THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

THIRTEENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY JULY 25 1906

The BIG STORE

Annual Mid-Summer

CLEARANCE SALE NOW ON

and will continue until further notice.

Don't fail to visit this Sale and secure some of the Genuine Bargains in

SUMMER GOODS

SIMON LEISER & CO LTD

CUMBERLAND B. C.

FOR YOUR NEXT SUIT

If you want satisfaction in price and material PLACE YOUR NEXT ORDER WITH

T. H. CAREY, Tailor, Cumberland B. C.

The Question often comes to the mind of the busy and tired house keeper during these hot days

What can I get in the line of meat for Lunch today that does not require the services of standing over a hot stove to cook.

How about some

Cold Roast beef, Corned beef, Lunch Tongue, Veal Loaf, cambridge or Geneva Sausage, Boneless Chicken or Duck.

All pure Canadian Brands

To Be Had At THE CUMBERLAND SUPPLY Company Store

Also all kinds of canned Vegetables, &c. Put up by the best Packers.

☞ Pure and Wholesome.

Cumberland Supply Co.

SUCCESSORS TO PARTRIDGE ESTATE.

Dunsmuir Ave. Cumberland

BRUTAL MURDER

Steamer Chehalis Wrecked

Nanaimo, July 23rd—Mary Dalton, a pretty 22 year old girl, was found this afternoon by her father, John Dalton of South Wellington, after his return from Nanaimo, cruelly murdered by a brute who fired two shots into her body and one through her forehead. Robert Fiberstone who has been on a drunken carouse for some days, is in jail accused with the crime. An examination showed that a bullet had pierced the girl's forehead. Marks on the girl showed plainly that a struggle had taken place and that the girl had died defending all that was dearest and best to womans honor. On her wrists were the cruel marks of violence and other signs of mans brutality and womans brave resistance.

Nanaimo, 24th—An examination made on body of Mary Dalton murdered on Saturday disclose fact that one of three shots murderer fired into her body were necessary fatal. One bullet that of 30 calibre was found in the body. Fibrestone who appeared for preliminary hearing was remanded until Thursday. Evidence against the prisoner is very damaging, there are marks on face and hands which they say might have been caused by the girls nails and teeth. Early on Saturday he spoke to Miss Dick and made some remark about Miss Dalton, shortly before he had been introduced to Mary Dalton by her father and was believed to be infatuated with her. The funeral of the victim takes place today.

—

Vancouver 23rd—The Steamer Chehalis was run down and cut in two by the S. S. *Princess Victoria* while steeming out of the narrows. The Chehalis was carried around in the tide across the Victoria. The dead are, J. Chick, well known purser of the Str. Cassiar, Mrs R.H. Bresor wife of freight agent R. Bresor of str Cassiar, Dr Duwell, Dr Pullen of str Columbia, Japanese and Chinese cook.

New York, 24th—Russel Sage the well known financier died today.

Seattle 24th—Joe Gans received the decison over Helty after twenty rounds of the fiercest fights ever seen in this city last night.

Vancouver. 24th—An investigation into the sinking of the Chehalis is to be held, Capt Griffin of the Princess Victoria was arrested yesterday on a charge of manslaughter. He was released on $4,000 bail

Local and Personal

Mr F D Little arrived last Thursday and will stay for a few days.

—

FOUND—A watch charm containing photograph was left at this office, owner can have same by paying for this Ad

—

The marriage tomorrow of two popular young people of the town will be an event of more than passing interest to their many friends The News throws the customary old shoe and handful of rice and wishes the happy couple much luck and prosperity.

—

Mr S. H Riggs is delighted with his recent trip to the N. W. and in raptures over the country there and its prospects At Stettler where the firm of R & W. have established a store, great activity prevails. This town is close to Edmonton and that city is simply booming. This boom will eventually reach us here Mr Riggs looks well after his trip.

—

The case of Martin vs Francis for assault came up on adjournment before Judge Abrams last Wednesday and the evidence throughout was most contradictory, Francis swearing directly opposite to Martin and his witnesses regarding the facts of assault. Mr Potts appeared for plaintiff, Mr Yarwood for defendant. At the conclusion of the of the evidence Mr Abrams reserved his decision until Monday last at 2 p m., when he imposed a fine of $50 and costs or in default four months. He also ordered that Francis pay Martin $34 for 17 days enforced idleness. This Mr Potts would not accept, and he will sue Francis in the County Court for damages and costs.

—

Miss Foster of Vancouver is visiting her sister, Mrs Frew.

Mrs Woods is spending a holiday with her sister Mrs W Merrifield.

—

Mr and Mrs D. Thompson's daughter Mrs McGill is visiting her parents here.

—

Miss Wall of Nanaimo is visiting Mr and Mrs M. Morgan.

—

Other returning visitors from below were—Mrs Alex Walker, Mr F Pickard and Mary Walker.

—

We are indebted to Mr John Masson of Courtenay for some heads of cabbage of extra size and quality They were grown on Mr Massons place from Dr Beadnells English seed. For vegetables, fruit etc, this Valley is unsurpassed.

—

Miss Lily Grant returned from a visit to Vancouver last week.

—

Panthers are said to be numerous in the district this year, Mr C. Smith and others having shot several lately It is said that panther steaks are very fine eating, though too rich for the blood of one Bay resident. What?

—

Mr Alex Gray met with an accident in No 6 Mine last week, a fall of rock injuring him. He was taken up to Mrs Dolaney's and Mrs Gray sent for to the ranch. It was found, while his injuries were severe, they were not dangerous, though he may be laid up for a time.

—

Capt Gurney arrived in Comox last week from Parksville, driving over the road with a handsome team and conveyance which he purchased in Seattle Capt Gurney is the officer who is appointed to raise the corps of Mounted rifles on Vanc Island. He will stay a week or so in Comox for the purpose.

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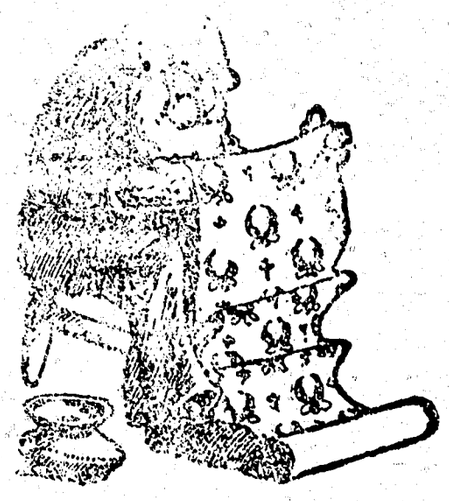
The most severe thunder storm which [illegible]

The Magnet Cash Store



Close Inspection

of our Wall Papers reveals their great superiority. Our New Papers are simply the perfection of excellence—also that our

1906 Fishing Tackle

is the best.

T. E. BATE

for years, visited us last Saturday night and Sunday morning. Beginning at about 11.15 p-m Saturday night, the storm rose with surprising swiftness from the S. E. soon obscuring a perfectly clear sky following a hot day. Crossing the gulf to the south of here, it encountered the Beaufort range, and followed the hills in a north westerly direction, the thunder being very loud and the lighting so vivid that the mountain ranges were continually lit up for miles. Not an abnormal quantity of rain fell during the night, the storm centre being too far south and west ultimately passing away in the northwest. Distant thunder could be heard at intervals all night, and at about 8 a m Sunday morning, the storm reached us again and passed directly overhead, going in a south easterly direction thus having formed a long oval, the rainfall, thunder crashes and lighting flashes were for a while terrific the flash and explosion during one period being simultaneous. In the morning it was seen that a tree near Mr Kesley's house in the Camp had been struck, the flash evidently having travelled along the telephone wire alongside and jumped at a post opposite the tree, shooting through its top and stripping half its limbs off No other damage is yet reported, though no doubt many bolts struck in the near vicinity.

Since writing the above, word has come from various parts of the District of the destruction of forest trees by being ligthning-struck. A telegraph pole on the Comox flats had a piece split off its side, two trees near Mr Campbells ranch were shattered, one near No 7 mine, another reported near Comox and more in the Upper Valley,

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Grace Methodist Church

Services on Sunday at 11 a m and 7 p m. Sunday School at 2.30 The Pastor, R. J. McIntyre, will preach at both services.

Morning subject," Agonizing Prayer"

Evening subject, "Loss by Neglect"

Good singing by the choir. Bright short services will be held during the hot weather. Everbody cordially invited.

—

Mrs R. Grant left this morning for Victoria.

Miss Eva Ritchie is visiting her aunt, Mrs T. Horne.

Amongst last nights passengers were, Mrs J. Walker, Mrs L. W. Hall Mrs Orchard, Miss Babcock, Miss M Horbury, Messrs Franck and Reid.

Take No Risk With a Cold

Further Developments May Prove Fatal. There is Cure For You in

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine

If you could depend on a cold passing off of its own accord it would be all very well to let it run its course.

The risk is too great.

Consumption and pneumonia always have their beginning in a cold.

If you take prompt means of curing every cold you will never be a victim of these or other fatal lung troubles.

Did you ever wait to think of it that way?

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is best known on account of its extraordinary control over croup, *bronchitis, whooping cough, asthma* and severe chest colds.

As a means of overcoming ordinary coughs and colds, throat irritation and the many diseases of the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs it has made an enviable reputation for reliability.

Pleasant to take, thorough and far-reaching in action, and certain in its beneficial results, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine should have a place in every house as a safeguard against consumption and other fatal lung diseases.

Mrs. R. T. Turner, Broadview, Sask., writes.—"We have seven children, and have used Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for every one of them with good results. We get four bottles at a time and find it a good remedy to break up cold on the lungs."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cents a bottle, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase the famous receipt book author, are on every bottle.

A SON OF AN OLD COMRADE

Gen. Laurie Does a Nice Thing Nicely —An Incident of Parliamentary Life Told by Dr. Macnamara.

The most interesting feature of the recent dinner of the Canada Club of London, England, in honor of Canadians returned to the new British Parliament, was that of Dr. Macnamara, the Liberal member for the Camberwell Division of Lambeth, who, in responding, said in part: I stand here as a man born in Montreal, who in his early days wandered about in Toronto, Quebec, eastern and western Canada—the son of a sergeant in a British regiment which has the privilege to call itself "Wolfe's Own." (Cheers.) I see the fourth ribbon and the medal of the fifth on Admiral Douglas' breast. He has the fourth ribbon of the 1866 Canadian medal. As a boy I used to look with pride at my father's Crimean medal and Turkish medal and his long-service medal. He used to tell me there was another medal due, and some day it would arrive. That was the medal for the 1866 Fenian raid, which arrived, thanks to the alacrity of the British War Office, a year after he died, and 36 years after the campaign. (Laughter.) And if I am not to-night so cheerful as I otherwise might be, it is due to the fact that I caught that ribbon in the tail of my eye upon Admiral Douglas' breast. I am always proud to be a member of the British Parliament, but I have never been so proud as here to-night, for the first time, the guest of many who are my fellow-countrymen. I join with Mr. Hurd—politics aside—in expressing regret at the loss of many Canadians and friends of Canada in the new Parliament. I am particularly sorry that a most urbane and agreeable gentleman, whose kindness was almost enough to make me agree with his politics, Mr. Ian Malcolm, is no longer a member of the British Parliament.

As for Gen. Laurie, let me just say this. In the Parliament of 1900 — my first Parliament — I said a few words about the condition of the soldier, and stated that my only excuse for intervening was that I happened to be the son of a man who fought in the trenches of Sebastopol. Gen. Laurie came across the floor and sat by my side. He said to me, "I was in the Crimea. What was your father in?" I told him, "The 47th," and he said, "I don't remember the name Macnamara." I replied, "Very likely you don't; he was a private soldier." I thought there was a shade of disappointment on the old man's face. Another member, a Liberal, then came and sat beside Gen. Laurie, and said to him, "We have never seen you over on this side before, Gen. Laurie. What are you doing here?" Gen Laurie's reply disarmed all class hatred in me, and made me proud of the instinct of the British Parliament. He said, "I have come over here to talk to the son of an old comrade." (Cheers.) Remember, he was a British General, and my father was a private soldier. (Cheers.)

A Pioneer Schoolmaster.

Another old and respected citizen, James R. McNeillie, has been called, very suddenly, to his reward, "in a full age like as a shock of corn." Mr. McNeillie, who died on Friday last in Port Hope, was born in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, on March 19, 1821, came to Canada in 1853 and settled in the Township of Clarke, where he taught school until coming to Port Hope in the year 1868. After taking up his residence in town he was on the public school staff for twelve years. In the year 1880 he retired from the profession, having taught in all over forty-two years. During all these years he came in touch with many young lives and helped to shape their destiny for good, as numbers in this community well know. He was a man of retiring but kindly nature, and possessed a most remarkable memory. He was an ardent churchman, having been an elder in the Presbyterian church for over forty-five years.

In the work of the First Presbyterian Church at Port Hope he took the deepest interest and was ever ready to sacrifice himself for the good of others. Up to the very last his interest in the new church, now in course of erection, was intense. On the day before his death he paid his usual visit to see what progress was being made.

Mr. McNeillie's mother was a near relative of Jane Walsh Carlyle, the gifted wife of the illustrious Thomas Carlyle. Her early home was Shillingland, mentioned in Froude's "Reminiscences of the Philosopher."

The Champlain Society.

The history of Canada is cultivated at the present time by Canadians, in a way that the general public has little idea of. For instance, there was formed in Toronto last year, a printing society to do for us what the Hakluyt, Camden, and other historical societies do for the Mother Country. It was only fitting that Canadian historical works that are rare and curious should be printed here, instead of across the line and labelled "American." Accordingly, a project was set on foot to secure two hundred subscribers at an annual subscription of ten dollars. In return, two volumes are to be ready for each subscriber each year. The society was to know no east and no west, no divisions of race or religion. It originated in "fanatic" Toronto; but it bears the name of the famous French explorer Champlain. It must gratify every good Canadian, French and English, to know that the Champlain Society is an assured success. The two hundred members have been secured, the annual income is certain, and it has been necessary to begin a waiting list.—Montreal Standard.

Art Treasure For Exhibition.

The Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association have received an important addition to their art collection in the shape of a historical painting done in water colors, of a scene on the banks of the River St. Lawrence or one of its tributaries, supposed to be in the neighborhood of Montreal. The painting was done by an officer of the French army about two hundred years ago, and represents an Indian encampment on the banks of a river. The painting, which is about 1 1-2 by 2 feet in size, will be placed on view in the Art Gallery at this year's exhibition. It was presented to the Exhibition Association by Sir Purdon Clark, former director of the South Kensington Museum, London, England.

Carrying a Loaded Gun.

A man came into the Police Court the other day carrying a friend on his back. "What's the matter?" asked the Judge. The man answered, "Judge, this man is a friend of mine, and his name is Gunn. Now, Gunn is loaded. I know that it's against the law to carry a loaded gun on the streets, so I brought him in here." The Judge said: "Gunn, you are discharged." And the next day the report was in the papers.—Mount Morris Index.

Girl Babies In Lapland.

In Lapland as soon as a girl baby is born and has been duly rolled in the snow—a ceremony which seems to take the place of baptism—she is dowered by her father with a certain number of reindeer, which are branded with her initials and kept apart as her special property. In proportion as they increase and multiply does her chance of making a good match improve.

He Was Polite.

It was once told to a certain king of England that Lord Blank was his politest subject. "I will test him," said the king and showed Lord Blank to the royal carriage, holding the door for him to enter first, which he did. "You are right," said the king. "A lesser man would have troubled me with ceremony."

Charcoal For Potted Plants.

Charcoal is the most beneficial to potted plants if broken in pieces the size of small chestnuts and added to the soil in the proportion of one part to twenty of earth.

Double Flowers.

Nearly all the double flowers of gardens were first found wild. Double buttercups, double primroses, double daisies, double roses and many other things were first discovered among their wild fellows and introduced into the gardens. The florist, however, can produce double flowers. He watches this tendency in nature. If a flower usually has five petals, and he discovers that some of the stamens have somewhat of a petal-like character, the pollen is taken from these flowers and others in a normal condition fertilized with this pollen. The tendency, once started, is then given to the progeny. Almost any species of plant will in this way be capable of producing double flowers. It is surprising that, with this knowledge, more attempts at this line of improvement in ordinary garden flowers are not made.

There is as much difference between genuine patience and sullen endurance as between the smile of love and the malicious gnashing of the teeth.—W. S. Plumer.

In Plain Words.

"What," asked the judge, "was the cause of the altercation?"

"I didn't see anny, yer honor, but it was him callin' me a liar that shtarted the fight."

The Bengal canal, 900 miles in length, is the longest artificial water course in the world.

A Successful Medicine.—Everyone wishes to be successful in any undertaking in which he may engage. It is therefore, extremely gratifying to the proprietors of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills to know that their efforts to compound a medicine which would prove a blessing to mankind have been successful beyond their expectations. The endorsation of these Pills by the public is a guarantee that a pill has been produced which will fulfil everything claimed for it.

Sir Arthur Nicolson, the chief representative of the British mission at the Morocco conference, will receive the Knight Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Yarmouth, N. S.

Gentlemen:—In January last, Francis Leclare, one of the men employed by me, working in the lumber woods, had a tree fall on him crushing him fearfully. He was, when found, placed on a sled and taken home, where grave fears were entertained for his recovery, his hips being badly bruised and his body turned black from his ribs to his feet. We used MINARD'S LINIMENT on him freely to deaden the pain and with the use of three bottles he was completely cured and able to return to his work.

SAUVEUR DUVAL.

Elgin Road, L'Islet Co., Que.

Might as Well Sleep.

A juryman went to sleep the other day during the closing speech of one of the counsel in the case in an English court. The judge had him awakened and strongly rebuked him. "My lord," said the juror, "I was under the impression that I was sworn to give a verdict according to the evidence, not according to the speeches."

NERVOUS CHILDREN.

St. Vitus Dance, Neuralgia and Headaches Common Among School Children.

St. Vitus dance is a disease that is becoming more and more frequent among school children. Young people tire the nerves with study and the nerves cry out. Sometimes the trouble takes the form of neuralgia, headache, nervous exhaustion, weakness of the limbs and muscles, and what we call "being run down." In other cases St. Vitus dance is the result, and the sufferer frequently loses all control of the limbs, which keep up a constant jerking and twitching. There is only one way to cure this trouble—through the blood which feeds and strengthens the nerves. And Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the only medicine that can make the new rich, red blood that feeds the nerves and strengthens every part of the body. The case of Flossie Doan, of Crowland, Ont., proves the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Doan says: "A couple of years ago my daughter Flossie was dangerously afflicted with St. Vitus dance. She became so nervous that after a time we could not let her see even her friends. She could not pick up a dish, lace her shoes, or make any movement to help herself. She had grown thin and very pale, and as she had been treated by several doctors, without benefit, I feared she would not recover. A friend advised me to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after she had used a couple of boxes I could see that they were helping her. We gave her nine boxes [illegible] perfectly well, and every symptom of the trouble had passed away and she is now a strong, well developed girl."

If your growing children are weak or nervous, if they are pale and thin lack appetite or complain of headache or backache give them Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and see how speedily the rich, red blood these pills make will transform them into bright, active, robust boys and girls. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Wash oilcloths and linoleums with warm water and Sunlight Soap, rinse clean and wipe dry. The colors will be preserved and the surface unharmed.

Common soaps fade the colors and injure the surface. Sunlight Soap cleans, freshens and preserves oilcloths and linoleums.

Sunlight Soap washes clothes white without injury to the most delicate fabrics, or to the hands, for it contains nothing that can injure either clothes or hands.

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

Equally good with hard or soft water.

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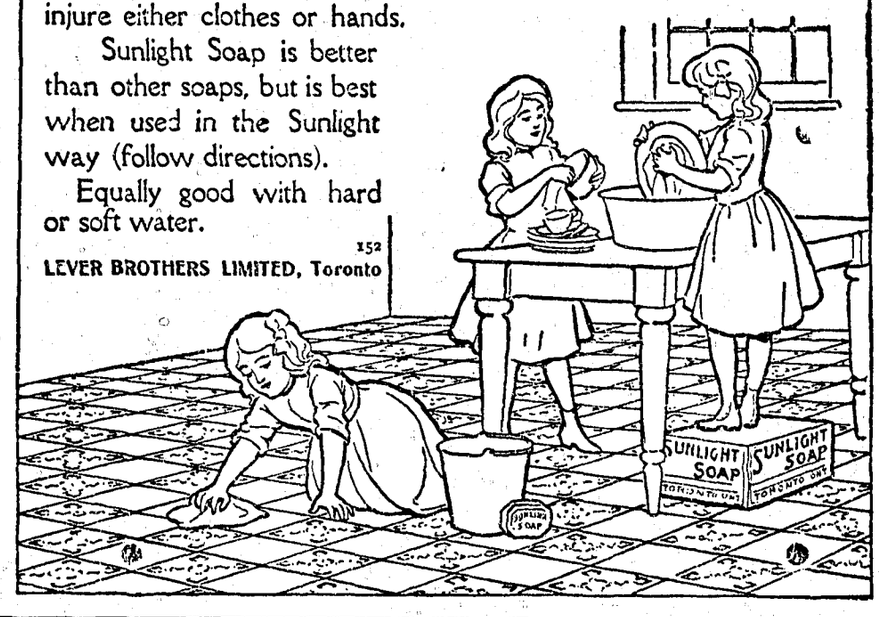
LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, Toronto



Showing His Spite.

"He seems to be prejudiced against the kaiser."

"Yes; he wouldn't let his children have the German measles."

Nullified.

What better can the grafters ask
Than that the pious brother
Should pray one way on Sabbath day
And weekdays vote the other?

Evidently Not With Her.

Belle—Billy is an awful bore.

Ethel—Indeed! When did he fall in love with some other girl?

Minard's Liniment lumberman's friend

A European Deer Story.

Stories of deer with rain barrels or water pails on their heads are common enough among Maine and Adirondack guides, but it is left for Europe to come to the fore with a variant. Some huntsmen near Innsbruck came upon a stag with a ladder on its antlers. In spite of this handicap, it made off at great speed on seeing the men, leaping hedges and dashing through the undergrowth as if quite unimpeded. Its mad career was stopped, however, when the ends of the ladder caught between two trees. Its struggles were so frantic at the approach of the huntsman's dog that it broke off part of its antlers, and thus freed, made good its escape. The ladder proved to belong to a farmer, who had left it standing against one of his haystacks. While stealing the hay, the stag had evidently upset the ladder, which had thus become fixed on its horns. Which goes to prove that honesty is the best policy—even for stags.—Springfield Republican.

A Carefully Prepared Pill.—Much time and attention were expended in the experimenting with the ingredients that enter into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills before they were brought to the state in which they were first offered to the public. Whatever other pills may be, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the result of much expert study, and all persons suffering from dyspepsia or disordered liver and kidneys may confidently accept them as being what they are represented to be.

The Soft Answer.

"If nature had made me an ostrich," said old Grouch, "I suppose I could eat your cooking."

"Wouldn't that be nice?" answered his imperturbable spouse. "Then I could get some plumes for my hat."

The Second In Command.

Stranger (sarcastically)—Are you the boss here? Office Boy—No; there's another office boy above me.

Minard's Liniment used by physicians

A babu in charge of the documents of a certain town in India found that they were being seriously damaged by rats. He wrote to the government to provide him with weekly rations for two cats to destroy the rats. The request was granted and the two cats were installed, one, the larger of the two, receiving slightly better rations than the other. All went well for a few weeks, when the supreme government of India received the following dispatch: "I have the honor to inform you that the senior cat is absent without leave. What shall I do?" The problem seemed to baffle the supreme government, for the babu received no answer. After waiting a few days he sent off a proposal: "In re absentee cat. I propose to promote the junior cat and in the meantime to take into government service a probationer cat on full rations." The supreme government expressed its approval of the scheme, and things once more ran smoothly in that department.

Routine Bicycle News.

A travelling salesman in the employ of a large bicycle manufacturer in Philadelphia was obliged to go on a business trip into the West about the time an interesting domestic event was expected. The salesman desired his sister to wire him results, according to a formula something like this: —If a boy, "Man's safety arrived;" if a girl, "Lady's safety arrived."

To the astonishment and chagrin of the father-elect he had been gone but a few days when he received the telegram containing but one word, "Tandem."—Lippincott's.

DELICATE BABIES.

Every delicate baby starts life with a serious handicap. Even a trivial illness is apt to end fatally, and the mother is kept in a state of constant dread. Baby's Own Tablets have done more than any other medicine to make weak sickly children well and strong. They give the mother a feeling of security, as through their use she sees her delicate child developing healthily. Mrs. S. M. LaBlanc, Eastern Harbor, N. S., says,—"Up to the age of fifteen months my baby was weak and sickly and at that age could not walk. It was then that I began using Baby's Own Tablets, and the change they wrought in her condition was surprising. She began to get strong at once and has ever since been a perfectly well child." Every mother who values the health of her little one should keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house. Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Swede and an Irishman were out walking together when a storm came up. The rain fell violently. Tey took refuge under a tree.

The tree for about fifteen minutes made a good refuge. Then it began to leak. The cold raindrops began to fall down the Irishman's neck and he began to complain.

"Oh, never mind," said the Swede, "there are plenty of trees. As soon as this one is wet through we'll go under another."

HIS WIFE'S LUNGS BOTH AFFECTED

But the Great Consumptive Preventative brought Health and Happiness to his Home

"Our doctor said there was no cure for my wife as both her lungs were affected," says Mr. L. H. Walter, of Pearl Street, Brockville, Ont. "It was a sad disappointment to us both, just starting out in life, only married a short time. But before she had finished the first bottle of Psychine the pain in her lungs quickly went away, and after taking six bottles Mrs. Walter was a new creature and perfectly well again."

That is just one of the many families into which Psychine has brought hope, health and happiness. It is a living proof that Psychine cures Consumption. But don't wait for Consumption. Cure your LaGrippe, your Cough, your Bronchitis, your Catarrh, or your Pneumonia with the remedy that never fails—

PSYCHINE

(Pronounced Si-kees)

50c. Per Bottle

Larger sizes $1 and $2—all druggists.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, Toronto.

ABOUT THINGS OF INDIA

FAST DISAPPEARING BEFORE EFFORTS OF CIVILIZATION.

Original Members of the Order of Criminals Were Religious Devotees Who Reduced Murder to An Art — Not Mere Vulgar Slayers of Men—Criminal Life Where Son Follows Father.

It was a happy inspiration that led to the adoption of the word "thug" as a synonym for a ferocious criminal. Its very sound is suggestive of silent and sudden murder. It echoes the thug of the slungshot.

This, of course, is a mere coincidence; *the word is not English, in spite of its* sound. It is Hindostanee. In England it has no newspaper currency, but retains its historical meaning, a caste of Indian stranglers.

In becoming popular the term has suffered some degradation, for the thugs of India were no vulgar sluggers and murderers. They were religious devotees and artists in crime. De Quincey would have given them high rank among the practitioners of "Murder Considered as a Fine Art."

The thugs, indeed, were under vows to Kali Devi, the black-browed consort of Siva the Destroyer. She is that terrible personage who appears in the Hindoo pantheon as a fierce but beautiful woman, riding on a tiger, or as a hideous, blood-stained idol, garlanded with skulls. Banded together as caste brethren, the thugs hunted men to offer them the deity of destruction, and because she required a bloodless sacrifice they killed their victim by suffocation.

The thugs, not being cannibals, could not live by mere murder, so they robbed their victims and divided the spoils between themselves and the temples of Kali. As a religious body they were protected by the Brahmins and by pious but impecunious rajahs, who licensed and taxed them. It was an easy way for a ruler to increase his revenue, and the victims were traveling merchants who would not be missed.

During the many centuries of war and anarchy in India Thuggee flourished mightily. Under Aurungzebe, to whom as a Moslem Kali was an abhorrent idol, it suffered a check. Hindoo fanaticism supported it. The Nawab of Surat had captured a band of thugs and was about to release them for a ransom offered by certain Banians, who hoped to acquire "religious merit" by the act. The Emperor ordered the thugs to be strung up by the left hands in the jungle and left there to die. The Banians, prototypes of the sentimentalists who present notorious modern criminals with bouquets, banqueted the stranglers before the execution.

These terrors of the Indian highway are now extinct, like the sabre-toothed tiger. About sixty years ago many hundreds were executed and the remainder transported or put to work at tent-making and other peaceful trades in strict confinement.

It was the writer's privilege a few years back to visit one of the last of these world famous stranglers. He had been captured young and sentenced to imprisonment for life in a central Indian jail.

In a cool corridor that overlooked the sunlit garden a venerable old man was weaving the pattern of a Persian carpet. Tall and erect, with snowy mustache and high caste features, he might have passed in uniform for a British colonel bronzed by years of service. He showed not a single one of the criteria of the type criminal as described by Lombroso.

Nadhoo, so he was called, had been so long a prisoner that he was rather cared for as a curiosity, a museum specimen, than treated as a criminal. He had become an expert in weaving, and when the loom were idle was by no means unwilling to talk of his experiences as a thug. He had been born in the caste, and devoted early to the service of the Kali. His father led him to the secret place in the jungle and there initiated him, by the weird rite of the corpse and the dagger, into the freemasonry of the brotherhood.

He learned their signs, how to interpret the omen of the owl, the patter of the "ramawsi"—the secret language of the craft. Being a precocious youth, as he said, he was selected to play the part of "talker," or confidence man. He was ostensibly a traveler on the Delhi road, where the Indian Midland Railway now runs, for his brother, who dealt in silks and cotton goods in a Deccan city. Of his exploits as talker of the band of Tulsi Ram, a notorious thug, executed long ago for his crimes, he told this tale:

"Tulsi Ram was the right arm of Kali, and I was the right arm of Tulsi Ram. It was I who decoyed Nasur Khan, the rich jeweler, with coaxing words, as men take carp from a pond by tickling their sides.

"Nasur was journeying to Delhi with gems from Mysore and a caravan laden with silks in bales and rich brocades. I came before him as a poor trader, begging for permission to join his train for the sake of protection against thieves."

A twinkle in the old man's eyes betrayed his relish of the irony of the situation.

"Nasur was as hard as the stones he dwelt in," he continued, "and the price he demanded for his protection was high. Then I told him that the Rajah of Mulwa had news of the approach of his caravan, and Nasur's heart became as water, for he feared the horsemen of Mulwa and the toll they take.

"Nasur's heart was glad within him when he rode aside from Mulwa, and when he met Tulsi Ram merry was his greeting. Quiet merchants all, they seemed—my brothers—and Nasur's men chatted with them, as travelers, of price and grain. And as they conversed together they made a jest about the thugs so my brethren gathered around Nasur Khan and his men, two to a traveler, and when all were listening open-mouthed to a story of Hatim Tai's an owl hooted twice from the jungle. That was the signal."

The old man illustrated with wrist and knuckle the act of tightening the dumal, a handkerchief, around the neck of the victim. He told how the travelers were buried while warm in the graves that had been prepared for them. For himself, it was his destiny to be a thug. "It is our custom," he said. "The potter's son takes to the potter's wheel; the coppersmith's to the tinkling hammer."

Strangely enough, the veteran became himself a sacrifice to the goddess of his vows. For Kali Devi is also the patroness of that scourge of India, cholera morbus, and next hot weather the old thug passed away during an epidemic. Kali had stretched out one of her hundred hands and called her devotees away.

From this confession it seems that winning the confidence of their victims was the mainstay of the thug business. Theirs was not the bold overt, "Your money or your life" attack of the bandit, but the crafty approach of the criminal tactician. They reckoned on taking their man off his guard, as the "coney catcher" did in sixteenth century London and as the bunco man does to-day in Western America. Confidence operators are as old as graft itself.

The work of suppressing thuggee was done by Col. Sleeman, one of those martyrs to exile and official duty that the Indian civil service needs and trains. In the district where he replaced blackmail and brigandage by law and order the town of Sleemanabad—Sleeman's city—stands for his monument. The long task of rounding up the thug bands was made easier by disaffection within their ranks. The powerful religious band was broken when unbelieving Moslems were admitted as members of the robber caste and rose to be leaders. The Kali worship became a mere pretext for robbery and murder, and thuggee fell before the repressive measures of a strong executive.

One is not surprised to hear of European criminals adopting methods more or less like those of the thugs. If a robber can trust his pal, two heads and two pairs of hands are better than one. A skillful grasp on the throat by one man stifles the cry for help and safeguards the operations of his partner. But as no idea of religious duty would avail in court they must stop short of strangulation or risk a charge of murder.

The garrotters who infested London in the '60's choked but did not kill the late returning citizens. When chloroform came into use in surgery the under world of crime, or at any rate its master minds, at once appreciated its value. It was painless, it was safe—for them; the victim would awake in a state of mental confusion; he could give the police no clew. The drug became popular with the scientific criminals who operated on English railroad lines, where the closed compartments secure privacy. Sometimes a subject died under chloroform by misadventure, but that might have happened at the hands of a young medical practitioner.

In Paris, however, the tricks of Indian thuggees have been closely followed. Look over the files of the Parisian papers of recent years and you will find accounts of men found dead in lonely places with leather cords around their necks and empty pockets. They had resisted the attacks of strangler thieves. In other cases wealthy men, returning late from the opera on foot, fell victims to the handkerchief trick. In this case the "foulard" of heavy Lyons silk took the place of the cotton "rumal" of the thug.

A robber dressed like a workman or petit bourgeois would approach a belated clubman and offer him for sale a ring, ostensibly picked up from the pavement. If monsieur did not take alarm the robber's partner, who had crept behind his victim, snared his mouth and throat in a noose. Then with a quick jiu-jitsu turn the thug heaved him off the ground on to his back, like a sack of coal, and his partner stepped up and rifled monsieur's pockets. The victim was then dropped on the pavement with force enough to stun him and the thugs made their escape.

The French gendarmerie trace this clever and bloodless operation to the teaching of a professor who lectured in the criminal quarter of Paris some sixty years since. About that time the thugs of India were being brought to trial and the revelations that followed excited great interest in Europe. It is very likely that the professor borrowed his line of treatment from these published cases. But old Nadhoo of the jail would have said that the spirit of an executed thug had incarnated itself in the Frenchman in order to propagate the mystery of thuggee in the virgin soil of France.

The thugs of India, it was said, began as devotees, but ended as brigands. Some form of brigandage, indeed, seems epidemic in Asiatic countries that are not ruled by the strong hand. Burmah is a case in point and so are the Philippines.

The thugs of Burmah were called Yecoits. During the first few years of the British occupation the troops were actively employed in small detachments in running down the "dakus" and laying their chiefs by the heels. It was a tough school for subalterns. The nature of the warfare is well illustrated in Kipling's "The Taking of Lungtungpen," a tale of the harrying of a dacoit stronghold by Mulvaney's detachment. But dacoity is now extinct in Burmah and the country is policed by native constabulary.

An excess of levity is as impertinent as an excess of gravity.—Hazlitt.

TO AN OLD LOVER.

There is silvery frost in your hair, old boy,
There are lines on your forehead, too;
But your clear eyes speak of the peace and joy
That dwell in the heart of you.
For the passing of youth you have no regret,
No sighs for the summer gloam
And the lovers' moon. They are with you yet,
In the light of the lamp at home.

In your summer of youth, in that sunny hour,
That will come to you never again,
When you wooed your love, as the bee the flower,
The sweets that you gathered then
You have hived and stored for your later life,
And your heart is the honeycomb—
Ah! I've seen your face when you kissed your wife,
In the light of the lamp at home.

Oh, you rare old lover! Oh, faithful knight!
With your sweetheart of long ago,
You are many days from the warmth and light
Of the summers you used to know;
But you need not yearn for the glamor and gold
Of the fields you were wont to roam,
Oh, the light for the hearts that are growing old
Is the light of the lamp at home.

—Catholic Standard.

A TYPEWRITER RECORD.

Miss Fritz Wrote 2,887 Correct Words In Half an Hour.

In spite of the unpleasant state of the weather, a large number of interested spectators were present at St. George's Hall, Toronto, one evening recently, to witness the typewriter speed demonstration of Miss Rose L. Fritz. Miss Fritz was the winner in a contest held recently in Chicago, her record being 2,289 correct words in one half an hour. That night she endeavored to break her own record, and how far she succeeded is shown by the fact that she wrote 2,887 correct words in the same time limit, thus exceeding her record by 598 words. It might be said that the copy from which Miss Fritz wrote was entirely new to her, being matter taken from a newspaper of recent date.

It as noticeable that the operation of the typewriter seemed to depend on the action of the fingers and wrist, the muscles of the arm, apparently, not being brought into play. This, no doubt, accounted for the smoothness and lightness of her touch, and, although the machine was manipulated with marvellous rapidity, it was singularly free from that nerve-racking click that accompanies the operation of the majority of typewriters. Her finished copy, which was handed to the audience for inspection, was marked by an evenness and smoothness in its typed letters, which gave the impression that each key was struck with the same degree of precision and force.

Miss Fritz allowed herself to be blindfolded, and wrote from dictation, a letter comprised of one hundred words in fifty-five seconds. She also, still blindfolded, wrote a second letter of one hundred words, and having omitted a word, after the bandage was removed from her eyes, inserted the word in its proper place before taking the paper from the machine. This was accomplished in fifty-nine seconds. In fact in many different ways, Miss Fritz proved herself to be a thoroughly capable mistress of the machine.

Rural Delivery Too Costly.

The Postmaster-General has presented to the House a report of the investigation made by Mr. William Smith, secretary of the Postoffice Department, and Mr. George Ross, chief postoffice superintendent, into the workings of the rural free delivery service in the United States. The two officials went to Washington last year and were received with every courtesy by the United States postal officials. They state that it was obvious that the service was popular amongst the officials, but there is not the slightest likelihood that it will ever become self-sustaining. In the spring of last year there were 30,000 rural free delivery routes in operation, and new ones being aded at the rate of 500 a month. The rule requires a population of at least one hundred families on a route from 25 to 30 miles in length before the district becomes entitled to free delivery. The rural carrier stops within half a mile of any established postoffice. There is no free delivery in cities or towns of less than 10,000 inhabitants, and an annual revenue of $10,000, but the report says that a demand in this direction is bound to come.

According to present plans and at the present rates of pay the cost of the service to the United States this year will certainly be not less than from thirty-two and one-half to thirty-three million dollars, while the deficit cannot be less than twenty millions, and may go over thirty million dollars.

The report says that if such a service were established in Canada the annual deficit would amount to millions of dollars, the greater portion of the burden falling upon the agricultural population.

The report closes with the statement that in the opinion of the two officials the time has not arrived for the Canadian Postoffice Department to enter upon a rural free delivery service.

When He Was Absorbed.

"He's the most devout man in church. I never saw any one who could be so absorbed in prayer."

"Indeed? I never noticed it."

"Probably not. I don't suppose you ever took up the collection."—Catholic Standard and Times.

THE LUCKY NOVELISTS

AS ELECTIONEERS THEY SHOWED METTLE IN RECENT CONTEST.

Conan Doyle Only Literary Aspirant to Fail In Parliamentary Elections—Romance Born of Book—Athletic Critic and Girl Writer on Diet Find Their Sympathies Agree—Publisher Also a Winner.

Probably the recent Parliamentary election in this country will go down to fame as one of the most "literary" on record, writes Hayden Church, the London correspondent. With the single exception of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle the entire collection of authors who offered themselves as candidates triumphantly were elected, and no doubt the creator of Sherlock Holmes would have got in, too, had he not allied himself with what proved to be the unpopular side. As it was, however, he was soundly beaten by an eminent barrister named Shaw.

Incidentally the electoral contest has called attention to the close friendship which exists between J. M. Barrie and the author of "Miranda of the Balcony," A. E. W. Mason, who has just been elected to Parliament as the representative of Coventry. Both novelists are keen Liberals, and at the beginning of Mason's campaign Barrie accompanied his friend to the Coventry district and remained with him all through the fight, even stopping to see the votes counted and to hear Mason's election announced.

Moreover, Mr. Barrie gave Mason his moral support in every way possible. He drew the line at actual "canvassing, it is true—he is much too retiring by temperament to shine as an election "worker"—but he sat on the platform at practically every one of Mason's meetings and generally backed his fellow novelist up from start to finish. Probably he thoroughly enjoyed it, for his interest in politics is said to be almost as keen as that which he takes in fairies, and it has been rumored he would come forward as a candidate for Parliament. So perhaps Mason will be able to reciprocate later on.

Publisher Also a Winner.

Meanwhile, it seems that besides the five novelsits—Sir Gilbert Parker, Mason, Churchill, Belloc, and Vivian—who will sit in Parliament, the publishing trade will also be represented; another victor in the election being Frank Newnes, who has been returned for Nottinghamshire. A Liberal, he is the only son of Sir George Newnes and a director in the publishing firm which issues the Strand and Wide World magazines, Tit-Bits, and many other publications.

Walter Emanuel, author of "A Dog Day," which set all England laughing, and who, among other things, writes the Charivari column in Punch, has a grievance. One of the society publications in New York recently reported him as being dead, but in telling about it recently he appeared much alive, indeed. Mr. Emanuel has written the editor of the periodical a letter. Here it is:

Dear Sir: In your issue of the 28th ult. you refer to my book, "A Dog Day," as being by the "late Walter Emanuel." As this intimation of my death is apt to cause unnecessary pleasure to my friends, will you kindly deny it? I am still alive—some people have no sense of duty. Excuse more, but I am just off to join the "Anti-Premature Burial society."—Walter Emanuel.

Mr. Emanuel is writing another book on dogs, which, like the first, will be illustrated by Cecil Aldin. It is probable that it will be published in England and America simultaneously.

Fergus Hume, who has been down in Cornwall putting the finishing touches to seven new novels, has returned to his home near London.

Romance Born of a Book.

There have been so many tragedies of late in connection with books—so many suicides committed to call attention to books, and so many distressful happenings over books that failed to attract attention to themselves—that it is pleasant to be able to tell of a charming romance that never would have happened if it had not been for a recently published volume of essays. Perhaps, on the whole, it would be more correct to say if a certain newspaper article had not been published, for this it was that really started the business.

Eustace Miles wrote the article in question. He is the expert on exercise and he declared the way to be happy was to appear happy and said much more on the same subject. That article was read by Miss Hallie Killick, a young authoress, who belongs to a little coterie of literary folk at Westgate, and it inspired her to write the book of essays above referred to, which she called "Life's Orchestra," and of which she sent a copy to Mr. Miles explaining at the same time how it came to be written.

As it happened, the little work made a big hit. Among others to whom it appealed was Queen Alexandra, who carried it about with her everywhere, and read some parts of it to one of the young English princesses who was ill. Needless to say, the young authoress was encouraged to write another book, and when it was finished she wrote to Eustace Miles asking for his advice regarding a publisher.

Book Dedicated to France.

A short correspondence followed, with the result that the athletic expert took a trip down to Westgate to see Miss Killick, and now, as the lady novelists say, "there are to be wedding bells!" Meanwhile Miss Killick's new book is nearly ready, and is to be dedicated to her fiance.

Admirers of Rembrandt who are coming abroad this year should arrange to do so before the end of June, in which case they will be in time for the celebration of the tercentenary of the great artist's birth, which takes place in Holland in July. Leyden, where Rembrandt was born and spent nearly all his life, will be the scene of the chief ceremonies, which will include the unveiling of a statue close to the house in which he saw the light.

A SONG FROM THE PERSIAN.

Ah! sad are they who know not love,
But, far from passion's tears and smiles,
Drift down a moonless sea, beyond
The silvery coasts of fairy isles.

And sadder they whose longing lips
Kiss empty air and never touch
The dear warm mouth of those they love—
Waiting, wasting, suffering much.

But clear as amber, fine as musk,
Is life to those who, pilgrim-wise,
Move hand-in-hand from dawn to dusk
Each morning nearer Paradise.

Oh, not for them shall angels pray!
They stand in everlasting light.
They walk in Allah's smile by day,
And slumber in His heart by night.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

QUEER COINCIDENCES.

Andrew Lang Tells Real Curious One About a Clock and a Letter.

Here is a real curious coincidence, reported to me by a trustworthy friend. My friend paid a visit, with a companion, also known to me, to a lady. On the chimneypiece of the drawing-room was a black marble clock, not going, and near it a small round clock in working order. Suddenly a child of the lady of the house, standing on the hearth rug, said, "Mother, the big clock" (the black marble clock) "is ticking." "Impossible!" said his mother. "It has not ticked for many a month. I broke the pendulm myself." Every one present then examined the marble clock, which was ticking away steadily, and the coincidence was that it had taken up the time correctly and was in accord with the small clock beside it. No one had touched the black marble clock.

Of this coincidence I can only offer the explanation which must already have occurred to every reader. Somebody in the house must have got the clock mender to mend the marble clock without informing the lady of the house. The clock must have been set to the right time, and neither the lady nor her visitors happened to notice its ticking till it was observed by the child on the hearth rug. If this view be disproved, then there was a genuine miracle—a clock going, or ticking at all events, with a broken pendulum. Such is the weakness of human testimony that my friend does not tell me whether the big clock's hands were moving or whether it only ticked.

I know nothing analogous to a clock that ticked without going except a queer story of a letter, which is vouched for by the signatures of the persons who wrote the narrative and who stuck to it when cross-examined orally. They were a brother and sister, living together. One evening a letter came to their house directed to their care, but addressed to a third person, who did not live with them. The sister placed the letter on the chimneypiece, meaning to put on the proper address. Presently the letter began to tick like a watch and kept on ticking. The brother came in and heard the ticking. They examined the letter, could find no explanation and next morning carried the strange epistle to the person for whom it was meant. The letter proved to be extremely important, though the envelope was not marked "Immediate," like envelopes containing advertisements. Apparently the letter, like all matter, according to Haeckel, was not destitute of consciousness and knew that it was in a hurry. Of course, the black marble clock may on these principles have had not only consciousness, but conscience, and said to itself: "Let me fulfill the purpose of my being. Go I cannot without a pendulum, but tick I can and will." None the less the normal explanation seems the better.—Andrew Lang in Illustrated London News.

A Lost Lesson.

The proprietor of an engineering works in Scotland, according to The Dundee Advertiser, was watching the leisurely efforts of an apprentice who was swinging his hammer in a gentle way.

"Look here, laddie," he said, going up to the youth and taking the hammer from him, "when I see a man that takes his hammer by the end of the shaft and strikes a proper blow like that I give that a man 32 shillings a week, but a man that takes it in the middle like this only gets 25 shillings a week and the sack whenever we get slack. See?"

Hoping he had sufficiently well driven home his point, he surveyed the lad more in sorrow than in anger, but the latter requested an extension of the lesson.

"Please, sir," he said, "where do I hold it for four shillings a week?"

Two Mistakes.

An Irish merchant who had more money in his pocket than his appearance denoted took a seat in a first-class carriage. A dandy fellow-passenger was much annoyed at Pat's presence and, missing his handkerchief, taxed him with having picked his pocket. After recovering his handkerchief, which he had put in his hat, he made a lame apology, but Pat stopped him with this remark:

"Make yourself easy, darlint. Don't bother about the matter. You took me for a thafe. I took you for a gentleman. We were both of us mistaken, that's all, me honey."

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First Railroad Charter.

The first charter ever granted in this country or probably any other for the building of a railroad was granted in 1819 to Henry Drinker by the Pennsylvania legislature for a road of that kind from the Delaware valley to the headwaters of the Lehigh river over the route now occupied by the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad from the Water Gap to Scranton. That was before the days of steam, and the "wagons" that were to be run on the road were to be moved by horse power. That old charter and the rights it conveyed were purchased by the original Delaware and Lackawanna company for $1,000.

Took the Second Man.

One evening recently a well to do bachelor volunteered to teach a sprightly young widow the game of checkers. He quite overlooked the possibilities of the game.

"There, now; it's still your move," he exclaimed to the lady shortly after the game had commenced. "You have taken only one man, and you are bound to take another."

"Thanks for your advice," said the widow sweetly. "Suppose I take you, then?"

She did subsequently.

Titles.

Give a Georgia darky a "chaw" of tobacco and you're a cap'n.

Give him a quarter and you become a colonel.

Paralyze him with a dollar and you are a general for life.

Throw in an old suit of clothes and two stiff drams of corn liquor and he raises all his children to call you governor.

A Money Maker.

He—My brother is making more money than he can spend.

She—What is he doing?

He—Working in the mint.

An Autumn Chant.

The leaves are turning yellow,
The porch's charm has died.
And Mabel and her fellow
Now lallygag inside

As They "Coo" Together.

He—Well, dear, if I am a fool I can't help it.

She—But you can help showing it, dear. Other men do.—Life.

Age Doesn't Count.

They say he's old enough to be
Her father. That is true,
But then quite rich enough is he
To be her husband too.

Uncertain Age.

Oldbean (growing romantic)—Ah, how I wish I had lived in the knightly days of old!

Miss Youngthing (growing wary)—Didn't you?

Too Great Wickedness.

Revivalist—Is it possible that you dance?

Fair Sinner—Oh, yes, often.

"Now, tell me, honestly and fairly, don't you think the tendency of dancing is toward sin?"

"I must confess that sometimes while dancing I have very wicked thoughts."

"Aha! I feared so. When is it that you have wicked thoughts?"

"When my partner steps on my toes."—New York Weekly.

The Examination.

"You think you are qualified for the position?"

"That's what."

"Good at figures?"

"When they don't run too fur."

"What's your experience?"

"Saved by grace."

"Ever in the war?"

"Naw, but I've heard tell it's over."—Atlanta Constitution.

Crimson Glare.

Friend—Why are you staring at old Tippler's red nose?

Artist—I am getting inspiration for a great marine picture.

Friend—What will you call it?

Artist—Why, "The Lighthouse Below the Bridge."—Chicago News.

Essential to Dairy Success.

Let me first note some of the methods practiced by our most progressive dairy farmers; then we may more easily understand the progress made by the average dairyman, says a New York correspondent of Hoard's Dairyman. These are now well established facts: To make dairying the most profitable there must be a herd of well bred cows—cows that have been bred to make a maximum amount of butter fat from the food consumed. They must be fed a balanced and succulent ration, and as much as possible of this must be grown on the farm in the form of corn, grasses and the different kinds of grains and soiling crops, and in winter the cows must be kept in warm, light and well ventilated stables. These are now recognized as the three main essentials to success in progressive dairy farming and are, to restate in a word, good cows, good rations and comfort for the cows.

The Farm Separator.

If a farmer has ten cows and is using the old fashioned milk pans and his herd averages three pounds of butter per 100 pounds of milk, it is safe to assume that with any of the standard makes of cream separators his yield would be increased by about one-quarter or more.

WERE WILLING TO WAIT.

The Burglars Decide to Postpone Their Work.

It was 1 o'clock in the morning.

In the deepest shadow of the piazza of the little suburban villa in which our story opens sat two burglars, earnestly discussing the affair that had brought them hither. A light in one of the upper windows, which had only just been extinguished, had made them postpone for awhile their attempt, and this delay had given the first burglar an opportunity to ask his partner the circumstances which had led to this particular graft.

"The lady who occupies this house," whispered the second burglar, "has $10,000 in cash. She drew it out of the bank yesterday, and tomorrow she will turn it over to the old and trusted friend of her late husband."

"Who is he?" asked the first burglar.

"He's an old cove they've known all their lives. He's going to advise her how to invest her money. In the meantime she's got it all up stairs with her in a black bag."

The first burglar was silent for awhile.

"I'm," he said at last, "I haven't the heart to do it. She's a widow. Let's wait."

"Wait!" exclaimed the second burglar. "For what?"

"Why," said his companion, "wait until the old cove has it, then rob him."—Life.

Ambitious.

"You say you are ambitious?" said the relative who lectures.

"I am," said the young man.

"But you are not doing anything to distinguish yourself from the rest of mankind."

"Yes, I am," was the serene reply. "I am staying away from the golf links. I expect in the course of time to be famous as the only man in the world who doesn't play golf."—Washington Star.

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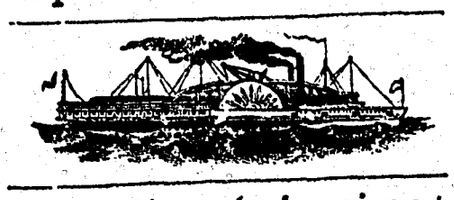
THE CUMBERLAND NEWS
Issued Every Tuesday.
W. B. ANDERSON, - - - - MGR

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

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

WEDNESDAY, July 25 1906

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry



S. S. "City of Nanaimo."

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

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

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

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

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

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

North Saanich when tide and weather conditions permit.

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

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

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

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

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE
JUNE 21, 1906

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No 2—Daily. A.M.		No. 4—Saturday & Sunday P.M.
De. 9 00	Victoria	De. 4.00
" 9.28	Coldstream	" 4 28
" 10.24	Koenig's	" 5 21
" 11.00	Duncan's	" 5.55
P.M		P.M.
" 12.35	Nanaimo	" 7.37
Ar 12.53	Wellington	Ar. 7.55

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1—Daily A.M.		No. 3—Wednesday, Saturday & Sunday A.M.
De. 8.00	Wellington	De. 4 00
" 8.20	Nanaimo	" 4.15
10 02	Duncan's	" 5.55
" 10.42	Koenig's	" 7.27
" 11.38	Coldstream	" 6.32
Ar 12.00	Victoria	Ar 7.55

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

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

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

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NOTICE.

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

By order
FRANCIS D. LITTLE
Manager.

Venetian Hospitality.

Whatever might have been said against the Venetians, they were a hospitable people—this, too, in small as well as in great matters. When, for example, in 1476, an embassador from the khan of Tartary visited the city and it was known that the khan and his suit carried but one shirt apiece in their bags, the senate formally voted 20 ducats that they might be provided with additional shirts, which were accordingly made "alla tartaresca" and presented. We can imagine how the good councilors and citizens would enjoy this kindly little jest.

Pinned Faith to Plymouth Rock.

The dominance of New England sentiment in matters of ancestry and early history was illustrated at a certain meeting of women in New York the other day when the first English settlement was spoken of as having been made in Jamestown, Va.

"Why, I always thought it was in Plymouth rock!" exclaimed a daughter of New England. "And so did I." "And I," echoed others, at least half of the women present, all of them supposed to be well educated persons, being of that opinion.

Not True to Nature.

A favorite joke in cheap theatricals is a gay old man who is running around after the young and pretty girls. It's not true to nature. Young and pretty girls soon tire of an old man. They do not pay him any attention and say things that hurt his feelings. Old men are rarely gay, but they are usually bilious.

Belated.

"Is th' thrain gone?" gasped Pat as he rushed into the station.

"It is," replied the agent calmly.

"Phwy didn't yez tell me that whin Oi was here yiste'day, awn Oi wudn't av bruk me neck runnin'."

Owning Up.

Mother—There were two apples in the cupboard, Tommy, and now there is only one. How's that?

Tommy (who sees no way of escape)—Well, ma, it was so dark in there I didn't see the other.

Disappointed In Bella.

"How did you find your married daughter getting along when you visited her in the city, Uncle Josh?"

"Oh, Bella's gettin along well enough, but she's just like all of them society folks now, and I don't think I could ever git used to their ways. The fust thing she did when I went into the house was to give me a splendid big rockin cheer to set in, and the next thing was to tell me it wasn't good form to rock it."—Chicago Tribune.

Equals.

Every incident should be welcomed which in a country where offended "honor" must be satisfied by questionable means tends to make the practice of dueling absurd. Many a sensible man has escaped the lifelong remorse attendant on "bringing down his man" by the simple method of throwing cold water on the person's injured sensibilities in the beginning.

One day a distinguished notary, while breakfasting with a friend at a cafe in Paris, indulged in some stinging comments on the public acts of Marshal Marmont. Suddenly another gentleman, dining at another table, arose and approached them, his mustache bristling with anger.

"Sir," cried he tragically, "you shall give me satisfaction!"

"Are you Marshal Marmont?" quietly asked the notary.

"I have not that honor," was the reply, "but I am his chief aid-de-camp."

"Give me your card, then, sir," said the notary. "I will send you my head clerk."

Slightly Negative.

Uncle Ephraim's rusty hat droops humbly over his black and wrinkled forehead; his coat pockets are sagging away from his coat; one knee is covered with a blue patch, the other one with a white one sewed on with black thread; his shoes are full of holes, and it would puzzle any one to declare the original color of any article of his apparel. He pulls off the drooping hat as he looks over my garden fence and gives me a smile that makes me feel better for an hour. "Miss Alice," he asks cheerfully, "you don't know nobody that doe't wanter hire nobody to do nothin' for 'em dis mawnin', does you?"—

Knew It All.

Hotel Proprietor—Yes, I want a clerk at once. What do you know about hotel keeping?

Applicant—Know? See here! Unless you've got four or five years to spare for a little chat, ask me what I don't know. It'll take me less time. What do I know about hotel keeping? Well, I should smile! I know it all—more than all! I could run forty hotels and play ten games of chess blindfolded. Why, I used to be a commercial traveler!—

Sunshine and Energy.

A writer in a scientific periodical recommends sunshine, and plenty of it, for insomnia. He says that women shut the sunlight out of their houses, wear veils and carry sunshades—in fact, do everything possible to exclude themselves from that which is the most potent factor in the development of strength, beauty and cheerfulness.

Having tact means remembering to bring the conversation around to Kalamazoo when there is a guest present who has been there.

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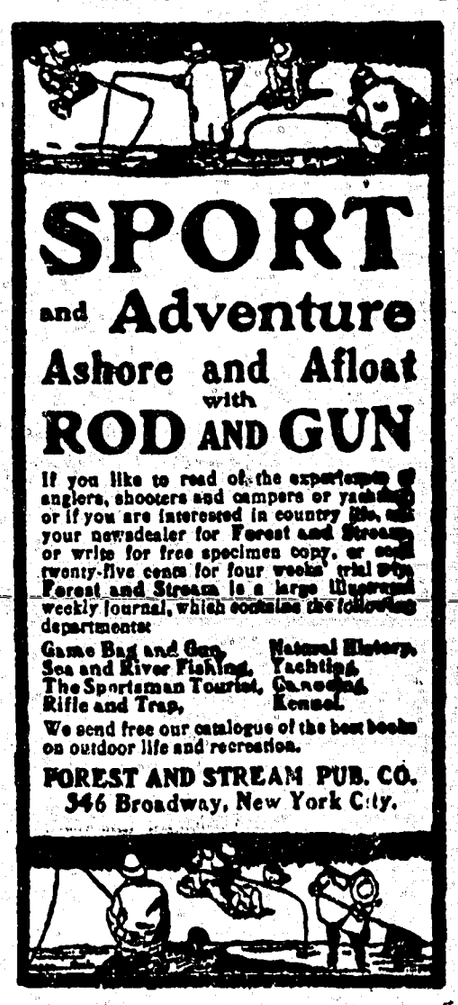

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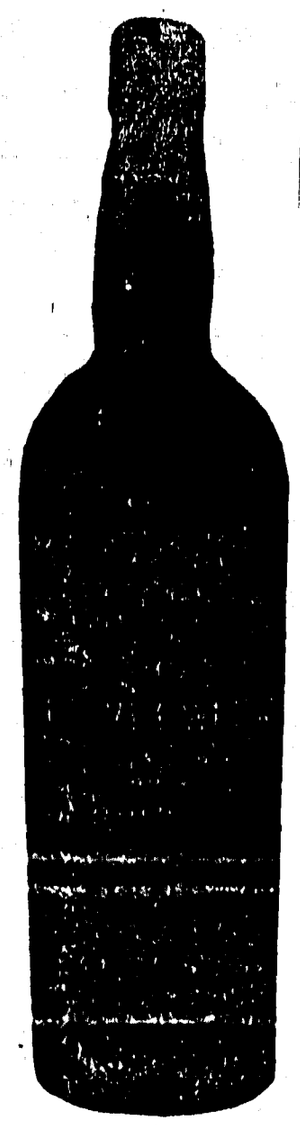

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EBEN HOLDEN

By IRVING BACHELLER

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(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXII.

I TOOK a walk in the long twilight of that evening. As it began to grow dark I passed the Fuller house and looked up at its windows. Standing under a tree on the opposite side of the avenue, I saw a man come out of the door and walk away hurriedly with long strides. I met him at the next corner.

"Good evening," he said.

I recognized then the voice and figure of John Trumbull.

"Been to Fuller's," said he.

"How is Hope?" I asked.

"Better," said he. "Walk with me?"

"With pleasure," said I. And then he quickened his pace.

We walked awhile in silence, going so fast I had hardly time to speak, and the darkness deepened into night. We hurried along through streets and alleys that were but dimly lighted, coming out at length on a wide avenue passing through open fields in the upper part of the city. Lights in cabin windows glowed on the hills around us. I made some remark about them, but he did not hear me. He slackened pace in a moment and began whispering to himself. I could not hear what he said. I thought of bidding him good night and returning, but where were we, and how could I find my way?

We heard a horse coming presently at a gallop. At the first loud whack of the hoofs he turned suddenly and, laying hold of my arm, began to run. I followed him into the darkness of the open field. It gave me a spell of rare excitement, for I thought at once of highwaymen, having read so much of them in the Tribune. He stopped suddenly and stooped low, his hands touching the grass, and neither spoke until the horse had gone well beyond us. Then he rose stealthily and looked about him in silence, even turning his face to the dark sky, where only a few stars were visible.

"Well," said he, with a grunt, "beats the devil! I thought it was"—

A wonderful thing was happening in the sky. A great double moon seemed to be flying over the city hooded in purple haze. A little spray of silver light broke out of it as we looked, and shot backward and then floated after the two shining disks that were falling eastward in a long curve. They seemed to be so near I thought they were coming down upon the city. It occurred to me they must have some connection with the odd experience I had gone through. In a moment they had passed out of sight. We were not aware that we had witnessed a spectacle the like of which had not been seen in centuries, if ever, since God made the heavens—the great meteor of 1860.

"Let's go back," said Trumbull. "We came too far. I forgot myself."

"Dangerous here?" I inquired.

"Not at all," said he, "but a long way out of town. Tired?"

"Rather," I said, grateful for his evident desire to quiet my alarm.

"Come," said he as we came back to the pavement, his hand upon my shoulder. "Talk to me. Tell me—what are you going to do?"

We walked slowly down the deserted avenue, I meanwhile talking of my plans.

"You love Hope," he said presently. "You will marry her?"

"If she will have me," said I.

"You must wait," he said. "Time enough."

He quickened his pace again as we came in sight of the scattering shops and houses of the upper city, and no other word was spoken. On the corners we saw men looking into the sky and talking of the fallen moon. It was late bedtime when we turned into Gramercy park.

"Come in," said he as he opened an iron gate.

I followed him up a marble stairway, and a doddering old English butler opened the door for us. We entered a fine hall, its floor of beautiful parquetry muffled with silken rugs. High and spacious rooms were all aglow with light.

He conducted me to a large smoking room, its floor and walls covered with trophies of the hunt—antlers and the skins of carnivora. Here he threw off his coat and bade me be at home, as he lay down upon a wicker divan covered with the tawny skin of some wild animal. He stroked the fur fondly with his hand.

"Hello, Jack!" he said, a greeting that mystified me.

"Tried to eat me," he added, turning to me.

Then he bared his great hairy arm and showed me a lot of ugly scars.

I besought him to tell the story.

"Killed him," he answered.

"With a gun?"

"No, with my hands." And that was all he would say of it.

He lay facing a black curtain that covered a corner. Now and then I heard a singular sound in the room—like some faint, far night cry such as I have heard often in the deep woods. It was so weird I felt some wonder of it. Presently I could tell it came from behind the curtain, where also I heard an odd rustle like that of wings.

I sat in a reverie, looking at the silent man before me, and in the midst of it he pulled a cord that hung near him, and a bell rang.

"Luncheon," he said to the old butler who entered immediately.

Then he rose and showed me odd things carved out of wood by his own hand, as he told me, and with a delicate art. He looked at one tiny thing and laid it aside quickly.

"Can't bear to look at it now," he said.

"Gibbet?" I inquired.

"Gibbet," he answered.

It was a little figure bound hand and foot and hanging from the gallows tree.

"Burn it!" he said, turning to the old servant and putting it in his hands.

Luncheon had been set between us the while, and as we were eating it the butler opened a big couch and threw snowy sheets of linen over it and silken covers that rustled as they fell.

"You will sleep there," said my host as his servant laid the pillows, "and well, I hope."

I thought I had better go to my own lodgings.

"Too late, too late," said he, and I, leg weary and half asleep, accepted his proffer of hospitality. Then, having eaten, he left me, and I got into bed after turning the lights out. Something woke me in the dark of the night. There was a rustling sound in the room. I raised my head a bit and listened. It was the black curtain that hung in the corner. I imagined somebody striking it violently. I saw a white figure standing near me in the darkness. It moved away as I looked at it. A cold wind was blowing upon my face. I lay a long time listening, and by and by I could hear the deep voice of Trumbull as if he were groaning and muttering in his sleep.

When it began to come light I saw the breeze from an open window was stirring the curtain of silk in the corner. I got out of bed and, peering behind the curtain, saw only a great white owl, caged and staring out of wide eyes that gleamed fiery in the dim light. I went to bed again, sleeping until my host woke me in the late morning.

After breakfasting I went to the chalet. The postman had been there, but he had brought no letter from Hope. I waited about home, expecting to hear from her, all that day, only to see it end in bitter disappointment.

New York was a crowded city even then, but I never felt so lonely anywhere outside a camp in the big woods. The last day of the first week came, but no letter from Hope. To make an end of suspense I went that Saturday morning to the home of the Fullers. The equation of my value had dwindled sadly that week. Now a small fraction would have stood for it—nay, even the square of it.

Hope and Mrs. Fuller had gone to Saratoga, the butler told me. I came away with some sense of injury. I must try to be done with Hope. There was no help for it. I must go to work at something and cease to worry and lay awake of nights. But I had nothing to do but read and walk and wait. No word had come to me from the Tribune. Evidently it was not languishing for my aid.

I began to see there was no very clamorous demand for me in "the great emporium," as Mr. Greeley called it. I began to see, or thought I did, why Hope had shied at my offer and was now shunning me. I went to the Tribune office. Mr. Greeley had gone to Washington; Mr. Otterson was too busy to see me. I concluded that I would be willing to take a place on one of the lesser journals. I spent the day going from one office to another, but was rejected everywhere with thanks. I came home and sat down to take account of stock. First, I counted my money, of which there was about $50 left. As to my talents, there were none left. Like the pies at Hillsborough tavern, if a man came late to dinner they were all out. I had some fine clothes, but no more use for them than a goose for a peacock's feathers.

I decided to take anything honorable as an occupation, even though it were not in one of the learned professions. I began to answer advertisements and apply at business offices for something to give me a living, but with no success. I began to feel the selfishness of men. God pity the warm and tender heart of youth when it begins to harden and grow chill, as mine did then; to put away its cheery confidence forever; to make a new estimate of itself and others. Look out for that time, O ye good people that have sons and daughters!

I must say for myself that I had a mighty courage and no small capital of cheerfulness. I went to try my luck with the newspapers of Philadelphia, and there one of them kept me in suspense a week to no purpose. When I came back, reduced in cash and courage, Hope had sailed.

There was a letter from Uncle Eb telling me when and by what steamer they were to leave. "She will reach there a Friday," he wrote, "and would like to see you that evening at Fuller's."

I had waited in Philadelphia, hoping I might have some word to give her a better thought of me, and that night after such a climax of ill luck—well, I had need of prayer for a wayward tongue. I sent home a good account of my prospects. I could not bring myself to report failure or send for more money. I would sooner have gone to work in a scullery.

Meanwhile my friends at the chalet were enough to keep me in good cheer. There was William McClingan, a Scotchman of a great gift of dignity and a nickname inseparably connected with his fame. He wrote leaders for a big weekly and was known as "Waxy" McClingan to honor a pale ear of wax that took the place of a member lost nobody could tell how. He drank deeply at times, but never to the loss of his dignity or self possession. In his cups the natural dignity of the man grew and expanded. One could tell the extent of his indulgence by the degree of his dignity. Then his mood became at once didactic and devotional. Indeed, I learned in good time of the rumor that he had lost his ear in an argument about the Scriptures over at Edinburgh.

I remember he came an evening soon after my arrival at the chalet when dinner was late. His dignity was at the full. He sat awhile in grim silence, while a sense of injury grew in his bosom.

"Mrs. Opper," said he in a grandiose manner and voice that nicely trilled the r's, "in the fourth chapter and ninth verse of Lamentations you will find these words"— Here he raised his voice a bit and began to tap the palm of his left hand with the index finger of his right, continuing, "'They that be slain with the sword are better than they that be slain with hunger, for these pine away, stricken through want of the fruits of the field.' Upon my honor as a gentleman, Mrs. Opper, I was never so hungry in all my life."

The other boarder was a rather frail man, with an easy cough and a confidential manner. He wrote the "Obituaries of Distinguished Persons" for one of the daily papers. Somebody had told him once his head resembled that of Washington. He had never forgotten it, as I have reason to remember. His mind lived ever among the dead. His tongue was pickled in maxims; his heart sunk in the brine of recollection; his humor not less unconscious and familiar than that of an epitaph. His name was Lemuel Franklin Force. To the public of his native city he had introduced Webster one Fourth of July—a perennial topic of his lighter moments.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I WAS soon near out of money and at my wits' end, but my will was unconquered. In this plight I ran upon Fogarty, the policeman who had been the good angel of my one hopeful day in journalism. His manner invited my confidence.

"What luck?" said he.

"Bad luck," I answered. "Only $10 in my pocket and nothing to do."

He swung his stick thoughtfully.

"If I was you," said he, "I'd take anything honest. Upon me wurred, I'd rather pound rocks than lay idle."

"So would I?"

"Wud ye?" said he, with animation, as he took my measure from head to foot.

"I'll do anything that's honest."

"Ah, ha!" said he, rubbing his sandy chin whiskers. "Don't seem like ye'd been used t' hard wurruk."

"But I can do it," I said.

He looked at me sternly and beckoned with his head.

"Come along," said he.

(To be Continued.)

Egbert, King of Wessex.

The first monarch to bear the title king of England was Egbert, king of Wessex, who, having subdued the other states of the heptarchy, established his dominion over the whole English territory.

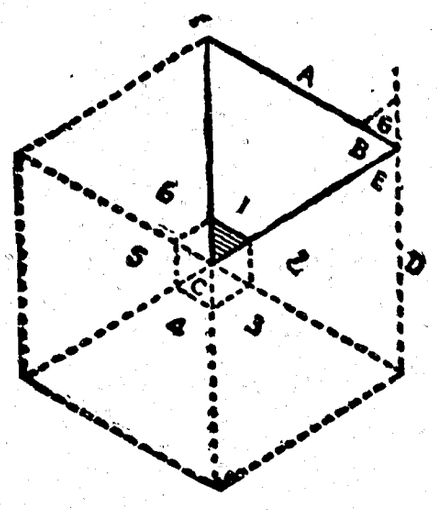
Two Eventful Occasions.

The bridal veil of a Japanese young lady is subsequently used as her shroud. Just after the marriage it is carefully put away and reserved until death makes its use again necessary.

SAVES TIME AND LABOR.

Chick Pen That Can Be Easily and Cheaply Made By Any One At All Handy With Tools.

In the necessary daily moving of the chick pen, time and annoyance may be saved by having the pen made of inch thick 12-foot boards, at least a foot wide and securely fastened together at their ends, preferably with screws and iron braces, says the Orange Judd Farmer. Pieces of 4x4 scantling beveled to form an equilateral triangle will do if numerous nails are used to fasten all together; but such coops cannot be "knocked down" and stored from season to season in a pile, as the braced style can if the



LABOR SAVING COOP AND PEN.

screws are removed. The ends of each boards should be beveled to form hali a right angle, or 45 degress.

In one corner a coop may be made consisting of a removable roof to fit over the sides of the pen and of a height sufficient to accommodate the hen, goose or turkey mother. This top should slant to shed rain and from its front slats may extend downward into the pen to keep the mother in when desired.

In use the time saving management consists in the method of moving as well as in the feature of "knocking down." The coop is placed in the centre of a grass plot at least 24 feet across in each direction and when moving time arrives the chicks are attracted to a little food at B, while the operator lifts the pen at A and, using C as a pivot, carries the point A around to D. In order to make the chicks move forward from B, when the coop is moving, the food should be placed close to the side of the pen and some more on the other side: namely at E. After a few movings the chicks learn to go forward promptly. Each day the pen is moved in the same way until it occupies the place marked 6. Then it may be moved to new ground by turning on one of its other corners, say F, so that for instance the coop will be at G, as indicated by the dotted line. From this point as a new centre the daily movement may continue as before.

Mulberry Trees in the Poultry Yard.

For many years we have heard that the recommendation that plum trees be grown in the poultry yard, to furnish shade for the fowls, and that the poultry will help hold the curculio in check. It is doubtful, however, if the plum trees wil prove as valuable for this purpose as will mulberry trees. These trees furnish abundant shade, grow readily, and the fruit provides food for the fowls. A writer in Practical Farmer gives his experience in using mulberry trees for this purpose as follows:

"I will advise every poultryman who has not already done so to set a goodly number of the Russian variety in and around their poultry yards the coming spring, and thus provide the best of shade and an abundance of luscious fruit for the poultry, as well as for family use for several weeks of the summer. The trees are extremely hardy, and bear annually great crops of berries, which are relished by all kinds of fowls, and I know of no fruit that is more healthful for those of all ages. Give a flock of hens access to a grove of mulberry trees when the berries are ripening and falling—which continues several weeks—and notice the increase in the yield of eggs. Notice, too, how wonderfully fast young chickens or ducks will grow when allowed to feed upon mulberries. Hogs, too, are no less fond of them, and I know of a man who has several hundred trees in hedge rows about his premises, and who claims that his hogs get half fat every year upon the berries, before they are gone. This variety commences to fruit very young—frequently at three years from setting—and berries are of varying colors, from white to pink and black, and of tart to sugary sweetness. Personally, I wish to say I am fond of pies made of most any kind of fruit, but of all pies give me a mulberry pie. Again, let me say plant liberally of the mulberry trees, as many as you can find room for, in and about the poultry or hog lots, and in a few years you will have besides the fruit and shade, a supply of fence post material not excelled by any other timber."

Care of Turkeys.

In many respects the turkeys need different treatment from other poultry. They will not thrive if kept long in confinement, nor do they want to be housed after they are two months old, neither by day nor by night. Give them free range where they can find grasshoppers or other insects, and they will need but little corn. It is well to give them as much grain as they will eat at night, which will not be much if they have been fortunate in their hunting. This leads them to select a roost near the house, where they are less likely to be taken by owls and other night prowlers.—American Cultivator.

ONE OF NATURE'S TOOLS.

How Teazels Are Used In Finishing Different Cloths.

Growing by the wayside you will often see that stately, spiny looking plant, the teazel, but I wonder how many know that it has helped to finish many a piece of cloth they wear.

We are apt to think of a tool as something of man's make, yet here is one of nature's own, and nothing has ever been manufactured to successfully take its place. For ages the teazel has been used for fulling cloth—that is, raising the "nap"—and the manufacturers refer to "nap goods" thus treated as "gigged."

When ripe, the dried spike heads are gathered, packed carefully in bundles and shipped in all directions to factories. The variety mostly used have the extreme end of the spikes hooked or curved backward. This is called "fullers' teazel." These heads form a sort of brush and are attached to a wheel or cylinder which revolves against the surface of the cloth, and these curved spikes catch part of the threads and pull them up, making a fuzzy nap. This is trimmed down and leaves that soft, velvety finish to the cloth. The spikes have strength enough and elasticity, but when they come in contact with a rough place in the cloth they break and so avoid tearing the material. Try as they may, no one has ever been able to invent a tool possessing all of these qualities, so the teazel stands unrivaled for that use. The plant as we see it growing wild looks perhaps at first glance somewhat like a thistle, but it really has a dignity and character all its own. The heads in flower are covered with a fluffy down, lavender or white, and as the blossoms drop spikes appear until later it fairly bristles. The leaves, pointed and spiked, shooting out each side of the stem, meet at the base and form a little basin in which is usually water. So we have the name of the plant from the Greek "dipsacus," meaning thirsty, and many other fanciful ones, such as Venus' cup, Venus' bath, wood or church brooms, gypsy combs, clothier's brush, etc.—St. Nicholas.

ODDITIES.

Bees never store up honey where it is light.

The moth has a fur jacket and the butterfly none.

A squirrel comes down a tree head first and a cat tail first.

Leaves will attract dew when boards, sticks and stones will not.

Corn on the ear is never found with an uneven number of rows.

The dragon fly can devour its own body and the head still live.

A horsefly will live for hours after the head has been pinched off.

Fish, flies and caterpillars may be frozen solid and still retain life.

A horse always gets up fore parts first and a cow directly the opposite.

Some flies thrust their eggs into the bodies of caterpillars, but always in such parts of the body that when the larvae are feeding on the flesh of the foster parent they will not eat into any vital part.

Puns on People's Names.

A little while ago a popular form of social amusement was found in punning on people's names—"Why did So-and-so?" "Because Such-and-such." The game ran riot for a time, and echoes of it are still heard in the outer suburbs. Before those echoes die away a correspondent suggests that we should put it on record that the originator of the fashion was no less notable a person than the Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier. On an anti-slavery lecturer named Mary Grew, visiting Boston in 1871, Whittier wrote a poem, "How Mary Grew," each stanza ending on a variation of the pun—

The world were safe if but a few
Could grow in grace as Mary Grew.

—London Chronicle.

Not In Any County.

The city of St. Louis is not in any county. It is an independent municipality equipped with all the machinery of county and city government. It has its own circuit and criminal courts, its own grand jury, jail, etc. The circuit attorney is the prosecuting officer of St. Louis. Until 1876 St. Louis was the county seat of St. Louis county, but in that year the city was completely separated from the county, so that it is now an independent subdivision of the state. Clayton, a few miles west of the city, is now the courthouse town of St. Louis county.

The Jersey Cow.

The Jersey cow is a small animal, and therefore her maintenance ration is small, while a relatively large part of her food goes to profit. She is a persistent milker, often a perpetual milker, and ordinarily not dry more than six or eight weeks in a year. She has an extremely long period of usefulness in the dairy. Five years cover the profitable work of the average cow. The Jersey produces until fifteen years old. Many are profitable when eighteen to twenty-one years of age.—Farmer.

Trouble For Government Clerks.

"Congress makes lots of unnecessary trouble for the government clerks," said a veteran employee, "but the worst case I know of occurred some years ago. A certain senator asked the comptroller of the currency to tell him how much stock a certain man had in a national bank. He was informed that such information was regarded as confidential and could not be given out."

"We'll see about that," said the senator, who was plainly disappointed and displeased.

"Several days later he secured the passage of a resolution calling upon the secretary of the treasury to furnish the senate with the names and holdings of the stockholders in all the national banks in the country. He really wanted to know only the interest of one man in a bank, but he knew that he couldn't get a resolution of that kind through the senate, so he included the stockholders in all national banks. It took the entire force of the comptroller's office several weeks to prepare the information, and when it reached the senate nobody paid any attention to it except the author of the resolution, and he merely looked at the mass of papers only long enough to see about the man he was after and then tossed the papers aside. It was an immense lot of work for nothing."

One of Many.

"He would never have become so addicted to drink if it hadn't been for the trouble he had."

"Why, what trouble did he have?"

"He had trouble in keeping away from it."—Philadelphia Press.

A WELL-KNOWN BANDA MAN SPEAKS

A Well-Known J. P. is Cured of Kidney Trouble of Long Standing by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Banda, Ont., May 21—(Special.)—There is no one more widely known and highly respected in this section of the country than Wm. Bell, Esq., J. P., and the statement he makes below concerning his cure by Dodd's Kidney Pills bears weight and carries conviction with it.

"For more than a year I was a sufferer from kidney trouble," Mr. Be says. "Always in pain and at times the agony would become unendurable and I was practically unable to attend to any of my duties. I doctored with several local physicians and tried every means to get cured, but without success. At last I was induced to give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial. I have the greatest pleasure in stating that they drove away the pains entirely and restored me to my old time health and strength. I am sure I owe this entirely to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Some Hope.

Two reports come from Europe which afford some hope for victims of cancer. Dr. Jacobs, of Brussels, is said to have proved that the disease is of bacterial origin and he claims to have discovered the laws governing the effective use of a cancer serum derived from the microbe itself. The principle would be like that of vaccination in smallpox. In a series of experiments conducted at Edinburgh University, under the auspices of the Carnegie trust for higher education in Scotland, the evidence seems to indicate that cancer may be successfully treated by inoculation with a tryasin solution. However, since the experiments were with mice, not man, no definite conclusion can be based on the tests made. —Los Angeles Express.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House

Gladstone's Grandson Rises.

William Glynne Charles Gladstone, grandson of the great commoner and heir to the Hawarden estate, has been elected secretary of the Oxford Union Society, a position which his illustrious grandfather occupied 76 years ago. Young Mr. Galdstone comes of age in two or three months, and will then enter into possession of Hawarden estate, which has been managed during his minority by his uncles, Herbert and Henry Gladstone.

Have You a Friend?

Then tell him about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Tell him how it cured your hard cough. Tell him why you always keep it in the house. Tell him to ask his doctor about it. Doctors use a great deal of it for throat and lung troubles.

"I had a terrible cold and cough and was threatened with pneumonia. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and it gave me quick and perfect relief. It is certainly a most wonderful cough medicine."—RENA E. WHITMAN, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of

Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. HAIR VIGOR.

One of Ayer's Pills at bedtime will assist nature.

OGILVIE'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD

When you plan your meals you never think of bread, yet you always have it, and if it is left off the table it is the first thing that is missed.

You *can* live without bread, but you can live without any other food with less hardship—think along these lines and the absolute necessity of bread comes home to you.

And because it is a necessity, its quality should be the best—quality in bread depends largely upon the flour.

Royal Household Flour

has convinced the women of Canada that it is the best for pastry as well as for bread.

Try Ogilvie's Royal Household. Your grocer recommends it, because it gives such good results.

Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd.
Montreal.

"Ogilvie's Book for a Cook." contains 130 pages of excellent recipes, some never published before. Your grocer can tell you how to get it FREE. 154

A Grateful Father.

Dean Shaler, of Harvard, once took an interest in a lively young undergraduate in danger of expulsion for his revelry. Through the dean's sympathy the lad escaped on probation, and came out all right in the end, but to the dean's astonishment and amusement, the young man's father called upon him one day and, by way of grateful acknowledgement of the dean's kindness presented him with two bottles of old Irish whiskey which are said to have been kept as trophies and further seasoned for some years in a drawer near the dean's desk. The sense of the "fitness of things" is omitted in some men's make-up.—New York Tribune.

$100 REWARD $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A startling decrease seems to have taken place in recent years in the number of candidates who compete for women and girl clerkships in the London post office.

RHEUMATISM AND PARALYSIS.

Their Complete Home Cure, Post Free to Readers of This Paper for Limited Period Only.

A handsome illustrated treatise, giving full description of Rheumatism and Paralysis, with instructions for a complete home cure, describing the most successful treatment in the world, recommended by the Ministry and endorsed by medical men. This highly instructive book was written by W. H. Veno, a gentleman who has made a special study of these diseases. The preface is by a graduate of the University of Wurtzburg. Send postal to-day and you will receive the book free by return.—Address, The Veno Drug Company, 24 King Street West, Toronto.

At a sale of modern pictures at Christie's rooms, London, a total sum of £10,629 was realized. Leighton's "Winding the Skein" was sold for 1,450 guineas.

The efficacy of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup in curing coughs and colds and arresting inflammation of the lungs, can be established by hundreds of testimonials from all sorts and conditions of men. It is a standard remedy in these ailments and all affections of the throat and lungs. It is highly recommended by medicine vendors, because they know and appreciate its value as a curative.

Another Idol Tottering.

Another famous saying is now disputed. Dr. Miller Maguire contends that the Duke of Wellington never said "Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton." Wellington himself knew very little of the playing fields at Eton. It is quite true that he was for a brief period at the famous school but when his mother discovered that he was making no progress whatever there either at games or at lessons, he was removed at about the age of fifteen and sent to another school, in Brussels where he learned most of what he knew At least a score of the leading officers of the British army who were the Duke's contemporaries knew even less about Eton than he did.

Hope writes the poetry of the boy, but memory that of the man.—Emerson.

He Knows It All.

"Do you believe that one mind can absorb the sum total of human intelligence?"

"Well, I dunno. I've got a boy who is a senior in college, you know."

Your Property.

All you had before your marriage is still yours, and in most states you have also the sole ownership of that which you acquire after marriage. Your right minded husband will wish you to have your property stand in your name, that it may be free from the possible attachment of his creditors. If your property or part of it be real estate, remember that the law of the state in which real estate is situated governs all matters concerning it. All your property is subject to the laws of your domicile. Some states require a man to join in a deed of his wife's property even though the property is really hers. Get legal advice on such points. It is seldom safe to be a party to the transfer of property without it.—Caroline J. Cook in Good Housekeeping.

Cotton For the Teeth.

Antiseptic absorbent cotton is said to be far superior to any toothbrush for cleansing the teeth. "Take a piece of cotton the size of a walnut," run the directions. "Soak it in fresh water, roll it into a wad, sprinkle your tooth powder over it and then, holding it between thumb and forefinger, cleanse the teeth with it. The advantage of cotton over the brush is that one may have a surgically clean piece of cotton every time. Again, the cotton is so soft that there is never any abrasion of the mucous membrane of the mouth or soreness of the gums."

A Big Difference.

She—How much do you earn a year?

He—About $2,000.

"But we can't live on that!"

"You asked me how much I earned. I make about $20,000."

Great Provocation.

"You say, madam, that you were under great excitement when you struck this woman."

"Yes. She had just found the family Bible with my age in it."

The poorest people on earth are those who make the most of what they have and the least of what they are.

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

The scarcity of laborers in New Zealand is so great that the colony is asking for 4,000 men from London to work on construction.

Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these troublesome excresences as many have testified who have tried it.

"What is your favorite play?" asked the girl who quotes Shakespear.

"Well," answ ered the youth with long hair, "I believe I like to see a man steal second as well as anything" —Washington Star.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

The German Oversea Electric company at Berlin is increasing its capital from $1,800,000 to double that amount.

It Has Many Offices.—Before the German soldier starts on a long march he rubs his feet with tallow, for his first care is to keep his feet in good condition. If he knew that Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil would be of much better service he would throw away his tallow and pack a few bottles of Oil in his knapsack. There is nothing like it.

Mr. Schwartz had just taken possession of the little book shop which he had purchased with the idea that there would be an ideal occupation for him, permitting him to sit around and smoke his long pipe all the time. His first patron—or would-be patron—on the first morning of his advent as a book dealer was a young woman who wanted to get a book dealing with arctic romance.

"Good morning" she said, "have you got 'Frozen Dog Tales'?"

"Vat! Lady, diss is not a Chinese restaurant."

"But you don't understand me. I mean——"

"I never heard of frozen dog tails, yet. Mappe dey are someding dose Fillingpeeno beoles eats. But nod here lady, nod here. Diss is a book store."

"Well, probably you do not quite understand me. I wanted to get some book that had stories of the north in it. Perhaps you have 'Pardners'?"

"No, ma'am. Dare iss nobody in dis store but myself. Schmidt vanted to take half, but I wouldn't let him in on it, unt——"

But the young woman was hurrying out.—Cleveland Leader.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
CURES RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE BACKACHE DIABETES

BECAUSE

Of its Absolute Purity and Delicious Flavor

"SALADA"

CEYLON GREEN TEA

IS RAPIDLY TAKING THE PLACE OF JAPAN.

Lead Packets Only, 40c, 50c, and 60c per lb. At all grocers.
Highest Award St. Louis 1904.

WHITE STAR BRAND IS A GUARANTEE THAT THE GOODS ARE THE BEST

Baking Powder is the best

Beecham's Pills

When lack of appetite is caused by overeating, take Beecham's Pills to relieve the feeling of heaviness. When a sick stomach takes away all desire for food, use Beecham's Pills. They invariably tone the digestion and

Create Good Appetite

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 25 cents.

THE SIGN OF THE FISH

TOWER'S FISH BRAND

has stood for the BEST during seventy years of increasing sales.

Remember this when you want water proof oiled coats, suits, hats, or horse goods for all kinds of wet work.

WE GUARANTEE EVERY GARMENT.

TOWER CANADIAN CO. Limited. TORONTO, CAN.

A "Dye" Soap!

MAYPOLE is a cake of soap that dyes to any desired color or shade. Famous the world over for brilliant, fast, clean, economical, easy, safe dyeing at home. As superior to the old fashioned "powder" dyes as gold is to brass.

Maypole Soap

10c for Colors—15c for Black. All dealers or F. I. BENEDICT & Co., Montreal.

When Remitting by Post, use

Dominion Express Money Orders and Foreign Cheques

The Best and Cheapest System of Sending Money to any Place in the World.

Absolutely Safe

Purchaser is given a receipt, and if order or cheque is LOST or DESTROYED it can be promptly REFUNDED. No red tape. For full information and rates call on Local agents

Photography by Telegraph.

Much interest has been manifested in a lecture given by Dr. Korn in Vienna, on the new method of photography from a long distance. Recent experiments have shown that a cabinet size portrait now requires from 20 minutes to 30 minutes for transmission over hundreds of miles. It it is not likely that the invention will often be used for personal photographs, but it is equally applicable to the production of signatures, documents, sketches, etc. The system which is now available for public use, is expected to be of considerable service to the press and for the ends of justice.

A LABEL Like This

KING OF THE ROAD
UNION MADE FOR THE TRADE OF THE GREAT WEST

Attached to any Garment is a Guarantee of
GOOD MATERIAL
GOOD WORKMANSHIP
and Good Wearing Qualities

When Buying OVERALLS, PANTS, VESTS, SMOCKS, or WORKINGMEN'S SHIRTS
See that each article bears a label like above

Insist on Getting
"King of the Road" Brand
And Take no Other

EVERY GARMENT GUARANTEED

ASTONISHED THE DOCTOR

Physician said She Might Drop Dead at any time.

"The Doctor told me I had heart disease and was liable to drop on the street at any time," says Mrs. Robert Eaton, of Dufferin, Ont.

"I was afraid to draw my breath, it pained me so. I was nervous, short of breath, had dizziness, loss of appetite, smothering and sinking spells, and I could not sleep.

"Sometimes I would have to lie down to keep from falling. My hands and feet would seem to go to sleep and a sort of numbness would come all over me.

"I began using Dr. Leonhardt's Anti-Pill. From the start I improved. I feel much stronger, look better, and altogether Anti-Pill has made a new woman of me.

"I am entirely cured."

Mrs. Robt. Eaton

All dealers or the Wilson-Fyle Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont. 604

Wilson's FLY PADS

ONE PACKET HAS ACTUALLY KILLED

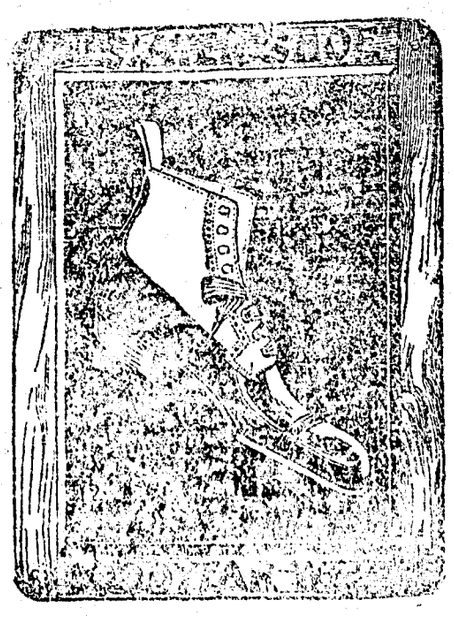
A BUSHEL OF FLIES

Sold by all Druggists and General Stores and by mail.

TEN CENTS PER PACKET FROM

ARCHDALE WILSON, HAMILTON, ONT.

Bogus 5-cent pieces are in circulation in Edmonton.



NEW SHOES

We have just opened the finest stock of Shoes ever shown in the district.

Mens' Womens' and Childrens', in all qualities and styles.

Call and see them.

RIGGS & WHYTE

Dull Evenings Are Banished

WHEN YOU OWN A

Columbia Graphophone

IT WILL PROVIDE
THE BEST MUSIC
THE FUNNIEST SONGS
THE MOST LAUGHABLE STORIES

RIGHT AT YOUR OWN FIRESIDE, AT A MODERATE COST. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE OR CALL AT

FLETCHER BROS.

VICTORIA, NANAIMO
VANCOUVER.

Sole Agents For B.C.

Sunshine

INEXPENSIVE HEAT

It is not the price you pay for a furnace that makes it cheap or expensive, but the fuel it afterwards consumes.

A common furnace may cost you $5 or $10 less than a "Sunshine," but if it eats this up the first winter in extra fuel, what do you gain? Nothing, but all the annoyance and extra work that go with a poor furnace.

The **"Sunshine"** is in use from Halifax to Vancouver, and we have hundreds of testimonials from pleased users.

Sold by enterprising dealers everywhere. Booklet free.

McClary's

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER, ST. JOHN, HAMILTON.

C. H. TARBELL — Sole Agent

Campbells

5c. LOAF.

CREAM & CURRANT BREAD
10c a loaf
12 for $1.00

Minced Steak Pies on Saturdays
3 for 25c.

DUNSMUIR AVENUE.

WEDDING PRESENTS

A Suggestion for Every Glance in my Window or Show Cases — — —

As a Gift Store there are no rivals. You may secure modest, yet pleasing Gifts, for as little as $1.00, with every wanted price between, up to $100.00

Stoddart

The Watchmaker & Jeweller

PLAN FOR A SAVINGS FUND FOR EVERYONE.

$1.00 Starts a Savings Account at

The ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Capital (paid up), $3,000,000 Rest, $3,437,162

Cheerful and careful attention will be given to all Depositors, whether their accounts are large or small.

We pay 3 per cent INTEREST on Deposits, compounded twice a year.

☞ You can bank with us by mail.

A. B. NETHERBY, Mgr — Cumberland B. C.

Open Pay Nights ..... 7 p.m. to 9 p.m.

What Is The Use

of sending East or away anywhere for your Watches and Jewellery when you can get them as cheap at home and see what you are getting.

Watches from $2.00 to $100
Clocks from $1.00 to $50
Rings from $1.00 to $100
Jewellery of all kinds, and a fine line of RICH CUT GLASS

At McLEAN'S, The Pioneer Jeweller of Cumberland.

The attention of the authorities is called to the fact that many boys are now, during the holidays, roaming the woods with 22. calibre rifles and catapults, indiscriminately firing at every wild creature they may chance to see. Besides this being strictly against the law, the danger to passers by is considerable from the flying missiles. The barbarity of killing innocent small birds should be deterrent enough to any right minded boy to the practice.

The Schoolmaster editor is abroad Spending his hardly earned holiday in Vancouver, where safe in the bosom of his family, he can meditate on the strenous life of a dual existence, and comfort himself with the thought that his salary still runs on, holidays and all, so that he can afford a little jaunt to spend his earnings in Vancouver, while those who are without a public salary must remain, O! comforting thought, and sizzle in the heat and help support the town that supports them.

WATER NOTICE.

Notice is given that water will be shut off during repairs on Sunday July 29th and on Sunday Aug 5th between the hours of 12 noon and 5 p.m. No water to be used for sprinkling sidewalks or gardens after 9 a.m. until further notice. Consumers are notified that leaky faucets must be put in order or a charge for excess will be made

C. H. TARBELL, C. E.

NOTICE

The business heretofore carried on in the Union Hotel under the name of S. C. and M. Davis will in future be carried on under the names of S. C. Davis, S. C. Davis jr, and M. Davis. All persons indebted to the late firm are requested to settle such on or before Aug. 31st, 1906, and all persons having claims against the late firm are requested to present same on or before Aug. 31st, 1906. All such settlements to be made to S. C. Davis and son, Union Hotel.

Cumberland B.C, July 25, 1906

COUNTY COURT

The application of J A Prichard for acceptance of his tender for $2,000 for Rollings property, came up before Judge Harrison last Wednesday. The facts as stated were that Mr Pritchard had left a tender in the post office at Courtenay the day before that set for receiving tenders

Mr C H B Potts, acting for the Estate, did not receive this tender until the Wednesday, four days after the tenders were opened, it being customory to call for mail at Courtenay only on regular mail days, viz—Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Upon opening the tenders, that of Mrs Vass, 1200 odd dollars, the highest in hand, was accepted, subject of course to ratification by the Court. His Honour ruled that though the other tender was received later, being so much higher should have been considered, and awarded the place to Mr Prichard, the estate to pay costs. Mr Russel Simpson for applicant.

GALL PROFOUND.

A noted lawyer, fishing out of a boat in the Courtenay, was, by a sudden accidental (?) movement of his companion, thrown into the water. The companion, from laughing, fell partly out the other side. The lawyer, after getting into the boat again, courteously apologised to his companion. This is where the gall comes in—the companion's allowing him to apologise.

A meeting of the Epworth League held in Grace Methodist Church, July 23rd, Rev R J McIntyre in the Chair, the following officers were elected:

R. J. McIntyre, Hon Pres.
Dr Grimmett, President
A. Denton, Secy-Treas.

Committee:—Messrs T. Banks, [illegible] Wilkinson, [illegible] P. Denton and L. Wier.

Resolved: In accordance to the Tem[illegible] that membership fee be, Gentlemen $1.00 Ladies [illegible] and members be allowed to invite friends on Wednesdays. The power to form rules was left with the executive committee.

Meeting adjourned.

W. B. Anderson,

PHOTOGRAPHER

POPULAR PRICES.
ALL STYLES

CUSTOMS BROKERAGE

executed at short notice.

News Office

Cumberland B.C.

NOTICE

Persons are hereby notified that the provisions of the new by law must be observed especially regarding confining the animals and removing bells at night or proceedings will be taken against the owners.

Horses are included

W Willard, Mayor

Spokane, Wash. 24 h—At least 7 lives were lost, 7 persons were seriously injured and a score others sustained bruises in wreck of the fast mail train on the Great Northern, a mile east of Camden near hear yesterday when the local mail baggage and smoking cars left the rails on emerging from a tunnel and plunged over the 70 ft embankment were submerged by the waters of Diamond Lake. Spreading rails is given as the cause, immediately after the smoker struck the water there was a blinding flash which spread over the part of the car not submerged and fire followed. Engineer Munson and fireman Bell stuck to their posts, the engine plunged head long into the water of the lake 500 ft deep, divers were unsuccessful to locate the engine. [illegible] at a fearful speed through the tunnel and the passengers are wondering if the engineer had lost his senses driving at such a rate of speed with a sharp curve ahead.

Mrs S H Riggs and family are visiting Mrs G W Clinton at Camp Bonita.

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

WANTED—A girl to do light housework

Apply, Mrs R Grant

FOR SALE

A holding of 1 acre, planted 150 trees, good strawberry patch and small fruits. House and outhouses most desirable location, with good shipping facilities. A bargain.

Apply this office.

A Fair Trial

IS ALL WE ASK:

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

THE CITY

Meat Market,

W. W. McKAY, Proprietor.

NOTICE.

Any person or persons found cutting or removing timber from Lots 15, 20 and the south 22 acres of the Fractional N. W. ¼. Sec 30 and Fractional S W ¼ of Sec 30 (97 Ac) of Township XI, Nelson District, will be prosecuted according to law

GRANT & MOUNCE.

Cumberland Jan. 9th 1906.