THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

TWELFTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY AUGUST 9, 1905

AUG 13 1905

VICTORIA, B.C.

AT THE BIG STORE

Our Great

ANNUAL

Clearance Sale

OF SUMMER GOODS

Now On

And will continue until further notice.

Seasonable Sale of Seasonable Goods

IRRESISTABLE BARGAINS

Profit or loss cut no figure with us in closing out Season goods and left overs.

See handbills and windows for prices etc.

Simon Leiser & Co. LtD.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

Just received large shipment of

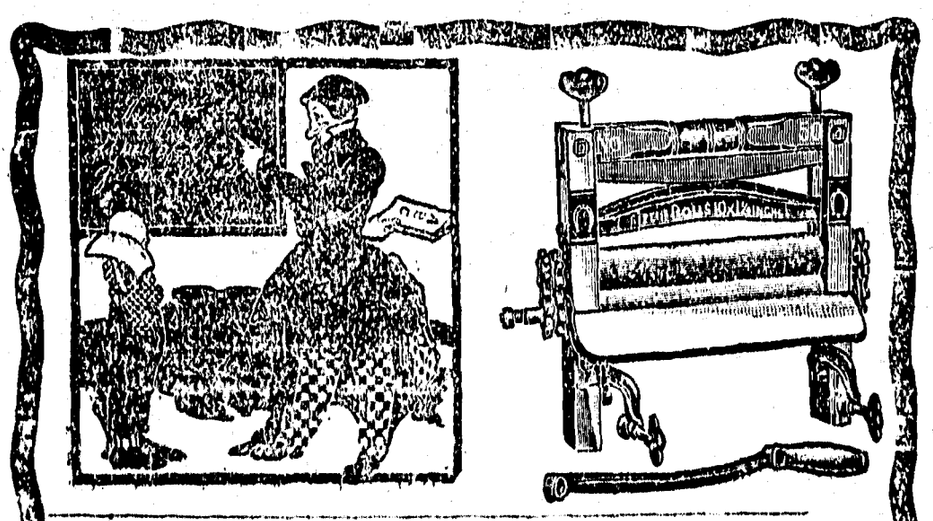
IRON AGE

CULTIVATORS, SEED DRILLS, WHEEL HOES, ETC.

VERY LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

Call and see them or write for catalogues and prices.

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



THRIFT is a VIRTUE

You can save money on your purchases—not by buying a cheap article—that seldom pays—but by getting a good one—that's an investment which will return you interest. Now

A Good Wringer

possesses the double virtue of being a

Labor and a Money Saver.

These machines are high grade. The "Universal" wringer warranted 3 yrs., with 11 inch rollers, $4 50, with 12 inch rollers, $5 50. The "Eureka" wringers, the original Horse [illegible]

WILTON BROS.

HOUSE FURNISHERS, VICTORIA, B. C.

Wood's Phosphodine,

The Great English Remedy.

A positive cure for all forms of Sexual Weakness, Mental and Brain Worry, Exhaustion, Spermatorrhoea, Impotency, Effects of Abuse or Excess, all of which lead to Consumption, Insanity, Insanity and early grave. $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.

Among last night's passengers were:—Miss S. Horbury, Mr and Mrs D. Kilpatrick, Messrs Anderson, J. B Bennet, Mackie Williams Miss Nicholson and Mr and Mrs J. Bryden.

Local and Personal.

Peaches in splendid condition for Preserving at Napier & Partridges.

It is rumored that the Church wardins of Trinity Church are making arrangements to purchase the property of Mr Geo Stevens near the Hospital for a rectory.

American Hams and Bacon 18c per lb. Napier & Partridge.

Little Ethel Munroe is a patient at the Hospital suffering with appendicitis.

Probably nothing is more satisfactory than good reliable food products. The inner man always wants the best. Particular people find perfect satisfaction in buying their groceries At the Big Store.

Mr M. Morgan and bride returned home from their honey-moon trip on Thursday. They were the guests of Mr and Mrs J. B. McLean on their arrival, and will reside during the summer months in the house recently occupied by Mrs Collis.

Mixed Paints only 10c and 12½c per tin. At the Big Store, to clean up odd lines.

A number of Nanaimo folks are spending a vacation in town, Mrs Lemuir and child and Mr Hy. Chadwick visiting their sister Mrs J. Frame, John Fulcher, wife and child at their cousins Miss Denton. Miss Bryden of Ladysmith at Mrs J Matthews and Mrs Hy Grant of Vancouver visiting her parents Mr and Mrs C. Matthews.

Calsimo, the best sanitary wall finish, in all shades, for sale by C. H. Tarbell.

A party of young people met at Mrs Woodhus' on Saturday evening and went in a body to the residence of Mr and Mrs Mark Morgan to give the newly wedded pair an old time house warming.

New Steads $1 50 per sack. Napier & Partridge.

Mrs J. Johnston who has been staying with her mother Mrs Vass for some months, left on Friday morning on a visit to Kamloops.

Most particular People use only Hudson Bay Flour $3.50 per barrel. Napier & Partridge.

Mr Jas. A. Anthony and Miss Jennie Amos of Comox were married on July 29th by Rev R J Wilson, pastor of St Andrews Presbyterian Church Vancouver. The ceremony took place at the Manse Miss Amos is a niece of Mr T. Cairns of Comox.

T. E. Bate has just received 1 ton of Wall Paper.

It was expected that Lord Roberts would open the New Westminster Fair. The trip to B. C. has been abandoned on account of the ill health of Lady Roberts.

On Monday evening Mrs B. Mellado gave a garden party at her residence in honour of her daughter in law Mrs A. Mellado who has been her guest for some weeks, and now leaves for her home in Calgary where she has been summoned by news of her mother's illness The lawn was beautifully decorated with flags, bunting and Chinese lanterns which made quite a fairy like scene. The band was in attendance and discoursed sweet music through the evening.

Mrs S. Riggs and family and Mrs Geo. Clinton are camping at Oyster River.

Mrs F. Partridge and family with their guest Miss McMillan will summer at Roys beach.

THE ADVENT OF THE MOTOR CAR.

The first horseless carriages to travel the Comox roads, were driven from Union Wharf last week, where they had landed with a group of holiday makers from Str. Joan. The party consisted of Messrs R. Marpole, Capt. J W. Troup, J S. Dennis, Chief Engineer Cartwright, and G. L. Courtney, all C. P. R. officials, and Hon Capt. Tatlow, D R. Kerr, Hon E. G. Prior, J. H Bullen, Capt Troup piloted a 12 h. p. White Sewing steam car, and Mr Kerr, a larger gasoline Rambler. The party went to Courtney, and from there up the Comox Valley, and then up to Cumberland on Thnrsday morning. A delay was occasioned at Courtney by Capt. Troup's car requiring new ball bearings, and one further on a mile up the road by Mr Kerr's car having to exchange a leaky tire From there, after repairing, the 5 miles to Cumberland was made in 20 minutes Arriving the party partook of lunch, visited Mr Clinton and other friends, and then departed for Nanaimo, on which trip the bad state of the road necessitated such slow going that it was 2 a-m Friday before the journey was completed. Much excitement was created at various points on the itinerary by the violent expressions of disapproval on the part of our Country bred horses, who no doubt scented an enemy. One farmer was heard to declare however, that it was not the carriages which surprised the animals, but Daves' ruddy complexion. Such of the party who had not before visited the Valley, were loud in their expressions of admiration and surprise at the almost unknown Valley, and the probable effect of this personal enlightenment of the C. P. R. gentlemen will be not by any means to the detriment of the district.

- 1905 -

Wall = PAper

JUST ARRIVED AT THE

The MAGNET

CASH STORE.

100 Patterns to choose from.
2 Double Rolls for 25cts, upwards.

House Lining, Mixed Paints, 50 Shades of Alabastine, Enamels, Stains, Varnish, Whiting, Brushes, etc.

T. E. BATE,

DUNSMUIR AVE, Cumberland

- 1905 -

Wall = paper

CARD of THANKS

Mrs Jas. Watson wishes to thank the people of Cumberland who so kindly donated towards the subscription which was taken up for her and her family.

EAT FRUIT

of all kinds when in season.

LIVE ON IT if you can and you'll be healthier in summer than ever before.

OUR FRUIT is always the best quality that comes to town and we can afford to sell it reasonably because we handle so much of it.

BY PLACING YOUR ORDER early with us for Preserving Peaches you will be sure of getting the best quality of fruit at the lowest price.

Need any Fruit Jars?

The Canning Season brings a demand for sealers which we prepared for months ago. We sell only the most reliable kind.

Pints, Quarts and Half-Gallon sizes at lowest prices.

Jelly Glasses, with metal tops, 75c. per doz.

NAPIER & PARTRIDGE.

A Made-to-Order-Scoop

By

Robert J. C. Stead,

Cartwright, Man.

The November day had been dull and uneventful, and the office of the Telegraph as much a-drowse as the home of a modern daily may be. Not an item in the despatches would warrant a double-column head, and the telegraph editor opined that the boys of the Associated Press had got "religion." Copy that had been side-tracked weeks ago was leaded out under heavy tops, and the locals were padding their dish-water stories shamelessly. The ad-man had run in a full-page "quack" off-date on his own responsibility, and was willing to take chances on a kick. It was a dull day.

Aleck McLean, editor and principal owner of the Daily Telegraph, buttoned his overcoat snugly at the first rumble of the press, pocketed a copy at the mailing counter, and stepped into the street, well content with the prospect of a long evening at home. But he had not gone a dozen paces ere the sixth sense of his newspaper instinct became aware that there was something afoot in the mental atmosphere. Little knots of men stood about, conversing excitedly, or studying an evening paper. Those who walked, walked briskly, as if agitated by the import of something unusual. Suddenly a number of boys from the office of the Evening News scattered through the street, shouting lustily, "Special! Extra! All about th' great murder- Evenin' News! Only paper has it! Ex-tr-a-a! Ex-tr-a-a!"

McLean seized a copy from the nearest boy and spread it out before him, ignoring in his excitement the urchin's vigorous demands for payment. Plastered over its front page, with a seven-column heading, his rival sheet bore the information of the newsiest crime the city had afforded in half a dozen years. And just as he held the paper at arm's length the rival editor came up, smiled knowingly, and passed on.

Crumpling the sheet in his hand, McLean rushed for the office of the Daily Telegraph, nor paused for breath or counsel until he burst into the quarters of the astonished reporters.

"Gentlemen," said he, with a calmness of speech that was in remarkable contrast with his agitated appearance, "I just dropped in to remark that if any of you are interested in the events of the city you had better buy a copy of the Evening News before going to prayer-meeting to-night. Read that!" he blazed suddenly, slapping a paper onto the table. "I'm going down to the kindergarten to engage a few reporters."

"Well, I'll be agitated!" exclaimed Charlie Hughes, after the irate editor had withdrawn, and a glance had taken in the gist of the headlines.

"You certainly will, if Dad feels no better in the morning," said Denny Morrison. Heigho! and I intended to unsoak my fur coat this month."

"Did you ever hear about Horace Greeley," said Harry Temple, the story-teller of the gang, "and the—"

"Certainly, we all know the incident," interrupted Hughes.

Just then the telephone bell rang, and the Evening News inquired tenderly if they were awake yet.

"Just had a nightmare," replied Morrison. "Who pumped you full of that fake? They tried to work it on us too, but——"

"Fake be d———' 'was the reply. "That yarn is meat to the heals. By the way, McLean says he is going to fire his whole caboose. When do you intend to move?"

"Every man skins his own skunk," said Mirrison as he hung up his receiver.

Next morning the assignment book contained the following notice: "Family prayers in Mr. McLean's office at 10 a. m."

The reporters, openly defiant or indifferent, but inwardly much concerned, tyled into the chief's office at the appointed time. McLean was grave, but dispassionate. He explained how keenly he felt the disgrace of yesterday and pictured vividly the gloating of the News. Never before had he suffered such ignominy; never again must it occur. He had intended to revise his whole staff, but had reconsidered it—for the present. He had a new idea. He would pay one hundred dollars cash to the reporter furnishing the next local murder story,—provided they scooped the News. That was all.

Weeks went by, and anything that could suggest a suspicion to the most fantastic imagination was fully investigated. Morrison spent his substance in refreshing the police force, in exchange or a guarantee of a straight tip on the next murderous event. Temple made moonlight sorties far into the country. Graham cultivated the acquaintance of the tough characters of the city. Barker bribed the reportorial force of the News to keep mum on the next scrape. But the city was disgracefully law abiding, and nothing worse than the usual routine of drunks and vagrants disturbed the solemn atmosphere of the police court.

But most remarkable of all had been the actions of Charlie Hughes. Shortly after the interview with the chief he had made the acquaintance of one Basil Murdoch, an old man of doubtful nationality, and reported to be a miser. Basil existed in a very disreputable den in the midst of the toughest part of the city, and night after night he and Hughes rendered the air discordant with their drunken caterwaulings. In those orgies the reporter was merely an actor, as he had too much head to surrender it to alcohol; but Basil drank best on Charlie's encouragement, and Basil drank only at Charlie's expense,—and what was a roistering song or two if it made happy the heart of an old man?

One night after their acquaintance had ripened sufficiently Charlie approached his purpose.

"You say you are hard up, Uncle?" he ventured.

"Aye, hard it is, boy," was the reply. "Afore ye took pity o' me many the day Ah sat with neither bite nor sup. And what's an old man in this world? Well would it be rid o' me."

"Have you no friends anywhere?"

"Well, now, as Ah might say, Ah have a brother in Sheecago. Him Ah haven't seen for years, bein' without the price o' travel. Deed, and it's a hard world, at all. Pass the bottle."

When Basil had refreshed himself Charlie again spoke. "I've been thinking of your lonely life ever since I met you, and it grew upon me that I ought to do something for you. Folks say that you are a miser, that your tick is lined with bills, but I don't believe a word of it. I'm going to help you to visit your brother this Christmas."

Basil looked about him in a frightened sort of a way and muttered incoherently. The thought of departure seemed to fill him with a strange kind of dread, and the livid blotches of his face had given way to dull pallor.

Charlie ventured, "Of course, I would see that your place was properly looked after. I haven't much money but I could get you a ticket and provide a bit to spend. And Chicago's the finest place in the world for a man with the dough."

"Ah've hearn different from that," said the old man dubiously.

"Well, at any rate it's the worst place in the world for a man without the dough," laughed Charlie, "and that amounts to the same thing."

It was not until after much argument, in which Charlie—who never and being there—pictured the attractions of Chicago in the most glowing terms, and explained how easy it would be, with the help of the city directory, for Basil to find his brother, that the old man finally agreed to the proposal. The night was far spent before every detail had been arranged, but when at length Charlie arose to go he said, "Well then, that's all settled. I'll meet you here at ten to-morrow night with twenty dollars. You can jump the midnight freight going south, and buy a ticket when they put you off. It's no use paying a railway company any more than you have to—it's a simple waste of money. When you get to Chicago hire a lock box at the postoffice and wire me the number, nothing more, nothing less—no name, mind you—and call for your mail once a day. Follow my directions and you'll wear diamonds, and I'll split a pot of money with you when you get back."

"Seems a mighty quare way to visit me brother," said Basil, still not wholly decided.

"It is that," admitted Charlie, "but folks have strange customs now-a-days. I'm paying the money, and I want you to be up to the times. You will be my guest, in a sense, and you must travel in style."

Hughes had to do a Christian Endeavor convention next day, and the leaden hours dragged through in dull monotony. But night found him alert and active. A number of visits had to be made to different parts of the city before his plans were complete, and the last of these found him at a poultry dealer's. Here, somewhat to the surprise of the shopman, he bought two live roosters, which he thrust into an empty bran sack, and departed.

It was snowing a little as he wended his way to Basil's hut. "A fine night for my plan, and a fine plan for any night," he congratulated himself as he walked. "By George, but I'll set ten thousand ears tingling before this time to-morrow night! Heigho! won't this take the bulge out of the News? And the police department! Oh my! my! the police department!" he repeated in a paroxysm of mirth. "Our telephone will be hot to-morrow. But mum's the word, Charlie, mum's the word."

The roosters were left to nourish their forebodings at the rear of Basil's hut, and when Charlie entered he found the old man waiting. With little ado he produced a suit of second-hand clothes, infinitely better than those Basil wore, and finally succeeded in fitting them on the old man's form. A razor was then produced, and Basil informed that he was to be treated to a shave. To this he strenuously objected, but on being convinced that everybody in Chicago would take him for a miser if he wore a beard, he submitted to the operation. His long hair was then sheared and his figure generally "slicked" up, and while his appearance could not yet be described as respectable, it was much less disreputable than before. Charlie then took him to the freight yards, trundled him into an empty box-car, tipped a brakeman a dollar, and hastened back.

Basil's door was locked, but the reporter battered it in with a cordwood stick. Bringing in the captive roosters, he threw back the sheets of the bed, laid the sack upon it, and with some difficulty beheaded the unfortunate inmates. As he did so one of them escaped from the sack and caromed about the room, spattering the floor and walls with blood, while the red liquid from the other saturated the bed of Basil Murdach. With his knife Charlie then ripped open the tick, ransacking the straw and littering it about the room; later he explored every nook and cranny in the building leaving everything in a state of confusion. At length, returning the escaped rooster to the sack, he filled in also a quantity of coal and Basil's axe, and set forth to drag it to the river. The task was no easy one, as he avoided the open thoroughfares and made his way by deserted lanes and tortuous alleys, but at length the white ice of the river spread out before him like a mighty sheet. To hack a hole through the ice was the work of a few minutes, and axe, sack, and contents were swept down into the sucking blackness. "Now to thy lair, O murderer!" exclaimed Hughes, and sped for home.

"I want the whole front page," said Hughes to the chief the following morning, as he flung a roll of copy on the desk.

"So did Peruna, but they didn't get it," quietly answered McLean. "Why man, what's the matter with you?"

"Read that," answered the reporter as he indicated his copy with an air of important mystery.

McLean glanced indifferently at the words until every sense bristled. Eagerly his trained eye devoured the context, and when a score of pages were scanned he turned to Hughes.

"Is this absolutely straight?"

"Absolutely," said Hughes, without flinching.

"I'll just call the police department," said the editor, as he reached for the telephone.

"Sh-h, don't wake 'em" interrupted Charlie. "Let 'em read it in the Telegraph. You remember how they used us last time?"

"Very well," replied the editor. "Is the News onto this?"

"Not a whisper."

"Then, if they don't get on there'll be a cheque for you in the morning. You may take the day off; you must have worked all night."

Not a word of the great sensation leaked onto the street, and the Telegraph edition was purposely delayed until the News was on sale. But as soon as a copy of the rival sheet had been obtained and found to contain nothing but commonplace, the press was set in motion, and the Evening Telegraph literally flooded onto the streets.

It was the greatest scoop ever achieved in the city. It scooped not only the rival paper, but everybody else, for not an inkling of the crime had got afloat until the Telegraph laid it bare in plot, and execution, painted in all the luridness of sensational journalism.

"Hello! Hello! Is that the Telegraph? This is the police station. Can you put us onto anything more than was in this evening's paper?"

"Well, I hardly know. You see, the reporter who furnished the story is out."

"Where is he? Who is he?"

"Hughes, but don't know where he is. Got the day off."

A couple of policemen went to the scene of the crime, and others set out in search of Hughes. They found him at his boarding house.

"You honor me, gentlemen," he remarked, as the officers were shown into his quarters. What is the charge?"

"Oh—er, you misunderstand. You see, we are working on this murder, and we thought perhaps you could put us onto something."

"I can, too. I can put you onto the fact that you sold the last murder to the News, and left the Telegraph to eat mud. Now, grovel!"

"Well, ah—er, that's hardly fair, you know. Besides, we'll be decent with you."

At other times Charlie would have taken the hint quickly enough, but he was lord of the situation, and he enjoyed it.

"Gentlemen," he said, with ponderous dignity, "I am not a man to be bribed. Neither am I a policeman. I am a reporter. Good evening."

The officers, thus summarily dismissed, strode angrily into the street, secretly entertaining the belief that a man who knew so much about the crime, and would say so little, was not above suspicion.

But the first thing now was the recovery of the body, and a gang of laborers were set to cut the ice and drag the river. Several arrests were made, but in each case nothing of weight could be advanced against the suspect, and he was released. Days were into weeks, the river-dragging was given up as a failure, and the public were beginning to forget the event, when suddenly interest was revived by a despatch in the News that a man suspected of the murder had been arrested in Chicago. Great credit was given the police for the manner in which they had followed up a very slender clue. It seemed that a railway brakeman had admitted "giving a lift" to a rather tough-looking individual on the night of the murder. In the morning he had been put off the freight, and had bought a ticket for Chicago at a country station. The police had thus traced him to the great city, where they at length succeeded in locating him, and were now bringing their prisoner back to stand his trial.

The effect of this despatch upon Charlie Hughes is for my reader to imagine. He had fancied that every development could be provided for, but Basil's inexplicable failure to wire his box number had compelled him to leave everything to fate. And fate was turning its stormy side to Hughes.

The day of the preliminary trial came on, and public interest in the matter, insidiously fanned by the newspapers, ran high. Very naturally the Telegraph manager had selected Hughes to report the case, and when he arrived he found the court-room packed. He made his way to the reporters' table with a face as white as if it had been to the prisoner's dock, and awaited the ordeal.

The magistrate and the lawyers were already in their places, and presently a hush fell over the assemblage. A lock clattered sullenly, a heavy door creaked open, and Basil Murdach was led into the dock. All eyes were turned on the old man as he tottered unsteadily to his place, and a whispered comment ran through the building.

The witnesses for the prosecution were then called. Policemen testified to details with which the reader is already familiar; the murder in the hut, the track to the river, he hole in the ice, the slender clues by which the prisoner was located in Chicago, and his final arrest.

Neighbors of the unfortunate man were called, who testified that he was reputed to be a miser. Some heard "sounds" on the night of the tragedy, and one particularly accommodating witness heard shooting, shrieks, and oaths.

Professor Dickson then took the stand to dissipate all doubts as to a murder having been committed. He entered into a lengthy explanation of the chemical composition of blood, and illustrated his remarks with many charts and plates. He had examined some of the blood found on the scene of the tragedy, and unhesitatingly pronounced it to be that of a human being advanced in years.

Basil, who had no lawyer, was then asked as to whether he had anything to say in his own defense. Terror griped at the old man's heart, and he swayed where he stood, but fear of death put words in his mouth, and he told his story simply, eagerly, and with desperate earnestness, while the court passed through every stage of incredulity, wonder, and amasement. "What Ah say is the truth," he repeated. "Ah maself am Basil Murdach, not dead, but alive. If Ah could find ma young friend he would prove you that, an' save an old man's life. Indeed if Ah had knowed his name Ah could have sent ma telegram, and he would have saved me." He ended with a gasp; then, looking up, his eye scanned the hushed throng around him. Row after row, tier after tier, they passed under his scrutiny of wild hope and dispair. Gallery after gallery, section after section, he fairly blistered with that haunted look, down to the magistrate, the policemen, the lawyers, the men at the reporter's table. Then suddenly with a great cry of joy, he stretched his arms towards Charlie Hughes. "That's him, O! that's him!" he cried. He can tell you all."

All eyes were turned to the reporter, whose face was the color of death, and in a momnt the magistrate said, "Mr. Hughes, will you tell the court what you know of this case?"

Charlie rose to his feet, holding fast to the table. In a moment his composure came back. "What the prisoner says is true," he said. "He is Basil Murdach!" Then ,briefly, but fully, he laid the whole plot bare. "I know I should'nt have done it," he concluded, apologetically, "but we had to scoop the News,' and the roar of laughter that swept through the court-room drowned the voice- of the magistrate as he cried, "The prisoner is discharged!"

It happened at a "rummage sale" at Ottawa the other day. An elderly woman, whose appearance showed the effects of battles with many realties of the world, was examining a bit of crepe which had been sent from the mourning robes of some respectable family. The price was five cents. "I think I'll take it," said the woman. "My husband is not very well, and may not last long. A few years ago," she added, confidingly, "I bought a widow's bonnet here. I have never had any need to use it, but I have lent it around to all my neighbors." Thus does the spirit of bargain-hunting spread.

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

An English lawyer was cross-examining the plaintiff in a breach of promise case. "Was the defendant's air when he promised to marry you perfectly serious or one of jocularity? he enquired. "If you please, sir" was the reply, "it was all ruffled with 'im a-runnin' 'is hands through it." "You mis apprehend my meaning, said the lawyer. Was the promise made in utter sincerity?" "No sir, an' no place like it. It was made in the wash 'ouse an' me a-wringin' the clothes," replied the plaintiff.

WHEN NERVES PLAY OUT

Mind as Well as Body is in Danger — Help Found in

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

Suicide, insanity, falling sickness, paralysis. These are some of the results of worn-out nerves.

The vitality of the body cannot stand the strain, and, overcome by worry, failing health, anaemia, menstrual derangements, overwork or exhausting disease, mind and body have been wrecked.

No one would neglect a disease so dreadful in its results as nervous exhaustion if the danger were only realized with the first symptoms.

The time to begin the restoration of the nerves by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is when you find yourself unable to sleep at nights, suffering from headaches or neuralgic pains, indigestion or weak heart action.

Loss of flesh and weight, growing weakness and debility, a tendency to neglect the duties of the day, gloomy forebodings for the future, and other implications of depleted nerves.

You cannot liken Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to any medcine you ever used. It's a mere vitalizer and tissue-builder of exceptional power.

Naturally and gradually it rekindles life in the nerve cells and forms new red corpuscles in the blood—the only way to thoroughly cure nervous disorders.

Mrs. W. R. Suutherland, St. Andrews, Man., writes:—"In February, 1903, I was stricken with paralysis, fell helplessly on the floor and had to be carried to bed. The doctor pronounced it a bad case as I had no power in my tongue or left leg. I remained in that position for six months without obtaining benefit from the doctor's prescriptions or other medicines.

"My husband advised me to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and by the use of this treatment all symptoms of the disease disappeared. I can now talk plainly, my leg is all right and I can do my housework. How grateful I am to be cured by so wonderful a remedy."

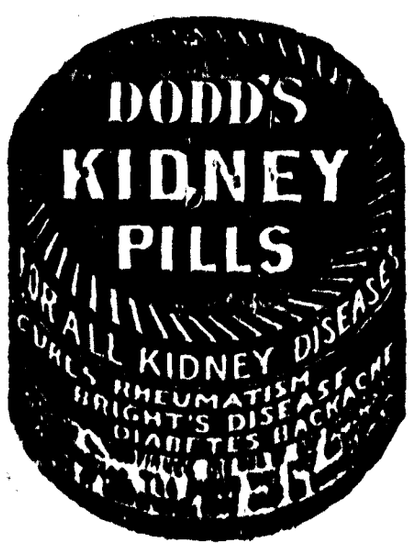
Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

PALE, FEEBLE GIRLS

A GREAT RESPONSIBILITY RESTS ON MOTHERS OF GROWING GIRLS.

A great and serious responsibility rests upon every mother whose daughter is pasing the threshold of girlhood into womanhood. She is at a crisis, and if she is to be a healthy, happy woman, she must develop rightly now. She must not be pale, sunken-eyed, sallow, languid and bloodless at this time. She must have additional strength and rish, pure blood to help her to strong, healthy womanhood. There is only one absolutely certain way to get new, rich, health-giving blood, and that is through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every pill helps to make rich, life-giving blood, that brings strength to every organ in the body and the glow of health to pale, sallow cheeks. Thousands of pale, anaemic girls in all parts of Canada have been made well and strong through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Rachel Johnson, Hemford, N. S., says:—"As a result of overstudy in school, the health of my daughter, Ellen, became greatly impaired. She grew extremely nervous, was pale and thin, and suffered from most severe headaches. She had no appetite, and notwithstanding all we did for her in the way of medical treatment, her suffering continued, and I began to feel that her condition was hopeless. Indeed I began to feel that her mental powers were failing. One of my friends strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as I was willing to do anything that might help her I sent for a supply. After using the pills for less than a month, we saw that her vigor was returning, and in less than three months her health was fully restored. Considering the fact that she had been ill for two years, and that doctor's treatment did her not one particle of good, I think her cure speaks volumes for the wonderful merit of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

The new blood which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make, is the whole secret of their power to cure diseases. That is the reason these pills cure anaemia, heart palpitation, headaches, and backaches, rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney troubles, and a host of other ailments due to bad blood and weak nerves. But be sure you have the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. If in doubt, write direct 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.



NUMBERING THE PEOPLE.

Dark Predictions by Foes of an English Census Bill.

It was in 1753 that a proposal to count the people was first made. Thomas Potter, son of the archbishop of Canterbury and member for St. Germans, introduced in that year a bill "for taking and registering an annual account of the total number of the people and of the total number of marriages, births and deaths and also of the total number of poor receiving alms from every parish and extra parochial place in Great Britain." It was inevitable, of course, that directly this proposal was made the precedent of King David should be quoted. And many were the jeremiads as to the alternative evils which would befall the country. Those submitted to David were mild in comparison. Mr. Thornton, member for York city, said:

"I did not believe that there was any set of men or, indeed, any individual of the human species so presumptuous and so abandoned as to make the proposal we have just heard. * * * I hold this subject to be totally subversive of the last remains of English liberty. * * * The new bill will direct the imposition of new taxes, and, indeed, the addition of a very few words will make it the most effectual engine of rapacity and oppression that was ever used against an injured people. * * * Moreover, an annual register of our people will acquaint our enemies abroad with our weakness."

Matthew Ridley, another opposing member, added that his constituents "looked on the proposal as ominous and feared lest some public misfortune or an epidemical distemper should follow the numbering." However, the bill passed the commons, only to be promptly rejected by the lords. Not until 1800 was the proposal again made, and on this occasion it was brought to a successful issue. The first census of England and Wales was taken in March, 1801.—Fortnightly Review.

ANCIENT SIGNALING.

The Method Invented by the Grecian General Æneas.

The ancient Greeks and Romans practiced telegraphy with the help of pots filled with straw and twigs saturated in oil, which, being placed in rows, expressed certain letters according to the order in which they were lighted. But the only one of their contrivances that merits a detailed description was that invented by a Grecian general named Æneas, who flourished in the time of Aristotle, intended for communication between the generals of an army.

It consisted of two exactly similar earthen vessels filled with water, each provided with a cock that would discharge an equal quantity of water in a given time, so that the whole or any part of the contents would escape in precisely the same period from both vessels.

On the surface of each floated a piece of cork supporting an upright marked into divisions, each division having a certain sentence inscribed upon it. One of the vessels was placed at each station, and when either party desired to communicate he lighted a torch, which he held aloft until the others did the same, as a sign that he was all attention.

On the sender of the message lowering or extinguishing his torch each party immediately opened the cork of his vessel and so left it until the sender relighted his torch, when it was at once closed.

The receiver then read the sentence on the division of the upright that was level with the mouth of the vessel and which, if everything had been executed with exactness, corresponded with that of the sender and conveyed the desired information.

Children's Answers.

"Children's Answers" is the title of an English book. Here is one of its quotations:

"What is a miracle?"

"Please, sir, it's a thing that happens in America."

And here is another:

A Scotch dominie, after telling his scholars the story of Ananias and Sapphira, asked them, "Why does not God strike everybody dead that tells a lie?" After a long silence one little fellow exclaimed, "Because there wouldna be nobody left."

Blacksmiths and Machines.

The making of horseshoes by machinery at first caused a strike among the blacksmiths, who refused to put on the machine made shoes, but the work was done so much more cheaply that the machine shoes triumphed, and the result was that owners of horses, as they got the shoes for less, had the horses shod oftener than before, and the blacksmiths did not lose much, if any, work after all.

One Reason Enough.

A lot of men were playing cards for money in a railroad car, and an Irishman was invited to take a hand. "I would," he said, "but for three reasons." Being asked to state his reasons, he said: "In the first place, I have no money"— "Never mind the other two," said the man who was running the game.

FACTS IN FEW LINES.

Curious and Interesting Events Paragraphed Making a Column of Briefs For Easy Reading.

The Simplon tunnel through the Alps has cost $20 for each of its 774,736 inches.

On the continent of Europe the longest telephone line is 742 miles in length and runs between Berlin and Paris.

The town of Kenneth, Cal., has no jail building, so it has put an iron door at the mouth of a mining tunnel, and the tunnel makes a roomy and secure calaboose.

Greeks to the number of 1,500 a month land in New York city. A majority of them make their homes there, superseding, or at least rivaling, the Italians in many minor trades.

The modern bullet will pierce the carcasses of three horses in succession at 550 yards, of four at half the distance, or kill a man after passing through the trunk of a thick tree.

Signor Garofalo, the Italian criminologist, reckons that throughout Europe 10,000 persons are annually condemned for murder and that only one criminal out of three is brought to justice.

The longest distance over which speech is regularly transmitted is between Boston and Omaha, 1,600 miles. A business house in the western city talks daily with its representatives in Boston.

Upon the spot where the Grand Duke Sergius was killed was found a large sapphire that had been torn by the explosion out of a ring he was wearing. The flames of the bomb had turned the sapphire black.

The new railway that is being built in Arabia will pass close to the rock hewn tomb traditionally believed to be Aaron's burial place. A buried and long forgotten city was discovered recently near by.

The remains of some sand that had been carted from Lytle creek into San Bernardino, Cal., for building purposes yielded $15 worth of gold to a prospector, whose experienced eye had noted the metal's glitter as he was passing it.

One of the strangest of the many strange finds in the famous opal fields in New South Wales was unearthed recently. It was a fossil shark that had became opalized. The fossil is over three feet long and eighteen inches in circumference.

A bankrupt wooden box maker recently stated in a London court that his trade had been ruined by the advance in the price of sugar. Confectioners and candy manufacturers were economizing by doing without wooden boxes and cases.

There are more suicides in Berlin every year than in any other European city, and the figures show steady increase, growing from 434 in 1900 to 620 in 1904. This is about 32 for every 100,000 inhabitants. Paris has 26, Vienna 23, Rome 18 and London 13.

Out of 1,184 girls who have graduated from the University of Michigan since 1870, when it became a coeducational institution, only sixty-five have died. The census death rate for womankind in general for the same period of time is 228 out of every 1,000.

A recent statement that the present ivory consumption represents the annual slaughter of 20,000 elephants is denied. At least 85 per cent. of marketed ivory comes from the cemeteries to which the elephants have long resorted, and much of it may be hundreds of years old.

Pere Chapet, who recently died at Liege, Belgium, made a good living by coloring meerschaum pipes. His secret was to smoke regularly but very slowly, never to allow the pipe to get foul or to be subject to drafts or sudden changes of temperature and never to smoke out of doors.

The maintenance of safety in the rural districts of Cuba and along highways is intrusted to the care of the rural guard of Cuba, a body of excellent men, well mounted and equipped, numbering a chief, 163 officers and 2,856 men. It is intended to increase the number of men to 4,000.

The United States heaviest import for 1904 was coffee, valued at $87,427,099, followed by sugar (which has hitherto been first in value)' hides, vegetable fibers, wool, lumber, fruit, tea, tobacco and oils, no other product going over the $10,000,000 mark, although a number, including cocoa and chocolate, came close.

The postmaster general of Great Britain has a staff under his control bigger than the standing British army. The postal system keeps busy from 170,000 to 180,000 men and women. The postoffice is among the most profitable enterprises in England. With an outlay of £10,000,000 it makes a profit of nearly £4,000,000 sterling.

It appears that the Turks did not object to the sale of Bibles in Macedonia or Argentina, feeling quite sure they will convert no Mussulmans, but they objected to the distribution of Bibles with inserted pages of revolutionary and seditious matter. All the porte requires is that the Bibles shall be genuine from cover to cover.

The Irish corporations have not been forgetful of the press. The mayor of Cork is the proprietor of a newspaper, the proprietors and editors of the Kilkenny Journal, Drogheda Argus, Tipperary Free Press and Sligo Champion have seats in their respective corporations, and the editors of the Freeman, Register and Nation are in the Dublin corporation.

Authors of Familiar Hymns.

Sarah Flower Adams of England wrote "Nearer, My God, to Thee." She was a well known literary woman of her time. She died in 1849.

Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg wrote the well-known hymn "I Would Not Live Always."

In 1819 Reginald Heber, son-in-law of the great divine, Dr. Shipley, wrote in less than an hour the beautiful hymn "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

On the day of his conversion, May 21, 1738, it is said Charles Wesley wrote "Oh, For a Thousand Tongues to Sing." He was converted while ill with pleurisy.

Sir John Bowing, scholar, member of parliament and governor of Hong Kong, was the author of two well known and popular hymns, "Watchman, Tell Us of the Night," and "In the Cross of Christ I Glory."

Smoothing It Over.

"I have come," said the old subscriber, "to complain about your report of my daughter's wedding."

"What was the matter with it?" demanded the editor.

"Well, her name is Gratia, but you printed it 'Gratis.'"

"That's not so bad. She was given away, wasn't she?"

"Emigrating to Canada."

Reports as to the advisability of emigrating to Canada, and the conditions prevailing there, vary considerably, apparently according to the interests of those responsible for them. This week, however, we have received a letter from our great dependency, signed by seven former residents in the United Kingdom, which contains several home truths likely to be of service to those thinking of trying their fortunes in a distant land. The writers first of all complain of the attitude of certain London papers towards Canada, and the Canadians. One statement is that the people are inhospitable, another that "it would be simply murder" to go to some parts of Canada. Our correspondents make it plain that such is not the case. There are a hearty welcome and plenty of work for the right sort of people, but there is no room for the dandy or the dreamer—those who think dollars are to be had for the asking, or who find fault with the institutions because "they don't do it like that in the old country." "Our experience is that there is abundance of room at the top of the ladder for those who are willing to first put their foot on the bottom rung," say these seven champions of Canada, and there is every reason for thinking their statement true.—Lloyd's (London, Eng.) Weekly.

The Cruelty of Fashion.

The splendid snow white heron, known as the American aigret, one of the few kinds which bear the aigret plumes of millinery and commerce, is among the waning species of America, a victim to inexorable fashion, says Herbert K. Job in Country Life In America.

In 1903 the price for plumes offered to hunters was $32 per ounce, which makes the plumes worth twice their weight in gold. There will always be men who would break any law for such profit. No rookery of these herons can long exist unless it is guarded by force of arms day and night.

Mr. Job tells how he visited what is perhaps the last large remaining aigret rookery in North America.

It should be understood that these plumes, which are variously called by milliners "aigrets," "stubs" and "ospreys," and are dyed to whatever color is fashionable, are borne only during the nuptial season and can be secured only by shooting the birds when they have assembled in colonies to breed, when their usual shyness has departed owing to the strength of the parental instinct. Returning to their nests, they are shot down, and their young are left to starve.

Dismal Swamp No More.

The famous Dismal swamp in Virginia is coming into profitable cultivation. The first company to promote Dismal swamp was organized in colonial days. George Washington was one of the promoters and the largest stockholder. His company owned two thirds of the 300,000 acres of the swamp and built a canal to float the timber from its property.

Little has been done from that time until recently, except by lumbermen. In the days before the war the swamp was a popular refuge for runaway slaves. It is situated in the southeastern corner of Virginia, and it extends from a few miles from Norfolk. At its highest points it is only fifteen or twenty feet above tidewater. Its streams are so pure that their water is sought by vessels going on long voyages.

It was long thought that the swamp was malarious and that white men could not live there the year round. This notion has been disproved by the truck farmers seeking cheaper land, who are clearing up the swamp and turning it into prosperous truck gardens.

Cloth Made From Wood.

In Germany, Spain and Holland textile goods are made out of wood, and it is probable that this industry will soon spread to France. The process consists in making the wood pulp pass directly through a metallic plate with a number of slits, resulting in the formation of thin ribbons, which pass from the slitted plate directly to a machine which twists them, transforming them into very regular threads of any desired size. The wood fiber threads thus produced go by the names of xyloline, silvaline and ilcella. They are classified by number like the other threads in use. Mixed with hemp threads they have been used to make towels. These mixed fabrics readily admit of washing, dyeing and printing. The wood pulp thread, which grows weak when wet, regains its resistence when dried.

The Government of New South Wales has sanctioned the erection of two state institutions for the treatment of inebriates without means

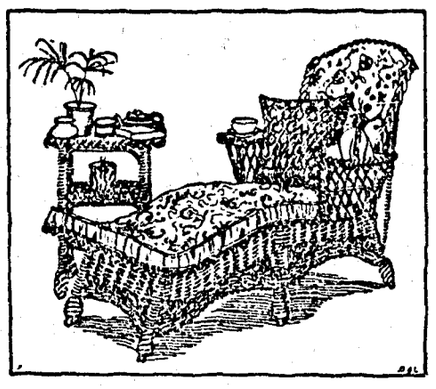
HOME FURNISHING.

ARTISTIC AND PRACTICAL IDEAS FOR THE COUNTRY HOUSE.

Floral Bedrooms—A Blue and White Dining Room—An Inviting Lounging Chair—The Newer Wall Papers. Linen Taffeta Hangings.

Painted furniture has been revived during the past few years in bedroom sets for the country house. Natural designs of flowers are now added as a decoration, helping to name the different sleeping rooms—the pansy chamber, nasturtium room, etc.

Dining rooms in the country are often furnished now in the white paint of colonial times. Tables and chairs



LOUNGING CHAIR FOR WARM WEATHER.

are following the idea in white enamel paint, and an old set of furniture that must be refinished may receive the new treatment in preference to the shellac and stain. In a white dining room the cool effect will be furthered with blue linen hung at the windows, a white and blue paper applied to the walls and a Scotch rug of blues and greens laid on the floor.

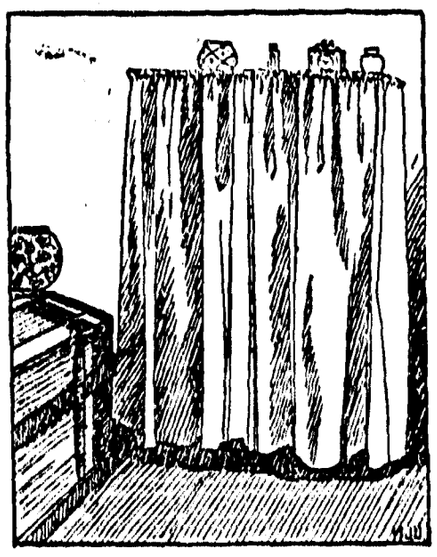
A lounging chair brought from the West Indies by tourists, who found it delightful for warm weather, has been imitated successfully in our own handmade willow, with a shelf added for a cup and a glass and a pocket for slipping in a newspaper or magazine. With cushions and pillows properly adjusted the chair is almost as comfortable as a bed and picturesque from whatever angle it is seen.

The covering of the interior walls of houses out of town may be less restrained than that chosen for the city residence. Some radical departures are possible with the crown patterns that take the place of the old time frieze, the square trellis that supersedes the diamond shaped lattice, hunting and stagecoach scenes that follow tapestry designs and imitations of wash goods—dimities, ginghams and canvas—instead of burlap.

In one summer home where space was insufficient for the dresser and sewing machine in the family room a clever device combined both pieces of furniture. A pine board the width of the machine top was fastened to four legs that raised the board above the open works of the machine. A long ruffle of muslin was tacked around the top of the board, and when the machine was not in use this attachment served as a dressing table to hold brush, comb and the smaller articles for the toilet.

Cretonne has held its popularity for many years as a hanging for bedroom windows and for covering furniture. Its usefulness is being lately extended into the living rooms of the summer homes, and a parlor or drawing room is often seen with flowered coverings on chairs and sofas.

Hand printed linens make artistic covering for upholstered summer furniture. New ways for using linen taffetas are constantly being discovered. It has been adopted for furniture, either upholstered or as slip covers; for



A SPACE SAVING DEVICE.

window or door hangings, for book rack and photograph covering and for bedstead and bolster covers.

A picture screen can find a place in almost any room in the summer home. The upper part of a screen of the kind is fitted with glass in each panel to protect the picture, the framework holding both together.

In a home situated on a much traveled, dusty highway the furniture is of necessity put into slip covers for three months of the year.—Delineator.

Household Wrinkles.

Extra care should be taken not to get chilled when overtired.

Do you ever think of a "color scheme" for the kitchen? Why not? A "delft kitchen," blue and white, is very attractive.

To extract grease spots from leather rub softly with flannel dipped in ether.

No more soggy pie crust. Sprinkle the bottom and side crusts of the pie with finely grated breadcrumbs. They will not be noticed in the fruit and mince pies.

To keep cheese from becoming hard wrap it in a cloth moistened with vinegar.

Avoid the dark circle around the yolks of hard boiled eggs by putting them to cook in cold water and allowing them to boil slowly fifteen to twenty minutes after the water comes to the boiling point.

A TACTLESS NURSE.

The Creepy Manner In Which She "Entertained" a Patient.

Nurses are, as a class, a most excellent body of young women, but, as in the case of doctors, one occasionally comes across specimens who are so deficient in tact and sympathy with the sick as to be positively, though unintentionally, brutal. That seems to be the fate of the writer of the following letter:

"Late one night, when I was in considerable pain and unable to sleep, my nurse, in order to provide cheerful diversion, proposed to show me a few of her photographs. So a candle was brought to the bedside and the pictures were held before my eyes as I lay on my back. Producing the first with much gusto, the nurse explained that it was a very pretty picture. It was. It showed 'our mortuary chapel,' and the nurse pointed out the coffins and a row of shrouds hanging up in the corner, explaining that 'we keep all sizes in stock.' The next picture was 'our operating theater,' with the nurse and the doctor 'just ready to begin,' and my tormentor was specially proud of it because the nurse depicted was herself. When she pointed out, however, that galoches were worn by the butcher and his assistant, I endeavored to pass on as quickly as possible to the next picture. It was not long, however, before we came to the portrait of 'Mary, our hospital skeleton.' Nurse explained that Mary was 'cloaked,' but at lectures a string could be pulled and the cloak fell off. In point of fact, the photographer had caught it at the moment of falling, and the figure and features of Mary remained indelibly printed on my memory. I do not say anything against Mary as a skeleton, but she was hardly an apparition to bring comfort or sleep to a poor fevered wretch whose life was hanging in the balance. Yet that nurse held the highest possible credentials in every department of her calling."—London Truth.

ODD SHOE FACTS.

Greek shoes were peculiar in reaching to the middle of the legs.

The present fashion of shoes was introduced into England in 1633.

In the ninth and tenth centuries the greatest princes of Europe wore wooden shoes.

Shoes among the Jews were made of leather, linen, rush or wood; soldiers' shoes were sometimes made of brass or iron.

In the reign of Richard II. shoes were of such absurd length as to require to be supported by being tied to the knees with chains, sometimes of gold or silver.

In the reign of William Rufus of England in the eleventh century a great "dude," Robert the Horned, used shoes with sharp points stuffed with tow and twisted like rams' horns.

The Romans made use of two kinds of shoes—the solea, or sandal, which covered the sole of the foot and was worn at home, and the calceus, which covered the whole foot and was worn abroad.

Victory and After.

Many a man in a moment of fine enthusiasm applauds Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty or give me death." It is a proper sentiment to entertain, but not easy to live up to.

Most of us feel more like the Pennsylvania Dutchman who told his wife to write an appropriate inscription on his knapsack, which she was packing on the eve of his departure to join Washington's army in the Revolution. The enthusiastic woman, dreaming of her hero coming home a general, at least, wrote in good, round letters, "Victory or Death."

In a few moments her husband caught sight of it.

"No goot! No goot!" he exclaimed in great excitement. "Take dat off quick! Put on goot vords, 'Victory, oder come back again.'"—Youth's Companion.

Overdid It.

Mrs. Passay—Mary, wasn't that gentleman asking for me? The New Maid—No, mum. He described the lady he wanted to see as bein' about forty, an' I told him it couldn't be you. Mrs. Passay—Quite right, my dear. And you shall have an extra afternoon off tomorrow. The New Maid—Yes, mum—thankee, mum. Yes, mum; I told him it couldn't be you, for you was about fifty. Mrs. Passay—And while you're taking your afternoon off you'd better hunt a new place!

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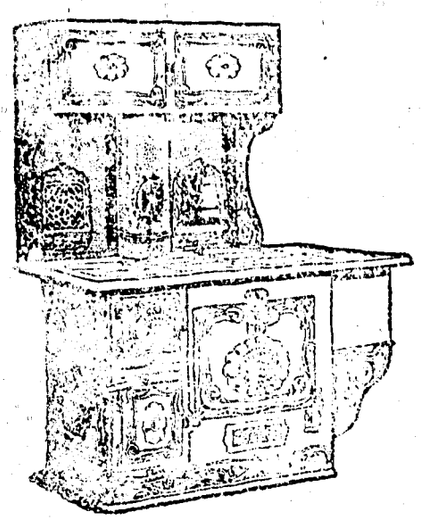

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St Petersburg, 5th -Admiral Rojestvensky's official report on the battle of the Sea of Japan which has just been made public says that his ships were badly built and not only that but dishonestly. The thickness of the armour did not agree with official figures, in any case it was of inferior quality, shells were no good, 2-3 of them did not explode, none of the ships were able to carry necessary coal, none of them contained guaranteed speed engines and the boilers were poor and always had to be repaired. 2 3 of the crew were incapable gunners and were firing ignorant of the elementary laws of firing and the ammunition was no good Rojestvensky had to train gunners on two of his ships the crews of which had decided secretly to surrender to the enemy, this was discovered too late and the crew mutinied off Formosa Rojestvensky had difficulty in setting the mutineers from seizing the greater part of the squadron. Rojestvensky saw from outside that a number of his ships were not firing and were disobeying orders they only fired when he sent torpedo boats to them and then he threatened to sink them if they didn't obey orders. If Rojestvensky had not been wounded things might have been different. Nebogatoff's orders were ignored, it was everyone for themselves, on some of the ships the crews threatened to kill their officers if they did not surrender. The Admiral confirms the report that he relied on the fog to enable him to go through the straits but says it lifted too soon.

Godzeyadami, Manchuria. 5th—Despatches from the front report that the Japanese have began a simultaneous advance from Kuandore against the Muzar, and Piatzaban6 passes but that the columns were checked under pressure of the Russians advance in strong detachments.

Nanaimo, 5th—The following communication appears in this morning's Herald:—

Editor Herald:—Having heard today that Thomas Hudson of Union Bay has been boasting that he can beat me in a hundred yard race, I want to publicly challenge him to a hundred yard race for not less than $100 a side, match to take place at any time not sooner than 4 weeks and not later than 6 weeks I will be glad to hear from Mr Hudson either by personal letter or through the columns of the Herald Signed, B. Gerard. Nanaimo B. C.

Yokohama, 5th—The boycott against the U. S has started here. the Chinese refused to handle freight for the Pacific Mail Str. 'Manchuria' for Hong Kong. The Chinese will further organize the movement.

London, 5th—The Daily telegraphs Japanese correspondent at Mejii comments upon the immense strength of Linevitchs command including as it does at Vladivostok and northern Korea and doubts the Russian Generals ability to have effective control of such an extended line which is unpresented He declares that the coming battle unless its averted by peace negotiations will be on such a gigantic scale to decide the war for or for all

Tokio 5th—Japan has apparently affixed and firmly determined not to relinquish her hold upon Manchuria no matter what contingencies may arise as result of the pending negotiations.

Nanaimo, 5th—Mr Stockett was asked today if Brechin Mine would be re-opened soon, and replied "I am not yet prepared to say what can be done as there are some things yet to be worked out, nothing further could be obtained. Its evident that some move will be made very soon by the Company. A report is in circulation this afternoon that 65 applications were received for work but it cannot be traced to any authorative scource.

An Offer To All Poorly Paid Men

To every man, and woman too, who is struggling along against adversity, striving to make the best of an uncongenial position and a poor salary, the International Correspondence Schools, the standing and achievements of which are known and honoured everywhere, makes this offer: If you will indicate by a mark like this **X** on the coupon below, which occupation you prefer, the I. C. S. will at its own expense and without obligation on your part, show you how it is not only possible, but actually easy for you to enter that occupation, not as a poorly paid apprentice, but with all the qualifications necessary to command a good salary.

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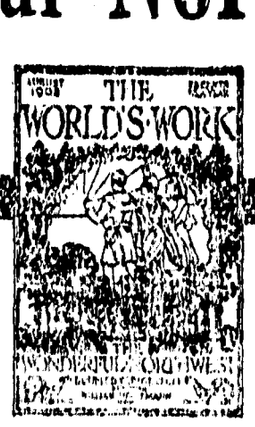

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Josephine Turck Baker, Editor.

Partial Contents for this Month.

Course in English for the Beginner.
Course in English for the Advanced Pupil.
How to Increase One's Vocabulary.
The Art of Conversation.
Should and Would: How to Use them.
Pronunciations (Century Dictionary).
Correct English in the Home.
Correct English in the School.
What to Say and What Not to Say.
Course in Letter-Writing and Punctuation.
Alphabetic list of Abbreviations.
Business English for the Business Man.
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TENDERS.

Re Mortgage Sale of Property hereinafter mentioned

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to one o'clock p.m., Saturday, February 11th, 1905, for the purchase of the West half of North West quarter of Section Ten, and the West half of the South West quarter of Section Seventeen, Hornby Island, Nanaimo District, locally known as "C.T. Mitchell's Place."

The undersigned does not bind himself to accept any tender.

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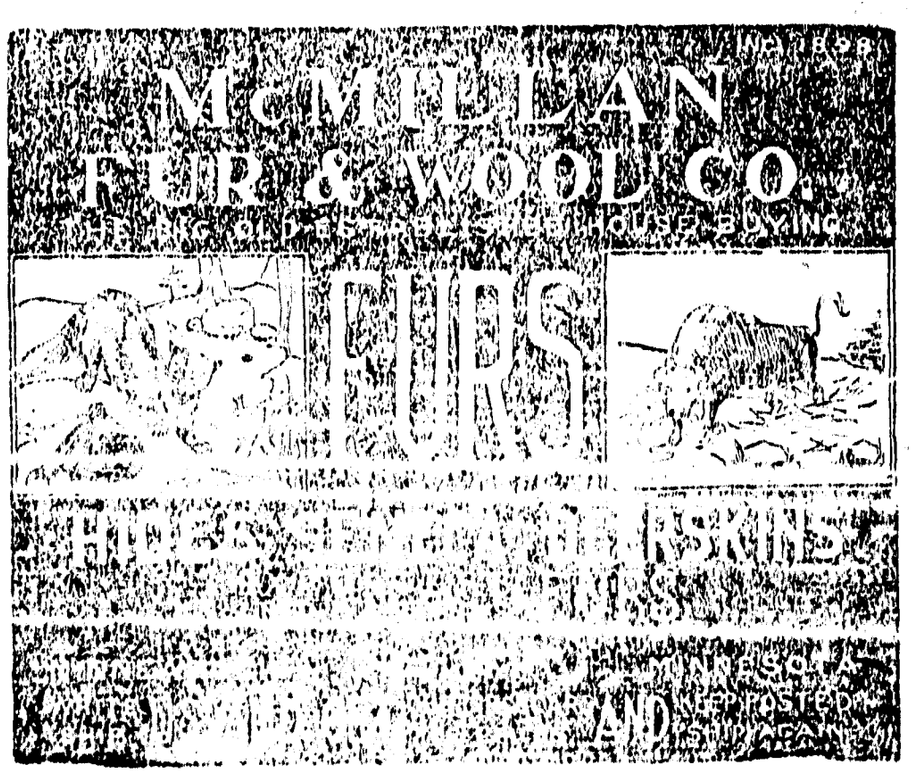

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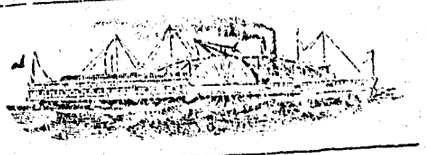
Issued Every Tuesday.
W. B. ANDERSON, - - - MGR

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 re sponsible for the utterances of correspondents, we reserve the right of declining to insert communications unnecessarily personal.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9 1905

Nsquimalt & Nanaimo Ry



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

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

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

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North Saanich when tide and weather conditions permit.

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TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE
APRIL 18th, 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 24
" 11 00.	Duncan's	" 5.00
P M.		P M.
" 12 35..	Nanaimo	" 6 42
Ar 12.53..	Wellington	Ar. 6 5.

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1—Daily A. M.		No. 3—Sunday A. M.
De. 8.00	Wellington	De. 3 0
" 8.20	Nanaimo	" 3 1
10.0?	[illegible]can's	" 5.0
" 10.42	Koenig'	" 6 30
" 11.38	Coldstream	" 6.32
Ar 12.00	Victoria	Ar 7.0

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By order
FRANCIS J. LITTLE
Manager.

NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia at its next session for an Act extending the time for the commencement of the construction of the Company's line of railway and for the expenditure thereon, of ten per cent of the amount of the capital and reducing the amount of the capital and permitting the Company to construct the railway in sections.

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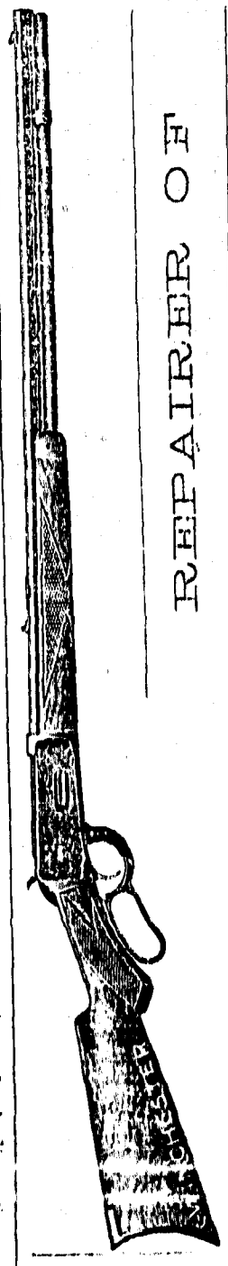

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He Was Warned.

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Cleverton—Yes; he was good enough to.

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Crimsonbeak—Why, yes; she's always ready and willing to give me a piece of it.

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The Cannibal Chef—Yes, your excellency. We found a stranded baseball nine near by yesterday.

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Mrs. Wabash—He did a little at first, but finally the parson said he'd do it cheaper the next time.

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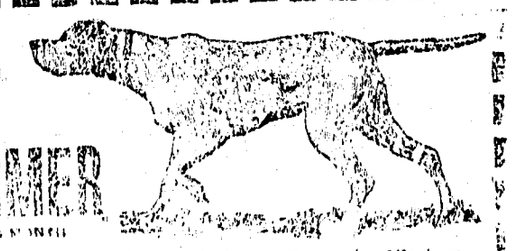

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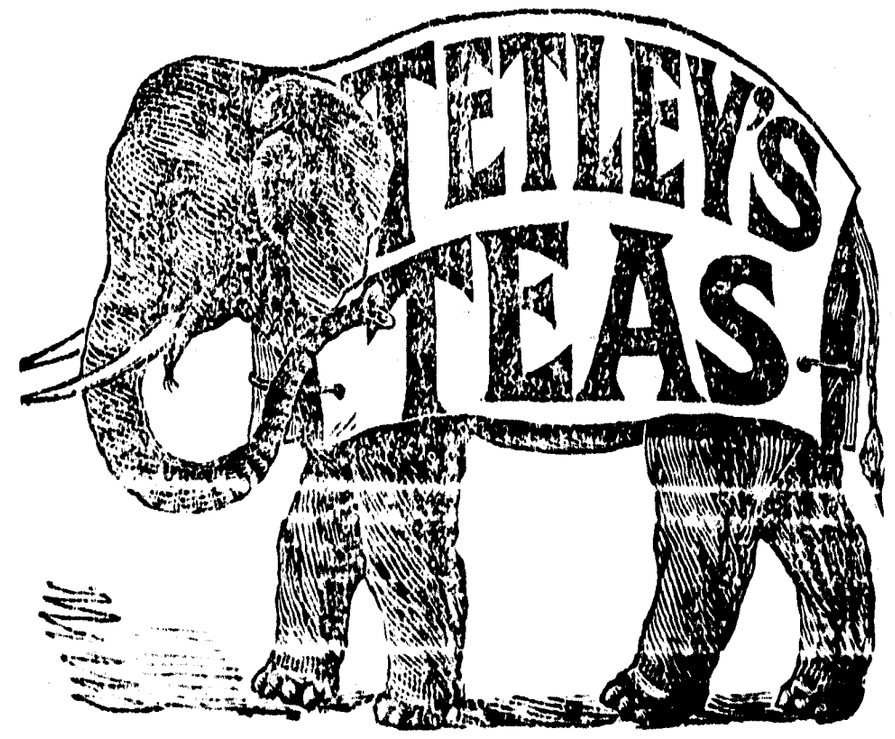

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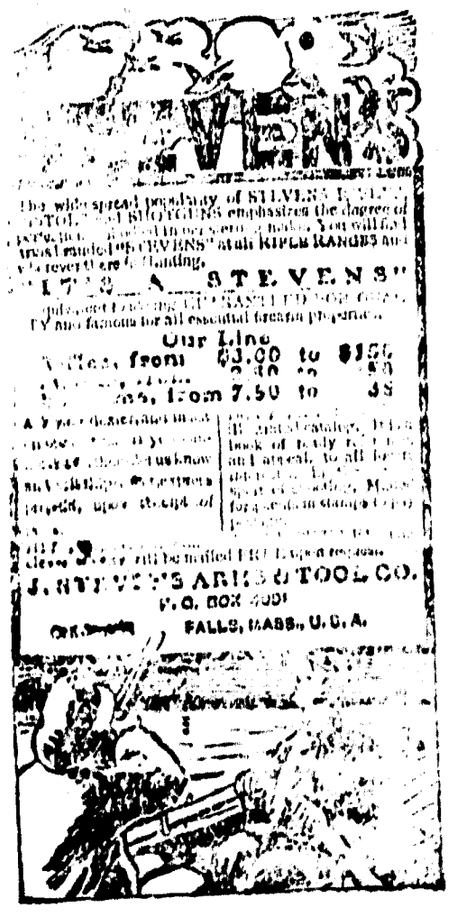

MY LADY PEGGY GOES TO TOWN

By

FRANCES AYMAR MATHEWS

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Back to Pimlico and into bed, shivering betwixt the linen and feathers; up for a toilet of the best and neatest, curling his wig thriftly himself by the fire, a good breakfast, a coach at noon with Kennaston castle for goal and himself and his ardent and blissful hopes and beliefs for freight and luggage.

For, not twelve hours since, had not my Lady Peggy's own emissary, the delightful "Mr. Incognito," told him that his mistress was leaving for home last night? Nay, had not Peggy herself, with her own lips, said that she started for Kennaston "ere cockcrow," and whatever could such words mean but that he, the object of her tenderest solicitude, should follow her at once.

That same morning toward dawn Percy had ridden home alone, leaving Kennaston, cheered by a smile and a pressure of Lady Diana's hand, to return to his chambers in Grub street, whither the young poet had removed some few days since from Lark lane, at the instance of having had a piece of good fortune in the way of a commendation from no less a personage than the great Dr. Johnson himself.

The reflections of Peggy's adorer were various and most tormenting. His brain, as he tossed in his bed, was a labyrinth wherein he wandered, vainly endeavoring to solve such riddles as—

"Where was Lady Peggy? Was she indeed the bride of either of the Sir Robins? Who was the comely young gentlemanly rogue who had for weeks bewitched the fair and charmed the brave? Where had he disappeared? To whom in reality was he indebted for the saving of his own life at the Dove pier, and whose were the St. Giles' hirelings who had near made an end of him there?"

Bewildered and at wits' end, he finally, as the sun was at meridian, sprang from his uneasy couch, rang and rapped thrice for Grigson, made a sorry pretense at conversing on politics with his uncle, whom he presently encountered in the hall; inwardly cursed the old gentleman and at last, by 3 o'clock, got his will, which was, astride of the long roan, Grigson on the black, to cross to the Surrey side of the river and ride as fast as ever he could to Kennaston castle.

"By heavens!" cried he to himself, pounding Battersea bridge. "It is time her father knew, and her lady mother, too, that she is neither in Kent nor anywhere else in their reckoning, and if it puts 'em both into their shrouds they'll hear the truth and set about solving the riddle before sunrise tomorrow. I'm sailing on Thursday for the colonies, but I go not until I am assured of her safety and her happiness."

Thus it happened that not above three hours after Sir Robin had started from Pimlico with his destination Kennaston, Sir Percy quitted Charlotte street with the same beacon in view, and each, the one in his coach, t'other in his saddle, brain full and heart bursting with but one thought, and that Lady Peggy Burgoyne.

Her ladyship meantime, on landing from the wherry, fairly scampered her way to Mr. Brummel's for fear of desperadoes and Mohocks. At one point wild cries of "Watch!" greeted her ears from the open window of a gaming house, at another a bullet whizzed above her head, the outcome of a duel being fought in a narrow street she traversed. In and out she threaded her path until presently the pink flush of the dawn pierced the fog into a silvery mist, and she had gained the Beau's threshold. Passing the sleepy servants, Peggy ran up to her room and once again drew the bundle from its hiding place, tucked the long tail of her dark hair well inside, cast a glance of pitiable amusement about the chamber, and says she, going:

"God knows if I ever get leave to put on a lady's garments again, but I'll never come back here, that's certain, since now am I no one, not even Sir Robin McTart!"

So, challenged merely by the still drowsy footman who asks, "Beg pardon and with submission, Sir Robin, but will you be home for dinner, sir, or not until supper?"

"For neither, today," answers her ladyship, running out into Peter's Court and then coming to a dead halt.

She drew a long deep breath as deep as the fog would let her, much as a dog does before he starts on the scent. She jingled the little money left in her purse, gave her hat the cock as she beheld a passerby and struck out for London bridge. Arrived at Surrey side, her ladyship paused to consider and, wrapping herself well in her camlet cloak, the which she had used at the masquerade so lately, thereby hiding her blue velvet breeches, laced waistcoat, point ruffles, Mechlin lace cravat, rich coat and jeweled hilt, soon obtained fare in the one seated cart of a country clown who was off for Tooting.

Her ladyship decided very quickly that 'twas but a necessary precaution for her to avoid highways, stagecoaches and inns of reputation, since probably by this a full description of the supposed Sir Robin would be word of mouth from Westminster to Mile End, and a dozen miles out of town mayhap a price set upon his head!

Once arrived at Tooting, 'twas her intention to double on her tracks, return with some bumpkin's load of vegetables to Garret lane and thence to foot it across country or by penny's worth rides with village folk, reaching the neighborhood of Kennaston perhaps late that night, or, if she should be compelled to sleep under some friendly farmer's roof, at least by the next high noon.

But her ladyship reckoned, if not without her hosts, most decidedly without taking count of the weary beast that dragged her nor yet of any possible fellow guests she might encounter on arriving at the Queen and Artichoke at Tooting.

It was nightfall when, limp and unnerved, a sorry, disheveled appearing young personage jumped from among a pile of oat bags and marched boldly into the parlor of the Queen and Artichoke.

"Was there a chamber to be had?" For her ladyship plainly saw she must lie at Tooting and not proceed on her homeward journey until the morrow.

There was a chamber, an admission hesitatingly made even at this modest hostelry to a young gentleman arriving without either servant, luggage, box, horse, coach or dog, and by means of a vile rickety little cart. Yet, such was her ladyship's swagger, notwithstanding a full splash of mud on the tip end of her handsome little chin, she was presently conducted to a decent chamber upstairs, at the rear, it is true, yet overlooking the green, where a game of bowls was in progress and with a fine trellis, thick with vines, beneath its small paned window.

Her ladyship had just eleven pence ha'penny left in her purse, yet, thought she, refreshed by a good meal and the leaving of her weapon as a hostage for her lodging, she would better eat than faint tonight, whatever might betide on the morrow.

While she washed her hands, after hiding the bundle under the feather bed, her ladyship heard the ring of horses' hoofs on the stone pave of the inn yard, and her quick ear even detected the fact that one of the steeds went lame.

She peered out of window and beheld Sir Percy astride of his own long roan, with Grigson just dismounting from the smoking black.

"This is cursed luck!" mutters the master as he himself, out of saddle, stoops to examine the roan's much swollen off hind leg.

"It is, Sir Percy," returns the man, "but, by your leave, sir, it may be we can hire a mount here, although it don't look too promisin'."

"Unlikely," says Sir Percy. "The best we can do is to lie in this hole for the night, and by a hot poultice and a bandage the roan may be in condition by tomorrow forenoon."

"Very well, sir. It be a poor place of entertainment, Sir Percy, with an ordinary at tenpence, sir." Grigson's tone of derision is marked by the guest, who draws close about her face the cotton curtain of the upper rear chamber window.

"Will you be pleased to be served in your room, Sir Percy, at once, and of whatever can be had? What wine, sir?"

"Tut, tut, Grigson. I'll into the ordinary. Off with you to the stables with the roan, rub her down and medicine her, then to your own supper in the kitchen."

"Host," observes Grigson loftily, as that worthy obsequiously appears in the yard with an attendant train, as is customary in welcoming persons of quality, "Sir Percy de Bohun has the condescension to say he will sup in the ordinary, and"—

Whatever Mr. Grigson's further remark may have intended to result in was at this crisis lost to posterity by such a clattering from up on the high road round the corner of the green lane, where nestled the Queen and Artichoke, that every eye was turned to behold such a cloud of dust as joyed the soul of boniface, whose tuned intelligence foresaw a coach and four horses, in the light of which Sir Percy de Bohun's reeking lame roan and ill kempt aspect faded into almost as much insignificance as had long since the traveler who had arrived in the clown's cart.

Boots alone was left to guide Sir Percy to his apartment, while the rest made a concerted dash for the yard entrance, just in time to make their most profound bows and courtesies before a splck little gentleman who thrust his inquiring little head out of window, keeping his door closed, as he beckoned the landlord to him with eager, heavy eyes well under cover of his pulled down hat.

"What guests have you tonight?" asked the little gentleman.

At the very moment he was propounding his query, Sir Percy, now sunk to ignominy even in the eyes of Boots by announcing he would sup at tenpence, was being ushered into an upper chamber adjoining the very one in which sat, dejected, robbed of even the prospect of food by his presence, Lady Peggy Burgoyne.

"Very few, my lord," answered the host glibly. "The very best chamber on the first floor with the sitting room has been kept for your lordship," applying hand to latch of coach door, the which, however, is still firmly held by its occupant.

"Their names?" asks the little gentleman, while at the fleck of one of the postilion's lashes his wheelers begin to prance and advance so far into the yard as that their racket brings Peggy a second time to her narrow pane, a-squinting up her eyes to see who this may be. For, in the midst of her distress, as befalls often enough to all of us, she takes unconscious note of minor happenings, the which those who study such matters affirm to be proof of the two sided condition of men's minds.

"Your guests' names?" reiterates the small gentleman as, followed by the cortege of dame, maid, man, dog, cat and tame magpie, the coach comes to a halt within excellent range of her ladyship's coign of vantage and earshot. "I must know them before I alight."

"Well, my lord, there's Mr. Bigge, the curate from Risley Commons, as stops over here on his way to Finchley every week; Mr. Blunt, the traveling tailor; his grace the Duke of Courtleigh's own man, off on his holiday; Mr. Townes and his new married wife a-goin' to

"Will you be home for dinner, sir?"

settle in the lodge at the manor house; a young spark drabbled with mud and havin' no boxes and no servants, what arrived by means of a market cart just anon, and Sir Percy de Bohun, a fine gentleman what's just ridden in the yard before your lordship's coach, but"—

"Who?" The little gentleman turned green in his pallor and shot back in his cushions with a gasp.

"Not much of any account, my lord, I'm thinking, since Jenny here tells me he sups at the ordinary. Of course your lordship 'll be served in your own sitting room and dame and myself to humbly wait upon you."

"Hold your tongue!" says the little man, gathering his scattered wits and pausing to think, while his steeds paw noisily on the cobble pavement.

Peggy, at the pane, almost laughs as she regards the shrinking, weazened visage.

"Sir Robin McTart!" she says to herself, shaking her head at the little vixen. "'Tis indeed a merry fate that puts me and Percy and you all under one roof this night—that is, if his presence don't fright you into a gallop."

Sir Percy himself, also for a second standing moodily at his casement, could and did behold thence Sir Robin's restive and hungry leaders and had a passing wonder as to what brought any gentleman to stop at such an inn, save as himself, by the misfortune of a nail in his animal's foot.

Sir Robin, however, with that discretion and prudence, not to say cowardice, which distinguished him, had purposely chosen the Queen and Artichoke, for, upon second thought, he had determined to sleep in comfort.

Sir Robin loved his feathers and quilts of a night far better than the jolt of ruts and ditches, and dreaded highwaymen more than even the pangs of delayed lovemaking.

By his choice he had hoped to escape the least chance of an encounter with Sir Percy, whom he believed to be in hot pursuit of him, and at this juncture his wise little pate quickly resolved that it were better for him to alight, gain his chamber and harbor there in safety until such time as that Sir Percy should have unsuspectingly proceeded on his quest.

"If you can insure me a perfect privacy, to go unseen to my rooms, a fair service and dry linen, with quiet as to cocks and neighbors, I will remain here for the present," says Sir Robin, almost taking in Lady Peggy by the squint of his uncontrollable left eye.

In a trice Sir Robin is attended to his bower, and ere long the best in the larder is laid before him. Sir Percy partakes of the homely fare of the ordinary, and her ladyship sits, unheeding the tardy summons of the dame, supperless, hungry, fagged, in her tiny room, where the warmth from the kitchen chimney reaches her, and where the goodly smells from Sir Robin's fowls, sausages, eggs and fruit pie assail her senses.

Mr. Grigson, doctoring the roan, endeavored with much creditable tact to get wind of the name or title of the master of the coach, but Sir Robin's men had had their lesson, and not a hint was to be got out of either of them by Mr. Grigson or by the curious host of the Queen and Artichoke himself.

By 11 every candle was out in the house. All the guests, save two, slept the sleep of the presumably just.

CHAPTER XVII.

THESE were Peggy and the little baronet. Her ladyship, mind made up to flee in the darkness, leaving sixpence on the table to pay for her lodgings, even now stood, latch in hand, bundle once more under arm, still a man, not having dared to change her garments.

Sir Robin lay ensconced betwixt the quilts, the realizing sense that his mortal enemy, one who sought his life, who coveted his lady—from whom he was running away, to be veracious—lay not many yards off him, seeming to banish that restful repose that had seldom hitherto forsaken this worthy and exemplary little person.

A mouse squeaked, and Sir Robin shivered; a beetle pattered across the hearth, his hair stood on end.

Surely a footstep sounded in the hallway, the boards creaked, something metallic struck against the panel of his door, and he sprang from his couch and chattered to his sword.

Lady Peggy's blade had struck the woodwork as she made her way stealthily down in the darkness. While Sir Robin shook she gained the lower end of the hall, but, not being acquainted with its ways and turnings, above all, having forgot the two broad steps that cut the straight road to the entrance in two, her ladyship, with much clanking of her weapon on the brick flooring, fell sprawling, her bundle shooting off into the unseen, she up on hands and knees, hither, yon, seeking it; Sir Robin beating on his wainscot such a tattoo as was fit to wake the dead, shrieking, from the safe shelter of the muffling pillows where he huddled:

"Murder! Thieves! Ho, there! Landlord! Tom! James! Ho, there, I say! Help!—Help!"

Sir Percy is out of his four post upstairs in a flash, tinder struck, door flung open, in nightrail and cap, with rapier drawn, hanger uplifted.

"'Sdeath! What's the matter?" cries he at the top of lung. "Speak or I'll fire!" And down the stair he plunges to Sir Robin's very sill.

This one, having successfully summoned those more doughty than himself to cope with the supposed danger, now recognizing Sir Percy's voice, shivers and sweats as he cowers and pulls the counterpane over his head, grasping his purse in his sharp little fingers, wisely never undoing his door.

"Speak or I'll fire!" repeats Sir Percy, whose candle has been blown out by the draft. He takes a few steps down the hallway where he hears the curious scratching noise her ladyship is making as she distractedly feels around for the bundle.

At last she grasps it and creeps up unwittingly to Sir Percy's very side. De facto her arm grazes his as she now raises herself to a standing posture, exactly as her lover, no answer being vouchsafed him, pulls his trigger and the ball goes a-whizzing through Sir Robin's door panel and finds lodgment in the chimney bricks.

Peggy, her customary composure being much the worse for hunger and the general excitement, jumps when the shot pops and thus inadvertently now palpably touches Percy's elbow. He turns upon her and seizes her wrists in a grip of steel. She, as tightly hugging the bundle under her armpit, utters no sound, but wriggles and twists to such a purpose that she is about to get free when her opponent renews his endeavors with an oath.

"Speak," says he, "or I'll brain you!" making to hold Peg's two hands prisoner in one of his, the while he may seize his rapier and put a finish to the matter.

She does not speak, but to the scene jump now the heavy, cumbrous country folk, rattled out of their deep slumber by Sir Percy's ball and no less by the piercing and prolonged shrieks of Sir Robin, each Colin Clout and Dowsabel of 'em armed with whatever they could catch, yet, luckily for her ladyship, no one of them with sense enough to fetch a candle.

"A light, a light, you idiots!" cried Sir Percy, while her ladyship makes a final twist to free herself, fruitless as before. She feels her ebbing strength at its last pinch and feels, too, the bundle loosening in her hold.

Then as landlord stumbles in his larder box amid an uproar from all the travelers, especially the new made bride and her spouse, Peggy finds herself let go, nay, almost thrust aside as her captor ejaculates testily:

"Zounds, girl, why did you not proclaim your sex, and not leave me to find it out by a long wisp of woman's hair between my fingers? Lights, lights, I say, and we'll get the fellow yet! He must be in the house, for no one's left it."

Sir Percy has been for the moment meshed in his lady's long tresses, which in the skirmish have broken leash of the bundle and dangle out yard's length.

For an instant she stands on the landing at bay. To unbolt the big door and make an open dash for freedom would mean certain death; to turn up therefrom and regain her chamber was her sole chance, and this must be done before a light could be struck.

She wheeled around and rushed up the hall, up the stairs among the clustering folks, nudging she knew not whom, skipped along the narrow rear passage and into her room before candle flames revealed to the amazed company that neither bolt, bar nor latch had been disturbed nor anything in the house taken.

Even while they rummaged in the bar room till, counted the forks and spoons, pewter though they were, her ladyship, tying the luckless bundle about her waist with a hastily cut bed cord, cautiously opened the casement, crawled out on the trellis, which unsteadied a bit beneath her weight, but did not break, clambered in and out the vines to the edge and then lightly, thanks to her twin's training, swung herself to the ground clear, crept across the yard, leaped the stone wall with a bound and over, flew the width of the meadow, struck the lane, up to the highroad, by the moon took a southerly course which she knew made for Kennaston, and paused not much for breath until she had left a matter of five miles betwixt her and the Queen and Artichoke.

After a matter of a dozen miles, and now reaching the edge of a woods with the tower of a castle just sticking up out of the horizon for her only beacon, Peggy halted. The tears forced their way to her eyes and even plowed two small furrows the length of her cheeks, cupping in the dimple of her chin and splashing at last on her much rumpled Mechlin lace cravat.

"Bah!" cried she. "I weep only because I am hungry. I am not afraid. Odzooks! She that has had the hemp about her neck to be strung up for a highwayman must not fear to encounter one of her own ilk," and her ladyship essays to laugh as she plunges into the wood.

THE NERVOUS WOMAN.

What She Should Do to Get Herself In Good Condition.

The nervous woman, heaven pity her! She makes herself and everybody around her perfectly miserable. Sometimes there's a cause for the nervousness, and then she's to be pitied, and sometimes it's just a habit one gets into of being unreasonable and fussy and generally looking on the blue side of everything. When the nervous system gets out of order the whole system lags in sympathy. The digestive system, the liver and the heart all refuse to do their work. Every nervous woman should eat five or six times a day. She should eat three meals, have a lunch between meals and never, never, omit the warm drink taken just before she goes to bed. However, all the food must be very easy of digestion. Malted milk, beef tea, milk and bouillon are all good for the nervous woman's lunch. Gentle exercise and work are as necessary to the woman with nerves as food and fresh air. An active interest in life will be her salvation, but generally the woman in such a condition thinks she isn't interested in a thing in life, so she must keep at work until she develops an interest. A celebrated physician has said: "If you wish never to be nervous live with reason, have a purpose in life and work for it. Play joyously, strive not for the unattainable, be not annoyed by trifles, aim to attain neither great knowledge or great riches, be not self centered, but love the good and thy neighbor as thyself."

KITCHEN HELPS.

The dirtiest frying pan will become clean if soaked five minutes in ammonia and water.

Half a lemon placed in the water in which dish towels and kitchen cloths are soaked is said to sweeten them wonderfully.

In putting away tinware see that it is perfectly dry. It is the little drop of water that causes the spot of rust, and the rust soon eats a hole.

After peeling onions wash the knife and also your hands with cold water, for this will rinse off the onion juice, whereas hot water would set it and cause it to stick.

The flat end of a cork is the handiest thing one can use for scouring knives and forks. The cork should be dampened slightly and dipped in the powdered bath brick or fine ashes and the scouring will be quickly accomplished.

The average weight of the Chinese brain is said to be heavier than the average weight of the brain of any other race.

George Eliot.

George Eliot suffered from melancholic moods and from her thirtieth year had severe attacks of headache. As a child she was poor in health and extremely sensitive to terror in the night. She remained a quivering fear throughout her whole life.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

RAINY RIVER MAN HAD TROUBLES

TILL DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIS KIDNEYS.

Then his Rheumatism and Other Pains Vanished Once and for all—His Case Only one of Many.

Barwick, Ont., June 5.—(Special).—That Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Rheumatism, or any other disease resulting from disordered kidneys is the experience of many of the settlers of this Rainy River country. The case of William John Dixon of this place, is a fair sample of the work this great Canadian Kidney Remedy is doing.

"I had Rheumatism so bad I had to use a stick to walk. I had pains in my back and right hip, and I had no comfort in sleeping.

"I could no more than dress and undress mysel. for nearly two months, and for nearly three weeks I could not lace my right shoe.

"My brother advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and I did so. After taking three boxes I could walk around and lace up my shoes and do my work. Six boxes cured me completely."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the one sure cure for sick Kidneys. Sick Kidneys are the cause of nine-tenths of the ills the human family suffers from.

William Pinkerton, the detective, was praising the various cash registering devices that have come of late years into world-wide use. "These machines," he said, "have undoubtedly diminished crime. I heard of a clerk in a grocery store the other day who was getting $8 a week. He had to be on duty at 7 o'clock in the morning, and he was not through till 7 and sometimes 8 at night. "He found time, though, to get married, and the week after the ceremony he asked his employer for a raise. "'Why, Horace,' the employer said, 'you are getting $8 a week. What ails you? When I was your age I kept a wife and two children on $8 a week and saved money besides.' "'They didn't have cash registers in those days,' said Horace, bitterly."

Deafness Cannot be Cured

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

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure Send for circulars, free.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A beggar stopped a passer-by with this: "Say, boss, gimme a dime for booze." The dime was forthcoming, and then the beggar said: "Now, I'll tell you what I'm going to do with this. I'm goin' to buy a good, solid feed. I knew that if I asked you for *money for food* you wouldn't believe me and you'd turn me down, so I put it the other way." "I don't know but that you're right," said the donor.

Something More Than a Purgative. To purge is the only effect of many pills now on the market. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are more than a purgative. They strengthen the stomach, where other pills weaken it. They cleanse the blood by regulating the liver and kidneys, and they stimulate where other pill compounds depress. Nothing of an injurious nature, used for merely purgative powers, enters into their composition.

Irate father—You certainly don,t resemble me in any respect. Son—I know it, sir; there's no fool like an old fool.

Ayer's

Why is it that Ayer's Hair Vigor does so many remarkable things? Because it is a hair food. It feeds the hair, puts new life into it. The hair

Hair Vigor

cannot keep from growing. And gradually all the dark, rich color of early life comes back to gray hair.

"When I first used Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair was about all gray. But now it is a nice rich black, and as thick as I could wish."—MRS. SUSAN KLOPPENSTEIN, Tuscumbia, Ala.

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

for Gray Hair

FOR

FARM HANDS and all kinds of MALE HELP

Apply

North Western Employment Co'y

676½ Main St., Winnipeg.

FITS Liebig's Fit cure for Epilepsy and kindred affections is the only successful remedy, and is now used by the best physicians and hospitals in Europe and America. It is confidentially recommended to the afflicted. If you suffer from

Epilepsy, Fits, St. Vitus' Dance,

or have children or relatives that do so, or know a friend that is afflicted, THEN SEND FOR A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE and try it. It will be sent by mail prepaid. It has cured where everything else has failed.

When writing mention this paper, and give full address. For sale by all druggists.

CURED

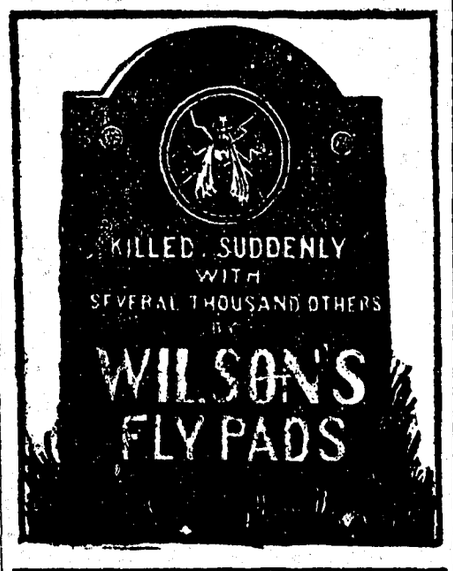
The Liebig Co., 179 King St. W., Toronto.

A Pill in Time

will save a serious sickness, especially to people subject to Bilious attacks, Sick Headaches or who suffer from Stomach disorders. A pill in need is a friend indeed, and you should never be without a box of

Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 25 cents.



He—It's impossible to please everybody in this world, isn't it? She—I don't know; I've never tried it.

At the Yarmouth Y. M. C. A. Boys' Camp, held at Tusket Falls in August, I found MINARD'S ILNIMENT most beneficial for sun burn, an immediate relief for colic and toothache.

ALFRED STOKES.
General Secretary.

"Do you find that it costs as much to keep your automobile in repair as it would to feed a horse?" "I never had a horse, so I can,t say. But there's one advantage. I can let my automobile stand unrepaired a week or two every month while I save up the money I need to get it fixed. Now, you know, you couldn't do that with a horse. It would have to go on eating just the same."

Ask for Minard's and Take no Other

Methuselah, being only a little over 400, and still in the vigor of young manhood, bethought himself of the duty of providing for his descendants and made application for a policy of life insurance. The medical director of the company coldly turned him down. What's the matter? demanded Methuselah. "Don't you consider me a safe risk." "No sir, replied the medical director. The records show that your father lived only 365 years, and the probability is that you have some hereditary taint. We can't afford to take chances on you. Methuselah said nothing. He merely went ahead and outlived the insurance company.

Happy Days for Baby

The healthy child is a happy child. All its little troubles vanish when it is digesting its food well and is free from childish ailments. The greater part of these ailments arise from stomach and bowell troubles, feverishness, teething and worms. Baby's Own Tablet's act like magic in these cases, and when children are restless at night they always give sound refreshing sleep. Mrs. A. LePage, St. Florence, Que., says: "Baby's Own Tablets had marvellous results in the case of my two months old baby. He was nervous, troubled with colic and badly constipated but after giving the Tablets he began to improve at once and is now in good health. I also gave the Tablets to my three year old boy who was troubled with worms and they cured him as well. Both children are now the picture of health, and I am always praising the Tablets to my friends." You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any druggist or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House

A city girl was visiting her country cousin. While walking out several butterflies passed her. "Oh! dear me! what charming little birds! They are a perfect treat!" They are not birds, my dear," replied her cousin; "they are butterflies." "Oh! you don't say so! Then those are the dear little creatures that fly from flower to flower and gather the sweet butter that we use. They are too sweet for anything."

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

Judge—What were you doing in the henhouse, Sambo? Sambo—Well—er—Jedge, mah missus wah feelin' pohly and heh doctah declahed she must have poached eggs. I wah jes' poachin' a few, Jedge, accordin' to odahs.

The World is Full of Pains.—The aches and pains that afflict humanity are many and constant, arising from a multitude of indistinguishable causes, but in the main owing to man's negligence in taking care of his health. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil was the outcome of a universal cry for some specific which would speedily relieve pain, and it has filled its mission to a remarkable degree.

"You cannot keep me down," shouted the great orator at a public meeting; "though I may be pressed below the waves I rise again; you will find that I come to the surface, gentlemen." "Yes," said an old whaler in the aldience, "you come to the surface to blow."

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

Twins—Oldad—By George, old man; you must be feeing tip top! Your chest is puffed out and——"Nudad—Ha! ha! That's what I'll name 'em—Tip and Top!"

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints incidental to children teething. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indiscretion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

A young lady teacher, who was a great favorite with the poet Whittier, had recently married. Meeting the young husband one day, Mr. Whittier remarked: "John, thee ought to be on the schoolboard." The young man, somewhat surprised, said: "Why, Mr. Whittier, what makes you think so?" "Because," was the reply, "thee is such a good judge of schoolma'ams."

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

A flashily-dressed negro walked into the West Sixty-eighth street police station the other night and asked Sergean Thomson if he could have a detective. "What do you want a detective for?" asked the sergeant. "Well, boss, mah wife done run away with another man and Ah thinks she wants me." "You'll have to go to a private detective for that, we can't help you." "How much will one of them cost me?" "About $5 a day, and he'll take at least two days." "H'm; two days at $5 a day! Ah guess I'll let her go, boss."

For the Overworked.—What are the causes for despondency and melancholy? A disordered liver is one cause and a prime one. A disordered liver means a disordered stomach, and a disordered stomach means disturbance of the nervous system. This brings the whole body into subjection and the victim feels sick all over. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are a recognized remedy in this state and relief will follow their use.

Mrs. Nuwed—My husband is fond of boiled potatoes with the jackets on, so you may send me up a dozen. The Grocer — A dozen potatoes. Yes ma'am. Mrs. Nuwed—And the samee number of jackets. And be sure the jackets are fashionable, please.

Minard's Liniment Used by Physicians

Oil Magnate—Ah, my boy, a millionaire's position is a hard one. Sceptical Friend—As to how? Oil Magnate—If I hoard my wealth they say I'm a skinflint; and if I give my money away they say I'm trying to ease my guilty conscience.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

According to a story told by Henry Berlinger, Secretary of the Municipal Civil Service Board, a candidate for appointment to the police force was recently asked to tell the distance from the moon to the earth. He wrote the following answer: "I don't know the distance, but I am sure it will never get on my beat, even when it is full."

INDIGESTION, THAT MENACE TO HUMAN HAPPINESS, pitiless in its assaults, and no respector of persons, has met its conqueror in South American Nervine. This great stomach and nerve remedy stimulates digestion, tones the nerves, aids circulation, drives out impurities, dispels emaciation, and brings back the glow of perfect health. Cures hundreds of "chronics" that have baffled physicians.—68

Willie — Pa, where is Dresden? Teacher said we,d have to find it, an' I can't. Pa—Why, it's in China, of course. Didn't you ever hear tell o' Dresden China?

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT.

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

The western man who had raised fifteen bouncin boys received a cordial welcome when he called at the White House. "Ah," said the President, shaking hands, "I must congratulate you. What a blessing it must be to raise such a family of boys!" "Well," replied the westerner, slowly, "it's what I call an expensive blessing. Wasn't for these boys thar'd be a roof on our house today." "But, my dear sir, I do not understand. What has become of the roof?" "Why, by gum, I used up all the shingles spanking the boys."

SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE CURES RHEUMATISM.—It is sure, harmless and acts quick—gives almost instant relief and an absolute cure in from one to three days—works wonders in most acute forms of rheumatism. One man's testimony: "I spent 6 weeks in bed before commencing its use—4 bottles cured me."—66

A well known judge fell down a flight of stairs, recording his passage by a bump on every step until he reached the bottom. A servant ran to his assistance, and, raising him up, said: "I hope your honor is not hurt?" "No," said the Judge, sternly, "my honor is not hurt, but my head is."

A Good Meal

IS ALWAYS MORE ENJOYABLE WHERE THE DELICIOUS

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA IS SERVED. IT'S THE PUREST TEA THE WORLD PRODUCES.

Sold only in Sealed Lead Packets. 40c, 50c, 60c. per lb. By all Grocers.

HIGHEST AWARD AND GOLD MEDAL, ST. LOUIS, 1904.

Western Canada's Great Industrial Exhibition

WINNIPEG

JULY 20--28, 1905

$50,000 in Prizes and Attractions

Reduced Fares on all Railways. Seven Days Racing.

Prize Lists and Attractions Programs Mailed on Application.

F. W. DREWRY, President

R. J. HUGHES, Sec.-Treas.

Send your name and address for copy

16 Pages Beautifully Illustrated, showing many New Premiums.

And 4 Pages of Choice Recipes for Cakes and Cookies, Cold Desserts, Home-Made Candies, etc. Simple and Economical.

Free for Stamp. Send TO-DAY.

Blue Ribbon, Dept. R, Winnipeg.

Sunlight Soap

saves wear and tear on you and your clothes. Next wash day try the Sunlight way and see how much more leisure it gives you and how much better it will be for your clothes. Use hard or soft water, the result will be good. No scrubbing, no boiling.

Try Sunlight.

Your purchase money refunded if you are not satisfied. 1112

Lever Brothers Limited
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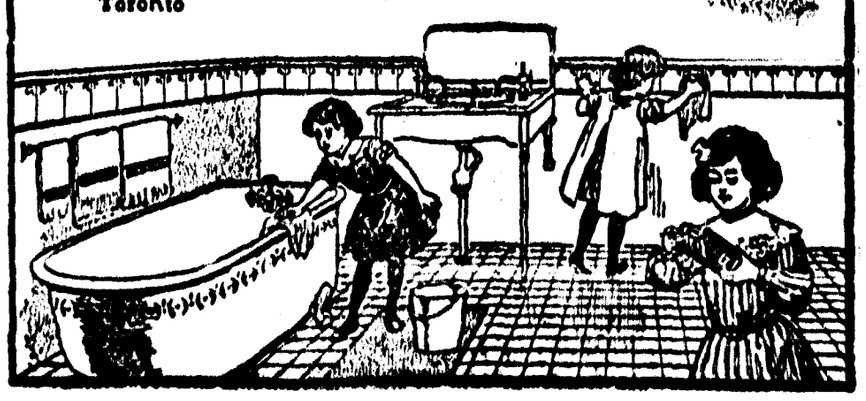

W N U No 536

The Annual Clean Up Sale starts at the

CORNER CASH STORE

SATURDAY, July 22nd.

DON T MISS IT

HUNDREDS OF REMNANTS

Riggs & Whyte.

W. B. Anderson, Mgr.

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

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

Job Work Strictly C. O. D.

Transient Ads Cash in Advance.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

Subscription.....$2 00 a year

Two of Victoria's leading papers "The Week" and the "Times" has discovered that their City needs a change in the Personnel of Official and Semi official Bodies. Victoria is not in it with Cumberland. Talk of scheming and conducting business behind closed doors. An example has been shown of trickery that some officials have been capable of doing in this town. Take trustee Carey for instance guaranteeing a schoolmaster's salary not earned to enable a stranger to oppose another man's means of earning a living. Mr Carey is "The Board", he knows it all, or thinks he does. Mr Carey prides himself on being elected school trustee for three consecutive terms. There was no election as there has never been any opposing candidate consequently, Carey got there. It is rumored that if Mr Aitken had been elected for Alberni that Carey intended offering his services as Finance Minister of the Province, a la Gory Rider. Carey and his parasite, the 'Enterprise' does not like the light of the day thrown upon their doings, they say we ought to be suppressed for speaking the truth It is a dangerous habit to speak the truth especially when Editor Bate has a fat salary guaranteed him by the City at stake. Gov McInnes has expressed himself averse to private business men holding public situations. There are several in that position, perhaps Mr Sloan will have something to say about it later on. If everything is conducted fair and square in public matters the publicity of the Press will do no harm and we hope that the time will come when men possessed of brains and a fair knowledge of the King's English only will be called upon to fill the offices held by all civil servants [illegible]

Telegraphic News

New York, 8th—In side of three quarters of an hour late tonight fire swept away the Deleware, Lackwana & Western Ry's. terminal in Hoboken, seized 2 ferry boats and ruined them and for half an hour threatened conflagration of the en-

H. A. DILLON.

LICENCED AUCTIONEER and VALUATOR.

☞ ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

CUMBERLAND B. C.

tire water front in the vicinity including the big Hamburg American and North German Lloyd steamship docks at which big ships were lying. Fire started on an old wood ferry boat.

Nanaimo, 8th—Quite contrary to expectations the Brechin mines did not re-open yesterday, At last night's meeting of the City Council the Colliery Company asked that a new water main be laid to their shaft for fire protection. This will be done at once.

New York, 8th -According to a special from Portsmouth the Japanese will present two sets of terms for consideration of Russian envoys Baron Komura will submit to the Russians a proposition which in estimation of Japan is extremely moderate. In substance it will involve an indemnity of $750,000,000, the cession of Sakhalien, relinquishment by Russia of all control of Manchuria and Manchurian affairs and the recognition of Japan's protectorate over Korea. The terms will be made conditional on their immediate acceptance by Russia. Accompanying this proposition will be an outline of extremely drastic terms which Japan will fill

Nanaimo, 8th—Definitely learned that no move has been made yet towards re opening Northfield, there is a rumor to the effect that nothing will be done for two or three weeks yet at least although this cannot be verified owing to reticence on part of Company who decline constantly to make any statement of their future movement.

Tokio, 8th—News received from Port Arthur says that the former Russian cruiser Bayan will start from that place under tow for Japan on August 25th. The Poltava and Persviet will leave in a week under their own steam.

GUN CLUB

The Club shoot last Monday resulted as follows:

25 birds.

T. Bate, 18, Ag;
T. [illegible], 15;
L. Pikes, 15, A[illegible];
[illegible],
E Skinner, 11;

The trap worked badly which indicates to the shooters that someone had been tampering with it. The breakages of locks and other parts of the property on the grounds lately is a disgrace to the community

Men's Waterproof Chrome Grain Bal, leather lined and gas bellows tongue; round toe last; a world beater for wet weather wear

LECKIE BOOTS fill a long felt want, and that want is Better Boots for the same money. The Logger, the Prospector, the man who works out o' doors will find these ALL LEATHER boots the best that money can buy.

Every pair have the Trade Mark stamped on the sole.

All dealers.

Wholesale By

J. LECKIE, Co., Ltd

VANCOUVER B.C.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

The only safe effectual monthly medicine on which women can depend. Sold in two degrees of strength—No. 1, for ordinary cases, $1 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger for Special Cases, $3 per box. *Sold by all druggists.* Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound; take no substitute.

The Cook Medicine Co., Windsor, Ontario.

Do You Want A PIANO?

We Can Save Money For You

WRITE AT ONCE TO

Fletcher Bros

93 GOV'T STREET

Victoria, B.C.

CUMBERLAND

Meat markct

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 rather important question is engaging the attention of J. S. Dennis C. P. R land Commissioner, and R Marpole, Supt. of the western division of that company. They are considering the best means of ensuring the protection of all game to be found within the bounds of the million and a half acre land grant recently acquired by the Canadian Pacific Ry. within the E & N, Mr Dennis has come to the conclusion after thorough investigation, that a great deal of illegal shooting and fishing takes place on these lands and is determined that an infraction of the game laws shall cease. He explains that the C. P. R. is advertising Vancouver Isd in pamphlets distributed all over the continent as [illegible] and that therefore no stone will be left unturned to enforce the law so that visitors may enjoy the good sport promised. Mr Marpole is supporting the former official in his efforts, and, providing Sir Thos. Shaughnessy can be induced to endorse the scheme. Between 30 and 40 wardens will be appointed to patrol the lands

—Nanaimo Free Press.

Victoria PHOENIX BEER

No Better Lager Brewed In America.

The Oldest Established Brewery in British Columbia.

OFFICES Victoria B. C.

Royal Bank of Canada

Capital (paid up).....$3,000,000
Reserve Fund 3,000,000
Undivided Profits,..... 202,743

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. W. HYNDMAN, Manager.

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

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CAREY

The TAILOR

for your next Suit of clothes.

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

Style, Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed.

DAVIS BLOCK.

For Kalsomining, Paper-hanging Glazing and Painting. See RICH'D McGREGOR, Cumberland Hotel.

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.

House Lining and Wall Paper at Cheap John's.

A Fair Trial

IS ALL WE ASK

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

THE CITY

Meat Market,

W. W. McKAY, Proprietor.

Just received at C. H. Tarbell's a fine assortment of new flies for trout fishing.

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 relief. 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.

Dominion Exhibition

1905— September 27 to October 7 —1905

Under the auspices of the Royal Agricultural and Industrial Society.....

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Stupendous and comprehensive array of Exhibits representing the resources of all Canada.

$100,000 IN PRIZES & Attractions $100,000

Enlarged grounds, new, handsome and spacious buildings,

WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS in Rowing and Lacrosse, Horse Racing Bronco "Busting", Military Parades and Exercises,
ROYAL IRISH GUARDS and other Famous Bands,
GRAND WATER CARNIVAL Parade of Fraser River fishing fleet, patrol boats, H. M. warships, Indian war canoes, etc.
Indian Sports,

For all information write W. H. KEARY, Secretary and Manager, New Westminster, B. C.

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