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129

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

ELEVENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY, AUG 16, 1904

The Big Store

Is the best place to buy your

HARDWARE

Full lines of self and heavy Hardware

Also complete stock of Mixed Paints, Varnishes, Carriage Paints, Enamels, Stains, Alabastine, etc. ... ...

LARGE STOCK OF STATIONERY
.... ALWAYS ON HAND.....
Envelopes, Blank Books, Writing Tablets, Papeteries Exercise Books, Scribbling Books.

A SPECIALTY OF ALL KINDS
....OF SCHOOL SUPPLIES....

S. Leiser & Co.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

Just received large shipment of

IRON AGE

CULTIVATORS, SEED DRILLS, WHEEL HOES, ETC.
VERY LATEST IMPROVEMENTS
Call and see them or write for catalogues and prices.

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

Iron - and - Brass - Bedsteads

No 902 Iron Enam... $20.
Pink, Cream and Gold, 4ft. 6in. wide.
Blue, White and Gold, 4ft. 6in. "
Height of Head, 61½ inches.
Height of Foot, 47½ "

OUR LINE THIS YEAR CONtains more and Prettier Patterns than ever. .. ..

THREE CARLOADS

Received already this season from best makers only. It will pay you to deal with us. All we ask is that you allow us to make a practical demonstration by sending us at least a trial order.

Write for 1904 Catalogue. Free to you.

BUREAUS and WASHSTANDS to go with above Beds in all grades.
Elm, Maple, Birch, Oak, Birds Eye Maple, Mahogany, etc.

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.

FOR SALE

About 6 acres of GREEN OATS at Comox.—Apply, G. G. Macdonald, Elk Hotel, Comox.

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH SERVICES.

Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 pm, —first Sunday in the month, 11 am.. Morning service, 11 a.m.; Sunday, School, 2.30 p.m.; Evening service, 7 p.m.; Choir Practice every Friday at 7 30 p.m.

F. G. CHRISTMAS .Pastor.

COUNCIL MEETING

The full Board was present at Council meeting meeting last evening.

Communication—From Secretary Fagan of Provincial Board of Health, enclosing notices regarding spitting on streets, to be posted up, Received and filed and ordered that six notices be framed.

From T. Whyte and W. McKay asking permission to place steps from street to sidewalk in front of their premises. Referred to Board of Works.

Accounts — J. L. Roe, lumber, $37.27; water, $4; light, $38.55; J. Abrams, $10; A. Pradley, $3; W. Hudson, $3; J. H. Collins, $3, for watching fires near Hospital. Referred to Finance Committee.

Fire Protection By-law read 3rd time.

Board went into Committee, Ald Daniels in chair. By-law re-considered and finally adopted, to come into force October 1st, ordered to be published in B.C. Gazette and two local papers.

R. Hornal was instructed to take police duty until Mr Banks' return.

Drain at lower end of Dunsmuir Avenue was discussed and placed in hands of Board of Works.

Minutes read and adopted.

DEATH FROM HEAT PROSTRATION.

Saturday afternoon, about five o'clock, a Chinese fireman at No. 6 shaft, became overcome by the intense heat of the boiler room combined with the exceptionally hot weather prevailing. He was removed to a place in the shade outside the house and Dr Gillespie was sent for who treated him at the time. Finally, at 8 o'clock the sufferer was removed to the hospital, in violent convulsions, with excessively high temperature. Dr Staples then did all possible to relieve his suffering, applying ice and anasthetics nearly all night, when he seemed to get a little better. However, on Sunday morning, he again took convulsions, and died in one of these being too weak to withstand the attack.

FIRES CLOSE TO TOWN.

Last Sunday evening the discovery was made that the bush fire which had been burning along No. 5 track, and which had seemed to be all but extinct, had taken a new lease of life with a sharp North wind blowing and had run up so close to the Isolation Hospital that that building was in imminent danger of destruction. Indeed when the first few men arrived on the scene it was a question if the place could be saved. However after tearing away the surrounding brush and dead limbs the danger was averted and later, the hose being laid from the gaol hydrant, the whole face of the fire was checked. Had it been allowed to burn uninterruptedly the Hospital and houses in that locality would have been endangered. Ald. Daniels placed several men to watch the Isolation Hospital the remainder of the night.

WEDDING BELLS.

Mr George Clinton, our popular paymaster for the Colliery Company, was married to Miss Jessie Shaw at St. Andrews Church, Colwood, near Victoria, last Wednesday morning. The happy couple are expected home this week. Our congratulations are added to those of his other numerous friends

Local and Personal

Mrs J. Lidstone has been visiting Mrs J. Matthews at the beach.

Place your order with us for preserving peaches.—Napier & Partridge.

A number of small boys are taking advantage of families being absent at the beach and have been committing small depredations in backyards and outhouses.

FOUND, Hunting Case Watch, opposite Post Office.—Owner may have same by proving property and paying for this notice.—Apply, W. W. Willard.

Mrs Jenkins who lived as a girl with Mr and Mrs R. Grant, is paying them a visit at Jolly Cove Cottage.

Large consignments of choicest fresh fruit by each boat.—Napier & Partridge.

At the close of the Council meeting last evening, Ald. Grant invited the Mayor and Council to an evening at "Jolly Cove," upon the occasion of his birthday next Monday evening. The News staff was kindly included.

The Japanese wrestling match was fairly attended last evening and a good opportunity was afforded the spectators of observing the Japanese style. J. Stant and C. Lippiat also gave an exhibition.

Mr S. H. Riggs and Dr. Staples are loud in their praises of their trip to Campbell River, where, as stated in last week's News, they accompanied Robt. Grant, Esq., M.P.P., and Mr J. Baird, the Government Agent. Good accommodations were procured in the hotel there which is conducted by Mr Emerson and owned by the Thulin Bros. of Lund. The river was found to be too high for trout fishing, but no doubt in a few days the conditions will be ideal. Campbell River will undoubtedly become a most popular resort.

Pit Shoes, regular $3 shoe (Ames Holden) on Saturday only $2.50.—Napier & Partridge.

TO BE DRAWN FOR.

An Eastman Kodak, 4¼ x 3½ film. Cost $25 in New York, in perfect order; a first-class instrument. Tickets 25c. each—Apply this office

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

The MAGNET
CASH STORE.

PRESERVING JARS

Ask your Merchant for the Crown Fruit Jar, it has no equal. The glass is twice as thick as the Mason. We have the Crown and Mason. The Mason is a cheap jar. Come and compare the two jars.

We sell the jars as follows:—

MASON—Pints	$0 80	doz.
" Quarts	0 90	"
" Half Gallon	1 20	"
CROWN—Pints	$1 00	doz.
" Quarts	1 25	"
" Half Gallon	1 40	"

Jelly Glasses..... 70c. doz.

T. E. BATE,

DUNSMUIR AVE, Cumberland

WHEN
Prices are Down

WE BUY LARGELY, and now that prices are going up the customers of the BEST Store naturally get the benefit of the BEST Prices.

No Half Measures. Our Motto is—"Best in Everything."

THESE PRICES ARE UNAPPROACHABLE—

Granulated Sugar, per 100 lbs	$5 60
Do. do. per 20 lbs	1 20
5 Roses Hungarian, Oak Lake and Enderby Flour, per sack	1 65
Snowflake, Pastry Flour—per sack	1 55
Finest Cured American Hams, per lb	0 20
Lard, 3 lb. tins	0 45
Do. 5 lb. tins	0 70
Do. 10 lb. tins	1 35
Do. 20 lb. pails	2 50
Baking Powder—	
Royal, 12 oz. tins	0 40
Do. 16 oz. tins	0 50
Do. 2½ lb tins	1 25
Montreal or Imperial Soap, 4lb. bars	0 25
Rice—Best Japan—per 50lb. sack	2 00
Windsor Salt, 3lb. bags, 7 for	0 50
Salmon, 2 tins	0 25
Cheese, per lb	0 17
Lime Juice—large bottle	0 35

Try our Special Blend Ceylon Tea at 35c., equal to package Teas sold at 50c. per lb.

Every Cash Purchase gives a chance of winning one of the valuable prizes which are being given at intervals.

NAPIER & PARTRIDGE

PLEASING MODES

Charming Things of the Season In Gowns, Hats and Garnitures.

Perhaps as important a feature as any in the panorama of present fashions is the sleeve. Therefore to sleeves let us first address ourselves. Models were never more varied, and to touch upon many is impossible. But here are three that smack of summer and will be of immediate use in making up the wardrobe for the coming season. First is a most charming addition to the evening frock or tea gown. It is formed of a deep puff edged with angel-like drapery in kilted material.

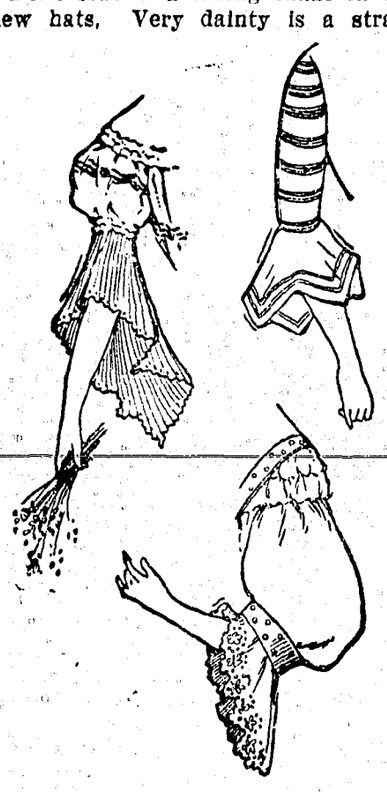
Second is a popular elbow sleeve for demitoilet, decorated with rows of narrow ribbon and edged with a "handkerchief cuff."

Third is a French exponent of the semi long sleeve, gauged to the armhole and around the upper arm and falling thence loose till it reaches the gauntlet cuff and frill.

One of the uppermost questions is perhaps headgear, as Easter but brings the first installment of the many and varied chapeaux of the season. There are shapes and garnitures becoming to all types of face. Lace will undoubtedly be popular, as will flowers and straw embroideries. Wonderful tiny quillings, embroidered puffs of mousseline and exquisite lace incrustations are among the most chic trimmings.

Quaint designs contrived in straw and braid effects in various colors make charming toque trimmings. A crown of medium height, close sides and a brim projecting far out in front are the features of originality on the new toques. The new toque should be well placed on the head and by no means tilted forward.

Delft blue is a taking shade in the new hats. Very dainty is a straw



SOME OF THE NEW SLEEVES.

toque of two shades of peach color draped with tinted lace. Floral toques in the softest of rose petals and large hats with the crowns composed of the tiniest of roses or any small flowers in delicate colorings are exquisite things.

Moire appears in favor again in ribbons. Shaded tulle is swathed around wide brimmed hats that are narrowly edged with forgetmenots or other fine flowers, while over all is draped fine black or white lace which falls a little over the brim at the sides and down the back in a long scarf.

Tiny checked silks, lace trimmed, make the most taking of afternoon gowns.

Quaint old world evening frocks fashioned of mousseline, taffeta or pompadour silk have small pink rosebuds and foliage tastefully disposed about the corsage, and a folded sash of softest pink ribbon encircles the waist and falls in short cascaded ends at the back.

Braid finds much favor on cloth. Ornamental braid wheels mark some of the newest French walking gowns.

Bold strappings of cloth on silk represent a new and unique garniture.

In mantles and short coats white is again the acme of fineness. Zinc white cloth with collar of Irish crochet lace laid over mole colored chiffon includes some of the most chic features of a mantle.

Muslins spotted in color on white grounds will make charming summer frocks. J. VERNON WALDER.

A Bunion Cure.

One way of curing a bunion is to bathe the afflicted part every night in hot water to which have been added a tablespoonful of starch, a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of tincture of arnica. After bathing the foot and wiping it dry with a soft, clean towel a small quantity of tincture of iodine should be applied with a camel's hair brush. A loose shoe should invariably be worn.

Spanish Rice.

Fry half a cup of rice in a little butter until it turns a light brown. Then pour on nearly a quart of boiling water and boil the rice until soft. Fry two large onions, four large tomatoes and three green peppers until soft. Add this to the boiled rice just before serving. Add salt if necessary and serve hot.

A little Sunlight Soap will clean cut glass and other articles until they shine and sparkle. Sunlight Soap will wash other things than cloth 4B

"It's easy to win a woman's love; just give her all the money she wants." "But you don't call that easy, do you?"

Over 68,000 aliens have landed in England during the last four months of whom it is understood that over 23,000 will settle in the country.

Mr. J. Shell, the Metropolitan police magistrate of England, is about to retire. He has held the position since 1870.

The Scot is up against the ten o'clock closing of grog-stores after this date, as they will close at that hour hereafter in Scotland.

THE WORLD OF VANITY.

Trimmings Are Now Horizontal. Hood Effects Very Smart.

There seems to be a complete revolution in trimming. It is placed horizontally instead of vertically. This is especially true of the full gathered skirts, which are decorated with bands of velvet silk and lace in some instances four or five inches wide. Kilt-

MULL GOWN.

ed skirts are similarly decorated with these bands, usually three or five in number.

Tiny velvet balls are among the latest dress trimmings, and these are outlined on both sides of a straight lace band.

The hood effect, drooping off the shoulders, has come to be considered more smart than the bertha. It is faced with lace or velvet.

Little stoles of ermine and lace will be worn far into the spring with street costumes and gowns.

Veiling will continue to be one of the favorite spring materials, particularly in gray and black.

Separate white skirts of novelty veiling are very smart to wear with lace waists of the same color.

The number of blouses that are requisite to complete the wardrobe of the fashionable woman makes a very serious hole in her dress allowance. At the best of times there is very little wear in mousseline de sole or chiffon, and when it means, in addition, the constant drawing off and on of a fur coat or mantle the problem becomes quite a grave and important one. It is good hearing that some of the newest shantungs, both natural and dyed, are being fashioned in a chiffon weight, which offers a way out of the difficulty for reasons of economy as well as expediency. There is a certain suggestion of plainness about a shantung, but it can be trimmed and decorated to the pink of modistic perfection. It is a point in its favor, too, that the natural silks of this description have the added advantage of being none the worse for immersion in the washtub, which saves those alarming cleaner's bills which represent the heavy toll levied on extravagance.

The picture shows a white mull gown made over turquoise blue silk. It is trimmed with turquoise blue and white bowknots. JUDIC CHOLLET.

His Intended.

Husband—Does Jack know Miss Popertree? Wife (calmly)—I believe not, for he has asked her to marry him.—Town and Country.

A Choice of Words.

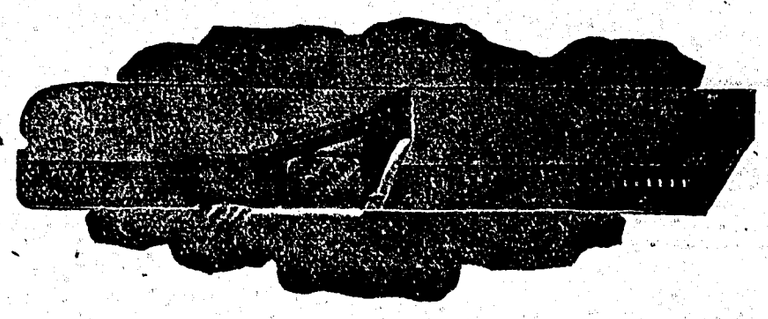
"You said me that horse was free from faults. Why, it's blind."

"Blind? Well, that's not a fault—that's a cruel misfortune."

A TIME SAVER FOR COMPOSITORS.

THE ROUSE JOB STICK

Instantly and accurately lock to nonpareil or pica measure. Note the brace on side. : : : :



6x2 in. $2.00.
8x2 in. 2.25.
10x2 in. 2.50.
12x2 in. 2.75.
Nickel Plated .25 cents extra.

For sale by TORONTO TYPE FOUNDRY CO., Limited, WINNIPEG, CANADA.

DYSPEPSIA CURED.

A Severe Sufferer Tells How He Overcame the Trouble.

"Not only do I not hesitate to declare the benefit I have received from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but I feel it my duty to do so." These are the words which Mr. Edward Lavoie, of St. Jerome, Que., lately addressed to the editor of L'Avenir du Nord, when relating the story of his cure. Mr. Lavoie is well known in St. Jerome, and what he says carries weight among those who know him. For a considerable time he was a great sufferer from dyspepsia, which caused severe headaches, pains in the stomach and sometimes nausea. Sometimes he felt as though he would suffocate, he would become dizzy, and experienced ringing noises in the ears. His appetite became poor, and his general health so bad that he found it almost impossible to work, and when the headaches attacked him he had to quit work. For six months, he says, he suffered both physically and mentally more than can be imagined. During this time he took medicine from several doctors, but found no help. Then one day he read of the cure of a similar case through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and decided to try them. He used the pills for a couple of months, and they have made him feel like a new person. He is no longer troubled with any of the old symptoms, and says he can now go about his work as though he never had dyspepsia.

The digestive organs—like all the other organs of the body—get their strength and nourishment from the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. This new blood strengthens the stomach, stimulates the liver, regulates the bowels and sets the whole digestive system in a healthy, vigorous state. Good blood is the true secret of good health. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills always bring good health to those who use them. You can get these pills from your medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

At Troon the golfing ladies of Scotland were compelled to admit the supremacy of their English sisters, and were beaten in the international championship by one match, but the ladies of Ireland turned the tables upon the triumphant Saxons, and emerged victorious by a majority of three matches. This is exceedingly creditable to the golfing daughters of Erin, who, by the way, included the present lady champion, Miss Rhona Adair.

IT IS GOOD FOR MAN AND BEAST.—Not only is Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil of incomparable value in the household, but the farmer and stockman will find it very serviceable in the farm yard and on the cattle range, often saving the services of a veterinary surgeon. In injuries to stock and in cases of cough and pains it can be used with good effect.

James McCann, M. P. for St. Stephen's Green, division of Dublin, Ire., and a member of the Dublin Stock Exchange, and chairman of the Grand Canal Company, left an estate of the value of £186,120.

FOR INFLAMMATION OF THE EYES.—Among the many good qualities which Parmelee's Vegetable Pills possess, besides regulating the digestive organs, is their efficacy in reducing inflammation of the eyes. It has called forth many letters of recommendation from those who were afflicted with this complaint, and found a cure in the pills. They affect the nerve centres and the blood in a surprisingly active way, and the result is almost immediately seen.

At Birmingham (Eng.) Quarter Sessions, Nicholson Roche-Gardiner, formerly chief constable of Walsall, and his wife, were sent to nine months' hard labor. They obtained money through the medium of a bogus registry office.

For the Ladies.

To the girl attaining womanhood, the young woman, and those of maturer years, during the recurring times of depression and discomfort, when Nature requires a little assistance,

Beecham's Pills

are a special boon. See special instructions.

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 25 cents.

SHADES AND FABRICS.

Printed Muslins For Summer—Colors For Blonds and Brunettes.

Printed muslins in the most delightful designs make pretty summer gowns over taffeta silk matching the flower design. They are trimmed with narrow laces or chiffon.

The blond girl should avoid blue unless her eyes are very deep and her eyebrows well marked. It makes her wishy washy. Pale yellow is very becoming to her; so also are brown, black and a certain shade of green. White is her best color. Turquoise blue looks particularly well on a dark haired woman, and so do the shades of old rose and deeper pink. The pale pinks belong to blonds. Deep mauves and purples are becoming to both blonds and brunettes, and this is true also of certain shades of scarlet.

The fashionable decolletage line is somewhat higher this season, for, al-

BLUE LIBERTY SATIN GOWN.

though the corsage is cut lower, it is finished with a dainty tucker of mousseline de sole, chiffon or net.

Challie is to be revived, so leaders of fashion say, and this is pretty for young girls when made up softly with a bit of good lace.

A good effect was produced by deep lace and ribbon ruches, arranged in a scroll design, on the skirt of a rich purple crepe de chine gown. The corsage had the long shoulder line, the full sleeves being shirred to the elbow and terminating in deep cuffs of lace.

The picture shows an evening gown of blue liberty satin trimmed with guipure lace. JUDIC CHOLLET.

Bird Surgery.

An English writer on birds says: "A redshank, which was with some other 'waders' in an aviary containing a pond, wounded itself on the top of the head. Unfortunately the bird died, but on inspection it was found that it had plastered the wound over with mud. This example of a bird's instinct for self preservation is very striking, and I believe that for a bird to doctor its head is most unusual, although snipe and woodcock have been known to heal broken legs by coating the fractured parts with clay, which became hard."

All the Law Allows.

Newlywed—I tell you what, old man, my wife is one woman in a thousand. Bachelor—Well, I should hope so. If she were more than one you'd be a bigamist at least.

No Doubt of That.

"Do you really believe the average woman's reading of the daily papers is productive of any profit?"

"Yes—to the merchants who advertise bargain sales."—Philadelphia Press.

At the Wrong End.

"I have called," said the foreigner, "to ask for your daughter's hand."

"Have you spoken to her yet?" asked the American father.

"No; I thought"—

"Well, you're at the wrong end of the line," interrupted the old gentleman. "She runs her mother, and her mother runs me."—Chicago Post.

NATURE'S CURE FOR CHILDREN.

Soothing medicines, opiates and strong drugs should never be given to little children, any doctor will tell you this. Baby's Own Tablets should be used because they cannot harm the smallest, weakest infant. These tablets instantly relieve and promptly cure all stomach and bowel troubles, break up colds, prevent croup, destroy worms, and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. Thousands of mothers say they are the best medicine in the world; one of these, Mrs. R. Sculland, Calabogie, Ont., writes: "I have tried many remedies for children, but Baby's Own Tablets is the best I have ever used. I have been giving them occasionally to my child since he was six months old. They have always kept him well, and he is a big healthy baby." All medicine dealers sell these tablets, or you can get them, postpaid, at 25 cents a box by writing to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The wreckage of the Sirius, the first British steamer that crossed the Atlantic, has just been salved from the deep off Ballycotton Bay, on the coast of Cork, where it has lain for the last fifty-seven years.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is prepared from drugs known to the profession as thoroughly reliable for the cure of cholera, dysentery, diarrhoea, griping pains and summer complaints. It has been used successfully by medical practitioners for a number of years with gratifying results. If suffering from any summer complaint it is just the medicine that will cure you. Try a bottle. It sells for 25 cents.

To the list of baby peers must now be added the tiny Marquis of Donegall, whose father died at Brighton, aged eighty-three. In 1902 the late marquis married Miss Violet Twining, a beautiful Canadian girl, just over twenty years of age. The new peer is the child of this marriage, and was born on October 7 last.

A CLEAR, HEALTHY SKIN.—Eruptions of the skin and the blotches which blemish beauty are the result of impure blood caused by unhealthy action of the Liver and Kidneys. In correcting this unhealthy action and restoring the organs to their normal condition, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will at the same time cleanse the blood, and the blotches and eruptions will disappear without leaving any trace.

Mrs. Mary Hatcher, of Westerham, Eng., has just died at the age of ninety-eight, having lived to see her sons, grandsons and great grandsons become soldiers.

Keep MINARD'S LINIMENT in the House.

An old Primitive Methodist chapel in Dover has been acquired by a brewery firm, who are converting it into a store for beer.

MINARD'S LINIMENT is used by Physicians.

Swarms of rabbits from the surrounding fields and woods have invaded the new cemetery near Clacton-on-the-Sea, Eng., and have done much desecration and havoc to the graves.

Ayer's

Do you like your thin, rough, short hair? Of course you don't. Do you like thick, heavy, smooth hair? Of course you do. Then why

Hair Vigor

not be pleased? Ayer's Hair Vigor makes beautiful heads of hair, that's the whole story. Sold for 60 years.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a long time. It is, indeed, a wonderful hair tonic, restoring health to the hair and scalp, and, at the same time, proving a splendid dressing." DR. J. W. TATUM, Madill, Ind. T.

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

for

Weak Hair

Beauty and The Man

By Keith Gordon

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

In the long talks that those two excellent friends—Baird Dunham and Barbara Somers—had from time to time about life, the world and the men and women therein he had more than once confided to her that never could he fall in love with a woman who was not a beauty.

"I can't exactly explain how I feel about it," he said one day as they sat together in an art gallery, where his worshiping eyes returned ever and again to a pictured face of rare beauty that looked down upon them from the warm red walls. "It isn't that I think they are the most fascinating. Wit and beauty are not too fond of each other's company. Besides, the most attractive woman I've ever known was ugly—so ugly that at first she made you gasp. After that—well, she was your criterion of charm. When you left her things became stale and lifeless. All the color and sympathy went from the scene. You simply hungered for her."

He paused and turned toward his companion with a waiting, expectant look, as if he wanted to be sure that she understood, and she answered the unspoken question of his glance with a slow smile that did not betray, by so much as a flicker, the warm, reproachful, woman wrath in her heart.

She had heard practically the same thing from him before, but today for the first time her patience gave way utterly. Apparently all sense of her womanhood had been sunk in their comradeship. Instead of rejoicing in this state of affairs, a feeling of injury, outrage, suddenly flared up in her heart.

Did he think that because her features were irregular and her complexion dull she was a girl who did not need to be reckoned with? Did he suppose she was the less a woman because she was plain? Had he no idea of the sting in the remarks he was forever making about feminine beauty?

These were the questions she asked herself hotly, but her voice—that low, vibrant voice that thrilled one with its rich difference from other voices—betrayed in its full evenness no trace of the resentment that surged within her.

"You are right," she agreed, with impersonal candor. "All women should be beautiful"—there was a slight pause, a hesitation just marked enough to give force to the conclusion of her sentence—"just as all men should be big and strong!"

Dunham glanced at her quickly. For one startled moment he half thought—But, no; Barbara was too good a fellow to give a man a fleck on the raw like that. It was a mere coincidence.

Dunham was but five feet six, and, though he was well knit and substantial, with a clean bred look that was in itself a recommendation, he was a trifle sensitive on the score of the six additional inches of height that he felt should have been his.

"A man's appearance isn't of much consequence," he observed, somewhat stiffly. "His field is action. It is what he is rather than how he looks."

There was more heat in his tone than he liked, but he wasn't able to suppress it. Somehow he didn't enjoy being made to feel that he was not at all like her ideal man, even though they were nothing but friends.

"Perhaps you are right," was the mild reply, and the conversation drifted to other and safer subjects. But there was a speculative look in Barbara's eyes for the rest of the afternoon, which would have told a careful observer that she was turning some plan over in her mind.

Her usual hour of rest before dinner she spent lying at full length on the divan in her room, with her hands clasped under her head and her eyes fixed on the open fire, thinking.

So Baird could never love any one but a beauty! She carefully refrained from asking herself why this should pique her particularly, since her plainness had never interfered with their friendship, and he spent far more time with her than with any of the pretty girls of their set. Still—

"Well, I don't care," she said aloud as, glancing at the clock, she arose and began to roll up the masses of her dark hair, sticking the great shell pins in here and there with reckless indifference. "I'm tired of hearing him talk that way. He deserves to be punished. Beauty may be the greatest thing but it isn't greater than all other things put together.

"A few weeks of Amy will be good for him," she soliloquized as she went on with her dressing. Then, when she was ready for dinner, she sat down at her desk and wrote a letter to a former schoolmate—the beauty of her class—urging her to make her a long promised visit.

In the course of a week or two the invitation had been accepted, and Miss Averill arrived. That she was a beauty was a fact as self evident as that the sky is blue (when it is so). It was a fact that admitted of no difference of opinion.

Her skin was like a La France rose, her eyes deeply blue and her hair suggested mingled gold and copper. The curves of her gracious figure swirled and flowed in lines so graceful, so alluring that even the most sluggish beholder was kindled into admiration.

"She's a beauty, all right," Barbara decided as she kissed her in greeting and conducted her to her room, and, though she kept up her part of their animated talk about old times and old friends, her eyes feasted themselves upon Amy's loveliness. The latter's most ordinary movement was endowed with a grace that made Barbara half believe that beauty was the only thing after all. When other girls lifted their hands and removed their hatpins it was an action scarce worthy of notice, but when Amy's arms went up with a languid grace and her rather large but beautifully molded hands, with their long, tapering fingers, drew forth a glittering pin and removed her hat, Barbara felt vaguely that she was witnessing a rite—that she was seeing a poem

But after a few days of her companionship the glamour was always bedimmed. The eyes were feasted, to be sure, but the mind and heart were starved. One wearied of her roselike, fluttering color and the amiable but unmeaning smile and even of the very perfect rows of teeth that the smile exposed.

"I am going to have a friend with me for a month," Barbara had told Baird Dunham in preparation; "a girl that I particularly want you to meet. She's a raving beauty and as sweet as she can be."

If she had spoken all of her thoughts perhaps she might have added, "So sweet that at the end of a month you will want to kill her or do something desperate and outrageous." But, with a commendable self restraint, she banished this unruly idea to the dark chamber of unspoken thoughts.

In the weeks that followed she effaced herself, pushing Amy into Dunham's society in every possible way, but doing it so gradually and skillfully that he scarcely realized how little he was seeing of his friend and comrade. If she saw less of him, however, she saw more of Jack Lester, whose companionship was a grateful balm, because he was not forever talking about beauty, however much he may have admired it.

At first Baird haunted the house like a spirit, while his plans for Miss Averill's entertainment fairly tumbled over each other in their eagerness. These plans, of course, always included Barbara, but with a masterly skill she withdrew from them more and more until almost before Baird realized what had happened he noticed that he and Miss Averill were usually alone. With Miss Averill's exquisite profile beside him, however, he was not in a mood to complain.

Then, about the middle of the fourth week, his soaring spirit suddenly touched earth. He was guilty of a brutal, heretical thought. Right in the middle of a long afternoon that they were to spend together he was seized by a great weariness. For the life of him he could think of nothing to say. He was bored!

He stared at the beautiful Miss Averill with a sort of stupefied wonder. It seemed incredible that the society of so exquisite a creature could be so uncommonly like muggy weather. It seemed an age since he had had a good, bracing talk with Barbara. Now that he thought of it, Barbara must be seeing a good deal of that Lester chap. Vaguely, as if he had happened upon them in a dream, he recalled having met them together several times lately.

"I don't believe you are thinking of me at all!" pouted Miss Averill. "I've spoken to you twice, and you haven't even heard me. It isn't nice of you."

"Eh—what?" exclaimed Dunham, trying to call his roving thoughts together and insisting upon hearing the remark he had inadvertently missed.

"I asked if you don't think the Waldorf is lovely? I think it's just sweet."

"Yes," assented he recklessly. "That expresses it sweetly. It's just sweet." And he cast about in his mind for some excuse by which the hours that stretched before them might be shortened. He felt precisely as he had once in his childhood, when he had surreptitiously bought and eaten six charlotte russes.

Miss Averill confided to Barbara that night that she didn't like Mr. Dunham so well as she thought she did.

"He's so dull! Don't you think so?" she demanded.

"There have been times when he seemed so," Barbara confessed airily. Then she wondered if Baird's ears were aflame. Three days later the radiant Miss Averill's visit came to an end. Soon afterward Dunham dropped in to see Barbara, quite in his old manner.

"Ah, this is good!" he said gloatingly as he sank into the depths of his favorite chair. "There's so much talk to make up," he went on in genial enjoyment, "that I scarcely know where to begin."

Barbara turned her head to one side and surveyed him with half closed eyes.

"We might begin with feminine beauty," she suggested helpfully. "There's so much to be said about it."

A pause followed in which several new ideas entered Dunham's mind. Then he demanded, not without a conscious sense of guilt:

"Just what do you mean?"

He leaned forward and studied her face, and though she flushed under his keen scrutiny her eyes looked back at him—proud, unwavering and a bit defiant.

"I certainly admire beauty," he began softly. "But I take back what I have said about falling in love with one. You see, little girl, I'm so used to you that the beauties bore me."

"Really," she scoffed, "for a worshiper of the fair!"

But a pair of strong arms were about her and a rueful voice pleaded:

"Scold me some other time, dearest."

A Bargain.

"Did you hear what Whimpton's little boy said when they showed him the twins?"

"No. What was it?"

"He said: 'There! Mamma's been gettin' bargains again!'"

Did Not Differentiate.

The major told this tale in the rotunda of the Russell House last night. It came, apropos of the story in The Journal about the police releasing a prominent citizen while keeping in jail a workingman, both of whom had been mixed up in the same scrap, and presumably equally guilty.

"It was ten years ago, and half a dozen of us were coming home from a dinner. A couple of our number by way of a joke picked up a large Salvation Army sign on the corner of Elgin and started to carry it along with us, singing as we went.

"Somehow the blamed thing slipped and broke into half a dozen pieces. At the same time a couple of policemen whose sense of duty had been over-developed at the expense of their sense of humor arrived, and half an hour after, all explanations having proved vain, we were each reposing in our iron-barred boudoir at the station.

"We were all in evening dress, and after the edge of the joke was worn thin we wanted to get out. But we had to stay till Police Court, so the officers told us, unless the magistrate—the late Magistrate O'Gara—would give an order for our release.

"Well, we wrote our plea to him—most of us knew him personally—and got a messenger to take it out to his house. We recited our positions and families, and asked on these grounds to be allowed to go.

"About 4 a.m. the messenger got back.

"'Did he give you an order of release?' we all yelled in unison as he came in.

"'Yes, sir,' said the messenger, 'he got right out of bed and read your letter and sent an answer to the sergeant.'

"The sergeant opened the proffered letter. This is what it contained, word for word:

"'The sergeant in charge will take greatest care not to differentiate in any way between a well-dressed and a poorly-dressed gang of blackguards.'

"Next morning he fined us five and two apiece."—Ottawa Journal.

Forestry Nursery.

Mr. E. J. Zavitz has been appointed director of the Forest Tree Nursery, which it is proposed to establish in connection with the Ontario Agricultural College. Mr. Zavitz is now attending the Yale Forestry School.

It is the present intention of the Agricultural Department to plant a large quantity of seedlings on a tract of land which has been set out for that purpose, and within a year they expect to be able to supply the farmers of the province with sturdy young forest trees. The work will necessarily be carried on in a small way at present, as only $3,500 has been placed at the department's disposal by the Legislature. Besides rearing trees suitable to the province, the nursery will take the place of a forestry school. The students of the college, or rather the majority of them, are expected to take a deep interest in the scheme.

A Fast Crab.

"As awkward as a crab" does not apply on some of the South Sea Islands, for a crab is found there that not only runs as fast as an average man, but climbs trees with the ease of a schoolboy.

A Clever Reply.

Mme. de Maintenon once asked Lord Stair why it was that the affairs of government were so badly managed in France under a king and so well managed in England under a queen? "For that very reason," replied the English ambassador, "for when a man reigns the women rule him, and when a woman reigns she is ruled by men."

Her Importance.

Herbert Spencer once told this story of a woman of his acquaintance: "Vain as well as vulgar minded, she professed to have a high admiration of Shakespeare and was partial to reading his plays aloud and considered that she declaimed the speeches extremely well. On one occasion, after enlarging upon her reverence for him, she ended by saying: 'Ah, I often wish that he were alive and that I had him here. How we would enjoy one another's conversation!'"

The Arizona Kicker

A Fresh Bunch of Items From the Pen of a Fiery Editor.

[Copyright, 1904, by C. B. Lewis.]

MRS. COLONEL STILLMAN held a high tea one night last week and left us off the perch as a social nub. Three days later the colonel was in the hands of the sheriff as a fugitive from justice. We are the It in a social way, and any snubs will be promptly resented.

The fact is being commented on that the governor of this territory takes off his hat to us. It is only our due that he should. He will be out and we will be in before two years have expired, and the governorship will be only a stepping stone to the presidency. The governor is looking for a place in our cabinet, and he'll probably get it.

The mail from Lone Jack came in half an hour ahead of time the other

HALF AN HOUR AHEAD OF TIME.

evening. A pack of mountain lions had given the carrier a run for it. We trust that the department will act upon the hint.

Mr. Swift is coming up from Florence in a couple of weeks to let daylight through us and end the reign of the czar of Arizona. At least, that's what his letter says, and we shall be at home when he calls and do our half of the shooting.

We have had to kill two men, wound three and lick fourteen to get this postoffice into running order, but it is now down on the books of the inspectors as the best conducted office in the territory. Postmasters come here from Idaho to learn how we do it.

In returning from Cochise Place the other evening at midnight after having attended a social function and borne off the palm, as usual, some concealed assassin fired seven shots at us and sent a bullet through our three dollar hat. If he will call around some day, we will present him with the tile, as we have had to resort to our old catskin.

Shakespeare's "Hamlet" is booked for the Hellso Opera House every night next week, and we wish to say to the boys in advance that the stage director will have Hamlet dance three jigs and do a trapeze act and endeavor to come up to our standard of what a stage hero ought to be. Don't begin shooting until he has a chance to show what he can do.

Mr. Johnson, the genial landlord of the Gray Wolf hotel, was compelled to shoot a guest named Warner the other day for finding fault with the holes in the tablecloth. He did it as gently as he could, however, and has agreed to pay half the doctor's bill. It was the principle of the thing he looked at, and very correctly too. Permit one guest to hold up a "holy" tablecloth to scorn, and others would soon follow suit.

The Pine Hill Banner is in error in saying that a large audience hissed our essay on Columbus when delivered there one night last week. It was what we took for enthusiastic applause. We got out of the hall and into the saddle while it was still going, and if we were followed for a mile and a half by people on horseback it was that they might cheer our homeward way. We think we know as well as any other lecturer when we have made a hit or a miss of it.

We are trying to give a sort of twentieth century flavor to our paper by employing eastern journalists who happen along, but we confess to being somewhat discouraged. They don't exactly grasp the western situation with both hands. There is a certain chic to this climate only to be understood by a journalist who has been shot at about a dozen times.

Jim Whitbeck, alderman from the First ward, has been aching for some time to find out if his honor the mayor (who is ourself) was well up in "Cushing's Manual" as president of the common council. Last Friday evening he learned all he wanted to know. He was indulging in a speech when there was no question before the house and was politely cautioned. He refused to heed the caution and planted himself on the broad platform of American liberty. His honor stepped down and took Jim and his platform and threw both downstairs in a heap. The alderman from the First had his shoulder dislocated and the funny bone of his elbow cracked in two places. If there is any other member of the council who doubts the mayor's thorough familiarity with "Cushing's" he is free to experiment at any meeting.

M. QUAD.

From His Friends.

"What are you taking for your cold?"

"Oh, advice."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A HERO AT A FIRE.

A Moving Tale That Carries With It Its Own Moral.

They were talking on that inexhaustible subject, the Toronto fire, says The Toronto Star.

"Some people wonder," said the short man, "that more goods were not saved out of the burning buildings. Why, man alive, they'd have knocked you down with an axe if you'd tried to save anything out of one of them stores."

"Why?" enquired the lean man. "And who'd have knocked you down with an axe?"

"The owners—that's who. As to why they'd have done it, the answer's in one word—insurance. Say, did I ever tell you about the time that I was a hero and covered myself with blisters and glory at a fire? Well, I never felt so good in all my life. I just felt dead sure that I was doing something pretty fine. It was in a country village, and a widow's house was on fire. First, I got on the roof with some other fellows, and tried to keep the fire off by hurling pails of water on the shingles—men passed pails up ladders, and myself and another fellow hurled water where it would do the most good. To keep from falling off, we threw away our boots, and worked in our sock feet. Slipping on hot cinders burnt holes in my socks, and we got badly burnt on the hands and face, but it was no good. The house caught fire, and then, with two other chaps, I sailed in saving goods from inside. We simply risked our lives at that work—carrying out chairs, tables, pictures dishes, anything we could get hold of. I remember we had a lot of trouble with a box stove—but at last, as the roof collapsed, we stood across the road, black with smoke, covered with burns, our clothes ruined, and scarcely able to stand after our hard work, but feeling proud of what we had done, for that poor widow. Well, just then through the advancing crowd came the widow, crying because she was homeless, and she saw that pile of furniture. In the glare from that burning house she could see it all and we could see her. She just quit crying there and then, and gave us a regular tongue thrashing—wanted to know why I could never mind my own business, but kept poking my nose into other people's affairs. She said the stuff we had carried out was no good, but that the insurance company would value it at about five hundred dollars, and do her out of the money. She said if we had a spark of honesty in us we'd go and throw the stuff back in again, and jump in after it. Say, I was mad clean through, and I tell you what since then I wouldn't save a man from drowning unless he asked me to."

An Invitation.

An interesting collection of invitations to and from Benjamin Franklin during his visit to England is in the University of Pennsylvania library. Among the letters to Franklin are some from the peerage for great and for little dinners, but perhaps the most interesting is one from a gentleman who described himself as "in lodgings" and unable to entertain Mr. Franklin at his home. He therefore proposed a visit to the Star and Garter, and then went on to say that he would order a dinner at a crown a head, evidently expecting Franklin to bear his share. There is no record of an acceptance.

Crickets in Japan.

There is a large green cricket, larger than our native variety, of which the children in Japan are fond. It is sold in cunning little bamboo cages in booths on the streets and is loved for its cheery chirp. Several varieties of tree crickets are pure white, coming at different times of the year. Some have a note so loud and insistent that to have two or three playing their fiddles in a garden at once makes a noise almost deafening, while a species that comes late in the fall has an exquisite note like the quick ringing of a small bell.

A Stickler For Etiquette.

Dr. Thompson, master of Trinity college, Cambridge, was an exceedingly cold and austere man, never taking any notice of the undergraduates under his care. On one occasion a Trinity man happened to be out walking and was caught in a storm. He ran across a field and took shelter beneath a large tree. When he arrived there, he found, to his horror, that Dr. Thompson was beneath it, seeking protection from the rain. For some time both stood silent, watching the clouds, till at last the undergraduate, growing desperate, ventured to remark that he thought it was clearing up a little. "Sir," said the doctor haughtily, frowning upon the wretched youth, "all communications to the master of Trinity must be made through the tutors."

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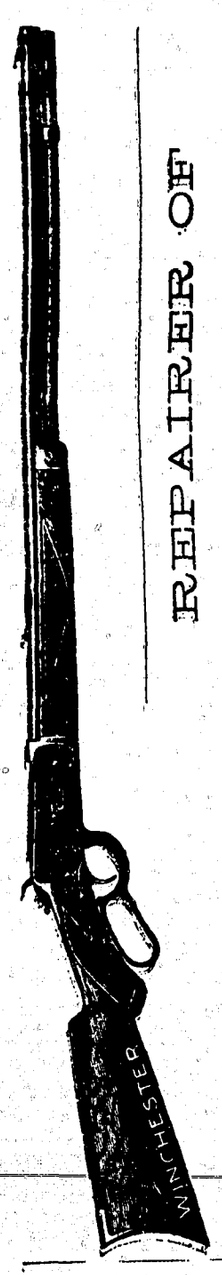

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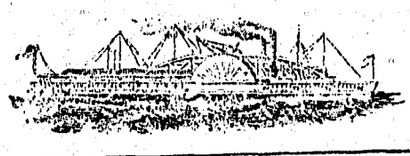

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Leaves Nanaimo Tuesday, 5 p.m., for Comox, connecting with s.s. Joan at Nanaimo.

Leaves Comox Wednesday, 8 a.m., for Nanaimo direct, connecting with train for Victoria

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

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.

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JUNE 1st, 1903.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2—Daily. A.M.		No. 4—Sunday P.M.
Dp. 9.00	Victoria	Dp. 4.00
" 9.28	Coldstream	" 4.28
" 10.24	Koenig's	" 5.24
" 11.00	Duncan's	" 5.55
P.M.		P.M.
" 12.35	Nanaimo	" 7.37
Ar 12.53	Wellington	Ar. 7.52

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1—Daily A.M.		No. 3—Sunday A.M.
Dp. 8.00	Wellington	Dp. 4.00
" 8.20	Nanaimo	" 4.15
10.03	Duncan's	" 5.55
" 10.42	Koenig's	" 6.30
" 11.38	Coldstream	" 7.27
Ar 12.06	Victoria	Ar 7.55

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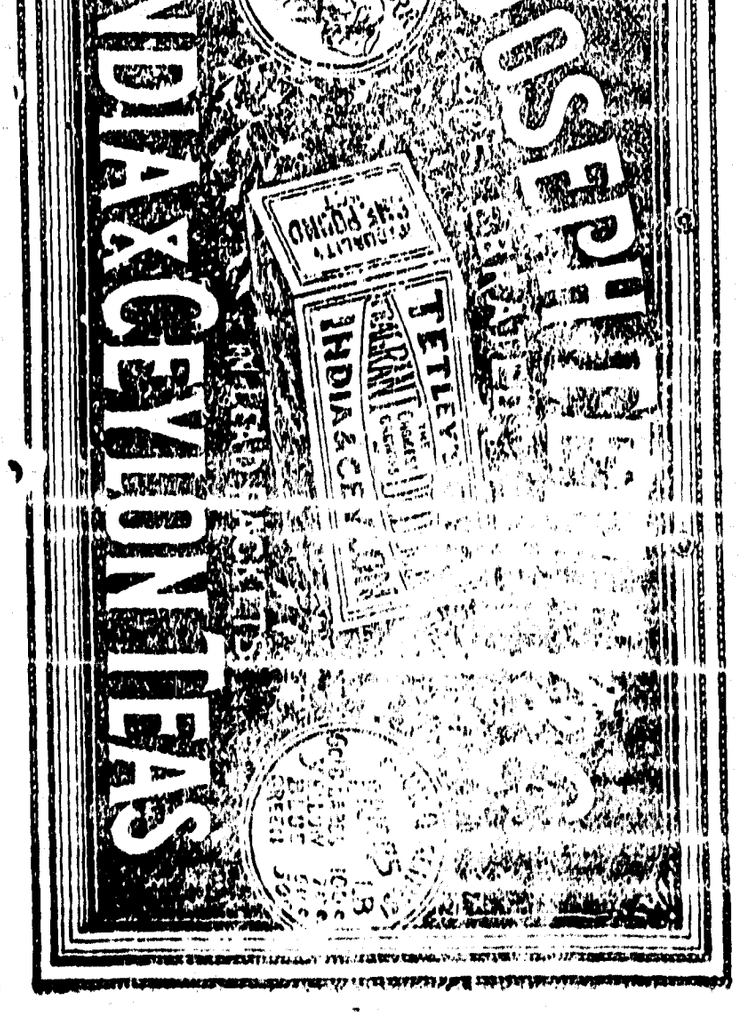

The TEA OF TEAS

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

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, AUG. 16 1904

Telegraphic News

St Petersburg, 9th—Despatch received here from Lieut. Gen. Stoessel confirms previous reports that the Japanese before Port Arthur are in possession of Wolf Hill. The General says that on July 30 the Russians withdrew from their positions on Wolf Hill before the numerical superiority of the Japs. Gen. Stoessel estimates the number of Japanese attacking Port Arthur at 70,000. It is announced from Chefoo yesterday that a refugee who witnessed the fighting at Wolf Hill declared that 4,000 Russian troops defended the position. In many instances the Russian soldiers dropped their rifles and rolled boulders down on the Japanese with effects more fatal than their bullets.

Shanghai, 9th—It is reported that there are 10,000 sick and wounded at Port Arthur.

It is reported that Gen. Stoessel in command of the military forces at Port Arthur, has committed suicide and that panic prevails at Port Arthur.

London, 9th—Marquis Oyama, commander in chief of the Japanese forces in Manchuria, has proceeded north and expects to attack Liao Yang on August 20th.

Vancouver, 9th—All witnesses in Telford case including McHarg were bound over to appear at the assizes. Telford is now in New Westminster jail It is due to McHarg to say that he states he was anxious for Miss B well to marry him at once but she could not be induced to do so. McHarg however, made all his insurance policies payable to her and had the announcement publicly made that they were engaged.

Chefoo, 9th—The firing of heavy guns at intervals of 1 minute has been distinctly heard in the direction of Port Arthur since 10 3. a.m.

Another terrific assault has been made on Port Arthur. It is rumored that the fortress has been captured.

Victoria, 9th—The biggest fire in the history of this city broke out this afternoon in the Albion Iron Works and the whole structure is a sheet of flames and doomed to destruction. All fire apparatus in the city is on the scene and assistance is asked from Nanaimo. Heavy southeast wind took clouds of embers and scattered them far and wide. Within three quarters of an hour a dozen buildings in different places as far as Douglas street are ablaze. This section of the city is thickly built with small residences The whole section north of Herald street and east to Blanchard is a roaring mass of flames. 50 houses are now on fire. Firemen are spending their efforts to save the sawmill district and gas works. Reported that the fire has broken out on the Work estate if so it will sweep the entire northern section of the city.

The Albion Iron works is burned to ashes. All is beyond the control of the firemen and the water supply is no good.

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THE COURIER OF THE CZAR

By Jules Verne

CHAPTER III.

THE distance between Moscow and Irkutsk, about to be traversed by Michael Strogoff, was 5,200 versts. Before the telegraph wire extended from the Ural mountains to the eastern frontier of Siberia the dispatch service was performed by couriers, those who traveled the most rapidly taking eighteen days to get from Moscow to Irkutsk.

In the first place, however, he must not travel as a courier of the czar usually would. No one must even suspect what he really was. Spies swarm in a rebellious country. Let him be recognized, and his mission would be in danger. Also, while supplying him with a large sum of money, which was sufficient for his journey and would facilitate it in some measure, General Kissoff had not given him any document specifying that he was in the emperor's service, which is the sesame par excellence. He contented himself with furnishing him with a podorojna.

The podorojna was made out in the name of Nicholas Korpanoff, merchant, living at Irkutsk. It authorized Nicholas Korpanoff to be accompanied, if requisite, by one or more persons, and, moreover, it was by special notification made available in the event of the Muscovite government forbidding natives of any other countries to leave Russia.

The podorojna is simply a permission to take post horses, but Michael Strogoff was not to use it unless he was sure that by so doing he would not excite suspicion as to his mission—that is to say, while he was on European territory. The consequence was that in Siberia, while traversing the insurgent provinces, he would have no power over the relays either in the choice of horses in preference to others or in demanding conveyances for his personal use. Neither was Michael Strogoff to forget that he was no longer a courier, but a plain merchant, Nicholas Korpanoff, traveling from Moscow to Irkutsk, and as such exposed to all the impediments of an ordinary journey.

To pass unknown more or less rapidly, but to pass somehow or other—such were the directions he had received.

Thirty years previously the escort of a traveler of rank consisted of not less than 200 mounted Cossacks, 200 foot soldiers, 25 Baskir horsemen, 300 camels, 400 horses, 25 wagons, 2 portable boats and 2 pieces of cannon. All this was requisite for a journey in Siberia.

Michael Strogoff, however, had neither cannon nor horsemen nor foot soldiers nor beasts of burden. He would travel in a carriage or on horseback when he could, on foot when he could not.

There would be no difficulty in getting over the first 1,500 versts, the distance between Moscow and the Russian frontier. Railroads, post carriages, steamboats, relays of horses, were at every one's disposal and consequently at the disposal of the courier of the czar.

Accordingly on the morning of the 16th of July, having doffed his uniform, with a knapsack on his back, dressed in the simple Russian costume, tightly fitting tunic, the traditional belt of the moujik, wide trousers, gartered at the knees, and high boots, Michael Strogoff arrived at the station in time for the first train. He carried no arms, openly at least, but under his belt was hidden a revolver and in his pocket one of those large knives with which a Siberian hunter can so neatly disembowel a bear without injuring its precious fur.

A crowd of travelers had collected at the Moscow station. The stations on the Russian railroads are much used as places for meeting not only by those who are about to proceed by the train, but by friends who come to see them off. It indeed resembles from the variety of characters assembled a small news exchange.

The train in which Michael took his place was to set him down at Nijni Novgorod. There it [illegible] that time the iron road which, uniting Moscow and St. Petersburg, will eventually continue to the Russian frontier. It was a journey of about 400 versts, and the train would accomplish it in ten hours. [illegible] Strogoff would, according to circumstances, either take the land route or the steamer on the Volga, so as to reach the Ural mountains as soon as possible.

Michael Strogoff ensconced himself in his corner like a worthy citizen whose affairs go well with him and who endeavors to kill time by sleep.

Nevertheless, as he was not alone in his compartment, he slept with one eye open and listened with both his ears.

In fact, the rumor of the rising of the Kirghiz hordes and of the Tartar invasion had transpired in some degree. The occupants of the carriage, whom chance had made his traveling companions, discussed the subject, though with that caution which has become habitual among Russians, who know that spies are ever on the watch for any treasonable expressions which may be uttered.

At the Wladimir station fresh travelers entered the train. Among others, a young girl presented herself at the door of the carriage occupied by Michael Strogoff.

A vacant place was found opposite the courier of the czar. The young girl took it after placing by her side a modest traveling bag of red leather which seemed to constitute her luggage. Then, seating herself with downcast eyes, she prepared for a journey which was still to last several hours.

Michael Strogoff could not help looking attentively at his newly arrived fellow traveler. As she was so placed as to travel with her back to the engine, he even offered her his seat, which she might prefer to her own, but she thanked him with a slight bend of her graceful neck.

The young girl appeared to be about sixteen or seventeen years of age. Her head, truly charming, was of the purest Slavonic type—slightly severe, and which would when a few summers had passed over her unfold into beauty rather than mere prettiness. From beneath a sort of kerchief which she wore on her head escaped in profusion light golden hair. Her eyes were brown, soft and expressive of much sweetness of temper. The nose was straight and attached to her pale and somewhat thin cheeks by delicate mobile nostrils. The lips were finely cut, but it seemed as if they had long since forgotten how to smile.

The young traveler was tall and upright, as well as could be judged of her figure from the very simple and ample pelisse that covered her. Although she was still a very young girl in the literal sense of the term, the development of her high forehead and clearly cut features gave the idea that she was the possessor of a great moral energy, a point which did not escape Michael Strogoff. Evidently this young girl had already suffered in the past, and the future doubtless did not present itself to her in glowing colors. But it was none the less certain that she had known how to struggle and that she had resolved to struggle still with the trials of life. Her energy was evidently prompt and persistent and her calmness unalterable even under circumstances in which a man would be likely to give way or lose his self command.

Such was the impression which she produced at first sight. Michael Strogoff, being himself of an energetic temperament, was naturally struck by the character of her physiognomy, and, while taking care not to cause her annoyance by a too persistent gaze, he observed his neighbor with no small interest. The costume of the young traveler was both extremely simple and appropriate. She was not rich—that could easily be seen—but not the slightest mark of negligence was to be discerned in her dress. All her luggage was contained in a leather bag under lock and key, and which, for want of room, she held on her lap.

She wore a long, dark pelisse, which was gracefully adjusted at the neck by a blue tie. Under this pelisse a short skirt, also dark, fell over a robe which reached to her ankles and of which the lower edge was ornamented with some simple embroidery. Half boots of worked leather and thickly soled, as if chosen in the anticipation of a long journey, covered her small feet.

Michael Strogoff fancied that he recognized by certain details the fashion of the costume of Livonia, and he thought that his neighbor must be a native of the Baltic provinces.

But whither was this young girl going alone at an age when the fostering care of a father or the protection of a brother is considered a matter of necessity? Had she now come after an already long journey from the provinces of western Russia? Was she merely going to Nijni Novgorod, or was the end of her travels beyond the eastern frontier of the empire? Would some relation, some friend, await her arrival by the train, or was it not more probable, on the contrary, that she would find herself as much isolated in the town as she was in this compartment, where no one, she must think, appeared to care for her? It was probable.

Michael Strogoff observed her with interest, but, himself reserved, he sought no opportunity of accosting her, although several hours must elapse before the arrival of the train at Nijni Novgorod.

At last the train, at half past 8 in the evening, arrived at the station of Nijni Novgorod.

Before any one could get out of the carriages the inspectors of police presented themselves at the doors and examined the passengers.

Michael Strogoff showed his podorojna made out in the name of Nicholas Korpanoff. He had consequently no difficulty.

As to the other travelers in the compartment, all bound for Nijni Novgorod, their appearance, happily for them, was in nowise suspicious.

The young girl in her turn exhibited not a passport, since passports are no longer required in Russia, but a permit indorsed with a private seal and which seemed to be of a special character. The inspector read the permit with attention. Then, having attentively examined the person whose description it contained, he said:

"You are from Riga?"

"Yes," replied the young girl.

"You are going to Irkutsk?"

"Yes."

"By what route?"

"By Perm."

"Good!" replied the inspector. "Take care to have your permit vised at the police station of Nijni Novgorod." The young girl bent her head in token of assent.

Hearing the questions and replies, Michael Strogoff experienced a mingled sentiment both of surprise and pity. What, this young girl alone journeying to that faroff Siberia and at a time when to its ordinary dangers were added all the perils of an invaded country and one in a state of insurrection? How would she reach it? What would become of her?

The inspection ended, the doors of the carriages were opened, but before Michael Strogoff could move toward her the young Livonian, who had been the first to descend, had disappeared in the crowd which thronged the platforms of the railway station.

Nijni Novgorod, Lower Novgorod, situated at the junction of the Volga and the Oka, is the chief town in the district of the same name. It was here that Michael Strogoff was obliged to leave the railway, which at the time did not go beyond this town. Thus as he advanced his traveling would become first less speedy and then less safe.

Nijni Novgorod, the fixed population of which is only from 30,000 to 35,000 inhabitants, contained at that time more than 300,000—that is to say, the population was increased tenfold. This addition was in consequence of the celebrated fair which was held within the walls for three weeks. Formerly Makariew had the benefit of this concourse of traders, but since 1817 the fair had been removed to Nijni Novgorod.

The town, dreary enough at most times, then presented a truly animated scene. Six different races of merchants, European and Asiatic, were fraternizing under the congenial influence of trade.

Michael Strogoff strolled through the town quietly, looking out for some inn. He was looking for supper rather than a bed, but he found both at the sign of the City of Constantinople.

His supper finished, Michael Strogoff instead of going up to his bedroom again strolled out into the town.

Why did not Michael Strogoff go quietly to bed, as would have seemed more seasonable after a long railway journey? Was he thinking of the young Livonian girl who had for so many hours been his traveling companion? Having nothing better to do, he was thinking of her.

"Alone," he said to himself; "alone in the midst of these wandering tribes! And yet the present dangers are nothing to those she must undergo. Siberia! Irkutsk! I am about to dare all risks for Russia, for the czar, while she is about to do so for whom? For what? She is authorized to cross the frontier! And the country beyond is in revolt! The steppes beyond are full of Tartar bands!"

Michael Strogoff stopped for an instant and reflected.

"Without doubt," thought he, "she must have determined on undertaking her journey before the invasion. Perhaps she is even now ignorant of what is happening. But, no; that cannot be, for the merchants discussed before her the disturbances in Siberia, and she did not seem even surprised. She did not even ask for an explanation. She must have known it then, and, though knowing it, she is still resolute. Poor girl! Her motive for the journey must be urgent indeed! But, though she may be brave—and she certainly is so—her strength must fail her, and, to say nothing of dangers and obstacles, she will be unable to endure the fatigue of such a journey. Never can she pass Irkutsk!"

Indulging in such reflections, Michael Strogoff wandered on as chance led him; but, being well acquainted with the town, he knew that he could without difficulty retrace his steps.

Having strolled on for about an hour, he seated himself on a bench against the wall of a large wooden cottage which stood, with others, on a vast open space.

He had scarcely been there five minutes when a hand was laid heavily on his shoulder.

"What are you doing here?" roughly demanded a large and powerful man who had approached unperceived.

"I am resting," replied Michael Strogoff.

"Do you mean to stay all night on the bench?" asked the man.

"Yes, if I feel inclined to do so," answered Michael Strogoff in a tone somewhat too sharp for the simple merchant he wished to personate.

"Come forward, then, that I may see you," said the man.

"It is not necessary," he replied, and he calmly stepped back ten paces or so.

The man seemed, as Michael observed him well, to have the look of a Bohemian, such as are met at fairs and with whom contact, either physical or moral, is unpleasant. Then, as he looked more attentively through the dusk which was coming on, he perceived near the cottage a large caravan, the usual traveling dwelling of the gypsies who swarm in Russia wherever a few copecks can be obtained.

As the gypsy took two or three steps forward and was about to interrogate Michael Strogoff more closely the door of the cottage was opened. He could just see a woman, who advanced quickly and in a language which Michael Strogoff knew to be a mixture of the Mongol and Siberian she said: "Another spy! Let him alone and come to supper. It is waiting for you."

Michael Strogoff could not help smiling at the epithet bestowed on him, dreading spies as he did above all things.

But in the same dialect, although his accent was very different, the Bohemian replied in words which signify:

"You are right, Sangarre. Besides, we start tomorrow."

"Tomorrow!" repeated the woman in surprise.

"Yes, Sangarre," replied the Bohemian, "tomorrow, and the Father himself sends us—where we are going."

Thereupon the man and woman entered the cottage and carefully closed the door.

"Good!" said Michael Strogoff to himself. "If these gypsies do not wish to be understood when they speak before me, they had better use some other language."

From his Siberian origin and because he had passed his childhood in the steppes Michael Strogoff, it has been said, understood almost all the languages in usage from Tartary to the Sea of Ice. As to the exact signification of the words exchanged between the gypsy and his companion he did not trouble his head. For why should it interest him?

An hour after Michael Strogoff was sleeping soundly on one of those Russian beds which always seem so hard to strangers, and on the morrow, the 17th of July, he awoke at break of day.

He had still five hours to pass at Nijni Novgorod. It seemed to him an age. How was he to spend the morning unless in wandering, as he had done the evening before, through the streets? By the time he had finished his breakfast, strapped up his bag, had his podorojna inspected at the police office, he would have nothing to do but start. But he was not a man to lie in bed after the sun had risen, so he rose, dressed himself and placed the letter with the imperial arms on it carefully at the bottom of its usual pocket within the lining of his coat, over which he fastened his belt. He then closed his bag and threw it over his shoulder.

This done, he had no wish to return to the City of Constantinople, and, intending to breakfast on the bank of the Volga near the wharf, he settled his bill and left the inn. By the way of precaution Michael Strogoff went first to the office of the steam packet company and there made sure that the Caucasus would start at the appointed hour. As he did so the thought for the first time struck him that since the young Livonian girl was going to Perm it was very possible that her intention was also to embark in the Caucasus, in which case he should accompany her.

Michael Strogoff found himself in the central square when the report spread that the head of police had been summoned by a courier to the palace of the governor general. An important dispatch from Moscow, it was said, was the cause of it.

"The fair is to be closed," said one.

"The regiment of Nijni Novgorod has received the route," declared another.

"They say that the Tartars menace Tomsk!"

"Here is the head of police!" was shouted on every side. A loud clapping of hands was suddenly raised, which subsided by degrees and finally was succeeded by absolute silence. The head of police arrived in the middle of the central square, and it was seen by all that he held in his hand a dispatch.

Then in a loud voice he read the following announcements:

"By order of the governor of Nijni Novgorod:

"All Russian subjects are forbidden to quit the province upon any pretext whatsoever.

"All strangers of Asiatic origin are commanded to leave the province within twenty-four hours."

CHAPTER IV.

JUST as the reading of the proclamation by the head of the police came to an end an idea darted instinctively into the mind of Michael Strogoff.

"What a singular coincidence," thought he, "between this proclamation expelling all foreigners of Asiatic origin and the words exchanged last evening between those two gypsies of the Zingari race! 'The Father himself sends us where we wish to go,' that old man said. But 'the Father' is the emperor. He is never called anything else among the people. How could those gypsies have foreseen the measure taken against them? How could they have known it beforehand, and where do they wish to go? Those are suspicious people, and it seems to me that to them the government proclamation must be more useful than injurious."

But these reflections, though certainly correct, were completely dispelled by another, which drove every other thought out of Michael's mind. He forgot the Zingaris, their suspicious words, the strange coincidence which resulted from the proclamation. The remembrance of the young Livonian girl suddenly rushed into his mind.

"Poor child!" he thought to himself. "She cannot now cross the frontier."

In truth the young girl was from Riga. She was Livonian, consequently Russian, and now could not leave Russian territory. The permit which had been given her before the new measures had been promulgated was evidently no longer available. All routes to Siberia had just been pitilessly closed to her, and whatever was the motive which was taking her to Irkutsk, she was now forbidden to go there.

This thought greatly occupied Michael Strogoff. He said to himself, vaguely at first, that without neglecting anything of what was due to his important mission it would perhaps be possible for him to be of some use to this brave girl, and this idea pleased him. Knowing how serious were the dangers which he, an energetic and vigorous man, would have personally to encounter through a country of which, however, the roads were familiar, he could not conceal from himself how infinitely greater they would prove to a young, unprotected girl. As she was going to Irkutsk, she would be obliged to follow the same road as himself; she would have to pass through the bands of invaders, as he was about to attempt doing himself. If, moreover, and according to all probability, she had at her disposal only the resources necessary for a journey taken under ordinary circumstances, how could she manage to accomplish it under conditions which late events would render not only perilous, but expensive?

"Well," said he, "if she takes the route to Perm it is nearly impossible but that I shall fall in with her. Then I will watch over her without her suspecting it, and as she appears to be as anxious as myself to reach Irkutsk she will cause me no delay."

But one thought leads to another. Michael Strogoff had till now reasoned on the supposition of doing a kind action, of rendering a service, but now another idea flashed into his brain, and the question presented itself under quite a new aspect.

"The fact is," said he to himself, "that I have much more need of her than she can have of me. Her presence will be useful in drawing off suspicion from me. A man traveling alone across the steppes may be easily guessed to be a courier to the czar. If, on the contrary, this young girl accompanies me, I shall appear in the eyes of all the Nicholas Korpanoff of my podorojna. Therefore she must accompany me. Therefore I must find her again at any cost. It is not probable that since yesterday evening she has been able to get a carriage and leave Nijni Novgorod. I must look for her. And may God guide me!"

Michael left the great square of Nijni Novgorod, where the tumult produced by the carrying out of the prescribed measures had now reached its height. Recriminations from the banished strangers, shouts from the agents and Cossacks who were using them so brutally, all together made an indescribable uproar. The girl for whom he searched could not be there. It was now 9 o'clock in the morning. The steamboat did not start till 12. Michael Strogoff had therefore nearly three hours to employ in searching for her whom he wished to make his traveling companion.

He crossed the Volga again and hunted through the quarters on the other side, where the crowd was much less considerable. He visited every road, both in the high and low towns. He entered the churches, the natural refuge for all who weep, for all who suffer. Nowhere did he meet with the young Livonian.

"And yet," he repeated, "she could not have left Nijni Novgorod yet. We'll have another look."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

No matter how bright and sunshiny the day it will appear dark and cloudy to the man who looks at everything "through blue glasses."—Maxwell's Talisman.

Bacilli at Masked Balls.

Tirelli and Lelli demonstrate a probable source of disease transmission in the lending of masks by costumers. Virulent tubercle bacilli, to say nothing of pneumococci, streptococci, etc., were found in eight out of forty-two masks examined.—New York Medical Journal.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

An old soldier named David Douglas has been buried at Dorchester, Eng., with military honors. He is believed to have had a longer term of service than any other soldier in the army. Enlisting in the Dorset regiment in 1854, he served forty-four years and 112 days, and had eight good conduct stripes.

The 102nd birthday of Mrs. Ann Booth, the daughter of a soldier of George III., was celebrated with a high tea by the aged women in the Woolwich Workhouse. Mrs. Booth, despite her age, can read without glasses, and get about easily. Lady Vivian oftens visits her, and allows her sixpence a week for dainties.

Mr. John Thomas Gates, who is believed to have been the only survivor of the party which accompanied the late Captain Matthew Webb on his cross-channel swim from Dover to Calais, has just died at Dover at the age of 73.

By a recent outbreak of fire on the borders of Ashdown Forest, Eng., a large tract of picturesque country between Tunbridge Wells and Crowborough was sadly marred, and gorse, heather and a considerable number of pine trees destroyed.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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John O'Reilly, the first centenarian the Atlantic liners have ever carried, is now on a visit to Ireland. He says he does not intend to remain, as he wants to be buried in the United States. He has 90 grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Twenty thousand navvies have presented the Archbishop of Canterbury with a cheque for £100, in recognition of the work he has carried on among them in connection with the Navy Mission Society.

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Prices: 25c. 50c. $1 S. C. WELLS & Co. LeRoy, N. Y., Toronto, Can. 308

BLAIR'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

TESTIMONIAL from the Late SIR SAMUEL BAKER, the famous Nile Explorer:
"Newton Abbot, Devon. Dear Sirs—I have delayed my thanks as I wished to test the effect of Blair's Pills by a sufficient interval of time.

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

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

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

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

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

HE'S ONLY ONE OUT OF SCORES

But Dodd's Kidney Pills made him a New Man.

Richard Quirk, doctored for a dozen years and thought his Case Incurable—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured him.

Fortune Harbor, Nfld., June 13, (Special).—Scores of people in this neighborhood are living proofs that Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all Kidney ailments from Backache to Bright's Disease. Among the most remarkable cures is that of Mr. Richard Quirk, and he gives the story of it to the public as follows:

"I suffered for over twenty years from lumbago and Kidney Disease and at intervals was totally unable to work. After ten or twelve years of doctors treatment, I had made up my mind that my complaint was incurable. Reading of cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills tempted me to try them. I did so with little faith, but to my great surprise I had not taken more than half a box before I felt relief and, after the use of seven or eight boxes, I was fully cured and a new man.

"Yes, Dodd's Kidney Pills cured my Lumbago and Kidney Disease, and the best of it is I have stayed cured.

A youth named Reeves purchased nitric acid and mercury at Kettering, Eng., to re-plate the handle-bars of a bicycle. The bottle exploded and injured him so severely that he died.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Experiments made recently have shown that radium exists in appreciable quantities in the large bed of Oxford clay which extends over a great area in Huntingdonshire, Eng.

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

A bronze memorial statue costing £3,000 is to be erected on St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, to the memory of the twenty-five officers and 655 men of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers who fell in the South African war.

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

An inquest was held at Cahir, county Tipperary, on Patrick Whelan, gardener, who died from injuries received in the wagonette accident during the recent visit of the King and Queen to Ireland. Of the occupants of the vehicle two have died and three others are in a critical condition.

Mr. William Faucett, of Maidstone, Eng., who helped Disraeli to win the first election in that borough in 1837, has just reached his ninetieth year.

In a sample of fifteen drops of milk obtained at a dairy "of a good class," the Lambeth (Eng.) medical officer reports that he found 1,000,000 bacteria. In another sample bought in the street he found 5,200,000.

The practice of fastening juvenile patients in their beds, said to be followed in many hospitals, has resulted in a two-year-old child named Phyllis Gregory being hanged in the Workhouse Hospital, Halifax, Eng.

Lace and tulle to the value of £2,400,000 were exported from Calais to England last year. The manufacture of these goods in Calais is largely in the hands of Nottingham people, who introduced the trade in the French port.

When do you make a first-rate bargain at a poulterer's?—When you buy a guinea-fowl for three-and-six.

"Hallo, I say! That's my umbrella you have!" "Why, so it is! I must have taken it in a moment of abstraction!"

A man and woman charged at Coventry recently with neglecting their children, were stated to have kept sixty-two birds in their bedroom.

ON BEING PREVIOUS.

Catching Trains and Other Things. The Struggle to Be First.

One day last week, having occasion to spend twenty-four hours in the country, I arrived at my station at the ideal time, fifteen minutes before the arrival of my train—five minutes for the purchase of my ticket and the checking of my baggage, five minutes at the bookstall and five minutes to settle myself in my carriage and bid farewell to any one expecting or meriting farewells. To me appeared an acquaintance whose aspect bore that expression of having come to the end of everything that I know so well. To him, having passed the time of day, I proffered idly my latest views upon the current war and my inquiries as to his destination. "Oh, I'm going to Asterisk by the 3:55," he said, with a guilty glance at the clock, whose open countenance bore the hour of 3:13, writ large for all to see. "I hate being rushed," he added hurriedly. "I'd rather be too soon than too late" (so would most of us), "and I've caught my train comfortably" (this with a note of defiance).

"Yes," I said sweetly; "you've caught your train and about half a dozen others that start before it."

I could not help thinking as my well regulated express "drew out" at that precise moment, leaving me with the last word, how often in the world of dress we catch trains an hour too soon. We are always in a hurry to be previous, and we commit miserable errors in this struggle to be first. We wear transparently yoked blouses in April, and we are sick and tired of winter modes by November. We have exhausted all the possibilities of the tulle hat by Christmas. We have come to the end of all the received modes and models by Easter. Is it not a little of a pity? And does not the weather sometimes make us look a little ridiculous?—Mrs. E. Nepeau.

The Dicker Party.

A "dicker party" is an amusing little function which was much in vogue the past summer at Bar Harbor and some of the other northern resorts. The guests all bring from one to a dozen articles with which they are willing to part. These are carried about, well displayed by their respective owners, thus provoking conversation in plenty. "What have you that I want?" says A, meeting his best friend B, who is decorated with a bunch of striped and dotted, plaid and plain neckties of every hue. "That depends upon whether you have anything that I'll take," retorts B. And this is the sociable spirit of the dicker party. Each one examines the other's merchandise and "dickers" if pleased Sometimes a certain article will be dickered from one to another until it has been the successive property of every person in the room. Many laughable exchanges occur.

Given a good sized party of friendly and fun loving people I cannot think of anything more really amucing than the dicker party. Why could it not be given by invitation in aid of small charities? suggests a Good Housekeeping correspondent.

An Unconsidered but Useful Item.

When making a laundry bag do not omit a loop wherewith to hang it. Do not depend upon the drawing string for that purpose, for if the contents are at all weighty the casing is soon torn or worn through at the ends. It is also very much more trouble to put things into the bag from day to day if it is so hung, for it necessitates taking it down unless one side is left open some distance. A strong pair of loops at opposite sides of the bag so that it may be hung from two hooks is preferable. One loop will answer. As a Boston Cooking School Magazine writer remarks, while directions for making pretty laundry bags are often given, this item is never considered.

A Drink For a Hacking Cough.

Beat a perfectly fresh egg thoroughly and mix with it a pint of new milk, luke warm. The milk must be boiled first and allowed to cool. Add a tablespoonful of capillaire. This is made by boiling a pound of sugar in a pint and a half of water until it thickens. Add to the milk, egg and capillaire a tablespoonful of rose water and a pinch of ground nutmeg. Drink it the first and last thing morning and night.

A Wrinkle in Fancy Work.

The tedious work of drawing threads in linen destined for hemstitching is rendered very much easier if the fabric is sonped beforehand. Make a dry lather and apply over the space with a shaving brush. When the linen is dry the threads may be easily pulled out.

When frying smelts sprinkle with lemon juice before rolling in eggs and crumbs. It keeps the flesh white and gives it a good flavor.

A Reprobate.

Teacher—Well, Tom, where are you going? Tom (aged six)—Please, 'm, I'm going to the Band of 'Ope. Teacher—And is little Willie (aged three) going, too, or is he too young to belong to the Band of Hope? Tom—No, 'm; it's not that, but he ain't a teetotaler.—London Punch.

Mr. Hugh Kelly, the secretary of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, does not think there is any truth in the rumor that plans for a fourth Shamrock are being prepared. No intimation, either privately or officially, has been made to that effect.

Mr. Robert Lockey, a member of the South Shields (Eng.) Town Council, was recently fined £5 for betting. "I am not going to deny it," he said. "What's the use of spoiling sport? I took 910 bets altogether."

CRITICAL TIME AT CHANGE OF LIFE

Suffered From Nervous and Extreme Physical Exhaustion, Now Recommends Other Women to Use

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Many women date their illness and sufferings from the period of change of life.

It is a trying time to all women, and a time when Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will prove of incalculable value.

By supplying an abundance of rich red, life-sustaining blood, this great food cure helps women to pass in safety the period of trial in their lives. It strengthens and invigorates the delicate female organism, and builds up the whole system.

Mrs. Chas. Keeling, sen., Owen Sound, Ont., writes: "It is a pleasure to tell what great benefits I have derived from the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I am fifty-five years of age, and for about five years my life was one of great suffering from nervousness, weakness and extreme physical exhaustion. I could not sleep, and hot flushes would pass through my body from head to feet. I consulted my family physician and two other doctors, but they told me, about my time of life, I was likely to be troubled that way. I continually grew worse, and despaired of ever being cured.

"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food came to my notice and as we have Dr. Chase's Receipt Book, I had confidence in the doctor. I was so surprised at the help I received from the first box that I bought three more. They built me right up and made me feel healthy and young again. They have proven a great blessing to me and I hope this testimonial will be of help to some weak, nervous woman suffering as I did.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers or 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 box.

FLOUR STRENGTH UNIFORMITY COLOR. . .

Lethbridge, Alta., May 22nd. 1904.

Messrs.
The Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd.,
Winnipeg, Man.

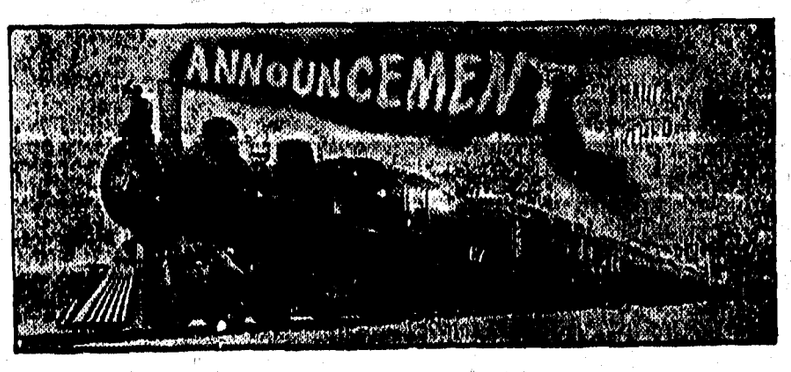
Gentlemen,

As I am giving up the baking business on June 1st., I wish before retiring to compliment you on the quality of both your Hungarian and Glenora Patent brands of flour. I have never found any other to equal them in strength, uniformity or color, and could get more bread from your flour per sack than any other I ever used. In my twenty-two years' baking experience I tried several brands but always came back to your brand as being the most satisfactory.

Wishing you continued success and thanking you for your most liberal business treatment, I am,

Yours truly,
(Signed) S. R. Brady.

Canadian Northern Railway



JUNE 15

Daily Passenger Service Between

Winnipeg and Port Arthur

Schedule: The STEAMSHIP LIMITED—Leave Winnipeg 16.50k, arrive Port Arthur 8.30k; leave Port Arthur 18.50k, arrive Winnipeg 10.30k.

CONNECTING at Port Arthur in both directions with the steamers of the Northern Navigation Co., the Canadian Pacific Steamship Line and the Canadian Pacific All Rail route, to and from all points in Eastern Canada and the United States

GEO. H. SHAW, Traffic Manager

Are You Building? If so, use

EDDY'S IMPERVIOUS SHEATHING

The Best Building Paper Made.

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

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

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

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

W. B. Anderson, Mgr.

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

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

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

In an official statement the Cunard Company confirms the rumour that the new liners now being built for its service will be equipped with turbines. The development of the turbine in recent years has been phenomenally rapid and the application of it to purposes of passenger traffic has succeeded wonderfully well. But so far the turbine has been employed only on steamers of comparatively small tonnage, where the cost of fuel is relatively little and the attainment of high speed possible without extraordinary expense. The new Cunarders are to have an enormous displacement and the installation of turbines in each of them must mean one of two things, either the Company has discovered some way to use the turbines at an expense considerably less than that now entailed by their employment on smaller vessels or the expense is not to be considered in the hope of regaining the speed laurels which German liners long ago wrested from the Cunard flyers. The British Government is now virtually a partner in the Company and the management is not compelled to reckon pennies quite so carefully as it would have done without this powerful backing. Marine engineers and the public generally will be curious to learn whether the promised twenty-five knot boat is to make her appearance as a turbine driven craft or whether she will come as a heavily engined development of the present twin screw system of propulsion.

The "Saturday Bantam" is ruffling its little pinfeathers most violently regarding the News, but we are pleased to see that it acknowledges the standard of this paper to be so high as to insinuate that its articles are taken from writings of such an able journalist as editor Bok of the Ladies Home Journal," but let us inform the "Bantam" that any articles published in this paper taken from other publications are duly credited, not stolen, as are the "telegraphic news" items in the "Bantam" from the News and other papers. Mr Pullen has left Cumberland, Mr Bate is also away for the present, perhaps the school staff is not writing for the "Bantam" just now. Never mind "Banty"! The road is full of stones and thorns to hurt its little footsie wootsies, but by and bye perhaps, it will grow into a big, big bird, and be able to flap its little wings, but not in this world; it will be in some other sphere, far from this cruel unfeeling earth that fails to see the great and good things that "Bantam" "done".

If the chinks take the News for a joss house they will surely pick up the Bantam editors for their josses. That is after the editors have finished their Kindergarten course.

Sunday evening Dr. Staples was called for to see a man named Alfred Gold at the Union Hotel, who had been acting strangely through the afternoon. Among other things, he had fired several shots through the ceiling of his room, and had otherwise acted in an irrational manner. Dr Staples at once ordered his removal to the jail, as it was unsafe to leave him at large, and this job was accomplished only after a severe struggle, it taking several men to secure him. The sufferer was examined next morning by Dr. Staples and found to be quite rational, and beyond dimly remembering the fact that he locked his bedroom door, his mind was a blank regarding other occurrences of the previous day. He is subject to mental lapses of the kind. He knew one was coming on yesterday but was afraid to mention the fact to an one. He was sent home as well ever for the present.

The City of Nanaimo had an unusually large passenger list on Tuesday last. Among others were Mrs McKnight, S. McKnight, Misses Short, Mrs T. Horne and family, S. Grieve, Mrs Ramsay and family, Mr Dobson and Mrs Williams of Courtenay, Mr Poff, Mrs Little and child, Mr and Mrs Freeman, Mr B. Tullidge, Rev. Mr Dunlop, Miss Anderson, W. Smith, Miss Millar, and Mrs Jenkins.

Messrs Napier & Partridge have lately procured a most marvellous shop counter machine by which the loss caused by the old method of cutting cheese with a butcher knife is done away with. The affair consists of a revolving stand armed with studs to hold the cheese, a ratchet attachment at one side, an index finger and a broad lever knife. The cheese is first weighed and the selling value computed carefully. The index finger is placed on the figures corresponding to the value. The cheese is set carefully on the platform and pressed down on the studs and the knife is brought down making a cut from the edge to the centre of the cheese. Raise the knife and the cheese is ready for customers. Lifting the little lever at the side causes the platform and the cheese to turn a little, if the knife is again brought down it cuts off a thin slice, 5cts worth, so that if a 25cts cut is desired the lever is raised and lowered five times before the knife is brought down, 10 times for 50cts etc. The machine is absolutely correct and the cheese is kept perfectly fresh and clean. The machine is called the "Computing Cheese Cutter" and of American patent and manufacture. Messrs Whyte & Co. have one of the same make.

Buy your shoes at the Big Store, largest stock in the district. Reliable goods at popular prices

New Westminster, 14.—The new car shops of the B.C. Electric Railway Co., on 12th street, were burned to the ground this afternoon. Loss about $50,000.

Nanaimo, 15—At an early hour this morning the severed legs, arms and trunk of a human body were discovered on the Extension railway which later proved to be the remains of William Woods, brakeman on the miners train. Woods had fallen between the tender and baggage car while the train was running forty miles an hour and the wheels of the cars had cut his body up into fifty fragments. The accident occurred at midnight and Woods was not missed in the crowd of 400 miners on the train. He leaves a wife and two children.

Chefoo, 15th—Details of the naval battle of Aug. 10th reaching here show that the Czarevitch made a remarkable struggle. When the battle opened 6 battleships on each side opposite each other on almost parallel lines in the vicinity of Round Island. The cruisers and destroyers on both sides were ordered out of range. When the fight had been under way for some time the cruisers and small craft became engaged, finally the Czarevitch was surrounded by 4 battleships and 2 cruisers. She endured hours of terrible fighting pluckily. The shell which killed Admiral Withoff rebounded from a turret.

Both sides have agreed to a short armistice and fighting has stopped.

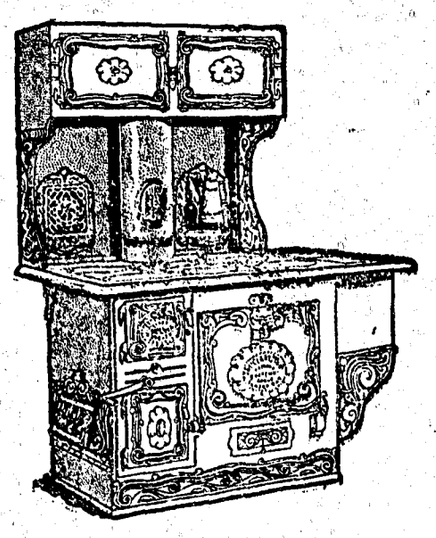
St Petersburg, 15th—The Baltic squadron has received sailing orders and some of the vessels have already departed.

Don't fail to go to the Great Summer Clearance Sale at the Big Store. Prices away down.

Kootenay Steel Range

SAVES FUEL

It is not the first cost of a range which makes it cheap or expensive, but the amount of fuel it afterwards consumes.



If you buy a range a few dollars cheaper than a Kootenay, and it burns from 15 to 25 per cent. more fuel, what do you gain? Nothing; but you actually lose money, besides putting up with all the inconveniences of an old-style range.

The Kootenay is equipped with every known device for reducing the consumption of fuel.

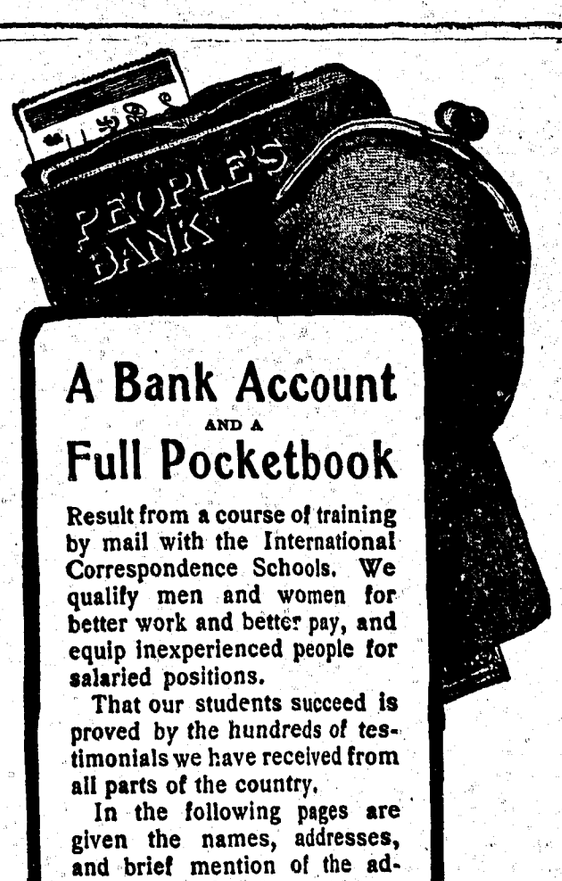
Sold by all enterprising dealers.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET

McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B.

C. H. TARBELL, Sole Agent.



A Bank Account AND A Full Pocketbook

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

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

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

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

UNION BREWING Co,
NANAIMO, B.C.

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

UNION BOCK : BEER FOR 1904.

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

ON DRAUGHT AT ALL HOTELS.

Royal Bank of Canada

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

T. E. KENNY, PRESIDENT, E. L. PEASE, GENERAL MANAGER.

BRANCH AT CUMBERLAND.

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

R. E. WALKER, MANAGER.

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

MINERAL ACT.
(FORM F.)

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

NOTICE.

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

TAKE NOTICE that I, WILLIAM A BAUER, acting as agent for Edward Phillips, Free Miner's Certificate No. B, 71550, and Angelo Catori, Free Miner's Certificate No. B, 7168, intend sixty days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim

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

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

MINERAL ACT.
(FORM F.)

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

NOTICE.

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

TAKE NOTICE that I, WILLIAM A. BAUER, acting agent for Edward Phillips, Free Miner's Certificate No. B. 71550, intend, sixty days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim

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

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

A Fair Trial

IS ALL WE ASK

JUST a chance to show you that we always please our customers by supplying them with the BEST MEATS at the lowest market prices. A trial order will convince you.

THE CITY
Meat Market,
W. W. McKAY, Proprietor.

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

Rams for Sale.

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

FOR SALE.

160 Ac., Crown Grant Land
On VALDEZ ISLAND.

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

50 FRUIT TREES in BEARING

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

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

A BARGAIN
APPLY THIS OFFICE.

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.