Prov Library

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

TENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY, MARCH 8, 1904.

THE BIG STORE

Special Sale Of BLANKETS

WE have just received about 50 PAIRS of SCOTCH BLANKETS in Scarlet, Grey and White, direct from Scotland.

The Price of Blankets Has Advanced.

THESE BLANKETS WERE BOUGHT BEFORE THE ADVANCE which gives you a Golden opportunity. .. ..

S. LEISER & CO, Ltd.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

Just received large shipment of

IRON AGE

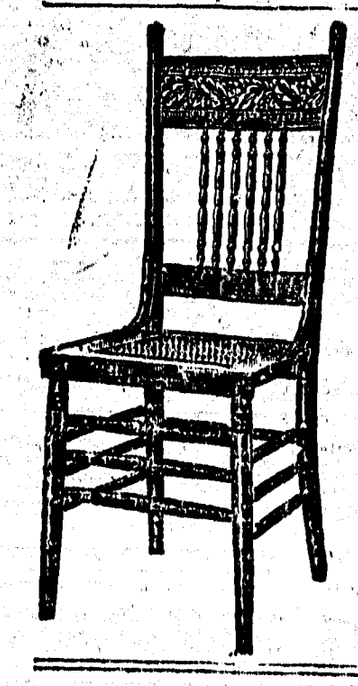
CULTIVATORS, SEED DRILLS, WHEEL HOES, ETC.

VERY LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

Call and see them or write for catalogues and prices.

Telephone 82. Sole Agents for B.C. P.O. Drawer 563

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.

WANTED, Assistant Teacher in Cumberland School, salary $50 per month.—Apply to THOS. H. CAREY, secretary.

Local and Personal

Hon. Judge Harrison visited the city last week on his customary judicial duties.

Ven Arch Scriven conducted services in Trinity Church, Sunday, assisting Rev. Mr Christmas.

The firm of Tanaka & Nakano will in future be known as H. Tanaka & Son, Mr Nakano retiring.

Mr Winningham is now in charge of the Electric Light Works, Mr Hy Campbell going back to his former position with the Colliery Coy.

Dr Hogle, of Nanaimo, arrived last Thursday to visit Mrs S. C. Davis, who has been ailing for some time. He returned home Friday.

The farm advertised in these columns this week presents a rare chance to a person of limited means to procure a home in a pleasant district, in the centre of one of the best sections for game and fishing on the coast. Terms easy. Call and enquire.

The water supply came to a sudden end during the cold snap last week. However, in a few hours it was as brisk as ever, thanks to Mr Stevens' prompt action. The frost had dried the stream up to such an extent, that the lower dam ran out of business, necessitating a greater supply being turned on above.

Mrs T. L. Davies had word on Sunday of the death of her brother Mr James O'Brien, at Portland, Ore., where he has lived lately. He had been ill for some time, though it was not thought so seriously as the result proved. The deceased was a well-known Victorian, having lived there previous to going to Portland. Mrs Davies has the sympathy of her many friends in her hour of trouble.

Masonic Gathering. — Cumberland Lodge, A.F. & A.M., last Friday evening partook of a supper at the Cumberland Hotel, and enjoyed themselves in brotherly fashion until a late hour. The Lodge had earlier met and conferred the 3rd degree on a lately joined member, and when this interesting ceremony was completed, adjourned to the banquet prepared for them.

The remains of the late Geo. Shellito were laid to rest in Cumberland Cemetery last Wednesday afternoon. The Order of Oddfellows, of which the deceased was a member, conducting the ceremonies, the service being read by the Rev. Mr Christmas, and the pall-bearers being all brethren of the Order. Many friends, as well as relatives, attended, a son of the deceased coming from Nanaimo for this purpose.

Mrs Davies' dancing classes are becoming more and more popular, not only as a class, but as a means of spending a pleasant evening. Though there are many good dancers here, there are still many others who are not, but who would like to be able to, and the class is a chance to learn this necessary accomplishment thoroughly, and is an opportunity seldom presented here and should not be neglected. Intending attendants should leave their names with Mrs T. L. Davies, or Mr D. Roy. Class on Friday evening as usual.

SEED OATS

We are making Oats our special line. We also have Seed Wheat, Peas, Barley, and all Grass Seeds. See our quality and prices.

The Sylvester Feed Co., Tel. 413

87-89 YATES STREET, Victoria.

Telegraphic News

Nanaimo, Mch. 3—After months working through hard road, with Burleigh drills, Western Fuel Co's force struck a fine seam of coal in new slope at Departure Bay to-day. Thickness of which is not yet ascertained. Work at once commenced in the sinking of a new shaft this side of channel, and new shipping wharves were also begun at the mouth of new mine.

Wm. Hoggan, a well known employee of the Wellington Colliery Company, was seriously injured at Extension mines this morning by a fall of rock, and brought to the hospital here.

Victoria 3rd—Word comes from Ottawa that an order in council has been passed approving the lease to C. H. Gibbons of Vancouver and D. F. Mott of Fernie in trust for the British Pacific Cable Company for 21 years of the Dominion Government Telegraph lines on Vancouver Island. These wires have been maintained by the government at considerable loss The British Pacific Telegraph Co. which is now incorporating aims to make the lines acquired commercially profitable and at the same time maintain them in high state of efficiency. New company take over the Government wire on the first of May.

Vladivostok, March 7—A fleet of 5 Japanese battleships and 2 cruisers appeared off this place at 1.25 o'clock this afternoon and bombarded the town and shore batteries for 55 minutes. They directed their fire against the shore batteries and the town but no damage resulted as most of 200 lyddite shells failed to burst.

The Japanese ceased firing at 2.20 p.m. and retiree in direction of Askold Island. Simultaneously 2 torpedo boat destroyers came near Askold Island, and 2 more near Cape Madge. The Japanese ships were covered with ice. The shore batteries did not reply awaiting a closer approach of the enemy. The attack resulted in no loss to Russians, but Japanese lost $100,000 in ammunition, most of projectiles were 6½ shells.

Vladivostok 8th—Last night passed quietly, inhabitants and troops are in high spirits. Strict search is being made for Japanese in town. police posted placards offering rewards for information, will kill any person found guilty concealing them. Outside killing a woman and wounding a few men the bombardment of Vladivostok was uneffective.

Ping Yang, March 7—Russians are boldly and fiercely pushing forward their advance south of Yalu River. Their Cossacks are scouting far in advance of main body through Korea. 300 Russians have seized Anju 45 miles from Wiju, port declared owned by Korea. Wiju is 25 miles from Ping Yang where the first great battle of war between China and Japan was fought. No attempt has been made yet by Japanese to dislodge daring Russian advance at Anju. But as Japanese are in force here a collision cannot be long deferred. How far behind Russian advance is, the main body of invading army is not known here, but fleeing Koreans declare the invaders are in great force. Koreans make no effort to check Russian advance, but regard invaders as desperate enemies, and are fleeing in fear.

Ping Yang is in state of panic

[Continued on last page.

The MAGNET CASH STORE.

SPRING STOCK

—OF—

HOUSE, BARN & ROOF PAINTS

STAINS, Varnishes, Paint Oil, Red and White Lead, Ochres, Enamels, Silver Frosting and Alabastine have arrived.

TRY OUR

PUTY CREAM or EVERBRIGHT for Polishing Silves, Nickel, and Brass.

SPECIAL PRICES

For Mixed Paints in Quantities

T. E. BATE,

DUNSMUIR AVE., Cumberland

Mr W. McKay leaves to-morrow morning for a two months' sojourn in Seattle.

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

The Firemen have a concert and ball on the tapis, for St. Patricks Day. The Company deserve most liberal patronage, for theirs is an important organization in the town

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Grantham, B.C.

EDITOR CUMBERLAND NEWS,

Sir,—It is with much dissatisfaction to many of the incoming business men and residents that the war tax has been forced on the tax-payers of B.C. It will force many of the business men, money-lenders, and farmers out of the country, or to the wall. It is an indirect tax of 2 per cent. I pay one per cent on the face value of my estate and business, and stock shares in a butter factory. Now the said factory is assessed, and I pay my share of one per cent on the valuation, thus I am paying two per cent. Or, if I have $500 borrowed on my land, and $500 on my personal property, I am assessed face value for all my belongings at one per cent. My neighbour, the money-lender, is also assessed for the $1000, and thus the Government gets an indirect tax of two per cent. That is what may be termed a war tax. Now if this is allowed to go on it will leave a very bad effect on the characters of the people of the Province and will paralyze business and will cause the young men that are saving their money to have it safely deposited outside the Province. Now, if the Government had been the Government of the people this would not have happened. It is a great drawback to the Province that so much land was granted free of taxation to one man. It is true that many of the old gang have been left out, and a few more should be left out to shiver some snowy night, until the people learn to elect more practical men, we may expect such costly affairs.

ALEX. LEDINGHAM.

MEM.

[Sending money out of the Province would not exempt it from taxation. Most countries adopt that plan to raise funds now-a-days.—ED]

SALE OF PURE BLOODED STOCK

The Deputy Minister of Agriculture requests us to state that public sales of shorthorns and Hereford cattle will be held at Spokane, March 8; Walla Walla, March 10; and Pendleton, Oregon, March 12. The leading men who have consigned stock to the sale so far, are A J Splawn of North Yakima; H W Peel, Spokane; J L Smith, Spokane; W O Minor, Heppner, Oregon; C E Ladd, Portland; E J Conrad, Portland; and N G Goodman, Walla Walla. The first-named gentleman has consigned to the sale at Spokane ten Hereford bulls that were sired by Beau Donald 31, and are 11 and 12 months old. These youngsters are all large, fleshy and blocky, with the big quarters for which the Beau Donalds are noted. Beau Donald 31st cost Mr Splawn $1,550 when 10 months old.

This is a fine opportunity for our Provincial breeders to supply themselves with pure bred acclimatized animals.

A LOST WIFE

A NOVEL.

BY MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON,

Author of "Worth Winning," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

I, Frederica Clifford, twenty years of age, height five feet four, slim-waisted, fresh-complexioned, with grey eyes, a retrousse nose, and red brown hair tucked up into a loose shining knot at the top of my head, was standing with my back to the room, and my face to the window panes, whereupon my impatient fingers were performing what is enigmatically termed a "devil's tattoo."

Mrs. Thistleby and I had been shut up together indoors the whole afternoon. Women, albeit the dearest of friends, cannot stand too much of each other's uninterrupted society. Probably our tempers—Bella's and mine—were none the better for the enforced tete-a-tete which had lasted from luncheon time till nearly six o'clock. My friend was playing one of Strauss' waltzes. Her touch was what used to be called when we were at school together "bangy." She was banging away ferociously now. I shrewdly suspected that she would very gladly be pummelling my head instead of the keys of her own cottage Broadwood; I therefore prudently kept my back turned to her and continued to stare out of the window.

The prospect was not inviting. The little green-shuttered lodging houses of the town blinked miserably at me through the driving rain; the bathing machines were all drawn high up in a row close under the sea-wall; the cliffs loomed an indistinct gray mass through the fog; the very sea was all but blotted out.

One or two umbrellas went jogging along the esplanade, but none of them came up so far as our [illegible] stood quite at the end [illegible] watering-place, isolated [illegible] own.

[illegible] square plot of garden which divided the house from the beach, generally a smiling parterre of flowers, is to-day a scene of desolation; the gravel paths are rivers of water; the petunias and calceolarias are hanging their draggled heads in the mud; the scarlet geraniums in the stone vases on the terrace are almost washed away, whilst down upon the statue of the goddess Flora, in the centre, a stream of water trickles continuously, splashing monotonously in big drops off the end of her dirty stone nose.

Decidedly, of all dismal places in wet weather, Mrs. Thistleby's "marine residence" at Seacliff is the very dismalest.

Suddenly, Strauss' waltz came to an end with a crash, and my friend jumped up from the piano with an impetus which sent the music-stool flying half across the room.

"Freda!" she cried excitedly, "you don't mean to tell me that you care twopence for that old Curtis!"

"My dear Bella," I answered, turning round upon her with mild amazement, "what can you possibly mean?"

"Mean? Why that it's a sin and a shame for a girl like you to be thrown away on an old man, old enough to be your grandfather; why, with your beauty, you might marry any one, Freda—any one!"

"My beauty, as you are pleased to call it, ought, no doubt, to command a very high price in the matrimonial market," I replied, with a laugh, "supposing only that there were a market to convey it to. You forget, Bella, how very limited are the social circles of Slopperton. Allow me to bring the stern facts to your notice. On the one hand there are the affections of Mr. Gibson, the curate, the half of his worldly goods amounting to about £75 per annum, also a lodging with the above-named divine, in a three-roomed cottage on the village green, commanding a view of a duck pond in the foreground, and as far as I can guess, of clothes lines behind it, whereon the family wash of the village gutters gracefully in the breeze. These delights are tempting, no doubt. But then, on the other hand, there is my father's oldest friend, to whom I have a more than second to say nothing of Eddington Hall, one of the finest old places in the county, and no end of money! Would any girl in her senses hesitate between the two, Bella?"

"I wouldn't have believed it of you, Freda. You are marrying the man for his money!"

"I am," was the tranquil rejoinder, which answer lashed Mrs. Thistleby into positive fury.

She started up and stalked up and down the room like a tragedy-queen, with her nose well in the air. Suddenly she turned round upon me and burst out impetuously.

"You are enough to provoke a saint, child! Any one would think you the most mercenary, shallow hearted, worldly minded, calculating, grateful—"

"Bella—Bella!" I cried, laughingly stopping my ears.

"Yes, I mean it! and you are such a little fool, too! Are there but those two men in the world, child, that you must needs be in such a hurry to throw yourself away? You are not afraid of being an old maid, are you, at twenty? You are not going to spend all your life at Slopperton, I suppose? Why, in the name of all that is sensible, can't you wait?"

"That is just exactly what I cannot do," I answered, sobered a little out of my teazing mood by her angry impetuosity. "I cannot wait. Papa is an old man, and all the comfort and happiness of his life depends upon my marriage. He has been worried by money troubles all his life, and poverty comes hard upon the old. He looks to me to bring him a little peace and comfort in the last years of his life. You are quite right, Bella, when you say that I am going to marry Mr. Curtis for his money—chiefly, that is to say—but you know very well for whose sake I am doing it."

After which fine, filial speech I relapsed again into the congenial occupation of strumming upon the window-pane.

Bella apparently was seized with compunctions of conscience. She came up behind me, and cooed over me in a pretty, penitential manner, stroking my arm, and calling me her "dear little pet," as if I were a small child instead of being a good head and shoulders taller than she is.

Then she said, with a big sigh, which made me laugh, so little did the occasion seem to require it:

"You are very good and self-sacrificing, darling, of course; but it's all very fine for you to talk. If you were to fall in love with anybody else you would not marry Mr. Curtis; no, not for a dozen old fathers!"

"But, my dear girl, I am not in love with any one else, and seriously, Bella, I never saw the man yet I liked better than George Curtis. Surely, if I prefer him to any other man I have ever seen—surely that is enough."

"Wait till you have seen Mark."

"Aha! so that is what all this rhodomontade means, Mrs. Matchmaker!" I exclaimed, with an amused recollection of many of my friend's well-known little schemes of like character for my benefit. "And so you have asked this fascinating brother-in-law down here, all for me?"

"You will fall madly in love with him," she answered, with a solemnity which made me laugh long and loud.

"My dear, do recollect that my visit to you comes to an end the day after to-morrow. One clear day of Captain Thistleby's delightful society is hardly likely to be enough to reduce me to the desperate step of eloping with him.

"You are the very wife for him," persisted Bella, gravely.

"But he is not the husband for me. Besides, if he were, I am engaged to somebody else, and that surely ought to settle the question at once."

Then this wicked little woman suddenly changed her tone of voice.

"Freda, darling," she said, beginning to pet and coax me as if I were a small baby, "you will make yourself look nice for dinner, won't you? You will put on that pretty gauze dress that is so becoming to you, won't you, my pet?"

"What! all because this young man is coming? Certainly not! My old black silk that I have worn since the days of the Flood—that is what he will be treated to. Nothing more, nothing less!" And I brought down my closed fist on the little table in front of me with a strength and determination intended to intimate to Bella that wild horses and thumscrews would be powerless to make me budge one single inch from this ultimatum.

Mrs. Thistleby heaved a resigned sigh.

"He will be here in another half-hour!"

"In that case I shall beat a graceful retreat to my own chamber."

Upon which Bella pursued me halfway up the stairs with renewed entreaties at least to put on some blue ribbons and make myself look a little bit nice. But I shook my head with obdurate hard-heartedness, and laughingly bolted myself into my bedroom to escape from her.

We were just like a couple of children together in those days, Bella and I; for although she was six years older than I was, her diminutive figure and pretty childish manner always seemed to bring us to an equality in the matter of age.

Years ago we had been at school together, although, from the difference in age between us, we could hardly have been called friends at that time.

Almost as soon as she left school Isabella Morris married Mr. James Thistleby, and I lost sight of her for several years.

It was purely a love match, I believe, and they were very happy together, until one sad week, whilst they were traveling in Italy, when Mr. Thistleby caught a sort of low typhoid fever which happened to be very prevalent in Turin, where they were staying, and died after a few days' illness.

It was during the first year of her widowhood that I again met my old schoolfellow. She was at that time in very low spirits and in bad health. I did my best to cheer and comfort her, and after a time she recovered her strength, and with it her natural cheerfulness and liveliness. She became warmly attached to me. We had now been fast friends for more than three years. Bella was very kind to me. She was a wealthy little widow, with a nice house in town besides the villa at Seacliff; and it was her greatest delight to load her poverty-stricken friend with presents and kindness.

Every year I spent as much time as I could spare from my old father with her, either in London or at Seacliff; and sometimes she paid us a visit, which, considering the many discomforts in my home compared with the luxurious plenty in her own, was certainly very good and unselfish of her.

Curiously enough, in all the time that we had been friends, although she talked of him perpetually, I had never seen her husband's youngest brother, Mark Thistleby. He had been a good deal abroad with his regiment, and when at home on leave I had never happened to meet him. But now he was coming down to Seacliff to stay with his sister-in-law, and this very evening I was to behold this paragon at last.

I never like other people's paragons. As a rule they do not answer in the least to one's own expectations, or to their freinds' enthusiastic descriptions of them. They are generally perfectly commonplace and uninteresting, and one wonders what there can be to admire in them.

I did not in the least expect to find Bella's wonderful brother-in-law an exception to my usual experience in this matter; and yet as I proceeded with my toilette, arraying myself in the ancient black silk I had so maliciously settled to wear, I was conscious of a certain amount of curiosity, and I fell to speculating vaguely as to what Captain Thistleby would be like.

I foresaw it perfectly. A cavalry officer! Did I not know the species well—too well?

Do they not all have long moustaches, a swaggering walk, a flippant manner, and very little brains? Do they not all set to work to make love—more or less sham love—to every decent-looking girl they meet? and then do they not go away imagining they have made a conquest of her, and that she is languishing for them ever after? I could see no reason why this particular man should be different from all others of his kind, for Bella, dear little soul! was just the sort of woman to be taken in by a man of that style, and to fall down and worship him.

Meanwhile, I heard all the confusion of an arrival in the house. The door-bell rang, there was a hurrying of feet. Bella came flying out of her room along the passage to the hall. There were sounds of laughing and talking, and sounds of luggage being unladen and brought into the house. Presently I heard them come upstairs. Bella was apparently showing him his room. They passed close outside my door, both talking at once, and then more doors were slammed; silence in the house succeeded to the commotion, and I knew that the stranger was safe in his room dressing for dinner.

By-and-by, having completed my own toilet, I opened my door and peeped out. There was a dead silence. I reflected that it would be very embarrassing to be found by Captain Thistleby sitting alone in the drawing-room with nobody to introduce us to each other; so I retreated again, determined to wait until I was quite sure that Bella had left her room. After a few minutes I heard her door open, and I again issued forth on to the landing. This time they were both going downstairs together, and I peeped cautiously over the banisters upon the tops of their heads, which the hanging lamp above illuminated brilliantly.

Just as I thought! Curly hair and a long moustache; the swagger-walk of course; and—but Bella is speaking—and in the absolute horror which filled me at the sound of her words I utterly forgot to make any more observations upon Captain Thistleby's personal appearance.

"I am so delighted that you will see her at last! I have planned it for ages; she is the very woman in all the world for you, Mark," said that odious, treacherous, wicked little woman.

[CONTINUED.]

Trouble For Henry.

"I see," said Mrs. Henpeck, "that a Chicago man refused to give his wife up after she had secured a divorce from him."

"Well, well," he answered, for the moment forgetting himself, "I thought a woman couldn't get a divorce from a crazy man."—Exchange.

Lincolnshire has the biggest British farm. Over two thousand acres are under plough. The second largest is near Coldstream.

Figures are always of sum account.

There are nearly 6,000,000 farms in the United States, the average size being 140 acres.

Marseilles had more than twice as much shipping last year as any other French harbor.

DREADED RESULTS OF KIDNEY DISEASE

Ailments of the Most Painful and Fatal Nature Prevented and Cured by

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

When you think of the pain and suffering which accompany backache, rheumatism, lumbago, stone in the kidneys and bladder; when you think of the dreadful fatality of Bright's disease, dropsy, diabetes and apoplexy, you may well wonder why people neglect to keep the kidneys in perfect order, for all these ailments are the direct result of deranged kidneys.

Once the kidneys fail to filter from the blood the impure and poisonous waste matter there is trouble of a painful and dangerous nature. Among the first symptoms are backache, weak, lame back, pains in the legs and sides, deposits in the urine, impaired digestion, loss of flesh, energy and ambition, stiffness and soreness in the joints and feelings of weariness and lassitude.

Prevention is always better than cure, and hence the advisability of using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills on the very first indication of such derangement. Whether to prevent or cure, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the most effective treatment you can obtain, for besides their direct and specific action on the kidneys, they keep the bowels regular, and the liver active, and hence purify the system and remove the cause of disease.

This medicine has long since proven its right to first place as a cure for the complicated and serious derangements of the filtering and excretory organs. It has the largest sale and is endorsed by more people than any similar treatment. You can depend on it absolutely to bring prompt relief and lasting cure. In view of these facts it is a waste of time and money and a risk to life itself to trifle with new and untried remedies when Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are at hand. One pill a dose, 25c. a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

The Desert of Gobi occupies a considerable portion of Central Mongolia, but it is not a true desert, supporting as it does all kinds of animal and vegetable life and forming no small part of the pasturage of that greatest grazing country of the Old World.

THE AVERAGE BABY.

The average baby is a good baby—cheerful, smiling and bright. When he is cross and fretful it is because he is unwell and he is taking the only means he has to let everybody know he does not feel right. When baby is cross, restless and sleepless don't dose him with "soothing" stuffs which always contain poisons. Baby's Own Tablets are what is needed to put the little one right. Give a cross baby an occasional Tablet and see how quickly he will be transformed into a bright, smiling, cooing, happy child. He will sleep at night, and the mother will get her rest, too. You have a guarantee that Baby's Own Tablets contain not one particle of opiate or harmful drug. In all the minor ailments from birth up to ten or twelve years there is nothing to equal the Tablets. Mrs. W. B. Anderson, Goulais River, Ont., says:—"My little boy was very cross and fretful and we got no rest with him until we began using Baby's Own Tablets. Since then baby rests well and he is now a fat, healthy boy."

You can get the Tablets from any druggist or they will be sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The latest cure for internal cancer reported in England is a tablespoonful of molasses four or five times a day.

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

Danger In Mussels.

In some parts of Europe much more commonly than in this country mussels are used as food. They have been quite frequently noted as poisonous, and fatal cases have been reported from using them cooked as well as raw.

Shrewd.

"Mr. Bliggins seems to be a wonderfully bright young man."

"He is," answered Miss Cayenne, "in a certain way. He is careful to select topics of conversation so abstruse that you have to take everything he says for granted."

Wanted an Equivalent.

Ambassadors of Asia Minor came to Mark Antony after he had imposed upon them a double tax and said to him that if he would have two tributes from them in one year he must give them two seedtimes and two harvests.

Guilty.

Jones (in a loud whisper)—There's the fellow that fired on the train—

Detective—Hello, you rascal! I've got you dead to rights! Fire on a train, will you?

Prisoner—Yes, you fool! I'm the fireman.

Infancy is the germ period of man's existence; it is the springtime of the year, the time of seed sowing.—Young

His Rebate.

"Why do you always occupy two seats?"

"To even things up," replied the street car hog. "Half the time I don't get any seat at all."—Town Topics.

There are 17 workhouses in Ireland are now sent out to receive their education in the ordinary national schools, and the sysyem is being extended.

IN NATURE'S STOREHOUSE THERE ARE CURES.—Medical experiments have shown conclusively that there are medicinal virtues in even ordinary plants growing up around us which give them a value that cannot be estimated. It is held by some that Nature provides a cure for every disease which neglect and ignorance have visited upon man. However this may be, it is well known that Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, distilled from roots and herbs, are a sovereign remedy in curing all disorders of the digestion.

Formal Indeed.

She—The government's legislators seem to be formal men.

He—How's that?

She—Why, they will never notice a bill until it has been introduced.

Vienna.

Vienna is of nearly circular form, being twelve miles in circumference. The old city, or city proper, is, however, scarcely three miles round. It was formerly inclosed by fortifications.

An Active Assistant.

"Pardon me," said the stranger, "but may I ask where you got the title of professor? Are you a teacher?"

"Sort of an assistant teacher, yes," replied the man in the loud clothes, "assistant to a great teacher."

"And who is that?"

"Experience. Men are taught by experience that it is impossible to beat the faro game, and I assist experience."

Innocence Abroad.

A young lady from the country was visiting relatives in the city. During the course of a conversation the country girl said to her city cousin, "And were you never in the country during the season of husking bees?"

"No," was the reply. "The idea! How do you husk a bee anyway?"

Ayer's

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral quiets tickling throats, hacking coughs, pain in the lungs. It relieves congestion, subdues inflammation. It heals, strengthens. Your doctor will explain this to you. He knows all about this cough medicine.

"We have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in our family for 25 years for throat and lung troubles, and we think no medicine equals it."
MRS. A. POMEROY, Appleton, Minn.

50c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for

Weak Throats

Ayer's Pills greatly aid recovery. Purely vegetable, gently [illegible]

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

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

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

TUESDAY, MARCH 8, 1904

Telegraphic News

A despatch from Yim Kow dated to-day says 15 Japanese warships furiously bombarded Port Arthur this morning. The reserve cruisers Novik, Askold and Bayano accompanied by 4 torpedo boats steamed out to meet the attack. They were however forced to retire. The Askold was in a sinking condition, the Novik was badly damaged and a torpedo boat sunk. The Russian battleship Retvizan was again put out of action and badly damaged The Japanese withdrew in good order.

London 1st—Great Britain proposes a tremendous increase in naval construction. 64 battleships will be ordered at once.

Victoria B. C. 1st—British admiralty issued orders this afternoon for the three Empress steamships sailing from Vancouver for the Orient to mount their 6 inch guns The Empress liners are British naval reserves. This is the first really warlike act of British government in Far East situation.

St Petersburg 1st—Direct information of report from Hakodate that Vladivostock is blockaded by the Japanese fleet can't be confirmed but it is considered probable. The report that Japanese fleet has received orders to attack, capture Port Arthur and march on at all costs, coupled with comparison of Port Arthur to Sebastapol has created a profound impression here and it is believed Japan intends to comence land and sea operations against Port Arthur at once.

Che Foo 1st—A Japanese cruiser and torpedo boat entered the harbor without lights last night and embarked the Japanese who took refuge there after the attempt to bottle up Port Arthur under the very noses of the enemy's guns.

Pekin 1st—Prince Ching has pointed out to the Japanese minister that atiitude of Japanese living in China who are spreading mendacious reports is likely to cause uprising of Chinese population against Europeans. The Japanese minister has been asked to take stringent measures to prevent the threatened outbreak.

As an indication that the Japanese posess full command of the sea, the Shanghai correspondent of of the Daily Mail says it has been officially announced that the Japanese mail boat service will be resumed Saturday without naval escort.

London, March 1st—The Times correspondent at Tokio says the Russian land preparations in Manchuria will not be completed for a month and that the general advance cannot be ordered within that time. It is then expected that whatever advantage the Japanese have gained will be overcome and that they will be finally annihilated

Vienna 1st—The Czar of Russia desires to go to the Far East and personally assume command of the forces there.

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THE FIRST BRIDESMAID

By IZOLA L. FORRESTER

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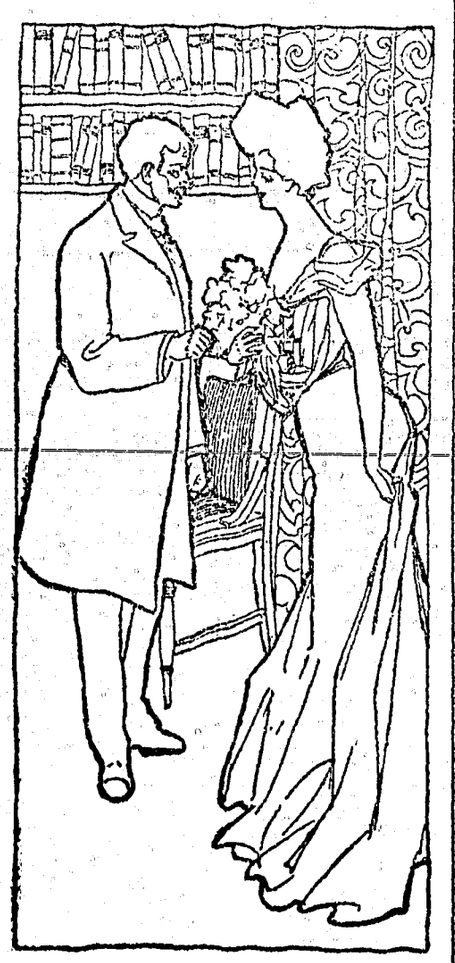
It was late when Eleanor arrived.

There was a hum of voices and rustle of soft gowns in the long white and gold double parlors. She caught a glimpse of palms and smilax and tall clusters of lilies standing imperially over all.

She went upstairs hurriedly with tears in her eyes and gladness in her heart over the beauty and fitness of it all—Beatrice in her youth and bridal sweetness and the fragrance and flowers everywhere, with the plenitude of the springtide—and only a few short months ago the hope and promise had been her own.

They had planned it together, Rex and she, those first happy days when their love had been so wonderful in its newborn strangeness. The wedding was to be just after Easter, when all was white lilies and opening buds. It was the only true time of the year for bridals, Rex had said, when the bride herself was young and fair as one of the golden hearted lilies.

And it had ended before even the storms of February had passed. She had almost forgotten the cause, it had been so trivial—a word dropped in jest of an old sweetheart whom he had met by chance at a reception. He had said



"I AM NOT ANGRY," SHE SAID ALMOST EAGERLY.

laughingly that she was prettier than ever, and Eleanor had been tired and petulant and had answered in a few sharp words regretted as soon as spoken.

She had just time to catch a glimpse of herself in the mirror of the bridesmaids' dressing room. Beatrice was dark and had chosen her attendants for their fairness. They were dressed in white and green and carried great shower bouquets of lilies of the valley, her favorite flower.

The wedding party formed in the library. Eleanor was first bridesmaid on the right. She held her flowers closely, her heart beating fast as the soft, slow strains of the wedding march sounded. Beatrice's little cousins, Nannie and Bess, were leading the way with broad white satin ribbons to form an aisle through the parlors. To the first bridesmaid, as she followed them dreamily through a maze of blossoms and bright faces, it almost seemed as if it were all for her and Rex, and suddenly, as they reached the bower of lilies and palms in the south bay window, she glanced up and met his gaze as he stood opposite her beside the bridegroom.

"How white you are, Nell," some one whispered as she moved to her place.

"It is the odor of the lilies," she answered, and wondered if any one saw the tears in her eyes.

It was not fair. Beatrice should have told her he would be there. She wondered if he, too, was thinking of what might have been. Against her will she looked at him again.

Beatrice was speaking, her voice low and sweet and tremulous.

"For better, for worse; for richer, for poorer; in sickness and in health, until death do us part."

The glorious, sacred words thrilled her with the fullness of their meaning. This was the vow she would have taken for love of him. Her love had been strong enough then. As she gazed at him she knew it was as strong now.

"Till death do us part." And she had thrown aside her troth as carelessly as the lilies would be cast aside when their color and fragrance were gone.

It was over before she realized it. She kissed Beatrice, standing, tall and slender and proud eyed, in her white satin beside her husband, and went out into the library, away from the crush of people and the laughter and gayety. It was quiet in the cool, deserted room. There would be an interval of a few minutes before the reception, and she hoped she would not be missed. A divan stood in one corner, half concealed by a tall Persian screen, and she sought its shelter instinctively.

He had remembered. She knew that he had by the look in his eyes, but there had been no tenderness or regret there, merely grave, disinterested recognition. She closed her eyes as if to keep back the tears that filled them, and laid her head on the pile of soft cushions back of her. The shower bouquet fell on the rug at her feet. She did not care. It all seemed a mockery of their love and faith and broken troth—the gladness of another's bridal and they two meeting as strangers.

Some one entered the room, hesitated and walked deliberately over to the screened divan. She knew his step before he stood beside her.

"Mrs. Langdon sent me to find you," he said. "She wants you."

How queer it was to hear Beatrice called Mrs. Langdon. She almost had to think a moment to know whom he meant.

"I will come at once," she answered, and stooped for the flowers.

He lifted them for her, and their hands met.

"Nell!" he exclaimed as he saw that she had been crying. "Nell, what is it?"

She tried to be dignified and brave.

"Nothing, nothing at all. Please go away."

"You've been crying."

"Please go away."

"I won't. At least, not until I know what the trouble is."

She was silent.

"Is it because I am here, and you are angry?"

"I am not angry," she said almost eagerly. "Not a bit. Only"—

"Only what?"

"I didn't expect to see you," she faltered, not meeting his gaze. "And when I did see you—why, it was just unexpected; that was all."

"Did you come here to cry over the unexpected?"

She rose indignantly. He did not have the slightest right in the world to question her so. She would not listen to it.

"I wish to go to Mrs. Langdon, please," she said.

"Don't go, Nell. She doesn't want you very much. I asked where you were, and she told me to find you. It was I who wanted you really."

"But I want to go."

He bent toward her with pleading eyes.

"Nell, didn't it make you think of anything else—Nell, the flowers and music and what they were saying? Why, when I heard Langdon saying all that about love and cherish and forsake and all the rest of it I just wanted to gather you up in my arms before everybody and say them too. Didn't it make you remember? Didn't you almost wish it were you and me, sweetheart?"

She bowed her head over the lilies in silence.

"I didn't mean to tell you," he went on. "I only wanted to see you alone and speak to you and hear your voice, don't you understand? It isn't an appeal or regrets, Nell. I wouldn't bother you with that sort of thing. It's only the remembrance of it all and wish it had been you and me, dear."

He stood aside to let her pass, but she did not move, only looked at him with the old love in her eyes.

"I'm glad you came, Rex," she said softly. "I wished it too."

Strict Etiquette.

A youthful officer in the United States navy is inclined to be very exact in the observance of etiquette prescribed by regulations. The New York Tribune relates how this tendency led one such officer to rebuke his own father, who is also an officer.

The son, soon after he had received his first commission, was on duty at the New York navy yard, and the father, who had the command of a vessel that had just been put into commission, was anxious to get his provisions on board that he might get away on his cruise. As the captain was passing through the navy yard to call on the commandant of the station he saw his son, in uniform, walking toward his headquarters in the storehouse and shouted "Henry!" two or three times, but did not receive any response.

Finally the son turned about and said in a dignified tone:

"Are you addressing me, sir?"

"Yes," replied the father. "I sent in a requisition for my stores, and I wish you would hurry it through so that I can have the things delivered as promptly as possible, for I am anxious to get to sea."

"Very well," replied the young officer. "I will look into the matter, but please bear in mind that when I am on duty I am to be addressed as mister or by my naval title. When I am at home or at some unofficial affair I am Henry or anything you please."

That the father recognized the propriety of this fine distinction was shown afterward by his often telling the story at his own expense.

A Hopeless Case.

A Mr. X. wished to have a telephone put in his house, but his aged mother vigorously protested against it.

"Robert," she said, "if you bring one of those dreadful things in here I'll never close my eyes for fear it may break out and sweep us all into eternity and us not a bit the wiser."

Mr. X. tried to persuade her it was a most harmless instrument, but she said: "No, no! Look at the thousands—aye, millions—of poor Hindoos it killed last autumn."

"Why," exclaimed he, "that wasn't a telephone, mother; that was a typhoon."

But the timid old lady lowered her spectacles and, looking at him over the rims thereof, said:

"You need not try to make a fool of me, Robert. I perhaps don't know much, but I do know that the typhoon is the emperor of Japan!"

Mr. X. gave it up as a hopeless case.

A Chinese Fish Story.

The fish editor of the Courrier de Tientsin is going strongly at present. Gloat over this, O ye disciples of Munchausen, and cull a passing pointer, O ye followers in the footsteps of Ananias:

"Some days ago an enormous fish thirty-six feet long was caught in the vicinity of Peitang, near Tangku. It was cut up and sold in the surrounding villages. The carcass of the fish was probably poisonous, as 300 inhabitants who had eaten of it are dead and many others are ill."

What royal fiction such a man would scribe about the sea serpent!—Shanghai Times.

Where He Failed.

"Offenbach," said a musician of wide experience, "once had an unusually good valet. The man could shave, cook, tailor, market, doctor horses—do, in a word, a thousand things. Offenbach nevertheless discharged him.

"'Why,' his friends said, 'did you dismiss a servant so apt?'

"'Oh, because,' said Offenbach pettishly, 'in beating my clothes outside my door he would never keep in time.'"

Not Twins.

She—I hear the stork brought something to your house the other day.

He (proudly)—Yes, indeed.

She—Of course it's just too cute.

He—No, it isn't two cute, thank goodness! Only one.—Philadelphia Ledger.

That Painful Cough.

"No matter what you go to see a doctor about he is bound to end on your lungs."

"How is that?"

"Well, he always makes you cough up."—Exchange.

Oysters.

As a matter of interest there is but one species of oyster, Ostrea virginica, along the eastern coast of North America. The western coast has at least five species, but only two of these are of importance, and these do not compare with the eastern shellfish. Thus it is apparent that a Blue Point, a Providence river and a Chesapeake bay oyster are one and the same thing so far as species is concerned. The difference is merely in food supply and conditions in growth.

The oyster is rich in phosphates, but is almost entirely lacking in fat making, muscle building material and those elements which go to make up physical force and vitality. While it is wholesome and easily assimilated, the actual food value of the oyster is not sufficient to rank it with our great food fishes—the cod, haddock, mackerel, etc.—Good Housekeeping.

His Ample Reason.

Convict—Yes, lady, when I gets out I'm goin' ter try to git inter good society.

Visitor—You are?

Convict—Yes'm; I'm tired o' bein' called a thief instead of a kleptomaniac!—Puck.

The Last Thing.

"Well," exclaimed the west Baltimorelte, "that's the last thing I expected to see in connection with a dog."

"What?" asked the east ender.

"His tail."—Baltimore News.

How Dan Rice "Fixed It."

To Dan Rice the people of Lewiston are indebted for their town clock. He exhibited his circus in this town in the fifties without a license and the next day was arrested at McVeytown. So that his show might not be delayed he promised to give a clock to the town if he was permitted to go on, and he kept his promise faithfully—Lewiston (Me.) Free Press.

Right in the Pulpit Too.

"How did you like Dr. Fourthly last Sunday morning?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle. "Don't you think he indulged rather freely in mixed metaphor?"

"Goodness! I didn't notice. Did he have it right there in the pulpit? This will be a terrible blow to Josiah. He thinks so much of the doctor!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Rufus' Farewell Hop...

By RUBY DOUGLAS

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Rufus, or, to give him his title coupled with the name bestowed upon him by his sponsors in baptism, Cadet Lieutenant James Woodward Sims, U. S. N., was in love.

That it was an attack of cadet love his classmates emphatically denied. At Annapolis the accepted proverb is "cadet love is akin to calf love," and they could not detect symptoms of the latter malady in Rufus.

The fact that he was in love was evinced when Reardon, his roommate, came suddenly upon the young man in a reverie of which the inside boards of his locker door seemed to be the object.

Reardon coughed and otherwise made his presence known. If Rufus had been caught in the act of scaling the wall he could not have exhibited a more guilty expression. For the first time in their acquaintance Reardon saw the big lieutenant blush like a schoolgirl. His color rivaled the auburn of his hair, from which he derived his sobriquet.

A photograph of a girl hung on the inner side of the locker door. The usual array of athletes, family portraits or footlight favorites was absent. This picture alone adorned the space.

Reardon looked at the picture for a minute. "Studying girlology, Rufus?" he asked to break the awkward silence.

"Looks like it, doesn't it?" Rufus' embarrassment was evident.

"It needs study, old man. A fellow must study it carefully, and even then he often 'flunks' when the test comes."

"This species needs it," admitted Rufus, looking up at the face in the photograph.

"Yes," said Reardon in a slightly interrogative tone. He did not want to seem curious.

"She—it's Bess, you know—writes me that she will be unable to come to the farewell hop. She has a previous engagement, she says."

"Perhaps she has," Reardon suggested by way of consolation, although the idea seemed ludicrous to him. A previous engagement when the Annapolis farewell hop was in question!

"Well, but she couldn't, man—that is, we have talked of it the whole year—and when I was at home on the last leave we—well, Reardon, we sort of fixed things up, you know," confessed Rufus, the deep red dodging through his skin again. "And she said she would be down for the hop and to our graduation. I suppose it's her woman's prerogative to change her mind, but"— Rufus hesitated.

"I understand, old man. It's a bit rough on a fellow. She may explain later." Reardon felt awkward in the role of sympathizer. It was such a foreign element in his relation with Rufus.

"There's one little thread of possibility in some nonsense which has passed between us that might explain matters to me; but, oh, it is such an absurd, such an utterly impossible, reason, that I would not suggest it to her."

Rufus was silent. Should he put into words the foolish little matter which had been weighing upon his mind? Reardon looked at him expectantly.

"You know, Reardon, how we fellows always joke and laugh about the necessity of naval officers marrying money. You realize that on every occasion we give vent to the time worn declaration that we must have a girl with capital. I, like the rest of you, have done it, and—well, Bess was qualified in that direction, though it never occurred to me at the time.

"Recently her father met with reverses—not serious, you understand—but, oh, hang it, don't you see? She might have taken all that nonsense seriously," finished Rufus. He did not look up at Reardon.

And Reardon did just the wrong thing at that moment. He laughed. It all seemed so far out of the limits of possibility.

"Forgive me, Rufus," he said, putting out his hand, "but I could not help it. Cheer up. And, I say, Rufus, don't you think perhaps overstudy has affected your head?" he said, significantly indicating his head.

Rufus smiled in spite of himself and grasped his roommate's hand.

"Perhaps," he said, closing the locker door and taking up his cap. "Going to Mrs. Butler's?"

The latter question was quite unnecessary, for Mrs. Butler was the wife of Lieutenant Commander Butler of the Naval academy, and her teas were generally considered the last torments of the first class man, not that they were unpleasant, but they were a duty, a part of their education for the life of a naval officer.

Personally Rufus considered them less of a duty than a pleasure, for he had spent several pleasant hours with the gracious hostess.

As they pulled the old fashioned knocker of the house in Blake row Rufus pulled himself together as if to cast all sentimental thoughts from his mind. If Bess had a "previous engagement" she might keep it.

"Mr. Sims, how do you do? And Mr. Reardon?" said Mrs. Butler from behind the tea table. "Perhaps I was just looking for you."

"We will give ourselves the benefit of the doubt, eh, Rufus?" Reardon said, glancing about the room. Here and there were little groups of cadets.

"Very well. Which of you is at liberty for the farewell hop?" Mrs. Butler laughed with the consciousness of having asked a preposterous question.

Both cadets caught the infectious laugh, but neither spoke for a minute—Reardon because he must say he was engaged and Rufus because he could not quite make up his mind to offer his services for the evening.

"Strange as it may seem, Mrs. Butler, I am not escorting any one and am at your service," Rufus said after a minute. "You have a guest?"

"I will have. She writes me today that she is coming. She is not aware of the fact that the hop is that night, I believe, and I was at a loss for some one to attend to her dance order. Mr. Sims, let me give you another cup of tea to thank you."

Reardon, looking on, thought he detected a twinkle in his hostess' eyes. She was unusually frivolous, he thought; but, then, it was the end of the term.

"You may only thank me by permitting me to escort you as a chaperon." Rufus was nothing if not gallant.

But when Rufus was again in his quarters he felt less pleased over the responsibility he had assumed for the evening. What an effort he would have to make to be even civil to the strange young person.

The chaperon had not yet made her appearance after the introduction. She had been summoned to the telephone or something.

Cadet Lieutenant Sims was doing unmilitary things with his arms and saying anything but the platitudes he would be expected to utter on first acquaintance with a pretty young woman.

"It's only a little joke of mine, and Mrs. Butler helped me out," Bess was saying in strangely smothered tones. "I knew what fun it would be to see you when you came here for the strange girl and found me. Yes, I'll admit it was the fact of papa's losing a little money that suggested it all. I could not resist it. You had your little joke; I had mine."

"But yours was cruel, wasn't it—just a little, dear? You"— Rufus stopped suddenly, and Bess became interested in a large painting of the lieutenant commander.

"You seem to be getting acquainted very quickly," laughed Mrs. Butler in the doorway. "But our cadets have a reputation in that direction."

The Sun Makes Rooms Dusty.

There is more dust in the places illuminated by the sun's rays than in those which we call shady.

If you look along a beam of light as it streams through a window or a chink in the door, you will see innumerable dust particles dancing about in the light. You will be told by most persons that there is just as much dust in the nonilluminated parts of the room as in the more favored spaces, but you cannot see the particles because the rays do not fall directly upon them. You will think that this is eminently plausible, but it is not the case.

The sun falling upon the air creates irregular currents, and these currents stir up the dust and collect it in layers along the line of light; hence there is more dust where the sun shines than elsewhere.

A curious experience in a museum gave proof of this. It was noticed that there was always more dust on the glass cases exposed to the sunbeams than on those which were never touched by the rays of the great orb, and this led to an inquiry, with the above result.

It will generally be found that it takes longer to clean the sunny parts of a large room than it does to wipe up the dust particles from the shady nooks.

An Overworked Woman.

I stopped to get a glass of milk the other day at a New Jersey farmhouse, said the commuter, and the female head of the establishment, who had six children playing around, was inclined to repine at her hard luck in having so much work to do.

"I run this whole farm," she remarked in a tone which indicated that she was ready to resign.

"How many acres have you?" I inquired.

"A hundred and forty."

"Got any stock?"

"Ten head of cattle, two cows, six hogs and work horses for the place."

"And you run the whole business?" I asked.

"Indeed, I do; every hide and hair of it," she sighed.

"Don't you hire some help?"

"Of course, but 'tain't hired help that takes the load offen one's body." There was some philosophy in that, and I paused a minute.

"Haven't you got a husband?" I then asked sympathetically.

"Yes," she said sternly, "but, you see, I have to run him too."—New York Mail and Express.

WHILE NED BALKED

By RUBY DOUGLAS

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

The rain was falling in torrents as the congregation came out of the little church at Auburn. Not a cloud had marred the clearness of the sky when the sexton pulled the time worn bell rope to call the good people to service, and it was not surprising that the fair sex were arrayed in their smart spring frocks and bonnets.

The women tucked up their skirts and huddled together on the shallow porch while the men made hasty dashes through the rain to nearby homes for umbrellas or to the old fashioned top buggies in which they had driven to church. They returned laden with protection of some kind for the frills and flounces.

"Land sakes, Inez, whatever 'll you do?" asked a prim looking old lady in black of a pretty girl in a pale blue frock at her side. "You'll never walk that two mile in this rain and in that get up."

Inez Taylor looked anxiously out at the willful little raindrops dancing on the board walks. "I'll just wait here until it's over, Aunt Betty," she answered, but her pretty blue eyes looked ready to help the rain with their

NED THOUGHT A NICE REST UNDER THE TREES WOULD BE GOOD.

tears. She was thinking of the mud through which she must walk even when the rain ceased, and she looked down sadly at her dainty French heeled boots and the billowy ruffles of her new spring finery.

As the rain poured on an old white horse attached to an equally ancient black buggy stopped in front of the church. The occupant, a young man, pulled from beneath the seat some side curtains and prepared to put them on.

"Well, I'm blessed if that ain't Robert Davis!" cried Aunt Betty. "Robert, oh, Robert, come"—

"Don't, Aunt Betty," interrupted Inez quickly as she drew back into the church door. But she was too late. The young man had heard and was on the porch in a minute.

"Robert, you're just the man we want. You can take Inez home, for you're a-goin' right by the house. Ain't it fortunate?" Aunt Betty might have observed from the expression of her niece's face and the somewhat embarrassed attitude of the young man that they did not agree with her.

"I shall be only too glad, Mrs. Witherby, to drive you and Miss Inez home. Old Ned is slow, but he gets there in time," said the young man, looking directly at the elder woman and avoiding Inez's eyes.

"Oh, but I ain't a-goin' home. I'm a-goin' to step right acrost the way to take dinner with Susan and Matilda, and you and Inez will have more room anyhow. That's a dear boy." She patted him affectionately on the arm; she could not reach the big, broad shoulders. "My sakes, but you are a-growin', Robert! How's your mother? Come, Inez, let me see you started home." Aunt Betty, womanlike, asked more questions than she expected to have answered.

Inez drew back into the church. "Aunt Betty, I can wait until the rain is over and not bother Mr. Davis," she said, averting her eyes from the young man, who stood awkward and silent.

"Nonsense, child! As if you and Robert hadn't driven home together many a time. Bother, indeed? Come away, child."

Aunt Betty was perfectly right. They had driven together many a time, and perhaps if the old white horse could talk he might add that the conversation he overheard on these occasions would not convey the impression that either one was "bothered." But it was fully a month since he had jogged along before his handsome young master and the fair Inez, whom he had ventured to think was his mistress to be.

"Come, Inez," said Bob, looking into her eyes for the first time.

"Very well: I suppose I must," she replied, tucking up her skirt and stepping ahead of him. He thought she had never looked so pretty; a little petulent pout was becoming to Inez.

"Tuck in her dress, Robert," said Aunt Betty when the young people were in the seat, "and don't let her spoil her bonnet. Goodby."

The pattering of the raindrops on the buggy top and the splashing of old Ned's hoofs in the muddy road were the only sounds which broke the silence in the vehicle. Neither one had spoken. After awhile Bob Davis leaned toward his fair companion and, taking her hand, said, "I'm sorry, Inez, that you had to come with me against your wishes, but it could not be"—

"So am I, very sorry indeed, Mr. Davis," she interrupted, pulling her hand from him. "Nothing further need be said."

They lapsed into silence again. Bob thought of the many times she had not been reluctant to drive with him and a certain moonlight night not so long since when she had put her pretty head on his shoulder and told him he might hold the reins of life for her always. He thought, too, of another night when they had quarreled and of how she took the ribbons from his hands and urged Ned to hurry, so she might be soon rid of his company, she said. He knew she did not mean it. She was angry and they were both stubborn.

"Inez," he began again, "won't you"—

"No, I won't do anything you ask, Mr. Davis. Please hurry. I wish to get home." And Inez moved farther into the corner of the seat. She was provoked to think they had met in this way, and, while she was longing to be friends with him again, she also wanted him to apologize for all the cross things he had said to her on that night and, yes, for all she had said too. She wanted to see how long he would wait, and this chance meeting had spoiled it all.

"Get up, Ned; get up," said Bob, touching his faithful old friend lightly with the whip. But Ned, who had a few ideas of his own, thought a nice little rest under the dripping trees would be a good thing for him and incidentally help along matters behind him and refused to move. He had balked. It was not the first time, and both the occupants of the buggy knew what it meant. Ned would go when he was ready, and not until then. Perhaps both minds remembered an occasion when one of Ned's tantrums was a welcome accident.

"This is most annoying," said Inez, looking ready to cry.

"Yes? Ned is stubborn too." Bob placed a decided accent on the last word.

Inez bit her lip. Why did he not apologize?

"I shall get out and walk," she said after Bob had urged Ned in vain to trot along.

"Don't be foolish, Inez," said Bob a little crossly. "I will get out myself if my company is so very distasteful to you." And, throwing back the rubber robe, he prepared to get out. The rain was coming down as persistently as ever, and he stopped to turn up his collar and trousers. As he placed his foot on the step to alight Inez caught the end of his coat.

"Bob, you'll get wet!" she cried, pulling at his coat. He did not turn around and stepped out into the mud and rain, jerking his coat from her a little roughly. She was ready to cry.

"That's better than freezing," he retorted.

"Please, please come back, Bob," sad Inez burst into tears. That settled it.

"Inez, sweetheart, I'm a brute. I know it. Forgive me, darling," he said as he jumped into the seat and took her in his arms. Ned thought it was now time to jog along.

"Take the lines, Bob," she said as Ned started and she looked up from the wet shoulder, "and never, never drop them again."

The First Ocean Steamer.

The first steam vessel which crossed the Atlantic ocean was under the American flag and was named the Savannah. The launching took place in New York harbor on Aug. 23, 1818, and the first trip, began March 28, 1819, was from New York to Savannah, Ga., which was reached April 6.

She was advertised by her owner, William Scarborough of Savannah, to make the ocean trip, starting May 20, and passengers were advertised for. None, however, was willing to risk the voyage. The vessel sailed May 25, reaching the Irish coast June 16. The next day Lieutenant Bowin of the king's cutter Kite boarded the ship, thinking that because smoke was issuing from her smokestack that the vessel must be on fire.

Captain Rogers had charge of her during the voyage and afterward took her to Copenhagen, St. Petersburg and other foreign ports. The steamship was built by Francis Pickett and had a fuel storage capacity of seventy five tons of coal and twenty-five cords of wood, and her wheels were so constructed as to be removable in stormy weather.

TALES OF WINDSOR.

Blighted Napoleon Willow Tree—Windsor Castle Partially the Work of Pressed Laborers—Its Oldest Part.

The workmen now engaged upon improvements at Windsor Castle need to tread warily, for the scene of their labors is replete with historic associations. Nor are these confined to the castle buildings. Of no place may it be truly said that while there are sermons in stones there are tongues in trees to speak a chapter from history. In the garden adjoining St. George's Chapel is a tree with one of the strangest of stories. Blighted and stunted by lightning, it stands to recall one of the tragedies of history. It is a willow, and grew from a cutting taken from the parent tree, which grew above the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena. For long it flourished in its new position. But on the day of the battle of Sedan, in which the power of Napoleon III. was crushed, a flash of lightning carried away its chief branch. Still in its mutilated state it continued to grow lustily enough until, years later, it was smitten by another lightning stroke. Careful comparison showed that the second disaster synchronized exactly with the death of the Prince Imperial at the hands of the Zulus in Africa.

Windsor Castle, in some form or another, has existed as a royal domain from Norman times. Hardly a reign has passed without additions or alterations. Edward III. built the famous round tower or keep for a fraternity of knights who should meet and carry on the traditions of King Arthur's Round Table Knights. From the battlements of the keep twelve counties may be viewed, and even in these smoky days the King may see the dome and lantern of St. Paul's by taking his stand on the summit of the tower. Edward III. found the labor problem as acute in his day as do some less distinguished employers of modern time, and his works proceeded slowly. But the victor of Poitiers took a short cut to what he wanted. Writs were issued to the sheriffs, mayors and bailiffs of the counties, authorizing them to impress laborers for the work, with imprisonment as the alternative. William of Wykeham was the architect, and his duties could have been little else than a labor of love, for his wage was but a shilling a day. Plague carried off the bulk of the three hundred and sixty men engaged on the work in 1360, so more writs were issued. Edward did not live to see his undertaking completed, but Richard II. continued it, and had Geoffrey Chaucer as his clerk of works, and a zealous master of the labor press gang the father of our national poetry appears to have made.

The ordinary visitor does not see the oldest part of Windsor, the remains of the fortress in which John rested while the negotiations for Magna Charta were in progress. There is a small domain underground. In the older portions of the great wards arched passages thread their way below the basement, through the chalk, and penetrate far beneath the site of the castle ditch at the base of the walls. Their existence may have had something to do with the origin of the eerie stories which attach to the older part of the residence. For, of course, Windsor has its ghosts. Only a couple of years ago an officer seated in the library saw what is described as "the ghost of Queen Elizabeth." Shakespeare adopted his legend of Herne the Hunter from Windsor Forest for his "Merry Wives of Windsor." The ancient ranger was supposed to promenade around an oak, wearing horns upon his head.

Many a page of history is written on the walls of Windsor. Those that lay captive within the boundaries of the castle left their woeful histories carved upon their prison. Their memories were thus better perpetuated than those of some of more illustrious birth. It was only by a chance breaking up of the floor of the St. George's Chapel that the body of Edward IV. was found. In 1813 Sir Henry Halford found, too, and opened, the coffin said to contain the body of Charles I. The remains, he said, were in precisely the condition described by a witness of his immurement. But so many are the stories concerning the remains of this unhappy monarch and of Cromwell that even now controversy has reached scarcely any more definite conclusion than had been arrived at a century ago.

The gorgeous tomb which Wolsey built for himself was converted into money after his fall. The exquisite adornments with which artists had bedecked it were sold as defaced brass for £600. George IV. spent a million and a half restoring the castle. As a finishing touch to his work he had a huge bronze equestrian statue of his father erected at the end of the magnificent three-miles-long walk. In time a rather irreverent name became applied to the statue, so that the monarch whose name it is to perpetuate became disassociated from it. This led to a funny little mishap at Queen Victoria's dinner table. A distinguished statesman was asked how he had got to the castle. "Oh, I got a lift as far as the copper horse, and walked the rest of the way, ma'am," he replied. "To the what?" cried Her Majesty in amused amazement. The guest had never heard of the statue by any other name, and had to explain himself as best he could. Whereupon the Queen good-humoredly rebuked him for his irreverence, and gave him the history of the figure.—St. James' Gazette.

George Meredith's Wit.

Mr. George Meredith, the eminent novelist, is as alert and witty in his casual talk as he is in his fiction. Not long ago, in conversation with a friend, Mr. Meredith was asked his opinion of a certain obnoxious person who had lately settled in the neighborhood. "He seems to me," replied the author of Diana of the Crossways, "to be one of the least of God's mercies."

RECKLESS ESCAPADES.

"Tommy Atkins" Often Quite Unnecessarily Runs Risks and Jeopardizes His Life After Donning Uniform.

In bygone days soldiering was always synonymous with an adventurous life, and although the old existence has passed away, and the present age knows neither the free lance nor the knight errant, yet the love of adventure remains the same, for the soldier, from the moment he dons the uniform, is for ever running risks and jeopardizing his life, often quite unnecessary.

No doubt it is the careless, reckless life he leads that engenders the feeling, but it is a certain fact that in the inner consciousness of every soldier there lurks a dare-devil, mischief-loving spirit, which every now and then convulses him and impels him to commit some rash act, to burst out in some form of excitement, which will furnish him with some means of risking either his life or his liberty. Especially is this the case where he wriggles under any restraint of his actions. Up to quite recently, every soldier in the British army had to be in barracks at tattoo, unless he was on "pass." It was a very common occurrence for men, after answering their names at tattoo, to "break out of barracks" again in quest of further excitement and pleasure. A glance through the defaulters' book of a company will show you entry after entry of crimes for this "breaking out of barracks." In open camps, such as Aldershot, Colchester, and Shorncliffe, the "breaking out" is practically a misnomer, for it consists in nothing more than walking out of the barracks, the soldier merely risking his liberty if apprehended in town by the police. But in barracks, surrounded by high walls, and also in fortified places, the soldier risks not only his liberty, but also his life in attempting to "break out." Some years ago a fatal instance occurred in the Grand Shaft Barracks, Dover. The only means of exit from this barracks is by gates guarded by sentries. On the northeast and west sides the barracks are protected by strong fortifications and deep entrenchments so that escape that way is practically impossible. On the south side there are no walls, but the barracks are bounded by a cliff which is almost perpendicular, and perfectly inaccessible from the street which runs below.

One night two soldiers made up their minds to "break out of barracks" after tattoo. Being aware that they could not pass the sentries, they determined to try the cliff, and after almost superhuman exertions they had managed to get about half-way down the face of it, when one of them, failing to secure a footing, lost his hold, and was dashed to pieces in the street below. The other, scared by the fate of his companion, remained where he was, poised between heaven and earth, not daring to move either up or down, until at last the shouts of the people below attracted the notice of the guard, and a rescue party with ropes, dragged him to the summit of the cliff again. He spent that night a prisoner in the guard-room, only too thankful to think that he had met with no worse fate.

At Guernsey, in the Channel Islands, two men of a certain regiment, who were confined to barracks as defaulters, determined to have at least one day's liberty in the town. Watching their opportunity, they managed to get out of the barracks at Fort George, and making their way down to the beach and "commandeering" a fisherman's boat, they rowed out to sea. They had no definite object in doing this, being inspired merely with a desire to put as much space as possible between themselves and the barracks for that day. Neither of them had any previous acquaintance with the sea, and when they got some distance out into the swell they were attacked by seasickness, lost their oars, and the boat drifted about, hither and thither, for three days, until they were picked up by a French fishing smack and landed in Dunkirk, almost dead from exposure, starvation and illness. The British Consul sent them back to the regiment, and they spent two months in the military prison, ruminating over the amenities of life. When they came out and related their experiences, their story proved so inspiriting that another party of six men repeated the performance a few days afterwards. But they were never heard of again. A severe storm sprang up the same night, the boat was found floating bottom upwards the next day a few miles out at sea, while a week afterwards one of their forage caps was washed ashore on the adjacent island of Jersey.

British Income and Expenditure.

Statistics of the income and expenditures of the British people were presented recently by Sir Robert Giffen before the members of the British Association. The total income of the British Empire reaches the enormous sum of £3,130,000,000, from a capital of £22,250,000,000. For the United Kingdom the income is £1,750,000,000, from a capital of £15,000,000,000. The only nation that rivals the empire is the United States, with an income of £3,000,000,000. The leading figures as to the expenditure in the United Kingdom are as follows:—Food and drink, £468,000,000, or 34 per cent. of the total; dress, £182,000,000, or 13 per cent.; house, £223,000,000, or 16 per cent.; national services (exclusive of education), £183,000,000, or 13 per cent.; miscellaneous (including £30,000,000 for education, £25,000,000 for church, £30,000,000 for locomotion, etc.), £130,000,000, or 9 per cent., and cost of distribution, £200,000,000, or 15 per cent.

It Might Have Been Worse.

"Poor man," she said, stooping over the victim who had just been dragged out from under her automobile, "have you a wife." "No," he groaned, "this is the worst thing that ever happened to me."—Sydney

Keeping His Place Warm.

This story is told of a successful general who was far from being a brilliant scholar at school. After he became famous he one day dropped into the old school to pay a visit to the scene of his former woes. The teacher was anxious to make a good impression on the general and put the pupils through their lessons so as to show them to the best advantage. After awhile the general said: "But which is the dunce? You have one, surely. Show him to me."

The teacher called up a poor fellow, who looked the picture of woe as he bashfully came toward the distinguished visitor.

"Are you the dunce?" asked the general.

"Yes, sir," said the boy.

"Well, my good fellow," said the general, "here is a crown for you for keeping my place warm."—London Tit-Bits.

Curious Tombstone.

On a gravestone in the parish churchyard of Great Yarmouth, England, there is sculptured the unusual representation of a clown seated in a tub, which is being drawn down a river by two swans. Beneath this stone lies one of the many victims who were drowned years ago by the collapse of an iron suspension bridge on which they had crowded to see a clown pass underneath in the manner described. The feat, which was a novel form of advertisement by a traveling circus, was actually performed, but the rush of people from one side of the bridge to the other after the man had passed under caused the tragic ending.

Had It All Her Own Way.

Ella—I heard the last meeting of our debating club was very harmonious.

Louise—Yes, there wasn't any one present except the president, Mrs. Chatterer.—Chelsea (Mass.) Gazette.

Judges on Circuit.

It was the genius and foresight of Henry I. that saw the necessity of creating a close connection between the central king's court and the local courts up and down the land. It was Norman and wandering, going where the king went. They were Saxon and stationary; hence, to link them together, in 1124 a special deputation of judges was for the first time sent on circuit in the country, of whom it is recorded that they "hanged so many thieves as never was before, being in that little while altogether forty-four men."

This vigorous administration of justice by royal authority gained for Henry the title of "the lion of justice" and paved the way for the permanent institution in his grandson's reign. These traveling judges were called justices-in-eyre—i. e., in itinere, on journey. Their head, the justiciar, is still seen in our title, the lord chief justice.

Henry II. in 1173 fixed these circuits at six—the home, midland, eastern, western, northeastern and northern, which correspond roughly with those that still exist.—London Standard.

Too Good to Be True.

"I think your daughter intends to elope."

The old man looked at the neighbor who was always interfering in matters that did not concern him and shook his head.

"I can hardly believe it," he said.

"I have every reason to believe"—

"But that won't do," interrupted the old man. "You forget that this is a serious matter that ought not to be allowed to rest upon hearsay evidence. When one man comes to another and tells him that his daughter is about to forsake the parental roof under cover of the night he should be absolutely sure of what he says. Have you incontrovertible evidence that what you say is true?"

"Well, no; I can't say that I have," replied the officious neighbor, beginning to feel that perhaps he had gone too far.

"Just as I feared," returned the old man. "This is the third time I've had my hopes needlessly raised by reports of this sort, and it is growing monotonous."

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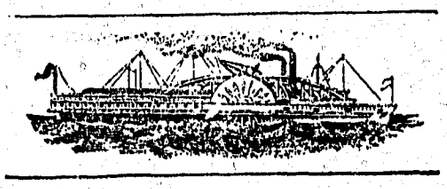

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" 10.24	Koenig's	" 4.24
" 11.00	Duncan's	" 5.00
P.M.		P.M.
" 12 35	Nanaimo	" 6.41
Ar 12 53	Wellington	Ar. 7.03

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A.M.		A.M.
De. 8.00	Wellington	De. 3.00
" 8.20	Nanaimo	" 3.15
10 02	Duncan's	" 5 00
" 10.42	Koenig's	" 5.36
" 11.38	Coldstream	" 6 32
Ar 12.06	Victoria	Ar 7.00

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

Special trains and steamers for Excursions, and reduced rates for parties may be arranged for on application to the Traffic Manager.

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

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

GEO. L. COURTNEY,
Traffic Manager.

St. Ann's SCHOOL

QUAMICHAN, B. C.

A Boarding School for girls, with department for orphans, pleasantly located at three miles from Duncans Station. Primary and Preparatory English Course. Competent Instructors for Piano and Needle-work. Cutting and Fitting also taught. Board and Tuition, $9 a month. For particulars, address—

SISTER SUPERIOR,
Tzouhalem P. O.

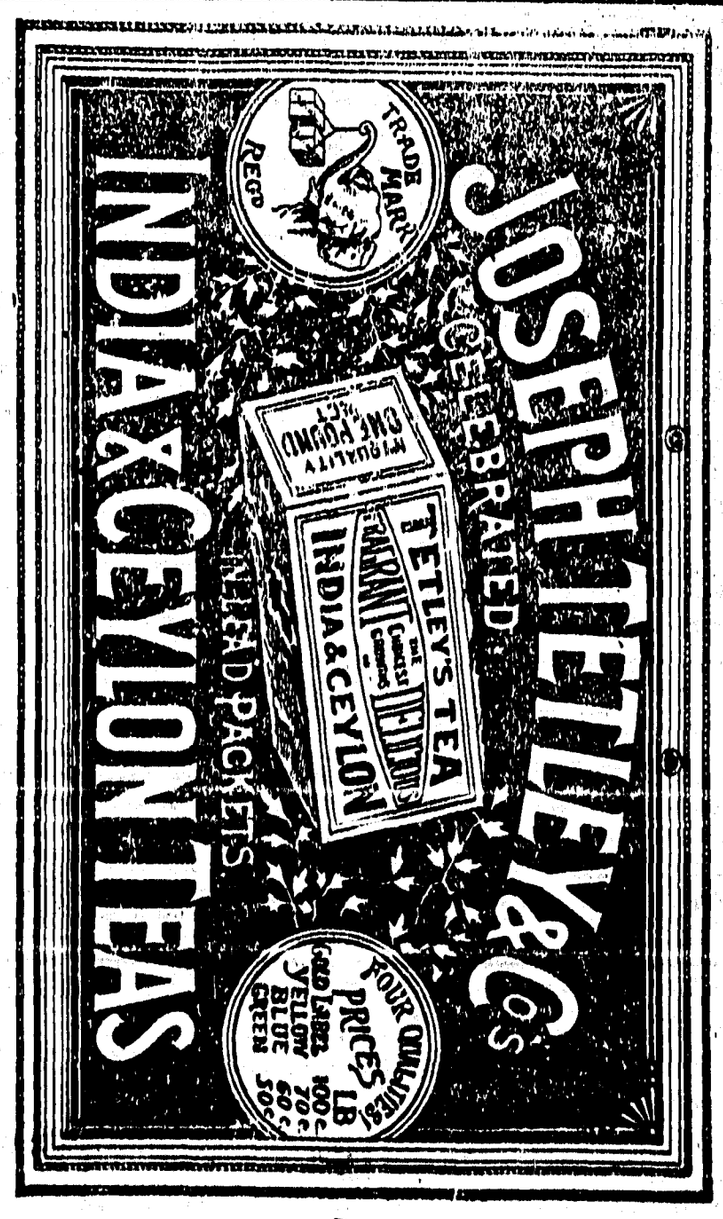
I. O. F.

COURT DOMINO, 3518, meets the last Monday in the month in the K. of P. Hall.

Visiting Brethren invited.

17m 12t

HUDSON'S BAY CO., AGENTS, VICTORIA, B.C.



The TEA OF TEAS

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

Judicial Ignorance.

The ignorance of worldly affairs on the part of judges is proverbial, but a county court judge the other day certainly amazed the court, says an English newspaper. Counsel happened to say that the defendant, a vocalist, could not "turn up" at a certain place. "Turn up!" said the judge in bland surprise, "but he is a vocalist, not an acrobat." This recalls the story of the judge who asked, "What is the Stock Exchange—a cattle market?"

All on One Side.

"I am told your bride is very pretty," said Miss Peppery.

"Yes, indeed!" replied Mr. Con Sect. "Several of the guests at the ceremony were pleased to call it a 'wedding of beauty and brains.'"

"Well, well! She must be a remarkable woman! That's an unusual combination in one person."

An Exchange of Compliments.

"Man," remarked Mrs. Dinsmore reflectively as she dressed for going out, "is fearfully and wonderfully made."

"And woman," added Mr. Dinsmore, who was waiting impatiently, "is fearfully and wonderfully made up."

Big words are the tombs in which we bury our ideas.—Fowler.

An ounce of practice is better than a ton of theory.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

When people can't obtain something for which they wish very much they call it an act of renunciation.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Some people are afraid of starting in a race for fear of making a poor finish.

TAKE NOTICE.

During the year the space devoted to advertising MINARD'S LINIMENT will contain expressions of no uncertain sound from people who speak from personal experience as to the merits of this best of Household remedies.

Of the many human buds but few ever bloom successfully.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

There are in Greater New York 350,000 inhabited rooms with no windows opening to the outer air, or even to another room with windows opening to the fresh air and sunlight. These dark rooms are to be found in over 40,000 tenements scattered over the metropolis.

A CURE FOR COSTIVENESS.—Constipation comes from the refusal of the excretory organs to perform their duties regularly from contributing causes usually disordered digestion. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, prepared on scientific principles are so compounded that certain ingredients in them pass through the stomach and act upon the bowels so as to remove their torpor and arouse them to proper action. Many thousands are prepared to bear testimony to their power in this respect.

Would Be Startling.

Miss Reader—How strange it would be if fashion should go back to the old time brass knockers on the front doors instead of electric bells?

Mr. Sardonique—It would seem strange. The knockers always work.—New York Weekly.

Bumps Into Them.

Towne—I believe I'm a sort of owl or something. I can usually find anything I'm looking for in the dark.

Browne—I must be a sort of elephant or something. I usually find everything I'm not looking for in the dark.

Saxony's Industrial Schools.

In Saxony there is an industrial school for every 14,641 inhabitants.

Bad Combination.

The Visitor—Why are you here, my misguided friend?

The Prisoner—I'm the victim of the unlucky number thirteen.

"Indeed. How's that?"

"Twelve jurors and one judge."—Sporting Times.

Sympathy.

Tom (sadly)—That's the second time she has said no.

Jack—Yes? I'm sorry two negatives don't always make an affirmative.—Brooklyn Life.

SAT NIGHT AND DAY IN A CHAIR

Till Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured his Rheumatism.

William Doeg, of Strong Township, Hale and Hearty after Four Years of Torture—The Story of his Sickness and his Cure.

Sunbridge, Jan. 4.—(Special)—After four years of torture, during which he was scarcely an hour free from pain, Wm Doeg, a farmer, living on Con. 3, Strong Township, and well known here, is a hale and hearty man. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him. Speaking of his cure Dr. Doeg says:

"The trouble started in my back and the pain got so bad I could not lie down to take rest, but had to sit night and day in a chair.

"The pain would sometimes move to other parts of my body, and when in my knees I was unable to walk.

"I was treated for Rheumatism by several doctors, and also tried different medicines without receiving any benefit. I feared I would never again be free from pain.

"My attention was called to cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I started to use them. Before I had finished the second box I was a new man, entirely free from pain. It has not come back since."

Uric acid in the blood is the cause of Rheumatism. If the Kidneys are working right they take all the uric acid out of the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills make the Kidneys work right.

According to Sir James Crichton-Browne the modern Englishman is physically a degenerate, and chiefly because of dyspeptic troubles. The growing frequency of appendicitis is, he thinks, due to the weakened digestive apparatus and insufficient mastication of food.

"Regular Practitioner — No Result."—Mrs. Annie C. Chestnut of Whitby, was for months a rheumatic victim, but South American Rheumatic Cure changed the song from "despair" to "joy." She says: "I suffered untold misery from rheumatism—doctors' medicine did me no good—two bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure cured me—relief two hours after the first dose."—50

Fashionable dogs in Paris, which for some time have worn overcoats with pockets for their little handkerchiefs, are now provided with goggles for their eyes when taken motoring.

"My Heart Was Thumping my Life out," is the way Mrs. R. H. Wright, of Brockville, Ont., describes her sufferings from smothering, fluttering and palpitation. After trying many remedies without benefit, six bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart restored her to perfect health. The first dose gave almost instant relief, and in a day suffering ceased altogether.—51

The man who admits he doesn't know everything is the man who usually knows the most.

The Stomach's "Weal or Woe!"—The stomach is the centre from which, from the standpoint of health, flows "weal or woe." A healthy stomach means perfect digestion—perfect digestion means strong and steady nerve centres—strong nerve centres mean good circulation, rich blood and good health. South American Nervine makes and keeps the stomach right.—52

If you wish to keep your friends, you may confide your faults to them, but don't attempt to point out their shortcomings.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove the corns, root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.

A piece of music isn't restful just because it is full of rests.

They call it cold cash, but we are all hot after it.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Be sure of your tatted calf before essaying the prodigal role.

The contortionist may be a single man, but he doubles up.

The toothless dog does not exactly have a soft snap.

Even in a short piece the trombone is a long-winded instrument.

Most people think too lightly of a cough. It is a serious matter and needs prompt attention. Take

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

when the first sign of a cough or cold appears. It will cure you easily and quickly then—later it will be harder to cure.

Prices 25c., 50c. and $1.00

S. C. WELLS & CO.
Toronto, Can. LeRoy, N.Y. 10

CHANGING ONE'S NAME.

The Method Is a Rather Costly One In Great Britain.

Many people change their names without asking permission from any one or paying any fees whatever. This is certainly the simplest way of getting rid of a name you do not appreciate, but it is apt to prove expensive. For instance, such a course is strictly illegal, and the government could step in at any time and demand the payment of a heavy fine; and, furthermore, if the individual who changed his name without consulting anybody happened to come in for a large sum of money unexpectedly the authorities would decline to recognize his claim if he had failed to pay the fees due to the heralds' college for assuming a name not given in baptism.

There are two ways of changing your name, and they are both rather costly. One method is to have a private act of parliament passed for your benefit. This course is generally followed only by peers and people to whom money is no object, for it costs £750. This nearly all goes in fees to minor officials for bringing your case before the legislature, inasmuch as the actual passing of the bill costs practically nothing. And the only advantage you will gain from this expensive way of going to work is that inquiries will not be made into your past history, which by the other alternative are unavoidable.

The usual method adopted for legally changing the name is somewhat tedious, if less costly, and you must have very substantial reasons for so doing or your claim will not be allowed. If, for instance, you inherit property which makes it conditional that you change your name you can do so on payment of about £50 in fees.

In the first place you must communicate with the home secretary, who, if he considers your claim valid, will refer you to the heralds' college and the king of arms. These officials will make full inquiries into your history and satisfy themselves beyond question that your reason for wishing to make the change is in every way legitimate. This done, they will again communicate with the home secretary, who will lay your claim before the king, for he alone has power to authorize the change being made. Eventually, after some months of waiting, you will be informed by the heralds' college that his majesty has approved of your claim and the change of name is published in a remote corner of the London Gazette.

Finally it is worthy of mention that no one can hold a public appointment under government who has changed his name without the consent of the king, however brilliant may have been his services to the country. The reason for this is rather curious. The name given you at your baptism is in theory ratified by the sovereign as head of the church, and by assuming another on your own responsibility you are deliberately breaking a law of the land.—London Tit-Bits.

The Power of the Thunderer.

A great change had followed the reform bill, and the newspaper had improved as it became the organ of the middle class, which then rose to power. Delane of the Times had to be courted by the statesmen who had professed simple contempt for his predecessors, and in the fifties the influence of the paper had culminated till it was taken to be the authentic incarnation of public opinion. Kinglake gives a graphic (I do not say an authentic) account of the secret of the authority which enabled it to order the siege of Sevastopol. It employed, he declares, a shrewd, idle clergyman to frequent places of common resort and discover what was the obvious thought that was finding acceptance with the average man. The thought was then put as though it were the suggestion of ripe political philosophy, while the public so delicately flattered wondered at its own wisdom.—Sir Leslie Stephen in Atlantic.

Startled the Chaplain.

An English clergyman tells many quaint stories of his experiences as a prison chaplain. One of these relates how he took a reformed burglar out for a drive in the country after an enforced seclusion in one of his majesty's prisons. The burglar appeared to enjoy himself immensely, but when they passed a pretty house standing back from the road and bearing evidence of the taste and wealth of the owner the burglar fairly gloated over it and, turning to the canon, exclaimed, "What a lovely little crib that would be to crack, sir, wouldn't it?"

The Dominant Janitor.

Mrs. McCall—And what did you say your eldest boy's full name was?

Mrs. De Coursey—Michael Brannigan De Coursey.

Mrs. McCall—Well—er—that's rather odd.

Mrs. De Coursey—Yes; but, you see, when he was born we were living in a flat and we didn't want to move out. Mr. Michael Brannigan was the janitor.

Fools and Money.

She—A fool and his money are soon parted.

He—True, and a fool and her money are soon wedded.—Yonkers Statesman.

CHAMBERLAIN

IS THE PREFERENTIAL 10¢ CIGAR You'll Enjoy Every Bit Of It.

MADE BY J. M. FORTIER LTD., MONTREAL

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

Used it ten years. Washington, D.C., Nov. 20, 1902. Please send me your "Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases." Have used Kendall's Spavin Cure for ten years and gladly testify to its merits. Yours truly, Justus C. Nelson.

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

THE OLD RELIABLE

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

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

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

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

25¢ **That Cough** which ordinary remedies have not reached, will quickly yield to

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM

It cures those heavy, deep-seated coughs—takes away the soreness—heals the throat—strengthens the lungs. None the less effective because it is pleasant to take. Just try one bottle and see how quickly you get rid of that cough. At your druggists. 25c. bottle. 25¢

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**

Imported foxes have increased to such an extent in Gippsland, Victoria, Australia, that organized "drives" to extirpate them are frequent.

Blood is Worthless

UNLESS CIRCULATED.

Health is assured by the new process of curing disease.

RELIEF IN 30 MINUTES.

Sick headache, indigestion, loss of vigor, failing memory, nervousness are all infallible signs of weakening nerves and indicate that your nerves lack rich blood with which to build up their broken tissues. Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure heals and strengthens the heart and gives it the power to send rich blood coursing through the veins, when most diseases disappear as if by magic. It relieves heart disease in 30 minutes and is a wonderful cure. Sold by all druggists.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment Cures piles in one to three days. 35c. 17

To escape from the extortions of the paper trust, the newspapers of Germany have formed a syndicate and bought or created pulp factories and paper mills of their own.

Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator destroys worms and gives rest to the sufferer. It costs only 25 cents to try it and be convinced.

It is easy to distinguish cut glass from the other kind; the other kind is found on bargain counters.

Germany for twenty years has increased her imports of manufactures by £21,000,000.

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

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar.

Beware of the individual who is lost to all sense of shame.

Some people are like parrots—they talk too much and say too little.

EXTERNALLY OR INTERNALLY, IT IS GOOD.—When applied externally by brisk rubbing, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil opens the pores and penetrates the tissue as few liniments do, touching the seat of the trouble and immediately affording relief. Administered internally it will still the irritation in the throat which induces coughing and will cure affections of the bronchial tubes and respiratory organs. Try it and be convinced.

A gift of £10,000 has been made to the British and foreign Bible society by a London lady who will not disclose her name.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

In leaving his residuary estate to his sons only, Mr. A. Holmes, a Bingley (England) brewer, said he did so not because his sons were dearer to him than his daughters but because he considered that men have a harder struggle in life.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

Looking into the fire is very injurious to the eyes, especially a red fire. The stimulus of light and heat united soon destroy the eyes. Looking at molten iron will soon destroy the sight.

Somebody is always getting in the way of the man who is in pursuit of happiness.

A man seldom poses as a confirmed bachelor until after some woman has confirmed him.

The man who is blind to his own interests usually has four eyes for his neighbor's affairs.

ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY.
uscription .....$2 oo a year,

W. B. Anderson, Editor.

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

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

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

The education of children is the most important subject that can occupy the public mind. It must be put, like all other professions, on a scientifiic basis, and not left to chance. The business of the public school is the training of the mind, the development of its forces its reasoning faculties, its power of discrimination. With the right sort of teacher, the moral training will go along with the intellectual. By the present school system the effort is made to make the schools vehicles of certain fads and reforms to divert them from their simple purpose and turn them into propagandas of schemes which are often very badly digested and illusory. The already crowded school curriculum has been interfered with by text books on physiology which are prepared with the sole idea of teaching the dangers of alcohol. These are not scientific books; they are not, as a rule, true; they are exaggerated to an extent that must react upon any sane mind that is forced to feed on them. A really honest book prepared by an expert, is rejected. The truth is not sought but rather an effect—to raise in the young mind a sort of terror. It is not temperance that is taught, not self restraint, but a kind of fanaticism. The prescription is that the energies of the teachers are to be bent upon this task so many hours during the week; that the pupils are to be forced into a study of diseased conditions, to the exclusion of more wholsome study. Now, as a matter of fact, the mind is improved by the study of good, and not of evil. It is the good we wish to implant, rather than the knowledge of evil. We do not question the motives of those engaged in the crusade against intoxicants. Before the visible evils of intemperance anything else seems to them of small account in education. The effect upon our schools can only be disastrous. And there is no end to this usurpation of the school system. With us the majority rules, and in many districts there is no logical reason why the labor reformers should not make the school propagandas for their theories; why anarchists should not have a chance to show that all forms of government are tyrannical; and why the school children, in the interest of pure lives and modest behavior, should not be instructed certain days in the week in the horrors of the social evil.

COUNCIL MEETING.

Present—The Mayor, Alds. Bate Daniels, Willard, Grant and McFadyen.

In the absence of Mr Nunns, M J. B. Bennett acted as clerk. The minutes of previous meeting not having been placed in the hands of the acting clerk, it was decided by vote to defer the reading until next meeting.

Accounts—Electric Light Coy, $44.35. Referred to Finance Committee.

Mr A. Somerville here handed in a communication from several interested people, asking leave to rent one of the city rooms two nights a week, for a night sthool, and for the purpose of lectures on mining. Proceeding under new business, this was laid on table.

Moved Ald. Bate, seconded Ald. Willard, that constable Banks be instructed to procure 6 dozen coat hooks for City Hall. Carried.

Health Officer—Moved Ald. Willard, seconded Ald. Grant, that Dr. Gillespie be communicated with regarding this office. Carried.

Deferred business.

Re application for room. Moved Ald. Daniels, as the Council had no convenient room, that the Fire Department be asked to rent their room; Ald. Bate seconded. Carried.

A delegation from the Fire Department waited on the Council and here proffered a request for 250 feet new hose, to enable them to make up 1000 feet, as under present conditions the supply was unsufficient, and insurance agents would not consent to any reduction of the present extremely high risks on property in town. They also pointed out that there was no hydrant in the Jerusalem end of the town, and asked that one be placed there, and that two adjacent ones be shifted into positions more advantageous.

Moved Ald. Bate, seconded Ald. Grant, that these requests be granted. Carried.

Constable Banks made application verbally far the use of the City Hall on behalf of rhe Seventh Day Adventists, for Saturday services.

It was proposed, at first to grant the hall free of charge, for two months, or at a reduced rate for that time, when objections were raised to this course on account of a similar request from the Western Federation last year, being refused. After much discussion, Ald. Daniels moved, seconded by Ald. McFadyen that the Board adjourn, which was finally carried.

Receiving this week at the Cash Furniture Store a consignment of Go-Carts, Kitchen Tables, Moss Mattresses, &c. Second hand furniture taken in exchange for new. All kinds repaired.

Wires—contd. from first page.

so far as nations are concerned. Koreans feel this is to be a great battle ground again. Foreigners in Pekin and Tien Tsin declare there will be no destruction as to nationality in massacres which will be attempted if war agitators once get the upper hand. Chinese will again kill foreign devils. Consequently all nations are preparing for emergencies. There are 2,000 American and European troops at Tien Tsin and 1,500 more guarding Legation at Pekin; but in a general uprising these would have to look to their lives. Minister Conger thinks there will be trouble at the slightest provocation.

Vladivostok, March 7—The Jappanese fleet is furiously bombarding this place. One woman has been killed and a number of sailors injured.

Che Foo 7th -Thousands of Coolies are employed at Port Arthur and Dalny on entrenchments. Over 100 heavy seige guns are placed at neck of Isthmus.

Tien Tsin 7th—30 Russian sailors were caught in an attempt to escape from Port Arthur and they were shot on the same day.

Seoul, March 7—Russian soldiers operating in vicinity of Andz are committing all manner of excesses, maltreating native women. Robbery on every hand. Korean soldiers attacked body of invaders on Friday and succeeded in killing 30 Russians, and resulting in the Russians being driven beyond Yalu River.

Paris, March 5—The criminal branch of the court to-day granted the appeal of Alfred Dreyfus for a revision of his trial.

MUNICIPALITY OF THE CITY OF CUMBERLAND

Notice is hereby given that the Court of Revision for the Municipality of the City of Cumberland for hearing all complaints against the Assessment as made by the Assessor of the said Municipality, will be held at the City Hall, Cumberland, on Monday the 14th day of March next, at 7 30 o'clock P.M. and so on from day to day until the complaints shall have been heard provided that at least ten days notice shall have been given of such complaints.

Dated at Cumberland the 15th day of February, A.D. 1904.

L. W. NUNNS,
City Municipal Clerk.

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
15th February, 1904.

HIS HONOUR the Lieutenant-Governor directs the publication of the following official notice published in an Extra of The Canada Gazette, dated 11th February, 1904.

By Command,
RICHARD McBRIDE,
Provincial Secretary.

HIS EXCELLENCY the Governor-General has received a telegram from the Right Honourable the Secretary of State for the Colonies drawing attention to His Majesty's proclamation of neutrality in the occasion of the war between Japan and Russia. The text of the proclamation has not yet come to hand. In the meantime His Excellency the Governor-General hereby charges and commands all subjects of His Majesty within the Dominion of Canada to observe strict neutrality in and during the aforesaid war, and to abstain from violating or contravening either the laws and statutes of the realm in that behalf, or the law of nations in relation thereto.

Attention is also directed to the requirements of the Foreign Enlistment Act, and the rules based thereon. All British subjects are warned against any transgression of the same.

The following rules are hereby declared to be in force forthwith:—

Rule A.—No ships of war of either belligerent may use the British water as places of resort for war-like purposes or equipment, or may leave British waters until twenty-four (24) hours after a ship of either belligerent, whether a ship of war or merchant ship.

Rule B.—Every such ship of war shall be required to put to sea within twenty-four (24) hours after entrance, unless in event of stress of weather necessary for repairs or provisions, in which case it must leave as soon as possible, and certainly within twenty-four (24) hours of completion of repairs.

Rule B is subject to Rule A, and time must be extended accordingly. No supplies to be allowed beyond provisions and subsistence for crew necessary for immediate use, nor coal beyond what can take the ship to the nearest port of its own country. No ship can coal in any British port twice within three months. No prizes can be brought into British waters.

By Command,
R. W. SCOTT,
Secretary of State.

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
16th February, 1904.

HIS HONOR the Lieutenant-Governor directs the publication of the undermentioned further official notice published in an Extra of The Canada Gazette of the 15th instant.

By Command,
RICHARD McBRIDE,
Provincial Secretary.

His Excellency the Governor General has received a further telegram from the Right Honourable the Secretary of State for the Colonies, directing that the following additional rules be added to those already published touching the coaling of belligerent vessels of war in British ports:—

(1.) During continuation of hostilities no coal to be supplied to war ships of either of the belligerent powers, except on a written authorization of the competent port authorities, specifying the amount of coal which may be supplied:

(2.) Before issuing any authorisation for the supply of coal to any belligerent war ship the port authority shall obtain a written declaration, duly signed by the officer commanding such war ship, of the destination to which it is proceeding, and the amount of coal already on board.

By Command,
R. W. SCOTT,
Secretary of State.

TENDERS.

Tenders will be received until 6 o'clock p.m., Saturday, March 5th, 1904, for the purchase of

All and singular that certain parcel or tract of land and premises situated, lying and being South-west quarter Section 14 fractional and South East quarter Section 14 fractional, Denman Island, and containing one hundred and forty-four (144) more or less.

(The property of the late John Graham)

The undersigned does not being himself to accept any tender.

F. McB. YOUNG,
Nanaimo, B.C.,
Solicitor for the Administrator.

Frebruary 9th, 1904.

LAND NOTICE.

TAKE NOTICE that sixty days after date, I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioners of Lands and Works, to purchase a small island containing about Ten (10) acres, and lying about ½ mile north-westerly from Ramsay Island, and between Ramsay Island and Murchison Island.

Dated this 5th day of June, 1903.

F. W. HOWAY.

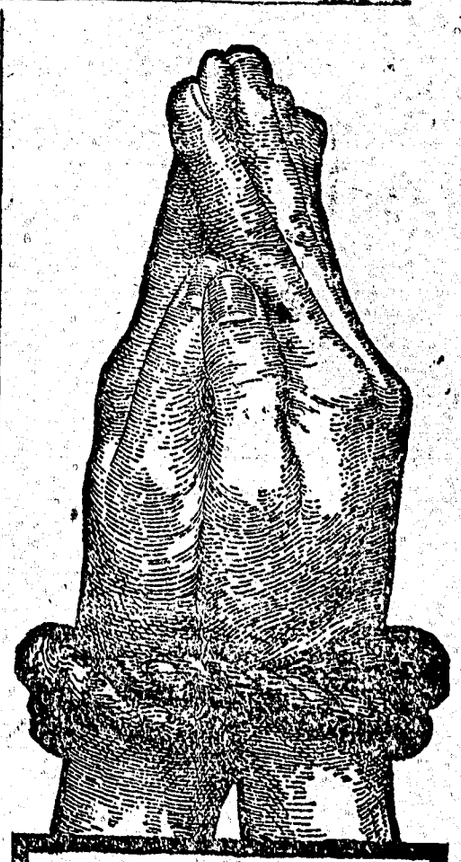
BREEDERS ATTENTION!

The Dairymans and Live Stock Association have again elected me as their Secretary, and I have been instructed to arrange for a shipment of Breeding Stock, from the Eastern Provinces, and I am now prepared to quote you prices and give such other information that will ensure getting good serviceable stock at reasonable prices.

It will be my earnest endeavour to give the same satisfaction to the Patrons of the Association in the future, as I have in the past two years. Any person wanting Stock out with this shipment, who has already purchased, can do so by applying forspace, on or before the First day of April next.

Address all communications to L. W. PAISLEY, Sec-Treas. of the Dairymans and Live Stock Association, Chilliwack, B.C.

7t-f23



Are Your Hands Tied?

Does lack of education prevent you from advancing, and obtaining a higher salary? Thousands have already doubled or largely increased their salaries by following our plan. We can help you qualify at home, in spare time, and at small expense, for any of the following positions:

Mechanical, Electrical, Steam, Civil, or Mining Engineer; Draftsman; Architect; Bookkeeper; Stenographer; Show-Card Writer; Window Dressor; or Ad Writer.

Write TODAY, stating which position interests you, to

INTERNATIONAL
Correspondence Schools
Box 799, SCRANTON, PA.
OR CALL ON OUR LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE.

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