained hermatically sealed, although I believe that Bella, under pretence of fetching something from her own room, actually ran upstairs, and hammered at his door to hurry him.

To this manoeuvre I was prudently deaf and blind. It was humiliating, and it produced no results whatever.

Bella's pretty baby face looked positively ill-tempered as she came downstairs again after this unsuccessful attempt.

"Bella, dear, I must be off."

"Yes, darling, I suppose you must;" and as she kissed me, she whispered: "What message shall I give him?"

"Who?—Captain Thistleby?" I answered aloud, with uncompromising frigidity. "Oh! you can wish him good-bye for me; and say I am glad he has slept so soundly, and I hope his next boating expedition will be pleasanter than his last."

And with my proudest and most unbending aspect, I gave Mrs. Thistleby a final embrace, and stepped into my vehicle—the old rickety fly from the "Bull Inn"—and was driven off to the station.

Late that afternoon I was home again; back to my poor old father, with his thin, wan face, and his shabby, threadbare coat, and back, also, to my lover, who had come over to Slopperton to welcome me home, and who stood smiling benignantly at me over papa's shoulder as I was driven up to the door.

George Curtis was a very different-looking man to my father; although, in reality, very nearly the same age, he looked much the younger man of the two. Prosperity and good living had, I suppose, made the difference, and the years which had turned the one into a shambling careworn, gaunt, old man, left the other stout, genial and middle-aged.

My lover had a round, red face, and pale blue eyes, smooth, well-brushed gray hair, and compact little gray whiskers. He wore gold-rimmed spectacles, and was very particular about his clothes. He had a kind, pleasant face, and was as true-hearted a gentleman as ever breathed.

"Delighted to see you back, my dear," he said cheerily, bestowing a sort of peck upon my forehead by way of embrace.

"Come in," said my father, "and tell us how you have enjoyed yourself."

And then we all went into the library at the back of the house, where the two old gentlemen speedily forgot my existence, and returned to their studies together over a rare and ancient folio, which my arrival had for a few moments interrupted.

The library was the only pleasant and cosy place in our little cottage. Every other room in the house was poverty-stricken and dilapidated. The library walls were lined with books—books all arrayed in solid sombre calf; great dusty tomes, whose very names had become extinct with age; they were worn with constant use, and their margins were gray with pencil notes. They had that peculiar fusty smell which hangs about books that have been printed a century ago, and which to this day is always connected in my mind with learning and scholarship, and my father.

Besides the books there was very little other furniture in the room—only a large dingy walnut writing-bureau, a couple of deep-seated, faded leather chairs, and my own little basket-chair and work table.

The windows looked to the back of the house; a narrow strip of ill-kept garden, a low moss-covered wall, an orchard filled with gnarled old apple-trees, and beyond it miles of pleasant, sunny fields and hedgerows, stretching away to the south, till they melted in the blue distance into a low range of chalk hills.

In this room it was that my father and Mr. Curtis held almost daily discussions over their dusty folios, while I sat by and listened. They were, I think, writing a book together—a sort of dictionary to all the other books upon scientific subjects which had ever been written. And every day either Mr. Curtis came over from Eddington to Slopperton or else my father trudged over to Eddington. It was two miles off; and to those two miles, dusty in hot weather, unsheltered in rainy weather, bitterly cold in snowy or windy weather, might be traced the main cause of my engagement to George Curtis. It came about in this wise:

The two compilers were growing old, the two miles were becoming daily a greater tax upon the strength of each. My father felt it most in the cold weather—Mr. Curtis in the hot.

One day they laid their heads together, and the result of their cogitations was thus made known to me by papa, the same evening, as we sat cosily together after dinner.

"Freda, my love, my good friend, George Curtis, has charged me with a message for you."

"For me, papa? Why he was only here this afternoon."

"Yes, dear, and he spoke to me this afternoon about it."

"You are very mysterious, papa! What is this wonderful message?"

"George Curtis proposes to do you a great honor, my dear—a very great honor."

"He is very kind."

"He wishes to make you his wife."

"His wife? Me! Papa, you must be dreaming!"

"Not at all, my love; there is nothing so very extraordinary about it. It is true there is a great disparity of years—but that is all the more complimentary to you; for it is a very great compliment from a man of his learning and intellect—though he is not quite sound always in his deductions, not quite sound, too much dash perhaps; but still, as I was saying, that a man of his learning should want to marry a girl like you, ought to flatter you very much."

"Oh! papa, it is impossible—quite."

"Well, my love, I would never force your inclinations; but don't decide in a hurry—always weigh a matter of importance well in your mind—you need give no answer at all just yet; but I should just like to place the pros and cons fairly before you."

"Oh! papa, he does not care for me one bit."

"There, Freda, you are quite wrong. He tells me he thinks you one of the sweetest-mannered young women he has ever met; and he admires you personally very much. You have your poor mother's beauty, you know, my dear; and he thinks very highly of it. The advantages are not wholly on your side, as I told him; he quite agreed—quite. But then George Curtis always was the most generous-minded man—pity he is so unsound in argument! However, that doesn't matter to a wife; because a woman can never argue; it isn't in her, and she had better let it alone. Well, Freda, as I was saying, my old friend is most favorably impressed by you. He tells me he wishes to marry: a man of his wealth and property, you know, is in some sort obliged to marry—for the sake of—ahem!—a posterity; and he will be a most kind and indulgent husband."

"But, papa——!"

"Wait one minute love. I wish to place it before you in a proper light. You see it is very irksome this going backwards and forwards, and if you will marry him he wishes me to live at Eddington with you, and there I should have no household cares nor expenses. Your future would be provided for—with nothing on my mind I could give my attention much more entirely to my studies. I could accept from my son-in-law what I could hardly do from my friends; besides I should not feel under any undue obligation to him, because it is all in the interests of the dictionary we are compiling."

"In fact, I am to be sacrificed to the dictionary!" I exclaimed, bitterly.

"I don't know what you call 'sacrificed,' Freda; you are talking like an ungrateful girl. You would be the honored wife of a very wealthy man, whose only wish would be to gratify your every whim; you would have the sole management of his house, and be able to entertain as much as you wished; he told me so to-day, he wants a wife to dispense the hospitalities which are expected by the neighborhood from Eddington. You would have everything that the heart of a woman can desire, and a good kind husband into the bargain; and moreover you would rid me forever of these grinding, worrying bills and duns, and perpetual struggles and money troubles which are wearing me to death, and which cramp the healthy action of my brain. I don't want to force you into anything repugnant to you, my dear, but I confess that were you to agree to this plan of our kind friend's, you would materially brighten the closing years of my life."

His last arguments had more power to move me than any other. I answered humbly that I would think of it.

She who hesitates is lost. The following day, stipulating only that I was not to be unduly hurried into matrimony, I laid down my arms and surrendered at discretion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Beds Not Popular.

Beds are not popular in Venezuela. Nine persons out of ten sleep in hammocks.

His Idea of It.

"What do you think is the trouble with the flying machine?"

"Inventors aren't sufficiently practical," answered Mr. Dustin Star as he twirled his massive watch chain. "They insist on trying to float their machines in the air instead of the stock market."—Washington Star.

DICK'S PROMOTER

By BELLE MANIATES

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

Cynthia sat before the flickering firelight in the library after Dick had gone, gazing ruefully at the ringless third finger of her left hand, which might have been diamond bedecked if she only could have—but, no, she couldn't. She liked Dick. He was generous, good looking and danced so well. If he were only not so tame! She had known, of course, that ultimately his attentions would culminate in a proposal, but she didn't think it would come so prematurely.

It was so like Dick to call at such an absurdly early hour and blurt it right out without any preface and then to leave immediately without replying to her kind little offer of friendship. Dick had no finesse. Still, she wasn't sure that she liked a man with too much—like her Uncle Henry, for instance.

As if in obedience to her thoughts there entered the room at this moment her uncle, Henry Ormsby, a bachelor clubman of some thirty and odd years.

"What, Cynthia! And no Dick?"

"Dick has come and gone."

"Dick usually comes and stays."

"I know it," she sighed; "but, you see, he came once too often."

"And that is why he did not stay?"

"Yes, and it's just as well. Dicks are sometimes tiresome."

"Not this Dick. He's quite a favorite with your sex."

"Dick is?" she asked, with elevated brows. "Oh, the girls like him because he is agreeable, but none of them is very enthusiastic over him!"

"That," replied her uncle, "is because they are used to him and have grown up in the same town with him. Then you know this is such an old fashioned place — all paired off in steadies. Dick has been yours for so long that, none of your girl friends would think of showing or receiving attention from him; but let Dick be a new man in a new place and he would be-the-lion-of-the-town."

"He's such a stay at home; he'll never go anywhere," said Cynthia petulantly.

"I think he'll have to go soon, because the junior partner of the firm

HER HEART FLUTTERED AT THE SIGHT OF A NOTE IN DICK'S CHIROGRAPHY.

Dick is connected with is quite a friend of mine, and he told me only this evening that Dick was a very promising young business fellow, and he seriously contemplated sending him out on an important deal for the firm."

Thereupon Uncle Henry took his departure, leaving his young niece to her meditations.

The next morning her heart fluttered for the first time at the sight of a note in Dick's chirography. She read:

Dear Cynthia—I find I have to leave very unexpectedly for Denver on a business trip. Please accept my apologies for my hasty speech and departure last night. I fear I am not a good loser. Believe me always, as you wished, your friend,

DICK.

Again were Cynthia's feelings mingled and conflicting. He had followed her wishes and become her friend, but the note was most unsatisfactory. He had given her no Denver address nor any idea of the length of his absence. However, possibly she might be able to draw that information from her uncle without his suspecting.

She telephoned him the following day and asked him to call that evening.

He complied with her request as to the call, but seemed in an uncommunicative mood.

"By the way," she finally said, "I had a note from Dick. He was just off for Denver."

"Yes; we will all miss him at the club."

"I suppose he will not be away long. I think he mentioned the date of his return, but I don't recall it."

"Why, did he?" exclaimed her uncle in surprise. "Courtney told me his length of absence was very uncertain. I gave Dick a letter to the Darnleys, friends of mine. Ellen Darnley is quite a society leader. I wrote her personally."

Uncle Henry proceeded to expatiate on Ellen Darnley's charms until Cynthia decided mentally that all men were bores. As he was leaving he volunteered the information that Ellen Darnley was to be married in a couple of weeks. Then, seeing the little leap of relief in Cynthia's countenance, he offset it by the remark that there would be "heaps of doings" and Dick would be strictly in it.

In two or three days Cynthia received a Denver paper addressed to her in Dick's handwriting. Under society notes she read of a dinner dance. Dick's name was among the list of guests. He had transgressed the United States postal rules by writing his address on the margin of the paper.

In a day or two her uncle dropped in.

"I had a letter from Dick today," he announced. "He was very modest and only said how kind my friends were in introducing and entertaining him. But I received a letter from Ellen Darnley lauding him to the skies and saying that had she been heart whole and fancy free she didn't know what might have happened."

He left Cynthia a prey to jealousy, remorse and regret. She wrote Dick that night telling him how glad she was to hear he was having so gay a time and how he must dread the thought of a return home.

His reply was friendly and gave details of the good times he was having. "Tomorrow night," he concluded, "is Miss Darnley's wedding, at which I officiate as one of the ushers. The bridesmaid whom I am to fall in line with after the ceremony has eyes like that picture of Evangeline you are so fond of. I wish you could see her."

Cynthia threw the letter in the fire.

The next time Henry Ormsby called he brought a paper from his pocket.

"I want to read you about Ellen's wedding," he said. "Dick is given special mention as a cultured young man from the east."

"I am sick of the sound of Ellen Darnley's name, and Dick's, too!" cried Cynthia, forgetting Uncle Henry's shrewdness.

"I know," he said sympathetically, "it is a bore to hear of people you have never met." And he discreetly turned the conversation into other channels.

Two days later Dick was shown into the library where Cynthia was sitting before the fire as he had seen her last. Her cheeks flushed at his sudden appearance.

"Why," she exclaimed, "did you expect to return so soon?"

"No," he replied. "They telegraphed me last night."

He forebore to say to whom "they" referred, but Cynthia naturally inferred that it was the firm. Later that evening Dick met Uncle Henry at the club.

"Say, Ormsby," he said joyously, "it's all right."

"Why, my dear boy, when you are as old as I you will know that nothing succeeds like success. I told you I'd fix it."

"You got Courtney to send me to Denver."

"And the letters and Ellen Darnley's wedding did the rest. I saw the fruit was ripe, and I telegraphed you to come and pluck it."

An Effective Prescription.

Uncle Rastus had never enjoyed a medical education or spent much time in the study of diseases or remedies. Nevertheless he was often consulted by the neighborhood in times of stress.

"I cert'nly don' know what I'm gwine to do 'bout dese staggering headaches my wife has," said Mr. Orlando Clay Jefferson gloomily to Uncle Rastus in the seclusion of the tiny room known as "the doctoring parlor." "Dey keep increasing an' magnifying as time goes along. Seems as if I couldn't gib her a good preachment 'bout de food or de house or any ob her neglects widout her getting one ob dose staggering aches in her head. None ob my fust two wives had such works."

Uncle Rastus bent a keen glance from under his bushy eyebrows at the cross old face before him, but he offered no suggestion.

"Hain't you got some kind ob pills dat'll stop dose staggering headaches dat keep her from de cook stove?" demanded Mr. Jefferson impatiently.

"No, sah," said Uncle Rastus impressively; "dere's no such pills in de market. But de bes' way to stop her staggering headaches would be to fasten down your mouf wid a big, wide piece ob sticking plaster, Mist' Jefferson. I'm puppared to put it on, sah."

Famous Blind Man.

The name of John Metcalfe of Knaresborough, England, engineer and roadmaker, is in these feverish times in danger of lapsing into undeserved oblivion. John Metcalfe was blind from the age of six years until he died. Yet as a boy and man he invariably displayed a high spirited courage. He was a true sportsman, a fine swimmer and a hard rider to hounds. It was his solitary walk from London to Harrogate by a way unknown to him that first turned his attention to roadmaking. The roads in those days were very bad. He obtained authority from parliament to improve this state of things when he was fifty years old. In Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cheshire and Derbyshire most of the principal roads were made by him. He built bridges and leveled rough places. Some of the plans were made for him by others, but usually he designed them himself, and he did his own surveying. He climbed mountains, trudged along on the edges of precipices, he crossed swamps and morasses, waded through bogs and forded rivers, relying wholly and solely on the long staff that was forever in his hand. He died in harness, full of years and laden with many honors, at the great age of ninety-three.—London Exchange.

Drink and a Man.

This little verse, founded on a Japanese proverb, has been culled from the works of an Englishwoman of busy pen:

At the punch bowl's brink
Let us pause and think
What they say in Japan:
First the man takes a drink;
Then the drink takes a drink;
Then the drink takes the man!

A Protest From Dickens' Son.

We have received, says The London Daily Chronicle, a letter written by Mr. Alfred Tennyson Dickens, who has lived in Melbourne for many years. As the eldest surviving son of Charles Dickens he strongly protests against a paragraph copied into the Commonwealth papers from some London source alleging that "Dickens, who never liked Thackeray, told a friend he could see nothing to admire in one of Thackeray's novels that was being serially published at the time." Mr. A. T. Dickens, "with every possible confidence," gives this statement a most emphatic contradiction. He recalls the fact that his father was the chief mourner at Thackeray's funeral in Kensal Green, and also wrote a biographical sketch of Thackeray in The Cornhill of January, 1864, which "did full justice to the genius and merits of the author of 'Vanity Fair' and 'Pendennis.'" Mr. Dickens adds that many a time he has heard his father speak in the most glowing terms of Thackeray's wonderful versatility. "More than this, I can truthfully say that I never heard him make use of any unkind or indiscreet expression in regard to any author or authoress of his time."

The Ruthless Iconoclast.

Lady Godiva is the latest favorite of history to be relegated to the realm of mythology. In her new book on the earls of Warwick Lady Warwick says that while Lady Godiva undoubtedly existed, appearing in the "Doomsday Book" as Godeva, it is impossible that she should ever have taken her famous ride through Coventry, for her husband, Earl Leofric, was of blessed memory and worthy of all praise, instead of being an oppressor of his people, who required to be propitiated by the sacrifice that has been attributed to Godiva.

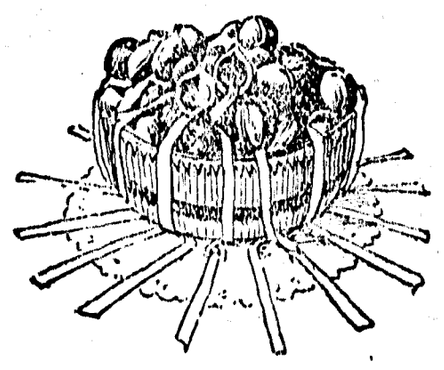
Plain Candies.

Taffy.—Two cupfuls of molasses, one cupful of brown sugar, butter the size of an egg, one tablespoonful of vinegar and, to be added last, a pinch of soda. Put all together in a kettle and boil twenty minutes. Cool in shallow tins and pull.

Popcorn Balls.—In a large kettle make a sirup with a cupful of sugar, a tablespoonful of butter and three tablespoonfuls of water. Boil till the sirup threads, then pour in three quarts of popped corn and stir quickly till well mixed in. Take from the fire, stir a little while and when cooled enough shape into balls.

For the New Year's Dessert.

Split some large, well shaped English walnuts, remove the kernels and in place of them put some small trinkets of value or not, glue narrow rib-



SURPRISE NUTS.

bon to one end, fastening the two halves together with same. Heap in a bowl with other nuts, one gift nut being for each guest, says the Delineator.

Satisfactory Portieres.

Double faced velours portieres may be obtained in lovely soft colorings that will harmonize with almost any garments—old rose on one side and green on the other or cream color and green or old rose and ecru. These are very satisfactory to those with limited purses, as one pair does duty for two, says Art Interchange.

An Explanation.

Schoolmistress—Johnnie, who was it that prompted you then? I heard some one whisper that date to you.

Johnnie—Please, ma'am, I expect it was history repeatin' itself again.

HIGHLAND LEGENDS

WHERE WITCHES AND FAIRIES ONCE HELD HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS.

Fascinating Chapter in the History of the Highlands of Scotland—A Tailor's Cunning Device—Little Girl Surprised Her Father by Sinking Ships With a Glance—A Shepherd's Experiment—A Popular Legend.

One of the most fascinating chapters in the history of the Highlands of Scotland is that which treats of witchcraft and second sight. The Highlands were the happy hunting grounds of witches and fairies, who differed in many respects from their unsavory sisters of the plains. There was little of the repulsive about them, save, perhaps, in the physical sense, for they were usually poor old women to whom nature had been unkind; "De'il hae me, but the Lord was fair beside himsel' gin he gi'ed the poo'er o' evil intil the hands of sic an ill-faured (ill-favored) besom!" was frequently the contemptuous remark of the scoffer. They had no midnight meetings or dances with the devil, "dead men's fingers" were excluded from their stock-in-trade, and it is doubtful if there was even a broomstick in the possession of all the unholy sisterhood. They were mostly blackmailers.

Witches' Remarkable Powers.

Just as the Highland caterans levied toll on the Sassenach cattle-owners for the immunity of their stock, so, in most cases, the local witch demanded, and was generally paid, a fixed sum annually, in consideration of which she agreed to refrain from exerting her evil powers on her clients' cattle beasts. Supernatural gifts had only to be claimed to be acknowledged, and many of the unhappy women believed in their professed power. Their emoluments were not large, and some idea of the strenuous competition that latterly prevailed in the profession may be gathered from the fact that a pound of tobacco could accomplish great things in the way of healing disease in a man or beast. Many remarkable powers were ascribed to the witches. It was averred and believed that they could take the milk from their neighbor's cattle (generally by milking the iron crook on which the kettle was hung), and they could bring the herrings to the coast, and so insure the success of their fishermen clients, and, that they could raise storms and sink ships, drowning those who had given them offence. In fact, there was little the witch could not do when she had a mind. As Burns says in "Tam o' Shanter:"

"For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perished mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the countryside in fear."

They had a pretty way, too, of flying through the air with incredible swiftness to London or Dublin, where they took possession of wine cellars and drank wine till morning. Curiously enough, they never thought of flying across the Irish Sea so long as they could sail across in an eggshell or a sieve. Then for a purely nominal charge they could waste an enemy with disease by the simple process of melting a waxen image over the fire, and, when the spirit moved them, they were wont to turn themselves into seagulls, cats, hares, mice, black sheep, rats, ravens, whales, and occasionally, foaming breakers. (It was sometimes in the disguise of a hare that they deprived cows of their milk).

Tailor Too Sharp.

To this day tales of the uncanny doings of the witches are told with bated breath round the peat fires of many a lone Highland croft, and one or two of these may be worth retelling. One night a Lewis tailor discovered the meeting place of a number of witches, among whom he recognized his own wife. They disappeared in creels, and returned in the morning, each with her creel full of herrings. The tailor impressed on his wife the advantages of co-operation, and his arguments being considered good he was allowed to accompany the band on their next expedition. Twenty of the witches set out to sea in a creel, and the tailor's wife was detailed to remain on shore, and pay out a long line of worsted attached to the witches' peculiar craft. The tailor, however, prevailed on his wife to hand over her duties to him and join her companions; and when the wily man had paid out what he deemed a sufficiency of line he cut it, and the witches were all drowned. On the death of his wife, the tailor occasionally dabbled in the black art. He had observed an old woman step into a creel, utter an incantation, and disappear through the roof that formed the chimney, returning later with a basketful of herrings. In endeavoring to emulate this feat the tailor unfortunately forgot part of the incantation, and consequently, instead of skipping lightly up the chimney he came bump with his head against the rafters. "Where in the name of God are you taking me?" cried he, when on the mention of the Deity the creel dropped to the floor with such violence that the tailor broke both his legs. There is no record that he continued his researches into the unknown.

A shepherd and his little daughter were walking on the hills of Mull, in view of the shipping in the Sound. "Father," said the little girl, "would you like to see me sink all those ships?" "You are surely joking, my girl," said the startled shepherd, "how could you do it?" The girl stooped down and looked through her legs backwards at the vessels, whereupon they all whirled round and sank beneath the waves. The horrified father ascertained that both his wife and daughter were witches, and with the assistance of the neighbors he burned the pair of them.

A Popular Legend.

The following used to be a popular tale in the Western Highlands: A shepherd was sitting at his lonely fireside when a number of cats entered the room, and sitting round the fire proceeded to make themselves comfortable. After a bit one of the cats rushed to the door, and, putting on a black cap, cried, "Hurrah for London!" and disappeared with a whisk of its tail. The others proceeded to follow suit, but ere the last could get off the shepherd seized its cap, and shouting "Hurrah for London!" was in a trice hurtled through the air to that identical city. There he got drunk in a wine cellar, where he was found in the morning by the wine merchant, who hauled him before the Lord Mayor. The unfortunate man was now regretting having left his comfortable home—all the more when the Lord Mayor ordered him to be hung. While awaiting his doom with the rope round his neck on the gallows, he made this last request that he should be allowed to die with the black cap—his mother's last gift to him, so he said—on his head. No sooner had he donned the cap than with "Hurrah for Skye!" shepherd and gallows and all whirled out of sight, and in less than no time he was back in Skye, where he made of the gallows a boat, which is to be seen in Skye to this day! Various districts claim the venturesome shepherd as their own, but for his method of locomotion it is clear that he must have been a Skye man!

Many of the stories of witches are obvious exaggerations of commonplace occurrences. In these enlightened days one would never dream of connecting the unusual antics of a frisky hare or an innocent tom cat with some misadventure of everyday life, but the Highlander of a bygone day was not so blind. A mist over the sea swirled into fantastic shapes by an eddying wind was, without doubt, a witch endeavoring to destroy a ship—indeed, there was little in the heavens above or on the earth beneath that the Highlander could not ascribe to witches. Few people take such notions now, but there are still a few of the "auld bodies" who tell such "auld farrant" tales as are here set down as if they believed in them.—The London Globe.

A BOLD HOAX.

Daring Forgery That Figured in the Famous Tichborne Case.

It is rather a striking fact that the greatest deception of the last century brought about one of the most daring forgeries. While the Tichborne case was dragging its weary length the court was staggered one morning by the receipt of a letter purporting to be written by Sir Algernon West at the direction of Mr. Gladstone, his chief, to Lord Chief Justice Bovill. The letter set forth that the slow progress of the trial was a public scandal and that we could not fail to become a byword to all civilized nations. Mr. Gladstone, the letter ran on, added: "He is aware that you are not in any sense responsible for a state of things which is a blot upon our civil jurisprudence, but he thinks an early expression of your and perhaps his opinion, from the high position you occupy, would tend to remedy a state of things which threatens to result in a virtual denial of justice."

Ballantine used to say of Bovill, "With a little more experience Bovill would be the worst judge of the bench." He believed the letter to be genuine and summoned his brother judges to advise him how to act in such an unprecedented interference with the administration of justice. Luckily one of his junior contemporaries had the wisdom to suggest that the best course was to see if the letter were really genuine before considering the grave constitutional question involved. Thereupon they sent down to Sir Algernon. He flew to Westminster. Of course, the thing was a monstrous forgery, and he was in time to prevent the precipitating of the thunderbolt that would inevitably have left the bench had Bovill not been wisely counseled. The author was never discovered, nor did they ascertain how he managed to get hold of official treasury note paper for the purpose.—St. James Gazette.

The Memory Machine.

Amnesia, or loss of memory, is chiefly interesting to the psychologists as throwing some light on the nature of memory itself. A perfect act of memory consists of three distinct acts—preservation or fixation of certain states of the nerve cells, reproduction of these and, perhaps most remarkable of all, recognition of them as reproductions in their relations. Morbid states of the memory may refer to any of these phases of an act which is as marvelous as anything in nature. There are about 3,000,000,000 nerve cells in the surface of the human brain. They never die in health, and they are never replaced or added to. This is memory's machine.

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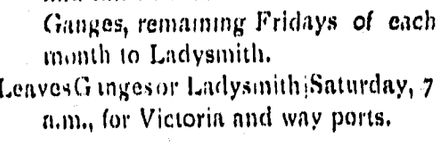

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Leaves Comox Friday, 7 a.m., for Nanaimo and way ports.

Leaves Nanaimo Friday, 2 p.m.; first and third Fridays of each month to Ganges, remaining Fridays of each month to Ladysmith.

Leaves Ganges or Ladysmith Saturday, 7 a.m., for Victoria and way ports.

VANCOUVER-NANAIMO ROUTE
S. S. "JOAN."

Sails from Nanaimo 7 a.m. daily except Sundays.

Sails from Vancouver after arrival of C. P.R. Train No. 1. daily except Sundays, at 1 p.m.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE
JUNE 1st, 1903.
VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2—Daily. A.M.		No. 4—Sunday P.M.
De. 9 00	Victoria	De. 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

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1—Dail A.M.		No. 3—Sunday A.M.
De. 8.00	Wellington	De. 3.00
" 8.20	Nanaimo	" 3.15
10 02	Duncan's	" 5.00
" 10.42	Koenig's	" 5.36
" 11.38	Coldstream	" 6 32
Ar 12.06	Victoria	Ar 7.00

Thousand Mile and Commutation kets on sale, good over rail and steamer lines, at two and one-half cents per mile.

Special trains and steamers for Excursions, and reduced rates for parties may be arranged for on application to the Traffic Manager.

The Company reserves the right to change without previous notice, steamers sailing dates and hours of sailing.

Excursion Tickets on Sale from and to all Stations, good for going Journey Saturday and Sunday, returning not later than Monday.

GEO. L. COURTNEY,
Traffic Manager.

St. Ann's SCHOOL

QUAMICHAN, B. C.

A Boarding School for girls, with department for orphans, pleasantly located a ee miles from Duncans Station. Primary and Preparatory English Course. Competent Instructors for Piano and Needle-work. Cutting and Fitting also taught. Board and Tuition, $9 a month. For particulars, address—

SISTER SUPERIOR,
Tzouhalem P. O.

I. O. F.

COURT DOMINO, 3518, meets the last Monday in the month in the K. of P. Hall.

Visiting Brethren invited.

17m 12t

HUDSON'S BAY CO., AGENTS, VICTORIA, B.C.

The TEA OF TEAS

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

Deer and Sleep.

Deer reverse the apparent order of nature, for they sleep in the daytime and feed at night. How much sleep they do take is a matter of contention even among experienced stalkers. Some say little, others much. On the whole, we are inclined to agree with the former, for it has to be remembered that they chew the cud when lying down. Two most experienced and observant foresters, the one in Argyllshire and the other in Aberdeenshire, thus gave their opinions: "Deer sleep or rest from about 10 or 11 a. m. to 4 p. m." "Deer sleep from noon to 5 p. m."

It is no uncommon occurrence to come on deer asleep. A stalker in the Blackmount had the rare experience of coming upon a parcel of seven stags, all sound asleep. A herd was seen to move in Glenfeshie, but one stag remained behind, lying motionless. On a careful approach he was found to be asleep. Perhaps, however, the oddest occurrence of this nature happened in Braemore, when a stalking party on going up to the stag which had just been shot found a three-year-old close to it fast asleep. In fact, it is by no means rare to get within a yard or two of a sleeping deer.—Scottish Field.

Through the Earl of Denbigh, who commanded the Honorable Artillery of London during its recent American visit, King Edward has sent a framed and signed photograph of himself to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston.

Dear Sirs,—I was for seven years a sufferer from Bronchial trouble, and would be so hoarse at times that I could scarcely speak above a whisper. I got no relief from anything till I tried your MINARD'S HONEY BALSAM. Two bottles gave relief and six bottles made a complete cure. I would heartily recommend it to anyone suffering from throat or lung trouble.

J. F. VANBUSKIRK.

Fredericton.

How comfortable it is to be rich enough to brag about your poverty.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Any young man who has never been in love ought to have money in the savings bank.

The Brighton, England, Aquarium has 41 tanks, and is 715 feet long by 100 feet wide. It is the largest in the world.

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

A Kingston lady owns a bird which is over twenty years old. Evidently that feathered songster, like many of Kingston's fair maidens, is too ancient to sing well.

IT LAYS A STILLING HAND ON PAIN.—For pains in the joints and limbs and for rheumatic pains, neuralgia and lumbago, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is without a peer. Well rubbed in, the skin absorbs it and it quickly and permanently relieves the affected part. Its value in pain from the body, and for that good lies in its magic property of removing quality it is prized.

A man in reduced circumstances is not a woman's idea of a bargain.

A man naturally believes in the survival of the fittest as long as he lives.

Orders have recently been executed in Japan for a supply of fishing nets for Alaska, valued at $30,000.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Charity begins at home. Something must have dammed the stream pretty near the head, for very little of it ever gets away from its starting point.

Some artists know as little about a work of art as they do about the art of work.

Sayings without morals are like morals never said—no good.

Daddy Stumped.

Willie—Daddy, why can a man run faster than a boy?

Dad—Because he's bigger.

Willie—Is that it? Then why don't the hind wheels of a wagon run faster than the front ones?

But dad gave it up.

A nice thing about having children is that it keeps a man's wits sharpened to prevent them from discovering how much he doesn't know.—New York Press.

Just a Dream.

"What are you moving over so far for?" asked the young man passenger on the air ship.

"Well," answered the sweet young thing, "we're going to pass through another dark cloud in a minute, and you wrinkle my waist dreadfully every time you kiss me."—Indianapolis Sun.

NEW SENSATIONS IN MEDICAL WORLD

Collingwood Bright's Disease Cure Brings to Light Others Equally Wonderful.

Mrs. Fred. Philip of Eglington Tells of Her Remarkable Experience.

Discharged from two Toronto Hospitals — Dodd's Kidney Pills Brought Back Her Health.

Toronto, Feb. 8—(Special.)—The report from Collingwood of the wonderful cure of Mrs. Thomas Adams of Bright's Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills has aroused great interest here and the discussion of it has brought out the fact that Mrs. Adams' case is not an isolated one, that right in Toronto there are people who, suffering from the most dreaded and fatal of Kidney Diseases, have found a positive and permanent cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

One of the most striking cases that has been brought to light is that of Mrs. Fred Philip, now residing on Broadway ave., Eglinton, one of the northern suburbs of the city. That Mrs. Philip was suffering from Bright's Disease and was in a most dangerous state, there is not the shadow of a doubt. She was in two city hospitals, Grace and the General, and left both places without a hope for the future.

In the Hospitals.

In Grace Hospital the doctors wished to operate on her but she objected, and leaving the hospital called in another doctor. He told her at once that she had Bright's Disease and had her removed to the General Hospital. The doctors here demurred to an operation on account of the danger.

On being discharged a second time without benefit Mrs. Philip stopped the doctors and started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. The result is that to-day all the terrible swelling is gone, she is able to do all her own work as well as look after her bright little four-year-old child.

In an interview Mrs. Philip spoke freely of her terrible trouble and gave unstinted praise to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. Philip's Story.

"I was sick for six months," she said, "before taking Dodd's Kidney Pills. During that time I was six weeks in Grace Hospital and two months in the General Hospital. I was told in both places that nothing more could be done for me. I started taking Dodd's Kidney Pills in April and am still using them. They have done me a world of good. The Dropsy has all left me and I am now doing all my own work just the same as I was before I was sick."

The talk these cases has caused has also served to show how general the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills has become and how numerous are the cures effected of Pain in the Back, Rheumatism, Dropsy, and all the other results of diseased Kidneys. In fact, cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills can be found by the hundred, but a case in which they have failed to cure has yet to be reported.

When it comes to rising in the world too many of us are poor climbers.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is a boon to any home. It disinfects and cleans at the same time. 30

"I noticed," remarked Brusquely, "that you took your hat off when you telephoned just now, and then put it back again. May I ask you why?" "Certainly," said Courtly, "I was telephoning to a lady."

Ayer's

Feed your hair; nourish it; give it something to live on. Then it will stop falling, and will grow long and heavy. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only

Hair Vigor

hair food you can buy. For 60 years it has been doing just what we claim it will do. It will not disappoint you.

"My hair used to be very short. But after using Ayer's Hair Vigor a short time it began to grow, and now it is fourteen inches long. This seems a splendid result to me after being almost without any hair."
MRS. J. H. FIPEN, Colorado Springs, Colo.

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

for

Short Hair

THE HANDKERCHIEF.

There Was a Time When It Was an Unmentionable Article.

The evolution of the pocket handkerchief is odd and interesting. There was a time when it was an unmentionable thing, says Modern Society of London—an article to be kept out of sight and referred to only in a whisper. In polite conversation it was carefully avoided, and as to one's being caught using a handkerchief it meant social ostracism.

This state of things obtained up to the time of the first Napoleon, when the Empress Josephine brought it forward for a personal reason. The only defect in her beauty was an irregularity of the teeth, and to hide this she used a delicate little handkerchief, which from time to time she raised to her lips. Thus she was enabled to laugh occasionally. Seeing that it was a case of either laughter going out or handkerchiefs coming into fashion, the court ladies adopted the pretty pieces of cambric and lace.

In England the evolution of the article which is now so openly displayed by women was equally slow. There was a time when it was forbidden to mention it on the stage or to make use of it even in the most tearful situation, while the people in the gallery and the pit shed their tears into their laps. Even when it was mentioned for the first time in one of Shakespeare's plays it was received with hisses and general indignation by the audience. Little by little, however, the prejudice gave way, and a time came when the handkerchief could be flourished in broad daylight.

A Coin In the Sea.

A coin dropped into the sea will sink to the bottom, however deep it is, owing to the fact that the metal is heavier than the volume of water that it displaces.

It is a common but mistaken notion that the density of the sea increases with its depth and consequent pressure, as does the density of the atmosphere, which we all know is greatest at the earth's surface. The air, however, like all gases, is elastic, and, when under pressure (as with its own weight), shrinks in volume and gains in density.

Water, on the other hand, is absolutely incompressible, and, although the pressure in the sea increases at the rate of about one pound for every two feet we descend, the density of the water remains the same; consequently the penny continues to outweigh the water it displaces and the coin sinks until it finds a solid resting place. The pressure of the water has no influence at all on the coin, acting as it does on all sides equally.

Fast Days In Russia.

Fast days in Russia are numerous. Besides the ordinary Lenten period, which, however, in Russia is forty-eight days long instead of forty, they have three shorter periods of fasting—one of nineteen days in June, one of fourteen days in August, and another of thirty-three days in November and December. There are also three single days of fasting, of which two are also holidays.

Fasting is a serious matter in Russia, for fish, milk and eggs are forbidden as well as meats. The result is that the markets for such products are largely cut off for about one-third of the year and dairy farming becomes unprofitable, as strict observance of fasts is a weightier matter with the people than honesty or any other feature of our system of morals.

Charles Lamb's Grace.

On one occasion when Edmund Clarence Stedman was visiting in New England he was called upon by the head of the house while at dinner to invoke the divine blessing. "I was rather surprised and for half a minute sorely tempted," said Mr. Stedman in relating the incident. "Then I rose to the occasion and asked a grace which I remembered." "But, Mr. Stedman," demanded a young woman of the party eagerly, "to what were you sorely tempted?" "To do as Charles Lamb did under similar circumstances." "And that was?" "He looked about the board and asked in surprise, 'Is there no clergyman present?' The host shook his head. Then Lamb prayed, 'For this and all other mercies, O Lord, make us truly thankful!'"

When Wit Is Perfect.

When wit is combined with sense and information, when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by strong principles, when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty and something much better than witty, who loves honor, justice, decency, good nature, morality and religion ten thousand times better than wit—wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature.—Sydney Smith.

Practical.

Ponder—Did you ever notice that most of the fires that break out suddenly and spread quickly are due to spontaneous combustion?

Housekeep—No, but I've often thought what a splendid thing spontaneous combustion would be if you could only keep it on tap to light the kitchen fire with.—Philadelphia Press.

A refined woman seems to think barbaric modes emphasize her refinement.

The really brilliant talker is one who is brilliant enough to keep still when he hasn't anything to say.

Life, as Omar says, may be a spangle of existence. It's too bad the bright has worn off in so many instances.

No woman is always right, and no woman's husband is always wrong.

YOU CANNOT RELY ON IMITATIONS.

When Threatened With Bronchitis, Asthma, Pneumonia or Serious Lung Troubles Be Sure to Get the Genuine

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE.

For generations the value of turpentine as a remedial agent in all affections of the bronchial tubes and lungs has been well known.

It remained for Dr. Chase to so combine turpentine, linseed and half a dozen other ingredients as to not only make a wonderfully successful medicine, but also one that is so pleasant to the taste as to be sought for by children.

The sale of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is more than three times that of many similar remedies. The result of this success is a host of imitations.

When attacked by coughs and colds which threaten to reach the lungs and prove serious; when awakened by children with croupy coughs, gasping for breath, you cannot afford to trust to imitations.

Mr. John Pollard, Echo Bay, Ont., writes:—"I was troubled last winter with a very bad cold, which was beginning to settle on my lungs. I was so hoarse that I could scarcely speak and had a nasty hacking cough, which I could not get rid of. One bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine cured me, and I can heartily recommend it."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is sold by all dealers at the advertised price, 25 cents a bottle, family size (three times as large) 60 cents. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every bottle.

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.

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It isn't true BECAUSE we say it, but we say it BECAUSE it's true

Boeckh's Brushes ... and Brooms

Clean the best and wear the longest. Sold by all Dealers.

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.

Try OGILVIE'S "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD"

A PERFECT FLOUR FOR— BREAD AND— PASTRY

SOLD—IN ORIGINAL PACKAGES ONLY— BY ALL DEALERS.

Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum

Cures Coughs

GRAY'S SYRUP does that one thing, and does it well. It's no "cure-all," but a CURE for all throat and lung troubles.

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM stops the irritating tickle—takes away the soreness—soothes and heals the throat—and CURES COUGHS to stay cured.

None the less effective because it is pleasant to take.

25 cts. bottle.

Life, as Omar says, may be a spangle of existence. It's too bad the bright has worn off in so many instances.

No woman is always right, and no woman's husband is always wrong.

A good business man and a good man are not necessarily synonomous.

Holloway's Corn Cure is a specific for the removal of corns and warts. We have never heard of its failing to cure even the worst kind.

The worse one looks the more one hates mirrors.

Rev. John F. Damon is dead in Seattle of pneumonia. He was known all over the Pacific northwest as the "marrying parson," having married 2,985 couples. It is said that he held the record in the United States.

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.

It is generally understood that Russia is fighting for ice-free ports on the Pacific, and Japan for an outlet in Korea. The fight is really between eastern and western civilization. If Japan wins, the east will have the chance to reassert itself and to develop along national lines. If Russia conquers the East will sink to the position of vassal and customer of the West. The war is likely to be a turning point in history. Since the Turks were stopped at the Danube the larger history of the world has written the slow conquest of the East by the West. It has shown no stay. But the aggression of Europe was all the more formidable that it was largely peaceful. All of Asia, except China and Japan, is pretty definitely marked out for occupation ultimately by some European power. If Japan is humbled and China divided, the process will be completed; the political entity will be destroyed, and the east as a peculiar civilization impaired. A great sympathy must go out to Japan, she is fighting for "Asia for the Asiatics."

Reading about earthquakes which have been recently felt on this coast, our sympathetic connection with the earth on which we live is distinctly brought out by an earthquake. There is a kind of terror in the world itself; perhaps nothing brings this out so much as the description with illustrations of falling houses, gaping earth, and fleeing, panic-stricken people, which was fortunately not the case in Victoria. This appeals to the imagination like the fervid preacher's pictures of the Last Judgement, but personal experience must be quite another thing. One realizes then not only the feeble, fleeting tenure of human life, but the unsubstantiality of creation itself. The one permanent thing — the solid globe itself—is but a poor trembling thing in which little trust can be placed. Man is placed in such a state of fear from which there is no refuge. There are certain sanctuaries to which we can flee from crime, or to find repose, but in these seconds of disaster the churches themselves are the least secure refuges. Man has built them for shelter from the elements and they only become the dreaded instruments of destruction. We realize that the anticipation of danger, is for most people, greater than its actual presence. The mind that has come in contact with an earthquake has to a certain extent lost its tone. The world can never be exactly the same towards it, and the aspect of the place where this contact was experienced is essentially altered. People who have lived where earthquakes are of frequent occurrence say that the more experience one has of earthquakes the more one dreads them, and that in time the nerves become as shaken and uncertain as the earth on which we walk. It might be a matter of temperament, as it is about fear in battle—some soldiers never go into a battle without some feeling of alarm. If there was such a thing as measuring the seismic action of the soul, as there is of the earth, the student would doubtless find that the minds of people subject to earthquake are different from the minds of those undisturbed by this direful influence.

AN ENTERPRISING FIRM.

The firm of S. Nakano & Bro., the Japanese firm who run the brick and tile works at Union Bay, besides their other ventures, have entered into extensive farming operations on the south end of Denman Island. Some years ago they purchased the old McDonald ranch, a deserted homestead that was then a picture of dreariness, and later acquired the Pickard ranch, which from long neglect was in much the same condition as McDonald's. Any one who knew the McDonald ranch (the headquarters) as it was, and visiting it to-day, would be amazed at the change the industrous and enterprising holders have wrought in it. Good substantial farm buildings occupy what was once common. A good house has been modelled from the old tumbled down shack formerly there, and storehouses, tool house, blacksmith shop, and wood shed, &c., have been built adjacent. A fine stock of tools, carpenter and blacksmith, and of garden and farm implements of the best patterns of European and Japanese, enable the holders to do any work required on the farm, and there is no delay by reason of having to go 10 or 15 miles th have a machine repaired. Back of the old home farm, about a quarter mile, lies what is known as the "Marsh," which was formerly a quaking bog. A splendidly laid out ditch now drains this, converting it into 20 acres of the richest land obtainable, and over which a team may travel at any season. Two crops were raised on this plot last year, the first of oats and the second of green feed. On the two places, over 100 acres were slashed last year, and 40 acres cropped, and it is but a matter of time to see the whole of the good land on the places under cultivation and pasture, which, roughly reckoned, will be about 200 acres, there being 450 in all. The firm at the present time have 200 sheep, 35 or 30 hogs, 25 cattle, including good Jerseys, and a span of good horses. The old orchard has been improved, and young trees planted in the vacancies. Strawberries, raspberries, &c., have been set, and rhubarb plants by the score raised from seed, thus giving little garden luxuries which are too often neglected on the beginners ranch.

Mr Nakano's brother, who is the manager of the farm, is clever enough to successfully carry through any job, whether of blacksmithing, carpentering, or other incidental work which the exigencies of a ranch life demands, and many a man of superior agricultural training could read a wholesome lesson in perseverance and industry on the Japanese model farm.

Telegraphic News

Victoria, 7th—A remarkable scandal has just been unearthed in which a number of Chinese were charged of selling liquor without a licence and evidence produced to the effect that last year on the payment of certain sums of money into the City Treasury, the then Mayor, Mr McCandless, gave a sort of carte blanche permission to the Chinese to sell Chinese and Jap liquors in Chinatown. In view of these circumstances the defendants were allowed to go on suspended sentence. In summing up, Magistrate Hall used the following language:—"The application for these licences that have been put in, show that the applicants are frauds". The evidence shows there was a complete understanding between the Mayor of Victoria and Tim Kee, president of Chinese Board of Trades, representing the Chinese. It is available of the law in my opinion of the grossest kind if licences of this nature are to have a legal binding effect, the legislature might as well go out of business. It is a contract by the Mayor in which the law can be set aside and treated as of no effect. This is a species of blackmail. This transaction comes pretty close to conspiracy. Mayor McCandless' evidence was most extraordinary, as they needed revenue he had granted them verbal permission to sell on the understanding that they would not be molested while he was in power. This was done. Tim Kee was also examined and explained that 40 Chinamen were in the same ship and they only contributed $5 apiece.

Victoria, April 11—Ex-Mayor McCandles has given notice that he demands a thorough investigation in the serious allegations made against his honor and integrity by Magistrate Hall, for selling Chinese liquor licenses at $5 whereas the civil license to white men to sellwhisky is $300, has caused a profound sensation in Victoria. The investigation takes place this week and promises to be one of the most startling revelations on corruption in certain quarters ever known in Western Canada. J. P. Walls, a prominent lawyer, said he had been offered two thousand dollars by the Chinese merchants if he could arrange that licenses to sell liquor in the fashion which they were ultimately successful in securing could be obtained. Mr Walls said—"I told them it could not be done. I dismissed the suggestion as preposterous. Why? It is illegal. The authorities would never consent to such arrangements. "That's all right," said the Chinamen who interviewed me, "it can be done; I have got a hint in that direction." I again told him it was impossible, and he went away. I noticed afterwards the Chinaman did not give me any business, for you know Chinamen cannot understand anything but success.

London, 9th—The Anglo French Colonial Treaty was signed in the Foreign Office in London to-day. The arrangements are regarded as satisfactory on both sides.

Chefoo, 11th—A Chinese steamer has just arrived from New Chwang. The port pilots would not respond to her signals for them to take the vessel up the river. Several British steamers found themselves in the same predicament. The port of New Chwang is now closed to commerce.

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

YOUNG PEDIGREE YORKSHIRE PIGS from the herd of J. E. Brethour Burford, Ont., eight weeks old, $10 each. S. C. White Leghorn Eggs, $1.50 per 15.—F. Robson, Mayne Island, B.C.

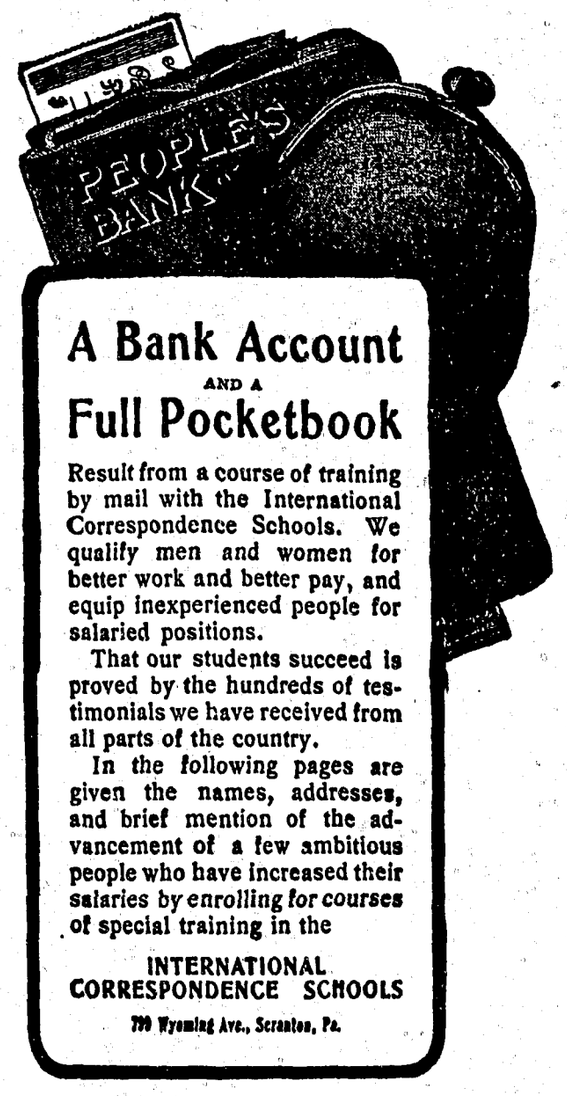
To Lease or for Sale.

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

TO LEASE, Baily's Farm, by the year. For particulars, apply to Chas. Bridges, West Lawn, Sandwick, P.O., Comox.

WANTED

SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE in this county and adjoining territories to represent and advertise an old established business house of solid financial standing. Salary $21 weekly, with Expenses advanced each Monday by check direct from headquarters. Horse and buggy furnished when necessary; position permanent. Address Blew Bros. & Co., Room 610 Monon Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



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

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

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
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NOTICE.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that, on and after Saturday, 26th March, 1904, the firm of Waller & Partridge, store-keepers and general merchants, Cumberland, will be dissolved and the business hitherto carried on by them will be carried on by R. Ross Napier and Frank Partridge under the title of Napier & Partridge.

All accounts and book debts due the firm up to the time of dissolution will be payable to and collected by the old firm of Waller & Partridge and all liabilities up to and after the same date will be payable by the new firm of Napier & Partridge.

HENRY WALLER,
FRANK PARTRIDGE
R. ROSS NAPIER,

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF NANAIMO
HOLDEN AT CUMBERLAND.

In the goods of Chow Sen (Runner, No. 4) deceased intestate.

NOTICE is hereby given that by order of his Honor Eli Harrison, Judge of the County Court of Nanaimo, dated the 2nd day of March, 1904, H. P. Collis, of the City of Cumberland, Official Administrator, has been appointed Administrator of all and singular the goods, chattles, and credits of the above deceased.

Dated this 11th day of March, 1904.

C. H. BEEVOR POTTS,
Solicitor for the Administrator.

BREEDERS ATTENTION!

The Dairymans and Live Stock Association have again elected me as their Secretary, and I have been instructed to arrange for a shipment of Breeding Stock, from the Eastern Provinces, and I am now prepared to quote you prices and give such other information that will ensure getting good serviceable stock at reasonable prices.

It will be my earnest endeavour to give the same satisfaction to the Patrons of the Association in the future, as I have in the past two years. Any person wanting Stock out with this shipment, who has already purchased, can do so by applying for space, on or before the First day of April next.

Address all communications to L. W. Paisley, Sec-Treas. of the Dairymans and Live Stock Association, Chilliwack, B.C.

7t f23

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