

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

THIRTEENTH YEAR.

CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY JULY 18 1906

The BIG STORE

Annual Mid-Summer CLEARANCE SALE

commences next Saturday, July 21st, 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

Successful Candidates

The following is the result of the High School entrance examination from Cumberland centre for the School year just closed.

Total number of candidates 17, passed 7

Comox—Isa McCann, 699 Courtenay—Alexander H. Urquhart, 660

Cumberland Vera L. Collins, 677, Lillian M. Grant, 640 Wilfred C. Christmas, 634, Kenneth Stewart 603, Marjorie O Dowdall, 569.

There were two unsuccessful candidates from Sandwick.

Victoria, 16th—The controlling interest in the Colonist Printing & Publishing Co. held by J.A. Lindsay, C.E. Pooley, and A.G. Sargison, who retire, was concluded today. J. Matson will be managing director and R.E. Gosnell editor, general manager and assistant director. The Colonist will continue as formerly to support the Liberal-Conservatives.

Paris, 16th—Alfred Drefus the famous French prisoner who was condemned to Devils Island for alleged selling of the French military secrets to Germany and who has been acquitted of the charge was yesterday given his sword and reinstated in the army and promoted to the rank of Major.

Hong, Kong, 16—The British steamer Sainure was attacked by Chinese pirates last night near Wu Chow, Rev McDonald a passenger was shot and killed the captain badly wounded and a Chinaman killed. The British war ship Moorhen is pursuing the pirates.

Bisle, England 16—Canada has again won the Rajah of Kolapore challenge cup.

WEDDING

A very pretty wedding took place at 6 o'clock this morning when two well known and popular young residents of Cumberland were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony by Rev. F.G. Christmas at Holy Trinity Church. The contracting parties were Miss Sara Horbury, third daughter of Mr and Mrs Thos Horbury and Mr W. W. Anderson. The bride has a large circle of friends and was a general favorite among them, while the groom lately employed by the Cumberland Supply Co. was well known and had a host of acquaintances. The bride was given away by Mr J. Horbury and was attended by her sister Miss M. Horbury, the groom being supported by Mr R. W. Ward. After the ceremony the happy couple boarded the train for Union Bay where they took the "City" for Nanaimo and way ports. The honeymoon will be spent at the groom's home in New Brunswick. A large number of friends took the opportunity to extend congratulations to the newly married couple as they left the depot for the train. The wedding presents were numerous and costly and testified to the esteem in which Mr and Mrs Anderson are held.

Remember next Saturday the mid summer clearance sale commences at the Big Store, all summer goods reduced. Come early and get first choice

KING WILLIAM'S DAY

July 12th was as cloudless as many others had been just previous to that date, and barring the heat, which was felt the more by reason of following suddenly on the heels of a wet, cold spell the day was an ideal one for the Orangemen's picnic at Long Branch. In the morning, some of the members of Mt. Horeb L. O. L. and some of Thompson L. O. Y. B. drove to Courtenay, meeting there the members of the Courtenay L. O. L. when the United forces drove to Roy's, where they met with the rest of the Orange and Young Briton Lodges of Cumberland. A procession was formed, and the brethren marched in regalia to the Trent Bridge, and from there to the picnic grounds. The train had left Cumberland at about the same time that the visitors to Courtenay had departed, and the four box cars and one coach was crowded with picnickers of all sizes and ages, and of both sexes. Baskets, boxes and hamper filled every available space under seats and in racks and the town actually looked as though it had made up its mind to enjoy itself for once. Arriving at Trent River, the train was stopped and the long procession of passengers filed through the trail to the beach, such as desired to proceed to the Wharf excepted. Of these, there were a few, and all returned later and finished the evening at the beach. After the march, baskets were opened, and the good things attacked with a will, the merry assemblage scattering in groups among the beautiful groves with which that part of the bay is adorned. During the afternoon, games were indulged in, as well as wading, bathing and boating, Mr Grant kindly placing his gasoline launch at the disposal of the public. Evening reached, there was more tea and substantial and ice cream, after which Rev Mr McIntyre gave a very able address on Orangism, and then the platform at Mr Grant's was cleared and dancing was indulged in until train time at dusk, when the tired but happy crowd returned to Cumberland. During the day the Cumberland band enlivened the hours with selections, they forming part of the contingent which went to Courtenay in the morning, and playing for the parade.

Local and Personal

Among last Thursday's passengers were.—Mr and Mrs O. H. Fehner, Mrs W Walker, Mrs R Dunoon and child, Mrs Beveridge and daughter, Miss Hooper, Miss E. Smith, Miss L. Wilkinson and Miss N Hill.

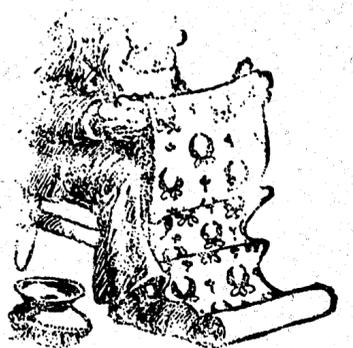
Mrs and Miss Strang left on Friday last on a months visit to relatives in Vancouver and Seattle.

Misses N. Dowdall and Queenie Abrams left on Friday on a visit to Vancouver.

Postmaster Nunn notifies that until further notice mails for Comox will close Saturday 8.30 a-m, and Nanaimo mail at 7.45 p-m same day.

Among passengers by train last night were noticed—Mr E.M. Yarwood, Mr R Simpson, Mr Wm. Dalby, Mrs Thos Whyte and son, Mr S H Riggs, Hon Judge Harrison

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

Miss Frame of Nanaimo is spending a vacation with her sister Mrs M Morgan.

Mrs Christmas and son accompanied her daughter Mrs A B Anderson to Victoria, and will visit Mrs J Harvey during her stay.

Messrs Percy Morgan and N. Hill left this morning for Revelstoke where they have good prospects for remunerative employment.

A rumor is abroad that certain agents are bonding coal rights in the Valley in the interests of the C. P. R., Mr C Westwood is also said to be bonding in for other parties.

A fine lot of post-cards, local views, at McLeans, Dunsmuir Avenue.

During the removal of the remains of the late Mrs Davis from the residence to the station last week, many friends attended, and the bier was literally covered in flowers. The Cumberland band headed the procession, playing the dead march.

There being no quorum Monday evening, the Council meeting to consider application for City Clerk and auditor, was put off until tonight.

Mrs Harry Austin and daughter are staying at the Elk Hotel, Comox

Mrs E W Bickle and family left this morning for Nanaimo. They will visit that City and Victoria for the balance of the holidays.

The extraordinary mixup in the last Enterprise report of the Enrico-Mattioda wedding is unexplainable. This was correctly reported in the News. Mr J E. Valon—Miss Domenica Mattioda Giovanui Enrico Valon, to give the groom his full name. Incapables like the Enterprise writers should be suppressed by law.

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—"Abasement and Exaltation"

Evening Subject—"A man without a wedding garment"

Good singing by the choir assisted by an orchestra. The public is cordially invited to these services

FOR ANAEMIA YOU MUST HAVE IRON

And Anyone Can Use Iron, As It Is Combined With Other Ingredients In

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Anaemia or bloodlessness is indicated by paleness of the lips, the gums and the eyelids, and is most frequently found in girls and young women.

Other symptoms are deficient appetite, impaired digestion, irritable temper, shortness of breath, dizziness, fainting, headaches, easily fatigued, depression and despondency.

The blood is lacking in the life sustaining power which is necessary to the proper working of the bodily organs, and can only be restored by the use of iron, as any qualified physician will tell you.

But iron alone cannot be taken into a weakened stomach. In Dr. Chase's Nerve Food iron is combined with certain nerve restoratives in such a way as to be easily assimilated into the blood and thus afford immediate and lasting benefit to the system.

And more than this, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, through its action on the

nerves, sharpens the appetite and aids digestion, so that help is also afforded in deriving the full nourishment from the food taken into the body.

On account of these two ways in which Dr. Chase's Nerve Food enriches the blood and builds up the system, it is beyond doubt the most effective treatment for anaemia and similar wasting diseases that was ever compounded. Note your increase in weight while using it.

Mr. Albert Saunier, Willow Bunch, Sask., writes:

"I received the two boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food which I ordered from you and have found it to be an excellent medicine. It has proven a splendid treatment for headache and a run down system, and I have recommended it to many people."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmaison, Bates & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

A STORY OF DANIEL WEBSTER

ONE OCCASION WHEN DANIEL WAS DEEPLY HUMILIATED.

An Incident Which Shocked and Surprised Him Into Tears—The Admiration, the Loyalty and the Generosity of His Circle of Friends.

The following incident in the life of Daniel Webster was related to the writer by the late Joshua Seward:

Mr. Seward came to Woburn from Boston in the early seventies and bought a farm, where he lived until his death in 1855. He was a native of the New Hampshire "Peace City," from which place he came to Boston in early manhood and later engaged in the livery business off School street. He was a genial, social, active young man, and in a short time many of the business and professional men of the city were his friends and patrons. Daniel Webster, then in the fullness of his masterly manhood, was his particular friend and most favored patron. One year Webster early engaged to deliver the Fourth of July oration in the city.

A public procession was then an important feature of the celebration, and the orator of the day was the chief person of distinction in the parade. In those days there were no four wheeled vehicles for convenience or for pleasure. A chaise was the proper carriage for gentlemen to use. Webster was popular and proud as popular. He saw no chaise in the city as good as he desired to appear in on that important occasion, and therefore he ordered one to be built by the principal carriage maker of the city (Sargent, I think it was), to be ready for use on that day.

In the morning of the Fourth he appeared at Seward's stable office and requested Seward to go to the carriage shop and get the chaise he had ordered. Seward harnessed a horse and went to the carriage shop as directed and told the proprietor he had come for Mr. Webster's chaise. The proprietor in firm and measured tones that could not be misunderstood asked, "Did Mr. Webster send the money to pay for the chaise?"

In relating this to me Seward said: "I was never so astonished in my life! I should have been less surprised if he had raised his fist and knocked me down. I had no thought that there was a man living who had ever heard of the great Webster, the godlike Daniel, who would or who could have denied him any request it was possible to grant. I could only say, 'He sent no money by me.' Then," said the proprietor, "tell him he can have the chaise when he sends the money to pay for it and not till then." Seward said he was never in such a dilemma in all his life. He could not go back and tell that great man, whom he adored, that he could not have the chaise till he paid for it. And yet he must go back and tell him something. But what could he tell him? Finally, after much thought and study it occurred to him that he had a new chaise which he would offer. Webster said tell him that the varnish on the one he had ordered was not yet hard and that it would be liable to injure if taken out in the heat and dust of that public day. Webster met Seward at the door when he returned, and before Webster could ask a question Seward was telling him the story he had invented on the way home. Webster made no reply, but accepted Seward's statement as true and rode in his chaise that day.

About a week later Webster came again and said to Seward, "I think the varnish on that chaise is hard now, and you may go down and get it."

Seward said: "With a heavy heart I harnessed a horse and went again to the shop. I knew I should not get the chaise, and I was not disappointed. In the same manner I was asked the same question as before. I could not invent another story that would be credible and was therefore compelled to go back and tell him the truth." Webster was impatiently awaiting Seward's return, and when in hailing distance he called to Seward: "Where is the chaise? What is the trouble?" Seward approached him more closely and in tones so low that no one could overhear him replied, "He told me to tell you that you could have the chaise when you sent the money to pay for it and not before." Webster stood silent an instant and then with voice trembling with emotion exclaimed, "My God, Joshua, did he say that?" and sank into a nearby chair and cried as would a deeply aggrieved child of six summers.

It is well known that Webster would incur debt, apparently with no thought that there were two parties to a contract, a creditor and a debtor, and that their moral obligations were co-equal. Consequently his creditors so multiplied and his indebtedness so increased as to interfere with his political plans, if not, indeed, threaten his political future. At this time his friends came to his aid and, it is said, raised the sum of \$40,000 to cancel his indebtedness and relieve him from the further annoyance and pressure of his creditors. When we realize that \$40,000 was a larger sum to raise then for any purpose than would be \$200,000 today we have some measure of the admiration and the loyalty of his friends.—H. C. Hall in Boston Transcript.

A Bret Harte Joke.

Sam Davis of Nevada once made a wager that he could successfully imitate the style of any living or dead poet and do so thoroughly that the difference was not discernible and that the public, the press and the critics would not detect the fraud. As a result he wrote "Binley and 40," to which he signed F. Bret Harte's name. The fake was put out in a publication known as the Open Letter. It described an engineer who took his train through a snowstorm in the Sierras, dying at his post. From the Atlantic to the Pacific the poem was copied. "Binley and 40" was given a full page in Leslie's Weekly, with a portrait of Bret Harte, and described as "the best short poem of the decade." It was many years before Mr. Harte denied its authorship. The poem has since been incorporated in several books of popular recitations, notwithstanding Binley freezes to death beside a roaring locomotive furnace, with 150 pounds of steam up and two cords of wood within reach.

No Surprises in Dreams.

No one is ever surprised in a dream. A man dreaming is at one moment bathing in the sea and at the next moment soaring in a balloon, but the sudden and unexpected change does not surprise him, nor is he surprised to meet in the flesh friends long dead, nor is he surprised to find himself doing deeds that really are beyond him. The reason is that dreamers have no memory. In real life to be pursued through the streets by a lion would be astonishing, but this accident would be accepted in a dream as horrible, but quite commonplace, the memory not being there to say that it is unheard of for lions to pursue one in cities. In the same way, in dreams, men are not surprised to find themselves ballooning because they don't remember that they were never up in a balloon before, and they are not surprised to find themselves conversing with dead people because they don't remember that these people are dead.

The Bohemian Bridal Toast.

In Bohemia the bridegroom proposes a toast to the bride's wreath, and every man present does the same to that of the maiden whom he most admires. This quaint custom is called the ceremony of "pledging the crowns," because the favored ones immediately relinquish their tinsel wreaths to their admirers, who are ready to adorn their own caps with them.

Brain Fog.

Brain fog is produced by too close application to a subject and leads to neurasthenia and insomnia. There is only one cure—rest and change, or, if that is unattainable, relaxation from work, with open air exercise and outdoor games.

The Creation.

According to the computation of the Russian chronologists, the creation took place B. C. 5508.

Stained Floors.

Stained borders of floors will require doing over once a year if worn places are not to become noticeable. The stain and varnish may be bought and applied separately or mixed together and applied at once. The latter is of course the readiest method, but the former is perhaps the more lasting.

The Chaldeans.

The Chaldean monarchy is believed to date from 2286 B. C.

Creeping Salt.

Here is something in the course of natural phenomena that will interest and instruct the little folk if they look into it curiously: Into a tumbler half full of water dissolve just as much common table salt as can be held in solution. Let it stand for a few days and see how the salt creeps out of the water, up the inside of the glass and down the outside—just like a thing of life trying to escape from its environment. And when all the salt is apparently out of prison the water remains as salty as before! It is a pretty demonstration.

BLOODLESS GIRLS.

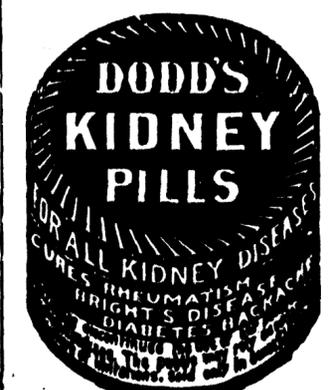
Can Obtain New Health Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Anaemia means bloodlessness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich, red blood and thus cure anaemia. When the blood is poor the nerves are starved and irritable. Then comes hysteria, neuralgia, sleeplessness and other nerve disorders. Headaches, backaches and siccades wear out and depress the poor pale victim. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills soon bring ruddy health and lively vigor. They soothe the jangled nerves and give new strength to every organ. Miss Winnie Allen, Montreal, says: "I was so weak and run down that my friends thought that I was going into consumption. I was as pale as a corpse, had no appetite and did not sleep well. The least exertion tired me out, and if I walked a few blocks I would be almost breathless. My sister advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after using them for a few weeks I am again enjoying good health, and have a good color. I think every weak girl should take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure any case of bloodlessness just as surely as they cured Miss Allen. The pale anaemic needs only one thing—new blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, rich blood with every dose. That is why they cure all common diseases like anaemia, indigestion, neuralgia, palpitation of the heart, headaches and backaches, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis and the secret troubles that make the lives of thousands of women miserable. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Proof of His Standing.

A certain minister who was famous for seizing every opportunity to point a moral was walking one day with one of his parishioners and expostulating with him on account of his sinful way. Presently they came to a place where ice had formed on the walk, and the sinful man's feet flew from under him, giving him a bad fall. The minister quickly seized the chance and, looking down upon him, said, "My friend, you see that sinners stand on slippery places." The sinful one looked ruefully up and answered: "Yes, I see they do, but I can't."—Judge's Magazine of Fun.



How to Fell a Tree Without Chopping It Down Yourself.

For a number of years a large dead tree had stood close to the cabin of the peasant, and a hundred times over he had vowed to cut it down and use it for firewood. He was, however, of a lazy disposition and kept shirking the task. One day a traveler came along and remarked the tree and added:

"It would take you a whole day to chop down that tree, and you would find the work very exhausting. Why don't you call on Jove to do it for you? One wallop from one of his thunderbolts would do the trick nicely."

"By George, but I never thought of that!" exclaimed the peasant. "I will call on the old man for sure, and you can stand by and see the fun."

"I shall be delighted to serve you," said Jove as he appeared in answer to a call. "Just give me room to swing one of these bolts and you'll see the splinters fly."

The dead tree not only came down with a crash, but it fell directly upon the peasant's cabin and smashed it to the earth.

"Alas, but what have you done?" cried the man as he saw the destruction wrought. "I now call upon you to rebuild my home."

"Oh, as to that," replied Jove, "my specialty is knocking down old trees, and I must stick to it. If it will be any consolation to you, however, I will say that I have figured it out and found that while it would have taken you only one day to cut down the tree it will take you four weeks to rebuild your cabin."

Morals: He who shirks work makes more for himself. Don't call upon a bull to help you lift a lamb over the fence.—Chicago News.

THE DEAD SEA.

Work of the Salt Divers in This Desolate Waste.

The awful desolation of the Dead sea, which lies nearly 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, is broken here and there by the salt divers, whose work is probably as ancient as the human race itself.

From remotest antiquity the salt of the Dead-sea has been collected and taken to the Jerusalem market, where it is used for curing hides and for domestic purposes. Dead sea water contains over 25 per cent of solid substances, of which 7 per cent is chloride of sodium, or common salt.

The Dead sea contains no living creature. Sea fish put into its waters speedily die. Not a single boat navigates its strange waters, nor is there any sign of life, save the isolated parties of salt divers, who scrape and slowly amass their glistening heaps of crystal near the mouth of the Jordan.

When a sufficient cargo is made ready a long string of camels crosses the desert, and the salt is loaded up into panniers, or "shwerries," and taken into Jerusalem, where it finds a ready market.

Salt, as is well known, has been used as currency from time immemorial, just as bricks of tea are used today in central Asia, especially in the borderland of China and Siberia.

Minard's Liniment lumberman's friend

Granger—How did he make all his money?
Kimmins—Smoking; he was the greatest smoker in America.

Granger—Dry up, Kimmins; you can't make money by smoking.

Kimmins—He did. He smoked hams.—The American Spectator.

She (Indignantly)—Stop, sir! You shall not kiss me again! How rude you are! Don't you know any better?

He (cheerily)—I haven't kissed every girl in town, it is true, but as far as I have gone I certainly don't know any better.—Watson's Magazine.

How to cleanse the system.

Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the result of scientific study of the effects of extracts of certain roots and herbs upon the digestive organs. Their use has demonstrated in many instances that they regulate the action of the liver and the kidneys, purify the blood, and carry off all morbid accumulations from the system. They are easy to take and their action is mild and beneficial.

"That's no lie," remarked the man with the newspaper.

"What's no lie?" queried the other party to the dialogue.

"This paragraph to the effect that wise men are more often wrong than fools are right," answered the other.—Chicago News.

Not a nauseating pill.—The exclamation of a pill is the substance which enfolds the ingredients and makes up the pill mass. That of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is so compounded as to preserve their moisture, and they can be carried into any latitude without impairing their strength. Many pills, in order to keep them from adhering are rolled in powders, which prove nauseating to the taste. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so prepared that they are agreeable to the most delicate.

Forty-seven cars of settlers effects arrived in the Melfort district during April.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

is better than other Soaps but is best when used in the Sunlight way. Follow directions.

SUNLIGHT WAY OF WASHING

FIRST.—Dip the article to be washed in a tub of lukewarm water, draw it out on a washboard and rub the soap lightly over it. Be particular not to miss soaping all over. THEN roll it in a tight roll, lay in the tub, under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on, and are rolled up.

Then go away for thirty minutes to one hour and let the Sunlight Soap do its work.

NEXT.—After soaking the full time rub the clothes lightly out upon a washboard, and the dirt will drop out; turn the garment inside out to get at the seams, but don't use any more soap; don't scald or boil a single piece, and don't wash through two suds. If the water gets too dirty, pour a little out and add fresh. If a streak is hard to wash, rub some more soap on it, and throw the piece back into the suds for a few minutes.

LASTLY COMES THE RINSING, which is to be done in lukewarm water, taking special care to get all the dirty suds away, then wring out and hang up to dry.

For Woolens and Flannels proceed as follows:—Shake the articles free from dust. Cut a tubful of SUNLIGHT SOAP into shavings, pour into a gallon of boiling water and whisk into a lather. When just lukewarm, work articles in the lather without rubbing. Squeeze out dirty water without twisting and rinse thoroughly in two relays of lukewarm water. Squeeze out water without twisting and hang in the open air.

The most delicate colors may be washed in the Sunlight way.

\$5,000 REWARD will be paid to any person who proves that Sunlight Soap contains any injurious chemicals or any form of adulteration.

Your Money Refunded by the dealer from whom you buy Sunlight Soap if you find any cause for complaint.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO

While working under the street level of the Arch of Alfonso d'Aragona the workmen came upon a sort of cellar, which opened out into a series of small chambers, opening out on to galleries. All were strongly built of stone, and in the dim light the explorers wore for a long time at a loss how to explain this mystery. It was revealed at last by the aid of candles, which exhibited on the walls rude drawings and despairing invocations for Divine aid—evidently from men in prison, some doomed to death and others to hopeless confinement. Chance had brought to light those abodes of horror and misery, the underground dungeons of the old kingdom of Naples.—London Globe.

CURED HIS WIFE of LA GRIPPE

Quebec Man tells how the Great Consumptive Preventative was an all-round Benefit

"My wife took La Grippe when she was in Ottawa," says R. N. Dufosse of Northfield Farm, Que., in an interview. "She got a bottle of Psychine and after using it for a few days she was quite well. I took a cold and am using it and am getting all right. I think Psychine is one of the best tonics on the market to-day."

There you have the whole matter in a nutshell. La Grippe and colds are among the forerunners of consumption. This man had one, his wife had the other. Psychine not only cured both but it built them up so that their bodies are strong enough to resist disease. All seeds of consumption are killed by

PSYCHINE

(Pronounced Sikeen)

50c. Per Bottle

Larger sizes 81 and 82—all druggists.

DR. T. A. SLODUM, Limited, Toronto.

CAN SAVE TEN MILLIONS

CHEAP ELECTRICAL ENERGY AS AGAINST STEAM IN ONTARIO.

It Costs Eight Dollars to Develop Energy at Niagara Falls, and Five More to Transmit it to Toronto—Striking Figures Given by Hon. Adam Beck to the Toronto Board of Trade—\$23 Unreasonable Price.

That electric energy can be developed at Niagara Falls for \$8 per horse-power, which figure would cover money invested and operating expenses; that it should only cost \$5 for transmission to Toronto; that under such conditions the saving to consumers of Toronto as against steam would be from \$500,000 to \$750,000 a year, and that it would mean a saving of \$10,000,000 a year to the province as against steam, were the striking statements made by Hon. Adam Beck in an address delivered before a general meeting of the Toronto Board of Trade recently on "Electric Power."

"I would like to impress on you the fact," said Mr. Beck in opening his address, "that I am not appearing as a representative of the Government in regard to any policy it may bring forward in respect to waterpowers of the province. I come here as one of you to deal not with a political issue, but with a question that is of direct interest to every person in the province, irrespective of his political stripe."

Leading into the question of power, the speaker pointed out how the waterpowers of Canada were essential to the development of natural resources such as mineral wealth and forests.

In inducing foreign capital to come here for investment Canadians were always met with the argument that there were no cheap coal supplies. Capital must be brought in, and the largest prize Canada could hold out was cheap waterpower, which would in turn mean cheap transportation.

Power From Niagara Falls.

"I will confine myself to the waterpower of Niagara Falls," continued Mr. Beck. "That is of especial interest to us because it will supply with cheap power a large part of the population of this province. I estimate, in fact, that 1,500,000 people may easily be supplied with electric power from the Falls if the available power there is developed. There is an agitation going on both in Canada and the United States over the likelihood of destroying the scenic beauty of the Falls by a diversion of water. Our friends in the United States need not be so concerned as they profess to be. Canada has not been prodigal in letting franchises, although too great concessions may have been made to companies, but I am sure the Government of Ontario—and from what I read in the press the Minister of Public Works at Ottawa is of a similar view—will never consent to any steps which will mean the depletion of the waters of the Falls. President Roosevelt has been very fair and pronounced on all these matters, and I feel certain he will not consent to allow the scenic beauty of the Falls to be destroyed. He may repose, I believe, the same confidence in our Governments, both of Ontario and of the Dominion. It is true the State of New York has been granting power franchises without demanding a limit to the water that shall be used. We want the amount to be limited."

Would Not Prohibit Export.

"The export of power should not be prohibited, I think. It would be an injustice if it were to those who have invested between \$20,000,000 and \$40,000,000 in the development of power at the Falls. It would be unfair to prohibit a realization of profits on money so invested, but what I do hold is that power must always be first available for local consumption."

"Regarding the price of this power to the consumer, I believe the matter might well be left in the hands of our Provincial Legislature. The power companies are our tenants, and as such we should be able to regulate them."

"From figures which I have been able to secure I estimate that power can be developed at the Falls for \$8 per horse-power. This figure would cover money expended in installation, in maintenance, expenses, depreciation, and interest on money invested at, say, 4 per cent. to 5 per cent. Against this steam power costs on an average \$28 per horse-power. The difference is a saving of \$20 per horse-power, or \$10,000,000 to the province."

Dealing with the benefits of power obtained at his figures, the speaker took the ground that it would build up manufactures, prove a moral blessing by giving more work to laboring men in the cities of Ontario, and would even allow the Toronto Railway Co. to offer penny fares to the workmen. If Ontario did not develop this power Winnipeg might take away the industrial supremacy of the large cities of this province, since that city was obtaining cheap power from Winnipeg River.

Not Antagonistic to Capitalists.

"I am not antagonistic to any capitalists," observed the speaker, "for we are all anxious to make all we can, but I hold the power at Niagara is for all the people of this province and should not be controlled by a few promoters and wealthy men. It cannot be contradicted that at present power is being sold at Niagara for \$12 per horse-power. It is to be brought to Toronto by the Electric Development Co. and sold here in large units at \$35 to consumers. How is it that the cost of transmission is \$23 per horse-power? It is an unreasonable figure and can only be accounted for by the belief that the interests of the three companies, the

Electric Development, the Toronto Electric Light and the Toronto & Niagara have identical interests behind them, I cannot accept the statement that these companies are justified in charging \$35. I may say to them that it costs only \$5 for transmission instead of \$23. But the price you are asked to pay is not what this power costs, but what those companies can get from you."

Cheap Power Will Reduce Fares.

It was then explained by Hon. Mr. Beck that \$5 for transmission would allow for all expenses of right of way, superstructures, etc., and an interest of four per cent. or four and a half per cent. on all money invested. He then estimated that if power were sold to the Toronto Street Railway at \$17 instead of \$35, as under the contract made some time ago, it would mean a saving of \$250,000 to the company, and would allow the workingman to get two or three more tickets for 25 cents.

Figuring on the basis of \$20 per horse-power for pumping stations and railways, and on a slightly higher rate for small consumers, he estimated that, after allowing for all expenses and for interest on all moneys invested, the consumers of Toronto could be saved from \$500,000 to \$750,000 per year. He further quoted figures to show how capitalists had raised almost double, in some cases, the price of light, heat, and power in Montreal, Buffalo and Ottawa.

Language of Lawrence Jail.

Lieutenant John P. Bradstreet of the Fiftieth Massachusetts was for many years a deputy sheriff and turnkey under High Sheriff Herrick at the Lawrence house of correction. All the newcomers were by him assigned to their proper quarters.

One day upon the arrival of a new squad of inmates there was one who seemed somewhat more "tony" than the rest, and, calling the lieutenant aside, he claimed a little more consideration than the others owing to his previous standing in society.

"I never was in such a situation before," said he, "and I trust you will give me a little different quarters from those of other fellows. I am highly educated and can speak seven different languages."

"Seven?" remarked the lieutenant. "That's altogether too many. We don't have but one language here and mighty little of that."

The Ottoman Turks.

The Ottoman Turks lived originally in central Asia, where they were members of a race related to the Mongols, a branch of the Ural-Altai family. Under their first sultan, Othman, who ruled from 1288 to 1326, they founded a realm in Asia Minor, but soon extended it into Europe, entering Armenia. With the capture of Constantinople in 1453 they succeeded to the Byzantine empire, and their rule at its zenith during the sixteenth century extended over the greater part of southeastern Europe and much of western Asia and northern Africa, but they lost Hungary, Roumania, Serbia, Greece and practically Bulgaria and Egypt, etc. The Ottoman Turks are Sunnite Mohammedans and regard the sultan, who is the supreme head of the church and recognized as such by all Mohammedans, as representative of former caliphs.

Entertaining Lions.

Concerning lions, we all like to entertain them. Most of them like to be entertained. Birds of a feather may flock together, but lions rarely enjoy the company of their kind (two of a kind never can agree). The solitary thrush sings alone. A lion is like that sort of bird. I have seen more than one dinner party spoiled by the multiplicity of lions at the table. The lion likes to have the floor to himself. He is always in better humor when there is no other to dispute it with him. When you have the luck to snare a lion remember that he is a kingly creature and select your guests with a view to his comfort and pleasure. It is better to invite lambs to meet a lion than to ask another lion. Every circle has its lambs.—Maud Howe in Harper's Bazar.

A Ghastly Ceremony.

Mohammedans of the Caucasus have a religious ceremony called "Chucksee Wucksee." It is a ceremony in which the fanatics cut and wound themselves in the following ghastly fashion, according to a traveler: "Each man, grasping a knife in his hand, brought it up in front and down on the crown of his head. Almost at every stroke the blood gushed forth, and soon one man after another became a staggering, blood-soaked figure."

Making It Easy For Him.

"I must warn you, Bridget," said Mrs. Nuritch, "to see that the peas are thoroughly mashed."

"Mashed, is it?" remarked the new cook in surprise.

"Yes; Mr. Nuritch is so high strung, you know, they make him nervous when they roll off his knife."—Exchange.

A Skeptic.

"Did you tell your father the story I read to you of Jonah and the whale?" asked a teacher of one of his scholars.

"Yes, sir," replied the lad, "but he didn't believe it. Dad never believes any fish stories unless he tell them himself."

CHILDREN IN FACTORIES.

Cities Are Said to Be Our Biological Furnaces.

"It has been said that the modern city is a biological furnace. Men are constantly drifting to this furnace," said Dr. Geo. J. Fisher of New York, in beginning his address to the Toronto Canadian Club recently. He then referred to the fact that the census showed how child labor in Canadian factories was gradually decreasing. From 19,000 children under 16 years employed in factories in the Dominion in 1891, the number had fallen at last census to 12,000. This was a good thing, and if the same reduction continued child labor would soon cease. He regretted that in the United States child labor was yet very excessive. He had been in many countries but never saw men so robust and vigorous as were Canadians, but the danger ahead was the great increase in sedentary employments. In these days men sat in their offices, used the telephone and telegraph, and instead of going out after the business men now did it by the wires. The result of this was seen in the increase in deaths from diabetes and diseases due to the lack of proper exercise.

He desired to ask men of thought to ponder over the facts revealed by the census of 1901. The increase of population since 1891 had been 550,000, but of these only 50,000 settled in rural districts and 500,000 in cities. In the United States to-day 60 per cent. of the population resided in the cities, and this was a grave physical danger. He urged that now was the time to provide playgrounds and parks. In the United States the people had now to pay millions for playgrounds and parks absolutely essential for the health of cities, whereas these grounds could have been secured at comparatively low rates. It was an essential for the health and welfare of children that there should be playgrounds and parks.

A commission of eminent men had been appointed in Scotland, and after careful inquiry the commission reported that the height of a farmer was five feet nine and a half inches and weight 173 pounds. In towns the height was five feet six and a half inches and weight 145 pounds. Of the ignorant and criminal the height was five feet five inches and the weight 123 pounds, so that there was a connection between physical health and mental and moral well-being.

The Canadian census and the returns relative to deaths showed that last year 9,700 people died of tuberculosis, 8,000 from pneumonia, 1,900 from typhoid fever, and these returns showed that deaths from nervous diseases, diseases of the digestive organs and other complaints due to the present rush and hurry in every-day life were increasing. As one well acquainted with the ways of young men, he regretted to say that little heed was paid to health matters. He referred to race suicide and declared that certain diseases were real cause of this decrease in the birth rate. Women suffered innocently, and the time, he hoped, was near at hand when such diseases would be treated by medical men and health officers as they treated the most dangerous infectious diseases. To be healthy, to be vigorous, to be successful required exercise and care, and men who were so would be better lawyers, better doctors and better clergymen.

Our Marriage Laws.

The last amendment to the act respecting the solemnization of marriage sets out that a man may not marry his grandmother, grandfather's wife, wife's grandmother, aunt, uncle's wife, mother, step-mother, wife's mother, daughter, son's wife, sister, granddaughter, grandson's wife, wife's granddaughter, niece, nephew's wife, wife's niece, brother's wife.

A woman may not marry her grandfather, grandmother's husband, husband's grandfather, uncle, aunt's husband, husband's uncle, father, husband's son, stepfather, husband's father, son, daughter's husband, brother, grandson, granddaughter's husband, husband's grandson, nephew, husband's nephew, husband's brother.

The relationship set forth in these tables include all such relationships whether by the whole or half blood, and whether legitimate or illegitimate.

By the Dominion Act, 53 Vic. C. 38, sect. 1, it is enacted that "All laws prohibiting marriage between a man and the daughter of his deceased wife's sister, where no law relating to consanguinity is violated are hereby repealed both as to present and future."

No One Knows the Cat's Speed.

The speed of a trained runner compares very poorly with that of most quadrupeds. The best speed of a man for 100 yards is 9.5 seconds, or 21.3 miles an hour. His record for a whole mile is 4 minutes 12.3-4 seconds, or a rate of 14 miles an hour. An ordinary trained runner covers a mile in five minutes, which is at the rate of 12 miles an hour.

These excellent performances look very tame when considered in conjunction with the following rates of speed gauged by Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, the well-known student of animal life:

Best speed for a mile at rate of	
First-class greyhound	34 miles an hour.
Racehorse	" " " 32 " " "
Prong-horned antelope	" " " 30 " " "
Common fox	" " " 26 " " "
Foxhound	" " " 22 " " "

A curious fact is that no one has ever to have succeeded in making a reliable estimate of the speed at which a cat can run a mile without a stop, and even so short a top-speed run as 100 yards has probably never been accurately timed.

LIZARD MOST FAMOUS

PROBABLY MOST NOTED OCEAN LANDMARK IN THE WORLD.

Its Name a Household Word—Roman Galleys Hailed It and Vessels of the Armada Were Shattered on Its Rocks—The Two White Octagonal Towers of the Lizard Lights and Their Message to Sailors.

Before men knew that the earth was round, the Lizard was a famous landmark of the world.

The Roman galleys sped by it with gaudy sails and save-piled tiers of mighty oars. The Norman conquerors, driven far west by channel gales, hailed it with joy as they won back again after days and weeks of beating in their uncouth ships. More than one of the "great sea castles" of the Spanish Armada shattered itself against the cavernous rocks at its base.

When ships of 200 tons burden were considered monstrous, the brave sea hearts of England, with neither sextant nor Mercator's charts to help them, took their landfall or their departure observations from the old Sphinx-like head of rock that is as well known as England is herself.

Like Sandy Hook, this famous place whose name is almost a household word from Anchangel to Cape Horne, is practically unknown in everything except name. The drowned and half-drowned rocks that lie scattered in the unpeaceful sea at its feet forbid a close approach to it, by ships, and all that captains, crews or passengers see of it is the glimpse of the lizard-like formations that may be obtained from a distance of two miles or so, as the ships speed by, speaking their colored flag language to the Cornish signal station.

"Lizard" expresses its general appearance fairly well, although, like most of the fanciful names that are given to prominent landmarks on account of their supposed resemblance to something else, it is not always easy to see that the Lizard really does look like a great lizard squatting in reptilian clumsiness on the southern end of old England.

But, seen from the proper angle and under the proper conditions, the resemblance to a huge, fat, wrinkled lizard is not so hard to find, and then it is easy, too, to see why its eastern end should have been called The Beast, for, like a huge, uncouth beast it looks over the head and shoulders of the Lizard.

Two hundred feet and more high, and descending sheer into a fretted sea, is this most southern piece of England. In clear weather it is visible twenty-four miles by day, and on a nearer approach its two white lighthouses (twin towers like those that look over Sandy Hook at the other end of the ocean road) make it easily the most characteristic landfall that a sailor can wish, so that even a perfect stranger, who has never steered a ship into English waters, can recognize the Lizard on sight.

The two white towers of the Lizard lights are octagonal, sixty-one feet high, and burn fixed white electric lights that shine out 230 feet above the high water mark, and are visible twenty-one sea miles or twenty-four land miles.

They have a purpose beyond merely telling the mariner that England has been reached, or warning him away from the rips of rocky teeth that sow the Channel there. So long as the sailor keeps those two white lights in line by night or the two white towers by day, so long is he safe from going on the most wicked and deadly rocks in the narrow seas—the far-known Manacles that lie between Lizard Point and Nare Point, and have added some of the most terrible stories of the sea to its literature.

Not from all aspects does the Lizard look like the reptile that has given its name to the noble headlands. Seen a little to eastward from the sea, Lizard Head looks strikingly like the mutilated head and face of a Sphinx. In the old days, when the face of the great Lord Brougham was familiar to men, they used to say that the Lizard, seen from the land behind it, was strikingly like a massive bust of the peer.

But not many saw it from landward in those days. Indeed, not very many see it now; for the peninsula of the Lizard is a lonely, wild country, where there is little to attract men to live, although there is wild and terrifying scenery to attract tourists. But the way to the grand scenery is tiresome and uninspiring—so much so that the wonders of the desolate coast remained practically an unknown thing until the nineteenth century, because travelers who had penetrated into Cornwall as far as the beginning of the peninsula generally became discouraged by the monotony of the inland scenery and retired without going as far as the ultimate southern coast.

So it was that the Lizard remained and is still to a large extent a primitive, unknown place. Mixed with its ancient Cornish stock is a breed of handsome, black-eyed, dark-faced people, and the fishery of the Lizard is a small one.

Fishermen of the Armada, whose ships were cast on the terrible teeth of the Stags and other wave-lashed rocks that ring the iron coast. "Course and naked roads lead to the Lizard—treacherous, flat, monotonous. A few barbed hedges stick up here and there. Here and there are a few gray apple trees, scattered with hedges. The soil is decomposed granite and rock. So scarce are trees that long ago a hedge near Lizard Town was called the Lizard Wood because it showed a few stunted trees.

Pierce winds beat the land; yet the

climate is so mild that a few days of frost are considered as making quite a hard winter there, and snow rarely lies long on the ground.

Below the lighthouses the ground slopes away suddenly and makes an abrupt promontory. At one extremity of this promontory, but not the most southern, rises an impressive, strange column of rock. It is the Bumble, sometimes accessible from the land at low water, but always hammered by ever-vexed water on the seaward side.

The most southerly rock of England rises from the sea a little distance from this. It is the Batha, and is a mass of mica that shines splendidly in the sun.

Near it is another massive, insulated rock, perforated by a natural archway. It is known as the Island of Crenval. Between this point and old Polpeer is a steep cliff worn into many caves by the sea. Some of these are forever crumbling away, for throughout this coast the fall of rock is almost incessant, owing to the tremendous battery by the surf.

A few years ago there was a cave here that could be approached with fair safety at low water, that was tapestried by wonderful sea ferns and floored with bright golden sand, in which flashed pools of water full of gorgeous seaweeds making them look like great rubies set in dim aisles or rock.

From the great headlands beyond this spot is a most noble view. The promontory terminates in three masses of lofty, piled-up rocks, the most easterly being the Little Lizard, and the most westerly and largest the Old Lizard Head. A short way from shore, standing deep in the green water, is a black rock called the Quadrant, and beyond it the lofty pillar of Lion Rock stands in lonely defiance, as if it had waded from the mainland in Titanic rebellion.

This is the rock that was described in such glowing language by Charles Littleton, Dean of Exeter, and subsequently Bishop of Carlisle. "This rock," said he, "as well as the others, is enameled with the most beautiful colors, and decorated with samphire and other sea plants."

"Enameled," indeed, are the rocks to this day. The formation of many of the cliffs is serpentine, and so many varied and gorgeous characteristics does this kind of rock assume that the changing aspects of the cliffs and reefs fill the lover of nature with ecstasy. Black, green, yellow, red, polished like glass by the never-weary waves, rise the cliffs. Everywhere are water-worn caves. Some are tiny, but glow in purple and crimson, owing to the lavish growth of seaweed, which gathers so fast on this coast that a fish net is green and red with plants after a few weeks of service. Others are lofty, with roofs vaulted like cathedrals, and through their mysterious aisles the sea thunders in organ tones.

On calm days the mutterings of the surf is broken again and again by boomings like signal guns. Those are the caves, spouting forth foam, air and water as the tide fills them.

Several of these spouting caves are famous and are known by such names as Bellows and Postoffice. The latter is so called because beside the outrush of water there is an inrush of air so violent that a piece of paper held near the crevices of the rock is sucked into the "bowels of the earth" with a vast rumbling that dies away deep below.

When a storm beats the Lizard and its rocks, the surf is greater and more terrible than any in the world except in a few noted and dreaded places. So fiercely does it batter the stone walls of England's southern end that "men standing on the cliffs imagine that they can feel the solid land itself trembling under the shock."

In winter the waves often beat clear over the highest point of the rocks till the twin lights stand in a pouring cloud of spray as if embattled. The onrush from the open ocean and the backwash from the shattered waves clash together and smoke high in the air, till even the most lofty of the sentinel rocks emerge only momentarily from the broken water that flies across and over them like gray banners of the sea. As far as the eye can see, wind-driven spray drifts fast, streaming from headland to headland high over the gulfs, where unceasing heat of thunder tells that the sea is whirling itself into white confusion below.

Through that driving mist that moves steadily like troops of phantom horse, the vast rocks of the promontory are visible only at times. In those occasional appearances they seem white from bases to summits, so high do the froth and foam of the assailing ocean rise.

The very froth itself is beaten so fiercely by the turmoil of the sea that it attains a consistency of its own and acquires in great spherical masses across and up the faces of cliffs.

It is small wonder that in the days of sail many ships drove in on this fearful trapwork of rocks. Even now, in the days of high-powered steamers, the Lizard is dreaded. But nowadays the ships that go ashore strike usually because they blunder into the trap in fog and night. Once, when the Channel procession was white with sail instead of black with smoke as now, ships were forced to by the weather, and again and again the population of the Lizard watched vessels for days as they struggled against the doom that was shutting in on them steadily.

The parish of the Lizard (the parish close on the headland) tell many tales of this kind.

An Expensive Complaint.

Howell—What is your wife's trouble? Powell—Catarrh. She wants me to take her to Niagara Falls.

Conjugal Felicitas.

"Mabel, I sometimes think you only married me for my money." "Those lucid intervals are encouraging."

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The Wedding Gift.
It is a golden rule to send a wedding gift in good time, the first to arrive being much more appreciated than that which is one of the many pouring in from all quarters during the last week. By adhering to this rule one will be saved the annoyance of hearing that the saltcellars are charming—the third set already received. A month before the wedding day is not too early to send the present, which should be accompanied by a visiting card. The package should be addressed to the bride, if one is intimate with the happy couple, and to the bride's house, addressed to the bridegroom, if it is he with whom one is best acquainted.

The Diagnosis.
There are things that only a doctor can successfully accomplish, and there are other things which the physician may safely relegate to a competent assistant. "I understand the doctor has just been to see your husband, Mrs. McCarthy," said Mr. McCarthy's employer. "Has he made a diagnosis?" For a moment Mrs. McCarthy was submerged in a sea of doubt, but she rose triumphant. "No, sorr," she said confidently, "he left it to me, him saying I was well able to do it, sorr. It's to be made wid linseed on a shtout muslin, sorr."

Sagacity.
"Why, yes, I have seen a good deal of Tom Robinson recently. Fact is, he's one of the most entertaining men I ever met. Really, I didn't know there was so much in him. He's positively brilliant when you get him talking. Most delightful companion and so hospitable and—"
"I see. Which of Robinson's sisters is it—the little one with the black hair or the tall blond one?"
"It's the little one with the black hair."

A Kiss and a Snap.
In 1837 Mr. Thomas Saverland brought an action against Miss Caroline Newton, who had bitten a piece out of his nose for his having tried to kiss her by way of a joke. The defendant was acquitted, and the judge laid down that "when a man kisses a woman against her will she is fully entitled to bite his nose if she so pleases."

Lapras Lingue.
"You understand, of course, that my daughter has been reared in the lap of luxury?"
"Why, she told me last night that mine was the first—er, that is, I hope, sir, that I may be able to make such provision as to keep her from pining for the lap you mention."

The Same Old Climate.
"Is not your climate rather changed?" asked the tourist.
"No, it isn't," answered the old settler who always contradicted. "If it was, don't you suppose we'd have changed it for something else years ago?"

A Modest Theatrical.
Briggs—That fool Stepligh considers himself the greatest actor on earth.
Benson—Is that so? He's getting strangely modest. He used to consider himself the greatest actor that ever lived.

Patchwork of Pictures.
Of all the quaint and varied sights shown to the passing stranger, says Navy and Army, perhaps there is none more attractive than the officers' quarters in the main guard of the citadel of Valletta. Long ago some officer, finding the time hang heavy on his hands and having in him besides a turn for sketching, bethought him to draw upon the bare, yellow washed wall of his un-furnished room a picture in color. The next officer probably thought he could do as well or better, and he, too, left his handiwork upon the walls, and as years rolled by there grew up a custom, now firmly established, for every regiment serving in Malta and doing main guard duty to leave behind a remembrance of itself in the shape of a sketch on the walls in pencil, chalk or paint. Thus now, instead of plain, unlovely walls, exists this quaint hazy patchwork of pictures, well known throughout the services and to those who use this highway to the coast.

Modern Instance.
"And now," he said, "we will see what our old friend the apostle Paul has to say. Step up here, Paul, and give us your testimony."
No, the speaker wasn't a hippopotamus consulting attorney in the celebrated trial before Felix.
It was the Rev. Mr. Seventy, the popular pastor of the Bank Avenue church, who was preaching a doctrinal sermon.

The Shock and Severe.
"Did the coroner's jury ascertain what caused Bowler's sudden death?"
"Yes. It appears that he received a plumber's bill in his morning's mail."
"But surely that did not kill him?"
"That is what the jury thought, and they wished to correct."

The Death Chair.
Doubt is often cast upon electrocution as a system by the fact that persons may survive an accidental shock of 2,000 volts. The Electrical World and Engineer points out that the conditions of a chance contact are entirely different from those provided in the chair. It says, "There can be no question that the subject dies by the effects of the electric shock and is dead beyond all hope before the autopsy takes place."

Pure Blood.
If infectious disease is in the vicinity, it should be remembered that pure blood contains bodies that will combat disease germs. These bodies are the white corpuscles, and they will envelop and actually devour the fatal bacilli of fevers and similar diseases. So it is well to keep the vital fluid in health.

The Intricacies of Trade.
Woman—How much for children's pictures?
Photographer—Ten shillings a dozen and a gain.
Woman—Why—er—yes; but I've got only nine.

Out of His Own Mouth.
He—Wise men hesitate. Only fools are certain.
She—Are you sure?
He—I'm quite certain of it!
They she laughed.

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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

Issued Every Tuesday.

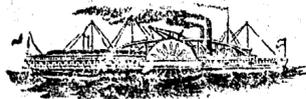
W. B. ANDERSON, MGR

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 18 1906

Nanaimo & Nanaimo Bay



s. s. "City of Nanaimo."

VICTORIA-COMOX ROUTE

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

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

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

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

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

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

North Saanich when tide and weather conditions permit.

VANCOUVER-NANAIMO-LADYSMITH ROUTE

s. s. "JOAN"

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

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

Sails from Nanaimo for Ladysmith, Fridays and Saturdays at 5:30 p.m.

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

Sails from Vancouver for Nanaimo daily, except Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 p.m.

Sails from Vancouver for Nanaimo, Saturdays at 2:30 p.m.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE JUNE 21, 1906

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No.	Day	Time	Destination	Time
No. 2	Daily	A.M.	Victoria	4:00
			Wellington	7:55
			Nanaimo	7:37
			Wellington	7:55

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No.	Day	Time	Destination	Time
No. 1	Daily	A.M.	Wellington	8:00
			Nanaimo	4:15
			Duncan's	5:55
			Koenig's	7:27
			Coldstream	8:32
			Victoria	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.

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

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NOTICE.

Riding on locomotives and rail way 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.

SLIPS IN THE PULPIT

ODD BLUNDERS THAT HAVE BEEN MADE IN SERMONS.

One Minister Who Was Not Well Posted in Maritime Nomenclature Another Who Wanted Footprints to Announce Themselves.

It is not for the laity to throw stones at the person about his slip, due either to platform fright or to absence of mind for the brethren and sisters who are not of the cloth make plenty of mistakes of this kind. Nearly every one—man or woman—in this day has attempted to speak at some gathering and has sat down with the frightful consciousness of having said something which was far from that intended. One man, a lawyer, is still piqued at himself over the recollection of having said three times in the course of an address that "there was no food for either animal or beast," and a certain clubwoman recalls with horror how, in the midst of a poetic description of sunrise in Alaska, she finished with "and it was very pretty indeed."

Yet there are more recorded slips made by ministers, perhaps, because a ridiculous thing said from the pulpit becomes thrice ridiculous, as, for instance, the announcement made by a country clergyman just before the benediction that Mrs. Blank, a poor widow of the parish, desired him to thank all those members of the church who had so kindly "assisted" at the death of her husband. The village doctor, who had given his services on this sad occasion was the most chagrined.

In another Illinois church a social was to be held. Knowing that the small fry was much in evidence at such times and that it often became boisterous, treading indeed upon the ecclesiastical and other toes and sitting upon the ecclesiastical silk hat, the Ladies' Aid society, which was managing the affair, determined to word the notice that parents would not feel at liberty to bring their offspring. Sunday the minister, glancing hastily at the paper in his hand, saw only the words "children" and "invited" and, folding it up, proceeded to say that the ladies specially urged the children to be present, adding that no occasion was complete without them.

The saviour said, "Butter little children to come unto me," and it is the glory of the Christian church that it cherishes these tender little plants and that never does it wish them to feel that they are not welcome within her gates. Let the children, therefore, be present as far as possible. They were, it is needless to record, attacking the cake plate with astonishing results and testing the capacity of the ice cream freezer.

Another minister made an announcement which grated harshly upon the nerves of the more sensitive part of the congregation, although he was probably unable to avoid doing it, as the notice had been sent in properly signed. It was just after a beautiful and touching solo, sung by the tenor of the choir—one of those songs which seem to lift the singer and the listener up above earthly things. While the audience was still breathless and the tenor was about to take his seat the pastor arose and announced cheerfully there would be a chicken pie social in the parlors of the church Thursday night, at which a large attendance was expected.

There is a story, not a new one, certainly, and probably not a true one, but one which is applicable, of a minister whose discourse was upon the wonders of creation and God's care of the least as well as of the greatest of his works. "When God created the mountain, he made the tiny grain of sand. When he made a Niagara, he also made the little dewdrop. When he made the huge elephant, his hand formed the tiny gnat, and when he made me he made a daisy." In these opinions his hearers may have concurred and may not have.

A Presbyterian minister, writing in an English religious monthly, gives a few genuine slips made by the clergy of his acquaintance. One of those stories is of a young pastor who labored among the fisher folk of the east coast and who was much given to metaphors. This Sunday morning he spoke of the soul sailing out upon the sea of eternity, and he was almost dramatic.

"Look," he cried, "at yonder ship! The Blue Peter is at the masthead; the sails are hoisted. She rises on the swelling waters like a swan. And now the anchor is raised and slung from—from—from— Here he paused, while the congregation, every member of which knew a ship from fore to aft, waited with expectant interest. "From the place where it ought to be!" he finished desperately. "It means well," said an old seaman after the service, "but w'at can you think of a man as doesn't know the cat's head?"

Then there was the brother who gave a series of sermons on the prophet Jonah and, coming to the part about the storm, told with fervent gestures how the sailors "rowed and rowed to bring the sea to land." This is much like the effort of that other pastor who described to his people the situation of a man who was hanging over a frightful abyss and ended with the words, "And to him the moments seemed minutes."

Once a minister in picturing Nemesis creating the milky snake of the "sound of footprints approaching" and was dismayed at the simile which went round.

Yet not all mistakes are mere slips of the tongue. An old Methodist minister of blessed memory who preached a central Illinois twenty-five years ago, was actually to speak of the "thousand feeding upon ten thousand hills," which is a remarkable feature performed all at once.

"But let not the maker of slips worry too much about them," is the advice of an old minister, "for it is the really earnest man who does it most, and for every such slip there is likely to have been enough of forceful speaking to make an impression and perhaps to live forever."

Charity.

Sinnick—There are just two sorts of charity in this world.

Sinnick—Yes.

Sinnick—Yes; one sort that begins at home and stays there, and an inferior sort designed for export.

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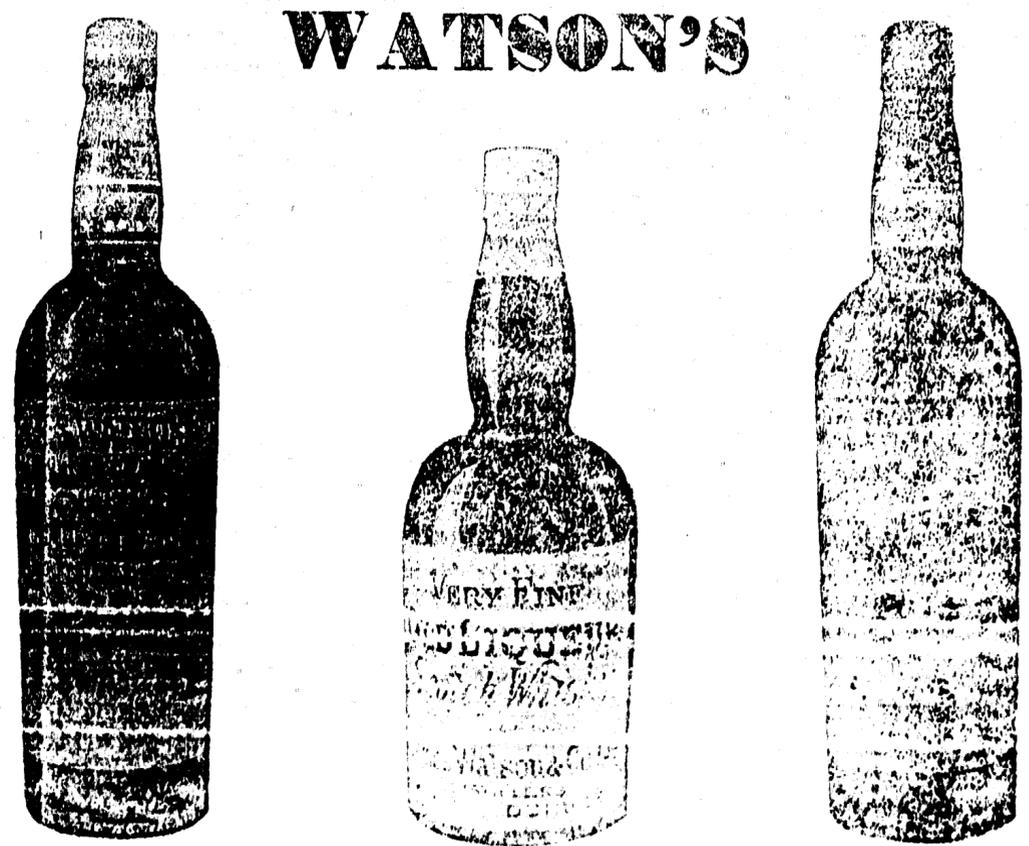
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The HUDSONS BAY CO.

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EBEN HOLDEN

By IRVING BACHELLER

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(Continued)

"Hope has got too far ahead of me," I said. "She can marry a rich man if she wishes to, and I don't see why she shouldn't. What am I anyhow but a poor devil just out of college and everything to win? It makes me miserable to think here in this great house how small I am."

"There's things goin' t' happen," Uncle Eb whispered. "I can't tell ye what er when, but they're goin' t' happen, an' they're goin' t' change everything." We sat thinking awhile then. I knew what he meant, that I was to conquer the world somehow, and the idea seemed to me so absurd I could hardly help laughing as melancholy as I felt.

"Now, you go t' bed," he said, rising and gently touching my head with his hand. "There's things goin' t' happen, boy, take my word fer it."

I got in bed late that night, but there was no sleep for me. In the still hours I lay quietly, planning my future, for now I must make myself worth having and as soon as possible.

Some will say my determination was worthy of a better love; but, bless you, I have my own way of doing things, and it has not been always so unsuccessful.

CHAPTER XXI.

HOPE was not at breakfast with us.

"The child is worn out," said Mrs. Fuller. "I shall keep her in bed a day or two."

"Couldn't I see her a moment?" I inquired.

"Dear, no!" said she. "The poor thing is in bed with a headache."

If Hope had been ill at home I should have felt free to go and sit by her as I had done more than once. It seemed a little severe to be shut away from her now, but Mrs. Fuller's manner had forewarned any appeal, and I held my peace. Having no children of her own, she had assumed a sort of proprietorship over Hope that was evident. That probably was why the girl had ceased to love me and to write to me as of old. A troop of mysteries came clear to me that morning. Through many gifts and favors she had got my sweetheart in a sort of bondage and would make a marriage of her own choosing if possible.

"Is there anything you would like particularly for your breakfast?" Mrs. Fuller inquired.

"Hain't no way pertic'lar," said Uncle Eb. "I generally eat buckwheat pancakes an' maple sugar with a good strong cup o' tea."

Mrs. Fuller left the room a moment. "Dunno but I'll go out t' the barn a minute an' take a look at the hosses," he said when she came back.

"The stable is a mile away," she replied, smiling.

"Gran' good team ye druv us out with las' night," he said. "Hed a chance t' look 'em over a little there at the door. The off hoss is puffed some for'ard, but if yer husband 'll put on a cold bandage ev'ry night 'll make them legs smoother'n a hound's tooth."

She thanked him and invited us to look in at the conservatory.

"Where's yer husband?" Uncle Eb inquired.

"He's not up yet," said she. "I fear he did not sleep well."

"Now, Mrs. Fuller," said Uncle Eb as we sat waiting, "if there's anything I can do t' help jes' lo' me know what 'tis."

She said there was nothing. Presently Uncle Eb sneezed so powerfully that it rattled the crystals on the chandelier and rang in the brass medallions.

The first and second butlers came running in with a frightened look. There was also a startled movement from somebody above stairs.

"I do sneeze powerful sometimes," said Uncle Eb from under his red bandanna. "S enough t' scare any body."

They brought in our breakfast then—a great array of tempting dishes. "Jest hev four pancakes an' a billed egg," said Uncle Eb as he slipped his tea. "An' jes' t' be honest, 'twould be enough t' float a silver dollar too."

"Mrs. Fuller," I said, rising, when we had finished, "I thank you for your hospitality, but as I shall have to work nights probably I must find lodgings near the office."

"You must come and see us again," she answered cheerfully. "On Saturday I shall take Hope away for a bit of rest, to Saratoga probably, and from there I shall take her to Hillsborough myself for a day or two."

"Thought she was goin' home with me," said I to Mrs. Fuller.

"Oh, dear, no!" said Mrs. Fuller.

"She cannot go now. The girl is ill, and it's such a long journey."

The postman came then with a letter for Uncle Eb.

It was from David Brower. He would have to be gone a week or so buying cattle and thought Uncle Eb had better come home as soon as convenient.

"They're lonesome," he said thoughtfully after going over the letter again. "Tain't no wonder—they're gittin' old."

Uncle Eb was older than either of them, but he had not thought of that. "Le's see; 's about 8 o'clock," said he presently. "I've got t' go an' ten' to some business o' my own. I'll be back here some time t'day, Mis' Fuller, an' I'll hev t' see that girl. You musn't never try t' keep me 'way from her. She's sot on my knee too many year fer that—altogether too many."

We arranged to meet there at 4. Then a servant brought us our hats. I heard Hope calling as we passed the stairway.

"Won't you come up a minute, Uncle Eb? I want to see you very much."

Then Uncle Eb hurried upstairs, and I came away.

I read the advertisements of board and lodging—a perplexing task for one so ignorant of the town. After many calls I found a place to my liking on Monkey hill, near Printing House square. Monkey hill was the east end of William street and not in the least fashionable. There were some neat and cleanly looking houses on it of wood and brick and brownstone inhabited by small tradesmen, a few shops, a big stable and the chalet sitting on a broad, flat roof that covered a portion of the stable yard. The yard itself was the summit of Monkey hill. It lay between two brick buildings, and up the hill from the walk one looked into the gloomy cavern of the stable, and under the low roof on one side there were dump carts and old coaches in varying stages of infirmity.

There was an old iron shop that stood flush with the sidewalk, flanking the stable yard. A lantern and a mammoth key were suspended above the door, and hanging upon the side of the shop was a wooden stair ascending to the chalet. The latter had a sheathing of weather worn clapboards. It stood on the rear end of the brick building, communicating with the front rooms above the shop. A little stair of five steps ascended from the landing to its red door that overlooked an ample yard of roofing, adorned with potted plants. The main room of the chalet where we ate our meals and talked of an evening had the look of a ship's cabin. There were stationary seats along the wall covered with leathern cushions. There were port and starboard lanterns and a big one of polished brass that overhung the table. A ship's clock that had a noisy and cheerful tick was set in the wall. A narrow passage led to the room in front, and the latter had slanting sides. A big window of little panes in its farther end let in the light of William street.

Here I found a home for myself—humble, but quaint and cleanly. A thrifty German who, having long followed the sea, had married and thrown out his anchor for good and all now dwelt in the chalet with his wife and two boarders, both newspaper men. The old shopkeeper in front, once a sailor himself, had put the place in shipshape and leased it to them.

My host bore the name of Oppert and was widely known as "All Right" Oppert from his habit of cheery approval. Everything and everybody were "all right" to him so far as I could observe. To be sure, he took exceptions on occasions, but even then the affair ended with his inevitable verdict of "all right." Every suggestion I made as to terms of payment and arrangement of furniture was promptly stamped with this seal of approval.

I was comfortably settled and hard at work on my article by noon. At 4 went to meet Uncle Eb. Hope was still sick in bed and we came away in a frame of mind that could hardly have been more miserable. I tried to induce him to stay a night with me in my new quarters.

"I musn't," he said cheerfully. "Fore long I'm comin' down ag'in, but I can't feel good no longer now. I'll jes' go an' git my new clothes an' out for the steamboat. Want ye t' an' see Hope tomorrow. She's comin' up with Mis' Fuller next week. I'm jes' t' find out what's the matter up there. Somethin' wrong somewhere. Dunno what 'tis. She's all upset."

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Poor girl! It had been almost as heavy a trial to her as to me—cutting me off as she had done. Remembrances of my tender devotion to her in all the years between then and childhood must have made her sore with pity. I had already determined what I should do, and after Uncle Eb had gone that evening I wrote her a long letter and asked her if I might not still have some hope of her loving me. I begged her to let me know when I might come and talk with her alone. With what eloquence I could bring to bear I told her how my love had grown and laid hold of my life.

I finished my article that night and in the morning took it to Mr. Greeley. He was at his desk writing and at the same time giving orders in a querulous tone to some workman who sat beside him. He did not look up as he spoke. He wrote rapidly, his nose down so close to the straggling, wet lines that I felt a fear of its touching them. I stood by, waiting my opportunity. A



Uncle Eb sneezed.

rull bearded man in his shirt sleeves came hurriedly out of another room.

"Mr. Greeley," he said, halting at the elbow of the great editor.

"Yes, what is it?" the editor demanded nervously, his hand wabbling over the white page as rapidly as before, his eyes upon his work.

"Another man garroted this morning on South street."

"Better write a paragraph," he said, his voice snapping with impatience as he brushed the full page aside and began sowing his thoughts on another. "Warn our readers. Tell 'em to wear brass collars with spikes in 'em till we get a new mayor."

The man went away laughing.

Mr. Greeley threw down his pen, gathered his copy and handed it to the workman who sat beside him.

"Proof ready at 5!" he shouted as the man was going out of the room.

"Hello, Brower!" he said, bending to his work again. "Thought you'd blown out the gas somewhere!"

"Waiting until you reject this article," I said.

He sent a boy for Mr. Ottarson, the city editor. Meanwhile he had begun to drive his pen across the broad sheets with tremendous energy. Somehow it reminded me of a man plowing black furrows behind a fast walking team in a snow flurry. His mind was "straddle the furrow" when Mr. Ottarson came in. There was a moment of silence, in which the latter stood scanning a page of the Herald he had brought with him.

"Ottarson," said Mr. Greeley, never slackening the pace of his busy hand as he held my manuscript in the other, "read this. Tell me what you think of it. If good, give him a show."

"The staff is full, Mr. Greeley," said the man of the city desk. His words cut me with disappointment.

The editor of the Tribune halted his hand an instant, read the last lines, scratching a word and underlining another.

"Don't care!" he shrilled as he went on writing. "Used to slide down hill with his father. If he's got brains we'll pay him \$3 a week."

The city editor beckoned to me, and I followed him into another room.

"If you will leave your address," he said, "I will let you hear from me when we have read the article."

With the hasty confidence of youth I began to discount my future that very day, ordering a full dress suit of the best tailor, hat and shoes to match and a complement of neckwear that would have done credit to Beau Brummel. It gave me a start when I saw the bill would empty my pocket of more than half its cash. But I had a stiff pace to follow and every reason to look my best.

(To be Continued.)

The First Man Dressmaker.

As far back as 1730 there was in Paris a man dressmaker, probably the first of his kind. His name was Rhombert, and he was the son of a Bavarian peasant from the neighborhood of Munich. He owed his success to his genius for concealing and remedying defects of figure. He drove a beautiful carriage on the boulevard and had an escutcheon in the shape of a pair of corsets and an open pair of scissors painted on the panel of each door. He left a large fortune to his heirs.

HISTORICALLY VIEWED

TORONTO UNIVERSITY COMING NEARER IDEAL OF FOUNDERS.

First College Building Designed to Be Centre of Education For the New Province—Contentions Interfered and Provincial College Was Relegated to Corner of the Park—An Initial Mistake—Better Days Dawning.

The great change that is being effected in the constitution of the University of Toronto means that that institution is coming nearer than has hitherto been the case to the ideal of its founders. When the university was projected it was expected that it would occupy the site that has since been allotted to the Legislative buildings. It was with a view to the carrying out of this policy that the first college building—King's College—was erected in that part of the park which lies immediately opposite Grosvenor street, where the monument to the heroes of the Northwest now stands.

The First College.

This structure was designed as the nucleus of the university that was to be. It was thought that, by gradually extending it, it would assume large proportions, and command the Queen's Park avenue, where there would rise around it other buildings for educational purposes. Thus what we know as the park would become the centre of education for the new province. The plans as originally thought out were not destined to be carried into execution. The university became a subject of contention. The interests were divided. Other institutions were opened. The provincial college was relegated to a corner of the park, and there it remained until the differences of early days had been settled, or until other views prevailed. Then the quieting of the old disputes opened the way to a situation under which the State-endowed institution can impart knowledge in the subjects that are not controversial, while the other institutions organized for special religious purposes can employ their resources in the work that is particular to themselves.

An Initial Mistake.

There can be no doubt that the situation—which created the long-drawn-out educational quarrel was the result of a mistake made in London. When the province was founded the leading men agreed that a college for the training of youth in the higher branches was a necessity. Governor Simcoe said on this subject, in his quaint style, that "a college of a higher class would be eminently useful, and would give a tone of principle and manners that would be of infinite support to government." It is easy to understand what our pioneer ruler meant by this remark, although few of us would put the idea in this language. The grant in 1797 of 500,000 acres of land in support of four grammar schools and one university was clearly a provision for higher education, regardless of religious questions. Similarly, the call for a principal for the contemplated university in 1799 was suggestive of non-demonstrationalism. Governor Simcoe sent to Scotland for the head of the proposed institution, and the offer of the principalship was given to two Presbyterians—first to the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, and afterwards to Mr. John Strachan, who accepted, and afterwards became the first Bishop of Toronto.

Delays and Disputes.

When Dr. Strachan reached Canada, in conformity with his invitation to become the head of the new college, the face of matters had changed. Governor Simcoe had left for England, and there was no university to direct. Under these circumstances the bishop-to-be turned to other educational enterprises, and ultimately took orders in the Church of England. In the meantime the campaign for a university was continued, and was crowned with a measure of success. George IV, in 1827, gave a charter for King's College, making it, however, an exclusively Church of England seat of learning. This charter was the subject of protest on the part of the Legislature, and the Imperial authorities undertook to modify it; but the changes were not such as the province as a whole agreed to. In the forties the charter of George IV. was made operative. Bishop Strachan brought the university into being, and helped, on April 23, 1827, at the laying, by Sir Charles Bagot, of the foundation stone of the first college, on the site in Queen's Park already described.

The Secularization Struggle.

When the work of organization under Church of England auspices was commenced, the movement for secularization became the stronger. The Methodist body, for its part, had commenced work upon their own university at Cobourg, which was chartered in 1836, and the Presbyterians had begun upon Queen's, which received its charter in 1841. As these church institutions enjoyed no State subsidy, while King's had been granted some 225,000 acres as its share of the grant made forty years earlier in the interests of higher education, the fight for secularization became the more vigorous. In the Legislature the matter was taken up, and the consequence was the reincorporation of the university in 1849 as a provincial institution, with no religious control and no religious tests for the professors. There can be little doubt that Bishop Strachan had looked upon King's as the theological college for his diocese. His writings, however, show that he did not wish it to be exclusive, in the sense that it could be resorted to by none but members of the Church of England. What he aimed at was jus-

such Church control as appertained in those days to Oxford and Cambridge.

Trinity Established.

The elimination of Church influence and the suppression of the theological department was a severe trial to the bishop. He, however, was not cast down. To England he went, and secured a charter and endowments for Trinity University, the first stone of which was laid in 1852. It is said of Bishop Strachan that he was really the founder of two universities within ten years of each other. Thus it was that we had Trinity in the West end of the city, with Toronto in the park. For years the tendency has been towards a series of denominational or Church universities, and one State university—all of them weak and struggling for an existence. Now the situation has changed. It seems to be recognized that a strong university, teaching the subjects that are common to all, and leaving to each of the Church foundations the theological instruction that is distinctive, renders the more substantial service to the people. This is what we are coming to, and it is interesting to observe that it is the very idea that was entertained when a central institution of learning was first designed.

He Was In Such a Hurry.

A man who has resided in Cairo told this tale as an illustration of the dilatory ways of Arabian trades people:

"A certain gentleman ordered a swing to be erected in his garden for the use of his little boy, aged six. He waited and waited, but the swing never arrived. In due course of time that boy grew up to man's estate and became himself the father of a little boy. When his son was six years old he remembered how his own father had ordered a swing to be made for him. So he called on the tradesman, who lived at his gate, and asked him to send up the swing that had been ordered twenty years before. The man agreed to do so. The little boy becoming impatient after three weeks, his father called again and remonstrated with the Arabian as to his dilatoriness. The indignant tradesman replied that he could not really undertake to serve any one who was in such a fearful hurry."

How to Use Brains.

A head man in a manufactory was watching a drayman tugging at a heavy case one day. The drayman's face was red, and the muscles of his neck were bulging. The overseer, says a writer in the Baltimore Sun, thought it was the right moment to offer practical assistance.

"Wait a minute there," he said. "Let me show you how easy it is when you use a little brain with your muscle." And he grabbed a book, stuck it into the case, gave a yank and went sprawling into the gutter under the dray. He got up, looked at the hook and said, "Confound it, the handle comes off!"

"Yes, sir," said the drayman respectfully. "My brain told me that, and I didn't use it."

A Lucky Circumstance.

In the house of commons no incident is greeted with more hearty laughter than that of a member who, after an eloquent oration, plumps down on his silk hat on the bench behind him. A young member who had just made his maiden speech sat upon his new silk hat. There were roars of laughter. An Irish member immediately arose and gravely said, "Mr. Speaker, permit me to congratulate the honorable gentleman upon the happy circumstance that when he sat on his hat his head was not in it!" This remark upset the dignity of the house, and the speaker called "Order, order," amid roars of laughter.

Safe For a Short Distance.

A young man who is blessed with a Scotch kinsman need never fear that he will be allowed to hold too high an opinion of himself.

"What do you think of my project to study law?" asked young Witherby of his great-uncle, Robert Donaldson, a person whom he was desirous to propitiate.

"I should call it a vera harmless amusement," said Mr. Donaldson dryly after a comprehensive survey of the young man's fatuous face and gay attire, "if not carried too far."

Honesty.

Let honesty be as the breath of thy soul and never forget to have a penny when all thy expenses are enumerated and paid; then shall thou reach the point of happiness, and independence shall be thy shield and buckler, thy helmet and crown; then shall thy soul walk upright, nor stoop to the slenker wretch because he hath riches, nor pocket an abuse because the hand which offers it wears a ring set with diamonds.—Franklin.

Queer Justice.

Prison Visitor—My friend, you ought not to complain. You are here to satisfy the demands of justice. Prisoner—Not much I am. For months my creditors kept urging me to raise money and then when I raised a check they put me in jail. I'm blamed if I can see how you call that justice.

Animated Bed Warmers.

Strange bed warmers are used by Chilean women. In cold weather, when in bed, they keep their feet warm by placing them on a dog.

AFTER 18 YEARS OF SUFFERING

AN ONTARIO FARMER FINDS A CURE AT LAST IN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

The Direct Cause of His Trouble was a Strain in the Back Which Affected His Kidneys—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him.

ARDOCH, Ont., May 14—(Special.) Mr. Ami Jeanneret, of this place gives a very interesting account of his experience with Dodd's Kidney Pills. He says:—

"I hurt my back and strained my kidneys and for 18 years I suffered on and off intense agony. I was subject to attacks of Rheumatism and Lumbago. My joints were stiff, my muscles cramped. I lost my appetite, my flesh began to fall away, my nerves were shaken, I could not rest or sleep at night and I was sinking into a deplorable condition when I was advised to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I used six boxes and I am now as strong and healthy as ever I was. I am certain I owe my cure wholly to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Kalgoorlie, West Australia, is one of the newest and best gold fields in the world. The following advertisement was prominently displayed in a recent issue of the Kalgoorlie Miner:—"Watch the progress of the British elections. Balfour, the coercionist, is defeated. Should his mate, Chamberlain, be also defeated, all corners can indulge in a little 'light refreshment' free of charge for a period of six hours from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., at Paddy Whalen's Shamrock Hotel."

Use the safe, pleasant and effectual worm killer, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; nothing equals it. Procure a bottle and take it home.

Two thousand babies were entered in the Chicago baby show held for the benefit of San Francisco sufferers.

Wife—Your were talking in your sleep last night, dear. Why do you persist in doing it?

Husband—Good Lord, Marie, a man ought to be allowed to talk sometimes oughtn't he? —The Bohemian

I cured a horse of Mange with MINARD'S LINIMENT.

CHRISTOPHER SAUNDERS.

I cured a horse, badly torn by a pitch fork, with MINARD'S LINIMENT.

St. Peter's. C. B. Edw. LINLIEF.

I cured a horse of a bad swelling with MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Bathurst, N.B. THOS. W. PAYNE

Three plumbers robbed a man on a Kansas City street car. It is not good form for plumbers to rob people on a street car.—Boulder News.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For it is a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & Co. Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Need for Clean Men.

If one were to go to the President of the United States and ask him to name the country's greatest need he would reply in his quick, conclusive way, "Clean men." He knows. Smart men there are by the thousands; rich men abound more than in any other age of the world; able men are found in every state and township, but even from a population of eighty millions the chief executive has difficulty in finding the man of exceptional character for a post which requires a square and flawless morality. It is to his credit that he misuses no opportunity to preach clean manhood. But neither presidents nor preachers nor teachers can do the work of fathers except in their own families. We do not mean to underestimate the marvellous influence of the mother. In most lands men who reach success give their mothers the credit. "All that I am I owe to my mother," said Lincoln. "It was you who taught me to write to my mother," said the cracked Charlie. We get our moral qualities from our mothers, our physiologists, and as we look back we find this maternal affection the loveliest thing on earth. But isn't there a conviction down deep in our souls that we should have done much better if our fathers had taken time and trouble to share our confidences in the years that counted most?—From the Dollinetor for June.

Minard's Liniment used by physicians

Comes Easy For the Son.

A man can't fool his wife with the same excuse more than three times, but her son can fool her with the same promise 300 times, and it will not show the least signs of wear.

Ye scribe was laid up last week with a cold and stiff neck.

Hilda Skoyen, of Oak Valley, attended the Sages and Nelson wedding Saturday.

Ye scribe has been sewing for Hulda Sedahl.

The auction sale at Mike Finstad's was well attended, and the dance, too. But nobody got into a bad temper because it was crowded when they danced, as I heard they did at some other auction dances.

O, made a smash—no mash at the Finstad dance.

Burglars broke into the Steig store at Pigeon last Wednesday night, busted the safe, and got hold of about \$30.

Wonder if that boy who has a dog attended the wedding Saturday?

Ye scribe sewed for Mrs. I. Skoyen. Say, did you find your way home?

Hilda Skoyen is doctoring at Dr. Bergh's—Oak Valley Correspondence Osseo (Wis.) Recorder.

The Portrait Painter (in despair)—Madam, I find it impossible to procure colors that will match your exquisite complexion.

The Sitter (without reserve)—Well then, just draw the outlines to-day, and when I come next time I'll bring some of my colors for you.—Lippincott's Magazine.

A DANGER TO CHILDHOOD.

No mother would give her little one poison if she knew it, and yet all the so-called soothing syrups and many of the liquid medicines given children contain poisonous opiates, and an overdose will kill. When a mother uses Baby's Own Tablets she has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine does not contain one particle of opiate or narcotic that it cannot possibly do harm. This assurance is worth much to the mother who cares for the safety of her little ones. Mrs. Charles McLaughlin, DeBert Station, N.S., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for colic, stomach troubles and other ailments of childhood and find them so valuable that I would not be without them in the house." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

An Irishman once met an Englishman who had an artificial leg. Being of a sympathetic nature, Pat enquired the cause of the loss of the limb, whereupon the Englishman said: "A short time ago I discovered that there was some Irish blood in my body and that it had settled in this leg, so I had it cut off." "Tis a pity it didn't settle in your head," came the quick retort.—Troy Times.

To know is to prevent. — If the miners who work in cold water most of the day would rub their feet and legs with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil they would escape muscular rheumatism and render their nether limbs proof against the ill effects of exposure to the cold. Those setting out for mining regions would do well to provide themselves with a supply before starting.

A widow in a Maine town, according to the Boston Herald, was a strict constructionist in her theology, and would admit no lodger into her boarding house who had a leaning toward Universalist views. One day an old sea captain happened along to ask for rooms.

"But, what do you believe?" asked the widow.

"Oh, most anything," replied the captain.

"Do you believe there is a hell?"

"Sure" was the reply.

"Well," parried the widow, "how many do you think will go here?"

The captain cautiously remarked that he thought 20,000 would be a fair estimate.

The widow paused, then stated that he could come in. "Twenty thousand," she said, "is better than none."

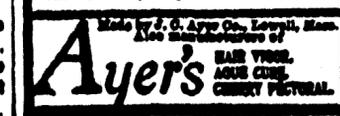
Ask for Minard's and take no other

On the window of a London dentist's appears the announcement, "Teeth extracted with great pains." He offers a novelty. Most dentists' advertisements are less truthful.—New York Tribune.

We Trust Doctors

If you are suffering from impure blood, thin blood, debility, nervousness, exhaustion, you should begin at once with Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the Sarsaparilla you have known all your life. Your doctor knows it, too. Ask him about it.

You must look well after the condition of your liver and bowels. Unless there is daily action of the bowels, poisonous products are absorbed, causing headache, biliousness, nervousness, dizziness, and thus preventing the Sarsaparilla from doing its best work. Ayer's Pills are liver pills. Act gently, all vegetables. The dose is only one pill at bedtime.



MR. HEUBACH'S PLANS ARE NOW COMPLETE

The Advantages and Beauties of Tuxedo Park Described by the Originator of the Enterprise.

Winnipeg.—As the work of developing Tuxedo Park is being pushed forward, a thoroughly modern suburb will be evolved. Combine the layout of the city of Washington, D.C., with the pleasures, comforts and conveniences of the famous Tuxedo Park, N.Y., and you have a fair idea of what Winnipeg's Tuxedo Park is to embrace and to be.

Mr. F. W. Heubach, of the firm of F. W. Heubach, Ltd., and father of the Tuxedo Park enterprise, was seen at his offices in the Union bank building, and was asked just what his plans were for the development of this new suburb.

"That would be a long story," said Mr. Heubach, "but perhaps I can give you a general idea in a few words."

"As you know, the property which now comprises Tuxedo Park was the old Wright farm, a high, dry and largely wooded tract of 2000 odd acres situated upon the Assiniboine.

"As a homesite its situation is ideal. It will be easily and quickly reached by the Portage Avenue trolley and extensions through Fort Rouge. In addition to this we have every assurance that as both the Canadian Northern and Canadian Pacific Railways run directly through the property a suburban station will be erected and commuters' trains run from both city depots. This will make Tuxedo the most accessible of all Winnipeg suburbs.

"In planning Tuxedo Park our idea has been not only to provide beautiful suburban homesites, but to also afford residents all the comforts, conveniences and amusements of metropolitan life. Tuxedans will be supplied with water through our own or the City mains and will also have gas or electric light.

"For their leisure hours we have laid out a speedway, the longest straightaway course in the world, golf links, tennis courts, athletic grounds.

"The harmonious beauty of Tuxedo Park, and the interests of Park residents, will be preserved by our building restrictions which will prevent the construction of any unsightly or undesirable buildings.

"All commercialism; that is, all stores, groceries, butcher shops and the like will be confined to a small territory which we have set apart and which we have designated as the "Village."

"These features, the diagonal streets, avenues and boulevards; the shade trees and sloping lawns, all combine to make Tuxedo one of the most desirable residential districts in the West.

"That an investment in these lots is bound to prove most profitable goes without saying. Here we are surrounded on three sides the buildings and grounds of the Government Agricultural College, and on the west adjoining the new City Park. And this alone is a guarantee of the continual development and increasing values of Tuxedo property. Add to this the improvements we are making and you can readily understand that Tuxedo offers an opportunity for investment which no thinking man can afford to pass by."

Mr. Heubach grew enthusiastic in telling of the beauties of Tuxedo and of the many advantages of owning a home there. He is sincere in his belief that Tuxedo Park is destined to become the most popular as well as the most desirable of all Winnipeg's suburban districts.

"Just think," he said, "a scale plan that enables the man of small salary to stand shoulder to shoulder with men of wealth in the acquirement of this property, and that without pinching or undue economy; a proposition by which each purchaser of a lot is given a bond which can be made to earn for him as high as one-third of the price of the lot; nominal taxes, and a home on the Assiniboine! Isn't that going to appeal to every sensible man?"

"Certainly it ought to.

"A race track?"

"No, we have that out of our program, as a splendid one is being built by Mr. R. J. MacKenzie at Sturgeon Creek."

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

Lion of Babylon.

One of the oldest and at the same time most interesting bits of pictorial work which have been preserved from antiquity is that of the Lion of Babylon, and so careful was the workmanship that even after the lapse of several thousand years not only the outline, but the color, is very distinct. The figure was used very generally for decorative purposes in ancient Babylon.

Going to Pot.

"Going to pot" is a reminder of the days when boiling to death was a legal punishment of pariahs.

The Opal.

The opal was so valued at one time that Senator Nomulus preferred to renounce his seat rather than give his opal to Mark Antony. It was valued at 30,000 sesterces.

The Real Secret OF THE POPULARITY OF "SALADA" GEYLON GREEN TEA

No Adulteration, No Impurities, No Coloring Matter ABSOLUTE PURITY TELLS THE STORY. Lead Packets Only, 40c, 50c, and 60c per lb. At all grocers.

Who Makes Liver Pills? We do. For over 60 years we have been making them—the best liver pills ever made. They are used in every civilized land on the face of the globe. All vegetable, sugar-coated, gently laxative. Ayer's Pills. Ayer's Pills. We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our medicines. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Say End of World is Near.

London.—Terrible predictions concerning what will happen to the poor old earth during the next twenty-five years were made the other day at Exeter Hall. The prophets of disaster, a large number of whom were clergymen, were in attendance. The Prophetic and Seventh Adventist's conference, which differed somewhat in detail, all agreed that the end of the world was at hand. They were not sure whether the final catastrophe will come on May 2, 1929, or on April 9, 1931, but they were quite sure that one of these dates would prove to be the right one. There can be no doubt that the world has nearly outlived its usefulness, the prophets declared. The wars and earthquakes which have afflicted it recently are proof positive, and all that is required to fulfil his prophecies is the coming of the anti-Christ, who is somewhat unkindly identified with Napoleon.

He will make his first political appearance as King of Syria, but in 1922 he will attack and conquer France; then he will extend his rule over the other kingdoms. There will be 10,000,000 Christians in the world at this time, the prophets declare, but evidently they will not be equally deserving of favor, for in 1924 or 1926, 144,000 of them will be translated to heaven, while the other 9,856,000 will be transported to the district near Mount Sinai, where they will have to wait three and a half years.

Members of parliament are evidently to be a lot of terrible sinners, for only a very few will be found worthy of immediate translation. The Rev. Mr. Baxter declares that the great majority of members of parliament will be left behind.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house

A certain congressman from Virginia has long retained in his employ a colored man by the name of Ezekiel. One morning the master left the house leaving behind him a letter he had forgotten. Some time in the afternoon he remembered the communication, and as it was of some importance he hastened back home, only to find that the letter was nowhere to be seen in the library. He had a distinct recollection that the letter had been left on a table. He summoned Ezekiel and asked him if he had seen the letter.

"Yessah, yo' left it on yo' table."

"Then where is it now?"

"I mailed it, sah."

"You mailed it! Why, Zeke, I had not put the name and address on the envelope!"

"Jes' so sah! I thought it was one o dem anonymous letters."— American Spectator.

Mark Twain, at a dinner in New York, told a story from his native town of Hannibal, Missouri.

"There are in the world," he said, "a good many men like Jonathan Scarborough of Hannibal."

"Scarborough was one of those men, with nothing evil absolutely known against them, who are yet looked on, and no doubt justly, with suspicion.

"It was thought of Scarborough that, for a poor man, he ate too much chicken. And one day the blow fell. He was arrested for chicken stealing.

"A witness was called to testify as to Scarborough's character.

"Did you ever know this man to steal poultry?" asked the lawyer for the defence.

"No, I never did," said the witness.

"But this is what I do know; if I was a chicken, and Jonathan Scarborough was about, I'd roost high."

Incubator Notes.

Never try to run an incubator in a drafty place or near a stove or where the sun shines upon it.

Set fertile eggs only. Waste no effort upon those that are doubtful.

Learn how to trim and clean a lamp. Keep the lamps full and the wick and tube clean.

Avoid smoke. See that the eggs are clean and dry before setting them.

Balance all eggs, large end up, a few hours before placing them in the tray.

Do not overfill the tray. Turn every egg the third day. Cool the eggs every morning.

Be sure your hands are clean when handling eggs. Test all eggs by the seventh day. Test again by the eleventh day.



Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas

Mooney's Biscuits are an evenly balanced, wholesome, nourishing food, equally good for young and old. Made from Canada's finest wheat flour, rich cream and pure butter. Baked by the Mooney baker in the Mooney way.

Say 'Mooney's' to your grocer.

HOLD UP! and consider



THE WORST KIND.

After Piles have existed for a time the suffering is intense—pain, aching, throbbing, tumors form, filling to bursting with black blood.

This is when Dr. Leonhardt's Hem-Roid, the only absolute Pile cure, brings the results that has made its fame.

Hem-Roid will cure the most stubborn case in existence and a bonded guarantee to that effect goes with each package.

\$1.00. All dealers, or the Wilson-Fyle Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont. 15

"This somewhat grasping habit," said Senator Burrows, in the course of a recent argument, "reminds me of a lady who dropped in the other day at a certain bank.

"Going to the paying teller's window, she opened her pocketbook, took out a check and pushed it under the brass grating.

"Cash this, please," she said.

"But the paying teller, after one glance at the check, pushed it back to the woman again.

"I can't cash it, madam," he said.

"There is my husband's signature on it," the woman said, excitedly.

"Yes, I know," admitted the teller, but there is no amount."

"Oh, never mind that," said the woman impatiently. "Give me what there is."

A cough is often the forerunner of serious pulmonary afflictions, yet there is a simple cure within the reach of all in Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, an old-time remedy which, if resorted to at the inception of a cold, will invariably give relief, and by overcoming the trouble, guard the system from any serious consequences. Price 25 cents at all dealers.



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

Campbells

5c. LOAF.

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

Minced Steak Pies on Saturdays
3 for 75c.

DUNSMUIR AVENUE.

The "Lords Day Bill" fiasco is about the richest piece of snide-legislation undertaken by any representative today since the enactment of the "Blue Laws". Bourassa, in arguing against its passage, says, "Section 12, relating to constables, is I think the most abominable of the whole Bill from the point of view of the violation of the principle of liberty. If a lawyer goes to his office on Sunday afternoon to write a few letters to his clients, a constable is free to go and break open the door of his office and arrest him. If a notary goes to his office to copy an affidavit, a constable may go and break open the door and arrest him. If a merchant or business man goes to his office to write a few letters relating to his business, under this law he is a criminal, and a constable has a right to break open his door and arrest him. Mind you, the constable can do that without a warrant of search or arrest. In this clause of the Bill we are going back to the days of Elizabeth and Mary 400 years ago. Suppose a magistrate has a feeling of vengeance which he wishes to gratify, he can send a constable to arrest this man without any warrant or legal process such as has been made a part of British law after 500 years of struggle for liberty, and you call this Christian legislation. I say it is the most antiquated and absurd legislation introduced into this parliament for many years."

The section referred to gives a good idea of the narrow character of the Bill and of the extraordinary powers conferred on those in authority, the very causes of the bloodshed in Russia today, yet our free and enlightened rulers seek to place the yoke on our necks that the struggling and down-trodden Russian is striving hard to cast off. Personally we little admire Mr Bourassa, yet, one cannot but admire the trenchant manner in which he handles this most iniquitous piece of legislation. When will governing bodies open their eyes to the fact that the respect, the veneration, that the public held for them is fast passing away? that legislation must be broader and more conciliatory? When will they realize that

the public is the master and that they are but the servants of that master? Times have changed mightily the last ten years, and thousands of men who then looked upon a legislative body with respect, now sneer at such as unworthy and lose no opportunity of showing their disregard by speech and action. Why? No one can answer. Some may think they can, but they cannot, and all we know is that a change has come, and will be greater yet. However regarding the "Lords Day" July 12th wires tell us that certain radical changes were made under Senatorial pressure, Clause 5 being the principal one, the changes evidently showing that there are certain Senators (who are life appointed) who still exercise a little judgment. Clause 5 is as follows:

Principle Change Agreed To.

In clause five the Senate made games and performances where an admission fee is charged illegal only when not otherwise provided by a provincial act, this was concurred in. Clause 15 was amended by the Senate so that no prosecutions under it shall be commenced after 60 days and on leave of the attorney general for the province in which the offence is committed. In the original clause no mention is made of attorney general and limited the action thirty days Mr Aylesworth moved concurrence in this, Mr Borden thought this made this made the act ridiculous. It would be necessary to ask leave of the attorney general before commencing a prosecution which would result in a fine of \$1. The amendment practically made the act a dead letter. Mr Aylesworth did not think it spoiled the bill and thought it was wise to accept the amendment. Premier Laurier said there were precedents for the clauses in the Alien Labor act and Railway act. The main object of the clause was to prevent the act from being made an instrument of persecution. The amendment was calculated to cause the bill to be received by all people with favor Mr Bourassa congratulated the Senate on the excellent amendments it had made and the government for having accepted them. He thought the people of Quebec would like the bill in much the same manner as it had been said that "The only good Indian was a dead Indian" (Laughter). Dr Sproule thought this last amendment destroyed the whole bill. This concluded the consideration of the famous measure and the action of the house was ordered to be reported to the Senate.

The Senate tonight accepted the changes made by the Commons but with a very bad grace.

**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.

**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

NOTICE

Persons are hereby notified that the provisions of the cow 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

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

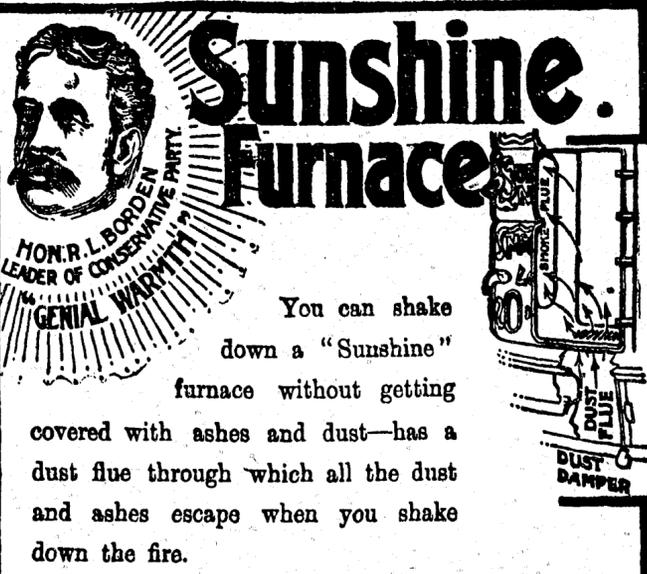
The large orchard planted out by H. Colbeck on the Big Bend road is looking well. The trees were supplied by M.J. Henry's nursery, Vancouver, and out of 480 trees supplied all are doing well except two. Mr Colbeck is delighted with his results.—Revelstoke Mail-Herald.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor News
Sir

I beg a small space in your paper to reply to a letter which appeared in the Nanaimo Herald of July 8th, over the signature of Alex Maxwell, re the Intermediate Football Cup held in trust by me. Now Mr Editor in the first place no one but Mr Maxwell has ever instructed me to send this cup to Lady Smith and the facts are as stated, I did not think it was any of his business so took no notice of his instructions. This cup was given into my charge by Mr H. Farmer, Captain of the winning team, and Mr Mark Coe, and I might say I did not know that the Cup had been played for until Mr Maxwell informed me that Lady Smith had won it and instructed me to send it on to Mr Adams. Now Mr Editor, I do not want this cup but because of the fact that I am the holder of the same is no reason that I should be insulted by Mr Maxwell regarding the furniture in my house and might say that my furniture suits me, and I think this matter also is none of his business, but Mr Editor when the Secretary of the Lady Smith team asks me to send the cup to them, they being the winners, I can assure you that I shall only be too glad to comply with his request, with the consent of the boys to whom the cup belongs. Thanking you for the above space.

I am sir, Yours Respectfully,
T. H. Carey.



**Sunshine
Furnace**

MON. R. L. BORDEN
LEADER OF CONSERVATIVE PARTY
"GENIAL WARRIOR"

You can shake
down a "Sunshine"
furnace without getting
covered with ashes and dust—has a
dust flue through which all the dust
and ashes escape when you shake
down the fire.

This heater is so easily regulated and operated,
and so clean, that it makes the entire household
bright and genial.

Sold by all enterprising dealers. Booklet free.

McClary's

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

C. H. TARBELL Sole Agent

Royal Bank of Canada

Capital (paid up).....	\$3,000,000
Reserve Fund	3,437,162
Total Assets.....	36,373,676

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

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

A. B. NETHERBY, MANAGER.
OFFICE HOURS 10 to 3; Saturday 10 to 12; open 'Tis 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.

**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. 1/4 Sec 20 and
Fractional S W 1/4 of Sec 20 (97 Ac)
of Township XI, Nelson District,
will be prosecuted according to law
GRANT & MOUNCE,
Cumberland Jan. 9th 1906.