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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

ELEVENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY, JUNE 7, 1904

At the Big Store

- SPECIAL SALE -

MEN'S SUMMER WEIGHT

HATS

Fancy Crash Hats,..... *75c, each*
Light Shades in Felt Fedoras,.. *$1* "

Numbers of other Styles and Prices
..... to choose from.....

S. Leiser & Co.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

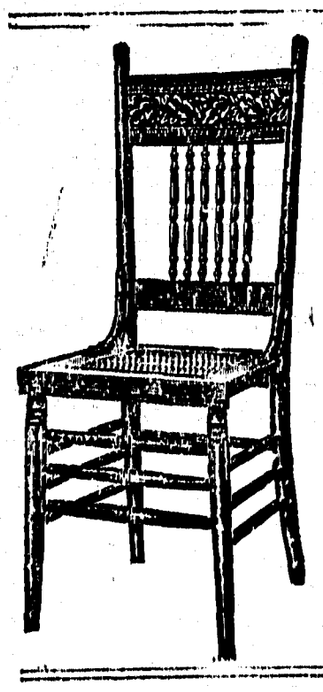
Just received large shipment of

IRON AGE

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

Telephone 82. Sole Agents for B.C. P O. Drawer 566

Did you ever stop to think



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STANDS FOR ALL THAT IS
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Furniture : Trade.

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

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

WEILER BROS., Victoria, B.C.

COMPLETE FURNISHERS.

CUMBERLAND

Meat Market

Choicest Meats
Supplied at Lowest Market Prices

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

Fresh Fish
will be on Sale every Wednesday

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

J. McPhee & Son

PROPRIETORS.

NOTICE.

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

T. H. CAREY, TAILOR.

Top for quality, bottom for prices so don't make a mistake, but buy your groceries from the Big Store.

COUNCIL MEETING.

Council met Monday. Minutes read and adopted with Ald. Bate in chair.

Communications—From S Leiser & Co., asking permission to place awning supports on sidewalk—Granted; from residents of Maryport Avenue asking for sidewalk between 1st and 2nd streets. Referred to Board of Works.

Deferred business.

J Abram's inquest account. Upon motion his was allowed.

Ald. Daniels gave notice that he would introduce a by-law prohibiting stove pipes in lieu of chimnies.

Mr Hornal asked if he would be allowed to do scavengering outside the city. After discussion a vote to not go outside the limits was taken.

Council adjourned.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The new Athletic Association was last night formed in the City Hall, in an enthusiastic meeting with Dr Staples in the chair. Mr Tullidge secretary. About 60 names were enrolled. Dr Staples was elected president, C. Lippiat, vice-president B. Tullidge, secretary, C. McDonald treasurer.

Committees — Constitution and By-laws—C. Lippiat, R. Smith, D. James, T. Hudson, S Hancock.

Ways and Means—T. E. Bate, W. B. Anderson, C. Lippiat, Thos. Whyte, C. McDonald.

Membership fee was fixed at $1, and meeting adjourned until next Monday when committees will report,

Victoria. 3rd—It is understood that the E & N Co. are making representations to the Dominion Gov. with the object of obtaining the disallowance of the settler's rights act of last session. Mr Dunsmuir fully expects that the act will be disallowed. He says he looks to the Dominion government alone in the matter as the grant was received from them.

27th May, 1904

Sir,—I have the honor to inform you that it has been arranged that Prof. F. T Shutt, Chemist Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, and I, will be in Comox on Wednesday June 15, and if it is agreeable to your directorate we will hold supplementary meeting, at such times and places as they may select. In as far as possible I would suggest that in addition to the usual evening meeting, out door daylight meetings for purposes of demonstrations be arranged at such meetings I find are of more practical interest and value than those of a necessarily more theoretical character. Prof. Shutt's mission to the Province at this time is more for the purpose of studying the conditions in this Province so that he will be in a better position to give advice in the future when questions relating to his particular department are submitted to him. I will therefore ask you to request your members to be prepared with questions relating to soils and fertilizers and if necessary, with samples for inspection. I would like also if you can make such arrangements as will give him an opportunity of seeing as much of your district as possible during his stay.

Prof. Shutt will naturally speak on matters connected with soil conditions, fertilizers, water, and all questions pertaining to his profession.

J. A. HALLIDAY, Esq.,
Secy. Comox Farmers Institute,
Sandwick, B.C.

If required I will speak on the pure seed question accompanied by chart and specimens of seeds. Or I will speak on fruit culture and give demonstrations in grafting, budding, planting, etc., as well as can be done at this time of the year.

Be good enough to inform me at your earliest convenience of any arrangements you may make, but bear in mind in making your arrangements to give Prof. Shutt the place of honour, other speakers being only subsidiary.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. R. ANDERSON,
Deputy Minister of Agriculture.

Seed - Potatoes.

EARLY ROSE, BEAUTY OF HEBRON, BURBANKS, FLOWERBALLS.
All Choice, Hand Picked, Selected Stock.

The Sylvester Feed Co., Tel. 413

87-89 YATES STREET, Victoria.

Local and Personal

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

Mr the brother-in-law of Ald. Daniels is here from Seattle on a visit to his friends.

The Colliery surgeons have amputated George Davis' foot and leg above the crushed portion, and the patient is doing well.

A bathroom and outhouses are to be built at the Hospital, plans may be seen with Mr L. A. Mounce this week who will invite tenders.

Mr F. D. Little has purchased the residence of Mrs W. J. Macaulay at Victoria.

A Victoria weekly announces the engagement of Bishop Perrin to a Mrs Moore in England. His lordship will cross the ocean shortly to claim his affianced.

Mrs Alex Maxwell was taken very ill on Thursday and was taken to the Victoria hospital by her mother when it may be considered necessessary to perform an operation.

Geo. Davis, brother of J. P. Davis, gardener, met with an accident yesterday morning at No. 4. His leg having caught in the rope was almost wrenched off above the ankle. He was taken to the hospital after which it was found necessar to amputate his leg below the knee.

Ladies skirts cheap at Davis' Opposite the Drug Store.

Mr and Mrs Riggs are the happy parents of a big baby boy which came on Sunday morning.

Hon. Judge Harrison was at the Union hotel last week, being up on the County Court circuit.

Mr P Stoddart has sent his customers a card embossed with prints of precious stones in proper colors with text explaining the significance of each and the month every gem is suitable for. A very neat advertisement.

Don't forget the concert in aid of the Davis family on Thursday evening, the whole to be concluded with a farce and dance. Among those assisting are Mesdames Collis, Hill, Grant. Messrs Napier, Tullidge, Grant, Piket, Murdoch and Miss Williams. Mr A. Mcknight will take the chair at 8 p m. Reserved seats to be obtained at Peacey's drug store.

Among the arrivals at the Union Hotel last week were, A. J. McMurtrie of Ladysmith, S. Armstrong of Nanaimo and John Tague.

Mrs S. Davis left last week on a visit to Vancouver for her health.

M. J. Knight, A. B. Crisp of Vancouver, H. Erb of Victoria, H. Reifull and A. A. Davis of Nanaimo were registered at the Cumberland last week.

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

A large number of parents with their families took advantage of the fine weather to enjoy an outing to Gartley's point and Union wharf on Saturday morning, Principal Bennet being the organizer. Basket picnics were the order of the day while others patronized the various hotels and were sumptuously entertained. The proceeds of the excursion amounted to $23.50 and will be devoted to the purchase of new books for the Public School library. Mr Bennet deserves the greatest credit for his energy in providing means for keeping good reading within reach of the young people of the town, and future excursions for this laudable enterprise should be patronized by all who can afford the time to go.

Hosiery, underwear, whitewear, blouses, fancy lace collars, belts. All the fashionable novelties for Spring and Summer now showing at the Big Store.

FOR SALE:—Gent's bicycles, apply at this office.

The MAGNET CASH STORE.

MAY PRICES

FLAGS—ALL SIZES.
BRASS & SILVER POLISH

50ft. Rubber Hose, per ft....	$0 09
Wall Paper—2 rolls for....	0 25
1 Gal. Mixed Paint.....	1 90
1 doz. Tumblers (Glass)....	0 70
Window Blinds.....	0 35
1 doz. Soup or Dinner Plates	1 00
1 doz. Cup and Saucers, usually sold at $1.75, now...	1 50
Brooms, good.....	0 25
Wash Boards.....	0 25
Wash Tubs—75c, $1, $1.25, $1.50	

ALABASTINE,
VARNISH,
STAINS,
ETC., ETC.

T. E. BATE,

DUNSMUIR AVE., Cumberland

NAPIER & PARTRIDGE

Ladies Summer Skirts
Readp-to-Wear. A large range of Patterns and Colorings—Prices from $2 50 upwards.

White Duck & Holland Skirts
From $2.50. JUST ARRIVED.

THE LATEST IN
White Dress Muslins
Some very pretty designs, at 15c. 20c and 25c per yd.

Ladies Summer Blouses
.....From 50c, upwards.

NAPIER & PARTRIDGE,

DUNSMUIR AVE.
CUMBERLAND.

THE PERPLEXING INITIAL

By CHARLES SLOAN REID

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

The roar of the river as its waters tumbled over the rocks drowned the sound of footsteps, drowned even the sigh of the breeze among the tree tops. A dense shadow lay over the gorge, for the sun was behind a cloud.

The fish in the stream had not been biting to suit a young fisher woman, and she had thrust her pole into the bank and gone aside to carve something in the bark of an old beech. Laboriously she worked away and at length had completed a single large A.

A man approached along the river trail and stood directly behind the girl, watching her work. A flush passed over his face when he saw the letter the girl had carved, and he frowned. Then he coughed, and the girl was startled. She turned quickly around.

"You, Amos?" she exclaimed.

"Me, Marth," was the answer.

"Why didn't ye whistle or somethin' 'fore ye got so close?"

"Wanted to see what ye're doin'."

Marth's face reddened slightly.

"Well?"

"Well, I see ye've got that schoolteacher in yer mind."

"'Tain't so. Now, I wonder what put that in yer head?"

"I see ye're fixin' to carve his name."

Marth looked up at the letter in the bark, then looked at Amos in silence.

"Don't reckon ye can hardly deny it," continued Amos jealously, "for I don't reckon ye could say that letter stood for anybody else around these parts but Aldrich; so I put it up ye're a-thinkin' a right smart about that same schoolteacher."

"Amos Underwood, ye haven't got a grain o' sense. Ye can't see two inches afore yer nose." Marth's eyes were dancing.

"I reckon ye think so, Marth. But I think I know what's what when a girl carves a chap's name on a tree. Marth, girl, I think ye might have spared me this kind o' thing, an' me thinkin' of ye the way I do. Ye might have waited till I was—till somethin' had happened to me. Then I'd allers thought ye loved me."

SPRINGING THROUGH THE OPENING, SHE CALLED HIS NAME.

Marth glanced again at the letter in the bark, then back at Amos, and looked disgusted.

"I never said I was a-thinkin' one suite about the schoolteacher, have I?"

"Not with yer mouth, but ye've said it up there with yer pocket knife." Amos pointed at the big letter in the bark.

Marth turned a steady gaze, full of fire, upon the man's face for a moment, then let her words fly.

"Amos Underwood," she snapped, "ye're the biggest gump I ever saw. I hate ye. I despise ye. Now, ye go. And I do hope the revenues will get ye this very night."

"Marth, I"— Amos had taken off his hat.

"No ye don't!" Marth stamped her [illegible]

[illegible] up the trail, and Amos moved slowly away.

Marth had wound up her fish line by the time Amos had gone from view, and she turned toward the old beech again.

"The crazy," she murmured. "He couldn't remember his own name started with A. Well, he's gone, and I'm glad of it. I do hate a man that can't see with his eyes open."

The girl followed the trail to the top of the ridge, then turned off to the left and went toward a cabin on the side of the mountain.

As the afternoon dragged along Marth went over and over in her mind the scene on the river bank, and at each rehearsal she softened a little toward Amos until at last each return of the wish she had uttered deepened her regret, for in a superstitious way she feared that her wish might bring the officers into that part of the country, and Amos would indeed be in danger.

But Marth kept herself busy all the while, trying to drive out of her mind the scene and her words under the branches of the old beech.

At dusk she milked the cows, then went to the spring for a pail of water. As she stood and began slowly to dip the water from the rocky basin with a [illegible] handled gourd her quick ear caught the sound of hoof beats against the stones, and she turned her head and peered through the woods to the right of her. Just across a shallow ravine a trail led around the side of the mountain, and on this trail Marth's eyes could now see three shadowy horses and riders, and there was a gleam of polished metal which told the girl that each rider had a gun strapped to his back.

For a moment Marth's heart stood still. She knew she was gazing upon the dreaded revenue officers, and her thoughts flew to Amos, more than three miles away down the ravine, where he would soon be at work in the distillery.

The girl sat motionless until the riders had passed a bowlder which protruded from the hillside. Then she seized her pail and ran up the trail to the cabin. There was but one thought in her head. Amos must be warned and saved at any cost. Saddling a small mule which she led from the stable, she leaped upon his back, dragged a shotgun up after her and rested it upon the animal's neck. Then she set off along a trail which diverged from that taken by the officers.

The mule was soon urged into a trot, and this pace he was forced to keep up down the rugged, water worn trail through the darkness of the deep woods. Marth sat like a statue on the animal's back, with her ears strained to catch the least sound and her eyes wide open for any sign of the officers. The murkiness of the woods seemed to hold no terrors for her. She was thinking of the unrighteous wish she had uttered to Amos.

At last she reached a high rock overlooking a bluff, and she stopped and listened intently. Then, slipping down from the saddle, she crept into a laurel thicket on one side of the rock and after a few minutes came out in the glare of a furnace fire. She was at the doorway of Amos Underwood's stillhouse. Springing through the opening, she called his name. Amos turned quickly, and his hand grasped the butt of a revolver, but when he saw Marth he allowed his chin to drop to his breast, and his hand fell limply to his side.

"Have ye brought 'em, Marth?" he asked.

"No, Amos, but they're comin', an' I've come all the way here to warn ye so's ye could save yerself. I'm sorry for what I said, though I didn't reckon I'd ever own it."

"Marth, I—I reckon, then, ye do love me some, though ye did start to carve"—

"Amos, jest plain Amos, on that tree. I reckon A stands for Amos, don't it, crazy?"

"Marth, I've been a gum fool! But I'm powerful happy right now."

He extended his arms toward Marth, but the girl backed away.

"No time for that, Amos. Don't ye hear them hoof beats?"

The moonshiner caught the girl's hand, and together they sprang into the laurel. Five minutes later they stood on the rock above the stillhouse and listened to the work of destruction that was being carried on by the raiders' axes.

"Well, ye're safe anyhow, Amos," whispered Marth, and Amos, catching her in his arms, tousled her hair with his chin.

Lady Dundonald.

Lady Dundonald, says M. A. P., was Miss Winifred Hesketh, daughter and heiress of the late Robert Hesketh, a rich Welshman, and owner of Gwrych Castle, Denbighshire. "In appearance, Lady Dundonald is a tall, fine, handsome woman, with dark hair and a fresh-colored complexion. She has never posed as either a wit or a beauty, but she is an excellent wife and mother, and does some pleasant entertaining at her big house in Portman Square. She has two sons, and three beautiful daughters. The eldest girl, Lady Grizel, is soon to be a bride, and the Ladies Joan and Marjorie Cochrane are two charming children, in what may be termed the chrysalis stage. Lord Dundonald—now in Canada—has solidly qualities that [illegible] to all the world. But he is also a skillful mechanic and a born inventor. He has designed a new gun carriage, invented a clever little instrument for warming the hand, called an instra, and is said to have thought out a plan for giving a supply of pure water to soldiers on the march. Lord Dundonald is known to have an unbounded admiration for Napoleon, his mind and character."

A Rejected Recipe.

Edith—Just think! Here's a new thought professor who teaches that one can become beautiful by persistently thinking herself beautiful.

Irene—Oh, pshaw! We could point out so many instances to the contrary. —Smart Set.

FACE IN THE CROWD

By Keith Gordon

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

After awhile she came to look for him when the train stopped at the Fifty-third street station in the morning—the tall, broad shouldered man with the aggressive chin and determined mouth. She felt vaguely disappointed when she did not see him.

Insensibly he became the touch of romance in the dreary monotony of her days, five and a half out of seven of which were spent in Wall street, a place where the advantages of being a woman are not glaringly apparent.

Often during the flagging afternoons of summer, when business was dull and the hands of the clock approached 5 but slowly, she would sit resting her face on her hands and wondering about him. Who was he? What was he? Was he married or single?

The noise of the street blow, dulled by distance until it was as dreamy as the humming of bees at noonday, droned softly in her ears a sort of living melody, and her thoughts defied office hours and went far afield in a fantastic search for the reality about him among the crowd of possibilities.

Over and over she gave him a local habitation and a name, but these changed always with her mood. No name that she could hit upon seemed to express his personality, and she finally discarded them all and thought of him only as The Man.

The weeks melted into months, but her interest in him did not flag. Rather it became deeper as time went on. Curiously enough, it was what might be termed the nonessentials that baffled her. About the man himself—his character and what he would do in any given emergency—she felt the same assurance that she did about herself.

She had decided that he was a lawyer, though precisely why she thought so she could not have told. Then one day she saw him with a child, a girl of ten, who bore a certain fleeting resemblance to him.

He was married, then! An almost imperceptible sigh escaped her. Then, as the absurdity of the matter dawned upon her, she laughed softly to herself. What difference? Josephine and Marie Louise had never dampened her affection for Napoleon. She even began to feel a mild interest in the lady.

Sometimes, for two or three weeks at a stretch, they would not encounter each other. It was after one of these breaks that, watching him as he entered the car, her interest and satisfaction at seeing him again shone all unconsciously in her face, and his glance was arrested by it.

As the faint color touched her cheeks under his gaze he looked casually away. For a moment he had thought her some half forgotten acquaintance from the welcome that he had surprised in her eyes, but her quick annoyance as she returned to her reading forbade that idea.

She did not look toward him again, but more than once his keen, blue eyes rested upon her as she sat there, slim and straight, with masses of pale brown hair piled upon her small head. After this he, too, began to watch of a morning. A habit is very easily formed!

Then for weeks he disappeared. The girl wondered anxiously what had become of him. Had he gone abroad? Mayhap he was ill—or dead! At the thought she shrank like one hurt, for he had become, in a whimsical way, a part of her life. He had become as near and dear as only ideals can be.

When he did appear one morning, towering above a crowd of lesser men like a god, there was a new gravity in his face which held her attention even before she noticed that he was in mourning.

That, then, was what these weeks of absence from business meant. Sickness and suffering and death. His wife undoubtedly, from the sorrow and oppression that he showed. The quick sympathy that she felt hovered in her soft, wide eyes as they rested briefly upon his face. And he, reading that look, felt a curious thrill.

Long since he had begun to regard her with a sort of tacit silent friendship. "The little girl with her soul in her face," as he once described her to a friend, shaking his head deprecatingly at the thought of a woman like her having to wrestle with the world. She seemed to him too exquisite for the ups and downs of such a life.

He watched her surreptitiously now, wondering idly who she was and whether he should ever meet her. There was a way—he might follow her and bestow a quarter on the elevator boy, and the thing would be done. But the consequences of such methods repelled him. She seemed the sort of a woman who would resent that kind of thing.

Moreover, in his heart of hearts and in spite of his bigness and worldliness, he was a fatalist. If it were written from the beginning it would occur! No man could dabble in the affairs of fate!

It was nearing the end of the third year. He took the same train now with a regularity which made her suspicious. The results of chance were never so unerring. Intention was apparent.

But through it all save at unexpected moments when the curtain would lift for a second and an unintentional glance betray a deeper knowledge they regarded each other with the baffling, impassive eyes we keep for the unknown. No twentieth century romance ever moved so slowly.

Then Billy Stoughton, who in this particular case was the instrument of fate, awakened one morning with an unaccountable but imperative yearning for Broadway. Five years earlier an equally compelling desire had landed him on the ranch, where he had bided contentedly enough up to that particular morning. The evening of the next day found him in Denver, from which place he proceeded with as much haste as the railroad facilities would permit to New York.

On the day of his arrival he planned to dine with Renwick, the closest of his college friends. He had just time to catch him by telephone before he left his office, which he did, arranging to meet him at the elevated station and go up town with him.

The first effervescence of their meeting over, Stoughton's beaming eyes roved over the other passengers. A slight figure at the far end of the car held his glance. He looked again to be sure.

"Pardon me a minute, Jack," he said, rising and making his way toward the girl, with whom a moment later he was shaking hands cordially and talking with the ease of long friendship. Presently he returned to Renwick, and as he did so a revealing look passed between the two. A bridge at last!

"It's Natica Alston, a cousin of mine, you know," he explained to Renwick. "Tough luck they had, I tell you. But she's a plucky girl. She has earned her own living now for four years."

"Will you present me?" demanded Renwick eagerly.

"Certainly. I'll take you up there with me. Natica will be glad to receive any friend of mine."

"Thank you, old fellow; thank you." Renwick paused awkwardly. He seemed to have something else to say, but scarcely knew how to say it.

"When I said—asked you to introduce me—I didn't mean the usual thing. I'm going to ask you to do something queer and to do it without asking too many questions."

"What kind of a mystery is this?" inquired Stoughton. "If I didn't know that there isn't a grain of romance in you I should certainly think"—

"Now, don't think—there's a good fellow," soothed Renwick. "Just follow instructions. Tell Miss Alston all about me, and mind that you tell her everything good that you can or I'll wring your neck, and make an appointment for me to call. Don't make any mistake. I want to see her and see her alone. I don't want you there."

When poor, mystified Bill Stoughton broached the subject to Natica her behavior was doubly mysterious. No, she didn't want to know anything about him. Then a moment later:

"Did you say he is a bachelor?" (Innocently.) "I thought he was a widower."

Stoughton, indignantly, "I thought you knew nothing about him?"

"I don't, but he wore mourning."

"That was for his mother."

* * * * * * *

In the dim little parlor of the small apartment where she and her mother lived they met for the first time alone save for the dead and gone Alstons that looked down upon them from the walls. Surely never was such a first meeting before.

When the maid ushered him in, Natica, looking rather more like a lily than usual in her long, soft black gown, rose with every intention of greeting him in the most formal manner. Then a most unlooked for thing occurred.

For a moment they looked into each other's eyes. Then he stretched out his hands toward her, and she placed hers in them. A moment later she was swept up into his arms as if she had been a child as he murmured softly, "My dear, dear love!"

"What shall we tell mamma?" wailed Natica in despair a half hour later. "How can we ever explain ourselves?"

"We can't," replied Renwick comfortably. "We might just as well resign ourselves to being thought mad. It all comes from the ridiculous superstition that in order to know people you must talk to them."

And then—well, then they forgot the world and its opinions to talk of far lovelier things.

Papa's Sage Conclusion.

"Papa," piped little Willie, "which is it better to be—a big toad in a little puddle or a little toad in a big puddle?"

"It's better to be a big toad in a big puddle" answered the ambitious father.

You May Find It Hard to Stop Him.

When you are alone with a man and the conversation languishes, get him to talk about himself. You won't find it difficult.—Somerville Journal.

RESULT ALL THAT COULD BE ASKED

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Strain Caused by Heavy Lifting.

William Sharam Tells of His Precarious Condition, and His Happy Release From It.

Murray Harbor South, P.E.I., Apr. 4.—(Special.)—William Sharam, who keeps a general store here, is one of many hundreds in Prince Edward Island who have been rescued from chronic sickness, and made sound and well by Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Sharam, who is always glad to say a word for the remedy that did so much for him, relates his experience as follows:

"I strained my back with heavy lifting, and the result was urinary and kidney trouble, that left me in a very weak state, and at times I got so weak that I almost fainted, and could scarcely hold up.

"After trying several other medicines without relief, I concluded that it was a Kidney Disease I had, and would find the cure in a Kidney remedy, and decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills.

The result was all that could be asked. I used ten boxes all told, and can now enjoy sweet sleep without being disturbed as heretofore, and my old troubles were banished."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all Kidney ills from Backache to Bright's Disease.

Dew baths are a fad in New York, which always did like cheap pleasure notwithstanding its desire to create the impression that it never has to think about the money end of its fun.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

No, Cordelia, the relict of a man who died from hay fever isn't a grass widow.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other powders, as it is both soap and disinfectant. 34

While the Dreyfus case remains unsettled France does not mean to be entirely overshadowed even if there is a big war in progress. 6

Should Russians still find it disagreeably cold at Port Arthur, it is not because Togo is not doing his best to make it hot for them.

What a jolly old world this would be if all men practiced what they preach.

Some men have a keen sense of humor, judging by the pointless stories they tell.

If a woman has a pretty face no man on earth can tell you what kind of clothes she has on.

Port Arthur does not appreciate those little favors that Japan is sending on the half-shell.

The man who manages to keep out of debt, out of jail and out of politics is a little above the average.

In pronouncing General Pflug the P is silent, but unless he makes good we may transform F into the silent letter.

If this strain keeps up the Czar may feel inclined to raise his own salary.

A woman is almost as much afraid of a mouse as a man is of a millinery bill.

The Warminster guardians, thanks to newspaper publicity, have received many applications from the unemployed of London, and have handed them over to the farmers in want of hands.

The Hon. Talbot Rice, the vicar of Swansea, says that if he had more money he could preach sermons, as begging letters for church work now occupy a lot of his time.

In 228 trades unions in England, with a membership of 560,000, 6.7 per cent. were unemployed at the end of last year, as compared with 5.5 per cent. of 224 trades unions with a membership of 552,415 at the end of 1902.

The thousands of people who write to me, saying that

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

cured them of chronic coughs, cannot all be mistaken. There must be some truth in it.

Try a bottle for that cough of yours.

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

BOWSER WRITES A PLAY

He Imparts the Plot to His Wife, but Does Not Like Her Suggestions, Which He Thinks Are a Bit Sarcastic

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INSTEAD of sitting down to his evening paper and cigar in placid enjoyment, Mr. Bowser was nervous and uneasy, and now and then he looked at Mrs. Bowser in a furtive, inquiring way. She knew that he had something on his mind, but she asked no questions, and dinner had been over a full hour when at last, after walking up and down the room for ten minutes, he said:

"I expect you'll sneer and ridicule, as usual, but I am writing a play for a friend of mine and should like to talk with you a little about the plot."

"I shall be more than willing to talk," she replied as she repressed her astonishment with an effort. "Your friend is an actor, I take it?"

"He's going to be. He's been reading up for the last six months."

"What do you mean by reading up?"

"Why, he's been reading books which tell a person how to become an actor. He's also bought a wig and a sword. If he gets the right sort of play, he's bound to be another Edwin Booth in time."

"I see. And you have promised to write him the right sort of play. That's kind of you. Have you got a plot to match the wig and sword?"

Mr. Bowser didn't exactly like her tone, but after a glance at her he passed it by and replied:

"I think I have struck it the first time, though some little changes may be necessary. I will tell you the plot as I have outlined it. The scene is laid in Rome in the year 1125. The hero is named Kybiffo. He is a young man who has dared to aspire to the hand of a princess, and the emperor has ordered him out of the country. He refuses to go. He not only refuses, but he asserts that he will remain and marry the Princess Dogolsky. That's where the first act opens."

"Does he put on his wig and draw his sword as he refuses to go?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"He don't, but I can put that in. How do you like the names?"

"Why, Kybiffo sounds very romantic, and Dogolsky is something new and

SHE KNEW THAT HE HAD SOMETHING ON HIS MIND.

ought to make a hit. When Kybiffo is in a hurry to speak to her he can abbreviate her name to Dog, and on her part she can shorten his to Ky or Ky-Ky."

"Have you started into the funny business already?" asked Mr. Bowser as the red began to show in his face.

"Of course not. How many other characters have you?"

"Well, there's the emperor, the empress, twelve guards, two executioners, three lion keepers, four ladies of the court, a hunchback and a fellow named Damito. He is also in love with the princess, and the emperor favors his suit. I've got to get rid of Damito somewhere in the third act, but I have not settled on just how to do it. Would it look stagy to have him hurled from the edge of a precipice?"

"Who would do the hurling?"

"I thought of introducing a man from Chicago, a fellow who had suddenly gone crazy and was hankering for gore."

"I'm afraid it would look rather stilted. If you are looking for a novelty why don't you have him caught in a cheese press and squeezed to death?"

"Woman, don't trifle with me!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser as he started up with a glint in his eye.

"But I am not. In writing a play you want to get away from old lines. They have been hurling men and women from precipices for the last hundred years. You have simply to get him into the cheese press in a natural manner. He can take it for a telephone box or a bathtub. However, we can let that go tonight. After Kybiffo refuses to leave Rome what happens?"

"The emperor sends twelve guards to give him the bounce."

"And does he overcome the twelve?"

"He does and leaves every one dead on the stage. I've been thinking that perhaps I had too many dead men lying around at once. Would you reduce the number?"

"I think I should," mused Mrs. Bowser, with her chin on her hand. "It seems to me that I would let at least two get away to go back to their wives and children. I'd be satisfied with ten dead men at once. Does your man Kybiffo stay right there in the slaughter house or go somewhere else to wipe the blood from his sword and rearrange his wig?"

"By thunder, woman, but don't you start in to guy me!" shouted Mr. Bowser as he stood up and towered over her. "I was a fool to expect any help from you, but I won't stand"—

"I had no thought of guying you. Your hero must make some decided move after the ferocious conflict, and I was wondering what it was to be. He shouldn't stay and be seized by a fresh guard."

"He don't stay, of course. The princess, who has seen all from an open window, rushes in and beseeches him to fly from her father's vengeance, and he flies—that is, he consents to go to the house of a man named Bogstoff and wait until there is a chance to bear his ladylove away. He goes just as a new guard of thirty men rush in with orders to kill him on the spot. That's the end of the first act."

"What's the climax?"

"Why, he flies in one direction and the princess in another."

"Doesn't he fall over a chair and she over a sofa?"

"Is that meant for sarcasm?" asked Mr. Bowser as a dangerous light shone in his eyes.

"Of course not. You must have a climax—something to take the breath away, you know, and put the appetite on edge for the next act. If you don't have any falling over chairs or bumping against doors, the end will be rather tame. Where does the second act open?"

"In the house of Bogstoff. Kybiffo is there, and Bogstoff's daughter makes love to him and tries to cut the princess out. She uses a thousand little acts to cajole him, but he turns her down."

"Does he have on his wig and sword at the time?"

"I—I dunno. Should he have them on?"

"By all means. No actor can be a hero without a sword and wig. What does Boggy's daughter do when he refuses her his hand?"

"His name is Bogstoff, madam, and I would thank you to remember it," stiffly replied Mr. Bowser.

"Well, Bogstoff, then. I like the names of your characters as affording excellent opportunities for abbreviation. Kybiffo can be called Ky, Damito can be called Dam, Dogolsky can be called Dog, Bogstoff can be called Boggy, and so on and so on. It was real cute in you to think of such names. Well, what follows?"

"The scheming girl, whom I have not yet named, but shall probably call Hellino"—

"There's another good abbreviation," chipped in Mrs. Bowser.

He glared at her for half a minute, doubtful what course to take, and then continued:

"The scheming girl threatens to commit suicide, and when Kybiffo smiles at the idea she starts for the door with a rush. Damito, who knows her father well and wants to borrow $50 in cash, is about to enter, and she is just in time to fall upon his sword and have it pierce her heart."

"How came he to have his sword drawn and ready to do the piercing act?"

"How came he? It don't make any difference to the audience as I can see. That was a time when everybody went around with a drawn sword in his hand, you know."

"Well?"

"As Hellino lies dead her father rushes in, and here is a great point. Damito at once accuses Kybiffo of her murder, and the father believes him. He rushes for his sword, and while he is gone the two rivals taunt each other and begin to fight. When old Bogstoff returns he takes a hand in, and our hero would have been done for by the two but for the princess suddenly rushing in and using her dagger to even things up."

"But how does she happen to appear at such a critical moment?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"Because I make her."

"Oh, I see! And does she kill any one with her jewel hilted dagger?"

"She kills old Bogstoff, while her lover wounds Damito."

"Very good—very good! And then I suppose you have the wounded Damito conveyed outdoors and laid on the street car track so as to make it appear that he has been struck by a car?"

"I have nothing of the kind, madam. On the contrary, I have the princess take him to her house to nurse until he is well again. That's my second great point. Her action makes Kybiffo insanely jealous, and he goes to live in a cave in the mountains. He declares that he will give her up, but"—

"But he lives on roots and barks and cannot efface her memory from his heart," finished Mrs. Bowser.

"Yes, that's about the way of it," sheepishly replied Mr. Bowser, who was rapidly losing confidence in his powers as a dramatist.

"And what else?"

"I—I haven't got any further. How do you like the outline?"

Mrs. Bowser clasped her hands and stared into vacancy for a moment. Then she broke forth into hearty laughter. She couldn't have helped it if there had been a dagger at her throat.

"Madam, what's this?" shouted Mr. Bowser as he sprang up.

She tried to answer, but she couldn't. She went into hysterics and laughed by turns, and after surveying her for three or four minutes he realized that he had been humiliated. He turned and kicked over two chairs and walked down the hall and donned his hat and overcoat. Then he went out and banged the front door behind him and wandered through the darkness of the streets. His dignity had suffered, and he was speechless as he entered the house several hours later and quietly went to his room.

M. QUAD.

Not a Happy Simile.

"Your husband says that he has been working like a dog," said the next door neighbor.

"Does he?" rejoined the woman with the dingy gown and the tired look. "The only canines I ever got acquainted with put in their time barking at nothing, racing around without any special object in view and sleeping about two-thirds of the time in a nice warm corner close to the stove. It is a rather unfortunate comparison."—Washington Star.

Not to Be Thought Of.

Mrs. Newlywed—Yes, Harry has only one fault, dear fellow! He will smoke cigarettes.

Mrs. Oldgirl—Why don't you break him of it?

Mrs. Newlywed—And leave me nothing to scold him about? No, indeed!—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Admonished.

Lowscads (despondently)—I might just as well be dead. What good am I anyway? Why, I believe that I've been refused by every girl in town!

Henpekke (excitedly)—Touch wood! Touch wood quick, or your luck will change!—Smart Set.

Revenge.

LAST WINTER.

Said the plumber to the coal man,
"Say, I want a ton of coal."
Said the coal man to the plumber:
"Do you really? Why, how droll!"
Said the plumber to the coal man,
"Well, perhaps an eighth will do."
Said the coal man to the plumber,
"There are scores ahead of you!"

THIS WINTER.

Said the coal man to the plumber,
"Are you busy, then, today?"
Said the plumber to the coal man:
"Am I busy! I should say!"
Said the coal man to the plumber:
"All my water pipes is froze.
Will you kindly come and clear them?"
And the plumber thumbed his nose!

—Somerville Journal.

Old English Customs.

Sir Walter Besant's study of old English customs shows that the doctors of several centuries ago prescribed for fevers "a cold water affusion" with drinking of asses' milk. When the queen was ill in 1663 they shaved her head and applied pigeons to her feet. Powdered mummy for a long time was considered to be a specific against diseases. It is said that the reason it went out of use was that dealers took to embalming bodies and then sold them for genuine ancient mummies.

The Fierce Caterpillar.

A more harmless, inoffensive creature does not crawl than the common garden caterpillar, yet this small worm will put up an appearance so fierce upon occasion as to frighten its enemies away. Soft and pulpy, with no defensive or offensive weapons, this destroyer of cabbages and lettuces will bluff itself into a veritable armored cruiser and frighten many more formidable insects into ungovernable flight. Its method of procedure is like this: Immediately anything approaches, the slow moving, fat caterpillar raises its hairy body, wags a formidable looking head and looks the essence of strength and defiance, so much so that it requires a bird of a particularly valiant disposition to attack it.

Carried It to an Extreme.

"So Jiggers has been arrested for arson. Such a genial, joking chap too."

"Yes. I suppose he got into the habit of making light of everything."—Boston Globe.

Twelve Leafed Palm.

The Egyptians used to use a twelve leafed palm for a Christmas tree because a palm will put forth one new leaf a month, and the twelve leaves were a sign of the complete year.

Born to It.

"Some scientist has made the discovery that every one is born left handed.

"Well, I can go even farther than that. I maintain that every one is born with a predisposition to say 'I done it.'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Doings In Jericho.

Fap Perkins, Postmaster, Tells About a Deacon and a Hog.

[Copyright, 1903, by C. B. Lewis.]

ONE of the events in the history of Jericho, and one that for a time made every inhabitant hold his breath, was what was called the hog case. One morning Deacon Abernethy Carter, widower, set out to drive a fat hog from his farm to the village, a distance of two miles, to make a sale to the butcher.

The way was up hill and down, with many paths and lanes leading off the main road, and, of course, the hog acted like any hog would. He made a bolt off the main highway whenever chance offered, and by the time half the journey had been accomplished and deacon and hog had arrived in front of the Widow Green's the good man was swearing mad, and the hog was looking for more trouble.

The deacon had once paid his attentions to the widow with a view of mak-

"DEACON CARTER, I'LL HAVE THE LAW ON YOU."

ing her his second wife, but as they had disagreed on religious matters he had ceased to call. This fact made the widow's heart rankle, and she was biding her time to get even. When she stood in her door and saw the deacon and the hog approaching she realized that her opportunity had arrived.

The front gate stood open, and as the hog arrived opposite he rushed in. There were beds of pineys and pinks and hollyhocks, and the hog proceeded to devastate them. The deacon, who was armed with a club, did his best to prevent damage, but his best didn't count. The widow looked on for a moment and then called out:

"Deacon Carter, I'll have the law on you and make you smart for this!"

"But ain't I trying to get the blamed hog out?" he shouted in reply.

"No, you're not. You drove him in here a-purpose to spite me because I wouldn't marry you!"

"Nobody ever asked you to marry me."

"You as good as asked me, but I found out you was stingy and mean, and I sent you packing. Don't try to lie out of it."

"I wouldn't ask you to marry me if you was the last woman on earth! Head off that hog and help me get him out."

"Head off your own hog. You could have kept him out if you had wanted to, and I'll make you pay for all the damage he's done."

It took the deacon fifteen minutes to get the hog back into the road, and while running up and down the garden he made use of pretty strong language, though none too strong for the occasion. At intervals, as he rushed about, the widow would call out:

"Deacon Carter, you are swearing like a pirate, and swearing 's ag'in the doctrines of religion."

"I'm not swearing," he would shout back, "but I'll be hanged if I don't knock the head off this infernal old hog if he don't head out of this!"

No sooner had the deacon disappeared down the road with his hog than the widow put on her bonnet and started out among the neighbors to relate the adventure. She not only laid her damages at $50, but she could name over fifty different swear words used in her hearing by the deacon. In two days it was known for five miles around that Deacon Carter had fallen from grace, and at the end of a week the widow preferred charges against him in his church and had him brought up for trial.

The town was pretty evenly divided on the question, while the deacon only asked for a fair trial. The first charge was that the deacon had steered the hog into the widow's yard out of spite; the second that he had been profane in her presence. As to the first charge the deacon said:

"Brethren, there are those among you who have set out to drive a hog along the road. Nature made the mule obstinate and the hog perverse. If the wind bloweth where it listeth, the hog goeth where he pleaseth until you can head him off with a club. From my house to the Widder Green's is a mile. In that mile the hog had bolted on me about thirty times, and to the best of my recollection the strongest word I used was 'sugar.'"

There was a murmur of sympathy and admiration as the deacon paused, and it was evident that he had the people with him.

"I didn't see the gate standing open," he continued, "but the hog did, and though I fetched him a whack over the snoot with a club he rushed into the yard. I ain't denying that he toyed with the flower beds. He just gambolled among the hollyhocks and rolled among the pinks and pineys. The widow stood there and might have headed him off, but she made no move to do so. It took me a quarter of an hour to git the hog out, and I ain't denying that I used strong language while chasing him up and down."

"Language to make my blood run cold," said the widow as a shiver passed over her, but the majority seemed to feel that the occasion warranted strong language.

"I can distinctly remember all the profane words I made use of," said the deacon in tones of contrition, "and I am deeply grieved that they should have slipped out when they did. You see, the widder was twitting me at the time the hog was acting up, and the two things together were too much for me. Yes, I was profane, and I admit it."

"The profanest words I ever heard in all my life," said the widow, "and you all know how my dear, departed husband used to swear."

"Then you admit the charge of profanity to be true?" was asked of the deacon.

"I do, brethren. Yes, sir, I made use of such oaths as 'by Jim,' 'gaul durn it,' 'durn your hide,' 'gee whiz' and —and"—

"And what?"

"It's an awful word, brethren, an awful word, and I wouldn't say it again if I was driving two hogs and met two widders. I didn't even use it last year when I was stung by fifty hornets all at once."

"Was it so bad that you can't repeat it?"

"I'd rather not. I'd rather plead guilty and take my punishment."

"But I'll tell what it was!" exclaimed the Widow Green as she bobbed up. "He was trying to head off the hog, and the hog ran between his legs and flung him down, and as he lay there kicking on the grass he shook his fist at me and called out, 'By thunder!'"

All eyes were turned upon the deacon, and he bowed his head in shame and humility.

"If a man can be deacon in a church and swear like that, then I want to know," continued the widow.

A little later on she knew, as did all the rest of Jericho. The findings in the case were written out and announced:

"As for the charge of spite, we find that no person driving a hog is morally responsible for the direction taken by the animal.

"As for the charge of profanity, we find that Deacon Carter made use of one term closely approaching it, but as he was laboring under great excitement at the time, and as he did not repeat it later on, we find no real grounds for the charge and announce his record as clear."

And when the widow heard of her failure to down the deacon she held up her hands and gasped:

"Well, if swearing is allowed, then I'll say gosh all fishhooks!"

M. QUAD.

The Cause of It.

Algy—I admit it frequently takes me some time to make up my mind, but—

Miss Flip—Ah, naturally! You must lose time trying to locate it.

Unnecessary Emphasis.

"Why are you smiling so broadly, Henry?"

"I was just thinking of the good times I had."

"When, Henry, dear?"

"Before we were married, of course."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No, Indeed Not.

Five-year-old Melvin had often been punished for making noises that disturbed the slumbers of his infant sister. After one such occasion the house was shaken by a clap of thunder.

"There!" he exclaimed exultingly. "I s'pose that'll wake the baby, but mamma can't whip the thunder."—New York Times.

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P.M.		P.M.
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Ar 12.53	Wellington	Ar. 7.52

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

TUESDAY, JUNE 7, 1904

London, 1st—A special despatch from Rome says a telegram has been received there from Tokio reporting that Gen. Kuroki has completely defeated Gen. Kuropatkin's forces near Sai Matsza. All the Russian positions east of Hai Cheng have been abandoned and several guns have been taken and a whole squadron of Cossacks captured.

Niu Chwang, 1st—Chinese fugitives from Port Arthur describe the situation of the inhabitants there as desperate. Many persons are retired to eating Chinese food and even that is dear. Whole streets and several public buildings have been wrecked by Japanese shells. The hospitals are packed with sick and wounded. Work of repairing the damaged warships has been stopped. The Chinese are dying of starvation, theft has been made punishable by death, the railway has been completely destroyed as far as Tatiu Chou. There are 15,000 Japanese at Wa Feng Tien During the fighting at Kin Chou 200 Chinese were killed by the Japanese fire directed against positions that the Russians had evacuated.

St Petersburg, 1st—A friend of Gen. Kuropatkin tells me that before his departure the General said the first month it will be said that I am inactive, the second that I am incapable and the third that I am a traitor because we will be repulsed and beaten. Although that will not seriously effect the result of firmly adhering to my resolution no to march before I have operations completed.

Tokio, 1st—Russian strategy has undergone another change, Yin Kow is to be fortified. Guns have been brought from Niu Chwang, garrison increased and the harbor mined.

Shanghai, 1st—A large number of Chinese have bee caught signalling to the Japanese fleet near Vladivostok and hanged.

Liao Yang, June 1.—The Japanese lost 200 men, and a number of horses, killed in the fight at Vaan Fuechu to-day. Russians opened fire and after two hours and half hard fighting prepared to charge and crush the force which had been harassing them for 21 days.

Chefoo, 1—Japanese made a land attack on Port Arthur yesterday. The Russian forces were driven to southward from Dalny and Kin Chou by the Japanese who were assaulting the garrison at Port Arthur, and the Russian Navy has joined in the movements to repulse the enemy. There may be several days of skirmishing and outpost work before the Russian city is taken, but it must eventually succumb to overwhelming numbers.

Liao Yang, 1—Japanese columns are advancing along the shore towards Port Arthur.

Seattle, 1—Dan McLeod defeated "Chief Two Feathers" here in a wrestling match. Chief Two Feathers secured first fall and McLeod second and third winning match.

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A LOST WIFE

A NOVEL.

BY MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON,

Author of "Worth Winning," Etc.

"Is it likely, aunt, that I should have gone away to London, and written as I did to poor papa, if I had not meant to do it And you cannot suppose that I should be so base as to ignore all that has happened, and go back to him just because I am very poor?" I added, indignantly.

"But he knows nothing about it—absolutely nothing," cried my aunt, throwing up her hands in despair. "I took possession of your foolish note instantly and burnt it. No one had seen it but your poor dear father and myself—no one knows what made you rush off in that insane way. One can easily make up some plausible reason to tell the servants. Let us say that it was business, that some friend was taken ill; anything will do to put off questions and surmises. Mr. Curtis need never know anything about it. For Heaven's sake, Freda, don't be such an idiot as to tell him! Even if you are not romantically in love with him, he will give you a wealthy home, and you have nothing but starvation or hard work to look to elsewhere. Do not fly in the face of Providence, my dear. I am sure it is bad enough that the wedding will have to be put off six months at least; it wouldn't be decent before, but you can stay with me till then, though I am sure this sad death is a sore trial for me," and the good lady began whimperingly to wipe her eyes; "and all the breakfast from Gunter's that was to have come down had to be counter-ordered and all. Oh, dear—oh, dear!" and Aunt Selina dissolved into downright sobs, less over her brother-in-law's death, I fear, than over the collapse of the wedding festivities, and the breakfast from Gunter's in which she had taken so lively an interest.

"I must do what I think right," was my only answer, with, I fear, a hardening of the heart towards my relative's outburst of grief.

"You are an ungrateful, undutiful, headstrong girl," gasped Aunt Selina, between her sobs; and then she fled from the room, slamming the door behind her with some show of temper.

I was left alone, gazing disconsolately out of the window. I was too filled with my own many very serious sorrows and anxieties to have much sympathy with my aunt's fictitious and imaginary grievances.

By-and-by the messenger returned from Eddington. He brought no note in answer to mine, only a verbal message.

Mr. Curtis had left Eddington last night; but Mrs. Featherstone would do herself the honor of calling upon me during the course of the afternoon.

Mrs. Featherstone! what had she to do with it I wondered. Suddenly I recollected how Captain Thistleby had seen her pass by in her victoria as we were coming out of the hotel in the Strand! Of course she had seen us; and equally, of course, she had seized upon the incident eagerly, to do me an evil turn with her brother.

She might have saved herself the trouble of slandering me, had she known how determined I was to break off my engagement with him. But she did not know it, and she was probably now gloating over the chance that had thus placed me at her mercy. I augured no good from her proposed visit to me, and I confess that I looked forward to it with a good deal of trepidation.

About three o'clock the Eddington carriage drove up to the door, and my unwelcome guest alighted from it.

Mrs. Featherstone sailed in, attired, as usual, in brilliant raiment. There was a prevalence of blue and scarlet in her dress, which reminded me forcibly of the coloring of a cockatoo. She made me a cold bow, and sat down at some distance from me. I saw at once by her bent brows and pinched lips that it was to be war to the death between us. I accepted the position at once, and took the initiative.

"To what am I indebted for the honor of this most unexpected visit, Mrs. Featherstone? I had wished to see your brother."

"Mr. Curtis has gone to town.

"And in his absence I do not see that any one else can fill his place," I answered.

"In his absence, Miss Clifford, I bring you a message from him. I have no doubt that my visit is unwelcome, and I assure you it is a most painful one to myself; but I have never yet been known to shrink from a duty, however unpleasant—"

"Pray deliver your message, Mrs. Featherstone," I interrupted, impatiently, "and spare me a description of your own sensations."

Mrs. Featherstone bowed.

"My message," she said, with a scarcely-concealed triumph of manner, "is that under the circumstances of your extraordinary visit to London, it will be quite impossible for my brother to fulfil the matrimonial engagement which existed previously between yourself and him."

"Under what circumstances, pray!" I cried, flushing up hotly and angrily—a display of weakness of which my adversary was not slow to take advantage.

"Pray calm yourself, Miss Clifford. Temper and angry denials, are alike misplaced and useless in this case. The facts, unfortunately, are but too certain, and tell too strongly against you."

"I am at a loss to understand you," I said, falteringly, and feeling suddenly sick at heart; for I remembered how Mark had said that Clara Featherstone had a venemous tongue, and would do me an injury if she could.

"I will explain myself, then," she said, glibly, and with a growing satisfaction in voice and manner—"I will explain my meaning beyond a possibility of your mistaking it. I saw you, Miss Clifford, coming out of a low-looking inn near the Strand, at an early hour in the morning, in the company of Captain Thistleby, a man of profligate and dissipated reputation."

"Indeed? I imagined him to be a great friend of your own, Mrs. Featherstone," I interrupted, quickly, for, like a watchful adversary, I was not slow to take advantage of the weak points of my enemy's method of attack.

Mrs. Featherstone waved off my remark with disdain.

"There are many men, Miss Clifford, with whom a lady may claim acquaintance in society, but with whom, nevertheless, she would be very sorry to be seen walking about the streets of London alone! But that has nothing to do with the point. Suffice it to say that you were alone with Captain Thistleby; that I saw you get into a cab, and drive off—I should be sorry to say where—and that I then turned back and made inquiries at the wretched-looking inn out of which you had come. I found that, as I had but too much reason to suspect, you had been closeted with a gentleman for some hours in a private sitting-room. I need not tell you how shocked and horrified my whole moral nature was at such a fearful revelation of wickedness! My duty, however painful it might be to perform, was now plain to me. I took the evening train to Narborough, and laid the whole case before my unhappy brother. I am thankful to say that, under Heaven, I have been the instrument of saving him from cherishing a viper in his bosom. When, at my entreaties, he consented to make inquiries, and found that you had been missing from home the night before the morning I had seen you in town, he was forced to acknowledge with me, that nothing was wanting in the complete chain of evidence which proved your utter condemnation. He has only stayed to follow your poor father to the grave, as a mark of respect for his long friendship and esteem for him, and he left Eddington last night, and does not mean to return to it for a long time. I think I have said quite enough upon this subject, Miss Clifford."

"Quite enough—too much indeed, Mrs. Featherstone," I answered. "I have heard you to the end without interruption, and I may say that, although my conduct can be perfectly well accounted for, I disdain to make any explanations of it to you. I should, however, wish you to know that I have had no intention of marrying your brother for some time back; that on going up to London somewhat suddenly, I left a letter for my poor father telling him of my intention—that I went to join Mrs. Thistleby, in Paris, and should have been under her protection now, had not my father's sad death recalled me; and, finally, that I sent for Mr. Curtis to-day in order to tell him that I wish to break off my engagement with him."

"That is easily said," said my enemy, scoffingly. "As if any one would believe all that when you are left without a penny!"

"You need not add insult to injury, Mrs. Featherstone."

"I shall wish you good-morning, Miss Clifford," she answered, rising, to my no small relief. "And I may also add another wish for your benefit; that you may be given the grace of repentance!"

And then my temper forsook me utterly. I turned upon her, white and trembling, and absolutely frantic.

"Who are you," I exclaimed, "who dare to talk to me of repentance? Go home, woman, and ask God, upon your knees, to forgive you. For if malice, and hatred, and evil-speaking, and slandering, and traducing your neighbor be sins, then do you most assuredly stand in need of repentance and forgiveness! You that are rejoicing to yourself, because you think that you have encompassed the ruin of an unfortunate girl, whose only crime is that hitherto she has been successful and happy; go home and pray that you may never, in your turn, find yourself at the mercy of a hard-hearted and pitiless fellow-creature!"

And then Mrs. Featherstone passed out of the room, and answered me never a word as she went.

CHAPTER XX.

It was the day before my final departure from Slopperton. My aunt had already gone home, and the following morning I was to go up to her house in London, where she and Mr. Carr had offered me a shelter until I could find something to do.

"Something to do" meant in my case going out as a governess, or as a companion, or as a pupil teacher in a school—earning my living, in short, by any of the dismal and uninviting methods in which alone it has been decreed that a lady may do so and retain her claim to the name. I had secretly determined to go out as a housemaid, or as a charwoman, sooner than live long upon the bread of charity.

Mr. and Mrs. Carr were rich and childless, but it had not occurred to the worthy couple to offer me a permanent home. Aunt Selina was a fair-weather friend; as long as fortune smiled upon her relatives she was filled with gushing and affectionate interest in them; but no sooner did the world turn its back upon them, and adversity and poverty come to them, than she drew in the strings of her heart and of her purse simultaneously, and wasted no more either of her substance or her feelings upon them.

She had made a great favor of offering me a temporary home, even; and had I anywhere else to go, I would not have accepted her offer. But to go to Bella was now forbidden to me. If I were to be with Bella, then Mark would know where I was, and so knowing, might find me out; and my one hope in life now was that I might never see nor hear of him again. I was determined to become lost forever to him. Our only safety was in absolute separation from each other. So, with many a pang, I tore up my dear Bella's loving and kind letters, and left them all unanswered. Once I left Slopperton, I knew that she would never be able to find me, for she knew neither my aunt's name nor address.

Well, the last day at Slopperton had come; there had been a sale of the furniture, and the proceeds had paid off all our little bills, and defrayed the expenses of my mourning and left me a few pounds to begin my new life with. The house was bare and dismantled; there were bills up in the windows; and my solitary box stood ready packed and strapped in the hall.

Old Sarah went about weeping, for she too was to depart on the morrow, and begin life afresh. I had dragged a kitchen-chair into the dining-room, and was sitting there miserably enough by the dying embers of the fire, pondering over the gloomy prospects of my future life, when a sharp knock at the door aroused me, and, to my amazement, young Charley Flower walked suddenly into the room.

"Mr. Flower!" I exclaimed, standing up in utter bewilderment at the sight of so unexpected a visitor; "what on earth brings you here?"

"Oh! pray forgive me, Miss Clifford, I couldn't help coming. I have only just heard of your loss, and that you are turned out of your home, and all; and oh!" looking suddenly away from me round the bare, carpetless, furnitureless room—"oh, I am so sorry for you!"

"And you came to tell me this?" I cried, placing both my hands heartily into his; "just to tell me you are sorry for me? How good of you, Mr. Flower! Do you know yours is the first disinterested sympathy in my troubles anybody has given me yet?" and the tears so long driven back into my heart welled up suddenly into my eyes.

"Well, I mustn't let you think I am quite disinterested, either, Miss Clifford," said my visitor, somewhat hesitatingly. "The fact is, that—that, Miss Clifford—oh, Freda!"—suddenly lifting his eyes in honest earnestness to my face—"surely you must know that I love you!"

"Oh, I am so sorry!" I murmured.

"Why should you be sorry?" he cried, eagerly—having once broken the ice, Charley apparently found no difficulty in proceeding—"Why are you sorry, if I can make you happy? I have heard that your engagement with Mr. Curtis is at an end—and no wonder, for you never loved him. I know—and now you are free, and you are also in trouble, and have no one belonging to you, and I am pretty well off, Freda, and can afford to give you a comfortable home. I would leave the army; and I know I could make you happy, if you will let me try——"

"Stop, stop! not so fast!" I cried, interrupting the category of his hopes and intentions; "wait one minute, Mr. Flower. If you know that my engagement with Mr. Curtis is broken off, you do not perhaps know that there is a dreadful slander about me that——"

"Oh! yes, I do," he interrupted, quickly: "don't say anything more about that. I have had a letter from Mrs. Featherstone, telling me the whole story at great length."

"She wrote to you?" I exclaimed, in horror-struck tones.

"Yes—the she-fiend!" and Charley Flower ground his teeth and his fists together, as though he would like to murder her.

"And in the face of her letter you are here asking me to marry you, Mr. Flower?"

"Do you suppose I believe one word of what that woman says? It's all a tissue of lies from beginning to end. You don't suppose a woman like that could make me believe any harm of you, do you? And it is just because of her spiteful letter that I have come to you now, so soon, without waiting any longer after your poor father's death; just because I see how lonely and friendless you must be, darling, to be at the mercy of that woman's evil tongue, and how much you need some one to silence all such calumny against you, and to fight your battles for you."

"Oh! Charley, how good you are! How I wish I could love you as you deserve!" And then I burst into a flood of tears.

In a minute the young fellow was kneeling by my side, stroking my hands and my hair, and soothing me by every fond and loving word.

But I pushed him back firmly but gently.

"No, no, Charley," I said through my tears, "I must not let you waste any more love upon me, my poor boy. I don't know how I can ever thank you and bless you for all your goodness and your love to me. If I had not loved any one else I must have loved you—out of sheer gratitude. But alas! I can give you back nothing but tears and blessings—for I have no love to give you—it has all been given away long ago."

He rose from his kneeling position at my side, and walked two or three times the length of the room and back before he answered me, and then he stopped suddenly in front of me with a very white face.

"Will you tell me the truth about this, Freda?" he asked, gently.

I nodded.

"It is Mark Thistleby—the man who was at Eddington the night of the ball—whom you love, is it not?"

"Yes," I answered softly under my breath; whilst a hot blush covered my downcast face, at the thought of how much shame and how little pride there could be for me now in the avowal of my love.

There was a little pause, and then Charley spoke again; this time coldly and sternly:

"Tell me the truth, then—has he behaved badly to you? Has he treated you like a blackguard? for by heaven if he has——"

"Oh, no, no!—a thousand times, no!" I cried, looking up at him suddenly, as he stood before me, an angry picture of avenging young love. "What can make you think such a thing? He has been everything that is good to me always. He is the noblest of men; but—but, alas! we can never be happy. He is no way to blame; but——"

And my voice faltered.

"Hush, my darling; say no more. Do you suppose I want to cross-question you, or to wring your secrets from you? It is enough that I know that no one has behaved badly to my darling."

And then he suddenly bent over me and took me in his arms.

"I will not bother you any longer," he said somewhat brokenly, "though I love you very dearly, I will never trouble you again, only give me one kiss, before I go, from your sweet lips!"

Dear, noble-hearted Charley Flower! I think that even Mark would have forgiven me that I granted him his last request; that I put up my arms suddenly round his neck, and gazed into the honest blue eyes that were dimmed with tears, and put up my face for his parting kiss.

"Good-bye," he said, huskily, turning away suddenly to the door. "If ever you want a friend, Freda, do not forget that you have one in me—and God bless you."

Before I could answer he was gone, and with him seemed to go at once all the sunshine and the light which his unexpected entrance had brought into my lonely and desolate life.

And yet I was happier for that visit—happier to think that one more honest heart in this desolate world loved me, and was true to me, than I had known of.

Poor Charley Flower! It was not so very long afterwards that he was drowned in a dreadful collision between two ships in the Channel—bravely devoting his own life to saving those of the perishing women and children about him. When I read of his noble death in the papers—a hero in his last hours—I wept tears of heartfelt sorrow over his sad yet glorious end, and felt proud to think that such a man had once loved Freda Clifford.

CHAPTER XXI.

Russell Square, on a foggy winter's morning, is not a particularly cheering spot, yet there it was that I stood, looking out of the drawing-room window of one of the houses on the north side of the square, one day about two months after my father's death.

The square was filled with opaque yellow fog, through which the bare trees in the garden looked gaunt and weird; a fine drizzle was falling, and a few passers-by hurried along under umbrellas. I stood leaning against the window frame, with some open letters in my hand, and looked miserably and hopelessly out.

My Aunt Selina came bustling into the room, with her new black silk dress all crisp and fresh, and her cap-ribbons flying out behind her. She looked rosy and comfortably well-to-do. She stooped down and stirred the fire into a cheerful blaze.

"Any news, Freda?" she said to me; but before I could answer her, Uncle Carr, who was stone deaf, and never heard ordinary conversation interrupted her and claimed her attention. He was seated in a low arm-chair, drawn well up to the fire, and had been awaiting her reappearance from the lower regions impatiently.

"What have you ordered for dinner, Selina?" Next to eating his dinner, hearing about what he was going to eat, was Uncle Carr's chief solace during the twenty-four hours.

"Sole au gratin, mutton cutlets, oyster patties, and roast pheasants," shouted Aunt Selina.

"Eh?" and up went the ear trumpet. Aunt Selina repeated the menu down it.

"No soup?" inquired her husband in an aggrieved voice.

"Oh, yes; hare soup."

"Have you got the port for it, my dear? and what sauce for the cutlets?"

Being satisfied upon these two all-important points, Uncle Carr subsided into himself, nodding his head, and giving vent to low chucklings of pleasure at intervals—indicative, probably, of the delights of anticipation which he was experiencing.

Her husband's curiosity being appeased, Mrs. Carr turned again to me.

"Any news this morning, Freda?" she asked again. "I see you have some letters."

"No," I answered glancing down at the papers in my hand; "there is nothing new. The lady in Hampshire is suited with a governess, and the one in South Kensington has gone back to the music-teacher who taught her little girls last year. Everything falls through!" I added, with a sigh.

Aunt Selina gave a grunt expressive of disapprobation.

"And to think that you might have been living on ten thousand a-year now, if you had chosen!" she said, angrily, as she drew forth an enormous bundle of knitting—a counterpane for a bazaar—and settled herself down to it.

"And probably as miserable as I am now!" I answered, with a very sad smile.

"I've no patience with such sentimental rubbish!" exclaimed my aunt. "And pray what do you think of doing now?"

"Well," I said, doubtfully, "there's an advertisement in The Times for a bookkeeper in an hotel wanted."

"Impossible!" cried Aunt Selina; "pray remember that you have got relations, Freda. I am not going to allow you to disgrace your family. Why on earth don't you sit down and write to Mr. Curtis!"

"And ask him to take me back, aunt? No, thank you! I think that would be disgracing myself and my family far more than if I were to sweep a crossing."

"What nonsense you talk! You needn't put it in that way. If you were just to say to him that you could not get any occupation and were in want of money, he would write off by return post and propose to you again—see if he wouldn't. I am sure you had much better humble your pride a little than starve."

"I am not starving, aunt—thanks to you," I answered, smiling pleasantly; for when one is eating a person's bread, one feels bound to be as grateful as one can for the gift, however grudgingly it may be bestowed.

"You would be if it wasn't for me," is Aunt Selina'a ungracious rejoinder.

I sighed and walked wearily across the room towards the door.

"Where are you off to now?" asked my aunt, looking up sharply from her work.

"I thought I would go out; I might go to that office again and hear of something new," I answered listlessly, as I left the room; Aunt Selina launching forth more invectives against my "ingratitude" and my "obstinacy" after me as I sent.

In truth, I had no object in going out at all, unless it was to get out of reach of my aunt's revilings, and out of the sight of her well-furnished, warm-carpeted house, where I felt choked and stifled, as though I had no business there.

I was sick of governess offices and agencies; I would go to them no more. I would go into a shop or into a hospital and offer myself as a housemaid, I thought—anything to escape from Aunt Selina's charity, and to eat the bread of dependence no more.

I wandered along aimlessly and miserably in the damp foggy air, until chance brought my wandering footsteps into Pall Mall. Here suddenly my passage was arrested by a small crowd collected on the pavement which blocked the way. There were the usual ingredients—a tall policeman in the middle, a red-faced, noisy-voiced cabman haranguing and swearing, and a small, weeping woman, whom the engine of the law was grasping firmly by the arm, whilst a group of idlers, dirty men and lounging errand-boys, had crowded close round, eager to hear what it was all about.

"I tell ye I wants my money, and I will have it, or I'll know the reason why!" shouted the cabman, brandishing his fist within six inches of the woman's face.

"But how can I pay you if I've lost my purse?" sobbed the woman.

"You had better come along with me, my dear," was the only solution suggested by the maker of peace.

I don't know what irresistible impulse made me suddenly stop short and listen to what was going on.

"She's drunk, that's what she is!" suggested a bystander; and indeed it did not look unlike it, for the woman, whose face was hidden in her handkerchief, was swaying herself backwards and forwards as if in a paroxysm of grief.

(To be Continued.)

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

The Marquis of Tullibardine is helping to raise a troop of the Scottish Horse in Tiree, and already a score of men have given in their names. A smart recruiting party caught the eye of the impressionable Gael, but there's no blytheness among the girls over the new departure.

Warrior Woes.—Through damp, cold and exposure many a brave soldier who left his native hearth as "fit" as man could be to fight for country's honor, has been "invalided home" because of the vulture of the battle ground—Rheumatism. South American Rheumatic Cure will absolutely cure every case of Rheumatism in existence. Relief in six hours.—98

The Arctic expedition ship Windward, which brought Nansen back to Europe some years ago, has now joined the Dundee fleet as a whaler., It is useful at any rate this time.

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 all druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The government has decided to fortify the Island of Foronsay, at the extravagant price of £6,000, and when the work is completed the safety of the West Highlands will be assured.

THEY ADVERTISE THEMSELVES.—Immediately they were offered to the public, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills became popular because of the good report they made for themselves. That reputation has grown, and they now rank among the first medicines for use in attacks of dyspepsia and biliousness, complaints of the liver and kidneys, rheumatism, fever and ague and the innumerable complications to which these ailments give rise.

It is now the turn of Braintree, Essex, to be overrun with rats. It is common experience to have to get up of nights and beat them off the bed. Cheerful exercise!

A MEDICINE CHEST IN ITSELF.—Only the well-to-do can afford to possess a medicine chest, but Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which is a medicine chest in itself, being a remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, sore throat, colds, coughs, catarrh, asthma, and a potent healer for wounds, cuts, bruises, sprains, etc., is within the reach of the poorest, owing to its cheapness. It should be in every house.

From gay to usefulness—One of a pair of chestnuts that pulled King Edward through the streets of Swansea twenty years ago now hauls coal about the streets.

In Utah they do not appear to see anything singular about plural wives.

It is said that the Japanese have no swear-words, but the Russians probably more than make up for the deficiency.

At Blackburn Sarah Evans, a girl of 11, was found drowned in a canal, and the only explanation given of the sad affair is that the child had been scolded for playing truant.

Ayer's

You know the medicine that makes pure, rich blood—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Your mother, grandmother, all your folks, used it. They trusted

Sarsaparilla

it. Their doctors trusted it. Your doctor trusts it. Then trust it yourself. There is health and strength in it.

"I suffered terribly from indigestion and thin blood. I found no relief until I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Four bottles permanently cured me."
MRS. F. R. HART, Mt. Kisco, N.Y.

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

for

Rich Blood

Ayer's Pills are gently laxative. They greatly aid the Sarsaparilla.

When Danger Signals your liver out of order, constipation, or your stomach not working right, it's a sign of distress which, unheeded, will lead to trouble—it is time to take

Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 25 cents.

THE MEMORANDUM HABIT

Slaying the Ghost of Forgotten Things—Method In the Day's Rush.

The "complexities of modern life" has become a stock phrase with writers and speakers, but no other words will expressively describe the mad rush to and fro from duty to pleasure which characterizes the daily life of the majority. In woman's realm especially this intermingling of work and play means a continuous network of marketing and morning club, visits to the dentist and the dressmaker, hunting up a music teacher for Maude and writing an acceptance to the Grundy's dinner invitation, with a charity meeting and two afternoon teas to attend before it is time to return home and dress hurriedly for dinner.

Sometimes it all goes through successfully only to be spoiled by a tiny white button, or, rather, the lack of a stitch taken in time. More often really important matters are forgotten at the proper time only to be remembered at the most inopportune period, while the sins of social omission cause many a bad quarter of an hour to the busy woman. That she finally succumbs to nervous prostration is no wonder, but it is not work which causes the final blow so much as worry. Between the desire to eliminate some of the nonessentials and the constant efforts of recollecting the multiform engagements life is one long struggle after the unattainable.

A simple device and some will power in the beginning are really all that is necessary to slay the ghost of forgotten things. Look at man, stalking through life serenely, and take pattern. The consciousness of a notebook to remind him of things to be done and the time of doing gives him a sense of reserve force which is not possessed by his better half.

This effectual device may be called the memorandum habit and is simply a question of pockets and persistence. A place in which to carry the notebook and the art of continually using it are all that is required. No more good brain matter wandering aimlessly through space hunting for the lost idea, no more time wasted seeking for "who," "which" and "where." The morning and street dresses can easily be fitted with pockets, while with reception and dinner gowns a chatelaine may be worn which will serve to note whatever is necessary.

A little practice will enable one to acquire the habit of noting every item and then glancing occasionally over the various lists. The material things will have been relegated to their proper place, not allowed to consume more than their share of the busy woman's time and thought. Then, if the rush of life be maddening, there will at least be method in the madness.—Table Talk.

When to Rest.

It is the besetting weakness of womankind, and particularly of American womankind, to "keep going," as the phrase runs, just as long as the bodily strength will permit and long after the common sense limit of endurance has been passed. Doctors and nerve specialists in particular admit that a very large proportion of their patients, and by far the most hopeless ones, are women who, worn almost to extinction in the social treadmill, have nevertheless declined to heed nature's ominous warnings and so have finally been compelled to yield supremacy to that ogre of modern times—nerve prostration. Society women, however, are not the only victims, for there are many to be found among the ranks of the toilers and the housewives, and these are in the most pitiable case of all, for the reason that circumstances often will not permit them to rest when they would.—Exchange.

St. Valentine Fun.

A game of cards most appropriate for St. Valentine's day is hearts and should be played by an even number and with partners. A unique way of choosing partners is to get large candy hearts, the peppermint and checkerberry candies that every one has loved in childhood. On each of these paste a strip of paper on which is written the name of one of the famous lovers of story. Romeo will play with Juliet, Francesca with Paolo, Dante with Beatrice and so on. Distribute these "sweethearts," with the request that the soul mate of each be found, and for prizes give an embroidered heart shaped dolly and an embroidered broom case, heart shaped also.

After Dinner Cheese.

After dinner cheeses are usually what are called strong varieties—that is, those in which putrefactive processes have begun. The best known and most frequently used are stilton, roquefort, brie, camembert and gorgonzola. Any one of these varieties may be used with propriety, according to individual taste. Thick water biscuits are usually served with an after dinner cheese.

None knows the weight of another's burden.—Herbert.

Eggsactly.

If the egg corner holds through the next presidential campaign some of our spellbinders will have reason to congratulate themselves on the fact.—Atlanta Constitution

PAGE FENCES Wear Best

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

THE PAGE WIRE FENCE CO. LIMITED Walkerville, Ont. Montreal, Que. St. John, N.B. Winnipeg, Man.

IT MEANS OSTRACISM.

Foul Breath and Disgusting Discharges, Due to Catarrh, Make Thousands of People Objects of Aversion. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Relieves in 10 Minutes and Cures.

Hon. George James, of Scrantan, Pa., says: "I have been a martyr to Catarrh for twenty years, constant hawking and dropping in the throat and pain in the head, very offensive breath. I tried Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. The first application gave instant relief. After using a few bottles I was cured. Sold by all druggists.

Use Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure For Heart Stomach and Nerves. 30

Holbeach, Linrolnshire, Board of Guardians have admitted into the workhouse an old man named Robert Black, who has saved nine lives from drowning, but who from ill-health was unable to work, and was obliged to seek shelter. He was in possession of a medal and a watch presented to him for saving life.

How Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets Give Instant Relief. They're handy to carry—take one after eating—or whenever you feel stomach distress coming on—sufferers have proved it the only remedy known that will give instant relief and permanent cure—no long tedious treatments with questionable results—best for all kinds of stomach troubles. 35 cents.—96

The coroner of Hackney says that when an inquest is necessary on a very old person there it is found that they have been in a workhouse or the infirmary. There are here suggestions about the ordinary life af Hackney that are no gilt-edged testimonial.

Too Many People Dally With Catarrh.—It strikes one like a thunderclap, develops with a rapidity that no other disease does. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is the radical, quick, safe and pleasant cure that the disease demands. Use the means—prevent its deep-seating and years of distress. Don't dally with Catarrh. Agnew's gives relief in ten minutes. 50 cents.—97

Mrs. Hannah Coleman, of Cleeve, near Yatton, Somersteshire, has just celebrated her 103rd birthday. The old lady, who retains her faculties and keeps wonderfully well, is attended by her widowed daughter, who is herself nearly 80. Seems a very nice, healthy place, does Cleeve.

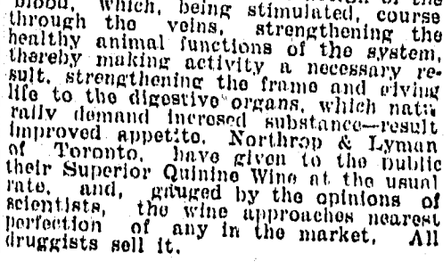
There never was and never will be a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated disease rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the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

Thomas Gilbert, aged 45, the Essex magistrate who suicided lately at Birkenhead after an ineffectual effort to shoot an actress, was looked upon as considerable of a mystery in the Colchester district, near which he at one time resided.

China isn't particularly interested, but it would like to dump Russia into the wash and run it through the wringer.

KNOWN TO THOUSANDS.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills regulate the action of the secretions, purify the blood and keep the stomach and bowels free from deleterious matter. Taken according to direction they will overcome dyspepsia, eradicate biliousness, and leave the digestive organs healthy and strong to perform their functions. Their merits are well known to thousands who know by experience how beneficial they are in giving tone to the system.

In a London court recently a young gentleman of 19 admitted kissing a girl of 14 while they were catching moths in the garden after dark, and now every girl in that district who knows enough to come in when it rains is hard at work studying rapid method moth cultivation.



Shirt waists and dainty linen are made delightfully clean and fresh with Sunlight Soap. 53

'Just The Loveliest Bread'

"I had just the loveliest bread from my baking with your ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR; it couldn't have been nicer— as white and light and sweet as anyone could wish for."

The above is an excerpt from a letter received from a user of—

OGILVIE'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR

We've got lots of somewhat similar communications—we'd like very much to have you try this Flour, and write su yourself stating what YOU think of it.

Every user becomes a most valuable advertiser in some manner, perhaps only by telling friends of the results obtained.

Your Grocer keeps it or will get it for you.

Are You Building? If so, use

EDDY'S IMPERVIOUS SHEATHING

The Best Building Paper Made.

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

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

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

Burglars have stolen the plate used in the Holy Communion service from the Priory Church of SS. Peter and Paul at Dunstable, Bedfordshire. Nothing is sacred in the eyes of the bold, bad burglars.

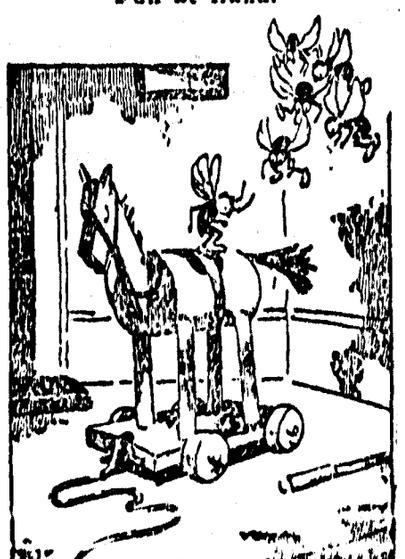
Love may intoxicate a man, but marriage sobers him.

A woman isn't necessarily a thief because she hooks a dress.

A Pair of Misers.

Mr. and Miss Dancer were reputed the most notorious misers in the eighteenth century. The manner in which this couple were found after death to have disposed of their wealth was even more strange than could have been their method of acquiring it. The total value was £20,000, which was thus disposed of: Two thousand five hundred pounds was found under a dunghill, £500 in an old coat nailed to the manger in the stable, £600 in notes was hidden away in an old teapot, the chimney yielded £2,000 stowed in nineteen different crevices, and several jugs filled with coin were secreted in the stable loft.

Fun at Hand.



"Hi, you fellows, come and have a game! Here's a horse that can't flick his tail!"

Billings' Thermometer.

"Billings has a thermometer that invariably runs to extremes. When the temperature is at zero, Billings' thermometer always goes several degrees below. When the daily heat reaches 90, Billings' thermometer indicates 95."

"Where does it hang?"

"I don't think hanging has anything to do with it. It's the way it lies."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BLAIR'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

TESTIMONIAL from the Late SIR SAMUEL BAKER, the famous Nile Explorer:—

"Newton Abbot, Devon. Dear Sirs—I have delayed my thanks as I wished to test the effect of Blair's Pills by a sufficient interval of time.

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

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

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

"Truly yours, (Signed) SAML. W. BAKER."

Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal and Toronto
The Hole Drug Co., Winnipeg.
The Martin, Hole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg.

B & C

LONG HIP

A POPULAR CORSET FOR 1904 STYLE

253

NO BRASS EYELETS

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

BRUSH & Co.,

TORONTO, - ONT.

Liver Pills

That's what you need; something to cure your biliousness, and regulate your bowels. You need Ayer's Pills. Vegetable; gently laxative. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

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

W. B. Anderson, Mgr.

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

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

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

The third reading of the Grand Trunk Pacific Bill has passed and no provision has been inserted in it as to the date or time of commencement at the western terminus. We certainly realize to the full the potentialities of the Northern portion of the Pacific slope, and would be delighted to see that at last the national character of a road to open up Northern British Columbia had come home to the Canadian Government. We can see the advantage to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway in getting an entrance into the Canadian West, and also its advantage in having an outlet to the Pacific. But we cannot in thought follow its advantage from Winnipeg to Moncton. At Winnipeg the traffic is carried by a diversion to Chicago and Portland, Maine. This diversion, furthered by the Canadian Government to the amount of one hundred millions makes one eye the project askance. What we want to see is some guarantee that while the railway development of these great acres of Canada is carried out upon a national scale, it will also be carried out for a national purpose. The inclusion in the agreement binding the Company to commence work on the western section of the line on the coast simultaneously with the beginning of the work on the prairie section was one that the people of British Columbia should have insisted on being provided for in the agreement. So far as records of the proceedings of the House indicate, no reference to the matter in the bill as introduced, were made to show that any effort had been made by the representatives of B.C. In a speech made by Mr R. Smith, he referred to this matter as one which should be entitled to every consideration. If construction is commenced on the coast and pushed forward to meet that from the East, there will be a movement of population to that section and industrial activity will begin. It means, therefore, very much to the general interests of the Province that the request made by us should be acceded to.

The misfortune which has befallen the family of Mr Davies through his long illness, has excited widespread sympathy. A family of four young children are dependent upon the mother for a livelihood, and expenses are continually accumulating. A general disposition to exhibit in a practical manner the sympathy that has been aroused by the misfortune which has followed Mrs Davies, will be shown in a substantial manner by some of the charitably disposed ladies of Cumberland, who are arranging a concert for June the 9th, to be followed later by an amateur theatrical performance under the able management of Mr Bert Tullidge. A generous response is sure to be the result.

Gambling is indulged in by the women of Nelson to such an extent that attention has been drawn to the matter by the leading papers of that town, who advise the clergy to take up the theme. Nelson is not the only town where such vices exist among women. Card-playing for money, and cigarette smoking is said to be indulged in by women not very far from home.

C. H. Tarrell, Sole Agent.

Mr George Smith narrowly escaped being killed in No. 7 slope on Friday last. He was stripping the casing of the steam pipe down the slope to allow of a leaking joint being repaired when the down trip of boxes came along, which he was unable to see for escaping steam, luckily he managed to jump aboard just as the first box struck him or else he would have been run over by the entire trip.

On Tuesday evening last a most enjoyable social was given in the Methodist Church by the members on the eve of Mr Misener's departure for Golden, B.C., where he will open a new church before leaving for the east. The visitors were entertained to a programme of songs and choruses, the following ladies and gentlemen assisting:—Misses Denton, McOuat, Mrs Moore, Dr. and Mrs Gillespie, and the Sunday School children. An address from Mr Misener, who was presented with a purse, and a chorus by the choir closed the evenings entertainment. Refreshments were served by the ladies of the Epworth League.

T. E. Bate, local agent for Fletcher Bros., music dealers, &c. All orders for pianos, organs, and music of every description promptly attended to.

Miss E. Pauline Johnson, "Tekahionwake," accompanied by Mr Walter McRaye, will give the people of Cumberland an opportunity of attending her world renowned recitals on June 27th and 28th in the Cumberland Hall. A description of the artists and an idea of what they can do, and of what the world thinks of their doings may be gleaned from the following extracts:—

New York Sun.—"Miss E. Pauline Johnson Tekahionwake, of the Mohawk tribe of Canada, has taken Boston by storm with recitals of her poems. She is perhaps the most unique figure in the literary world of this country. She is a Mohawk, the daughter of Onwanonsyshon ("the man with the big house,") the well-known chief of the Six Nation."

"Kit" in Toronto Mail Empire.—"The Indian Poetess is a very clever woman—her voice is exquisitely tender, her facial power wonderful and her gestures graceful and telling. Her passionate dark face expressed every shade of feeling; she was a revelation to me. Her Indian costume which must have cost an immensity, was accurate in every detail, and most becoming to the wearer. She shows how passionately devoted she is to her people, for all of which I love her."

While in London Miss Johnson Tekahionwake gave recitals in many illustrious drawing rooms; among which may be named that of the Marquis and Marchioness of Ripon, Lady Edith Blake, wife of His Excellency the Governor of Ceylon, Lady Helen Munro Ferguson, Mr Hamilton Aide, etc.

Tekahionwake's letters of introduction while in England were given her by His Excellency, the Earl of Aberdeen, Governor General of Canada.

Ottawa "Citizen," Nov. 8th, '02—"Mr McRaye displayed great talent—all his work was marked with keen sympathy and insight. He was, however, at his best in Dr Drummond's "Habitant" sketches, which he delivered with rare fidelity to the French Canadian type. He is a comedian of merit and though he is probably at his best in his French-Canadian impersonations he has many qualities that make him an actor of light comedy considerably better than the average comedian that is not on the stage. His work is extremely laughable."

LOST, at rear of Fire Hall, $33.00 in bank notes. Finder please return to Wm. McLellan or this office.

Go to the Big Store for men's, youth's and boy's clothing, best all round goods at popular prices, large selections.

MINERAL ACT.
(Form F.)

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

NOTICE.

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

TAKE NOTICE that I, William A. Bauer, acting agent for Edward Phillips, Free Miner's Certificate No. B. 71559, intend, sixty days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

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

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

MINERAL ACT.
(Form F.)

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

NOTICE.

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

TAKE NOTICE that I, William A. Bauer, acting as agent for Edward Phillips, Free Miner's Certificate No. B, 71559, and Angelo Catori, Free Miner's Certificate No. B, 7168, intend sixty days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

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

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

NOTICE.

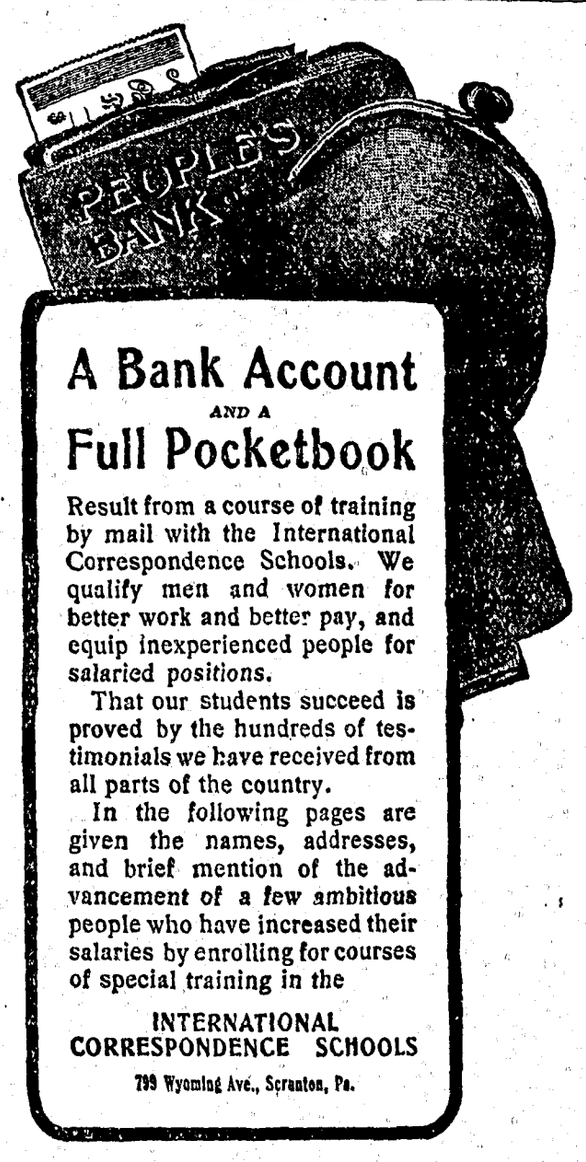
DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofor existing between us, the undersigned, as butchers in the city of Cumberland under the firm name of McKay Brothers, has been this day dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to the said partnership are to be paid to William McKay and Duncan McKay at Cumberland aforesaid, and and all claims against the said partnership are to be presented to the said William McKay and Duncan McKay by whom, the same will be settled.

Dated at Cumberland this 30th day of May A. D. 1904.

Donald McKay.
William McKay.
Duncan McKay.

WITNESS:—James Abrams.



UNION BREWING Co.,
NANAIMO, B.C.

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

UNION
BOCK : BEER
FOR 1904.

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

ON DRAUGHT AT ALL HOTELS.

Royal Bank of Canada

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

T. E. KENNY, President, E. L. PEASE, General Manager.

BRANCH AT CUMBERLAND.

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

D. VON CRAMER, Manager.

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

FOR SALE

Our entire stock of bicycles and fittings, tinware and tinsmith tools. Lathe, drill, metal worker's tools, will be sold at a bargain as we intend leaving. This is a rare opportunity for a mechanic to acquire a good business. Apply at our premises, Third Street.

H. TANAKA & SON.

FOR SALE, an Eastman No. 3 folding cartridge Kodak, complete in leather case. Price $12, apply at News office.

WANTED

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

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

THE LITTLE
Repair Shop
(Opposite the Big Store)
Dunsmuir Ave., Cumberland

Bicycles, Guns and Fishing Rods repaired. Lathe work neatly executed. Best of Material and Fittings used.

E. EMDE.

FOR SALE.

160 Ac., Crown Grant Land
On VALDEZ ISLAND.

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

50 FRUIT TREES in BEARING

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