Prov Library

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

THIRTEENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. THURSDAY JANUARY 4, 1906

Legislative Assembly JAN 8 1906 VICTORIA, B. C.

The Big Store

Wishes all a Prosperous New Yesr 1906

Winning numbers for our Xmas presents:-

1st. - 443.
2nd - 826.
3rd - 419.
Prizes on application.

Winners of the Guessing COmpetition:-

Total number of walnuts in case, 942. Nearest numbers guessed, 940.

Winners both guessing the same number:—Alex Walker, Jr. Camp, and D. H. Stewart. Both received a fine fat Turkey.

Simon Leiser & Co Ld.

NEW YEARS RESOLUTION.

"Trade with Weiler's"

Yes! Trade with us, we'll treat you well
and of any article you can think of in

. . . HOME FURNISHINGS. . .

We can give you selection from a larger and more varied line than than that shown in any other store in Western Canada.

"Start Today"

By sending for our large general catalogue.
If you prefer, your dealer will procure any of our goods for you.

Weiler Bros., Victoria B. C.

VIOLENT DEATH.

New Years eve at Union Wharf was marked by a shocking tragedy The third engineer of the British tramp steamer, Dulwich, then loading for Acapulco, a young Englishman named M. Southwell, a native of Yarrow-on-Tyne, had been celebrating ashore. Some time in the night Mr T. Hudson took the man aboard the vessel where he was advised to go to bed, Disregarding this he signified his intention of again going ashore remarking it was New Years eve anyhow. Proceeding to climb ashore, he slipped and fell to the water, striking heavily on a fender spar alongside. Mr Hudson, from the wharf heard the thud of the striking body and at once ran to the spot when he saw some object floating near the vessel's stern, and he then gave the alarm and after some delay the man was brought on board where unavailing efforts were made to resuscitate him. He never regained consciousness and upon the arrival of Dr Staples, was pronounced quite dead He had no doubt been stunned by the fall and suffocated after in the water. The funeral took place yesterday at the Cumberland Cemetery

Bread, 5c per loaf at Morrochi Bros

The Editor of the Cowichan Leader is to be congratulated o the issue of his newsy and interesting Christmas number. The enterprise shown by Mr Smith in advertising his prosperous district should be appreciated by the settlers of Cowichan.

The Victoria Times with its usual forethought has issued an interesting Christmas number which will be appreciated by its many readers

Mrs John Williams who spent Xmas with her daughter Mrs Gillpatrick left on Friday morning for Vancouver accompanied by her grandchildren Mr [illegible] who will attend school in that city.

Mrs W Barkie of Denman Isld. is visiting her sister Mrs R. Cessford of Cumberland.

MASONIC BALL

The third annual ball given by Cumberland Lodge No. 26, A. F. and A. M. was held on Thursday the 28th at the Cumberland Hall Under the management of Mr Chas. McDonald of the firm of Simon Leiser & Co, the hall was effectively arranged and decorated creating quite a transformation in the dance hall and comfortable sitting-out booths and cosy corners. The supper room in the hotel we can but inadequately describe for the beauty of its decorations and the choice and daintily served repast, which was partaken of by about 80 guests. Some of the costumes worn by the ladies were noticed Mrs D. Kilpatrick who looked very handsome in white taffete covered with cream shaddonet trimmed with mauve silk and hand painted sprays.

Mrs G. W Clinton, a beautiful costume of black sequin net over white chiffon with pink carnations.

Mrs Geo. McLaughlin in blue silk covered with black net and sequins.

Miss May McNiven, a pretty dress of heliotrope silk and cream lace.

Miss Bennie, in black silk grenadine

Mrs M. Morgan, wore a very handsome gown of ivory duchesse satin trimmed with chiffon, silk applique and silk lace with pearls.

Miss M Frame of Nanaimo a pretty dress of pale blue mousseline de soie over blue silk trimmed with lace

Miss S. Horbury, looked well in white silk net over white silk.

Miss Strang, a pretty white organdie frock, and Miss M. Strang looked very sweet in white nun's veiling and white lace.

Mrs T. H. Carey wore a smart gown of black peau de soie trimmed with black and white chiffon

Mrs T, Hudson, in a handsome black crepe de chine gown with hand embroidered carnations trimming.

Mrs J. Piket, a very striking black silk costume with fawn applique and chiffon.

Miss Berkley looked well in a pretty white silk dress trimmed with pale blue.

Miss Urquhart a dainty dress of ivory crepe de chine, and Miss Isabel Urquhart, a charming pale blue mohair trimmed with lace

Miss Mounce, in black taffeta silk trimmed with pale blue chiffon.

Mrs J Johnston, a smart dress of black silk organdie.

Mrs Riggs, black voile, with dresden sash and carnations.

Mrs Millard, blue merveilliex silk with steel sequin trimmings.

Mrs D Roy, canary voile and cream applique

Owing to the reporter being of male persuasion it was impossible for him to obtain a full report of the many beautiful gowns worn by the fair guests.

The Grand March was led by P. W. M. T, H. Carey, and Mrs Carey, at 9.45, to the strain of Bantley's orchestra.

It may be said that nothing was left to mar the pleasure of the evening [illegible] by the reporter to grimace at another, but [illegible] dress heartburns (or whatever the cause) are natural, and are overlooked.

Bread, 5c per loaf at Morrochi Bros

Mrs Wm Lewis of Courtenay is spending Xmas with her daughter in Vancouver.

Passengers Tuesday night:—Messrs Devlin, Franck Peiser, J. A. Bates and E. Clarke.

Bread, 5c per loaf at Morrochi Bros

We have been asked to make enquiries as to what has been done in the matter of purchasing a tomb stone for R. Parry, for which a collection was made some time ago

N. Robinson, charged with stealing clothing from boarding house wash houses, was taken before Mr Abrams on Tuesday. He plead guilty and was, on account of his youth, allowed out on suspended sentence, with a strong hint to go South.

We write with regret that Mr W. Harmston, of Puntledge, is dangerously ill.

A burning flue in Mr Fraser's barber shop caused a little excitement in that popular tonsorium on Tuesday morning but the fire was quenched without any damage resulting

THE **Magnet Cash Store**

For Your

Stoves, Heaters, Tinware, Crockery, Glassware, Wall Paper, Cutlery' Paints, Varnishes, Enamels, Stains, Washing Machines, Combs, Brushes Toilet Soaps, Organs, Pianos, Furniture, Window Blinds, Poles and Fittings. &c. &c. &c. &c.

T. E. BATE.

Come and get the

BARGAINS

I am giving in the balance of my Xmas Stock. All going at a Great Reduction.

T. D. McLEAN

The Best Store

Wishing our numerous Customers and Patrons a Prosperous and Happy New Year - - - - - -

We beg to announce that we shall shortly open out a

BRANCH STORE AT COURTENAY

for the purpose of greatly reducing our stock.

Enormous Reductions will be made

Watch our Special Sale, Bills later for full particulars.

NAPIER & PARTRIDGE

The Heiress of Cameron Hall.

BY LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

Author of "Miss Middleton's Lover," "A Forbidden Marriage," "Daisy Brooks," Etc., Etc.

"Am I to wear that dress?" asked Helena, turning deadly pale, her thoughts reverting to that night on which she had worn just such a pink-silk dress at the skating carnival—the memorable and eventful night that cast such a bitter, dark shadow over her young life—the night on which she had met Mark Forrester, her artist lover.

"Why, it's a regular beauty of a costume!" declared Miss Rosinel's maid, "and you will look a regualr beauty in it; it just suits you, and fits you to perfection!"

Like one in a dream, Helena suffered the maid to loop the pink gleaming folds artistically about her, bind shining gems on her white arms and in the meshes of her brown, glossy curls.

Then she led her out on the stage, and behind a huge pillar of roses which was to open slowly, and the beautiful princess of the play was to trip gayly forth from the deep crimson heart of a rose, as the curtain went slowly up, and the leader of the orchestra reached the last bar of the overture.

"Courage; you are fairly radiant!" whispered Miss Rosinel's maid, as she darted back behind the scenes, just in time to prevent herself from being discovered.

The silver bell tinkled softly; the orchestra bent to their task; the curtain went up with a silken rustling rush; the pillar of roses parted, and out of the crimson heart of the dew-spangled flower the princess stepped timidly forth into the broad glittering glare of the white calcium lights and the full gaze of the vast audience that was packed to the very doors of the theatre.

The orchestra leader flourished his baton in his white-kidded hand. There was a burst of bewildering, crashing music, but it did not drown out the thundering burst of applause that shook the house from pit to dome.

CHAPTER XXVII.

We must now return to the night upon which we left Mark Forrester struggling alone, and at the mercy of the wild waves of the bay, into which he had so recklessly plunged, holding Helena clasped closely in his arms.

For an instant his clinging hold relaxed—and in that instant a huge wave bore her from him.

With an energy born of desperation he struck out after the dark floating form, which eluded him, and then sunk.

And in the terror of the moment reason came back to him with a terrible shock, and he realized all too plainly what he had done.

A man's hoarse, wild, despairing cry broke over the dashing waves. Useless, useless; he could not save her!—and he struck out blindly for the shore—little caring whether he reached it or not.

He heard the cries of the men in the life-boat, but he heeded them not. He did not care to be rescued, yet ge reached the shore almost in spite of himself.

It was past midnight when he opened the door of Prudence's apartments, and staggered blindly into her presence—flinging himself heavily down upon a chair.

As his sister's eyes fell upon him she gave a piercing shriek and flew to his side.

"Oh, Mark, my brother, my darling brother!" she wailed, falling upon her knees before him, and clasping her hands about his arm. "Oh, what is the matter, my brother?—in the one short hour since you left me your hair has turned snow white. Where is Helena Heathcliff—the girl whose fatal beauty and heart of stone has done this wrong to you? You followed her, Mark—did she escape you? Heaven forgive me. I could almost curse her for the ruin she has wrought!"

Mark Forrester sprung from his chair, fairly livid with ill-concealed terror.

"Prudence," he whispered, in a shrill, horrified whisper, "if you love me never mention poor Helena's name [illegible] I will not tell you what has happened," he went on, incoherently, "I will not shock you with the recital of what love has driven me to. Oh, God, Prudence!" he moaned, bending his head down until it rested against her shoulder, and weeping tears that [illegible] from the depths of his soul. "I would give a thousand lives if I had them to clasp Helena once more in my arms, and feel her warm breath against my cheek. Teach me how to live without her."

Long hours Prudence sat beside him, with his hands closely clasped in hers. Words failed to comfort him—his agony and remorse were too deep for that.

When daylight broke he lifted his haggard face with a hoarse wail:

"We must go far away from here at once Prudence" he cried. "When the sun rises we must not be here—I could not bear it—the sight of the sun dancing over the rippling waters of the bay would madden me. I should expect to see the green, glassy waves part, and my darling's white face rise up between them, gazing at me with dark, horrified, beseeching eyes, sea-weed tangled in her brown, glossy curls and around her lovely face," he muttered, incoherently.

Yet low as the words had been breathed, Prudence's quick ear caught them. A death-like chill clutched her at the heart, and something like the truth came to her. Yet she dared not question him—something in his white, set, haggard face forbade that.

"Ah, Mark, if we had but the money to go, dear," she sighed. Then she placed her hands on his shoulders looking into his sorrow-dazed eyes, so pitifully changed in one short hour. "Eleanor Kirkwood would gladly advance us the required amount," she said, steadily, "because she loves you so well, my poor Mark." And she continued, wistfully: "A lady friend of Eleanor's has written her from this city urging her to take a trip to Europe with her, and Eleanor writes me that she has accepted, and she sails next week with her friend, Mrs. Vivian Cameran, of Cameron Hall. for London, England, and begs me to accompany them. Come with us, Mark," she urged, "and begin life anew over the water, where your brilliant talent will be appreciated, and fame awaits you."

To her great surprise he acquiesced readily. He would go to England with her, but not one penny of Eleanor Kirkwood's money would he accept.

And thus, by the strange machinations of fate most unkind, one week later, Misss Kirkwood, Vivian Cameron, Mark and his sister, were journeying toward London.

Vivian Cameron's reason for this trip was quite apparent. In the society jottings of one of the local journals she had read the announcement that Mr. Frederick Castleton, son of the late well-known manufacturer of that name—Baltimore—had taken up his quarters for the season at the Hotel Brunswick, London, England. Vivian had clipped out the paragraph with a strange flush on her cheeks.

"Why shouldn't I go to London, too?" she soliloquized, tapping her daintily slippered foot on the velvet hearth-rug. "A familiar face is doubly welcome when one is away from home and in a land of strangers. I shall make him think that the meeting is wholly accidental. He must never know that it is premeditated, and that I have followed him to England because life without him is intolerable. Oh, my heart!" she cried, pressing her hands tightly together. "Your every passionate throb has been for Frederick. Ah, Heaven! give me this love, or give me death!"

She had made every effort that wealth could command to discover Helena's whereabouts, that she might be able to keep a strict watch upon her movements, preventing, at any cost, a reconciliation between the estranged lovers, who had parted so strangely at the altar.

Yet every effort had proved unavailing. The girl seemed as utterly lost to the world as though the earth had divided and swallowed her.

"A reconciliation between the lovers was not probable now," she told herself, exultantly, "Pride, that cruelest and most formidable of all weapons, will keep the one from searching for the other. I shall be Vivian Castleton yet!" she cried out to herself "I have been a clever match for this beautiful Helena, but then, young widows usually know how to play their cards in affairs of the heart—it has been their study."

Frederick Castleton was surprised to find, upon entering his hotel one afternoon a week later, a charming, well-known figure in royal purple silk flutter up to him with outstretched hands.

"Oh, Frederick!" murmured a low, cooing voice, in apparent ecstasy and amazement, "who would have dreamed of meeting you here? I am so delighted!"

"Vivian—Mrs. Cameron," he responded, gravely, "I assure you the pleasure is reciprocated. Are you with the party of Americans who were to arrive to-day?" he asked.

"Yes," responded Vivian, with a little sigh. "Cameron Hall was so lonely it quite broke my heart to stay there, and my friends all urged me to go abroad. Change of scene makes one forget."

Frederick Castleton sighed and the sigh was almost a groan. He turned away abruptly, that Vivian's sharp eyes might not read the misery in his face.

"Do not turn away, Frederick," she said, laying a little white, jeweled hand on his arm. "I can see that you have not ceased thinking yet of that miserable girl who eloped with your rival. You should tear her image from your heart, and trample her memory under feet by finding another love."

Frederick held up his white hand with a proud gesture, a proud flush dyeing for an instant his handsome Saxon face.

"Hush, Vivian!" he cried, in a pained voice; "do not speak of Helena in that way. She has broken my heart, dragged my pride into the dust; but, Heaven help me, I love her yet, with all her faults and fickleness, a thousand times better than I ever could love another." And he quoted sadly:

" 'Oh, what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through gladness and sunshine, through sorrow and shame?
I know not, I care not, if guilt's in my heart,
I know that I love thee wherever thou art.' "

Vivian bit her crimson lip hard to keep back the cry of rage that sprung to them. Would he never forget the beautiful face that had won him from her?

"Such a yearning, passionate love as hers must win love in return." She told herself she would never give up the hope of winning him as long as he was free and single. She would devote her life to that one aim.

"Won't you join us at the opera this evening, Frederick?" said Vivian at parting. "The wonderful little Rosinel is advertised to sing, I see by the papers, and Miss Kirkwood, one of the ladies of our party, has expressed a desire to go. Do accompany us, Frederick."

Thus directly appealed to, he could not, out of common courtesy, refuse her, and it was settled that he should secure tickets for the grand opening opera that evening.

It was a genuine surprise to both Frederick and Mark Forrester when they met in the office of the hotel an hour later. Mark shook the hand of his preserver warmly and eagerly, wondering not a little at his evident embarrassment.

"I left Baltimore on the evening of your marriage, Mr. Castleton," he said, "and was thus prevented from offering then what I am pleased to offer now—my congratulations to yourself and bride. May you have a long and happy life to enjoy the blessings of a love fully returned."

Frederick Castleton reeled backward as though the young man had dealt him a heavy blow.

"You are in error, Mr. Forrester; I am still a bachelor," he answered, endeavoring to speak carelessly. "My marriage did not take place; my bride elect 'has gone with a handsome man.' "

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A young and handsome stranger found lying unconscious in the street is no novel sight to the police of London.

They bore the wounded man to headquarters, requesting that the clerk of the Hotel Emmery to follow and explain explicitly all he knew concerning the victim of the mysterious affair.

The name of the fair-haired, handsome stranger, who had vowed a terrible vengeance upon the unfortunate man, had entirely escaped the clerk's memory, and the skillful detectives who were detailed to work up the case started out with but a slight description of Frederick Castleton to work upon.

All efforts to arouse the unconscious victim, that his statement might be taken, proved unavailing, and the case was assuming alarming symptoms.

The handsome, fair-haired American, whom the clerk had described, seemed secure from the arm of the law.

In vain the detectives sauntered along the crowded thoroughfares and all places liable to be the resort of wealthy Americans, but it was quite useless. Still they were not disheartened, they would ultimately meet a man answering the description, they told themselves, confidently.

* * * * * *

It was the opening night of the brilliant opera in which the bewildering and dazzling Rosinel, the queen of the operatic stage, was to appear as the charming and piquant Princess Gay.

This announcement alone was sufficient to draw the elite of London to the Gaiety Theatre and pack the house.

It wanted ten minutes to eight when the American party, consisting of Vivian, Frederick Castleton, Mark and Miss Kirkwood entered their box and took their seats.

Vivian looked exceedingly lovely in her bronze brocaded satin, with a white velvet opera cloak edged with swan's down wrapped gracefully about her shoulders, and a wonderful little love of a bonnet of white daisies and dead bronze leaves perched coquettishly over her pale gold tresses.

She was looking her best, yet Frederick Castleton paid little heed to her becoming toilet, her witching smiles, and plaintive appeals to him to "cheer up and pretend before the audience at least that he was interested in his companions."

Frederick flushed hotly under the mild rebuke and did his best to appear interested. Vivian's chatter fell upon deaf ears.

When a man is in love with one woman so completely it is a waste of time and smiles for another to seek to attract him.

Waking or sleeping his thoughts were about Helena, fickle and faulty though he believed her to be.

"I wonder who those two gentlemen are who are watching us so persistently from the opposite box?" exclaimed Vivian, dropping her pearl-gold opera glass and turning to Frederick. "Their attention seems to be attracted towards you, Frederick," she exclaimed. "Do you know them?"

Before he could reply the two gentlemen in question, who had been conversing earnestly together, drew back among the silken draperies that partly concealed their box, and a moment later they were making their way toward the one occupied by Frederick. At the moment the bell tinkled, announcing the rise of the curtain, one of the strangers bowed himself into their box.

"Will both of you gentlemen accord me one moment's conversation in the lobby?" he asked, addressing Frederick; continuing suavely: "You will pardon the intrusion when I explain to you the great importance of the request."

Frederick and Mark bowed, and, excusing themselves hastily to Vivian and Miss Kirkwood, followed the stranger.

As they stepped from their box the curtain went up with a silken rush, and they involuntarily paused a moment and gazed toward the stage—just as the crimson rose slowly parted, and with a burst of applause and music, the lovely young star advanced toward the foot-lights.

At the back of the parquet, with his arms leaning over the gilded railing, stood the manager of the Gaiety.

As the curtain rose he glanced toward the stage.

A broad smile covered his genial face at the deafening burst of applause. Rosinel was the brightest star that had shone upon London for many a season. She was young and gay, with plenty of chic and dash about her, and could smile toward the audience in a way that quite took their hearts by storm.

For an instant the manager stared aghast at the stage, rubbed his eyes and stared again. Had his senses taken sudden flight? Before him, instead of Rosinel, the bewitching little blondei who was wont to dance gayly at the foot-lights, kiss her jeweled pink fingers to the audience and smile bewitchingly—stood a young girl, hesitating and bashful, yet the face she turned shrinkingly toward the audience was as beautiful as a dream. Ah! no wonder the audience applauded to the echo.

For an instant the manager stared as if petrified into stone.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated, brushing away the cold beads of perspiration that broke ober his forehead with a trembling hand, as he made a rush for the rear of the stage. "Great Heaven, what has happened? Where is Rosinel? Who the dickens is the young girl out there before the foot-lights?" he fairly roared as he dashed back of the scenes among the speechless actors.

No one cauld answer him. Miss Rosinel's maid giggled quite unobserved.

Some one touched the manager on the arm, and wheeling suddenly about, he encountered a tall, slender young girl fairly quivering with rage, as she pointed toward the stage.

"You have broken your contract with me!" she cried; "for it is distinctly specified that if Rosinel did not take the star's part of any opera that was brought out this season that it should be given to me, and you have given it to—some amateur, and I refuse to go on with my part."

"It's all a mistake! Some of Rosinel's doings," he retorted. "I never knew, saw, or heard of the girl before the curtain rose and I saw her there in Rosinel's place. If she makes a blunder Rosinel will answer to me bitterly for this."

The actors gathered breathlessly around him in the wings, where they could have a full view of the beautiful young stranger, who had appeared suddenly and without warning among them in the place of their star.

They stared at each other, then back at the stage, in the utmost consternation and dismay.

For a single instant, as Helena had stepped out into the glare of the lights, she was seized with stage fright. The faces of the multitude before her, and the dazzling lights seemed to dance around her, and the music and deafening applause terrified her; even the notes died away on her lips.

"Begin now," whispered the prompter in a low, guarded voice that barely reached her where she stood. And with a mighty effort Helena took another step forward, and began the sparkling little operatic melody.

The manager, watching her from the side, with the crowd of actors about him, fairly held his breath in suspense; he saw, with his experienced eye, that she was struck with stage fright in its worst form. He quite expected her to turn and fly from the stage.

The next instant she had gained her self-possession, and her voice rose clear as a bird's in a strain of melody that fairly electrified the audience. And on the instant she was a success—the most brilliant success that ever dazzled London.

The young stranger had eclipsed fair Rosinel as the glowing sun at noonday outshines the pale silver moon; the audience was well pleased at the exchange.

The manager was delighted. "I've never seen anything like it," he cried, excitedly, rubbing his hands. "I'll engage her, whoever she may be, on the spot for five seasons to come. Patti will have a rival at last."

The curtain was rung down amid another storm of applause, bouquets were showered upon the pretty silver-throated nightingale, and the applause was so hearty and spontaneous that the gentlemen, with one accord, tore the roses from the lapels of their coats and tossed them at the singer's feet.

In girlish confusion Helena bowed, and raised her dark eyes to the sea of faces before her—raised her eyes to a white, startled face, regarding her with the intentness of a magnet, gazed for an instant only, put out her hands gropingly, reeled backward with a piteous little cry, and fell face downward among the roses just as the curtain descended.

"At last!" she cried, pressing her ice-cold hands to her heart, her face pallid as marble; "we have met again at last. Was I recognized?" she gasped, starting up in terror and dismay. "Oh, no, no, no!"

With the speed of a startled fawn she ran swiftly across the stage, intent upon reaching the door that led to the street and making her escape.

But fate had ordained otherwise; as she dashed back behind the scenes, heedless of the storm of applause from the audience eager for her reappearance before the curtain, she dashed directly into the arms of the smiling manager and Miss Rosinel's maid.

"My dear young lady," he cried, delightedly, "you have made the grandest hit that was ever known on a London stage. I can not find words in which to express my great delight. We have no time for explanations as to how or why you grace the stage of the Gaiety tonight, as the audience are calling loudly for you and will not be appeased until you reappear. Permit me to lead you before the curtain."

CHAPTER XXIX.

For one moment Vivian Cameron stared at the stage as the curtain rose, then turned with a low cry to her friend, Eleanor Kirkwood.

But she, too, was staring at the young girl, her face white to the very lips.

Before Vivian could speak she had grasped her arm in a vise-like grip.

"Do you see that young girl before the foot-lights?" she cried, hoarsely. "I thought the ocean was between us. She has ruined and blasted my whole life!"

Vivian was almost stupefied with amazement.

"Tell me how," she whispered, in a voice equally hoarse, "for she has been my evil genius, too."

Miss Kirkwood scarcely heeded her words, she was so eager to tell her story, and while Helena's voice rose pure and clear in that vast theatre, Eleanor Kirkwood was pouring into Vivian's amazed ear the history of the pink-silk party-dress she had given Mme. Hoyt to make, and which was sent by her to the home of the Heathcliffs—the two poor, young sewing-girls. And how she had gone to the great roller-skating carnival with Mark, a week later, and how, while there, they had seen a young girl in rose-pink silk and glimmering pearls—before whose beauty Mark lost his heart and his head at once.

The acquaintance ripened into love on Mark's part, and before another week had passed, the man whom she loved so madly, had asked the girl to become his wife.

"And now comes the strangest part of the story," continued Eleanor Kirkwood, with darkening brow. "It was afterwards discovered that the dress the poor young sewing-girl had worn to the carnival was mine—yes, mine! She had dared to wear the dress that was intrusted to her to make. When Madame Hoyt sent for the dress, the guilty girl fled, and next day an expressman delivered it to me, when, to my surprise, I found that it was ruined—but in the pocket I found a roll of bills that doubly paid for the loss—and a little tear-stained note, saying that she was going far away, and begging forgiveness—adding, she would not take my lover, Mark Forrester, from me—she was going where no one could ever find her. It is an ill-wind that blows nobody good," continued Miss Kirkwood, grimly, "and I almost forgave the girl for ruining the pink silk, when I found it was indeed true—she had fled from Mark—going, none knew whither, and left him to me. Yet it always seemed a grave mystery to me as to how a poor sewing-girl like her could raise so much money to recompense me for the dress. Mark will see her here to-night, and recognize his lost love at once!" she groaned, "and it will end in his marrying her—for she is more beautiful than ever!"

A Pleasant Freak.

"I just peeped into the parlor as I passed," said Mr. Phamley, "and I saw quite a freak of nature."

"Why, Bertha is there with her young man."

"Yes, I saw two heads on one pair of shoulders."

Clever Repartee.

An officer of the United States army tells of a young woman in a crowded street car who when a young man stood up to give her a seat exclaimed, "You're a jewel." "On the contrary," the young man replied; "I am a jeweler. I set the jewel."

CUMBERLAND NEWS

Cumberland, B. C.

Ancient Platinum.

The discovery of platinum was long thought to be quite modern. In the first half of the sixteenth century it was noticed that gold ore from the Spanish mines in Darien sometimes included grains of a white metal which possessed the qualities of what are called the noble metals, but there were no existing records to throw light upon the matter. As the Spaniards prohibited its export, it was another hundred years before the metal began to find its way into Europe, and it was not till about 1750 that its properties were really investigated. In 1901 M. Berthelot, the famous French savant, made an astonishing discovery in Egypt. He was examining a metal box, once the property of an Egyptian queen of the seventh century B. C., and in it he found a plate which at first sight he took to be silver, but afterward turned out to be made of an alloy of gold and platinum. Doubtless the platinum came from the alluvial deposits of the upper Nile.

They Cleanse the System Thoroughly.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills clear the stomach and bowels of bilious matter, cause the excretory vessls to throw off impurities from the blood into the bowels and expel the deleterious mass from the body. They do this without pain or inconvenience to the patient, who speedily realizes their good offices as soon as they begin to take effect. They have strong recommendations from all kinds of people.

Point Not Well Taken.

Mrs. Jenner Lee Ondego—I don't see why they call it "grand opera" when it's in English. It isn't grand opera when you can understand what the singers are saying. Mrs. Selldom Holme—Why, bless you, you can't understand them any better when they sing in English than when they sing in Italian!

Death or lunacy seemed the only alternative for a well-known and highly respected lady of Wingham, Ont., who had travelled over two continents in a vain search for a cure for nervous debility and dyspepsia. A friend recommended South American Nervine. One bottle helped, six bottles cured, and her own written testimony closes with these words; "It has saved my life."—20

Ready made.

Miss Glade—Why did you choose a baldheaded man for your second husband? Mrs. Blade—Because my first husband always insisted that I worried him baldheaded, and this time I wanted to escape being blamed.

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

Praying Pheasants.

Dr. Theodore Hornblower of Jersey City, N. J., used to have some educated pheasants. He would call them around him and say, "We will now bow our heads in prayer." Down would go every head to the very ground and remain there until the doctor said "Amen." Then, with a loud noise, the beautiful birds would run away.

"Worn Out" People

—Don't neglect the first symptoms. Oftentimes the irritating cough, the insipid cold, the listless and languid feeling, are due to a weak state of the system. It is a sure sign of breakdown. Nothing else will put you right so quickly and effectively as "PSYCHINE." If you feel "worn out," it is time for a tonic, a real tonic. There is only one really good tonic. It is "PSYCHINE." Keep a bottle handy —never be without it. It tones up the system and restores your old time vitality. Ask your druggist about it.

GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

PSYCHINE

(PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

ALL DRUGGISTS—ONE DOLLAR—FREE TRIAL

DR T. A. SLOCUM, Limited
179 King St. W. Toronto, Canada

NOW HE HAS A GOOD STRONG BACK

What Dodd's Kidney Pills did for H. M. Spears.

Thought he would have to Stop Work but the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy made him Strong and Active.

Antigonish, N. S., Oct. 30.—(Specia-.—Mr. H. M. Spears, a well-known farmer living near here, is shouting the praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills. "When I came to Nova Scotia about six years ago," says Mr. Spear, "I was so troubled with Backache I began to think I could not attend to business. However, I got a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and was able to attend to work.

"I had not taken enough to root the Kidney disease out entirely, however and the following winter I was troubled with pains in my back and limbs. Then I got more of Dodd's Kidney Pills and after using three boxes all my pains and lameness had left me.

"I can't say too much in favor of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They put me in a way to attend to business after two dotors had failed. I was a cheesemaker for years, but now I am a farmer with a good strong back."

Lame back is the first symptom of Kidney disease. Cure it with Dodd's Kidney Pills and you will never have Bright's Disease.

Just an Experiment.

"If I were to ask you to marry me what would you say?"

"Why, Mr. Brownby," she faltered, "really this is so sudden."

"I thought so," he answered. "That's about what they all say. Much obliged." and then he said it was time for him to go.

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

State of Ohio, City of Toledo,
Lucas County, ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case ofCatarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

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

(Seal.) A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

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

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

The Pursuit of Man.

Directly or indirectly we are all interested in the pursuit of the desirable male, for whom every function is really arranged whatever be the ostensible reason. When one sees on all sides how eligible men are run after, fawned upon, flattered, cajoled and humbugged, can the truth of it be denied?—Ladies' Field.

Cholera morbus, cramps and kindred complaints annually make their appearance at the same time as the hot weather, green fruit, cucumbers melons, etc., and many persons are debarred from eating these tempting things, but they need not abstain if they have Dr. J. D. Kellog's Dysentery Cordial and take a few drops in water. It cures the cramps and cholera in a remarkable manner and is sure to check every disturbance of the bowels.

Some Scottish Signs.

The signs put up by "sma' merchants" in Scotland are often very amusing. An Aberdeen sign ran, "Fresh Butter and Eggs Laid Here Daily by Betsy Smith." Another not far distant was, "Peats, Coals and Other Groceries Sold Here." In an East Lothian town an announcement was printed, "Balls and Marriage Parties Purveyed."

South American Kidney Cure is the only kidney treatment that has proven equal to correct all the evils that are likely to befall these physical regulators. Hundreds of testimonials to prove the curative merits of this liquid kidney specific in cases of Bright's disease, diabetes, irritation of the bladder, inflammation, dropsical tendency. Don't delay.—22

Mrs. Reuben Park of Chatham was killed while walking on the railway.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Mrs. Reuben Park, aged about seventy years, whose home was a short distance from Chatham, in Chatham township, was walking on the Pere Marquette Railway track, when she was struck by a freight train and almost immediately killed. She is said to have been somewhat deaf. An inquest will probably be held.

Five boats sank on Okanagan Lake during last week's gale. No lives lost. The wind which had been blowing all Monday increased as the day waned and by midnight had increased to a regular gale, and all the launches in the boat house with the exception of one, filled with water and sank However they have all been raised and are little damaged. —Kelowna Clarion.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Leon Geraud shot four silver tips this week; the mother and her three cubs. Mr. Geraud has disposed of the skin of the old bear for $40.—Kelowna Clarion.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

While making an arrest at Crystal City on Wednesday last, Constable McFarlane was attacked by the man who was under the influence of liquor. The weapon used was a clasp dagger, Mr. McFarlane succeeded in securing the knife and landed his man in the coop. The prisoner was fined $25 and costs.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

Sunlight Soap is better than other soaps, but is best when used in the Sunlight way. Buy Sunlight Soap and follow directions.

Scriptural Revenge.

A letter in the Christian Register tells of a minister's son who had been so disobedient at table that he was banished to a small table by himself, to eat there until he should repent and reform. He could not even join in the family grace, but was told to say grace at his own little table. So from his store of Scripture selections he chose this: "O Lord, I thank thee that thou hast prepared a table for me in the presence of mine enemies."

Itch, Mange, Prairie scratches, Cuban Itch on human or animals, cured in 30 minutes by Wolford's Sanitary Lotion. It never fails. At all druggists.

Just the Thing That's Wanted.—A pill that acts upon the stomach and yet is so compounded that certain ingredients of it preserve their power to act upon the intestinal canals, so as to clear them of excreta the retention of which cannot but be hurtful, was long looked for by the medical profession. It was found in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are the result of much expert study, and are scientifically prepared as a laxative and an alterative in one.

Disappointed.

Newed—Alas, I am a disappointed man. My wife cannot sing. Oldwed—Can't sing! Why, man, that ought to be a cause for rejoicing. You are to be congratulated. Newed—Yes; but the trouble is she thinks she can.

The Dark Ages.

Soph—Why did they call the middle ages the dark ages? Junior—Because the women kept their ages dark? Soph—No; because there were so many knights.

How He Saved Him.

Hewitt—That fellow saved me from bankruptcy. Jewitt—How was that? Hewitt—He married the extravagant girl I was engaged to.

PRUDENT MOTHERS.

The prudent mother will never give her child a sleeping draught, soothing medicine or opiate of any kind except by order of a competent doctor who has seen the child. All soothing medicines and sleeping draughts contain deadly poison, an overdose will kill a child, and they never do good, as they only stupefy and do not cure. Sleeplessness in little ones usually come from teething troubles or derangements of the stomach or bowels, that can be speedily cured by Baby's Own Tablets. And the mother should remember that this is the only medicine for children that gives a solemn guarantee that there is not a particle of opiate or harmful drug in its composition. Mrs. A. Scott, Bradwardine, Man., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for diarrhoea, teething troubles and constipation, and find them just the thing to make little ones well and keep them well." Sold by all druggists or by mail at 25 cents by writing the Dr. Wil-

---

The Word "Pirate."

"Pirate" is a Greek word coming directly from "peirates," which means, etymologically, "one who tries" or "attempts"—in other words, an adventurer. "Adventurer," too, is a word that has lost respectability, but not so far as "pirate," which acquired its special sense at least 2,000 years ago. "Peirates" and the Latin "pirata" are known only in this sense. Cicero defines the pirate as the common enemy of all.

Boy's Breakfast Logic.

Father (to sleepy headed son coming to breakfast on time)—So you got up before breakfast, did you? Son—No, sir, after it. Father (surprised)—After? Son—Yes, sir. If I hadn't got up after it I wouldn't have got any.

W N U No. 557

Keep Your Grip on Health

When Physical Bankruptcy Threatens Build up with

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

Gloomy forebodings, fear of the future, apprehension of something dreadful to befall you, worry over little things, restlessness, insomnia, irritability—these are the indications of an exhausted nervous system.

They tell more plainly than words more plainly than pains and aches, that, gradually but certainly, the nerve force of the body is being consumed more rapidly than it is being created. They point to physical bankruptcy—to helplessness of mind and body—to prostration, paralysis or locomotor ataxia.

There are certain elements of nature which go to form new blood and new nerve cells—to create new nerve force, the foundation of life, energy and vitality. These elements are so combined in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as to be easily assimalated by the most weakened human body.

Being composed of such ingedients Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cannot possibly fail to be of beneft to you, and its regular and persistent use will build up and revitalize the most exhausted and discouraged sufferer.

You cannot compare Dr. Chase's Nerve Food with any medicine you ever used, fr it cures by the build-up process, whereas most nerve treatments merely soothe and deaden the nerves. Test this treatment by noting your increase in weight.

Miss Lena Hiebert, Lowe Farm, Man., writes:—"I had suffered for two years with dizzy spells, pains in the back, cold hands and feet, nervousness, jerking of the limbs, sore tongue, soreness of arms and shoulders, and general exhaustion. About seven months ago I became so nervous that I could not rest or sleep, and could not do the least bit of work without suffering dreadfully from pains in the back. I could hardly walk, could eat very little, and felt that people were always watching my body twitch.

"I tried several medicines with little effect, and was a mere skeleton of skin and bone about to give up in despair when I heard about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and began using it. I have used in all fourteen boxes of this preparation, and it has built me up until I am now strong and well again. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a world of good, and I feel that I cannot recommend it too highly to persons who suffer as I have."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Portrait and signature of Dr. A.W.Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

If it is a Question of Warmth use

E. B. EDDY'S BUILDING PAPER

It Retains Heat and Keeps Out Cold.

Write for Samples and Prices

TEES & PERSSE, Limited, Agents, Winnipeg.

Epidemics of History.

In the twelfth century not less than fifteen epidemics of disease and many famines carried off the people of England. The thirteenth century saw twenty plagues and nineteen famines, while the fourteenth had a black record of disease. In 1348 the "black plague" or "black death," which was brought into the country from the east, caused the death of 100,000 persons in London alone, while in Europe altogether 25,000,000 people fell victims to its ravages. In 1485 the "sweating sickness" appeared in England, causing great destruction of human life. It reappeared at various intervals for a century thereafter. The last terrible visitation of the plague in England was in 1664-66, by which 100,000 lives were lost in London alone. This epidemic was followed by the great fire of 1666, which destroyed 16,000 houses, including all the most densely populated portions of the city. The rebuilding of London with some regard to sanitary laws appears to have put the first check on the epidemic diseases that had previously devastated its population.

Played What He Pleased.

Henry Smart, the English composer, played a fine organ in a London church, and his recital after service attracted much attention. But one morning after a selection from one of Mozart's masses a church warden came into the organ loft and "begged to inform Mr. Smart that they had decided that they could not have such jiggy stuff played in their church."

"Very well, sir," was the answer; "it shall be altered."

Next Sunday dirge-like sounds proceeded from the organ, and the warden congratulated the player on the solemn and elevating effect of the music. "I am glad you like it," answered Mr. Smart. "Doubtless if I play it a little quicker you will see the reason why it affected you." And, suiting the action to the word, the popular strains of "Jump Jim Crow" resounded from the organ. After this Henry Smart played what he liked.—London Telegraph.

$5.00 Cut Glass Berry Bowl

The best five dollars' worth of Cut Glass in Canada—is what we are able to say of this Berry Bowl.

And its exceptional value is another proof of how customers benefit by Diamond Hall's increased manufacturing facilities.

This special bowl is of clearest glass, brilliantly cut, and of full 8-inch diameter. We pay express.

RYRIE BROS.
LIMITED
134-138 YONGE ST.
TORONTO - ONT.

Sarcastic.

At the sidewalk of one of the ferry houses in New York recently stood a police vehicle, backed against the curb awaiting its load. Walking leisurely in the center of the pushing, racing mob from a landing ferryboat was a tramp, all rags, but placid of manner. At his side walked a bluecoat, who led him to the waiting patrol wagon. As the tramp was about to enter he bethought himself, and, standing on the wagon steps, he leaned far out to one side and to the driver he called in the drawling voice of a bored boulevardier, "Home, James!"

Don't Neglect A Cough

Many a case of Chronic Bronchitis, Pneumonia and even dreaded Consumption itself, may be traced directly to "only a cough." When the first cold comes, start in on

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM

IT CURES COUGHS — heals the inflammed surfaces — strengthens weak throats — puts the lungs in the strongest possible condition to resist the trying effects of a Canadian winter.

25c. bottle

JAPANESE

RICE

at a Low Price,

Wholesale and Retail.

Sweet and Clean quality

50 lbs.....$2.65

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NOVELTIES, PICTURES,
FRAMES and cleaning
of frames.

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Morrochi Bros,
BAKERS

BREAD, Cakes and Pies delivered daily to any part of City.

FULL STOCK OF - *Groceries*

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High Grade stoves
and all Kitchen Requirements

SPORTSMENS GOODS
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PUBLICATION OFFICE
505 Pearl Street, New York

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia, at its next Session, for a Private Bill to incorporate a Company to build, equip, maintain and operate a line or lines of railway, either standard or narrow gauge, from a point at or near Quatsino Sd. on the West Coast of Vancouver Island by the most direct and feasible route to a point at or near Seymour Narrows thence along Bute Inlet by the most direct and feasible route to a point on the Chilcotin river and thence by the most direct and feasible route to the Pine River Pass; and also with power to eqip, construct and maintain branch lines and all necessary bridges, roads, ways and ferries; and to build, own and maintain wharves and docks in connection therewith; and to build, own, equip and maintain steam and other vessels and boats, and operate the same on any navigable waters within the Province: and to build, equip, operate and maintain telegraph and telephone lines in connection with the said railway and branches, and to generate electricity for the supply of light, heat and power; and to acquire lands, bonuses, privileges or other aids from any Government, Municipal Corporations or other persons or bodies, and to levy and collect tolls from all parties using telegraph or telephone lines, and on all freight passing over any of such roads, railways, tramways, ferries, wharves and vessels built by the Company; and with power to make traffic and other arrangements with railway, steamboat or other Companies and for all other necessary or incidental rights, powers, and privileges in that behalf.

Dated at Victoria B.C. the 23rd day of November 1905.

PETERS & WILSON
Solicitors for the Applicants.

j10

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia at its next Session for an Act to revive, ratify and confirm the Cowichan-Alberni and Fort Rupert Railway Co Act, and extending the time for commencing construction of the said railway, and of expending ten per cent of the Company's capital thereon, and to empower the Company to extend its railway from any point on its line to the City of Victoria, or to any point on Esquimalt Harbor; or in the alternative to incorporate a Company to build the line of railway set out in the Act of Incorporation of the said Company, with the extension hereinbefore mentioned, and with all the powers contained in the Model Railway Bill.

Dated at Victoria B.C., 22nd November, 1905.

ROBERTSON & ROBERTSON
Solicitors for the Applicants.

j10

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia, at its next Session, for an Act to incorporate a Company with power to acquire, purchase, construct and operate the undertakings of the Vancouver and Coast Kootenay Railway Company; the Alberni and Cowichan Railway Company; the Kamloops and Atlin Railway Company; the Midway and Vernon Railway Company; and to acquire all the rights, powers and privileges of the said Companies; and with power to exercise all the powers contained in the Acts of Incorporation of the said Companies; and with power to acquire, purchase construct and operate the undertaking of any other Railway Company or Companies; and with power to subscribe for and purchase the stock, bonds, debentures or other securities of any Railway Company; and to exchange the stock or other bonds, debentures or other securities of the Company to be incorporated for the shares, stock, debentures, bonds or other securities of any other Railway Company; and with power to increase the capital of the Company to be incorporated; and with power to issue shares as fully paid up; and to borrow money on the Company's assets by any form of security; and with power to promote any Railway Company or Companies, or to amalgamate with any Company or Companies; and with all the other and necessary powers conducive to the carrying out of the Company's undertaking.

Dated at Victoria B.C. this 22nd. day of November, 1905.

ROBERTSON & ROBERTSON,
Solicitors for the Applicants.

j10

A Guaranteed Cure for Piles.

Itching Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case, no matter of how long standing, in 6 to 14 days. First application gives ease and rest. 50c. If your druggist hasn't it send 50c in stamps and it will be forwarded post-paid by Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

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The Courtenay Hotel

Every convenience for guests.

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None but the Best of Wines and Liquors at the Bar.

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Main nursery for Fruit Stock—South Vancouver, one mile south of city. Branches at Victoria and Matsqui for Seeds and Nursery Stock growing. Extra large planting for fall delivery.

One year apple, 4 to $12 per 100; apple 2, 3 and 4 years old, $18 to $20 per 100; Maynard Plum $1 each

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Extra nice choice of Cherry, Peach, Plum, Apricots, etc., now growing for fall order. No expense loss or delay of fumigation or inspection.

Let me price your list before placing your order. Catalogue free. Greenhouse Plants, Flor Work, Bee Supplies, Fruit packages Fertilizers, etc. Garden, Field and Flower Seeds in season.

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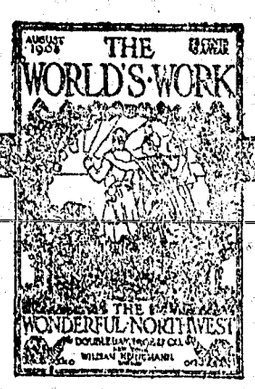

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MARK TWAIN writes: "Two days overdue and THE WORLD'S WORK has not yet reached me. Pray make a note of this. I should rather not have to resort to violence."

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The Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland

with maps, photographs and descriptive articles. It will be a necessary guide and handbook to everyone who visits the Exposition, the best souvenir for those who cannot go.

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draws its inspiration from the same indomitable spirit of progress that has transformed the Northwest from a wilderness to a great civilized empire. Each month it describes the vital things in the world's life and the men who are doing them. It is a history of our own time—superbly illustrated.

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Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months.

This signature, E. W. Grove on every box. 25c.

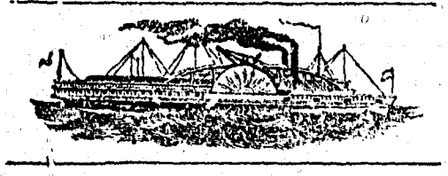
THE CUMBERLAND NEWS
Issued Every Tuesday.
W. B. ANDERSON, - - - MGR

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

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

WEDNESDAY, January 4 1906

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry



S. S. "City of Nanaimo."

VICTORIA—COMOX ROUTE

Sails from Victoria Tuesday, 7 a.m., for Nanaimo, calling at North Saanich Cowichan Bay, Maple Bay, Crofton, Kuper and Thetis Islands when freight or passengers offer.

Leaves Nanaimo Tuesday, 5 p.m., for Union Bay and Comox.

Leaves Comox Wednesday, 8 a.m., for Union Bay and Nanaimo.

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

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

Sails from Nanaimo Friday, 2 p.m., for Victoria, calling at Kuper and Thetis Islands, Crofton, Maple Bay, Cowichan Bay and North Saanich when freight and passengers offer

North Saanich when tide and weather conditions permit.

VANCOUVER - NANAIMO - LADYSMITH ROUTE

S. S. "JOAN."

Sails from Nanaimo for Vancouver daily, except Saturdays and Sundays 7 a.m.

Sails from Nanaimo for Vancouver, Saturdays, at 8 a.m.

Sails from Nanaimo for Ladysmith, Fridays and Saturdays at 5.30 p.m.

Sails from Ladysmith for Nanaimo, Saturdays at 6 a.m.

Sails from Vancouver for Nanaimo daily, except Saturdays and Sundays at 1.30 p.m.

Sails from Vancouver for Nanaimo, Saturdays at 2.30 p.m.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE
OCTOBER 21st 1905.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2—Daily. A.M.		No. 4—Sunday P.M.
De. 9.00	Victoria	De 3.00
" 9.28	Coldstream	" 3.28
" 10.24	Koenig's	" 4.23
" 11.00	Duncan's	" 5.00
P.M.		P.M.
" 12.25	Nanaimo	" 6.42
Ar 12.58	Wellington	Ar. 6.55

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1—Daily A.M.		No. 3—Sunday A.M.
De. 8.00	Wellington	De. 3.0
" 8.20	Nanaimo	" 3.15
10.02	Duncan's	" 5.06
" 10.42	Koenig's	" 5.36
" 11.38	Coldstream	" 6.32
Ar 12.06	Victoria	Ar 7.00

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

Special trains and steamers for Excursions, and reduced rates for parties may be arranged for on application to the Dist. Pass. Agent at Victoria.

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

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

J. W. TROUP, Gen. Sup. B.C. Coast Ser.
G. L. COURTNEY, Dist. Frt. & Pass. Ag.

NOTICE.

Riding on locomotives and railway cars of the Union Colliery Company by any person or persons—except train crew—is strictly prohibited. Employees are subject to dismissal for allowing same

By order
FRANCIS D. LITTLE
Manager.

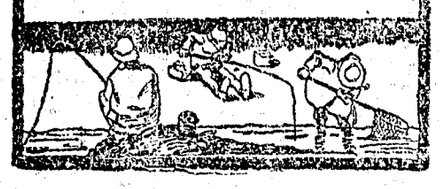
SPORT and Adventure Ashore and Afloat with ROD AND GUN

If you like to read of the experiences of anglers, shooters and campers or yachting; or if you are interested in country life, ask your newsdealer for Forest and Stream, or write for free specimen copy, or send twenty-five cents for four weeks' trial trip. Forest and Stream is a large illustrated weekly journal, which contains the following departments:

Game Bag and Gun, Natural History,
Sea and River Fishing, Yachting,
The Sportsman Tourist, Canoeing,
Rifle and Trap, Kennel.

We send free our catalogue of the best books on outdoor life and recreation.

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO.
346 Broadway, New York City.



The Economical Mule.

The mule is ready to begin work two or three years earlier than the horse. He can be put to pretty heavy pulling when he is three years old, and from that time until he is forty, if he has fair treatment and does not meet with an accident, he is not likely to lose any time. He is not subject to the many ailments to which the horse is a victim, at least not to any great degree. He lives about twice as long, and his actual period of usefulness is nearly three times as long, for the horse is really not fit for heavy service until he is five years old or after he is twenty, while a mule will often do good service for forty years, and they have been known to work fifty, according to one writer, without being turned out at any time during all that long period.

Like the ass, the mule will live upon next to nothing, and during all his forty years of hard service a mule will not require—and generally does not get—half the feed necessary to sustain a horse during his much shorter period of usefulness.

Cumberland Hotel

COR. DUNSMUIR AVENUE AND SECOND STREET, CUMBERLAND B. C.

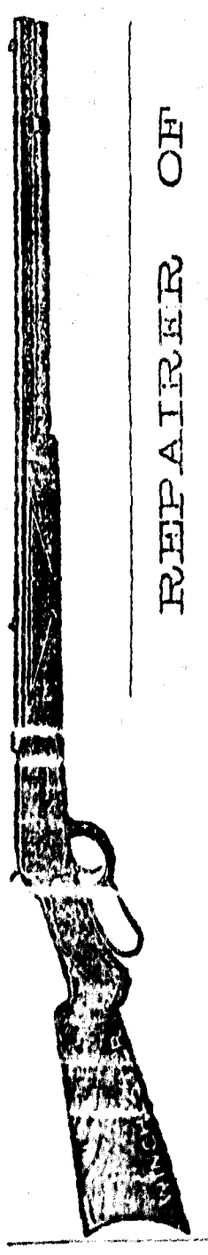
MRS. J. H. PIKET, Proprietress.

When in Cumberland be sure and stay at the Cumberland Hotel, First-Class Accomodation for transient and permanent boarders.

Sample Rooms and Public Hall Run in Connection with Hotel

Rates from $1.00 to $2.00 per day

E. EMDE,



REPAIRER OF
GUNS, BICYCLES, FISHING TACKLE.
BICYCLES FOR SALE.
AT TANAKA'S OLD STAND

3rd St., Cumberland

A BOOK THAT NO FARMER CAN AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT

THE FARMER'S MANUAL AND VETERINARY GUIDE

Compiled by the Agricultural Editors of the Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal, at the request of Hundreds of Readers.

IT CAN BE HAD FREE

The most complete Farmers' Handbook and Veterinary Guide ever issued. Simple and practical information of the greatest value to every farmer.

Three hundred and fifty-eight subjects dealt with; every one of interest and many of them illustrated.

Our pecial Offer

We offer a full year's subscription to the CUMBERLAND NEWS, a full years subscription to that greatest of all Weeklies, the Family Herald and Weekly Star, of Montreal, including their beautiful picture, "Queen Alexandra. Her Grandchildren and dogs", and a copy of "The Farmer's Manual and Veterinary Guide", all for $2.00 A sample copy of the picture and book can be seen at this office.

"NEWS" Ptg. & Pub. Co.
Cumberland B. C.

Wood's Phosphodine,
The Great English Remedy.
A positive cure for all forms of Sexual Weakness, Mental and Brain Worry, *Emissions, Spermatorrhoea, Impotency, Effects of Abuse or Excess*, all of which lead to Consumption, Infirmity, Insanity and an early grave. Price $1 per pkg., six for $5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain package on receipt of price. Write for Pamphlet. The Wood Medicine Co., Windsor, Ontario.
BEFORE AND AFTER

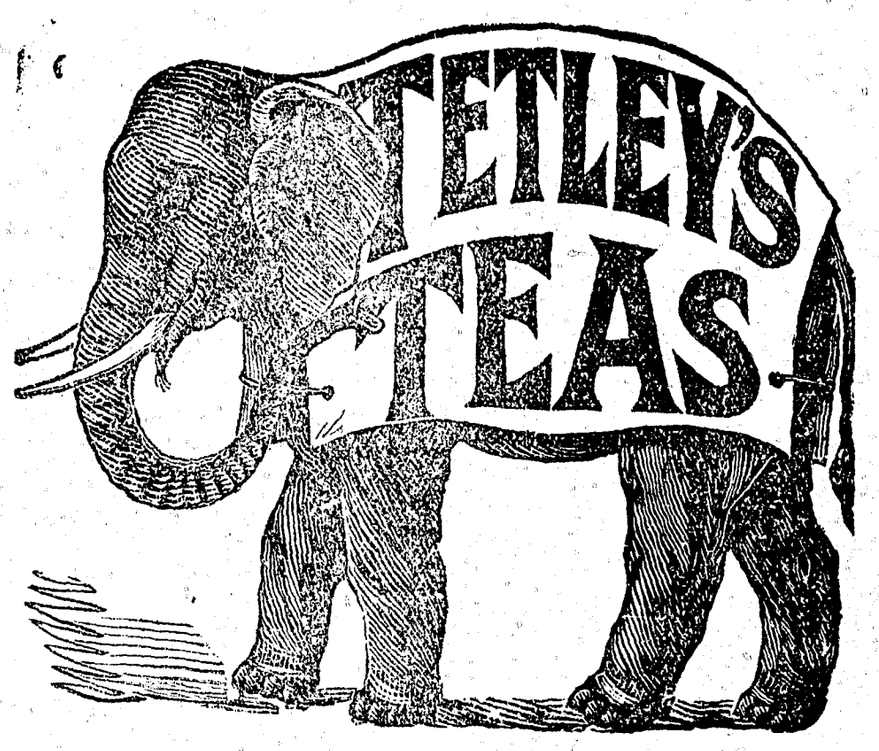
UNION BREWING Co,
NANAIMO, B.C

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.



Obtainable in Packets also in bulk. The best value in the market.

LOCAL AGENTS—CUMBERLAND, - - - Messrs NAPIER & PARTRIDGE.
COURTENAY, - - - Messrs J. McPHEE & SON.

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

"Eating Crow."

The term "eating crow" comes from an ante Revolutionary story. A soldier of an English regiment stationed in Virginia shot a pet crow belonging to a farmer. The latter entered a complaint with the colonel, who sentenced the soldier to eat the crow. The farmer was left alone with the soldier to see that he did it. After the soldier had consumed a portion of the bird he took his gun, presented it at the farmer and told him to eat the remainder of the crow or he would shoot him. This was the origin of the eating crow story.

What Elsie Said.

"I'm afraid I can't interest my 5-year-old Elsie in fairy tales any longer."

"And why not?"

"I was telling her about the 'Forty Thieves,' and when I got to the 40 oil jars with a thief in each jar what do you suppose she said?"

"I give it up."

"She said, 'Wouldn't that jar you?'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Balancing.

The famous equilibrist was balancing four billiard balls on a cue, much to the amazement of the vaudeville audience.

"Humph!" growled a young man with ink on his fingers, "I'll bet he can't balance a set of books."

An Unguarded Word.

"This new meter seems rather small," doubtfully remarked the householder.

"Oh, it will fill the bill," was the unguarded response of the gas company employee.

You weep on a gravestone, it is the threshold of eternity that you are wetting with your tears.

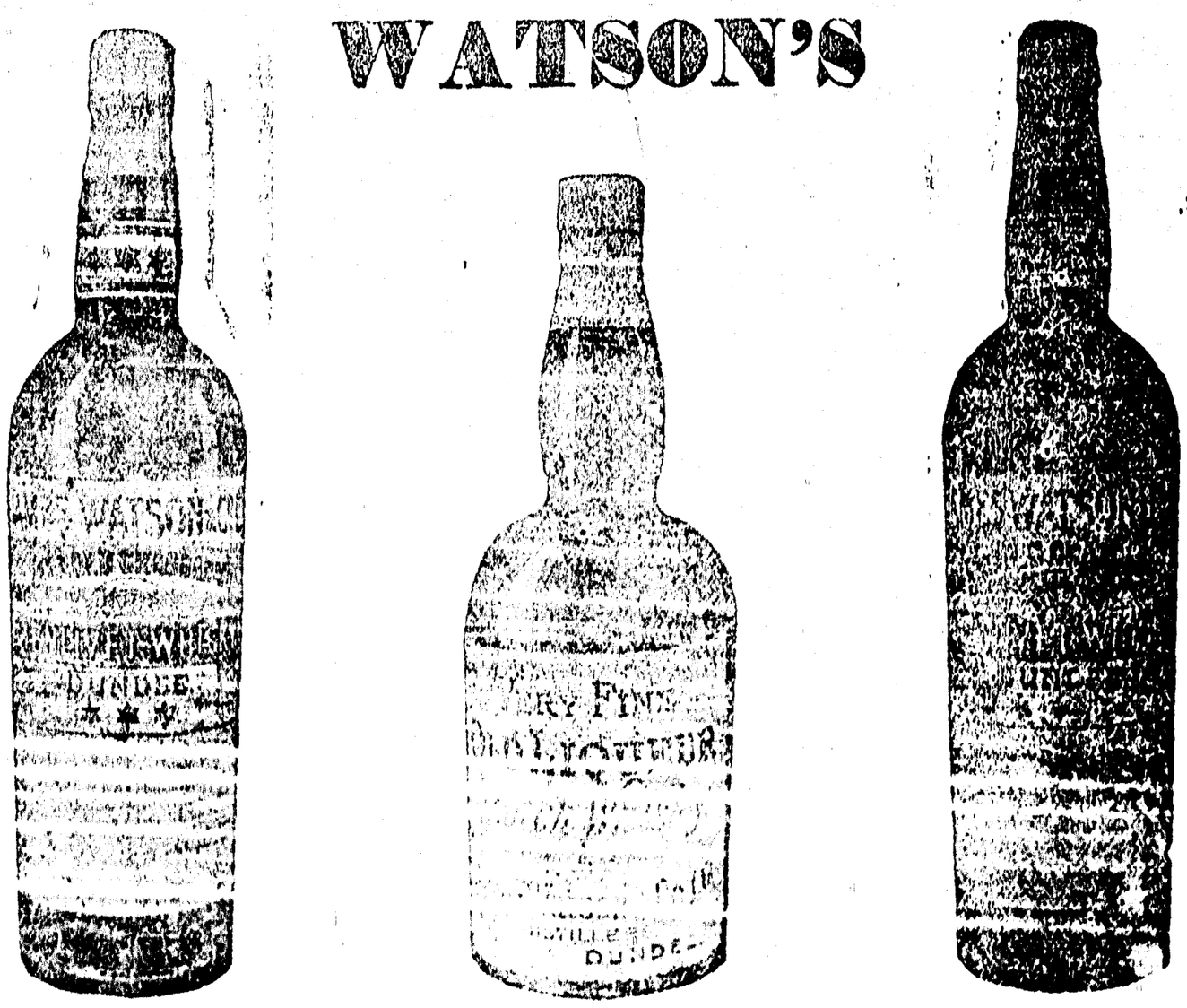
In Lonelyville.

Hicks—Our last cook was very considerate.

Wicks—Was she?

Hicks—Very. She gave us a week's notice.

WATSON'S



King of Scotch Whiskies.

The HUDSON'S BAY CO. Sole Agents for B. C.

A Considerate Judge.

A Kentucky congressman tells of a considerate judge in his state who passed sentence on a man convicted of murder. The judge said:

"Mr. Dodson, the jury says you are guilty of murder, and the law says you are to be hanged. It is my wish that you and all your friends on the river know that it is not I who condemns you. It is the jury and the law, Mr. Dodson. At what time, sir, would you like to be hanged?"

The prisoner made answer that it was a matter of indifference to him and that he was prepared to be swung off at any time. The judge continued:

"Mr. Dodson, it is a serious matter to be hanged. It can't happen to a man but once in life unless the rope should break before the neck is broken, and you had better take all the time you can. But since it makes no difference to you you may hang four weeks from today at 12 noon, but you may have a good dinner first."

The First Astor and the Poet.

John Jacob Astor and his son rigidly attended to business in the same office, a little one story building in Prince street, just east of Broadway. Their constant companion there was Fitz-Greene Halleck—Marco Bozzaris Halleck. Halleck became a clerk for Astor in 1832 and worked seventeen years. The employment, he himself said, was not "profitable, but permanent." Astor warned him when he began not to talk to any one of his wealth. The two men became great friends. Halleck spent months with his patron at his country seat and became one of the trustees of the Astor library. The poet frequently rallied the old man on his wealth. "Why, Mr. Astor," he would say, "if I had $200 a year and was sure of it I would be content." The great landowner took him at his word, and in his will, much to the amusement of bohemian New York, left Halleck an annuity of $200.—Burton J. Hendrick in McClure's.

The Chilly House of Commons.

A speaker in the house of commons has to address "the most chilling, nerve destroying audience in the world." Even such a cool headed, seasoned orator as John Bright once said, toward the end of his career, too, "I suppose I ought to be ashamed of myself, but the fact is that I never rise in the house without a trembling at the knees and a secret wish that somebody else would catch the speaker's eye and enable me to sit down again." And Disraeli, who boasted that he had no nerves, declared: "The blare of trumpets, a thousand lookers on, have induced men to lead a forlorn hope. Ambition and one's constituents have induced men to do a far more desperate thing—speak in the house of commons."—London Mail.

England's First Organ.

Elfeg, bishop of Winchester during the reign of Alfred the Great, is reputed to have procured an organ for his cathedral. It was the largest instrument then known, having 400 pipes divided among ten keys, supplied by wind from twenty-six pairs of bellows and requiring the services of no fewer than seventy blowers. Judging from this, the Winchester organ either came from Germany or was built upon a German model, for in that country, until much later, the wind was provided by a species of treadmill arrangement whereon the blowers gripped a bar, each working two pairs of bellows, like those of our smiths, with their feet.—London Queen.

A Million Cold.

Mrs. Black—There goes old Moneybags. They say he is worth a million cold. Mrs. White—Yes, he will be. He carries a million insurance.

Keep on trimming your lamps, tilling your soil, tugging and pegging away. You can never tell when the messenger of success will come.

For 33 Years

Shiloh's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, has been before the public, and this, together with the fact that its sales have steadily increased year by year, is the best proof of the merit of

Shiloh

as a cure for Coughs, Colds, and all diseases of the lungs and air passages. Those who have used Shiloh would not be without it. Those who have never used it should know that every bottle is sold with a positive guarantee that, if it doesn't cure you, the dealer will refund what you paid for it. Shiloh

Has Cured

thousands of the most obstinate cases of Coughs, Colds and Lung troubles. Let it cure you.

"Last winter I coughed for three months and thought I was going into Consumption. I took all sorts of medicines, but nothing did me any good until I used Shiloh's Consumption Cure. Four bottles cured me. This winter I had a very bad cold, was not able to speak, my lungs were sore on the side and back. Six bottles of Shiloh made me well again. I have given it to several people and every one of them have been cured.—D. Joseph, St. Hyacinthe, Que." 608

SHILOH

25c. with guarantee at all druggists.

A WOMAN'S HEALTH

Depends Upon the Richness and Regularity of Her Blood

A woman needs a blood medicine regularly just because she is a woman. From maturity to middle life the health and happiness of every woman depends upon her blood, its richness and its regularity. If her blood is poor and watery, she is weak and languid, pale and nervous. If her blood is irregular she suffers untold torture from headaches, bachaches and sideaches, and other unspeakable distress which only women know. Some women have grown to expect this suffering at regular intervals, and bear it in hopeless silence. But they would escape the greater part of it if they took a box or two of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills each time to help them over the critical period. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. They help a woman just when nature makes the greatest demand upon her blood supply. They have done this for thousands of women throughout Canada—why shouldn't they do that much for you? Mrs. James Candy, 25 Edith avenue, Toronto, says: "I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a medicine that should be taken regularly by every woman in the land. I suffered greatly from those ailments that only a woman knows. I had backaches and headaches, and a weary bearing down pain. I was very irregular, and was often forced to go to bed for two or three days at a time. I tried many medicines, but got nothing to help me until I began Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they have given me new health and relief from pain, and made me regular. I cannot say how thankful I am for what the medicine has done for me, and I would urge all women who suffer as I did to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest cure in all the wide world for all the weakness and backaches of anaemia, all the heaviness and distress of indigestion, all the sharp stabbing pains of neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago and sciatica, and all the other ills that come from poor, weak, watery blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new blood with every dose, and thus strikes right at the root of nearly every disease that afflicts humanity. But remember that the "just as good medicines" that some druggists offer never cured anyone or anything. Insist upon the genuine pills with the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around every box. If in doubt send to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50.

Waiters and Tips.

A competent waiter is not a fool by a long shot, and no man is so liberal at any other moment of his life as when he is feeding well. A first class serving man at table can wheedle a quarter or half dollar out of even a stingy blatherskite by some delicate attention, by showing just the least bit of interest in his especial welfare. A German lieutenant in hard lines is waiting in a swell hotel here. His tips amount to $10 a day. He is incognito for the present. University graduates could do quite as well. The principal trouble is that waiting is regarded as too servile, too menial, smacking too much of slavery. But good waiters make valuable friends and earn several times as much money as bank clerks and shop salesmen. And the calling might be dignified.

Nothing looks more ugly than to see a person whose hands are covered over with warts. Why have these disfigurements on your person when a sure remover of all warts, corns, etc., can be found in Holloway's Corn Cure.

A One Minute Cure.

Leaning painfully on a heavy stick and groaning in intolerable anguish, the blinding tears forcing themselves from his eyes, a Whitechapel defendant, according to the London Globe, limped up to the county court judge and explained that, owing to being hopelessly crippled by rheumatism, he could not pay a debt. "But I saw you enter the court with that stick under your arm!" exclaimed the judge. "Two shillings a month until the debt is paid." Then the pain racked invalid threw the stick lightly over his shoulder, thanked the bench and tripped gayly into the street again. It was a one minute cure.

A Remarkable Sundial.

At the Eutaw entrance to Druid Hill park, Baltimore, stands one of the most remarkable sundials in the world. The time in many parts of the world is shown whenever the sun in shining. It is easily possible almost at first glance to read the time within two or three minutes, while closer acquaintance with the dial enables the correct time to be read to the minute. The base is of carved bronze. The instrument was presented to the park by Peter Hamilton, who designed and made it entirely of stone.

Dark Secrets.

Nordy—All these big manufacturers seem to dread publicity. Butts—That's right. I know one of 'em who has to let his family do just as they please to keep 'em from divulging business secrets. Nordy—What business is he in? Butts—He's a sausage maker.

Why?

Why do we always talk of putting on our coats and vests when we always put on first our vest and then our coat?

Why do we refer to the coverings of our feet as shoes and stockings when the stockings are first put on?

Why do we invite people to wipe their feet when we mean their shoes?

Why, in the olden times, did a father tell his son he would warm his jacket when every one knew he meant his pantaloons?

We believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best:—

Matthias Foley, Oil City, Ont.
Joseph Snow, Norway, Me.
Chas. Whooten, Mulgrave, N. S.
Rev. R. O. Armstrong, Mulgrave, N. S.
Pierre Landry, Sr., Pokemouche, N. B.
Thomas Wasson, Sheffield, N. B.

Birds In Attack.

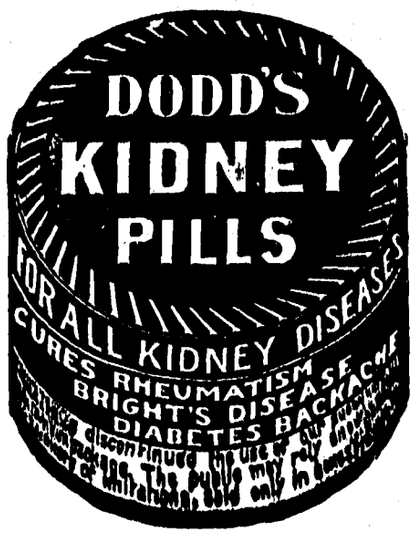
Birds display great skill and cunning in the chase, the attack and in guarding themselves from injury during the struggle for supremacy. The secretary bird is the inveterate enemy and untiring pursuer of the snake. All sorts, even the most venomous, he hunts with a zest that is at once interesting and amusing. The snake flees from its foe, who follows, watching every opportunity for a blow. When the reptile turns the bird uses one of his wings as a shield and strikes with his foot. The snake buries its fangs in the wing, but leaves the poison in the plumage, and the bird escapes unhurt. Repeated blows from the powerful claw confuse and disable the snake, and at last it falls, to be at once dispatched by thrusts of the sharp beak into its head. The bird then tosses his victim into the air and, catching it as it falls, swallows it.

Nip Disease in the Bud.—It is difficult to eradicate a disease after it has become seated, therefore it is wise to take any ailment in its initial stages and by such remedies as are sufficient, stop it in its course. Cold is the commonest complaint of man, and when neglected leads to serious results. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will cure the severest cold or most violent cough.

The professor, who has a large lawn, was making his regular daily attempt to keep it clear of the autumn leaves contributed by his neighbor's trees. "There's a good deal of rake-off in this business," he said, stopping a moment to rest, "but not a cent of graft."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diptheria

The Visitor—What a delightfully snug little flat you have! The Renter—Isn't it? When we open the door we're in the middle of the room, and when the sunshine comes in we have to move some of the furniture out.



Lord Inverclyde Dies.

Wemyss Bay, Scotland.—Lord Inverclyde, chairman of the Cunard Steamship company, died at Castle Wemyss, his residence here. He had been ill for a month with pleuro-pneumonia. Two operations were performed, but they failed to bring relief to the patient. Joseph James Burns succeeds to the title. Lord Inverclyde was 44 years old.

DELICIOUS IN THE CUP

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA is equalled by no other tea on sale for quality and flavor.

Lead Packets Only. **Black, Mixed or Green.**
40c, 50c and 60c per lb. **At all Grocers.**
HIGHEST AWARD, ST. LOUIS, 1904.

The Keeley Cure

Offers to the self respecting the easiest and simplest method of snapping the chains of

LIQUOR AND DRUG HABITS.

The remedies build up the whole system and remove all craving for drink or drugs. Write us for the plain facts. Address

133 Osborne St., Fort Rouge, WINNIPEG.

P. O. Box 599 **GRAIN** Phone 3351

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John McVicar, Mgr.

Commission Merchants and dealers in all kinds of GRAIN. Consignments solicited. Write phone or wire us for particulars.

Office, 303 McIntyre Block, Winnipeg

A Vegetable Caterpillar.

In New Zealand and Australia they have an animal vegetable oddity which cannot be equaled by any other animate or inanimate object upon the earth's surface. It is the queerest of the many antipodean wonders and paradoxes and for the want of a better name has been called the "bulrush caterpillar" or "vegetable worm." The native Tasmanian name for the oddity is aweto-hotete. The aboveground portion of this vegetable worm is a fungus of the order sphaeria, which grows to a height of six or eight inches. When pulled up by the root this fungus is found to consist of a large caterpillar, showing head, segments and breathing holes—every detail of the grub being perfectly preserved. On examination the interior of the caterpillar is found to be composed of a "punky" looking substance, really the root of the fungus, which has cremated every fiber of what was once a living, breathing creature's anatomy. In all the instances which Buckland records, the sphaeria had made its attack in the fold of skin between the second and third segments of the caterpillar and had replaced all the animal substance of the creature's body with a hard brown vegetable growth resembling the fungoid growths on blackberry and other vines.

Veils In Churches.

During the tenth century no woman was allowed to appear at church without a veil. It had to be a real veil, too, covering and concealing the features in order that the prayers and meditations of the men might not be disturbed by the contemplation of feminine loveliness. There was a tradition that the origin of the custom was in an order from a great French saint. When a young man he met a little girl with features so noble and beautiful that, although he was many years her senior, he immediately fell in love with her because she resembled a young lady to whom he had been engaged years before, but who died in his arms. The man and the child separated, and he became a priest. Many years later he saw her in the congregation just as he was entering the pulpit to preach, and the sight disturbed him to such an extent that his sermon was a failure, and he ordered all the women thenceforth to wear veils.

UNION MADE.

OVERALLS, SMOCKS and SHIRTS

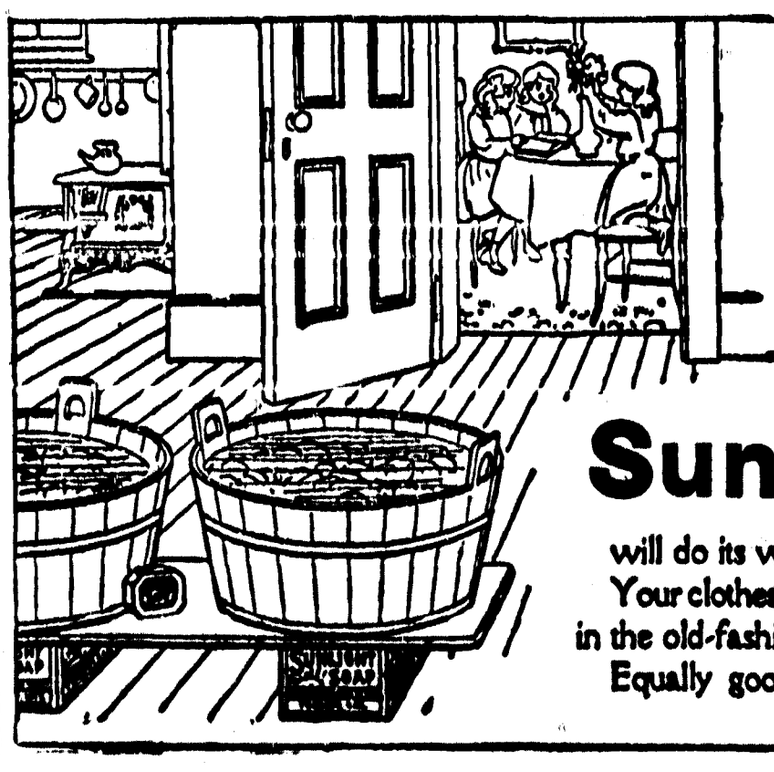
Made to Fit and **Made to Wear**

You will never have Comfort and Satisfaction and Wearing Qualities in your Working Clothes until you wear

"King of the Road" Brand

ASK YOUR DEALER.

"Each baseball player should write the story of his life, for sale to the fans on the bleachers.' "Do you suppose they would take it?" "Sure! I have seen moments when every fan at the game fairly howled for the life of the umpire."



Sunlight Soap is better than other soaps, but is best when used in the Sunlight way.

To appreciate the simplicity and ease of washing with Sunlight Soap in the Sunlight way you should follow directions.

After rubbing on the soap, roll up each piece, immerse in the water, and go away.

Sunlight Soap

will do its work in thirty to sixty minutes.

Your clothes will be cleaner and whiter than if washed in the old-fashioned way with boiler and hard rubbing.

Equally good with hard or soft water.

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto

THEIR MAY FLITTING

By FRANK H. SWEET

Copyright, 1905, by Frank H. Sweet

"The au-dac-i-ty!"

Elizabeth Brown's eyes flashed, and she threw the note from her angrily, then picked it up at the inquiring look of her mother.

"Read that!" she commanded hotly.

Mrs. Brown took the letter and read it meekly. It was brief:

My Dear Miss Betty—I have just left the house. It is down in the country and near the seashore and has piazzas and an apple orchard—in short, is an ideal home for a young married couple. Will call tomorrow and go into details more fully. Faithfully yours, JAMES GRAHAM.

Mrs. Brown looked up with a pleased flutter.

"I didn't know it had—had gone so far, Elizabeth," she said eagerly, "that you were engaged. When"—

"We are not engaged," sharply, "and never will be. I have thought Mr. Graham a very pleasant man and have liked him, and he has called on us quite often lately, but there has never been a word of—of love spoken, and now this note! It is positively insulting! Mother, we must commence packing at once and move this very afternoon."

"Why, child, we can't," in startled dismay. "It will take a week at least. You know"—

"I know we shall be out of this house before night!" vehemently. "I shall go and engage a moving van at once to carry our goods to the station, and I will have them taken to the little station just beyond the limits of the town. It will cost a few dollars more, but it will hide all trace of our whereabouts. Mr. Graham will be here tomorrow to go into details—the presumptuous wretch! I'm sorry I ever spoke to him about our plans to hire a quiet place for the summer. Now, mother, you go and be packing your clothes and valuables. I shall tell the van man to be here in an hour, and we must be ready."

"Yes, dear," meekly, "but where shall we go?"

"Why, to—to— Oh, anywhere! It doesn't really matter. Suppose we try that little place where we had two weeks' outing last summer—Orchardville, you know. It's real country there, with solitary walks and gardens in every yard and country people coming in with things to sell. Rent must be cheap there, and by offering enough we can get some sort of house, or, if we can't, we'll hire part of one or rooms. Anyway we haven't time to engage one ahead now."

"Orchardville is where we first met Mr. Graham, isn't it?"

"Is it? Why, yes. I believe you are right, mother, but, you know, he told us he was just down there for a few days' fishing and that he didn't get a bite, so, of course, we wouldn't meet him again. Men never go fishing twice to the same place when they have bad luck. Now, please hurry, mother."

The next afternoon they were standing on the front porch of a pretty vine covered cottage, superintending the removal of their goods from the local delivery wagon. The indignation still burned in Elizabeth's eyes. Mrs. Brown looked tired and plaintive.

"I do hope we can stay here, Elizabeth," she sighed, "but the postmaster seemed slow in giving up the key and wouldn't promise us the house sure."

"We'll stay all right, mother; don't you worry. The house was to rent and the key left with the postmaster for prospective tenants. What if the owner did write to him about an old maid who was looking after a place for some young friends and that he would have her come down and see this. She hasn't put in an appearance yet, nor her young friends, and we were the first real applicants. Besides, we are in actual possession, and I was shrewd enough to force an advance rent into the postmaster's hands. Now help me swing this hammock on the piazza here and then you lie down in it for an hour's rest."

Two days later they were settled and the furniture was all arranged. Mrs. Brown was lying in the hammock behind the screen of vines, gazing pensively at Elizabeth, who had stopped reading and was now contemplating the closed book in her lap with unseeing eyes. There were solitary walks about this village, many of them, and the young girl was facing the fact that the walks represented the social condition of the place. The previous summer's outing had been pleasant, but there had been companionship to make it so.

The gate latch clicked, and Mrs. Brown was aroused by a stifled exclamation from Elizabeth. Coming up the walk was James Graham, and beside him was an angular, middle aged woman who was apparently refusing to be convinced.

"'Tain't the kind of house I want, Mr. Graham," she was saying shrilly, "not in any way. There must be a bay winder in the end for Delia's plants an' willers in front for her an' Tommy to set under. She said I needn't even look at a place without the willers."

"But let me show you through the house, Miss Brown," urged Graham. "I am sure you will like the arrangement, and there is a fine willow in the back yard which the young people can sit under. There wasn't time to go to my agent after the key, but I can get in one of the windows and open the back door from the inside. I'm sure"—

But the woman stopped short, turned and started back toward the gate.

"Willers in front," she repeated aggressively. "Them's the last words Delia said. It's no use, Mr. Graham. I don't want it."

Graham watched her through the gate and up the sidewalk toward the station and then turned again to the house.

"Might as well run through it while I'm here," they heard him say, then: "Why, hello! Looks as if somebody lived in the house—curtains at the windows, and," as he came a few steps nearer, "hammocks swung on the piazza, and— Great Scott! Elizabeth—Miss Brown. You here! Well, well! This is luck."

Elizabeth was at the head of the steps now, an odd light in her face.

"Who was that woman, Mr. Graham?" she demanded.

"Belle Brown, a queer stick, who is looking after a house. A friend recommended her to me as a joke and I determined to retaliate by actually renting her the house. You have noticed how I failed. But is it really possible that you have rented my house from the postmaster?"

"We really have," Elizabeth answered smilingly, "though we did not dream it was yours."

"An uncle gave it to me several months ago, and you are my first tenants. It's jolly that you are to be here all summer. I like the place and have planned to come down after a few days for a long stay, but I did feel a little apprehensive about the social lonesomeness. It's odd, though, that you didn't give me some hint of your coming. I"— He paused abruptly at something he saw in her face, adding suspiciously: "Did you get that letter I meant for Betty Brown, which she told me never reached her? Yes!" as the color rose swiftly to her face. "I see you did. He hesitated a moment, then leaned toward her boldly. "Suppose we let the letter stand, Elizabeth, just as it was written," he whispered. "It is what I really would have sent to you had I dared."

Elizabeth tried to frown, but the frown softened before it reached her eyes, and he was looking into her eyes. He was satisfied.

Didn't Satisfy the Magistrate.

The other evening a man of the burglar type stepped up to an old gentleman and, handing him a piece of paper, said:

"Sir, would you be good enough to read me the writing on this piece of paper?"

The individual addressed consented and, moving toward the rays of a convenient gas lamp, read the following words:

"If you utter a cry or speak a single word I shall shoot you. Give me your watch and chain and your purse at once and then pass on."

Completely taken off his guard, the gentleman handed over the articles asked for and walked off. A few steps brought him to a policeman, and, relating his story, the pair proceeded in pursuit of the stranger, who was not yet out of sight.

Next morning before the magistrate the vagrant was called upon for an explanation.

"Your honor," he said, "I am not an educated man and can therefore neither read nor write. Last evening I picked up a piece of paper, and, it striking me that it might be of some importance, I took it to the first person I met and asked him to decipher it. The gentleman read it quietly to himself, and then, without saying a word, handed me his watch, chain and purse and walked off without giving me time to recover from my surprise or to ask him what he meant. It seemed to me that the paper possessed a certain value, and that he had given me the valuables as a reward for finding it."

But the magistrate gave him six months just the same.—London Tit-Bits.

The Quiet Answer.

As a young and unknown man I went down to a certain sessions court on the Oxford circuit to prosecute for the crown in a case of extensive robbery from a goods shed of the London and Northwestern railway. Somewhere or twelve of us, all members of the circuit, had accepted the invitation of a very good fellow, also an Oxford circuit man, to drive out that evening and dine with him at —— manor. My case had duly come on and I had secured a verdict of "guilty" during the afternoon. Having changed into evening dress, I took my place in a private bus, together with my fellow guests, for the five miles' drive out. About halfway there I, as a newcomer, not having apparently been noticed by the rest (the inside of the vehicle was as dark as Erebus), a certain Mr. T., a great talker, asked in loud tones, "Who was the young idiot who prosecuted today in that railway case?"

"I was," I promptly rejoined from my obscure corner, and I never knew a man relapse so quickly into silence before or since.—Fox Russell in Pall Mall Magazine.

Autograph Fans.

It was in China that the first autograph fans were seen, and they became very fashionable there long years ago. Some carefully preserved specimens have belonged to the emperors and their wives, while others have been given as diplomatic presents. A fan of this description, for instance, was presented by the Chinese ambassador to Mme. de Clauzel at the coronation of Napoleon I. In India the very first fans were supplied by nature in the spreading leaves of the lotus and palm, but screen fans soon became emblems of power there also, for they are not only mentioned in the great Hindoo poems "Mahabharata" and "Ramayana," but Brahma and India are represented in the ancient sculptures at Elephanta followed by slaves bearing the fly fan and parasol, which latter was also considered as an emblem of supreme power.

A Billion.

The word "billion" in England and the colonies means a million millions. In France and on the continent as well as in the United States it means a thousand millions.

THE FIREFLY.

Appreciation That Glows and Leaves Trail of Light Behind.

The night air of summer is resonant with the intensity of insect life. In every passing moment of stillness the fluttering hum becomes audible. Sometimes the buzz of a flying crab, the giant bug that seems impatient of its time in the air and eager to return to its home in the water, rises momentarily above the dull sound of diminutive insect life. The broad, undulating wings of the silk worm moth flap into and out of the little horizon of the enclosing night. Every light is surrounded by a varied swarm of dazzled insects, their diminutive forms casting sudden shadows along the ground and out into the darkness. A bat dances by in erratic haste, and from the upper air the muffled whistle of the invisible night hawk tells of the perpetual destruction of this swarming life. Close to the water against the invisible blackness of the banks of rushes a firefly trails a momentary thread of light, says an appreciative nature writer in The Toronto Globe. The moving spark shows so distinctly and impressively in the darkness that the eye follows along its imagined course eager for its reappearance. There is a fascination in this combined mystery of light and life. It appears again, upsetting all calculations as to speed and direction. During the eclipse it must have loitered and wandered. The phosphorescent glow trails along another irregular course and goes out.

The great, placid, indolent moon looks over the marsh, lighting up the open spaces, a few waving rushes sharply silhouetted against the clear circle of light. Down where the level rays cannot penetrate the shadows seem to grow darker, and there the firefly trails again his momentary torch. The spirit of the marsh is abroad, and these diminutive moving lights seem but struggling emanations from a great presence. The little span of light coming from the nowhere and vanishing into it again inspires the play of wandering fancies. It seems always emblematic of our own brief glance into the conscious universe. A muskrat swims across the open water, breaking its surface into a widening trail of quivering ripples, and the swift entangled threads of reflected moonlight chase one another away into the shadows of the dense banks of rushes. But the phosphorescent trail of the firefly drawn across the invisible background of shadow claims a keener interest than the more material life of the water and air.

The fireflies have only a few days of life in this aerial and luminous stage. They are then fully matured, and the bright glow that awakens so many fancies is the charm that brings them together in the fulfillment and perpetuation of their life. In their larval stage they are rotund, insignificant little crawlers, living in and upon the decayed trunks of trees. They might be mistaken for lady bugs that had lost their color in the close confinement of their prison. Some species are luminous in this stage, but the most familiar do not glow with light till they have passed through the inert chrysalis state and come forth in their perfection equipped for flight. The firefly lays over a hundred eggs, and these do not hatch out into larvae till the following spring. The glowing lights seem to be created and obscured at will as they seek their companions in the night. That moving glow impels the flight of wandering fancies. Fairies may pass away with the years of childhood, and the imaginary people of the night may fade into the light of common day, but the fireflies always inspire the creative fancy and transform the dim twilight into an evanescent and mysterious panorama.

Saved Sister by a Fish Hook.

Eric Williams, the six year old son of Mr. H. Williams, merchant, of Fort Francis, Ont., was fishing at the lower dock at that place, accompanied by his sister Agnes, aged five years, when the latter fell into the water.

With rare presence of mind Eric dragged his line along till he hooked the little girl's dress and so pulled her along in the water to the edge of the wharf, whence he reached down and assisted her to safety.—Forest and Stream.

Kelway and the Customs

By Sherwood Boyd

Copyright, 1905, by R. B. McClure

"No," said Miss Clovis, "I do not think that this trip holds for me any especial souvenir.

"Nothing to remember, to recall, in after years as one of the patches of sunlight on life's checkered road?"

"Nothing," she said decidedly. "Three days of wretched seasickness and four days of storm tossed waters and seven days with an unhealthy mind."

"Do you care so much?" he asked softly. "I had hoped you had forgiven and forgotten."

"Really, Mr. Kelway," she said, "I am surprised that you should imagine for a moment that the incidents of last month still linger in my mind."

"Marjorie," he began softly.

"Miss Clovis, if you please," she corrected.

"I said Marjorie," he repeated. "Miss Clovis does not please me just at present."

"Then Miss Clovis will withdraw her undesirable presence," she began. Kelway held her hand in an iron grip.

"It has taken me the entire trip to get you alone," he said. "I am going to

MISS CLOVIS SPRANG TO THE TRAY, BUT KELWAY HAD SEEN.

hold you prisoner until you listen to an explanation."

"If you propose to use brute force I shall not make a scene," she said coldly, "but I have assured you a dozen times that I have no desire to reopen a dead issue."

"It is not a dead issue to me," he pleaded. "It is my very life."

"Who was it said that life was made up of trifles?" she asked.

"I don't know and don't care," he said ungraciously. "The only thing I can think of at this present moment is that tomorrow morning we shall be on land and that unless I can make you see matters from my point of view I shall lose you forever."

"One cannot lose what one does not possess," she suggested.

"But I did possess your love," he said eagerly. "You did not tell me so in words, but there were little things—that night on Ben Nevis, for instance."

The girl trembled. Even against the light gemmed shore of Staten Island she could see those misty heights; she could remember how she clung sobbing to Kelway, fearful of the danger.

He laid his hand upon hers. She shook it off, and there came the remembrance of another scene, a crowded railway station and Kelway, who had just left her, kissing a most attractive young woman as the train went on. This was the man she had given her heart to, a man who kissed others when they were as good as engaged.

"I wish," she said petulantly, "that you would not refer to that most unpleasant experience."

"I did not think it unpleasant. I am willing to be lost again—with you."

"Possibly your companion of the railway station might object," she sneered.

"Have I not told you that the girl kissed me by mistake?" he asked.

"A very reasonable explanation," she commented.

"A man never does get credit when he tells the truth to a woman," commented Kelway. "Now, if I had said she was a cousin or something of that sort, would you have believed me?"

"Certainly not," was the prompt reply. "It is immaterial whether I believe you or not."

"It is not immaterial," he declared.

"I may have loved you," she said, "but whatever affection I felt for you is dead. I have put you out of my mind and heart. I have done with you forever, and if you were kind you would take yourself out of my life."

"Is that your wish?" he asked very softly. "Is there no hope?"

"None at all," was the decisive reply. "I never want to see you again."

For one brief instant his hand crushed hers as it lay upon the rail. Then he had raised his cap and was gone. The light blinked and fluttered in an odd fashion. It might have been imagined that Miss Clovis was viewing them through tear dimmed eyes had she not savagely repeated: "I'm glad he's gone. I'm glad he's gone."

The customs officers invaded the cabin immediately after breakfast the next morning, and as the Wanderer steamed slowly up the bay the passengers made out their declarations.

Kelway had nothing to declare and stood on the deck watching the shipping, and not even when Miss Clovis passed did he take his eyes from the water. And, strange to say, Miss Clovis resented this literal compliance with her request.

She went to her stateroom, and Kelway did not see her again until she came to her trunks under the C's. He was sitting upon his own steamer trunk under the K's waiting for an inspector, and by the arrangement of the letters he was right beside Miss Clovis.

It was a very rude thing to do, but he watched as the inspector, suffering from an intermittent burst of official energy, dug down to the very bottom of her trunk.

On the top of the tray was a framed picture of himself, with a bit of heather inside the glass. Miss Clovis sprang to the tray, but Kelway had seen. He came forward.

"I am going back on the steamer tomorrow," he said to her.

"Why?" she asked as the blushes spread over her face.

"Since you do care after all I am going to get a sworn statement from that girl, the picture of the brother of hers she mistook me for, and his declaration that he was expected to arrive on the train by which I traveled."

"It is not necessary," she said softly. "I found out after you left me last night that it was all right."

"Who could have told you?" he cried wonderingly.

Not even the customs officer heard the whispered "My heart," but Kelway was content.

"To think that I should not have spoken if that meddling customs inspector had not shown me that you still loved me," he cried wonderingly. "Unless I had seen that frame I should have had no hope."

The inspector still wonders why that ten dollar bill was thrust into his hand.

For Pleasant Dreams.

"It's not everybody I'd put to sleep in this room," said Mrs. J. to the fastidious and extremely nervous young minister who was spending the night with the family. "This room is full of sacred associations to me," she went on. "My first husband died in that bed, with his head right on those very pillows, and Mr. J. died sitting right in that corner. Sometimes when I come into the room in the dark I think I can see him sitting there still. My own father died lying right on that sofa under the window. Poor pa! He was a spiritualist, and he always said he'd appear in this room again after he died, and sometimes I'm foolish enough to look for him. If you should see anything of him tonight you'd better not tell me, for it would be a sign to me that there is something in spiritualism, and I'd hate to think that. My son by my first husband fell dead with heart disease right where you stand. He was a doctor, and there's two whole skeletons in that closet that belonged to him and half a dozen skulls in that lower drawer. Well, good night and pleasant dreams."—Tit Bits.

An Astute Lion.

A young lieutenant during an African campaign came one day upon a badly crippled lion. The great brute limped over the tawny sand on three paws, holding its fourth paw in the air. And every now and then, with a kind of groan, it would pause and lick the injured paw. When the lion saw the young lieutenant it came slowly toward him. He stood his ground, rifle in hand. But the beast meant no harm. It drew close to him. It rubbed against him with soft feline purs. It extended its hurt paw. The lieutenant examined the paw and found that there was a large thorn in it. He extracted the thorn, the lion roaring with pain, and he bound up the wound with his handkerchief. Then, with every manifestation of relief and gratitude, the animal withdrew. But it remembered its benefactor. It was grateful. And in a practical way it rewarded the young man. The lion ran over the regiment's list of officers and ate all who were the lieutenant's superiors in rank. Thus, in a few weeks, the young man, thanks to the astute animal, became a colonel.

The Roses of Britz.

Britz, a suburb of Berlin, is one large rose garden. The number of roses cut daily in season is about 13,000.

Pecan Nuts.

To remove pecan meats without breaking them, pour boiling water over the nuts and let them stand until cold. Then crack with a hammer, striking the small end of the nut.

AT THE CORNER STORE

You will find the most Complete line of

Rubber goods, Rain coats and Shoes

for Men, Women and Children in the district.

See our Mens Extra Heavy Duck Gum Boot, snag and crack proof, at $7.50

This is a guaranteed boot and will give you satisfaction every day.

In Blankets our range is most complete.

We have them at $2.50 a pair and the direct imported Scotch Blankets from $5.50 a pair to $8.50 a pair.
Also at $3.00, $3.75, $4.00, $4.50, and $5.00 a pair.

RIGGS & WHYTE.

YOUR

Christmas will not be complete without a Real

XMAS CAKE

WE WILL HAVE a large and varied assortment of Rich, Plain and Fancy Cakes to choose from, including:—

RICH POUND FRUIT CAKE
SULTANA POUND CAKE
RICH AMERICAN FRUIT CAKE
ORNAMENTED FRUIT CAKE
FRUIT & PLAIN CAKES WITH XMAS ORNAMENTS.
MARBLE CAKES.

STRY, ETC

A selection of Small Cakes and Pastry. Macaroons, Cream Puffs, Eclairs, Tarts, Cheese Cakes, &c.

PIES

Lemon, Cream, and Custard Pies

SHORTBREAD

Scotch Shortbread, plain and ornamented, from 15c.

CANDIE

A large stock of Candies just received for the Christmas trade.

FRESH BREAD DAILY
Steam, Hotel, Homemade, Graham, etc.
5c. a loaf or 21 for $1.

Minced Steak Pies on Saturday
3 for 25cts.

CAMPBELLS

DUNSMUIR AVE.

☞ 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.

W. B. Anderson, Mgr.

Job Work Strictly C. O. D.
Transient Ads Cash in Advance.
ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.
Subscription..... $.00a year

It was rumored that Bates the School editor's bale of dolls beds and paper boxes had been confiscated by the Vancouver Customs authorities, but being searched were released when found to contain nothing but baby ribbon and cardboard.

In the budget of items left by the school editor for his assistant to print, he expresses the most abject gratitude for the privilege of having friends and enemies. Friends are always welcome but enemies (who strike in the dark)—well!!! The New Year's resolve, "to be found on the side advocating what is for the welfare of the district", will be like a great many more Enterprise resolves of the past. It will be the second sort. "Mistake."

Present Mayor Ward, Alds. Bate, McLeod, Corbett and McLeod. Minutes read and adopted.

Communications—From Sec'ty. of the C. P. R., a copy of the notice applying for the extension of time for the E & N Ry.

Rec'd and filed.

From T. H. Carey, Sec'ty Board of Trade asking permission for use of Council room for Board meetings.

Permission granted.

From Sec'ty of Municipal Union asking for any suggestions to improve Municipal Act for Union to lay before the Legislature. Laid on table.

Accounts:—Electric Light Co., $46.50; H. Mitchell, $8.00; B. Crawford, $13.50; Well. Coll. Co $40.70. Deferred business.

Municipal Union letter then discussed. Moved Ald Bate, seconded Ald McLeod, that the request be made that the qualifications for School Trustee be made the same as for Alderman. Carried. After further discussion it was decided to hold a special meeting to further discuss the letter. T. E. Banks reported that the fire bell striker had been broken New Years eve. Instructed to have same temporarily repaired and Clerk was instructed to inform the Bell Co, of the breakage and ask for a new clapper.

Council adjourned.

Local and Personal

At the Big store, you will find full lines of Gents full dress shirts, white kid Gloves, Collars and lawn ties. Simon Leiser & Co. Ltd.

Board of Trade Meeting

Board of Trade Meeting will be held in the Council Chambers on Monday evening Jan. 8th, at 7.30

R. Napier, Pres.
T. H Carey, Secty.

Miss Matthewson of Comox returned last week from a visit to Vancouver, when she was the guest of Mrs Wm Sims.

Miss Christina McQuarrie formerly of Cumberland and a niece of Mr R Grant M. P. P. was married at Victoria on the 27th to Mr Wm Doyle of the B. C. Electric Ry. Co. The ceremony took place at the residence of Mrs John Carthew and was performed by Rev Mr Ewing.

Bread, 5c per loaf at Morrochi Bros.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

Great stronger but equal in strength to any other brand. Sold by all druggists. Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound; take no substitute.
The Cook Medicine Co., Windsor, Ontario.

NOTICE.

The Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway Company will apply to the Parliament of Canada at its next session for an Act extending the time for commencing and completing an extension of its main line to Comox and the branches referred to in its act of Incorporation and also empowering the Company to construct and operate a railway from Comox to a point at or near Campbell River also a branch from its main line at or near Duncans via Cowichan Valley to Alberni also a branch from a point at or near Englishman's River to Alberni Canal and a branch from a point at or near Comox via Cumberland south-westerly to Alberni Canal and giving the Company general powers to construct branch lines and for other purposes.

Dated at Victoria this 14th day of December, 1905.

W. F. SALSBURY,
Secretary E & N Railway.

j 24

NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to the Electors of the Municipality of Cumberland that I require the presence of the said Electors at the Polling Station on Dunsmuir Avenue on Monday, the 12th day of January, 1906, at 12 o'clock noon, for the purpose of electing a Mayor and Aldermen to represent them for the year 1906.

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

The candidate shall be nominated in writing; the writing shall be subscribed by two voters of the Municipality as proposer and seconder, and shall be delivered to the Returning Officer at any time between the date of the notice and 2 p.m. of the day of the nomination, and in the event of a poll being necessary, such poll will be opened on Thursday, the 18th day of January, 1906, at the Polling Station, next Whitney Block, Dunsmuir Avenue, Cumberland, B.C., of which every person is hereby required to take notice and govern himself accordingly.

The qualification as candidate for Mayor is as follows:—

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

The qualification as candidate for Aldermen is as follows:—

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

Given under my hand at the City of Cumberland this 30th day of December 1905

LAWRENCE W. NUNNS,
Returning Officer.

NOTICE.

MUNICIPALITY OF THE CITY OF CUMBERLAND.

NOMINATIONS FOR 2 SCHOOL TRUSTEES will be received on Monday, the 15th day of January, 1906, at 12 o'clock noon.

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

The candidate shall be nominated in writing, the writing shall be subscribed by two voters of the Municipality, as proposer and seconder, and shall be delivered to the Returning Officer at any time between the date of the notice and 2 p.m. of the day of nomination, and in the event of more than one nomination a Poll will be opened on Thursday, the 18th day of January, 1906, at the Polling Station, next Whitney Block Cumberland, B.C., at which every person is hereby required to take notice and govern himself accordingly.

Qualifications for Trustees is as follows—

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

Given under my hand at the City of Cumberland this 30th day of December 1905

LAWRENCE W. NUNNS,
Returning Officer.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that at the next sitting of the Board of Licencing Commissioners sitting as a Licencing Court for the City of Cumberland I Henry Andrew Mills intend to apply for a Transfer of the Hotel Licence for vending wines, spirits, beer or other intoxicating liquors by retail at the Vendome Hotel, situate and being on Lot Five Block Three in the City of Cumberland from myself to Christopher Garner.

Dated this 7th day of December, 1905

H. A. MILLS

Witness—C. H. Barton, Potts, Cumberland Barrister etc

The New Years dance on Monday evening was largely attended and much enjoyed.

Wood's Phosphodine

This great English Remedy is put up in two strengths, No. 1 and No. 2. No. 1 is a specific for Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Impotency, Night Emissions, Loss of Power in either sex, Wasting Diseases, Premature Decay, Effects of Abuse or Excess, Mental Worry, Excessive Use of Tobacco, Opium or Liquor, which lead to Insanity, Consumption and Premature Graves. No. 2 is for Adults, Old Men, Nervous, Weak, Lost, Bloodless, Emaciated, Wrinkled, Pimpled, Blotched, Impotent, Sterile, Syphilitic, Scrofulous, Rheumatic, Gouty, Constipated, Dyspeptic, Hypochondriac, Insane, Epileptic, Paralytic, Blind, Deaf, Bald, Gray, Deformed, Crippled, Consumptive, Diabetic, Cancerous, Catarrhal, Troubled with Frequent Stools, Gleet, Stricture, Varicocele, Piles, Fistula, Pain in the Back, Kidneys, Urinary Organs, Bladder, Dropsy, Heart Disease, Liver Complaint, Eruptions, Blood Poisons, Malaria, Fever and Ague, Female Weakness, Irregularities, Leucorrhoea, Barrenness, Impotency, Sterility, Premature Decay, Wasting Pains, Inflammation, Ulceration, Tumors, Cancers, Fits, Convulsions, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Nervous Headache, Dizziness, Spots before the Eyes, Weak Memory, Loss of Power, Blushing, Nervousness, Trembling, Timidity, Dreams, Nightmare, Lassitude, Despondency, Melancholy, Hypochondria, Insanity, Consumption, Premature Graves, Impotency, Sterility, Premature Decay, Wasting Pains, Inflammation, Ulceration, Tumors, Cancers, Fits, Convulsions, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Nervous Headache, Dizziness, Spots before the Eyes, Weak Memory, Loss of Power, Blushing, Nervousness, Trembling, Timidity, Dreams, Nightmare, Lassitude, Despondency, Melancholy, Hypochondria, Insanity.

Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail, in plain wrapper, to any address, one package $1, six packages $5. With every $5 order we give a written guarantee to cure, or refund the money. Pamphlet free. Sole agent for Cumberland, Wilson's Pharmacy.
The Wood Medicine Co., Windsor, Ontario.

A Mining Expert who appreciates good boots--"Leckie Boots"--writes us as follows:

UNION STEAMSHIP COMPANY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA LIMITED

TELEG. ADD: "UNION" Code: A. B. C.
EN-VOYAGE S.S. "CASSIAR"

MESSRS J. LECKIE CO., LTD.,
VANCOUVER B. C.

GENTLEMEN:—I take pleasure in stating the following fact viz:—About a month ago I had two men start with me, mining, theone bought a $10 00 pair of —— Boots; and the other a pair of YOUR make of Logging or Miners' Boots, for which he paid $5 00 in a retail store in Vancouver. The $10 00 Boots did not stand up to their work at the counters, and the sole at the instep seperated, neither did they keep the man's feet dry; while the Boots of YOUR make have given proper satisfaction in workmanship, material, wear and comfort.

I am, Gentlemen,
Yours truly,
F. W. McCRADY, C. & M. E.,
Supt. Cuba Silver Mining Co.

For sale retail by all good Shoe Dealers. Manufactured and sold wholesale by

J. LECKIE Co. Ltd., Vancouver B. C.

STODDART The Jeweller.

His Christmas stock did not arrive in time for Christmas, so the selection is not broken for

NEW YEARS GIFTS.

Consisting of Marble Clocks, Westminster Chiming Clocks, Sterling Silver and Quadruple Silver Plated Ware.

Royal Bank of Canada

Capital (paid up).....$3,000,000
Reserve Fund.....3,000,000
Undivided Profits.....302,743

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.

A. P. WILSON, Manager.

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

GO TO

CAREY

The TAILOR

for your next Suit of clothes.

—Look at those Prices—
Pants $3.00 up
Suits $13.00 up
Overcoats $12.50 up

Style, Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed.

DAVIS BLOCK.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

THE B.C. HEADQUARTERS

FOR

Everything in Music

A Piano to a Song

—AT—

Fletcher Bros

Victoria, B.C.

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.

A Trial

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.