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85

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

TENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY, MAY 31, 1904

At the Big Store

- SPECIAL SALE -

MEN'S SUMMER WEIGHT

HATS

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

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

S. Leiser & Co.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

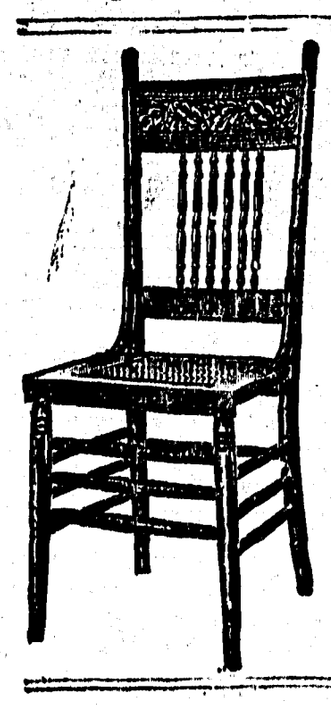
Just received large shipment of

IRON AGE

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

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

Did you ever stop to think



"Weiler"

STANDS FOR ALL THAT IS GOOD AND RELIABLE IN THE

Furniture : Trade.

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

LARGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
Mailed Free. .. .. Write for it at once.

WEILER BROS., Victoria, B.C.

COMPLETE FURNISHERS.

CUMBERLAND

Meat Market

Choicest Meats
Supplied at Lowest Market Prices

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

Fresh Fish
will be on Sale every Wednesday

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

J. McPhee & Son

PROPRIETORS.

NOTICE.

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

T. H. CAREY, TAILOR.

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

Telegraphic News

Nanaimo, 28—Thomas Gay has written a letter to the Herald stating that he is anxious for a match with J. Stewart, and asking the latter to meet him to day and sign articles.

Gay and Stewart not having yet come to terms Raujol is trying to make arrangements with Stewart for a match meantime.

Robt. Swanson, Saturday, defeated Dan McLeod in a catch-as-catch can wrestling match, for $200, in which the la ter was to throw the former five times in an hour, but only succeeded three times.

Tokio, 30th—The Japanese casualties at Nans an are now estima ed at 3,500, the number of Russian guns captured exceeds 70.

The second line of defences on the Liao Tung peninsula has been occupied by the Japanese without resistance.

Victoria, 30—The Supreme Court of Canada, sitting at Ottawa, has dismissed the appeal with costs in Nightingale vs. Union Colliery Co. This was done without calling the respondent.

St. Petersburg, 30—There is no confirmation at the general staff of the reported defeat of 10,000 Cos sacks at Ai Yang Pien Man.

Nanaimo, 30th.—A second and greater disaster than that of a fortnight ago, when sawmill went up in flames, last night brought to a standstill Nanaimo's chief industry No. 1 pit head, and adjoining buildings being destroyed by fire, which, it is feared may have extended into the mine itself. The property loss is impossible to estimate but may reach $200,000 covered by insurance. The pit-head is the finest on the coast. Engine room with magnificent hoisting engines, new wash er, and conveyances recently installed at enormous expense, numerous minor buildings including blacksmiths shop and lamp room are wiped out. The fire broke out behind the bunker or among the timbers of the pithead. A spark from a locomotive is the probable cause. Long before brigade arrived pit-head was hopelessly gone. As soon as notified of fire Supt. Russell crossed to Protection Island shaft and went in after a few men working there. As fan stopped working these men were taken out to the surface without accident.

Later.—The fire is blocked and apparently inextinguishable, guides and ropes has been placed around. Debris will be cleared at once to get pumps going and keep mine clear of water. Mine itself is in good condition, and so far uninjured. A large force of men is clearing surface. Reconstruction cannot begin until Howard, who is at present in Europe, is heard from, but it is thought Company will rebuild at once. Protection shaft will be used on Thursday employing 75 per cent men.

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

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

Local and Personal

Mr A. Somerville has disposed of part of his ranch.

Mr and Mrs Dowdall, and their daughter returned from a visit to Victoria last week.

Ladies skirts cheap at Davis' Opposite the Drug Store.

The Annual Report of the Minister of Mines has reached this office. It is got up in usual good style.

Will the "Herald" have a few gross of "Correspondents"—dead of course—shipped to their address?

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

Mr T. Edwards arrived from Vancouver last week. He will remove his family to the Terminal this week.

A small fire created a little excitement in our "dead" (?) town Sunday afternoon. The roof of a house at the rear of Scavardo's dwelling-house took fire, but was promptly extinguished.—Nanaimo Herald please copy.

Mr T. Gay has sold out his interest in the "New England" to John Frew, and left for Nanaimo. Mrs Gay will follow shortly. We take the opportunity to say good-bye to Mr Gay, and to express our regrets at his departure.

When the "Herald" "Correspondent" is definitely located, it is proposed by some to give him a dose of tar and feathers. This will make him as near an angel as he ever will be, and perhaps teach him to tell the truth.

Mrs Kilpatrick and her sister, Miss Williams, came up last week. Mrs Kilpatrick has been visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs R. Kilpatrick, in Victoria.

The Hospital has been decorated with two neatly lettered boards, executed by Mr J. B. McLean, one setting forth the full name and title of the institution, the other, on the new ward, containing the words —"Alexandra Ward, 1904." The appearance of the building is much improved thereby, besides being a guide to strangers.

There will be a morgue erected shortly, to place therein the remains of Herald "Correspondents."

Mr Tullidge has kindly offered to arrange an entertainment in aid of Mr J. Davis who has been bedridden for months. Any young ladies who are willing to assist with the programme are invited to leave their names with that gentleman. Mr Tullidge with other assistance will conduct practices and attend to all theatrical arrangements. As Mr Tullidge has had charge of similar entertainments and theatricals in Canada, Nanaimo, Vancouver, and comes highly recommended from such clubs as the Thespian, Halcyon etc., we can safely predict that the people of Cumberland will be treated to a performance thoroughly first class.

On Sunday evening Rev. Mr Misener preached his farwell sermon in Grace Methodist Church to a large congregation. Rev Mr Misener, who has so acceptably filled the pulpit of the church for the past year will leave on Wednesday morning for a visit to his mother in Canada. The work of the church in every department has continued to show a most satisfactory degree of prosperity during Mr Misener's ministration. The members all express the utmost satisfaction in having been able to secure the services of so competent a teacher and leader during the past year. Wherever he may settle, he will carry with him the assurance of warm regard from many persons in Cumberland, both within and without church circles. Rev Mr W. Hall is expected to arrive this week and will conduct the services in the Methodist Church on Sunday next.

The MAGNET CASH STORE.

MAY PRICES

FLAGS—ALL SIZES.
BRASS & SILVER POLISH

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

ALABASTINE,
VARNISH,
STAINS,
ETC., ETC.

T. E. BATE,

DUNSMUIR AVE, Cumberland

We are showing this week a large assortment of—

Linoleums In 6ft. and 12ft. widths— from - - - 50c. per sq. yd

FLOOR OILCLOTHS
In 3ft. and 6ft. Widths, from - - 35c. per sq. yd

Window Blinds In all Shades from - 50c. each

100 Pairs LACE CURTAINS
From 50c to 35c per pair

100 CARPET ENDS in 1 1-2 yard lengths, at 25c, 40c, and 50c. each—regular price, 50c, 75c, and $1

NAPIER & PARTRIDGE

Seed - Potatoes.

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

The Sylvester Feed Co., Tel. 413

87-89 YATES STREET, Victoria.

'ALL OF YE OLDEN TYME'

MR. JUSTICE MACMAHON AND HIS CHARACTERISTICS.

Courteous on the Bench and in Private Life—Studious and a Widely Read Student—A Keen But Kindly Art Critic—How He Was Called to Become a Judge.

She was a young lady, an impressionable young lady, and when His Lordship Mr. Justice MacMahon took his place on the bench in the western court room of Osgoode Hall, with a quiet dignity that only some of our judges possess, she whispered to her clerical escort, who was only half as interested in the case being heard as she was:

"Doesn't Judge MacMahon seem to have slipped out of an old family portrait, catalogued 'A gentleman of the eighteenth century?' "

The young lady's dilletante penchant for lawsuits and family portraits did not affect her feminine judgment.

One is not surprised when told that Judge MacMahon's ancestors held prominent positions in Ireland during the troublous times of the last of the reigning Stuarts, that Colonel Art Oge MacMahon was James II.'s Lord Lieutenant of Monaghan and Hugh MacMahon was lieutenant-colonel of Gordon O'Neil's Chartremont regiment in the famous Irish Brigade that, in the service of France, became renowned throughout Europe and redeemed the day at Fontenoy. The Celt is naturally a gentleman, and probably Mr. Justice MacMahon owes as much to his race as to his family. An Irish gentleman or a Highland gentleman means more than the phrase an English gentleman.

It possibly requires a woman or the keenness of feeling of a fellow-Celt to understand the distinction, but it exists. Beyond the fact that Hugh MacMahon was a Nisi Prius lawyer of repute, this to some extent explains his call to the Superior Court bench by his old-time political opponent, Sir John A. Macdonald. A Highlander, dominant as his nature may be, never rules feudally. His dominance is patriarchal, and the story goes that when Hugh MacMahon, tired possibly of the monotony of practice in a Provincial town, with its only occasional opportunities, had left London and was to some extent obscured in the wild rush of Western settlement in the early days of the Winnipeg boom, the old-time Conservative chief asked a Western man:

"How about Hugh MacMahon?"

When the answer came, Sir John ejaculated: "Imagine Hugh MacMahon playing the game of life in a Western land boom! Ridiculous!" and he sat down in his generous petulance and immediately wired:

"Will you accept a Superior Court judgeship?"

And the Province of Ontario has a judge that not only brings to the Canadian bench an atmosphere of the courtliness of other days, but a sound lawyer and a man distinguished by humane common sense. An old-time courtliness and a high sense of dignity are not inconsistent with modern conditions. When Mr. Justice MacMahon was conducting the trial of Birchall and the little court room of Woodstock was crowded to suffocation, and the whole English-speaking world was to some extent interested in one of the most sensational murder trials in Canada's history, it was found that there was insufficient accommodation for the army of people that took intense human interest in the progress of the case. Judge MacMahon's permission was obtained, and telephone transmitters were so arranged that the testimony of witnesses, the addresses of counsel, and the charge of the judge to the jury could be heard in near-by rooms. There are very few judges who can retain their dignity and address a jury on a question of life and death with a telephone in close proximity in active operation on his desk, and there are still fewer who would be as considerate.

"No trial at any English assizes," said a representative Canadian journal, "could have been conducted with a more admirable temper than that at Woodstock."

Judge MacMahon was born at Guelph, Ont., March 6, 1836. Critics of our Public school system might possibly find in Judge MacMahon's charm of manner and literary and artistic tastes an example of what the education of the schools can never give, but whether it is due to the natural disposition of young MacMahon or the careful tutelage of a scholarly father, the result has been that Judge MacMahon is not [illegible] read members of the Canadian bench but also one of the keenest, if kindliest, of art critics. After a short service as a lad on an engineering survey of the proposed Ottawa Ship Canal and the Chats Rapids, he entered upon the study of the law and was called to the Ontario Bar in 1861. For five years he successfully practiced in Brantford, when he removed to London, Ont., and built up the largest practice in Western Ontario. In 1876 he was made a Q. C. by the Ontario Government, and in 1885 by the Dominion. In 1877 he represented the Dominion Government in the arbitration on what was called the Ontario boundary question, and, with D'Alton McCarthy and Christopher Robinson, was counsel for the Dominion when the matter came before the Privy Council in England. As counsel for the prisoners in what was known as the Biddulph tragedy he had an opportunity of showing his high gifts as a Nisi Prius and criminal lawyer, and secured an acquittal of his clients. A strong Liberal, Judge MacMahon was never a bitter partisan, and unsuccessfully contested London and Kent in his party's interests.

It may be that Judge MacMahon will not be remembered as a judge who derived keen intellectual enjoyment from hair-splitting rulings on points of abstract law. It may be that he will be remembered not so much from the fact that his judgments are seldom set aside, and that lawyers and litigants never cavil and object to their cases being set down to be heard by him. But there is no doubt, says The Toronto Star, Hugh MacMahon will long be remembered as the judge of the Superior Court of Ontario with sound common sense and a kindly, gentle heart, "a gentleman all of ye olden tyme."

PASSING OF THE HEARTH.

A Tribute to the Old Time Fireplace of Pioneer Ontario.

Many a pioneer who is passing the evening of his life in this part of Ontario, once a country of great maples, elms and beech and giant pines, feels something like an elderly woman in our great Northwest—who was a young wife in the young West—who pays a hearty tribute to the hearth as she knew it sixty years ago.

The coming of the cooking stave marked the beginning of a new epoch in the lives of our grandmothers. "Oh," exclaims this survivor, "the good cheer the fireplace brought to the children! No corn was quite so good as the ears roasted before the fire. No potatoes so good as those roasted in the ashes in the winter. No apples equal to frozen apples, boiled; then we would melt maple sugar and sugar off again on the snow." And she says in conclusion:

"With the passing of the fireplace has passed the word 'fireside' and the word 'hearth.' It was around the fireside we gathered for family prayer, around the fireside we gathered to read, to chat, to visit. Gone with the fireside and the hearth are most of my dear ones, with whom I knelt every day."

There were no coal, wood or gas ranges in those days, but there was a fireplace, with a wide, deep hearth—and a chimney that would draw built large enough for the sweep to pass through.

The fireplace would take a log four or five feet long and a foot and a half through. This was piled on andirons and as there were no matches in those days one of the greatest anxieties of the careful housewife was to prevent the fire from going out. If it did go out she had to go to one of the neighbors, perhaps a quarter of a mile away, for a shovelful of live coals.

One of the signs of neatness in a housekeeper in those days was the way she kept the hearth cleaned, using the broom and wing, and a few of her many duties were to dip candles, put down pork and beef by the barrel, make sausage for the year, put down lard by the jar, preserved fruits by the gallon, apple sauce by the quantity, boiled cider by the keg; to provide dried beef and smoked ham, to spin all the yarn for the men's clothes, to weave it into cloth, and to send it to the dyers to be dyed, fulled and pressed.

God bless the pioneer.

Poet Riley on His Native Heath.

Several years ago James Whitcomb Riley returned to his native town, Greenfield, Ind., for the purpose of giving a reading, the proceeds of which were for some charitable purpose. It had been many years since he had visited the old town, and as the affair had been well advertised people poured in from all sections of the county. Riley arrived on an evening train. The "old band" was at the station to meet him. The poet was put in a low necked carriage with a reception committee, and, headed by the band, a procession was formed of citizens, and they paraded the business streets. A very old man leaned up against the Gymond House, a hotel of Riley's day, and as the carriage passed he squinted one eye and out of the opposite corner of his mouth said, "I've seen the time in this here burg when they would have got a brass band to git Jimmie Riley out of town."

An Arithmetical Wonder.

If twelve persons were to agree to dine together every day, but never sit exactly in the same order around the table, it would take them 13,000,000 years at the rate of one dinner a day, and they would have to eat more than 479,000,000 dinners before they could get through all the possible arrangements in which they could place themselves. A has only 1 change; A, B, 2; A, B, C, 6; four letters, 24; five, 120; six, 720; seven, 5,040; eight, 40,320; nine, 362,800; ten, 3,628,800; eleven, 39,916,800; twelve, 479,001,600.

A Royal Line.

A negro preacher, having baptized a colored two-year-old with the name George Washington, solemnly shook the infant by the hand, saying:

"General, I congratulate you on your ancestry."—Lippincott's Magazine

It Is So Easy

To Cure You Now That We Have Learned How. Relief in 30 Minutes.

For years the author of Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure has believed that the health of the heart is almost entirely responsible for the health of the nerves and stomach and now it can be proven. Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure will relieve heart disease in 30 minutes and cure it. It feeds the nerves through the heart by giving the heart the necessary power to pump rich blood to the nerve centres, when stomach disorders and nervousness disappear as by magic. One dose will convince. Sold by all druggists. 29

Thomas Hunter, editor of the Perth Constitutional, has died at Perth. Deceased was a native of Glasgow, and was born in 1849, his father being a full cousin of David Livingstone, the explorer. He was apprenticed to the late Robert Lyall, Turner's Court, Argyll Street, Glasgow, where he served his time at the printing trade.

Itching Piles.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment is proof against the torments of Itching Piles. Thousands of testimonials of cures effected by its use. No case too aggravating or too long standing for it to soothe, comfort and cure. It cures in from 3 to 6 nights. 35 cents.—95

Going to a shed to fetch wood, the little son of George Abrams, of 37, Wickhmaplace, Southwark, found his father hanging from a beam.

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

The title of the Duke of Argyle's new opera is "Connal and the Breast-of-Light." It is in three acts with the story laid at Tara, in Ireland, and Mr. MacConn is engaged on the music. Versatile man, is the MacCallum Mhor!

Use Lever's Dry Soap (a Powder) to wash woolens and flannels,—you'll like it. 32

False reports—blank cartridges.

On the side—mutton chop whiskers.

A news (s) centre—the "nose for news."

The oldest timepieces—the silent watches of the night.

A close shave—a well-to-do man's or five cents.

The cobbler isn't a mendicant, for mend he can.

Plains and valleys do not seem to look, but hills and mountains are always peaking.

A doctor may check your grip better than a baggageman.

Lord Aberdour, the Earl of Morton's heir, who is engaged to marry Miss Coats, a daughter of the great Scottish cotton house, is a cousin to Earl Fitzwilliam. The town of thread cocks her beaver, and won't look at old Renfrew any more.

La grippe, pneumonia, and influenza often leave a nasty cough when they're gone.
It is a dangerous thing to neglect. Cure it with

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

The cure that is guaranteed by your druggist.

Prices: 25c. 50c $1 S. C. Wells & Co. 309 LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can.

None can have a Well-Balanced Constitution without taking

BEECHAM'S PILLS

All people subject to Bilious attacks, or who suffer from Stomachic disorders, should never be without a box of BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Their gigantic success and genuine worth are known all over the world, and the proof of their excellence lies in the fact that they are generally adopted as the Family Medicine after the first trial.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

by their purifying effect upon the Blood, cleanse and vivify the entire system, causing every organ of the body healthfully to continue its allotted function, thereby inducing a perfectly balanced condition, and making life a pleasure.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

maintain their reputation for keeping people in Good Health and Good Condition.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

have stood the test of the most exacting experience through many years.

Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, England.

Sold everywhere in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes, 25 cents.

THE FEDERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA.

TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL STATEMENT.

The twenty-second annual meeting of the shareholders of the Federal Life Assurance Company of Canada was held at the head office of the company in Hamilton on Tuesday, March 1, 1904. The President, Mr. David Dexter, in the chair. The following reports and financial statement were submitted.

DIRECTORS' REPORT.

Your directors have the honor to present the report and financial statement of the company for the year, which closed on the 31st December, 1903 and duly vouched for by the auditors.

The new business of the year consisted of one thousand nine hundred and fifty-seven applications for insurance, aggregating $2,841,250, of which nineteen hundred and sixteen applications for $2,748,172.50 were accepted.

As in previous years, the income of the company shows a gratifying increase, and the assets of the company have been increased by $251,572.89, and have now reached $1,893,960.70, exclusive of guarantee capital.

The security for policy holders, including guarantee capital, amounted at the close of the year to $2,763,960.70, and the liabilities for reserves and all outstanding claims, $1,711,200, showing a surplus of $1,052,760.70. Exclusive of uncalled guarantee capital, the surplus to policy holders was $182,760.70.

Policies on seventy lives became claims through death, to the amount of $130,234.62, of which $2,000 was reinsured in other companies.

Including cash dividends and dividends applied to the reduction of premiums, $41,770.87, with annuities, the total payments to policy holders amounted to $204,018.49.

Careful attention has been given to the investment of the company's funds, in first-class bonds, mortgage securities, and loans on the company's policies, amply secured by reserves. Our investmenes have yielded a very satisfactory rate of interest.

Expenses have been confined to a reasonable limit, consistent with due efforts for new business.

The results of the year indicate a most gratifying progress. Compared with the preceding year, the figures submitted by the directors for your approval show an advance of fifteen per cent. in assets.

The assurances carried by the company now amount to $14,945,249.56, upon which the company holds reserves to the full amount required by law, and, in addition thereto, a considerable surplus.

The field officers and agents of the company are intelligent and loyal, and are entitled to much credit for their able representation of the company's interests. The members of the office staff have also proved faithful in the company's services.

Your directors regret to report the death of Mr. T. H. Macpherson, the Second Vice-President of the company, and a valued member of the Executive Committee. The vacancy thus caused was filled by the election of the Rev. Dr. Potts.

DAVID DEXTER, President and Managing Director.

AUDITORS' REPORT.

To the President and Directors of the Federal Life Assurance Company

Gentlemen,—We have carefully audited the books and records of your company for the year ending 31st December last, and have certified to their accuracy.

The cash and journal vouchers have been closely examined, and agree with the entries recorded.

The debentures, bonds, etc., in the possession of the company have been inspected, whilst those deposited with the Government or banks have been verified by certificate, the total agreeing with the amount as shown in the statement of assets.

The accompanying statements, viz., revenue and assets and liabilities, show the result of the year's operations, and, also, the financial position of the company.

Respectfully submitted,

H. S. STEPHENS, CHARLES STIFF, Auditors.

Hamilton, 1st March, 1904.

Financial Statement for 1903.

Premium and annuity income	$497,931 77	
Interest and rents	76,264 63	
		$ 574,196 40
Paid to policy holders	$204,018 49	
All other payments	172,378 68	
Balance	197,799 23	
		$ 574,196 40
Assets, Dec. 31, 1903.		
Debentures and bonds	$549,742 20	
Mortgages	639,431 93	
Loans on policies, bonds, stocks, etc.	280,538 58	
All other assets	424,247 99	
		$ 1,893,960 70
Liabilities.		
Reserve fund	$1,641,509 38	
Claims awaiting proofs	38,500 00	
Other liabilities	31,190 62	
Surplus on policy holders' account	182,760 70	
		$ 1,893,960 70
Assets	1,893,960 70	
Guarantee capital	870,000 00	
Total security		$ 2,763,960 70
Policies were issued assuring		$ 2,748,172 50
Total insurance in force		$14,945,249 56

The foregoing reports and statement were received and adopted on the motion of President David Dexter, seconded by Vice-President Lieut.-Col. Kerns.

The retiring directors were re-elected, and at a subsequent meeting of the directors the following officers were re-elected: Mr. David Dexter, President and Managing Director; Lieut.-Col. Kerns and Rev. Dr. Potts, Vice-Presidents.

Anecdote of Erastus Wiman.

An anecdote of Erastus Wiman, which illustrates his impetuous and sometime meddlesome temperament, is recorded by the biographer of Sir John Macdonald. It appears that he had information of a supposed dark plot to wrest Manitoba from the British Crown, by an armed insurrection, and heard that Mr. Blake and Sir Richard Cartwright were promoting it. He wrote to the Canadian Premier about it. Sir John replied to Mr. Wiman as follows:

"Riviere du Loup, Sept. 11, 1884.

"My Dear Mr. Wiman:

"Thanks for yours of the 6th instant. I can quite understand ——'s mode of action. He goes to Washington, and exaggerates the state of feeling in Manitoba. Most probably the gentlemen he sees receive him politely, and say they will be very glad if Canada can be induced to join the Union. With this statement he proceeds to Winnipeg, and pursues the same course of exaggeration. I don't believe a word of his statement about Mr. Blake and Sir Richard Cartwright. The latter has expressed his belief in the future independence of Canada, but that is all. Neither of them would countenance for a moment anything like a rising in arms. I shall look forward with interest to your promised communication after visiting Washington. I shall be at Ottawa after this week. I need not say how much obliged I am to you for the interest you take in this matter.

"Believe me, yours faithfully,

"JOHN A. MACDONALD."

"Erastus Wiman, Esq., 244 Broadway, New York City."

Sir John, after writing the letter, said to his secretary, smiling: "This is a new role for me, defending Blake and Cartwright." "Wiman," he continued, "wants to ingratiate himself with me, and he thinks this statement, with which he has been stuffed, will be acceptable to me, because it reflects upon my opponents."

Victory That Killed.

A young Hungarian yokel named Gagane recently made a bet at Temesvar to eat two and a quarter pounds of bacon, twenty sausages and five and a half pounds of bread at one sitting. He won his bet, but fell down dead the next moment.

Routed by a Stork.

Five lions were successively brought into the presence of a stork in a menagerie at Bonn, and each of them took to ignominious flight when the stork hit him with its beak and flapped its wings.

A Network of Rivers.

Eastern Nicaragua is described as being little more than a network of rivers and their tributaries. The rainy season lasts almost the whole year.

Norwegians and Swedes.

Norwegians and Swedes who live far away from railways spend their long winter evenings dressing hides and skins and making homespun cloths.

A More Important Matter.

"Why," said the punctilious person, "I got a letter from the person you have been praising, and there was actually a capital in the wrong place!"

"May be so," answered Mr. Cumrox. "But he never gets his capital in the wrong place in the market. And that's more important."

It is not what a man earns, not the amount of his income, but the relation of his expenditures to his receipts that determines his poverty or wealth.—Anon.

SHORTY MAHAN'S PASSING

By T. BLAIR EATON

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

It is very obvious, of course, that his first name was not Shorty; but, what is not so obvious, his last name was not Mahan. The name the rector pronounced when he stood before the font with the wriggling infant in his arms was Jefferson Douglass Jerrold. They were a fine old family, the Jerrolds, with an abundance of heirloom silver, faded ancestral portraits, one of them a Copley, and enough family pride to sink a ship.

When Jefferson Douglass had grown into a short, thick set youth, with sandy red hair and a mobile face, which effectually concealed his thoughts and emotions, the family council set about to choose a career for him which would do credit to the silver, the portraits and the family pride. His father's mind was divided between medicine and the law. His mother made her gentle arguments for the ministry. Jefferson Douglass went to college with his mobile face as inscrutable as ever, but with firm determination to choose his own career.

The exact moment when he decided what that career should be was that October afternoon when Michael Ryan, athletic trainer and ex-middleweight, rose groggily from the floor of the gymnasium and rubbed the point of his jaw in a dazed fashion. Before him, unlacing the boxing gloves which incased his hands, stood a short, thick set young man with sandy red hair and an impassive face. Ryan pulled off his own gloves and extended his hand, which the other shook gravely.

"If I could hit like that," said Ryan, "I wouldn't be here. Man, I could make a wonder of you in a year's time."

That was why Jefferson Douglass cut short his course at college, where, to tell the truth, he was not succeeding tremendously along prescribed lines, and, in a stormy interview at home, announced his intention to seek his fortune in the world in his own way and by his own efforts. How those efforts were to be directed he neglected to state, but when the identity of Shorty Mahan, the newly arrived stellar attraction in the lightweight class, was finally forced upon his unwilling family and their suspicious fear became bitter truth his father swore roundly, and his mother looked long at the ancestral portraits, especially the Copley, and wept.

"IF YOU'LL PERMIT ME," HE SAID, "I'LL GET THE KITTEN."

For three years Shorty Mahan enjoyed a series of brilliant ring victories, which made his name a household word in the sporting world and added very materially to the foundation of his fortune. Then it was announced that the fight between Mahan and Billy Devine of the Pacific coast for the lightweight championship of the world had finally been arranged to be pulled off in a well known sporting club in the east; that the purse had been put up, the articles of agreement signed by both men and the forfeits posted.

Just two weeks after this announcement Shorty Mahan, with his trainers, his sparring partner, his rubbers and his bull terrier, took up his abode in a little cottage on the shore of Freshwater lake, prepared for the monotonous three months of training which was to fit him for the fight of his life.

Freshwater lake was a charming bit of water but half a mile from Thornton village and a scant ten miles from the club where the fight would take place. Shorty Mahan upon his arrival looked the place over, grinned his delight and entered upon his training with a vengeance.

The trouble began one May evening just at sunset as Mahan and Jim Delaney, his sparring partner, were returning from a ten mile run along the country roads. They had reached the village and were jogging easily along the elm lined streets when Mahan noticed a young woman standing beneath a cherry tree and calling in tones of coaxing anxiety to an Angora kitten which sulked among the branches at the top of the tree. He stopped short and turned into the yard.

"If you'll permit me," he said, doffing his cap, "I'll get the kitten for you."

"Oh, if you would be so good," said the girl, flushing becomingly.

In another moment Shorty Mahan's red head was among the topmost branches, and then, with the kitten in his arms, he slid deftly to the ground.

"Gee!" said Delaney when Shorty joined him outside the fence. "Pretty nifty, wasn't she?"

Shorty wheeled on him suddenly.

"Jim," he said shortly, "that was a lady. Remember it, if you please." And then he cut out a pace for the training quarters which landed Delaney there perspiring and well nigh blown.

Delaney remembered afterward that it was directly after the kitten affair that Mahan began to behave rather strangely. He insisted on taking his daily run quite alone. He found or invented numerous errands which took him to the village, and he went there alone also. Every Sunday night precisely at 7 he slipped off for a quiet walk by himself, so he said.

The weeks went past, and the time of the fight approached. Instead of increasing interest in his training Shorty's zeal showed unmistakable signs of flagging. Delaney begged and the trainer threatened, but Shorty Mahan could be neither wheedled nor driven. The fight was to take place on a Wednesday evening. The Sunday evening preceding it Delaney and Dawson quietly shadowed Shorty when he set out from the cottage. They followed him to the little church and stood before the uncurtained windows of the vestry. Shorty entered and took a seat well down in front, and even as they watched a hymn was started, in which they could recognize Shorty's homemade bass. Dawson, who was the head trainer, gasped.

"'Member the kitten I told you about?" Delaney whispered. "Well, I've found out that the girl was the parson's daughter."

"Humph!" Dawson grunted, and they started back.

When Shorty returned to quarters Delaney was waiting for him.

"Now, about this prayer meeting business, Shorty," Dawson began.

Shorty's eyes flashed fire.

"If you fellows have been shadowing me there's likely to be a rough house here," he said. He stood glaring about him for a moment, then turned on his heel and went to bed.

There have been many vague theories advanced and many absurd stories circulated as to why the Mahan-Devine fight never took place. Some will tell you Shorty Mahan was terror stricken at the last moment. Others affirm he was paid a liberal sum to forfeit the fight to Devine. The real reason, set forth in a letter by Shorty himself, is in the possession of Jim Delaney. It came the morning of the fight:

Dear Jim—It's all off. You know I have often said that if I was ever defeated I'd never fight again. Well, I lost this fight before it began. Clean knockout—by a woman too. We were married last night beneath the tree where I caught the kitten. I'm out of it for good, Jim.

* * * * * * *

And that is why Shorty Mahan faded from the eyes of an admiring public and also why Jefferson Douglass Jerrold is custodian of the family pride, the silver and the ancestral portraits, one of which is a Copley.

A Slight Misconception.

Under the subtle influence of the new world the foreigner becomes a good citizen, willing to do his duty by town and state and to extend it in time of need to his adopted country. But he does not always grasp the entire political scheme. Angelo, a newly naturalized Italian citizen, lived, says the Brooklyn Eagle, in one of a row of neat little cottages built by a man of philanthropic nature in a factory town.

The cottages had pretty front yards that faced on a street as nicely kept as a parkway. Before each gate was an ornamental hitching post. One evening when on a rent collecting tour the philanthropic landlord found one of the posts torn up and thrown into the street. Angelo lived in the house to which the post belonged.

"Angelo," said the landlord, "how came that post to be torn up?"

"Me teara him up," Angelo answered. "Me no wanta de pole. He costa too mucha mon." And, turning to his wife, Angelo commanded, "Bringa de little pape."

Obedient Mrs. Angelo brought the paper, which turned out to be a poll tax notice.

"Looka disa," said Angelo, passing the notice to his landlord. "Dey maka me pay de doll' for de pole. De pole he no good to me—me *hava no horse*. Me no paya de doll'. Me diga de pole up and t'row him away."

Embarrassment of Seats.

I live in one of the suburbs, and the train on which I ride to the city is generally crowded. The other day, however, an extra car was put on, and when I got aboard there were many vacant seats. I noticed when I sat down that every man who got aboard looked around as if he didn't know just where to sit. One old fellow in particular attracted my attention. He first took a seat near the door. Then he got up and started toward the middle of the car, but finally, after a good deal of hesitating, he went back and seated himself near the place he had decided upon first. Still he wasn't satisfied. He looked at the vacant seats around him and several times seemed to be inclined to change over to one of them. Now I have seen this man hundreds of times scramble upon the cars when they were well filled and rush for the first seat he could get, but never before had I seen him exhibit so much uneasiness and dissatisfaction. When the car is crowded he is glad to find room to sit down anywhere. At such times he doesn't stop to see whether the vacant seat is at the end or in the center or on the right or left side. He just takes it and is tickled at his luck.

The more a man gets the more he wants and the less is he satisfied with what he has.—Chicago Record-Herald.

About Sneezing.

"God bless you!" said to a person when sneezing is doubtless a relic of the past, as sneezing was looked upon as a symptom of the plague.

Sneezing is nowhere noticed so much at the present time as in India. There, to sneeze on starting on a journey, on entering a place of business or on undertaking any sort of enterprise is supposed to betoken ill luck for the sneezer or some one with whom he comes in contact. On hearing any one, either a native or a foreigner, sneeze in a public place, a Brahman will immediately cry out: "Live! Live!" and he will continue to do so as often as the sneezing is repeated.

Among Indian soldiers sneezing is regarded with real terror, the movements of an army being influenced by a chance sneeze. A certain rajah once withdrew his army from a besieged city because one of his forerunners happened to sneeze just when he made up his mind to give the command to attack. Then a Brahman priest was consulted, and the time to renew the siege was fixed by him, for only thus could good luck be expected to the enterprise.—American Queen.

Discovery of the Magnetic Needle.

The discovery of the magnetic needle was one of the most useful and remarkable of human discoveries. The needle when placed parallel to a conductor carrying an electric current would be deflected from its position to the right or left, as the case might be. This discovery created great excitement among scientists, who disbelieved in its power. It was too simple to be of value, so they thought, but scientific minds began to study the relationship between magnetism and electricity, and some went so far as to declare there existed a missing link and began to investigate, experimenting silently, so that if they failed no one should say, "I told you so," as they often say to unfortunate investigators in modern times.

Good Looks.

Not many girls are born beautiful, but every girl living can make herself attractive. Unsightly teeth may be improved by the dentist's art. A wide, irregular mouth with thick lips may be cultured into such an expression of sweetness and refinement that it will be really beautiful. An ungraceful walk and figure may be entirely made over by persevering in gymnastic exercises. A muddy, rough skin can be made clear and satin smooth by bathing, by frequent applications of a soft scrubbing brush, a healthful skin lotion and hygienic observances like taking plenty of fresh air and sunshine. Of mere physical beauty health is the foundation, and if you want to be lovely cultivate first of all robust health, which will enable you to be always cheerful and in high spirits. No good looks can long exist with bad health.

Panama Seaports.

Panama has no open seaports except the two railway terminals and Bocas del Toro, the center of a large banana industry, to the north of Colon.

Change of Front.

The cautious employer shook his head.

"No," he said to the low browed employee whom he had discharged, "I cannot recommend you"—

The employee grasped the inkstand in one hand and took a step forward.

—"too highly," added the employer, hastily getting behind his desk.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

His Fault.

Nodd—On the impulse of the moment the other night I told my wife an awful lie and got caught. Todd—Serves you right. Every lie a man tells his wife ought to be premeditated.

Marble Cleaning.

Marble can be cleaned by rubbing with a rather soft paste made of whiting or prepared chalk and water to which a little ammonia has been added. Rinse afterward with clean water. A rub with pumice stone and water will restore the polish.

What Peter Did

By HARRIET G. CANFIELD

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"Peter!" Mrs. Grayson called. "Come in and get your face washed. The minister is coming to tea!"

Peter was little. He hated soap and water—and ministers, so he said "Plague take it!" under his breath and came in at a snail's pace.

"What's he comin' for?" he asked resentfully while his mother poked a wash cloth uncomfortably around in his ear.

"To visit your father and me," Mrs. Grayson said complacently.

"No, he ain't neither! He's comin' to see Aunt Bertha and eat all the chicken he can hold, jest like he did last time!"

"Peter Grayson," his mother said severely, "go right straight up to your room and undress and go to bed. I *won't allow such disrespectful language* to go unpunished! And there isn't a word of truth in it!"

"WHY, MR. PHILLET," SHE SAID, "WHAT IS THE MATTER?"

Peter started for the stair door, sniffing hungrily as he passed the loaded table. "You can come down and eat your supper when you're ready to say you're sorry for telling such a story," his mother called relentingly.

Peter's room was directly over the parlor. When there was talking down below he could hear it distinctly. It was warm weather now, and the stove had been taken down, so that he could see as well as hear. When the doorbell rang he lay flat on his stomach and watched his mother usher the Rev. Mr. Phillet into the parlor. "I shall have to ask you to excuse me," she said, "while I whip some cream for the peaches."

Peter's mouth watered. Peaches and whipped cream! He didn't know they were to have that. No wonder the minister looked pleased! He watched him seat himself in the easiest chair in the room; it was directly under the stovepipe hole. An idea came into Peter's little, closely cropped head—he would fish the tidy from the back of the minister's chair! Tiptoeing over to the dresser, he took a pin from the cushion and bent it into a hook; then he rummaged in his pockets and brought out a glass stopper, a horse chestnut, half a dozen "brownies," the stump of a lead pencil, four corks, a "lucky" stone and a piece of twine. The twine was what he wanted. He fastened one end of it to the bent pin and lay down to fish at his leisure. The hook swung to and fro over the head of the unsuspecting Mr. Phillet. He was a young man, with a "fine head of hair," and the hook lifted a lock of it in passing. He put up his hand and "shooed" at an imaginary fly. Peter giggled so that he missed the tidy, but that wasn't all. The minister heard him and looked up. He smiled, and Peter thought he must always remember to brush his teeth, they were so white.

"Come down and see me," he said just like an everyday man.

"Can't," Peter said.

"Why not?" the minister asked, getting up from his chair. "Have to catch fish for supper?" he said laughingly, with a glance at the hook and line.

Peter blushed through his freckles. "No, sir," he said. "Ma says I can't come down till I say I'm sorry."

"Sorry for what, Peter?"

"Sorry I told such a story 'bout you."

"About me?" the minister said.

"Yes, sir. I—I—said you was fond of chicken."

Mr. Phillet laughed heartily. "That isn't a story," he said. "I am."

"That ain't all," Peter confessed. "I said you ate all the chicken you could hold."

Mr. Phillet blushed guiltily. "I'm afraid I am something of a pig when there's chicken before me. Was that all you said, Peter?"

"No, sir. I said"—

"Yes?" the minister prompted him gently. "You said"—

"I said you came here to see Aunt Bertha," he blurted out.

The Rev. Mr. Phillet sat down again in his chair and gasped. "Did your Aunt Bertha hear you say that?" he asked feebly.

"No, sir. Don't you worry, sir. She wa'n't anywhere around."

Mr. Phillet was silent so long that Peter grew uneasy. He cleared his throat in hopes that the minister would look up, but he didn't. He sat still, so very still that Peter imagined all manner of dreadful things—probably he was dead or having a fit! That was it—he was having a fit! They threw water on folks when they had fits. Billy Barnes had said so. Peter was thinking seriously of getting his pitcher and treating Mr. Phillet to a shower bath when the doorknob turned, and his Aunt Bertha came into the room. To his delight the minister rose from his chair.

"Why, Mr. Phillet," she said, "what is the matter? Your face is so flushed. Have you a fever?"

"No," Peter called down. "I guess it was a fit."

Aunt Bertha looked up. "What does the child mean?" she said, turning to the minister.

"Don't talk to them," Peter shouted. "They have to be kept quiet. I'll tell you. I said he ate all the chicken he could hold, and he says it's so, and I said he came here to see you, and he says it's a story. He didn't jest say so, but he thinks so, and it give him a fit, I guess."

Bertha's face was as red as the minister's. "Of course Mr. Phillet doesn't come here to see me, Peter," she said severely. Aunt Bertha had never spoken to him like that before. He shut his eyes to keep the tears back. When he opened them the minister was looking up at him.

"Come down here, Peter," he said, "and change places with your Aunt Bertha. It is she who tells a story. You are truth itself. I do come here to see her, but I've been afraid to say so. You see, she doesn't care for me at all, Peter."

Then his Aunt Bertha said something very disrespectful, Peter thought, to the minister. She said very low: "Who is telling a story now? It is you who should go upstairs."

But neither of them went up. They moved over into a corner of the room, where Peter couldn't see them at all. And by and by his mother came in and said supper was ready.

Peter began to undress very slowly, for his stomach was empty, and he had almost decided to go down and say that he was sorry, but it was all true. He was putting on his coat again when his mother came into the room. She kissed his freckled little face and said soothingly: "Go down, dear, and eat your supper now. Aunt Bertha has a big dish of peaches and cream ready for you. The minister has explained everything. He says you did him a great kindness."

Peter wondered what it was.

The Stage In Books.

There have been many young girls ready to believe as gospel truth anything they saw in a book, and the more innocent the less suited they were to analyze the statements made in these inconsequent tales. They only saw that by way of the theater any pretty girl in poverty, in trouble, could in the briefest time become great, powerful and wealthy. No word was said of the long toil in obscurity, the yearning for recognition, the perpetual disappointment, the thousand hopes always withering like leaves before frost, the wretched life in poverty, of struggles against numbers and perhaps jealousy and malice, of slow increase of salary, of equal increase of expense. The old time novelist was silent as to all these and only dwelt in large and vague splendors—never adequately accounted for.

Poor, romantic little maids! One does not like to think what the effect of the gilded nonsense of such books about the stage may have been, but in my own mind I compare them with such a book as *"The Mummer's Wife,"* that frightful and realistic story of Mr. George Moore's—that horror in stupendous realism, but "Oh, Son of David, have mercy upon us," it is the truth!—Clara Morris in Reader.

No Better Than Father Used to Make.

Young Husband—Still sitting up, dear? You shouldn't have waited for me. I was detained downtown by important business, and— Young Wife—Try some other excuse, George. That's the kind father used to make.—Chicago Tribune.

Five o'Clock Tea.

The English drank tea as long ago as 1657, but 5 o'clock teas date back only to 1842.

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There is no necessity of washing cotton or linen window blinds, as there is a much simpler way of cleaning them. The blind should be spread flat on a table and then rubbed well all over with bread crumbs. This will make it look quite clean and fresh.

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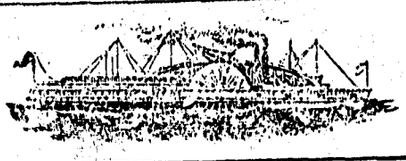

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" 10.24	Koenig's	" 5.24
" 11.00	Duncan's	" 5.55
P.M.		P.M.
" 12.35	Nanaimo	" 7.37
Ar 12.53	Wellington	Ar. 7.52

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1—Daily		No. 3—Sunday
A.M.		A.M.
Dc. 8.00	Wellington	Dc. 4.00
" 8.20	Nanaimo	" 4.15
10.02	Duncan's	" 5.55
" 10.42	Koenig's	" 6.30
" 11.38	Coldstream	" 7.27
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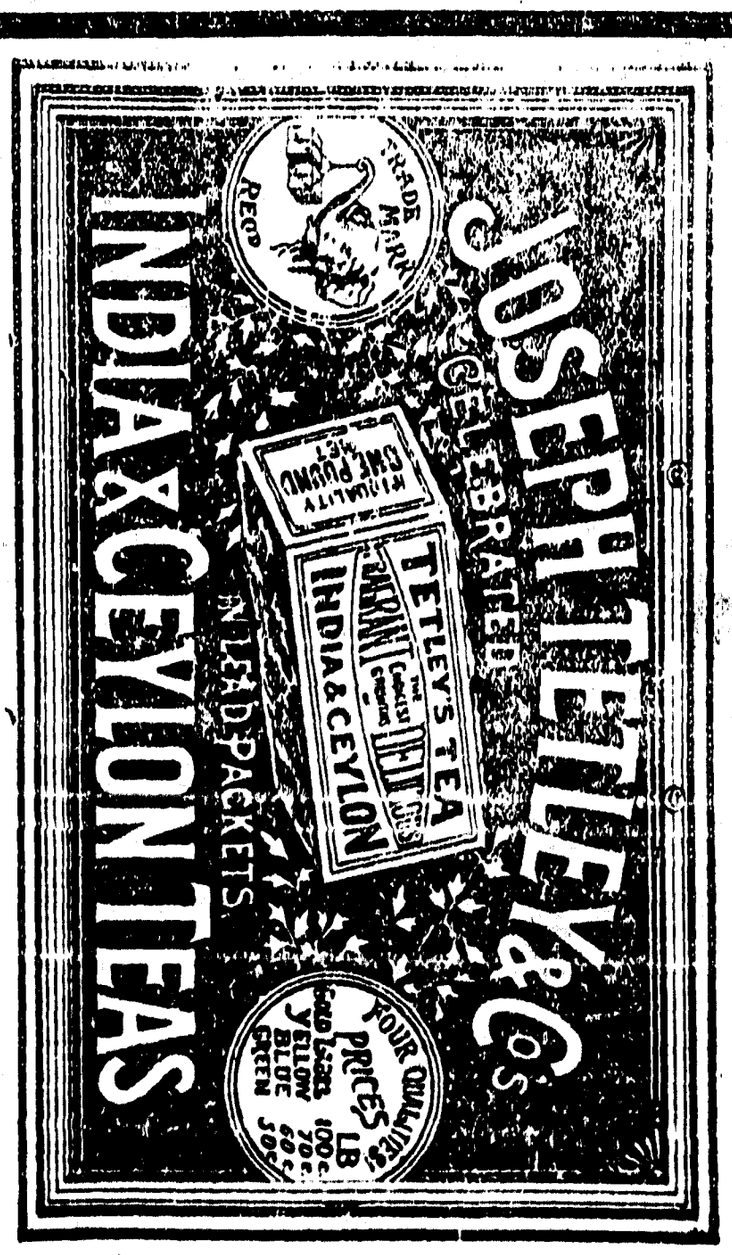

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While we do not hold ourselves responsible for the utterances of correspondents, we reserve the right of declining to insert communications unnecessarily personal.

TUESDAY, MAY 31 1904

Telegraphic News

Chefoo, 25—The Chinese arriving at Takn Shan report the landing of 6,000 Japanese troops there.

Heavy firing was heard in Port Arthur, indicating that a land attack on that place was in progress.

Paris, 25th.—Despatch from St Petersburg says Gen. Kuropatkin has cut the line of communication between the armies of Gen. Kuroki and Oku.

Chefoo, 25—Portion of Japanese fleet bombarded Port Arthur yesterday. 8 large warships circled before the entrance of Port Arthur harbor for one hour firing broadsides at intervals.

Every thing was quiet at Dalny but a Japanese attack was hourly expected.

Mukden 25—According to information obtainable the Japanese have resumed their forward movement. Several columns are advancing though the bulk of the invading army is still near Feng Wang Cheng. There are persistent reports of a bloody battle having taken place between the Japanese army advancing from the railway from Paulantien, and the Russians near Kin Shou Liao Tung peninsula resulting in the defeat of the Japanese with great loss.

Tokio, 25th—Details of a fight at Wang Chia Tun near Takushan on Saturday, say that a squadron of Cossacks was almost annihilated by the Japanese infantry which surrounded and completely routed the enemy. All the Russian officers were killed, wounded or captured. Natives report that some of the Cossacks escaped on foot abondoning 3 guns.

St Petersburg, 25th—The reported cable yesterday that the foreign office received a telegram from the Russian consul at Chefoo reporting that the Japs had made a land attack on Port Arthur and had lost 15,000 men killed and that the Russians had lost 3,000 men, is true but as nothing confirmatory has been received from any other source the report is not given much credence.

Liao Yang, 24th—Natives have brought in news from Feng Wang Cheng that cholera in a particularly violent form has broken out among the Japanese troops. In some cases death has occurred within 3 hours.

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A LOST WIFE

A NOVEL.

BY MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON,

Author of "Worth Winning," Etc.

"Misery?" I echoed, trembling and terrified I hardly knew why. "What do you mean? I have been miserable indeed, because I had not the courage before to break off my engagement; because I was base enough to think of the good things of this world, and mean enough to shrink from giving them up for my love's sake. But since I have known that you love me, sweetheart, since your own dear lips told me so, do you suppose that I have been happy day or night away from you? And your love has given me courage, Mark, for I am a sad coward. Had I not fled in the night like this from home, I don't think I should ever have been brave enough to break it all off; but now it is done. I have written to papa. I shall go to Bella and stay with her a few months, and when we meet again Mark, you will know that I am a free woman."

My lover took my hands— the hands I had laid upon his—and pressed them passionately to his lips.

"Hush!" he said, in a hoarse, choked voice, "do not torture me. Oh! my darling, how am I to tell you? Did you not guess it when we parted with such agony under the apple trees? Did you not see that I meant to say to you, 'We must say farewell for ever; marry your rich man who will be good to you; make yourself happy with him, and forget me?' Did you not see that it was an eternal parting between us? Do you suppose, love, that your engagement to a man you did not love was all that stood between us? Did you think that so frail a barrier would have kept me from you, so slender a chain not have been so easily snapped? Oh, my love, what does your being free or bound matter, since that which stands irrevocably between us—stands there still like the angel with the flaming sword to keep us from our paradise? Oh, Freda, my love, my darling, you may be free; but I am bound, helplessly and hopelessly."

Whilst he spoke, a terrible presentiment of untold evil came upon me. My knees trembled, my heart turned sick and cold within me.

"Tell me, for Heaven's sake, what you mean?" I faltered.

"I am married."

The dingy room, the windows, the horse-hair chairs and sofa, the common-looking prints upon the walls, the dusty gas chandelier overhead, all swam and danced for one minute in a wild confusion before my eyes, and then I sank down huddled up upon the floor with my head prone upon the faded carpet and remembered nothing more.

CHAPTER XVII.

When I awoke to life, after that short swoon, I awoke to find my head pillowed upon Mark Thistleby's breast, whilst he alternately sprinkled cold water upon my face, and showered down kisses upon my unconscious lips.

For a moment I remembered nothing—and could not think how I came to be in so strange and yet so pleasant a position. Then all at once the memory of his words came back with a sharp, stabbing pain into my mind—"I am married," he had said! I shrank shudderingly away out of his arms, and rejecting his help, raised myself with difficulty into a chair. I think my face must have been nearly as white as when I lay senseless and helpless upon the floor.

"I am better, thanks," I murmured. "Tell me, now, everything."

"You are not strong enough."

"Yes, yes," I interrupted, impatiently; "tell me at once everything there is to know."

So Mark Thistleby, sitting down opposite me on the further side of the bare, desolate little sitting-room, told me then and there the story of his life's mistake. I will let it stand in his own words.

"It was ten years ago, Freda, when I was quite a youngster, and had only joined the army a few months, that I was sent to the depot of my regiment—to a little station on the west coast of Ireland. There is little to do ever at a depot, and less than ever if it happens to be at such a desolate place as this was. There was not a decent-sized town within an hour by rail, and not an educated inhabitant within twenty miles. There was no sport beyond a little sea fishing, and no occupation of any sort or kind for us three fellows, who were exiled there, besides smoking and idling away our time. Perhaps it was only natural that I should have got into some sort of mischief, especially as my two fellow officers in this lonely place were both older than myself, and were great friends, so that they were very much together, while I was consequently left a good deal to myself, and spent most of my time alone.

"I used to take long solitary walks along the shore. One day when I was walking on the sands at low tide, in a wild, lovely bay, about four miles from home, I saw a young girl picking her way across the brown rocks left bare by the tide. The rocks were covered with seaweed and very slippery, and the girl stumbled and nearly fell. I hurried forward to her assistance, and helped her to gain the firmer footing of the flat, yellow sands.

"She was quite young and very pretty, after the true Irish type, dark-haired and blue-eyed, and with a pretty, shy, wild-fawn manner which completely captivated me. I found that she lived with her sister, who was many years older than herself, in a little cottage, which she pointed out to me high up in a cleft of the wild hills which came down abruptly to the edge of the sea.

"They were the daughters of a gentleman—a navy captain, long retired from the service, and who had died a few years previously. But although a lady by birth and in appearance, my little Irish girl had had few or no advantages of education; she had spent all her life in that seaside cottage, and her sister, of whom, apparently, she stood in considerable awe, had been her sole instructress. She was like a wild flower of her native hills, utterly untaught and untrained, with no ideas beyond her narrow life, and with absolutely no knowledge whatever of the world and its ways. But an impressionable young fellow of one-and-twenty is blind to these disadvantages in a young and lovely girl. When she looked at me with her deep blue eyes, I forgot that there was not much meaning in them beyond a certain puzzled wonder; when her pretty lips parted, I forgave them the silliness they generally uttered; and when her little head was pillowed on my shoulder, I did not remember that it was as ignorant and as empty as those of the yellow sea poppies which covered the cliffs over our heads. For it came to that at last; we used to meet daily upon the sands, and sit there for hours love-making, like the couple of young fools that we were, without a thought of what it was all to lead to.

"From first to last I was intensely foolish about the whole business. To begin with, I refused to make the acquaintance of her sister. I saw her once at a distance; she looked stern and hard-featured, and I had an uneasy consciousness that she would not regard thes? pleasant tete-a-tetes upon the sands with a friendly eye. She would want to know my intentions. How could a younger son, living with difficulty upon his pay, and upon the small sum allowed him by his father, be supposed to have any intentions? I did not want to marry my little love. Fancy my father's face had I announced such a thing! Neither did I wish to be awakened out of my fool's paradise. So I persuaded her to go on meeting me on the sly, and I would not let her introduce me to her sister.

"Things went on drifting like this for some months, and then at last even I felt that something must be done. The girl was now absolutely devoted to me; she was ready to follow me to the world's end. It became clear to me that I must either marry her or turn my back resolutely upon her forever; for I must do myself the justice to say that, foolish and blamable as I was, no thought of any other less honorable course of action towards her ever entered into my brain. The man would have been a brute indeed, who could have harbored any thought of wrong towards one so young and so guilelessly confiding. No, it was either marriage or flight, which presented a conflicting alternative to my conscience. I had not the heart to leave her, and I had not the courage to marry her openly. I took a middle course, and married her secretly. One other folly I had committed, that of concealing my real name from her. I was so afraid of my father hearing of my love-making, that I took this perfectly silly and needless precaution. I obtained three days' leave without much difficulty, and I gave myself a fictitious name, and under that name I married her; meeting her at a little solitary church far up among the hills, where, by a strong bribe, I induced a very poor old priest to marry us according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, and to ask no inconvenient questions. For the next two days I lived at the little village inn close to her cottage, and wandered with her all day upon the deserted sands. Then I had to go back to my work. We parted with tears upon the lonely shore, and, Freda—I have never seen her again!

"When I got back to the barracks, I found a telegram from my mother, telling me to come home at once, as my father had had a paralytic seizure. I sent a note to my bride by a small village boy whom I have good reason to suspect never delivered it, and I started for England that night.

"My father was desperately ill for six weeks before he died, and a day or two after his funeral, as soon as ever I could be spared. I went back in hot haste to Ireland. All the time I had been away I had not dared to write to my little wife, but now I was determined to own her boldly, and to bring her home to my mother, and throw myself and her upon her mercy and compassion. I did not believe my mother would refuse us her forgiveness. But when I got back to the sheltered bay on the wild Irish coast where I had so often met her, I waited in vain at our trysting place, where I had told her to come every day at a certain hour until I returned to her.

"Lonely and sick at heart, I climbed the steep path to the cottage and you may imagine my dismay when I found it empty and dismantled. The windows were bare and curtainless, and all the furniture had been taken away. The very garden looked uncared for and desolate. The sisters had ceased to live there. I never could gain any information about them. Why or wherefore they left, and where they had gone to, has forever remained a mystery to me. At first I was in despair. I made every possible inquiry in the neighborhood, and advertised in all the local papers.

"I came to the conclusion at last, that she had become impatient and unhappy at my long absence, and had confined her story to her sister, and that both together had gone to England, and were trying to trace me out there; but the fact of her being in ignorance of my real name placed an insuperable difficulty in the way of her finding me.

"Time went on, and I heard nothing of her; and by degrees my first grief abated, and insensibly I relaxed the energy of my efforts at finding her. Then suddenly I was ordered to join my regiment in India. Fresh scenes and interests served to drive the past more and more out of my memory, till at last those short six months upon the Irish coast became like a dim dream to me; and it seemed to me as though my love-making and marriage had never existed.

"Until I met you, Freda, until I learnt to love you as I have loved no other woman, I give you my word that I had almost forgotten that I was a married man. I never meant you to know it. I meant you to think, if you could, that it was your engagement to Mr. Curtis which stood between us, and yet I could not bear you to think that I had behaved badly to you. But now that you have given up all for me—I am bound to tell you why it is that I dare not take the dear gift which you hold out to me. For your own sake, my darling, I dare not take your love—not until I know for certain whether or no my poor little bride is still alive."

CHAPTER XVIII.

I listened in silence to the end, and then my face sank down into my hands, whilst a low moan of pain escaped me.

So it was all at an end!—all my dreams, my hopes of happiness, all that a woman looks for to make up the joy of life. I must give it all up! Even the dreaming was now forbidden to me; there was nothing in the future for me but colorless despair.

And Captain Thistleby must find his wife; for that she was dead, as he seemed—God forgive him!—to hope, never for one instant entered into my calculation. Why should she be dead? She had been young, and strong, and vigorous; there could be no reason why death should have claimed her. Somewhere, I felt very sure, she still lived; and where that "somewhere" was, it was undoubtedly Captain Thistleby's duty to discover.

"You are not angry with me?" he said wistfully, after some minutes. "Will you not forgive me, Freda?"

"There is nothing to forgive," I answered, drearily. "You could not help it, I suppose?"

"I did not think of it when I first met you," he answered. "I have never spoken of my marriage, no one knows it. Bella would be as much surprised as you are; she has never had the slightest idea of it. It all happened so long ago, long before she married my brother. There has never seemed any occasion for telling my story to any one. I have flirted and made love to dozens of women, but I have never done so seriously until I met you. When I first saw you, I never imagined that our relations towards each other would have any other depth or significance on either side than an ordinary flirtation, such as I have passed through unscathed and unscathing many a time. But after a time, when I met you again at Eddington, I found out that this was a very different case. I leave you to judge of the misery I suffered, when I began to realize how far beyond my reach you were. And there was a time when the temptation to ignore that miserable mistake of my youth, and to let the secret of my wretched past, which no one knew but myself, remain forever buried in my own heart—to woo you and to win you, for myself boldly—was almost too strong for me. Indeed, I came to Eddington, mad with jealousy and despair, with no other intention. And then I thought—I thought how terrible it would be if you ever came to know the truth after, when it would be too late. And I loved you to well, darling, to do you so cruel a wrong, and so I left you."

My noble-hearted lover! how dear he seemed to me, whilst he told me so simply the story of his love, and of his resistance of the overpowering temptation which assailed him, and to which I believe nine men out of ten would have succumbed. I had never loved him so well as now, and yet my love was no longer a glory, but a shame. I could never more own to it, nor confess it. Henceforth it must remain forever hidden and concealed.

I rose and held out my hand to him.

"Thank you," I said, "I honor and respect you above all living men, I can never cease to be grateful to you for your unselfish goodness. But you and I, Mark, must henceforth become strangers to each other. I will ask you to take me to Bella's house, and then I will say good-bye to you, and it must be forever."

He did not attempt to contradict me. He rang the bell, paid the bill, and ordered a cab. As we came together out of the door of the little hotel, a victoria was driving slowly by with a lady inside it. Captain Thistleby suddenly put out his hand and pulled me back into the shadow of the doorway.

"It is Clara Featherstone!" he said. "I hope to goodness she did not see you."

"I don't see why it should matter if she did," I answered, somewhat proudly.

"She is the most spiteful and venomous-tongued woman in England," answered Mark, as he put me into the cab. "She would do you a mischief if she could; but I don't think she saw us, her head did not turn towards us in the least."

But Mrs. Featherstone had seen us both perfectly, as I was afterwards to discover to my cost.

We reached Chester Square after a drive of almost absolute silence between us. No sooner had the housemaid who had been left in charge of the house, caught sight of me, than she flew back into the hall, and brought out two of those fatal colored telegraphic envelopes in her hand.

"Oh! miss, I'm so glad you've come," she exclaimed. "These two tallygrams has come this morning, and I didn't know whatever to do with them. And I do hope as they ain't bad news, miss," she added, with the encouraging delight in anything like a prospect of evil which is common to her class.

With trembling hands I tore open the envelope. The messages came from Aunt Selina; the first ran thus:

"Your father has had a stroke. Come back at once."

The second was even more alarming.

"Your father worse; return instantly; there is no time to be lost."

I turned straight back into the cab, from which I had just alighted.

"My father is dying," I said, in a dull voice. Mark called out to the cabman to drive to the Paddington Station as fast as he could, and followed me.

What happened when we got there I do not remember. Everything was in a whirl to me. I felt cold and numbed. I knew nothing that was going on around me; I only knew that my father was dying, and that he had got his death-warrant in all probability from my hands.

It was my doing! My flight, and the note which I had left in the room telling him that I would not fulfil my engagement to George Curtis, had been the blow, I felt certain, which had shortened his frail old life. This one awful idea so absorbed my every thought and feeling, that I was absolutely unconscious of everything which was going on around me.

Captain Thistleby took my ticket, and thrust it into my hand, and placed me in a first-class carriage. I submitted myself to his guidance like a person in a dream; he bought me something to eat by the way, and put it on the seat in front of me, whence I never moved it. We had about a quarter of an hour to wait before the train started. He got into the carriage with me, and I believed he talked to me; but I heard nothing of what he said; I answered yes and no mechanically. My lover, who was so lately everything in the world to me; my love story, and my blighted hopes of happiness, which a short time ago seemed to crush me to the earth with an intensity of pain, were now entirely forgotten in this new calamity which threatened me.

Even when Mark wished me good-bye, and raised my hand to his lips, I think, poor fellow, that I never answered him, and was hardly conscious that this parting, so mournful and yet so painless, was in all probability a final one between us. I experienced no sorrow at leaving him, I only remember feeling a faint gleam of gladness when the train was off at last.

Oh! that miserable homeward journey! shall I ever forget it? The remorse, the self-reproach, the self-condemnation which filled me! And then the agony of suspense which every instant seemed to increase fourfold.

Should I find my father alive?—that was the question which I asked myself over and over again, in unavailing anguish. Should I be permitted to see him once more, and to kneel by his side, and pray for his pardon, and receive his parting words of forgiveness and blessing? Or was he to die before I could reach him, believing me to be heartless, and rebellious, and I be forever unforgiven and unblest? Should I not then be guilty of his death?—I, his daughter, his only child. Oh! what a horrible thought that was!

Over and over again I cursed my folly and my wickedness in leaving home as I had done. If I had had the courage to stay and to tell him bravely myself that I was unhappy in my engagement, surely I might have broken it to him gently. But it was the shock of my disappearance, and the suddenness of the news in my hurried note, which had brought this evil upon him. Of that there could be no doubt.

At last, after what seemed to me to be the most interminably long railway journey, the train stopped at Narborough. I could not get on by rail to Slopperton, and had to take a fly from there. If the train had seemed to me to be slow, the fly assuredly was infinitely slower, I did not dare to ask the flyman if he knew how my father was. The man knew me, and I fancied that there was a respectful sympathy in his manner, as he touched his hat to me. But I would not ask him if he knew; I was afraid of his answer, I was afraid to crush out the hopes which I could still indulge in. I felt that I would rather not know the worst.

So we drove on through the damp, foggy lanes, that looked unusually dreary, and cheerless, past many a well-known village and hamlet; past the woods and the high paling of Eddington Park, where I could catch glimpses of the deer through the glades of the leafless trees; past Slopperton Church, where the sight of the curate and the parish clerk, in close conference in the churchyard, made me shrink back tremblingly into the corner of the fly, lest they should see me. Oh! ghastly thought; they might be choosing a site for a grave! And then up the long straight road which led for half a mile from the village-green to our cottage.

The fly pulled up, the man descended slowly from the box, and pulled the bell. The bell rang out, clanging and harsh, into the stillness of the autumn afternoon, and I was at home.

CHAPTER XIX.

My father was dead.

He had died an hour before I came home, leaving me forever unblest and unforgiven! It was as I had feared; he had risen in the morning, and had found my note upon his dressing-table. Aunt Selina, whose room was next to his, had been frightened at hearing a sudden, heavy sound, as of some one falling. She had rushed in and found him lying senseless upon the floor, and my note upon the table.

It was in vain for the doctor to assure me that there had been a strong tendency to a seizure of the kind for many months past; and that he had known for long that such an attack must, in all probability, carry him off. I took these assurances as well-meant efforts on his part to console and comfort me in my despair. They did not console me in the very least. In my own eyes I was guilty of my father's death, and I felt that to my dying day I should never be able to hold myself blameless of being the cause of his sudden and fatal attack.

And now it was a week ago, and the first agony of my grief and remorse had somewhat abated. It was the day after the funeral, and everybody knew that my father had sunk all his slender capital in an annuity, and that, probably, because he believed me to be fully and abundantly provided for by my marriage with Mr. Curtis; there was absolutely nothing, beyond the old books and the shabby furniture of the cottage, left for my support. I was penniless.

Aunt Selina and I, in our new crape, were sitting somewhat disconsolately together in the dining-room after breakfast.

"It is singular that Mr. Curtis has not yet been to see you, Freda, observed my aunt. "I should think he is sure to come to-day."

I thought it was singular, too, for I knew he had attended my father's funeral, and I was sure that he could not have known of my letter, and of my intention of breaking off my engagement.

"Yes," I answered, "I wish he would come. I think I will send up Daniel to Eddington with a note."

"Yes, do, my dear."

I wrote the note merely requesting him to come and speak to me today, rang the bell, and sent it off.

"I want to tell him about breaking off my engagement, aunt," I said when the servant had left the room.

Aunt Selina turned upon me in consternation.

"Freda, it is impossible that you can be such an utter fool!" she exclaimed, in dismay.

"How so, aunt?"

"You are never going to do such a mad thing as to break off your engagement now—now that you are left utterly unprovided for?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Here's a Twister.

The German Salzbacher who has charge of a nearby wine cellar is noted for his unique usage of the English language, especially when he becomes excited. The other day one of the little boys who fill bottles for him asked Salzbacher for some corks, receiving instead this answer:

"When I tol' you vot you vant you ask me no; now I don't got some, you vant any, yes?"

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

When a clumsy man has stepped on a lady's trailing skirt, before he begins to apologize he should always get off the skirt.

Queer Ways of Painting.

The ladies of Arabia stain their fingers and toes red, their eyebrows black and their lips blue. In Persia they paint a black streak around their eyes and ornament their faces with representations of various figures.

Animals and Eating.

A horse will eat in a year nine times his own weight, a cow nine times, an ox six times and a sheep six times.

Black Diamonds.

Black diamonds are only found in the Brazilian province of Bahia. They are usually found in river beds and are brought up by divers. Others are obtained by tunneling mountains. The largest specimen ever found was worth $20,000.

The green-eyed monster deserves to be given a black eye.

It doesn't relieve a fit of insomnia to have your foot go to sleep.

Visitors to free baths would hardly be called bath sponges.

It was at "Get" tysburg that many got more than they wanted.

Dr. William MacLead, who at one time held the office of inspector-general of hospitals, has died at the age of 84 in London. He was educated at the Medical Schools in Edinburgh, and joined the navy in 1842.

IT IS THE FARMER'S FRIEND.—The farmer will find in Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil a potent remedy for wounds or pains in the body or for affections of the respiratory organs and for household use generally. He will also find it a convenient friend in treating injured horses, cattle, etc., or relieving them when attacked by colds, coughs, or any kindred ailments to which they are subject.

'Tis clearly not the age of young men at Maidenhead. Three octogenarians, whose combined ages total 250 years, are on the aldermen's bench.

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

Queen's College, Belfast, has just received a cheque for £2,000, which has been given by Professor Frederick Purser, of Dublin, towards founding a studentship in mathematical science in memory of his brother, the late Professor John Purser, and a very good Purser, too.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

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

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

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

Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

At a private meeting of the Irish Parliamentary party held in Dublin, Mr. John Redmond was re-elected the chairman of the party for the ensuing session of parliament, and Sir Thomas Esmond, Captain Donelan and Messrs. Patrick O'Brien and S. Hadland Burke were re-elected whips.

Ayer's

When the nerves are weak everything goes wrong. You are tired all the time, easily discouraged, nervous, and irritable. Your cheeks are

Sarsaparilla

pale and your blood is thin. Your doctor says you are threatened with a nervous breakdown. He orders this grand old family medicine.

"For more than 50 years I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family. It is a grand tonic at all times, and a wonderful medicine for impure blood."—D. C. HOLT, West Haven, Conn.

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

for

Weak Nerves

Keep the bowels regular with Ayer's Pills, just one pill each night.

RAILROAD MAN HAD HIS TRIALS

Engineer Rafferty Found Relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Was Run Down And Laid Up, and the Great Kidney Remedy Made Him Strong and Vigorous Again

Winnipeg, Man., Mar. 28—(Special.)—One of the best known and most popular locomotive engineers running out of Winnipeg on the C.P.R. is Mr. Ben Rafferty, who lives at 175 Maple Street. And Mr. Rafferty gives some advice to railroad men that in these worry none can afford to overlook, days of blockades and strain, and That advice is "Use Dodd's Kidney Pills." Mr. Rafferty says:

"Years of long runs on the railway had broken down my constitution. My back gave out entirely. Terrible sharp cutting pains would follow one another, till I felt as if I were being sliced away piecemeal.

"I would come in from a run tired to death. My sole desire would be to get rest and sleep, and they were the very things I could not get. Finally I got so bad I had to lay off work.

"After being laid up ten days I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. The first night after using them I slept soundly In three days I threw away the belt I had worn for years, and now I have not the slightest pain in the back. I sleep soundly and wake up joyous and refreshed, and Dodd's Kidney Pills did it."

Automobiles killed as many persons in England in one week, as railway trains dih in a year. They're both bad things to get in front of.

JUST THE THING THAT'S WANTED.—A pill that acts upon the stomach and yet is so compounded that certain ingredients of it preserve their power to act upon the intestinal canals, so as to clear them of excreta, was long looked for by the medical profession. It was found in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are the result of much expert study, and are scientifically prepared as a laxative and an alterative in one.

Easter will see tramway cars running on the new lines between Hammersmith Broadway and Uxbridge-road.

"I'd rather be dead than suffer again the tortures of insomnia, palpitation and nervous twitching of my muscles induced by simple neglect of a little indigestion." These are the forceful and warning words of a lady who proclaims that her cure by South American Nervine when everything else had failed was a modern miracle. A few doses gives relief.—92

At the wedding of a farmer at Ballyfarnon, near Foyle, one of the guests at supper, a man named Clements, suddenly leaped from his seat, writhed about the floor, and died. A doctor found that death resulted from choking, a large piece of meat being found lodged in Clements. throat.

THE GOOD OLD CLOCK.

Its Mellow, Friendly Tick an Antidote For Lonesomeness.

"Give me the clock for company," said the observant man, "and you may have all the balance of the inanimate things under the sun, or over it, and I will throw a few of the animals in for good measure. I can conceive of nothing more friendly, more unspeakably comforting, than the mellow tick of the old family clock which towers high on the old fashioned mantel, above the good old open faced fireplace where the embers are dying down and deepening into a bluish melancholy gray late of winter nights. One never feels quite alone as long as one may hear the mellow tick tack of the old family clock, the same sweet mellow cadences which have rung in one's ear from earliest infancy, through all the changes and upheavals of time, down to the present. Other sounds may fall and deepen into the sadder silence of the night's heavy stillness, but the old clock continues to mark the flight of time, and no second may escape without hearing its passing called out dreamily by the faithful clock whose hands have measured already so many days—some bright and full of light and life and promise and sweet bodings of the future and others echoing back sepulchrally from the years already counted. Ah, the clock! But give me the clock with its ticking all through the night, and its silvery chiming on the hour, and you may have the other things, and the dog to boot. I'll take the clock in mine every time when it comes to keeping off that feeling of lonesomeness which creeps upon us now and then."

Capacity to Carry Weights.

A man of average weight, 140 pounds, can carry a load of 100 pounds up steps for eight hours of a working day at a speed of 1 foot 6 inches a second.

Japanese and Flowers.

The subtleties of the Japanese mind are illustrated in nothing more strikingly than in their rules for the arrangement of flowers. Not only does every flower which a bouquet or a garland contains symbolize something, but its position with regard to other flowers is significant.

FISHING IN FORMOSA.

Their Rods Superb, but Their Hooks Are Without Barbs.

Three of us, two Americans and one Japanese, started out in jinrikishas from Taipeh, the modern capital of Formosa, or Taiwan, to go to the house of a wealthy gentleman about eight miles up the river which runs through the valley of Taipeh. The way led through a beautiful and fertile country, the valley covered with the second crop of rice and the hills with the famous Formosa tea shrub. After luncheon and after photographing some head hunting savages we found there we proposed to fish for salmon trout at an altitude less than 250 feet above sea level and in latitude about 24 degrees 40 minutes north, practically in the tropics. The temperature of the stream was about 70 degrees or higher, and the water was well aerated. This stream, from 60 to 100 yards wide, is clear and full of rapids and riffles.

We used Japanese tackle—horsehair line and horsehair leader, the latter consisting of one strand only; a bamboo rod and a most delicate palmer tied on a small barbless hook. The rod is decidedly good and, weight for weight, is stronger and a better caster than our jointed rod. It rarely weighs over four ounces (mine weighed about two), but the line is practically worthless for casting as we understand the term. The fly is perfect, but the hook lacks strength, and the fish when hooked may easily detach himself in a current or an eddy or by fouling the line. We all know how it is done from our experience with pin hook and thread in the brooks at home.

The Japanese, however, have another method of fishing which may be as new to some of our readers as it was to me. It is quite successful. They catch one fish in any way they can and then fasten the line securely through its upper jaw, passing it through the roof of the mouth and out at the top of the upper jaw well in front of the eyes and then attach through the body of the fish not far in front of the tail a horsehair to which is tied a three pronged barbless hook, which trails in line with the fish and a few inches behind, while it is slowly worked up the stream by the fisherman. The theory is that other fishes, seeing the captive moving along as though feeding or perhaps spawning, will pursue it and become impaled on the hooks. In point of fact that does happen, as I saw a Chinaman take two fine trout in this manner.

Our success with the flies was poor. We got thirteen or fourteen fingerlings, but we saw the fish we wished to identify caught in fairly good numbers by the Chinese fishing with decoys.

Woman's Aversion to Indexes.

"Talk about the inclination to study the envelope to discover the sender instead of opening the letter being a trait of womanhood," said a Brooklyn man the other day, "it isn't in it with a woman's aversion to indexes. Give a woman a book of poems like those of Burns, for instance, and she'll turn the pages for twenty minutes or more to find the piece she is really after rather than look in the index. Suggest the index to her and she'll say, 'Oh, I'll find it in a second,' and away she'll go, turning the pages again.

"The other night by actual timing it took my wife twenty-two minutes to find 'Mary In Heaven' in a copy of Burns, for not only did she lose actual time turning the pages, but if she'd come to anything she liked, such as 'Holy Willie's Prayer' and 'Polly Stewart,' she'd daily over them awhile. Rarely do men do that. The first thing they go for is the index."

An Actor's Blunder.

A theatrical manager tells of an amusing and ludicrous mistake made by a young actor in a play.

The young actor had up to this time employed his talents in enacting such roles as called for no speech on his part. But in this play he was intrusted with the following line, the only words to be spoken by him during the entire play:

"The king is dead! Long live the king!"

The critical time arriving, it was observed by other players that the young man who was to acclaim the new monarch in the words just quoted was suffering from a dreadful attack of stage fright. His cue came, but no words could he speak, so frightened was he.

Finally, however, he pulled himself together and in desperation shouted at the top of his voice:

"Long live the king; he's dead!"

Legal Courtesy.

An instance of legal courtesy occurred in a courtroom not very long ago. A lawyer with Mac prefaced to his name and a brother lawyer engaged in a heated discussion. The latter maintained his position, claiming he could find his authority and turning over to the pages of the statute book, when, quick as a flash, Mac said, "You will find what you want on page —, section —."

Mac's opponent looked up the reference and found the law governing asses. A ripple of laughter spread over the court.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

Used it ten years. Washington, D.C., Nov. 20, 1900. Please send me your "Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases." Have used Kendall's Spavin Cure for ten years and gladly testify to its merits. Yours truly, Justus C. Nelson.

Five Cases of Spavin Absolutely Cured. Buffalo, N. Dakota, Jan. 26, 1903. I have cured five horses absolutely of Spavin in the last four years with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. Very truly yours, Harry D. Roettel.

THE OLD RELIABLE

And Most Successful Remedy Ever Discovered for Spavins, Ringbones, Splints and all Lameness.

This is the unqualified experience of thousands of horsemen and others in this and other countries and there is no reason why you should not share in these benefits. Just read what the above people say about "Kendall's." Write to them for your own satisfaction.

In addition to being the best stable remedy known, it is unequaled as a liniment for household and family use. Sold generally by all druggists. Price $1; six bottles for $5. We send valuable book, "A Treatise on the Horse," profusely illustrated, free upon request.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburg Falls, Vt.

CHAMBERLAIN

IS THE PREFERENTIAL 10¢ CIGAR

You'll Enjoy Every Bit Of It.

MADE BY J. M. FORTIER LTD., MONTREAL

TRY OGILVIE'S

"Royal Household,"

A Perfect Flour

FOR

BREAD and PASTRY

Sold in Original Packages Only By All Dealers.

Do You Want SOME ONE TO HANDLE YOUR SHIPMENTS TO CONSIGN YOUR GRAIN TO A RELIABLE FIRM PROMPT SERVICE AND CAREFUL ATTENTION ?

If so, the undersigned wants your business and will endeavor to give satisfaction. Cash advanced on consignments. Reference: Union Bank of Canada.

The oldest established Grain Commission Merchant in Winnipeg. Grain Exchange, Winnipeg.

S. SPINK

To this day smallpox is alluded to in the outer island of the Hebrides as "mhean mhath"—"the good wife"—a form af euphemism the idea of wolch is that in order to escape the ban of the disease it should be spoken of respectfully.

Kidney Search Lights—Have you backache? Do you feel drowsy? Do your limbs feel heavy? Have you pains in the loins? Have you dizziness? Have you a tired dragging feeling in the regions of the kidneys? Any and all of these indicate kidney troubles. South American Kidney Cure is a liquid kidney specific and works wonderful cures in most complicated cases.—94

A widow, aged 79, named Symons, was pushed down by an infant of 2 years old at Dartmouth, and fractured her thigh. She died.

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

The Earl of Shaftesbury presided over a meeting of Belfast citizens to consider the desirability of a public testimonial in recognition of the services of the Right Hon. Sir Daniel Dixon, Bart., twice mayor and three times Lord Mayor of the city.

Sunlight Soap will not burn the nap off woolens nor the surface off linens.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar.

B & C

LONG HIP

A POPULAR CORSET FOR 1904

STYLE 253

NO BRASS EYELETS

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY BRUSH & Co., TORONTO, - ONT.

What Might Have Been—Among the visitors to the House of Commons recently was Colonel Lynch, lately released from servitude for assisting our enemies in the Boer war.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tuberculosis consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of its list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

Buxton has a gift by Mr. Joseph Mlnthorpe, of Buxton, of £10,000, with which to build 12 almshouses, and a gift by the Duke of Devonshire of an acre of land for the site.

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

W. B. Anderson, Mgr.

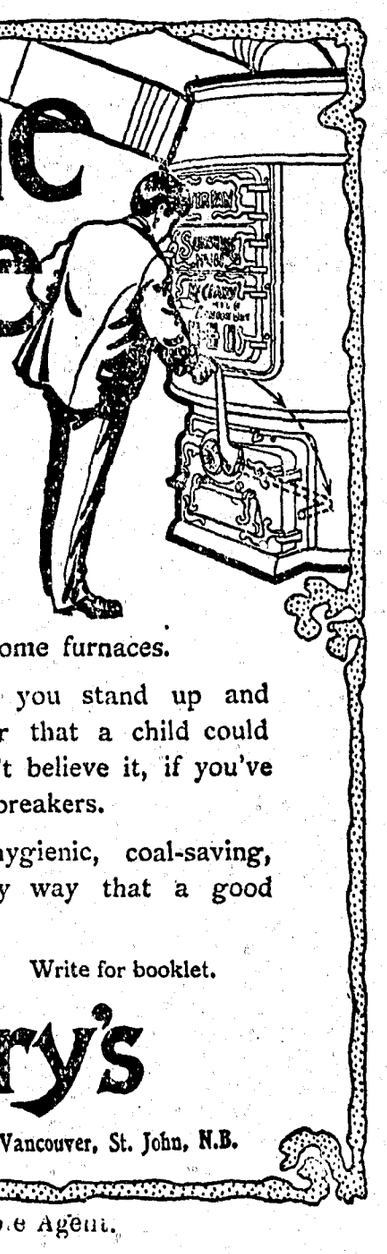
☞ Advertisers who want their ad changed, should get copy in by 9 a.m. day before issue.

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

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

A writer in the Nineteenth Century is of the opinion that which ever of the belligerents wins in the present war, Great Britain stands a chance of being one of the biggest losers in the event of ultimate victory for Russia the consequences may be easily predicted. Britain in such an event would be shorn of a large part of her Far Eastern trade and her prestige in the East would be injured. On the other hand should Japan be the winner Britain might naturally expect at least a continuance of that open door in China. The writer also remarks, "The Japanese are our very good friends today, while we are doing a great deal for them; how far their friendship may be counted on hereafter to keep an open door for us in China, when they have got the key of the door in their pocket, may prove quite another story." "The real casus belli" continues the reviewer, "between Russia and Japan is the control of China and her commerce; neither country is rich, and that is enough to enrich either of them and give to the winner a preponderance, very great and very difficult to estimate in amount on the Pacific. "That commerce we opened out by the war of 1840, followed by that of 1860. We have admitted all nations to share in the trade of Hong Kong—sixty years ago a barren island on the China coast, now one of the greatest ports in the world—and to free participation in the treaty ports of China herself. We have built up the whole goodwill of the China business, to a share in which we have admitted the other nations as they would never have admitted us. Far from being received with any gratitude, this action of ours is met with the new doctrine of 'spheres of influence.' France in the south, Russia in the north, Germany in the north-east have been carving slices from the joint of China. New Chwang, one of the most important of the actual treaty ports, has been practically taken over by Russia, and the customs revenues, which form part of the security for Western loans, are paid in, not to the Imperial Chinese Customs, to whom they belong, but to the Russian Bank, from which they are not likely to emerge. Even our supremacy on the Yangtse is disputed; the river is patrolled by German gunboats; railways projected by foreign syndicates run into that great valley—and a railway is the first assertion of power over the district through which it runs, on the part of the nationality owning and controlling the railway. Unlike the other powers of the west we want no territory in China; we have enough on our hands elsewhere; but we do want and must have open access to the commerce of the country. That now forms the stakes in a game in which two very wary and astute players are engaged, while we sit by with our arm folded. It looks much like the policy of drift which landed our fathers in the Crimean war, and ourselves in the South African war. This policy seems inseparable from our system of government by party. The price we are paying for parliamentary rule is the inefficiency of the Cabinet, whose members are always looking behind them to count votes in the House, and outside it, instead of looking forward to advance national interests.

Sunshine Furnace



Easy to Shake.

More than half the drudgery of 'tending a furnace is in the shaking down. Enough to break a man's back, and certainly no work for a woman, is the job of shaking down some furnaces.

With a Sunshine Furnace you stand up and oscillate a gently working lever that a child could handle. It's so easy you won't believe it, if you've been used to the common back-breakers.

And the Sunshine is a hygienic, coal-saving, practical housewarmer in every way that a good furnace ought to be.

Sold by all Enterprising Dealers. Write for booklet.

McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B.

C. H. Tarrell, Sole Agent.

NOTICE.

On account of necessary repairs the electric lights will be shut off from 12 30 a.m. Sunday, June 5th, to 7 p m. Monday, June 6th.

Cumberland Electric Lighting Co.
J. D Winningham, Manager

CARD OF THANKS.

Mrs J. Davis desires to thank Mr Jno. McLeod for his trouble in conducting the raffle of her china ware and all those who so willingly purchased tickets for the same

GARDEN FETE.

A Garden Fete will take place at South Comox Public School on Saturday, 11th June. In the evening a Dance will be held at 8.30. Proceeds to be devoted for school purposes. All are invited.

NOTICE.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

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

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

Donald McKay,
William McKay,
Duncan McKay.

WITNESS:—James Abrams

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

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

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH SERVICES.

Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 pm.—first Sunday in the month, 11 am., Morning service, 11 a.m.; Sunday, School, 2.30 p.m.; Evening service, 7 p.m.; Choir Practice every Friday at 7 30 p.m.

F. G. Christmas, Pastor.

MINERAL ACT.
(Form F.)

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

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

MINERAL ACT.
(Form F.)

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

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

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undernoted have made application for Hotel Licenses under the provisions of the Statutes in that behalf:—

Renewals.

John H. Pikot, Spring Inn, Comox Road; Samuel C. Davis, Union Hotel, Union; Geo. G. McDonald, Elk Hotel, Comox; Samuel J. Cliff, Lorne Hotel, Comox; Ed. W. Wylie, Burdwood Hotel Read Island; B.C. M. T & T. Co., Rock Bay Hotel, Rock Bay.

Transfers

Thomas W Foster, Riverside Hotel, Courtney, from Robt. Grant; Dan McDonald, Courtney Hotel, Courtney, from W Lewis.

New Licenses.

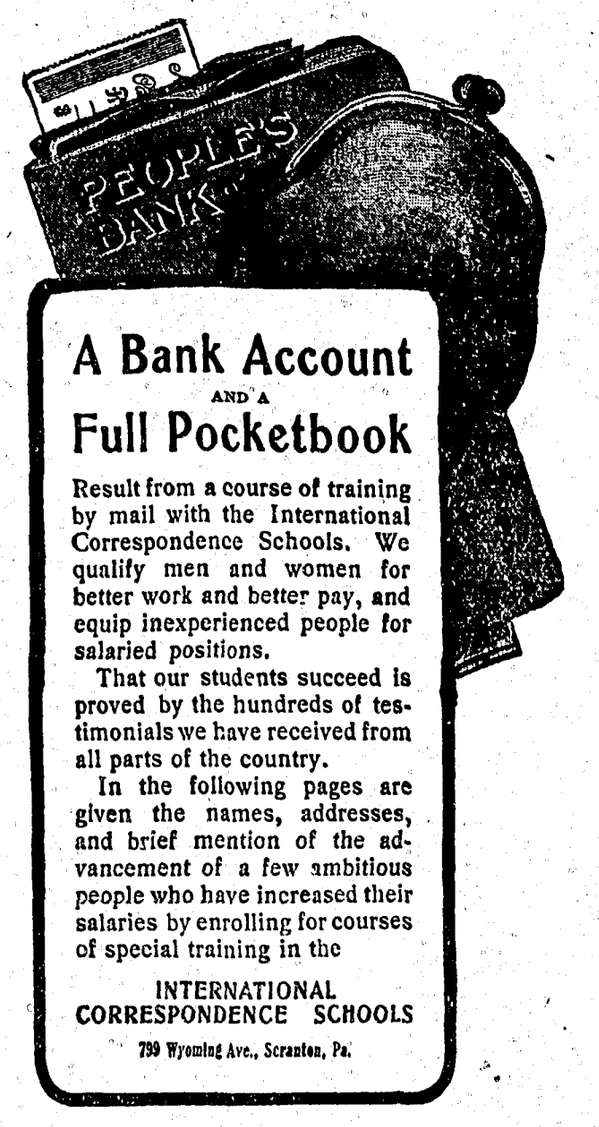
Mrs J. Dorsey, Port Harvey Hotel, Port Harvey.

The Board of Licence Commissioners will meet to consider the above applications on Wednesday, the 15th June, at One o'clock p.m., at the Court-house, Cumberland.

JOHN THOMSON,
Chief Licence Inspector,
Comox Licence District.

Cumberland, B.C.,
31st May, 1904.

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



A Bank Account
AND A
Full Pocketbook

Result from a course of training by mail with the International Correspondence Schools. We qualify men and women for better work and better pay, and equip inexperienced people for salaried positions.

That our students succeed is proved by the hundreds of testimonials we have received from all parts of the country.

In the following pages are given the names, addresses, and brief mention of the advancement of a few ambitious people who have increased their salaries by enrolling for courses of special training in the

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
799 Wyoming Ave., Scranton, Pa.

UNION BREWING Co.,
NANAIMO, B.C.

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

UNION BOCK : BEER
FOR 1904.

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

ON DRAUGHT AT ALL HOTELS.

Royal Bank of Canada

Capital (paid up)..... $3,000,000
Reserve Fund. 8,000,000
Undivided Profits, ... 192,505

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

BRANCH AT CUMBERLAND.

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

D. von CRAMER, Manager.

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

FOR SALE

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

H. TANAKA & SON.

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

NOTICE.

I have sold out my business, including undertaking, picture framing, upholstering, and general jobbing in the building line, to Mr Jas. H. Collins of Victoria, who in future will carry on the above business.

All Accounts due me must be paid on or before April 30th.

Thanking the public for their past patronage.

T. EDWARDS.

WANTED

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

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

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

E. EMDE.

FOR SALE.

160 Ac., Crown Grant Land
On VALDEZ ISLAND.

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

60 FRUIT TREES in BEARING

Well watered by a creek; 2 miles from Wharf, having semi-weekly steamer calls from Vancouver.

15 HEAD GOOD STOCK, &c., &c.

A BARGAIN

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