Prov Library

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

TENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY, MAY 17, 1904.

WE WOULD GIVE YOU DUE
—NOTICE THAT AT—
The Big Store
WE ARE PREPARING FOR A GREAT

ODDMENT SALE

FOR NEXT SATURDAY, PAY-DAY
AND FOLLOWING WEEK.

ODDS and ENDS That have accumulated through all kinds of reasons, some most ☞ **Useful and Valuable Articles.**

We intend making such Prices that will speedily effect a clearance.

IT WILL BE THE——
Biggest bargain Sale
——EVER HELD IN CUMBERLAND.

S. Leiser & Co.

☞ TO BE HELD ON OUR SECOND FLOOR.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

EAR MARKING.

EDITOR CUMBERLAND NEWS,

Sir,—You may talk of the SPCA in connection with branding and dehorning if you please, but as regards ear-marking the thing is absurd. Any man of common sense should know that the carving of a small piece out of the thin edge of an animal's ear hurts it no more than a cut finger hurts a child, and heals up again just as quickly. Why, I have marked yearlings at the stall, which merely flapped their ears a little, and went on eating as if nothing had happened. Ugly fly-infested sores sometimes follow the use of the branding iron, but never in all my experience have I seen an ill result from ear-marking. Of course I do not mean ear-cropping, or cutting down into the thick of the ear, which would be a very different matter, and would show extreme foolishness on the part of the owner, as, quite apart from the wickedness of it, it would be a hindrance to money-making But if such cases occur here, they have not come under my notice.

We in the Valley look upon the Bridges' affair as a piece of uncalled for officiousness.—Yours truly.

E. DUNCAN.

May 14th.

Referring to the above it is probable that prosecutions are made under Sec. 512, Criminal Code, which says that everyone is guilty of an offence and liable on summary conviction to a penalty of $50 or to three months imprisonment, with or without hard labor, who wantonly, cruelly, or unnecessarily beats, binds, illtreats abuses, overdrives or tortures any cattle, poultry, dog or domestic animal or bird." The question of whether this does or does not apply to marking cattle's ears is one to be argued in court by law givers and lawyers and not in the columns of a newspaper. If it does apply then the law must step in. If not, then Mrs Milligan's fine, imposed for the same offence some time ago should promptly be returned to her. There should be no difference made.—ED.

WRESTLING MATCH.

The following is the programme of the match on May 24th. in the Cumberland Hall. At 8 p.m. sharp Jas. Stant and C. Lippiat will give a boxing exhibition, 5 rounds. Then there will be a wrestling bout between W. Hudson and R. McNeil Then the event of the evening will come, T. Gay vs Adrian Raujol, will wrestle, catch as catch can, best two out of three falls for a prize of $200. Tickets are now on sale at Peacey's drug store. First row is reserved for ladies and their escorts. Admission, Ring side, $1. Reserved seats, 75 cts., Regular seats, 50 cts.

Frick, the photographer, will remain over for another week.

H. M. S. Flora arrived in Comox harbor last Friday. H. M. S. Shearwater came in on Sunday.

You cannot give a better present to a friend than a nice photo by Frick.

Local and Personal

NOTICE.

Next Tuesday being Victoria Day the "News" will be issued on Wednesday 25th.

Mr J. Fulcher and wife are visiting Mr and Miss Denton.

Mr J. Thomson is visiting Grand Forks in connection with Lodge business.

Mr and Mrs Kilpatrick and family went on a visit to Nanaimo on Friday last.

Dr Quinlan, dentist, will be in town until May 17th only.

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

Mr Von Cramer manager of the Royal Bank of Canada, which opened on Wednesday last, accompanied by Mrs Von Cramer, arrived here last week, and registered at the Cumberland.

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

The Cumberland Coon Club will give a benefit performance shortly in aid of Mr J. Davies who has been bed-ridden for some months.

For trunks, valises and bags, you will find right and at moderate prices at Simon Leiser's Big Store

Mr Fred Nunns, who has recovered from from his recent severe illness, arrived here on Tuesday night night and is visiting his brother Mr L. Nunns.

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

Mr R. Jesse, of the firm of Wilson Bros. Victoria, and W. W. Duncan of Victoria were registered at the Union Hotel last week.

Mr and Mrs Crosby whe were guests at the Union Hotel have returned to their home in Vancouver.

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

Mrs Wm. Matthewson of Comox left for Seattle on Friday morning to attend her daughter who is very ill.

A Children's Song Service is being prepared by Mrs Gillespie, to be given in Grace Methodist Church on Sunday next.

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

Rev Mr Misener has been attending the annual meeting of the Vancouver Island Methodist District Association in Victoria and is expected home this week.

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

Call and examine the cabinets at Frick's gallery.

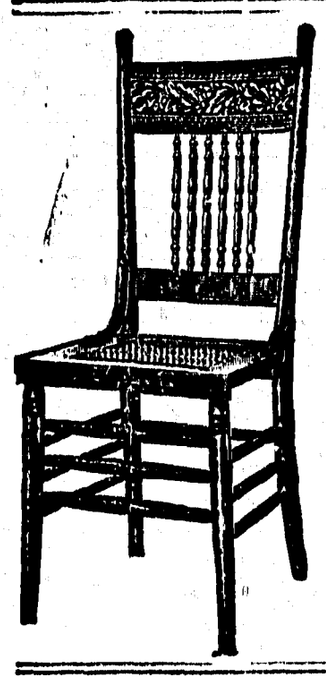
Mr T. Bate has been appointed agent for the old firm of Fletcher Bros., dealers in pianos, organs, sheet music and folios, Columbia gramaphones, &c. Mr Bate will be pleased to receive orders for instruments and music including standard songs and instrumental pieces. The popular two step "Nokomis" can be purchased by leaving an order with him. Give him a call,

Ladies skirts cheap at Davis' Opposite the Drug Store.

Mr J. P. Watson returned from Vancouver on Tuesday evening accompanied by Mrs Watson whose health has improved decidedly since her stay at the Sanitarium. Mrs Watson underwent four operations in one hour, the quickest on record in Vancouver as Mrs Watson's condition was considered a very serious one. Mr Watson is loud in his praises of Dr. Hall for the skill and cate bestowed upon his wife during her long and serious illness.

Photos at popular prices. Leave your orders with Frick.

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.

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.

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 [illegible] yard lengths, at 25c, 50c, and [illegible] regular price, 50c, 75c, and $1
NAPIER & PARTRIDGE

THE MULE AND THE MAN

The mule he is a gentle beast;
He's satisfied to be the least,
And so is man.
Like man, he may be taught some tricks,
He does his work from eight to six.
The mule, when he gets mad he kicks,
And so does man.

The mule he has a load to pull.
He's happiest when he is full,
And so is man.
Like man, he holds a patient poise,
And when his work's done will rejoice.
The mule he likes to hear his voice,
And so does man.

The mule he has his faults, 'tis true,
And so has man.
He does some things he should not do,
And so does man.
Like man, he doesn't yearn for style,
But wants contentment all the while.
The mule he has a lovely smile,
And so has man.

The mule is sometimes kind and good,
And so is man.
He eats all kinds of breakfast food,
And so does man.
Like man, he balks at gaudy dress
And all outlandish foolishness.
The mule's accused of mulishness,
And so is man.
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

For Excellent Reasons.

Minister—You seem to be glad to have me visit your home.

Young Hopeful—Yes, sir. Whenever you come we have a bully dinner.—Chicago American.

Two Tragedies.

George Clinton, the lawyer, rode downtown-the-other-morning-with-W. S. Jackson of the district attorney's staff and B. B. Daggett, who is with the Consolidated Telephone company. Mr. Daggett sat in the middle. The car was full. To keep up the conversation the three sometimes had to raise their voices. So it happened that, though the three afterward pledged secrecy, the story is out.

"That was a terrible crime that young fellow committed the other day, Mr. Jackson," said Mr. Clinton, leaning past Mr. Daggett. "And to think that the victim was his own father!"

"About the most depraved wretch I ever heard of," called back Mr. Jackson. On every face roundabout was a big question. Mr. Daggett looked from one side to the other. "What happened?" he asked in startled tones.

"Why, a young fellow took his father apart to tell him something and couldn't get him together again," was the shouted reply.

It is said Superintendent Bull afterward heard the story too.—Buffalo Express.

Washing Off the Russian.

England is always glad to get another citizen, but sometimes she goes about it in a strange manner, according to the Springfield Republican. A sailor deserted from a Russian battleship and joined an English crew on a faraway island. He told them that he was tired of the rule of the czar and wanted to become an English citizen. They were at a loss how to naturalize him, but finally each one threw a bucket of water on him and so washed off the Russian.

Ayer's

If your blood is thin and impure, you are miserable all the time. It is pure, rich blood that invigorates, strengthens, refreshes. You certainly know

Sarsaparilla

the medicine that brings good health to the home, the only medicine tested and tried for 60 years. A doctor's medicine.

"I owe my life, without doubt, to Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the most wonderful medicine in the world for nervousness. My cure is permanent, and I cannot thank you enough." MRS. DELIA McWILL, Newark, N. J.

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

for

Poor Health

Laxative doses of Ayer's Pills each night greatly aid the Sarsaparilla.

IN THE PATHS OF PEACE

By Joel McLeod

Copyright, 1905, by T. C. McClure

Mrs. Hastings dropped into the big easy chair, with a sigh. The fire in the library burned cheerfully. Besides its crackling the only sound in the quiet room was that of the professor's pen as it made its methodical way over the paper. It was very restful, and she was so tired. She decided that this giving of faculty dinners was a nuisance.

Presently she glanced at her husband. Long experience had taught him that it was wiser to allow his wife to begin a conversation on the day of a faculty dinner party. So at this critical moment he deliberately capped his fountain pen, put it in his pocket and came over to the fire, stretching his tall figure to its greatest length. As he threw himself on the divan she began:

"Well!"

"How is it going, dear? Everything ready?"

"Yes, John; I think so. I have just put the last touches to the table. The flowers came. They're lovely. You were dear, John, to take so much trouble ordering them."

"Nothing gone wrong, then?"

"No-o, John."

"What made you sigh when you came in?"

"Did I?" hypocritically. "Oh, nothing. Only I was just thinking."

"Thinking what?"

"Good heavens, John! This isn't a 'quiz.' I simply wanted your advice."

"My advice! Do I hear aright? I know I am a tremendously wise man"—

"Professor Hastings! Will you be serious, please? You see, it's a question of love."

At this he sat upright.

"Love! Have you turned matchmaker, Helen Augusta? Come over here and tell me the whole story." And he gently pulled her down beside him on the divan.

"John, dear, don't you remember how very attentive Professor Allen was to Elizabeth Parker last spring? He took

"OH, MR. ALLEN, TUM IN, TUM IN!" SHE CRIED.

her everywhere. And," impressively, "this autumn no one has seen them together once. They quarreled over some trifle, and they're both too proud to make it up. They won't even speak to each other."

"How do you know all this?" interrupted he.

"Why, the night you were at the New England Alumni association banquet he called and rather—well, you—rather confided in me."

"And you didn't tell me! Oh, woman, thy name is—never mind what! Then why in the world did you ask them both to this dinner if they won't speak to each other?"

Mrs. Hastings looked pityingly at her husband.

"You dear old stupid! Tonight is the time I hope they'll make up."

"Oh!" whistled John. "And where do I come in? I can't say, though I am Allen's senior on the faculty: 'Speak to Miss Parker, you pigheaded monster! Prove to her by words and deeds that you love her, or I will procure your dismissal.'"

"John, will you be sensible? I just want to hear your opinion of my plan."

"I thought it wasn't advice," murmured the professor of history meekly.

"You know Jean is very fond of Elizabeth Parker. When I was up in the nursery just now the child seemed feverish. She has a cold. She asked me if 'Lizbuff' was coming and begged me to ask her to 'wock Jean to s'eep.' Elizabeth has a perfect fund of child's songs that the baby loves. I thought I'd telephone her to come a few minutes early. She looks simply perfect with Jean in her arms, and by the firelight it will be a picture. Then when Professor Allen comes I'll tell him Jean wants him to kiss her good night—he's devoted to the child—and to go into the nursery to see her. And then—I hope for the best."

"My dear, what consummate tact! What strategy! The way you marshal your forces is simply genius. But," hastily, seeing his joking was going too far: "I hope it will succeed. Allen deserves a nice wife, and she would make one."

Three hours later the carriage bearing Miss Elizabeth Parker rolled noiselessly along College street. She felt distinctly nervous. Professor Allen would very certainly be there. And at the last faculty dinner, just before commencement, she had given him the rose from her hair, and he had said—

As she stepped into the Hastings' hall Mrs. Hastings called from the top of the stairs:

"Come up, dear. How perfectly sweet of you to come! I was afraid you wouldn't get the message in time. Jean will be delighted. Do go right in. I have to see that John's tie is straight." And she disappeared through a half open door.

Elizabeth on opening the nursery door was joyfully welcomed by the tiny Jean, who sprang into her arms with a cry of delight and hugged her close. Then she curled up contentedly in Elizabeth's lap, murmuring, with a sigh of satisfaction, "Sing 'Pick-a-ninny.'"

The songs went on uninterruptedly for half an hour. Then the carriages began to arrive. Elizabeth could hear the ponderous annual joke of the professor of mathematics and the obedient laugh of his assistant as they passed into the dressing room. She heard the rustle of skirts as the women fluttered down the stairs.

"They must all be here," she thought, "but I won't go down till I have to."

She glanced at Jean, whose eyes were heavy with sleep, and sang again the favorite song. And this was the scene upon which Professor Allen gazed a minute later as he stood at the nursery door. In her shimmering satin gown, her crimson cape falling back, revealing her beautiful neck and arms, her sweet face slightly turned from him as she looked down at the drowsy child cradled in her arms, she seemed to the unhappy professor almost divine.

As he stood listening to the lullaby Jean, suddenly raising her head, saw him.

"Oh, Mr. Allen, tum in, tum in!" she cried.

There was no escape. He came in.

Elizabeth's heart beat so loudly she felt sure he must hear it, but she did not speak.

"Jean, I came in to say good night."

"Is I your sweetheart tonight?"

"Yes, dear."

"Does you lub me?"

"Yes, Jean."

"Does you lub Lizbuff too?"

He gave one appealing look, but the dear face was turned away. He resolved to risk all in one desperate stroke.

"God knows I do, Jean."

"Vell, tiss us bofe dood night, and I'll go as'eep."

He kissed her. But the baby insisted.

"Now Lizbuff."

"May I, dear?" very tenderly, bending over them both.

"Tiss her, Allen," urged Jean.

"Elizabeth!" pleadingly.

Ever so little she turned her face to him.

Jean sank back satisfied.

* * * * * * *

Downstairs all wonder at the delay of dinner was changed into delight when Professor Allen and Elizabeth came into the drawing room together.

And dinner was served.

Test of Sobriety.

An English carman who was brought before a magistrate for being drunk while in charge of a horse and cart complained of the indignities to which he had been subjected by the police. He had walked a chalk line marked down the middle of a long passage; had said clearly and distinctly "truly rural" and "chrysanthemums;" had picked his hat up from the floor with his right foot, raised it from his foot and put it on his head while standing on his left foot; had been asked to stick a pin in a small dot made by a pencil on a wall and had told them that if a brick weighed eight poounds and a half a brick and a half would weigh sixteen pounds. And yet the divisional surgeon said he was intoxicated. The police explained that the accused had not walked the chalk line properly, that his enunciation of "truly rural" and "chrysanthemums" was very throaty and vague, that he had three times fallen on the floor in his efforts to pick up his hat with his foot, a test he volunteered, and in sticking the pin in the wall he had selected a spot that was not visible to any one but himself. The brick problem had merely been put before him by way of a joke, and his solution was wrong.

THE ROAD TO HEALTH

Lies Through Rich, Red Blood And Strong Nerves.

Debility is a word that fairly expresses many ailments under one name. Poor blood, weak nerves, impaired digestion, loss of flesh. No energy, no ambition, listless and indifferent. This condition is perhaps the penalty of overwork, or the result of neglected health. You must regain your health or succumb entirely. There is just one absolutely sure way to do this—take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills will bring you new life, fill every vein with rich, red blood, restore elasticity to the step, the glow of health to the wan cheek; they will inspire you with new energy and supply the vital force of mind and body.

There is not a corner of the civilized World where Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have not brought health and hope and happiness to some weak, debilitated, despairing person. If you have not used the pills yourself, ask your neighbors and they will tell you these statements are solemn truth. Mr. Charles Saulnier, Corberrie, N. S., says: "I was very much run down and so weak I could hardly work. It seemed as though my blood was little better than water. I tried several medicines, but I got nothing to help me until I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It was simply astonishing how quickly these pills began to help me and how much new life and vigor they put into me. I am a cook by profession, and the fact that I was able to cook for fifteen men last winter is the best proof that the pills have made me as sound as ever I was."

There is no mystery about the power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to put new life and strength into you. They actually make new blood, and that is why they cure all blood diseases, like anaemia, indigestion, liver and kidney troubles, headaches and backaches and the special ailments of women. Through the blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills feed and steady the nerves, strike at the root of nervousness, cure St. Vitus' dance, fits, neuralgia, sciatica and partial paralysis. All these diseases spring from bad blood and disordered nerves, and they have all been cured positively and permanently by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all medicine dealers at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, or by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville Ont.

The Japs are so confoundedly polite, too, even while they are landing on your solar plexus.

It is so hard to get news from the east that if the news agencies are not careful, the school histories will be "scooping" them on this war.

Although China is to be neutral territory, wise citizens of Pekin are burying anything that could possibly be construed as loot.

Admirals Togo and Ito do not need an extra transport for their names, which may account for the mobility of the Japanese fleet.

Russia probably will do something when it gets its second wind, if in the meantime unconfirmed rumors do not scare it to death.

Russia is very short of doctors, having only eight for every 100,000 inhabitants. Great Britain has 180 for the same number.

While the Japanese are vegetarians, they do not object to a little bear meat on special occasions.

While China's judgment tells it to remain neutral, its heart counsels the throwing of a flat-iron.

Safety For Your Children

When a mother finds it necessary to give her little one medicine she cannot be too careful as to the remedy employed. The so-called "soothing" medicines always contain poisonous opiates, and these should never be given to a child. Strong drugs and harsh purgatives should also be avoided. An ideal medicine for young children is Baby's Own Tablets, which cure all the minor ills of childhood, and the mother has the guarantee of one of the foremost analysts of Canada that this medicine contains no opiate. Milton L. Hersey, M. A. Sc., demonstrator in Chemistry, McGill University, says:—"I hereby certify that I have made a careful analysis of Baby's Own Tablets which I personally purchased in a drug store in Montreal, and said analysis has failed to detect the presence of any opiate or narcotic in them." Analysis is proof, therefore mothers know that in giving their little ones Baby's Own Tablets they are giving them an absolutely safe medicine. Sold by all druggists or mailed at 25c a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Corea has granted Japan the right to traverse its country. Corean statesmen are evidently mind readers.

Progress.

Parke—How is your little girl getting on with her music?

Lane—First rate. I haven't been home much, but my neighbors are beginning to speak to me again.—Life.

SCEPTICS TURN BELIEVERS AND ARE CURED

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder a Great Blessing.

"When I read that Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder could relieve Catarrh in 10 minutes I was far from being convinced. I tried it—a single puff through the blower afforded instant relief, stopped pain over the eyes and cleansed the nasal passages. To-day I am free from Catarrh." B. L. Egan's (Easton, Pa.,) experience has been that of thousands of others and may be yours. Sold by all druggists.

DR. AGNEW'S HEART CURE SAVES LIFE. RELIEVES IN 30 MINUTES. 27

Apparently the Japanese know that in fighting an adversary like Russia it is necessary, if possible, to deliver the knockout blow in the first round.

While China means to be neutral, inhabitants keep right on taking boxing lessons.

A Sour Stomach and a Sour Temper travel hand-in-hand and are the precursors of mental and physical wreck. Nine hundred and ninety-nine times in a thousand food ferment (indigestion) is the cause. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets keep the stomach sweet—aid digestion—keep the nerve centres well balanced—they're nature's panacea—pleasant and harmless. 35 cents.—88

John Hay, United States secretary of state, and former minister to Great Britain, was a very homely lad, and used to put on an apron and wash dishes for his mother. Some boys and girls tempted him to come out with his apron on, and then chaffed him; he had purposely brought a basin of water with him, and this he threw over his tormentors, boys and girls alike.

Dropsy is one positive Sign of Kidney Disease.—Have You Any of these unmistakable signs? Puffiness under the eyes? Swollen limbs? Smothering feeling? Change of the character of the urine? Exhaustion after least exertion? If you have there's dropsical tendency and you shouldn't lose an hour in putting yourself under the great South American Kidney Cure.—86

Corea must be tempted to move in the spring if it can find another flat.

Russia will not make an exhibit at St. Louis, having decided that it will take enough work on its hands to make a satisfactory exhibit in Manchuria.

It may be that Rudyard Kipling is waiting to give Poet Laureate Austin the first poetical whack at the war.

Russia by this time has got over the notion that it can smack Japan with one hand tied behind its back.

Russia feels that it could use an unlimited amount of summer in its business.

Have You a Skin Disease?—Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Eczema, Itch, Barbers' Itch, Ulcers, Blotches, Chronic Erysipelas, Liver Spots, Prurigo, Psoriasis, or other eruptions of the skin—what Dr. Agnew's Ointment has done for others it can do for you—cure you. One application gives relief. 35 cents.—87

A hair restorative is advertised that will make hair grow in a night. One that will make hair grow in a year is hope enough.

If a woman doesn't have time to eat she gets along pretty well, not having time to think about it.

Laugh when a friend tells a joke; it is one of the taxes you must pay.

Coughing is an outward sign of inward disease.
Cure the disease with

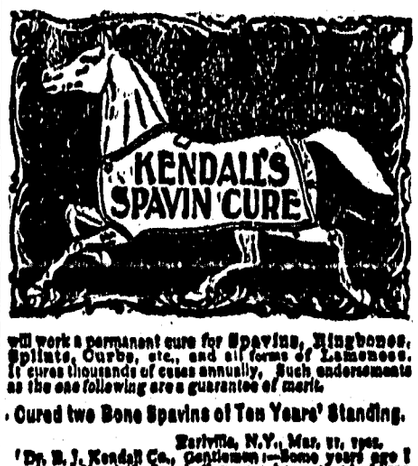
Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

and the cough will stop.
Try it to-night. If it doesn't benefit you, we'll give your money back.
Prices: 25c. 50c. $1 S. C. WELLS & Co. 307 LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can.

THE HORSE MARKET

Demands Sound Horses Only.

Lame horses sell at less than half their actual value and are neither desirable for use or sale. The remedy is easy. A few bottles of



will work a permanent cure for Spavins, Ringbones, Splints, Curbs, etc., and all forms of Lameness. It cures thousands of cases annually. Such endorsements as the one following are a guarantee of merit.

Cured two Bone Spavins of Ten Years' Standing.

Earlville, N.Y., Mar. 11, 1905.

Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Gentlemen:—Some years ago I used your Kendall's Spavin Cure on a horse that had two Bone Spavins, and it removed them entirely. Those Spavins had been on him from birth, and were of ten years' standing. I now have a case of a mare that was injured by falling through a bridge, and am going to give her complete treatment with your Spavin Cure. Please send me a copy of your "Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases." Yours very truly, CLARK G. FORT.

Price $1; six for $5. As a liniment for family use it has no equal. Ask your druggist for Kendall's Spavin Cure, also "A Treatise on the Horse," the book free, or address

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

A Widower's Tenant

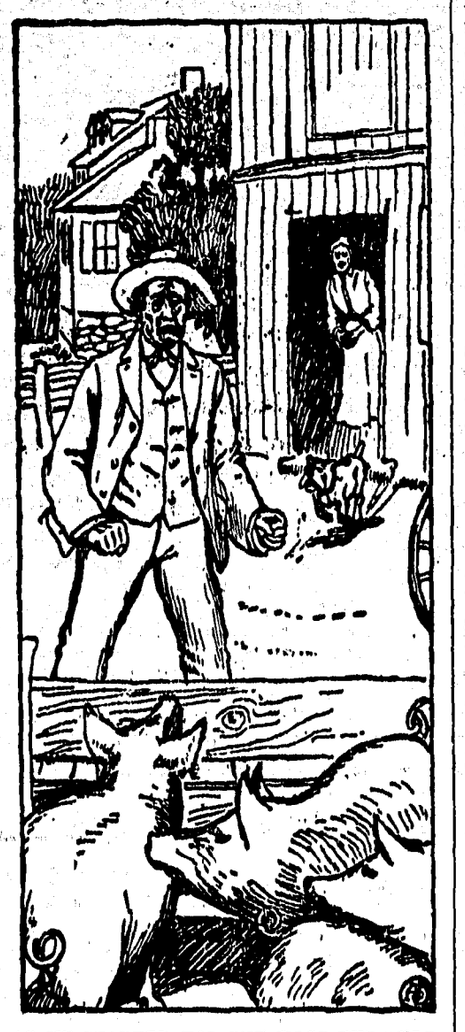
By C. B. LEWIS

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

After being in business in the city nearly a score of years, the last five of which he had been a widower and in failing health, John Dayton finally heeded the advice of the doctor and bought a farm and prepared to retire to the country and rejuvenate himself. The farm was purchased through an agency and without his having ever stepped foot upon the land. But there was one thing the agent failed to represent. The previous owner of the farm had died and left a widow and a mortgage. While the mortgage had been foreclosed and the farm sold according to law, a village lawyer had discovered a flaw in the proceedings and advised the widow to stick. Having paid for legal advice she was determined to get the benefit of it. She remained on the farm as much of a fixture as the big red barn, and she proposed to fight it out on that line.

It therefore came about that when the widower came to take possession of his farm he met with a surprise party. He understood that he would find the Widow Parsons in the house, but he didn't understand what sort of a widow she was. He found a middle aged, pleasant faced woman ready to welcome him, and her soft ways and the goodness of the dinner prejudiced him in favor of country life at once.

Nothing of the business in hand was broached until dinner was over and until he had sized the widow up as a meek and humble woman. It was when he carelessly inquired whether she had taken another farm or proposed to move to the nearest village that the first brickbat hit him. She didn't propose to vacate at all. She preferred to go on living amid the peaceful songs of birds and the lazy drone of bumblebees, but if it was to be lurid war he would find her waving her banners at the front. John



AS HE STARTED FOR THE HOGS THE BULLDOG STARTED FOR HIM.

Dayton was an aggressive man, an obstinate man and a man with a temper, and the widow didn't blame him a bit when he pounded his leg with his fist and replied to her:

"I don't want to be mean about this thing, but I want and will have possession of my own. I will give you one week to clear out. If you are not gone by that time I'll have you thrown out."

"You are invited to dinner a week from today," the widow quietly replied.

Mr. Dayton went to town to consult a lawyer and the sheriff. The lawyer told him that all the rights in the case were his, and the sheriff said he would put him in possession as soon as the writ of execution was placed in his hands. Meanwhile if he could bluff the widow it would be so much gained for him. He returned to the farm after a day or two to bluff. He was as kindly received as if he had come to buy paper rags and sell tinware, and, though he was vexed and annoyed, he couldn't help but admit that the widow had beautiful blue eyes.

"I have ascertained that I have the law on my side," he began, "but, as I said to you before, I don't want to be mean about it."

"No; I don't think you are a mean man," she kindly replied.

"I want possession, but I don't want any row, and if you would consent to take $50 and vacate next week I think I would pay it."

"You are a generous man, and I won't rob you. Three or four years hence, after the case has gone to the supreme court and been decided against me, I may look around for another farm."

"Woman, you are defying the law," claimed the widower as patience ceased to be a virtue. "I tell you I'll have possession here if I have to dump everything and everybody into the public highway with my own hands."

"Come to dinner any day—glad to see you," was her reply as she followed him to the door.

"Y-e-s; I see," mused his lawyer as the widower returned and reported. "The widow is simply a trespasser. She ought to be put off at once."

"Y-e-s; I see," mused the sheriff when he was appealed to. "That writ ought to be placed in my hands."

Both lawyer and sheriff hinted at a certain line of conduct, though protesting that they were not legal hints, and three days later John Dayton drove out to his farm prepared to take all the bulls and cows by the horns. He began at the barnyard. He opened wide the gates and turned a one eyed ram and a one horned cow into the road. A couple of hogs with curls in their tails would have been next on the programme had not the Widow Parsons appeared on the scene. She was accompanied by a bulldog, who seemed anxious to complicate things, and her voice was not at all high pitched as she warned the widower off the premises. He pounded on the barn door and replied:

"This is my property. I am here to take possession. The widow and the bulldog who interfere with me must take the consequences."

The consequences were taken. As he started for the curly tailed hogs the bulldog started for him, and when the widower got through with the circus he had half a dozen bites to carry back to town.

"Stars above, but it is nothing less than a case of murderous assault!" exclaimed the lawyer when the story had been told. "You have only to apply for a warrant to have the Widow Parsons sleep in jail tonight, and she must surely be convicted when she comes to trial."

"Never in all my life did I hear of such an outrage," added the sheriff, "and I will take the greatest pleasure in making the arrest."

But when the bites had got over aching more hints—not legal hints—were thrown out, and as a result John Dayton made a fourth visit to his farm. This time he knocked at the front door of the house instead of stopping at the barnyard, and when admitted he said:

"Widow Parsons, I'm a determined man. I'm bound to have my farm if I have to take you with it."

The widow looked at him for a long minute, and there was a smile around her mouth as she quietly replied:

"It might be your best way. Come a-courting, and we'll see about it."

And six weeks later there was neither widow nor widower. John Dayton and his wife were running the farm, and the bulldog was quiescent.

True Love Is Not Jealous.

The greatest thing in the world is love. It is the most beautiful thing too. Strangely enough, however, it is apt to go hand in hand with the ugliest thing, which is jealousy. The green eyed monster's favorite victims are lovers.

No sight is more terrible than the jealous rage of a lover. The man who suspects his sweetheart of flirting with some one else is enduring such pain that he is hardly responsible for his actions.

Similarly, the girl who sees that her fiance is faithless experiences a heartache which is little short of maddening.

It is sad when such suffering is without any real cause. The man or girl who is a victim of unreasoning jealousy is to be pitied. The intensity of their feelings cannot be realized by an outsider.

True love is trustful, above all things. Sweethearts who trust each other are never worried with jealousy, nor have they any need to be. A true lover never flirts. He would not be a true lover if he did. A girl who really loves her sweetheart can bear to see him walking or talking with another girl without the slightest pang. She knows well that there is only one girl in the world for him, and that is herself. In his heart she reigns supreme, just as he does in hers. Polite and attentive though he may be to many another maid, he reserves one thing for her alone. This one thing is love.

Making Amends.

A poor Turkish slater of Constantinople, being at work upon the roof of a house, lost his footing and fell into the narrow street upon a man. The pedestrian was killed by the concussion, while the slater escaped without material injury.

A son of the deceased caused the slater to be arrested. The cadi listened attentively and in the end asked the slater what he had to say in his defense.

"Dispenser of justice," answered the accused, "it is even as this man says, but heaven forbid that there should be evil in my heart. I am a poor man and know not how to make amends."

The son of the man who had been killed thereupon demanded that condign punishment should be inflicted on the accused.

The cadi meditated a few moments and finally said, "It shall be so." Then to the slater he said, "Thou shalt stand in the street where the father of this young man stood when thou didst fall on him."

And to the accuser he added: "Thou shalt, if it please thee, go up on the roof and fall upon the culprit even as he fell upon thy father. Allah be praised!"

The Bee's Stinging Apparatus.

A bee's sting, unlike that of a wasp, is always left in the wound; so the first thing to do is to remove it. Do not take it between finger and thumb, for that will cause it to open and release more of its poison. The right method is to push it out by rubbing up against it with the back of the thumb nail. To remove the pain there are many remedies, most of them homely. Here are a few: A slice of onion, ordinary laundry blue, sal volatile, honey, earth moistened with saliva. One or another of these remedies is always at hand, and a handkerchief will serve as a bandage to keep it in place as long as necessary.

Count Tolstoi.

Count Tolstoi is thus described by his latest visitor, who found him at home: "After passing down long corridors, which are like so many entrenchments around Tolstoi's study, I at last stood before this remarkable man. I saw him just as the celebrated picture shows him—in his full peasant's smock, a belt round his waist, with the white beard, the melancholy, deep-set eyes, the coarse gray hair, the thoughtful, wrinkled brows, the strong hands accustomed to work, which during his conversation he keeps passing through his belt, and the whole touching earnestness which surrounds the man. Count Leo Tolstoi makes the impression of a figure out of the Bible."

High Priced Stamps.

Collectors may be interested in the high prices brought lately by certain stamps at a sale in London. Among the principal lots disposed of were: Great Britain, the V. R. (damaged), £8; Naples, 1-2t., "Arms," £15; Moldavia, 108 paras, £17; Spain, 1851, 2 reales, £20; Geneva, the double stamp, £22; Vaud, 4s., £14; Winterthur, 2 1-2 rappen, a block of four, £17; Poste Locale, a made-up plate, £32 10s.; Tuscany, 60 crazie, unused, £14; ditto, 3 lire, £26; a collection of Russian locals, £115; Cape of Good Hope (woodblock), 1d, blue, £42; and Mauritius, 2d, blue, very fine, £21 10s.

Won His Bet.

"Daddy," said a boy to his father, "I've got a pencil which will write green, purple, crimson or any color you like."

"Not the same pencil, my son."

"You daren't bet me a dime it won't, daddy."

"I'll give you a dime if it will," said the old man.

The youngster dived into his pocket, produced the stump of a common lead pencil and wrote on a piece of paper the words, "magenta, green, crimson, purple," etc.,

"There, daddy. Say it won't write any color you like now. Fork over that dime."

Of Course He Could.

"I'm dreadfully worried. I haven't heard from George for three whole days."

"But he's on the ocean and can't write till he reaches the other side."

"Nonsense! Couldn't he put the letter in a bottle and throw it overboard? I've often read of such things."—New York Evening Journal.

Candid.

"Did you ever lose yourself in any of the great roles you assumed?"

"Well," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "I wasn't exactly lost, but I have found it pretty hard to get home."—Washington Star.

Postgraduate Course.

Mrs. Richmond—Is your daughter going back to the cooking school this year?

Mrs. Bronxborough—No. I'm going to keep her home until she learns to cook some dishes that we can afford to eat.—Judge.

Squelching the Landlady.

The landlady was disturbed over one of her boarders. The young woman was pretty and consequently had many male admirers. The landlady was prim and pedantic and believed that a pretty girl must necessarily be wicked. Anyway, she thought it sinful for a man caller to stay later than 9:30 o'clock. The pretty girl had different ideas, and when one of her callers finally became "her steady" she paid little attention to time or the landlady. The good woman, however, decided to break up the late hours; so one evening she rapped gently on the parlor door. There was a slight scurry and then "Come in," said a cordial voice.

"Excuse me, Miss Travers," said the landlady, "but when the gentleman goes will you please turn out the gas?"

Miss Travers gazed speechless at her landlady and then blushed scarlet. As soon as she could get her breath she said icily:

"No, I will not. But to save your gas bills and further anxiety I will turn it out before he goes." And she promptly turned out both burners, leaving the landlady to fumble her way out of the room as best she could.—New York Press.

MY GIRL.

Last night I held her on my knee,
The girl that I love best;
That little head so dear to me
Was pillowed on my breast.
I held her little hand in mine,
And kissed her o'er and o'er;
But then you see, she's barely nine,
And I am sixty-four.
And if it happens that I be
A granddad that adores
The grandchild that takes after me,
It's no concern of yours.

A MINX.

KITTY TRELAWNEY, a Minx. MARION HARCOURT, an Angel. GEOFFREY FORTESQUE, a Man.

SCENE—A drawing-room.

Kitty (jumping up from the piano as Miss Harcourt is announced)—O Marion, it is you. What a relief!

Marion—Are you expecting anyone else?

Kitty—Yes, and I was afraid—but it's you and I'm glad. Did you get my last letter? And have you come back for good from your travels—nearly two years, isn't it? And is your father better? When did you get back? And can you guess what a wicked girl I am, and how miserable this unhappy secret makes me—at least, part of it, for some of it's happy, you know; but I do want your advice and sympathy and—

Marion—O my dear Kitty, stop! Sit down and let us talk quietly. I want sympathy, too.

Kitty (open-eyed)—You! You want sympathy! I thought you were above that weakness.

Marion—Not a bit. I want all you can give me.

Kitty—Oh, do tell me; but you must hear me first—my troubles are more pressing. I'm in such a fix! I've got a letter from him to say—

Marion—Him? Whom?

Kitty (impatiently)—The him, of course. There's only one him—at least, there ought to be only one. That's just it.

Marion—What do you mean?

Kitty—I mean—that—there are two.

Marion—You are engaged to two men at once?

Kitty—Well, you see—they overlap—for the moment.

Marion—You take my breath away. Explain!

Kitty—You remember my writing to tell you about my engagement to an awfully nice, clever fellow, a lawyer, about eighteen months ago, and how he had to go to India—to take evidence on commission, they call it, I think—a few weeks after we were engaged?

Marion—Yes, and you were to be married as soon as he came back. Hasn't he come back?

Kitty—Oh, yes; he's come right enough. I am expecting him here now—immediately—any—every moment; and I don't want him!

Marion—Explain! Explain!

Kitty—Last summer, I went to stay at Mrs. Fairlight's place on the Hudson, and, of course, there was lots of boating, tennis, picnics and—(hesitates) moonlight walks.

Marion (gravely)—Oh, my dear Kitty!

Kitty—The situation's got to be faced. I know I'm a wicked flirt, and all that; but oh, Marion, he is such a darling, and I really, truly want to be his wife.

Marion—Then why weren't you true to him?

Kitty—Which him? I'm speaking of the—the—well, the new one.

Marion—Kitty, you are dreadful. You never can have loved truly, deeply, seriously, for true love is constant—it lifts one out of oneself, and—

Kitty—Thanks; I've read all that in novels.

Marion—But you have never felt it—not deeply, I'm sure.

Kitty—You're in love, Marion. You never talked about it like this before. Who is it? Tell me, quick!

Marion (after a pause)—I don't feel that I can talk to you as freely as I could once have done.

Kitty—Oh, I shall get it out of you. You met him abroad. Where was it? Who is he, and when were you engaged?

Marion—We are not engaged.

Kitty—Broken off! Oh, Marion, I'm so sorry, dear.

Marion—No, not broken off. He was engaged before we met.

Kitty (whistles)—And he fell in love with you and told you so?

Marion—No.

Kitty—He never told you he loved you?

Marion—No, not in so many words.

Kitty—Well, when shall you see him again?

Marion—I do not expect ever to see him again.

Kitty—And you love him very much?

Marion—I could love him very much.

Kitty—Poor thing! Marion, it's 4 o'clock, and you've never helped me out of my fix one bit. He may be here at any moment, and what am I to say to him?

Marion (bewildered)—You're speaking now of——

Kitty—The—the original one. Don't you understand? He returned from India yesterday. I have to tell him that I love some one else, and I can't. Hark! there's the bell. Marion, I can't see him—I won't. (Suddenly) you must. (Rises.)

Marion—Don't be absurd. I can't see a perfect stranger.

Kitty (making for the door)—Say you're a friend of the family, and I'm a silly, hare-brained girl who doesn't know her own mind. Say anything you like; but get me out of this, and I'll love you forever. (Flies out of the room by a side door as the servant enters by another and announces Mr. Fortesque. Marion rises.)

Mr. Fortesque—Miss Harcourt!

Marion—Mr. Fortesque!

Mr. Fortesque—You here! I—I had no idea you knew the Trelawneys.

Marion—Yes, Kitty and I are old schoolfellows.

Mr. Fortesque (with some emotion)—I never thought to see you again. And Miss Trelawney, has she told you all about me?

Marion—She told me she was engaged to—to some one very nice.

Mr. Fortesque—Ah! why did she run away as I came upstairs?

Marion—I will go and ask her to come back.

Mr. Fortesque—Please tell me first why she ran away.

Marion—She shall tell you herself.

Mr. Fortesque—Then there is something to tell me. What is it? She has changed towards me. I half guessed it from her letters of late. She is afraid to tell me herself, and has left you to do it for her. Isn't it so?

Marion—Yes.

Mr. Fortesque—And she loves some one else?

Marion—She must come and speak to you herself. I'll fetch her. (Goes towards the door).

Mr. Fortesque—Stop—did you tell her of our previous acquaintance?

Marion—No, but I must now.

(Marion retires, and in a few minutes Kitty enters in a rather shame-faced manner.)

Mr. Fortesque—How do you do, Kitty?

Kitty—O Geoffrey, I'm so sorry; are you dreadfully angry?

Mr. Fortesque—Do I look angry?

Kitty—N-no, I can't say that you do. I thought you would be. I think you ought to be. You ought to look—well—a little unhappy.

Mr. Fortesque—You want me to look unhappy because you love some one else.

Kitty—I think it would have been rather nice of you.

Mr. Fortesque—But supposing I love some one else?

Kitty (eagerly)—But you don't, do you, Jeff?

Mr. Fortesque—My dear Kitty, what can it matter to you now?

Kitty (doubtfully)—N-no. Of course, it oughtn't to matter. But I didn't think—

Mr. Fortesque—That I could be as faithless as yourself?

Kitty—How horrid of you!

Mr. Fortesque—No, I'm not, and I haven't been faithless. I have been true to you, Kitty, and would have married you. You wish to be free. Well, I give you your freedom.

Kitty—Oh! I never thought you'd take it so coolly. You want to be free, too?

Mr. Fortesque—Naturally.

Kitty—To marry some one else?

Mr. Fortesque—I'm sorry if the idea hurts you. Yes, I wish to marry some one else. You want to do the same, I understand. What could be better?

Kitty—Oh! but I didn't think you would be so glad to get rid of me. I—I—Jeff, who is she? Is she pretty, and young, and clever? Is it any one I know?

Mr. Fortesque—Yes, it is your old schoolfellow, Marion Harcourt.

Kitty (amazed)—Marion! ! ! Why—you've only known her five minutes!

Mr. Fortesque—No, we met on the way home. She and her father joined our boat at Colombo.

Kitty—Then you are the man she has been telling me of—who was engaged to some one else and with whom she parted forever. Mr. Fortesque—We thought we had parted forever.

Kitty—I should think so—when you were engaged to me.

Mr. Fortesque—Don't you mean, Kitty, when you were in love with some one else?

Kitty—I'm not sure that I am, now.

Mr. Fortesque—Good heavens! What a complication! I—

Kitty—Oh! its all right as far as you are concerned, Mr. Fortesque. Don't mind me!

Mr. Fortesque—Kitty, you can't possibly be such a—

Kitty (coolly)—Dog in the manger, are you going to say? At any rate, I am a dog with two strings to my bow, and I know now I never loved you. It's nice to have one's mind made up for one, so send for Marion at once, and I'll wish her joy. And I must send a telegram!

Mr. Fortesque—Whom to? Oh! I beg your pardon.

Kitty—You'll see. You may hand it in for me if you like. You pass a telegraph office, don't you?

Mr. Fortesque—Certainly, with pleasure.

Kitty (sits down and writes)—There!

Mr. Fortesque—Can you be polite in ten words?

Kitty—Read it, and see! (Watches him.

Mr. Fortesque (reads)—To Trefusis, —— Club. Please come congratulate me. —Kitty. Who is Trefusis?

Kitty—Why the other one, of course. Go and hand it in, quick.

Mr. Fortesque (going out)—Little minx! —Society.

Electricity in Housework.

Electricity promises to solve the domestic problem. It is simply press a button and dinner is ready. An electric oven will cook a 12-pound turkey in two hours and forty-five minutes and no thought need be given it, while the kitchen is entirely free from heat and unpleasantness. The upper shelves of the oven warm the dishes to exactly the right temperature. Press a button and the coffee will be steaming hot; another button, and the eggs are beaten; another button, and the meat is chopped. The electric washing machines, irons and sweepers will change housework from drudgery to a scientific economy of power. There seems to be no reason why the electric ovens should not soon take the place of the coal stoves. But we draw the line at the food cooked. We eat with too much electric speed already.—Lewiston Journal.

His Case.

Courts of law are now and then enlivened by the unintentional comicalities which will occasionally crop up even in most serious cases. In a certain lunacy case, tried in the Court of Queen's Bench, the last witness called by Mr. Montague Chambers, leading counsel for the plaintiff, was a doctor, who, at the close of his evidence, described a case of delirium tremens treated by him, in which the patient recovered in a single night.

"It was," said the witness, "a case of gradual drinking—sipping all day from morning till night."

These words were scarcely uttered when Mr. Chambers, who had examined the witness, turning to the Bench, and unconsciously accenting the last word but one said—

"My Lord, that is my case."

Roars of laughter convulsed the Court.

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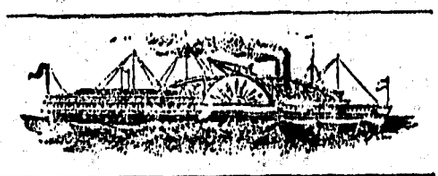

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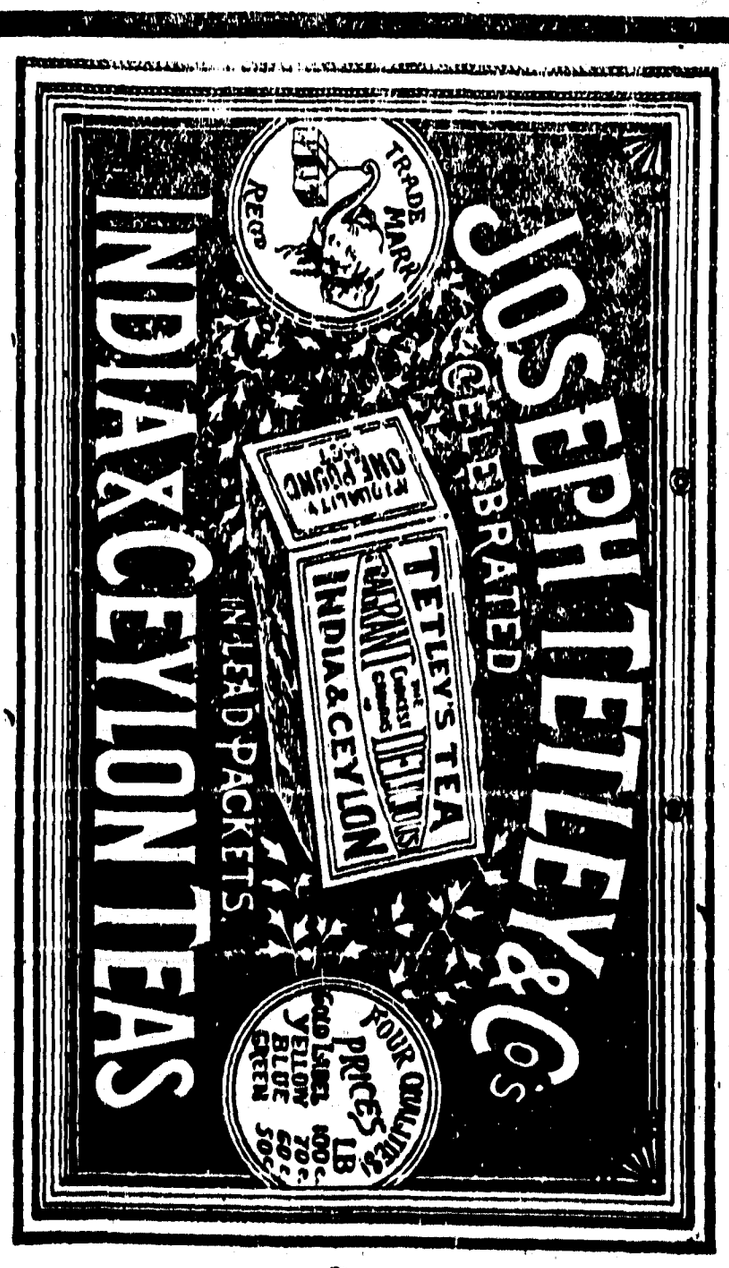

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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS
Issued Every Tuesday.
W. B. ANDERSON, - - - MGR

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

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

TUESDAY, MAY 17. 1904

Telegraphic News

Tokio, 11th—Admiral Togo reports that since May 6th, heavy explosions have been heard coming from Port Arthur, but their cause has not yet been ascertained. The impression here is that the Russians, despairing of their inability to defend Port Arthur. are destroying their ships before evacuating the place.

St Petersburg, 11th—Lieut. Gen. Sakaroff, commander of the first Siberian army corps, wires that the Japanese have occupied Feng Wang Cheng and are remaining there making reconnaisances of the main road to Liao Yang.

The most important official news from the front up to this hour is that telling of complete reestablishment of railroad and telegraphic communication with Port Arthur though how it was brought about and whether a battle was necessary is not yet known.

St Petersburg, 11.—An unofficial rumor says the Vladivostock and Port Arthur squadrons have effected a juncture after a naval fight in which there were losses on both sides. This is denied however by the War Office.

Chefoo, 11—An official Japanese despatch has been received here to the effect that the Russians have destroyed their fleet in Port Arthur

Seoul, 11—So far no confirmation has reached London of the reported battle at Liao Yang. According o a telegram from Shanghai General Kuropatkin is making a general concentration of troops at Maotieling Pass where the next great battle is expected to take place. It i believed that a battle has already been fought.

Tokio, 11—Port Arthur is being bombarded with heavy guns, and an assault will be made on a well known vulnerable point in the defences.

The correspondent adds that the Russians have captured 46 junks on the Liao river laden with Chinese government rice which was destined for Tien Tsin and that Viceroy Yuan Shai Kai has strongly protested against the action.

Seoul, 11th—It is persistently reported that the Russians are blowing up their Port Arthur squadron.

St Petersburg, 11th—It is persistently rumored that there has been a big fight near Maotinling Pass between the Russians and Gen. Kuroki's men. The Russians lost heavily, Lieut. Gen. Sassulitch being among the dead.

Shanghai, 11th—The Japanese army is advancing in three divisions The first from Feng Wang Cheng, towards Liao Yang, the second from Polandieu and the third from Sullacheng to occupy Kuliensbin with the object of severing communication with the rear of Liao Yang where only small preparations for defence have been made.

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A LOST WIFE

A NOVEL.

BY MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON,

Author of "Worth Winning," Etc.

She gathered up her skirts, and prepared to depart. I wondered if she would express any gratitude for the shelter she had received. At first I thought she was going away without another word, but as she reached the door she turned, and put out her hand to me suddenly.

"It's not your fault that you couldn't tell me anything. You would have helped me if you could, I am sure,"

There was a mute pathos in the troubled little face, with its anxious eyes, that touched me strangely. I took the scrap of a hand that she stretched out to me, and held it in mine.

What strange, sad story, I wondered, was there about this pale, dark-eyed little creature, who looked at me with such a patient, wintry smile?

"I would help you gladly if I could," I answered earnestly.

She turned away with a little half-nod, and vanished under the ivy-shadowed doorway.

"Do you think that lady is in her right mind?" I said, turning to old Sarah, as she came back from closing the gate after her.

"Law, miss! whatever makes you think she isn't?" retorted the ancient abigail.

"She looks so queer and strange," I answered, musingly.

More than once during the day, I ran out to the door, and stood outside to look down the high road, that led to Chadley Castle, to watch for my queer little visitor's return to Slopperton Station. But if she passed back by our house I must have missed her, for I did not see her again.

For days afterwards I thought of her. I could not get the sad, anxious little face, puckered up into so many weary lines of care and trouble, out of my head. I puzzled out, over and over again, the broken threads of her story, which I had gathered from our one short interview. Alas! the truth appeared to me to be plain enough; it was no doubt the old commonplace history of woman's weakness and man's faithlessness, that is for ever and ever repeating itself. Her childish eagerness to show me the wedding-ring upon her finger told me too plainly that she had no right to wear it.

I could not forget her, she haunted me with a persistency which was almost like a presentiment. It almost seemed to me as if that pale, sad little creature was in some way connected with my own fate, and was to be bound up in a mysterious and incomprehensible manner with my life. I laughed at myself for such fanciful and wild notions, and tried to rid myself of this extraordinary and almost ludicrous delusion.

I little knew how nearly these forebodings were to be realized, nor how powerful an influence that queer little dark-eyed stranger was destined to wield upon the whole of my future life!

CHAPTER XIII.

From time immemorial nobody ever was born or married, nor ever died in the Clifford family, without sending for Aunt Selina. It was not thought possible to get through any one of these three primary events of life correctly without her support and assistance; she was as indispensable on these occasions as the parish clerk or the public registrar, and to send for Aunt Selina was as much a matter of course as to consult either of those gentlemen.

Under ordinary circumstances Aunt Selina dwelt quietly enough with her old husband in somewhat gloomy seclusion in Russell Square. Nobody ever heard how she employed herself, nor what were her daily avocations; but no sooner did any one die, no sooner was there distant rumors of marriages or of births than Mrs. Carr became a person of the very greatest importance, and emerged at once from privacy into public life.

Aunt Selina's opinion and advice were invaluable; she laid down the law with a clearness and decision which was perfectly convincing, and from her final judgment in a matter of etiquette or precedent, there was no appeal.

Exactly three weeks, therefore, before my wedding-day, according to the time-honored family custom, Aunt Selina came down with her boxes, her ancient lady's-maid, her pet Skye terrier and her page-boy, and took up her abode at the Slopperton cottage. She had not been there since the death of my mother, when she had appeared on the scene with precisely the same retinue; and it did not occur to her to be offended by reason of the interval of time which had elapsed since her last visit, as no trifling cause would have induced her to leave her own home.

Mrs. Carr was radiant with satisfaction at the happy event which she had arrived to celebrate. She smiled all over her fat, comfortable old face when she alighted at our door. She pressed me rapturously to her matronly bosom many times over, and called me by many tender names before even she looked round to see that Scruff, the Skye terrier, was safely following her.

"My darling child—such happiness! —may every blessing—such joy to me!—everything so satisfactory—longing to see him!" Such were the broken words that fell spasmodically from her lips, choked, as it were, with uncontrollable emotion, between the kisses she pressed repeatedly on my cheek; and though I thanked her, and returned the kisses with suitable affection, I laughed a little to myself, for I knew this was the wedding formula which the good lady had repeated for years to one and all of her nieces under similar circumstances.

The necessary display of sentiment over, Aunt Selina proceeded to business, for let it not be supposed that she had come to Slopperton for pleasure alone—pleasure, accompanied by Mr. Carr and her wedding garments, would follow in due time, and no doubt Aunt Selina meant to recoup herself for her labors when that eventful day arrived; but, for the present, stern business is the order of the day.

Behold us, therefore, Aunt Selina and I, seated in the dining-room on the morning after her arrival. A consignment of clothes which Mrs. Carr had herself ordered for me has come down from town with her, and is lying piled up in heaps on the dining-room table and chairs.

I have been looking through everything, whilst my aunt, pencil and paper in hand, is making notes and remarks thereupon as we go.

"There! so far, so good! The trousseau is fairly forward. Madame Dentelle will send your wedding-dress on the twentieth at the latest, and your veil is to come in the same box. I arranged all that with her, and there is a gray cachemire for your going-away dress."

"But, aunt, I should prefer brown tweed."

"Impossible, Freda! it would be out of the question. A hat instead of a bonnet you may perhaps be allowed, for things have a good deal changed lately, but the gray is de rigueur. Now let us turn to other matters. Who are the bridesmaids?"

"I have no bridesmaids."

Aunt Selina laid down her pen and took off her spectacles to stare at me in horror.

"No bridesmaids! good heavens, child, who ever heard of a wedding without bridesmaids."

"They are not necessary to the ceremony, I believe."

"They are absolutely indispensable," says Aunt Selina resolutely, taking up her pen again. "Who are your friends?"

"My only friend is a widow," I answered, laughing.

"Don't be childish, Freda," says aunt, reprovingly. "If you have no friends I had better write at once to your cousin Sophia's two daughters; I daresay she will let them come; they are fairly nice-looking, and are about the same height."

"But I have never seen them since they were babies," I remonstrate. Aunt Selina is like the ocean, resistless and relentless. She draws her writing-case to her and begins her note of invitation.

"We will write to Russell and Allen by the same post, and order their dresses; something pale blue or coral color will do; we can safely leave it to them." She says it in a tone of decision which leaves me absolutely without voice in the matter.

"And now, about the breakfast," she continued, laying down her pen, and removing her spectacles from her nose in order to gaze at me with impressive solemnity as she broached this all-important subject. "What has your father said about it?"

"The only suggestion I have heard papa make upon the subject," I answer, with becoming gravity, "was—tea and plum cake!"

Mrs. Carr waved both hands before her as though to deprecate anything like frivolity or jesting on such a topic.

"Your poor father was always eccentric. Of course, my dear, nobody would dream of consulting him about the eatables; besides, you need not worry him about it at all. Your uncle and I are going to order the breakfast for you from Gunter's—that is quite decided."

"You are very kind, aunt."

"Not at all, my dear; I always do something of the kind at my nieces' weddings; and Mr. Carr prefers it to be the breakfast, because then he is sure of getting what he likes himself. What I want to know is how many we shall be, and whom your father has thought of asking?"

A sigh of impatience escaped me. I could not rouse myself to take any interest in the matter; was not everything connected with the day, that was to divide me forever from the man I loved, hateful, odious, unbearable to me!

"Oh, what does it matter?" I exclaimed, wearily, with hot tears gushing up into my eyes. "Ask any one you like, aunt; only for heaven's sake let it be as small a party as possible."

"Freda, I am quite astonished at you," said my aunt, looking at me reprovingly; "it is most childish of you to give way like this so long beforehand. A bride should make it a point of duty to keep up till the day arrives. You will be fit for nothing if you do not exercise a little self-control. And why, pray, should there be a small party? I never heard of any wedding where it was more essential that the breakfast should be a large and pleasant one, nor where it was more desirable that everything in the arrangements should be of the very best. A penniless girl marrying a rich man must not be given to her husband like a beggar; your own delicacy of feeling should suggest this. And here am I ready and willing to take all the trouble and expense of everything off your hands; all I want is a few simple directions from you. Now let us have no more tears or impatience, my dear child; let us make out a list of the people, and then you shall place yourself in my hands, and I will see that everything is properly done."

I disputed no more with Aunt Selina; she had her own way in everything, and how she revelled in it has been a matter of amusement to me to reflect upon ever since.

She turned the whole house inside out; she hired furniture from the country town to make the long-unused drawing-room habitable; she ordered in china and glass recklessly; boxes came down from town by every train; the page-boy was kept running backwards and forwards to the post-office with telegrams all day long; and even old Sarah caught the infection of the general excitement, and almost forgot to cook our daily meals, in the perpetual ferment which Aunt Selina kept up in her head by giving her minute and contradictory orders a dozen times a day.

As to papa, he literally fled the house, and took refuge at Eddington for days together.

"Your aunt is a good woman, Freda," he said to me confidentially—"a most excellent woman, and we ought to be very grateful to her, for we never could have got through it without her. I remembered she ordered everything for your poor dear mother's funeral—she's a wonderful woman—but then, you know, I never could stand a woman with a tongue; perhaps it's my fault, for your aunt is a most excellent person, but I never could."

And so, with his manuscript under his arm, papa trudged up daily to Eddington, and I was left to cope with Aunt Selina alone.

Once Aunt Selina and I went up in state to lunch at Eddington in order to inspect my future home. It would be impossible to describe the good lady's delight on this occasion. She overpowered Mr. Curtis with questions and congratulations, both of which embarrassed him considerably. Her volubility was perfectly unrestrainable. She told him in one breath that Eddington was a home fit for a queen; that my father's ancestors came over with the Conquest; that a union between him and myself was the summum bonum of all earthly desires to all concerned, and that our posterity would rise up and call us blessed.

How much farther my good aunt's enthusiasm would have led her in the expression of these latter-named pious aspirations I know not, for with a wholesome dread of what her next words might bring forth, I arose from the luncheon-table and fled out on to the terrace.

I felt very miserable, but I tried to console myself by reflections over my future wealth. I said to myself, aloud:

"It is a lovely old place; I shall be able to do as I like with it. I can ask my own friends to fill the house. I shall have everything I can wish for. It is the dearest old house in all England. A woman must be hard to please, indeed, who could not make herself happy here."

But though I said my words, my heart would not go out with them. I could only see, not a vision of future pleasures, but a memory of past happiness. Through the shrubbery walks among the falling leaves, I seemed to be wandering once more with Mark Thistleby, or standing on the terrace by his side, looking out over the smooth lawn towards the now forlorn and dismantled flower garden

From these melancholy retrospective dreams I was aroused by the voice of my aunt, calling out to me from a window above my head.

I went into the house. Mrs. Carr had been dragging the unfortunate bridegroom-elect from room to room all over the house. She was in a fever of excitement and fussy importance.

I found them in a little octagon-shaped room that had been the late Mrs. Curtis' boudoir. It was filled with dark, old-fashioned furniture which would have excited the envy and admiration of an antiquarian. The walls were hung with faded blue satin, and the chairs were covered with old silk, such as no money can buy in these days.

In this quaint old-world chamber I found my Aunt Selina discoursing, and suggesting, and giving her advice with eager volubility, whilst poor Mr. Curtis stood by with a mild and bewildered face of much enduring meekness, most ludicrous to behold.

"Oh! here you are, Freda!" cried my aunt, as I entered. "Just in time to hear what I am saying to dear Mr. Curtis about this charming little room. Of course, love, it must be your boudoir—it is made for it."

"I had thought so, too, aunt—that is to say, if Mr. Curtis——" I added, looking up at him with dutiful deference.

"My dear Freda, the whole of my house is at your absolute disposal," said my lover, with courteous gallantry.

"Ah! what a lucky girl you are!" cried my aunt, uplifting her fat hands in admiration. "It is just what I was saying; and you must let me write at once to Maple, and have a man down to do it up. We want fresh paper, white and gold, or perhaps little bunches of rosebuds. I saw a sweet paper the other day at a house in Tavistock Square where I was paying a visit. It was all covered with little birds and pink roses, something quite new."

"Good heavens! Aunt Selina," I cried, uplifting my hands in horror.

"My dear, it would suit this room to perfection," continued Mrs. Carr, who never paid any attention to my interruptions, as she had but a low idea of my intelligence; "and with it we shall want a pretty, fresh cretonne, pink or turquoise blue, with cupids—appropriate to the joys of Hymen—eh, Mr. Curtis? Then we must turn out these old-fashioned, uncomfortable chairs, and replace them with some nice low well-stuffed sofas, and hang some pretty water-colors on the walls. We shall make it the brightest and pleasantest room in the house. Now, do give me carte blanche, Mr. Curtis. I am sure you would be charmed with the effect."

George Curtis looked helplessly at me.

"If Freda wishes it——" he began.

"I wish it! Not for worlds!" I cried. "Why, aunt, this room would be utterly spoilt if it were altered. It is quite charming as it is."

"Freda, you never had any sense!" answered my aunt, with a sigh of despair. "Mr. Curtis, I know, quite agrees with me; but you were always an obstinate child, and brought up in the wilds of the country, as you have been, and with your poor father, too, always running his head into things. Ah! yes, I know, of course, Mr. Curtis, that he is very clever, and all that; but neither Henry nor my niece are in the least able to take care of themselves. It is a good thing I am able to come down and see after things a little! Now, Mr. Curtis, let me go upstairs and look through the bedrooms."

The rest of the house was gone over. Aunt Selina, talking incessantly, admiring every room, suggesting alterations, laying down the law, and no doubt enjoying herself immensely, whilst George and I followed in her wake with mute resignation, and I made mental and most ungrateful notes as to never asking Aunt Selina to stay at Eddington after my marriage if it could possibly be avoided.

When at length we were in the carriage again on our way home, as we drove out through the lodge gates, Aunt Selina turned round to me and said solemnly, with impressive fervor:

"Frederica Clifford, you ought to go down upon your bended knees and thank God night and morning, for giving you such a husband, and such a house!".

CHAPTER XIV.

The time was five o'clock in the afternoon—the scene Farmer Rickett's six-acre field at the bottom of our orchard. Background—last summer's hayrick thatched with straw. Foreground—one threshing machine rampant, and one field-harrow recumbent, drawn up side by side, and resembling the skeleton ribs of huge mammoth animals. Dramatis personæ—two snow-white calves, with pink, watery eyes, being fed out of an unsavory-looking bucket, an ancient matron in a rusty black gown, and a battered yellow sun bonnet on her head, and a young lady stretched at ease upon her back, under the shade of the aforementioned hayrick.

The calves are both playful and greedy—they are possessed with an insane desire to get their two heads simultaneously into the bucket, a feat which, being a moral impossibility, Molly endeavors to frustrate, by presenting the bucket to each in turn with strict impartiality, which stratagem the twins resent by increasing efforts to upset it. Two or three ducks, attracted by the prospect of food, have waddled up from the farmyard, and stand grouped expectantly, and a couple of gray pigeons are whirling about round and round overhead.

Presently the calves, with convulsive gurglings in their throats, come to an end of their repast. Off goes Molly towards the farm-house in the hollow, bearing the empty bucket, and after her hurries the whole of the live stock—calves, ducks, and pigeons—and I am left alone on my back under the hayrick.

Papa has gone to Eddington. Aunt Selina has driven into Narborough upon a shopping expedition. I have a letter from Bella in my pocket, which I mean to read over again presently. It is a long letter, and tells me that she is going abroad immediately for three months, and wishes I was not such a fool as to marry, as then I could have gone with her. I wish so too. Three months abroad with Bella would be infinitely preferable to an indefinite period at home with George Curtis. Furthermore Bella tells me she will write again from Paris, and begs me to make use of her house whilst she is away if I want to be in London. It is this portion of Mrs. Thistleby's letter I intend to read over again from my couch under the haystack; but I am very idle, and I cannot rouse myself sufficiently from my reverie, even to the extent of putting my hand into my pocket and taking the letter out of it.

I lie quite still on my back with my arms folded into a pillow behind my neck, and my eyes cast up to the blue sky straight over my head.

It is one of those lovely days which one gets sometimes at the end of October, warm as summer, and still and balmy. There is hardly a cloud in the sky, and a lazy little breeze comes softly sighing up from the west, that just stirs the hair upon my forehead with a soft, sleepy flutter. There are all sorts of sweet scents about me—a scent of freshly-turned earth from a ploughed field hard by, a scent of ripe apples from the orchard beyond, a scent of hay from the rick behind me, and then—all at once, a scent of what does not appear at first to possess any raison d'etre—a scent inappropriate, unromantic, unlovely! yet which to a man's nose is ever refreshing, to a woman's eminently suggestive—the scent of a freshly-lit cigar.

This inexplicable odor, totally foreign as it was to the surroundings in which it suddenly developed itself, caused me to spring rapidly from the completely horizontal attitude into the partially recumbent. I sat up.

A shadow came round the corner of the hayrick and lengthened itself across the short grass at my feet.

"You don't look surprised to see me," said Captain Thistleby, as he seated himself leisurely by my side.

"I am not. I knew you were coming."

"How so?"

"I smelt you," I answered gravely, with a corresponding upward sniff of my small nose.

He laughed softly after his wont—a little low laugh that had a peculiar fascination for me; it said so little, yet meant so much. He contemplated the end of his cigar for a moment, and then replaced it in his mouth.

For an instant we were both silent. Swiftly my thoughts traveled back to that blessed day at Seacliff, when he had come unexpectedly as now, down the garden steps behind me, and had sat, as now, at my feet. I remembered with what a queer feeling of dismay I had realized that he was to be my companion through the day, and then how rapidly the fascination of his presence had wrought upon me, until ere the day was ended I had learned to love him.

And since then how many nights had I not fallen asleep with his name on my lips? How many days had I not awakened with his image before my eyes? And yet he seemed further—miles further from me here than he had done at Seacliff.

Evidently his thoughts, too, had traveled back to the first day of our acquaintance, for his next words were an allusion to it.

"I am not going to throw it away though," he said, in allusion to the cigar. "You like smoke, you know; you told me so at Seacliff. Do you remember?"

"I do not remember any of the silly things I said to you at Seacliff; it is so long ago," I answered, looking away from him.

"Ah! I wish I could forget them as easily. By-the-way, what an unkind message that was you sent me by Bella the morning you went away."

"You were very lazy," I said, laughing out of sheer gladness of heart; for the landscape seemed to be fairer, the sunshine to be brighter, and the sky bluer, since he had come to my side. "Why did you not get up to say good-bye to me then?"

"Impossible to say," he answered, giving me a sidelong glance under his long lashes. "I cannot remember; perhaps I was sleepy."

[CONTINUED.]

One Way to Do It.

"The problem is this," said the teacher. "I have fifteen apples, which I am to divide among twelve boys. Now, how shall I distribute the apples?"

After considerable chewing of pencils and scratching of paper the little Wise boy raised his hand.

"Well, Johnny?"

"You should give one apple to three-fifths of a boy."—Judge.

An Unpleasant Thought.

I cannot bear to think upon
The fact that winter's coming on.
I love to coast and hitch and slide,
But there are other things beside.
The dentist, dancing school and sums
Begin when chilly weather comes,
But, worse than all, I cannot bear
To put on winter underwear.
I love the cold, I love the snow,
But woolen things do itch me so.

—From "Rhymes of Real Children," by Betty Sage.

Caution.

"Do you mean to say you didn't give that horse thief a trial by jury?"

"We didn't dare," answered Broncho Bob. "If anything as unusual as a trial took place the whole town 'ud turn out to see it, and some one would be sure to sneak in and steal some more horses."—Washington Star.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

A Chance to Take On Flesh, Maybe!

HIS Wife—He threw himself at her feet, metaphorically speaking.

Her Husband—And she walked all over him, in good plain English.

Mrs. Tatler—They say the Longreens have thrown themselves into society heart and soul.

Mrs. Prattler—Oh, yes, and the fall has been very heavy.

Mrs. G.—I know Mrs. Scarum's husband is a thief!

Mr. G.—Can you prove it?

"Of course I can. I saw him stealing through his window at 2 o'clock this morning."

"They say he's a fellow of infinite jest."

"Oh, yes! He can run an automobile and look happy."

The Medical Man—You see the young woman of today objects to having her arm vaccinated.

The Jester—That's true. She can't bare it, I suppose.—Yonkers Herald.

The Spectroscope.

Originally the spectroscope was applied only to chemistry, and in that limited field proved itself an invaluable aid in accurate analysis. By holding in a Bunsen flame a platinum wire moistened by contact with the skin the presence of a few grains of salt swallowed a few minutes previously can be detected with the spectroscope. Indeed, so wonderfully refined is the work of the spectroscope chemist that he can discover in a substance the presence of one three-millionth of a grain of metal.

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.

Money doesn't always bring happiness, but the average man is willing to take chances along with the money.

BILIOUSNESS BURDENS LIFE.—The bilious man is never a companionable man because his ailment renders him morose and gloomy. The complaint is not so dangerous as it is disagreeable. Yet no one need suffer from it who can procure Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. By regulating the liver and obviating the effects of bile in the stomach they restore men to cheerfulness and full vigor of action.

Ellen Terry has a passion for cottages. She owns three, one at Small Hythe, Kent, being one of the finest examples of homely Tudor architecture in England.

A Singular Accident.

A cyclist was riding on an old fashioned, ordinary machine, the wooden handles of which were missing, leaving the iron spikes exposed. He dismounted, but in starting the machine he missed the pedal, and the bicycle falling he fell on top of it, and one of the handle spikes entering his left breast and penetrating right through to the heart, came out at his back just under the shoulder blade. He died soon after being taken to the hospital.—Whole Family.

Popular National Songs.

We have a number of songs that seem to lay about equal claims to distinction as national songs. "Star Spangled Banner," "America" and "Columbia" are three of the first class. Then comes "Yankee Doodle," which is unquestionably the song and tune representative of New England, while "Dixie" has just as firm a hold upon the hearts of the southerners.—Chicago News-Record.

Only One Time More.

He—I've asked you three times to marry me. How many more times do you want me to ask you?

She (tenderly)—Only once, and let that once be 50 years hence.

Didn't See Them.

"How did your nephew's wedding pass off?"

"Just splendid."

"Were there any contretemps?"

"I don't think so. I didn't see any. You see, we had the church thoroughly cleaned up before the wedding took place."

Their Haste.

"Their marriage was a hasty affair, I understand."

"Yes, indeed. They told the minister to hurry, as they had engaged a cabman by the hour."

Custom may lead a man into many errors, but it justifies none.

HE'S WELL KNOWN IN PORT HOPE

Mr. Chas. Gilchrist Declares Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured His Diabetes

He Suffered For Ten Years and Could Get No Relief Till He Tried the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Port Hope, Ont., Mar. 14—(Special)—It has long been admitted that what will cure Diabetes will cure any form of Kidney Disease, and Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured the long-standing Diabetes of Charles Gilchrist of this place.

Mr. Gilchrist is easily one of the best known men in Port Hope. For fifteen years he was Chief of Police and for twenty-two years Fishery Overseer of the Dominion Government. When asked regarding his cure, he had no hesitation in saying it was caused by Dodd's Kidney Pills and nothing else.

"I had Diabetes and Kidney Disorder for ten years," he said. "My urine was like brickdust and I had a terrible backache. I tried doctors, tried everything, but could get no help till I was advised to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I commenced taking them, soon began to get better and am quite well now.

"If I had not used Dodd's Kidney Pills I am sure I would have been in my grave."

Sound Kidneys take all impurities out of the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills make sound Kidneys. They are the greatest tonic of the age.

It's an easy matter to gauge a person's wisdom. Draw him into a discussion, and if he agrees with you he is sensible.

Thos. Sabin, of Eglinton, says: "I have removed ten corns from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

Shakespeare was handicapped because there were no automobiles in his day to blow up and kill the villains in his plays.

A LINIMENT FOR THE LOGGER.—Loggers lead a life which exposes them to many perils. Wounds, cuts and bruises cannot be altogether avoided in preparing timber for the drive and in river work, where wet and cold combined are of daily experience, coughs and colds and muscular pains cannot but ensue. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, when applied to the injured or administered to the ailing, works wonders.

Dr. Uhle, of the anthropological department of the university of California, has gone to Peru to study the origin and early customs of the inhabitants of the Pacific coast.

TO PREVENT IS BETTER THAN TO REPENT.—A little medicine in the shape of the wonderful pellets which are known as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, administered at the proper time and with the directions adhered to often prevent a serious attack of sickness and save manall irregularities of the digestive organs they are an invaluable corrective and by cleansing the blood they clear the skin of imperfections.

A set of silver-mounted dueling pistols once owned by George Washington was purchased by a New York dealer the other day at an auction.

Didn't Take the Hint.

Nora—Ol towld thot installment man thot he naden't call so often.

Mistress—Did he take the hint?

"No, mum: he took the pianny."

Winter.

The sky agray; athwart the clouds all fluffy
The sea gull scuds with many a frightened squawk;
My neighbor, justifiably huffy,
Has just apostrophized my icy walk;
The coal bin's empty; I've no single splinter,
And fuel's just gone up—by gum, it's winter!

—Baltimore News.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

$5,000 Reward will be paid by Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto, to any person who can prove that this soap contains any form of adulteration whatsoever, or contains any injurious chemicals.

Ask for the Octagon Bar. 475

CEDAR FENCE POSTS good and sound seven feet long, three to five inches small end, in car load lots—Address G. McLean, Williams, Minnesota, U. S. A.

Cross?

Poor man! He can't help it. He gets bilious. He needs a good liver pill—Ayer's Pills. They act directly on the liver, cure biliousness. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

Helping the Government.

Now that the civil war is a long way in the past it is safe to relate certain cases of the cutting of red tape which at the time were winked at and kept as quiet as possible. Military routine often left men without what civilians would regard as the commonest necessities of life, and to endure these deprivations when they were unnecessary was hard anywhere, and especially so at Washington, where supplies were abundant enough.

One day in the summer of 1861 a Maine regiment was encamped in Washington. The rations were poor, and two soldiers, privates, resolved to see if they could not get something etter.

They went, in their uniforms of course, directly to the White House, and entering by a side door managed to evade the guardians of the executive mansion. In one of the passages they met a very tall man. They had no doubt it was President Lincoln. They bowed to him, and he bowed to them, but they said nothing. Their business was not with him, but with his cook.

They went on and found their way to the broad kitchen. The cook was there at work.

"Look here!" the Maine men said to him, "we've sworn to support this 'ere government, and fer two weeks we've ben a-doin it on nothin but salt junk. Now, if you'd spare us a little of this 'ere stuff, we think it would put this war along amazin'ly!"

They selected what they thought would "go round" among their particular friends at the camp and carried it off, no one saying them nay.—Youth's Companion.

An Awful Possibility.

It is a great deal more sensible to travel comfortably than to throw away money for nothing. I would prefer to have a cabin to myself, even if I had to travel on a second class ship. I do not see why I should have a stranger in my room. It is a dreadful lottery, and he is apt to have very unclean habits. Imagine this in a close, stuffy atmosphere, filled already with the odors of the ship and the stench of the machinery. You cannot ask a man for a guarantee of his position. He is apt to belong to the middle class, and think how perfectly horrible it would be to inhabit a room with a being who has very uncertain notions about the complete change of linen every day and whose rule of cleanliness has been a tub once a week, on Saturday night.

And then, even if cleanly, he might not wear the right kind of underclothes, and he might persist in sleeping in night robes instead of pajamas, and he might do a hundred other dreadful things. Think of watching such a creature dress—it would be an awful fascination with me—and find that he changed his collar and his cuffs and not his shirt, which, still glazed and shiny from the manipulations of a Chinaman, would have its dirt spotted bosom concealed by a made up scarf with—it is too horrible to think of!—Cor. Vogue.

Queer Tastes In Eating.

In a popular restaurant the other day at lunch I took up what I supposed was a saltbox to sprinkle my roast beef and was startled by the sudden exclamation of the waiter, "That's sugar." This led to a conversation in which the waiter said that in an establishment where he had been employed an old gentleman came in regularly at least three times a week and ordered a sirloin steak well broiled, upon which he always poured a liberal portion of New Orleans molasses. Another waiter said that on one occasion a young man had ordered powdered sugar and two dozen oysters and that he had liberally sprinkled the sugar on the oysters before he ate them. A companion accompanied him and watched the performance, and the waiter said he believed it was the result of a bet. I myself recall a lad who attended boarding school with me, and who invariably put powdered sugar on his soft boiled eggs.—New York Press.

Money In Wall Street.

New Yorkers are noted for being scramblers after money. But they are just as remarkable for the risks they take with it when they get it. A man went through Wall street to the ferry one day last week with $300,000 in the pocket of his overcoat. He had an umbrella in one hand and a cigar between the fingers of the other. It would not have required an expert pickpocket to relieve him of his wealth. Yesterday a lad was sent to a banking house to deposit a certified check for $65,000. He went along swinging it in his hand. In front of the bank he stopped and tried to balance the check on the end of his nose. No one would have believed that what he had was anything but a worthless scrap of paper.—New York Times.

Results Unknown.

"The old, old story!" exclaimed the husband, with a long drawn sigh, as he laid down his paper. "Another man committed suicide because his home was unhappy."

"And did that make his home any happier?" asked his wife. "Or doesn't the paper say?"—Kennebec (Me.) Journal.

Sold Himself.

First Citizen (indignantly)—I am surprised that young Longhead would lend himself to any such scheme.

Second Citizen—Lend himself? Why, man, he was bought.—Judge.

A Short Cut to Health

If you want to enjoy vigorous health take

BEECHAM'S PILLS

They are a veritable short cut to lasting and perfect health.

Prepared only by the Proprietor, THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, England.

Sold Everywhere in Canada and U. S. America.

In boxes, 25 cents.

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.

OGILVIE'S-- Millers to H. R. H. The Prince of Wales.

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

The Floorwalker.

One of the greatest surprises for a countryman on his first visit to a big city is to learn that the floorwalker does not own the store.—Danville (Ill.) Commercial News.

A Large Club.

An applicant for office, who may be called John Jones, although that is not his name, sent in his card to President McKinley the other day. It read as follows: "John Jones, S. E. A. G. club."

The president saw him after one or two callers had been disposed of, and, with the card still in his hands, said:

"By the way, John, what do the letters on your card mean? I never heard of such a club."

"Why, Mr. President," responded Jones laughingly, "I am a leading member of the very large 'Something Equally as Good club.'"—Washington Post.

B & C

LONG HIP

A POPULAR CORSET FOR 1904

STYLE 253

NO BRASS EYELETS

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

BRUSH & Co.,

TORONTO, - ONT.

Of the sixteen children born to the late Professor Mommsen four are dead, one is a physician, and another sits in the Reichstag for Dantzig.

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favorite with ladies and children.

Belle Applegate, an American singer, once employed at the Dresden opera will go to the royal theatre at Weimar.

Lifebuoy Soap—disinfectant—is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases. 22

In a divinity essay written by an English schoolboy appeared the following passage: "And He sed unto Moses, Come forth; but he come fifth, and lost the job. Morral, Git up urly."

If your children moan and are restless during sleep, coupled when awake with a loss of appetite, pale countenance, picking of the nose, etc., you may depend upon it that the primary cause of the trouble is worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator effectually removes these pests, at once relieving the little sufferers.

Russian newspapers insist that one war will not end it. Possibly Japan will be willing to quote them rates on half-dozen lots if they must have more.

A girl is always proud of her new hat until she meets another girl with one that's more freakish.

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

W. E. 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.

Steps are being taken to introduce more generally into the army a system of training for increasing the visual powers of soldiers and further developing their powers of observation in the field which has already been tried under Field Marshall, Sir Evelyn Wood V. C, in the 2nd Army Corps. The purposes of the training now proposed are stated to be:—To improve the soldier's vision and develop his quickness of perception so that he may, under ordinary conditions, find his way about and locate an enemy without his presence being disclosed. To train the soldier so that he may acquire an eye for country which will enable him to report accurately what he has observed, and in addition to select the position which will afford the best cover and best field of fire and the most suitable lines of advance and retreat. To enable him when fired upon from an unknown quarter to judge the most likely position which an enemy may be occupying, and to teach him how to counteract the ordinary ruses and stratagems employed by an enterprising enemy in war. The improvement of the soldier's sight and powers of observation, it is suggested, can only be effected upon a system similar to that of the training he receives at school and at the gymnasium. The instruction should be individual and progressive, proceeding gradually from the training of the group or section by its leader to the higher training of the squadron, battery or company by its commander.

* * *

Indian native opinion on the war so far as it has found expression condemns Russia and applauds Japan as the champion of Asia against insatiable aggression.

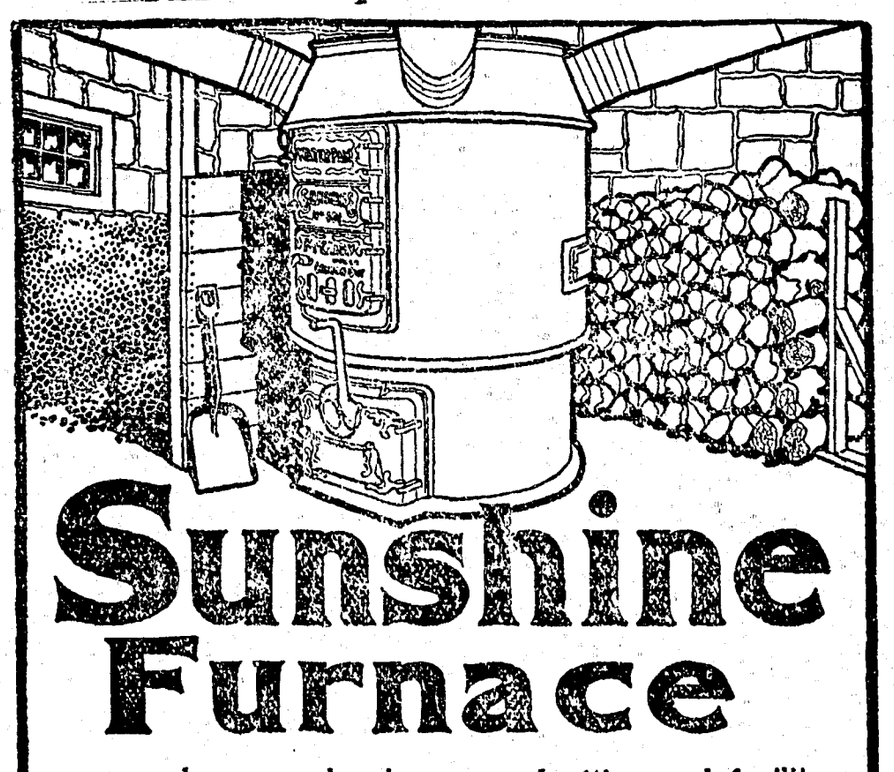
* * *

The French Society of Pigeon Fanciers has decided to despatch 150 young carrier birds to the Far East with the object of establishing communication between Port Arthur and the other strategic positions in Manchuria.

Mrs Little and Lady Bromley were among the arrivals on Thursday's steamer. Lady Bromley has been making an extended visit at Mrs Dunsmuir's, Victoria, and will return to England in June.

DEATH.

The death occurred at Nanaimo on May 14th of Mrs Annie M. Heatherbell, wife of Geo. Heatherbell of Hornby Island. Deceased was brought down on the City of Nanaimo for medical treatment on Friday whence she was taken to the hospital, dying shortly after admission. Five sons and three daughters with Mr Heatherbell are left to mourn the loss of an affectionate and devoted wife and mother. They have the sincere sympathy of everyone. The late Mrs Heatherbell was a daughter of the late John and Mrs Graham of Denman Island who both died less than a year ago within a few months of each other. Mrs Harmston of Sandwick, and Mrs J. Hawkins of Nob Hill, Comox, are sisters of deceased. The remains were taken to Victoria for interment.



Sunshine Furnace

—burns coal, coke or wood with equal facility.

Flues, grates, fire-pot and feed-doors, are specially constructed to burn any kind of fuel, and a special wood grate is always supplied.

Sold by all enterprising dealers. Write for booklet.

McClary's

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

Telegraphic News

Seattle, 15th—The Berg-Davis wrestling match was won by Berg It was a hard fought contest lasting 146 minutes and 30 seconds. Strength won, Davis was practically out during the last 10 minutes and while in that condition he met Berg's attack with a display of defensive tactics little less than wonderful. Berg came out of the match badly used up but still in possession of his senses and able to help his defeated opponent to his feet.

Nanaimo, 14—This morning fire broke out in Ladysmith Lumber Co's Mills at Fiddicks Junction, six miles from here, originating in an unexplained manner in new plaining mill which never yet operated. Fortunately a good supply of water was at hand and conflagration was confined to plaining mill and was soon under control. Loss $4,000. No insurance.

Chefoo, 15th—A special to the Daily News says when the Daily News' despatch boat arrived off Dalny early this morning a heavy bombardment was in progress. As the channel was thickly mined by the Russians and the Japanese Admiral Kotaoko issued orders strictly that non combatant boats were to be excluded and that it was impossible to get within the toadstead hence an accurate report of the proceeding is impossible. As far as it was possible to ascertain, 5 cruisers, 1 gunboat and 1 battleship having cleared the channel entered the harbor shortly after daylight and began a heavy fire which was still in progress at noon 2,000 Japanese troops are infesting the town and have now captured the city and surrounding territory. There are now 500,000 Japanese troops on the peninsula.

Tokio, 16th—The Japanese despatch boat Mikado was destroyed in Korea bay to-day by striking a submerged mine. 8 casualties are reported.

Seoul, 16—Several hundred Russians yesterday attacked and plundered the British gold mines at Fun Sun, Corea. Many British and Japanese miners, and their goods, were taken, and several were imprisoned.

St Petersburg, 16—The Japanese are determined that there will not be any further rail communication between Gen. Kuropatkin and Port Arthur. Official advices received today say the Japanese have destroyed 50 miles of railroad north of Kin Chou.

New Chwang, 16—The Russians now admit that the railroad to Port Arthur is closed. Nothing has been heard from there by wire for three days, and six days mail consigned to points south of Hsin Yen was returned this afternoon. The Russians say that Gen. Linevitch, with a large army is moving from Vladivostok.

THE LITTLE

Repair Shop

(Opposite the Big Store)

Dunsmuir Ave., Cumberland

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

E. EMDE.

FOR SALE

Our entire stock of bicycles and fittings, tinware and tinsmith tools. Lathe, drill, metal worker's tool, 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.

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE

His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor in Council has been pleased to make the following apdointment:—

6th April, 1904.

William Wesley Willard, of the City of Cumberland, Esquire, J.P., to be official Administrator for that portion of the County of Nanaimo comprised within the Comox Electoral Distoict, vice Mr H. P. Collis.

To Lease or for Sale.

A RANCH of 160 acres, in Comox District, about 20 acres clear and partly clear, with good barn.—Apply this Office.

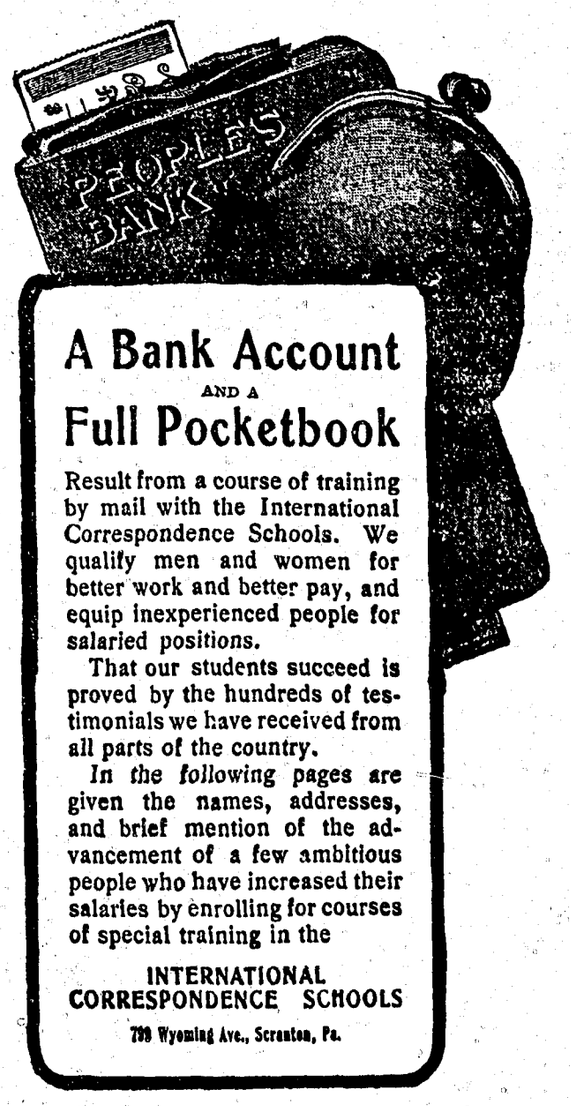
TO LEASE, Baily's Farm, by the year. For particulars, apply to Chas. Bridges, West Lawn, Sandwick, P.O., Comox.

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

YOUNG PEDIGREE YORKSHIRE PIGS from the herd of J. E. Brethour Burford, Ont., eight weeks old, $10 each. S. C. White Leghorn Eggs, $1.50 per 15.—F. Robson, Mayne Island, B.C.

FOR SALE—Good Violin, apply at this office.

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.



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

739 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 brewed for a number of months and stored in their famous cellars until it has reached the proper age, and is now

ON DRAUGHT AT ALL HOTELS.

Royal Bank of Canada

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

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

BRANCH AT CUMBERLAND.

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

D. VON CRAMER, Manager.

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

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. 568

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 20th.

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.

FOR SALE.

160 Ac., Crown Grant Land
On VALDEZ ISLAND.

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

50 FRUIT TREES in BEARING

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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