Prov. Library

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

ELEVENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY, JUNE 14, 1904

At the Big Store

- SPECIAL SALE -

MEN'S SUMMER WEIGHT

HATS

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

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

S. Leiser & Co.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

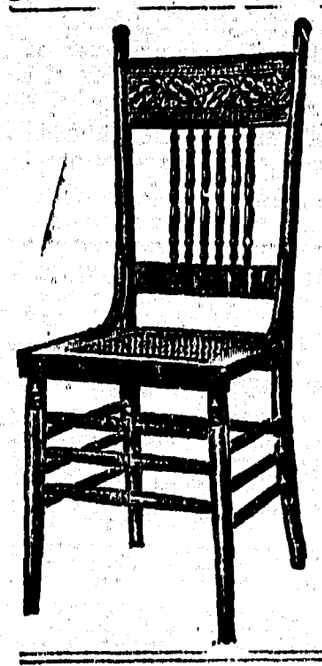
Just received large shipment of

IRON AGE

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

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

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

Benefit Concert.

The concert on Thursday last in aid of the Davies family was largely attended. The programme was carried out pretty much as announced. The greatest treat of the evening were the songs contributed by Mrs Grant of Vancouver, whose voice seems to have gained in flexibility and tone since her appearance here a year ago. Mrs Grant gave a charming rendition of "Life's Lullaby," and responded with an exceedingly sweet song "A May Morning." Miss Williams favored an appreciative audience with an overture from Tancredi. Mr Napier who has already proved himself a very reputable vocalist, treated his song, "Love could I only tell thee," in a musical ly and artistic manner. The recitation by Mrs Collis, "Ladybird's Last Race," was given in an admirable manner, eliciting an encore. Mr B. Tuhidge sang a character song, entitled—"They're waiting there for me," and in response to an enthusiastic encore, sang "There's a home for you with me love." Miss Carrie Piket made her first appearance as a songstress in 'Always in the way" which was loudly applauded receiving an encore. Miss Nelly Matthews distinguished herself by a pianoforte selection, 'The Maiden's Prayer," while Messrs Monte, Vater and Winningham executed an instrumental trio, crisp and catchy. The Mandoline Club concluded the first part of the programme with selections from National airs. The farce entitled, —"The troubles of a stage struck daughter," was presented by Messrs Tuhidge, C. Grant, L. Piket and W. J. Winningham—an amusing complication—which created much applause among the audience.

A large number remained for the dance, Messrs Winningham and Hancock, with others kindly contributing the music.

Drowning Accident.

Saturday at noon Geo. McAllister, working with the Little River logging gang, lost his life at Henry Bay, Denman Island. The deceased had gone there with Mr J S. Yuill, the scaler, to do some work preparing for a boom of logs. Noticing the boat drifting away, McAllister got two short logs placed a board across them and paddled out to regain the craft. When nearing the boat the logs separated and he started to swim to the craft when Yuill, from the shore, saw his head drop forward and he at once sank. Yuill threw off his clothes, swam out, and dived several times but was unable to see anything. He then got the boat and rowed to Union Wharf for assistance, several people returning with him. The body however was not recovered until noon on Sunday, Mr T. Hudson securing it with a grapple in about 60 or 70 feet of water The remains were taken to Union Wharf where the following Jury were empanelled on the inquest held by Coroner Abrams on Monday. Foreman, E Muschamp, A McCallum, E. Johnson, J. Fraser, T. Nelson, and C. Smith, the verdict being accidental drowning. The body was then taken to Cumberland and buried to day. Deceased was well known from here to Nanaimo, having worked through the district for several years. Mr Yuill is badly cut up over his tragic experience.

Local and Personal

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

Mr and Mrs McMillan and Mr and Mrs P. Smith of Denman Island, were in town yesterday.

Mrs Alex. Maxwell underwent a surgical operation at Victoria and is progressing favorably.

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

Mrs T. Whyte, sister and child, leave to-morrow morning on a visit to Vancouver

Mr and Mrs J.B. McLean will be passengers by the out-going steamer. Mrs McLean has been ill for some weeks and will go to Whatcom and consult a specialist.

Ladies skirts cheap at Davis' Opposite the Drug Store.

Mr Ritchie of Nanaimo, with his sisters, Mrs Capt. Kirkwood and Mrs McKenney, are visiting Mrs T. Horne, also a sister. The party drove over the road, arriving Sunday.

Travellers on the road near Baynes Sound River complain of the stench from dead cattle which have apparently died from neglect and starvation.

Rev. L. Hall, wife, and two daughters, arrived on Thursday's steamer. Mr Hall conducted service in the Methodist Church on Sunday.

The Athletic Club held a meeting last evening, and received reports from Committees. The constitution was adopted, and it was decided to fix up the old Camp Club building for present use.

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

The Ladies Auxiliary of the Union and Comox District Hospital intend holding an entertainment of unusual merit at an early date. For further particulars see local papers and handbills.

Our old friend, Mr Geo. Heatherbell of Hornby Island, has disposed of his fine ranch there to a Mr Smith of Grand Forks, who is a practical farmer and stockman, and who will go largely into beef raising We join Mr Heatherbell's other numerous friends in wishing him joy and all prosperity wherever he may go, and take this opportunity to express regrets at his leaving us. His many years residence has made his figure a familiar one, his presence ever welcome.

LOST, at rear of Fire Hall, $33 00 in bank notes. Finder please return to Wm. McClellan or this office.

The MAGNET CASH STORE.

MAY PRICES

FLAGS—ALL SIZES.
BRASS & SILVER POLISH

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

ALABASTINE,
VARNISH,
STAINS,
ETC., ETC.

T. E. BATE,

DUNSMUIR AVE, Cumberland

The friends of Mrs Willemar will sympathise with her in the loss she has sustained by the death of her brother, Major Ross Munro, who succumbed to an attack of hemorrhage of the brain after an illness of six weeks. Mr Munro was a native of Bothwell, Kent County, Ontario, and was aged about 46 years. A widow and daughter and two sisters survive him, Mrs Willemar of Comox, and Mrs Guillod of Alberni. His mother died about two years ago at Alberni.

Ladysmith, 13th—Dan McLeod defeated C. Anderson on Saturday, throwing Anderson 3 times in the hour with 17 minutes and 38 seconds to spare.

The election of the Mayor and Aldermen of Ladysmith which took place yesterday are as follows:—For Mayor, John W. Coburn. Aldermen, D. Nicholson, W. Beveridge, C. Campbell, G. Howarth, J. Booker, J. Kenney, M. Mathewson, and H. Blair.

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

To Lease or for Sale.

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

Seed - Potatoes.

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

The Sylvester Feed Co., Tel. 413

87-89 YATESSTREET, Victoria.

NAPIER & PARTRIDGE

Ladies Summer Skirts
Readp-to-Wear. A large range of Patterns and Colorings—Prices from $2 50 upwards.

White Duck & Holland Skirts
From $2.50. JUST ARRIVED.

THE LATEST IN
White Dress Muslins
Some very pretty designs, at 15c. 20c and 25c per yd.

Ladies Summer Blouses
.....From 50c, upwards.

NAPIER & PARTRIDGE,

DUNSMUIR AVE. CUMBERLAND.

FINDING OF "HER"

By LOUISE J. STRONG

....Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure....

The stagecoach slowly emptied itself as the travelers reached their various destinations, until only three were left to be stranded by a breakdown at a cluster of houses called a town. Two of them were residents of the country, neighbors returning from a business trip necessitated by the bogus sales of a bogus land agent, which had involved their property.

The third traveler was a woman from a far New England town, whose whole life, up to her comely middle age, had been spent in the rush and turmoil of a monster factory. To her the wide, illimitable plain was a revelation of the vastness of God's domain, and she brooded over it in silent, dreamy contemplation. She smiled and answered pleasantly when spoken to, but had volunteered no information concerning herself, and Lee and Bainbridge felt some curiosity as to her destination.

They knew nobody in the sparsely settled region beyond who was expecting company, and such an event would be news for fifty miles around.

She had accepted the detaining accident without worry or impatience and after supper sat on the porch of the small hotel, her eyes fixed in wondering awe upon the distant mountains, beyond whose peaks streamed the glory of the setting sun.

"She looks like home," Bainbridge said, indicating her with a nod.

"She's that kind," Lee returned, with the assurance of knowledge gained by experience. He was a married man.

They lounged out and took a bench near her.

"Going on with the coach, ma'am?" Lee ventured after awhile.

"Why, yes," she replied pleasantly, rousing. "I'm going out near Wallace."

"Why, that's our postoffice! Just a shack, you know—store and postoffice together. Are you locating in that neighborhood?"

"Yes, quite near. And you are some of our neighbors? That's good! I seem to almost know you. I'm Almira Burton." She laughed like a pleased child and put out her hand as she introduced herself.

The men exchanged startled glances at the name, but they shook hands cordially.

"I am Bob Lee; have a wife (best in the world) and four towheads. This is Wilsie Bainbridge, the old bachelor who 'lived by himself,'" Lee went on loquaciously.

"I'm glad there are children near. I am going to miss ours at home so dreadfully," she said.

"Maybe they won't be what you'd call near," he laughed. "Anything's 'near' out here inside of twenty miles."

"Our quarter section is two miles south of Wallace, and the agent said there'd be a railroad soon. I hope you're not far away."

"You bought, I reckon," Bainbridge said. "Land's all been taken up round here ever so long."

"Yes, that's what the agent said; though it doesn't seem possible. Why, it's just one great ocean of land out here. I didn't realize there was so much—and all taken. But some folks own miles, don't they?"

Bainbridge nodded, and she went on with a deprecatory smile at her former ignorance. "Our place seemed so big—a hundred and sixty acres—and that is big when you've never had even a garden spot—just rooms and a tiny mite of a dooryard!"

"It does," Lee assented. "I came from that kind of a home myself—hardware clerk and wife a teacher back in Ohio. Tell you, we stretched out here!"

He did not say that their "stretch" covered several miles, as he might.

"We're going to raise cattle as soon as we get started." She seemed suddenly to feel herself among friends and neighbors, who had a right to know the prospects and intentions of the newcomers. "We think it will be easier for Tom, and we've heard it was more profitable than ordinary farming."

"Tom is, maybe, your husband?" Lee insinuated.

"Land, no!" she laughed, her plump face rosy. "He's my brother—all the folks I've got. I raised him, and, like me, he's been a factory worker all his life. He's married and has two little tots, so smart."

"Thomas H. and A. Burton—that the names you bought under?" Bainbridge queried, with a warning glance at Lee.

"Why, yes; how did you know? Oh, I expect you saw it in the agents' list of sales."

"Yes, ma'am, and I noticed particularly because that quarter is right next to me; in fact, just into mine. Of course I felt an interest in such near neighbors."

"Why, I'm real glad!" she said heartily; "real glad. I don't feel at all as if I was going among strangers, meeting my neighbors this way."

"Are you going to live there alone?" Lee inquired boldly.

Her face clouded. "I must for awhile. I am going to hire a dugout or some kind of shelter put up, and I want to start things as soon as I can. Tom's sickly, and he's dreadfully run down. He couldn't be alone out here." A glow of confidence lighted her eyes, and she continued: "We've been saving a long time to get a home out in the country somewhere. Tom was never strong and the last year or two has developed consumptive tendencies, and the doctors advised him to come out in this part of the west and live. They say he'll get well and be stronger than ever. We got this land real cheap through the agent, and it's all paid for and enough over to bring me out and get some sort of shelter and a start in cattle. I thought I could buy some calves cheap, and I'll hire some breaking done and raise some grain and get chickens. They'll come out as soon as we get enough to bring them. I hope it won't be long, I'm so anxious about Tom." There was a thrill of apprehension in her voice. "He coughs bad at times and some days can hardly get to his work. Annie, his wife, goes in his place part of the time and makes him rest off and stay with the children. I must get them here as soon as possible."

"Yes, he needs to come," Lee said, regarding her with a sort of amazement.

"And look here," Bainbridge put in, "we'll put up your shanty and do your breaking, and it shan't cost you anything. We always do that for our new neighbors, and I guess we can rustle up some calves for you, and you return them when you're all here and your herd grows."

The tears rushed to her eyes, and she exclaimed: "Oh, what big hearts you have out here in this big country! I'll be the best neighbor you ever had. There's lots I can do for you if you are alone."

"Yes, ma'am; I reckon there is," he said awkwardly, a wistful pity mingling with the embarrassment in his face.

He strolled away presently, and Lee followed in obedience to a sly sign, and she relapsed into dreamy contemplation, her heart warm with the kindness of these new neighbors.

"Look here," Bainbridge said savagely when they were out of sight, "if you let it out I'll kill you!"

"That's right," Lee assured him. "What's a beggarly quarter-section anyway? I'd cut 'em off that much and welcome."

"But it's already cut off of mine," Bainbridge bristled jealously. "That rascally blackguard! This is only one of the many pitiful cases of his thieving. But they've dropped right on to their feet! I'll fix it so they'll never know."

Lee gravely shook his hand, then burst out: "But Lordy, Lordy, the innocence of it! Cattle raising on a quarter section, and all the rest of it—them's the kind that fatten the rascals. But she's good! I've got a good woman. I know one when I see her."

"Yes, she's good," Bainbridge asserted absently. "Makes you feel like Sunday morning, and all the bells ringing."

"Ho, ho! I must tell Ellen that. She says you're a born poet and only need a good woman to bring it out."

"Reckon I've found her," Bainbridge grinned sheepishly, turning away.

The moon was diffusing a mellow daylight when he returned from a long walk in communion with himself. He found her still on the porch and sat down in awkward silence. Then he began abruptly: "Don't be frightened, Miss Burton, at what I'm going to say. My head's level; anybody round here 'll tell you that. I always know what I want, and we do things quick out here. Once when I was young I was going to be married, but she died." He paused an instant. "Since that I never found any one I wanted till right now, and—and—I'm waiting to be married any minute you say so. If it's too quick I'll keep on waiting, but I'm not going to let anybody else have you."

"Mercy!" she gasped in helpless surprise, but with appreciation of his sturdy manhood gleaming in her eyes.

"I mean anybody out here," he amended. "Of course if there's one back there I'm out!"

She shook her head, her face one vivid flame.

"Well, then, I think you can trust me." He leaned toward her coaxingly, his strong hand swallowing hers. "Tom and Annie and the kids 'll be our next door neighbors, and if you get tired of me you can go back to them." His eyes twinkled.

She was still silent, and he went on: "We've been together several days and have a pretty good notion of each other—and I'll feel like the bottom had dropped out of everything if it isn't a go."

"I—I guess it's a 'go,'" she stammered.

"Glory!" he exclaimed, taking possession of her. "And see here—I'm going to telegraph money to fetch my brother-in-law out immediately! Give me a kiss, little woman."

Soil Wet and Dry.

Wet soil assumes a darker color than dry because its particles thus become semitransparent, as is the case also with a piece of wetted tissue paper or ground glass.

This change of color is due to the fact that the interstices between the grains of soil are filled with water, so that the number of reflecting surfaces, which in a dry condition scatter and break up the light, are greatly reduced in number. It follows that the total amount of light reflected to the eye is correspondingly diminished.

In short, as the color shade of an object depends upon the proportion of light that is reflected for all the light that falls upon it, dry soil is lighter in shade than wet, which reflects less light. That portion of incident light which wet soil fails to reflect penetrates below the surface, where it is lost or absorbed.

Flower of the Air.

There is a plant in Chile and a similar one in Japan called the "flower of the air." It is so called because it appears to have no root and is never fixed to the earth. It twines round a dry tree or sterile rock. Each shoot produces two or three flowers like a lily—white, transparent and odoriferous. It is capable of being transported 600 to 700 miles and vegetates as it travels suspended on a twig.

The Retort Unexpected.

"Yes," she said with sarcastic bitterness, "I believe it is true that a man is known before marriage by the company he keeps."

"No doubt," he smilingly replied. "I remember that I kept company with you for fully four years."

The Criminal Escaped.

Jack—You've heard about the escaping criminal who stepped on a slot machine and got a weigh? Mack—Yes; that's old. Jack—Well, even the bloodhounds couldn't get his cent.

Keep on trimming your lamps, tilling your soil, tugging and pegging away. You can never tell when the messenger of success will come.

The Patient's Excuse.

Physician—I told you to come three times a week. Why haven't you been here for five days? Patient—Because I haven't been feeling well enough.

The Way of It.

Green—You and Short don't seem to be as intimate as you were. Does he owe you money? Brown—No indeed; but he wanted to.

Opposition imbitters the enthusiast but never converts him.—Schiller.

"A Canvasbacked Clam."

Traveling on the continent of Europe with a party of young Americans, I was witness of their dismay at being assailed from time to time by friendly English fellow travelers with such questions as these: "Is it not very lonely in America? Are there any singing birds there? Any wild flowers? Any bishops? Are there booths in the streets of New York? Do people read English books there? Have they heard of Ruskin and how?" These were from the rank and file of questioners, while a very cultivated clergyman lost caste somewhat with our young people by asking confidently, "Are Harvard and Yale both in Boston?" a question which seemed to them as hopelessly benighted as the remark of a lady just returned from the wonders of the new world who had been impressed, like all visitors, with the novelties offered in the way of food at the Baltimore dinner tables, but still sighed with regret at having been obliged to come away without eating a "canvasbacked clam."—Thomas Wentworth Higginson in Atlantic.

Witty Response of Lecturer.

A professor who acted as chairman of a meeting at which Max O'Rell was to lecture introduced the Frenchman in the following manner:

"Ladies and gentlemen, when we wish to see ourselves as individuals we have recourse to the mirror. This we cannot do as a nation. I take pleasure in introducing a gentleman who will act as a French mirror, by means of which you will, I am sure, obtain an adequate and pleasing view of yourselves as a nation."

The introduction pleased O'Rell, and he responded in a vein as jovial. "I am requested to reflect on a nation. However, I must take second place to the man in the moon, for he reflects on the earth. As an imported French mirror, I shall do the best I can to give you a correct picture of the nation. And if your chairman remains where he is, in the background, he will add greatly to the reflective power of the mirror."

Good Speed.

Cholly Lateboy—Do you know, Miss Sharp, that music quite carries me away?

Miss Sharp—Why, isn't that lovely! Do let me play for you!

Two of Them.

Towne—I met that fellow De Bates today. Browne—Yes; so he just told me. Towne—Talk about a man who won't listen to reason— Browne—Don't! That's what he's just been talking about.

WASTED INDUSTRY.

A Mouse Task That Failed Because of a Lack of Ingenuity.

A number of white footed mice which I had in captivity, says a writer in Country Life In America, escaped from their cage to a cupboard in the kitchen, and thence through a hole in the plaster and between the laths to the walls of the house. Every night they came out for food. One evening I saw a mouse come out of the cupboard. He found a hickory nut on the floor and attempted to carry it up the wall twelve inches to the hole in the plaster, but, alas, the crack between the laths was too narrow, and after fumbling with his burden for a minute or two he dropped it to the floor. Next he tried to push it in ahead of him, and, failing in that, he went in himself, turned round and attempted to pull it in after him. Occasionally it would slip out of his paws and roll upon the kitchen floor, and then out he would come and repeat the whole performance. He tried it again and again, but with no better success. He kept at it until far into the night, and when I awoke at 7 o'clock the next morning the first thing that I heard was that mouse or another one fumbling and dropping the hickory nut.

Since then I have kept them well supplied with nuts, and, although they still spend hours in carrying them to the crack in the laths and letting them fall, they are always forced in the end to eat them in the cupboard. There is plainly a lack of ingenuity, because ten minutes' gnawing would have solved the problem. Had the aperture in either case been too narrow to admit themselves they would have quickly widened it with their teeth, but to apply the same principle to get the nut through seemed to be a piece of reasoning entirely beyond them.

HISTORY OF THE COACH.

The First of These Vehicles Was Built In 1457.

As popular as coaching is in some parts of the country, but little reliable information has ever appeared in the public press respecting its history and development. At the town of Kotze, in Hungary, in 1457, the first coach was constructed. This was soon afterward presented to Charles VII. at Paris. The first authentic record of a stagecoach in England shows that six of such vehicles were in use there in 1662. So popular did they become in that country that a few years later they were in general use on all the principal roads of the kingdom.

Steam railways have to a large extent done away with the use of the coach as a link in the commercial chain, but as a means of furnishing the highest type of recreation the coach and four is as popular today in the British empire and in France as it was when this was practically the only means of locomotion in those countries.

Stagecoaching in America was almost coextensive with the settlement of the colonies, and in the early history of the country there were few if any places of any importance that did not welcome the sound of the coachman's horn as one of the fascinating incidents of pioneer life. As civilization pushed itself westward the stagecoach was ever in the lead of those agencies which blazed its pathway. These vehicles, as well as their equipments, were comparatively crude in their construction and unpretentious in their appointments, but they admirably served the purpose for which they were intended and laid the foundation for the popularity of coaching as a pleasurable pastime developed in later years.

Coaching parties had been popular in England and France for several generations before they were introduced in this country, yet the sport is so wholesome and enjoyable that it cannot be doubted that in time it will become as popular here as it is across the Atlantic.

Zola and Dreyfus' Book.

The editor of a Paris paper, recalling what Zola had done for Dreyfus, called upon the novelist to have him review the unfortunate captain's book, the history of his troubles. The visitor found him at the big table in his library, doing his day's work. "Review Captain Dreyfus' book!" he repeated when the proposition was made to him. He got up and ambled round the table—a short man, with a stomach and no presence—grunting at intervals. Finally he said: "Why should I review his book? He never even read mine."

The Bigger the Better.

A Scottish parish minister was one day talking to one of his parishioners, who ventured the opinion that ministers ought to be better paid.

"I am glad to hear you say that," said the minister. "I am pleased that you think so much of the clergy. And so you think we should have bigger stipends?"

"Aye," said the old man. "Ye see, we'd get a better class o' men."

Far Away.

The Brute—What are you thinking of, Mamie?

Mamie—I am dreaming of my youth.

The Brute—I thought you had a faraway look in your eyes. — Princeton Tiger.

English Testimony

Colds, Headache, Influenza and Catarrh relieved in 10 minutes by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Prominent people throughout England, the United States and Canada praise Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It will cure you.

Miss Blanche Sloan, London, Eng., the only sister of Tod Sloan, the World famous jockey, says: "I have suffered for years from Catarrh and Colds. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder gave me relief in 10 minutes. Is worth all other remedies combined."

Claude G. Wood, Palace Theater, London, Eng., writes: "One puff of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder will cure any headache."

Miss Bijou Russell, 10 Keppe St., London, Eng., says: "One bottle Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder cured me of chronic colds or catarrh. It relieves in 10 minutes. Sold by all druggists.

Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure relieves heart disease in 30 minutes. 81

Western raisers of cattle are still complaining bitterly that they are getting less per pound for their cattle than they received a few years ago. Eastern buyers are still wailing because their steaks and chops are extravagant in cost. And the beef trust still smiles.

These two desirable qualifications, pleasant to the taste and at the same time effectual, are to be found in Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Children like it.

The elevated bottom of the strawberry boxes is about due.

Time and tide wait for no man—or woman either. Neither do floods.

"I believe it to be the most effective remedy for the Stomach and Nerves in the market," is what Annie Patterson, of Sackville, N.B., says of South American Nervine, for, she says, La Grippe and the complications which followed it left her next to dead with Indigestion, Dyspepsia and General Nervous Shattering. It cured her.—100

Admiral Togo hangs on like a terrier.

Many things are cured by being endured.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

The Japanese bottling works are still working overtime.

No prayer can rise on wings of pretence.

My Physicians Told Me I Must Die, but South American Kidney Cure cured me of that awful Bright's Disease." This is a sentence from a letter of a well-known business man in a western town who through overwork and worry had contracted this kidney pestilence. It will relieve instantly and cure all kidney diseases.—102

Her Cigars.

"My dear," said he the day after their wedding anniversary, "I'll just take those cigars to the office. It's customary, you know, to have a box handy in one's office."

That morning he sent the box of Extras down to his friend Jones, with his compliments, and he chuckled at the joke he was playing on Jones.

When he met Jones in the elevator he was persuaded to have one of his own cigars, which Jones said were "all right." He accepted one and, to his dismay, found they were "all right."

That evening when he arrived at home he said to his wife: "My dear, I smoked one of those cigars you gave me and liked it very much. How did you happen to pick out such good ones?"

"Well, I'll tell you. You made such a fuss about your birthday box that I got the young man next door to buy this box for me."

"Oh-h-h!" said the dear husband. And he muttered to himself, "Just like a woman, bless her—always go contrary to expectations!"—Buffalo Times.

English Kissing Customs.

At Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, at periodic intervals the mayor and corporation assert their rights over the shores of their native river by proceeding in state to various points, where they proclaim their authority. Perhaps as an inducement for the mayor to undertake this particular duty, on landing on the green he is permitted by ancient custom to kiss the prettiest girl present, conferring upon her a sovereign as compensation. At Bournemouth, where the kiss mayoral is also conferred, it is an ancient and loving custom for the retiring mayor to give his successor an osculatory salute.

Cruel.

"But, papa," wailed the young woman, "you can have no idea how he loves me. He is willing to die for me this very minute."

"Well," said the old man, scratching his head thoughtfully, "I don't know that I have any objection to that. I was afraid he wanted to marry you."

Citing a Case.

Mrs. Henpeck—We never know who our best friends are. Henpeck—That's so, my dear. Now, there's that fellow you jilted when you married me. He has never spoken to me since.

Two of Them.

"May I ask," inquired the melancholy stranger, "what is your pursuit in life?"

"It depends," replied Subbubs, "upon whether I'm going or coming. It's the 7:48 train in the morning and the 6:12 at night."—Philadelphia Press.

Modern Pandora

By Luellen Peters

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

Janet Allston quickly seized her suit case and started out as the train thundered into the station at the little resort, eager to make her escape before Carrington, who sat in the back of the car, should espy her. In his party she recognized a supercilious beauty whose name had lately been significantly linked with his, and several comfortable looking dowagers who had come down, as she, to either stay with friends or at the big hotel over the regular Saturday night hop.

She felt ashamed of her innumerable bundles, each breathing its own secret of chocolates, early hothouse peaches for dear Aunt Caroline, and some magazines.

Cousin Tom's happy, ruddy face was not visible among the crowd of people on the platform. She glanced around in desperation, anxious to secure the services of a hackman to carry her at once to her destination, but beyond a few private vehicles there was nothing available.

Over her shoulder sounded Carrington's deep voice and Lilian Royer's silvery, airy laughter. She started nervously, dropping the telltale parcel of peaches, which scattered compromisingly in all directions through the throng.

"Let me help you!" Carrington jumped with alacrity to her aid, restoring the downy, pink cheeked fruit to her arms.

An icy "Thank you" rewarded him. Womanlike, angry at the innocent offender, she felt like venting her displeasure on him.

"I suppose your cousin meets you?" he inquired, pausing for a second as the ladies accompanying him moved on.

"Oh, yes," she replied lightly, hoping that he would not detect the delinquent's absence.

She squared her back on the group as the Carrington trap, in the hands of a trim groom, rolled noiselessly up, and the ladies were helped in. There was a whirr of rushing wheels, and a cloud of dust indicated its flight down the country road. Tears of mortification and anger welled up in her eyes. Were it not so far she would walk the distance, bundles, suit case and all. A black speck was coming rapidly toward her far up the highway. It finally revealed red and black wheels. A sensation of mingled annoyance, pride and timidity swept over her as she saw that, after all, it was not her cousin, but Carrington, who had evidently lost no time in returning from his stables.

"I suppose your relatives didn't expect you until the 5:30," he said pleasantly as he drove up. "I was afraid you would attempt to walk the distance. Won't you let me drive you over?"

"Thank you—I will wait for Tom," she said, blushing at the falsity of her position.

"I came back purposely to get you," he went on, ignoring her discouraging glance. "It's hard on the peaches. They'll be overripe if you keep them in this hot sun much longer. Come, please."

She hesitated visibly. "For the sake of the peaches, then," she assented, reaching him her parcels.

"I will not question the conditions," he replied.

"It would be of no use," she answered in his vein, "for I never argue."

They drove smoothly over the white, threadlike road, under the canopy of trees, talking indifferently on superficial subjects, the man not insensible to the charm of her laughing eyes and nut brown face, the girl responsive to every flash of his blue eyes and inwardly delighting in his slightest mannerism. Between them lay the unconfessed joy of a past summer time, when he had been her constant attendant at this same place, until golden haired Lilian Royer arrived one day as a guest of his mother. Involuntarily she sighed, and the man, finding its echo in his own heart repeated it.

"You will be at the hop tonight?" he asked as he deposited her at her destination.

"My frock is here." She pointed to her suit case.

"Your cousin said Egerton was coming down too." He watched her face narrowly as he spoke.

"A later train," she said evenly. "I decided to come on the 3 o'clock special."

He could make nothing of her explanation, however, as he thought her words over after leaving her. Surely, if report were true that the two were in love and to be married, it looked odd that they did not plan to arrive on the same train. His mind revolved on Janet's speech in spite of his attempts to dismiss it.

Janet promptly thought no more about him, unable long ago to find an excuse for his changed behavior. Opening her suit case, she began to draw out her small wardrobe. The articles seemed peculiarly unfamiliar. She shut it hastily, intently scanning the modest initials, "J. A." on the side. It surely was hers, but how could it be when before her was a vision of fluffy, lace trimmed pink crepe de chine, with a low cut bodice bordered with dainty wild roses; pink silk stockings, a pink fan, a rose spray for the hair and down in one corner a pair of high heeled pink slippers? What hallucination of the brain was this, or was it the triumph of an aggregation of the day's annoyances?

She laughed and cried hysterically. They belonged to somebody else, but she either had to wear them or remain at home. The ample dimensions of Aunt Caroline's dresses forbade any further consideration of them.

Like her prototype, Pandora, when she opened the case she let the witches out. The woman who hesitates meets the proverbial fate. By the aid of pins the waist was adjusted trimly to her more slender figure, the toes of the frivolous slippers were stuffed out with tissue paper, and the balance of the toilet was made to her complete satisfaction.

The hop progressed as all similar affairs do where there is a sprinkling of black coats and pretty girls. Janet, promenading the room on Egerton's arm, recognized a familiar white frock coming toward her. With sickening dread of an impending scene she saw that its wearer was Lilian Royer, and Carrington walked beside her.

"I am afraid there has been some mistake in our suit cases," Miss Royer cried sharply. "I don't see how it could possibly have happened. You must have taken mine—by mistake."

Janet drew herself up ominously, indignant at the insinuation.

"The initials were the same as mine," she explained, with very red cheeks. "To all outward appearance it looked like my suit case. Since I came down here for the dance I had no alternative but to wear this dress or stay at home. It was no fault of mine that the mistake was made, I assure you."

Miss Royer glanced contemptuously at the white dress she wore. "I was forced to wear yours," she said, "not having any other with me. I took my sister's suit case, Mrs. Adams—Julia's. She used mine, for it held more. I am sure you will not object to coming with me now to the dressing room and exchanging."

"Certainly not," Janet said proudly.

There was a frown settling on Carrington's brow. He was conscious of a strong desire to take Janet in his arms and anathematize Miss Royer in forcible terms. But the sting of a broken half promise and forgotten vows held him aloof.

"What a little hypocrite she is!" Miss Royer exclaimed to him as she took her across the floor. "She knew all along it was mine." Carrington made no comment.

Half an hour later, after a solitary smoke in a retired corner of the piazza, he came upon a little white figure crying all alone.

"Janet," he whispered anxiously, bending tenderly over her, "don't cry. Where is that confounded Egerton? He shouldn't leave you here alone."

She raised her head proudly, her tear clouded eyes flashing. "Why always that man?" she cried childishly. "I hate him. I only want to be alone. Please go away."

"You're not engaged to him? You don't like him?" He could hardly accredit what his ears heard. "They told me the day was set and"—

Janet put a soft little hand over his mouth.

"You did not seem to care sufficiently to find out—the truth," she said.

"I was afraid of hearing the death-blow to my own hopes," he answered her. "Janet"—he grasped her hands boldly in his—"tell me now—I want my fate settled at once—can't we go back to that last sweet summer time and start all over again, you and I? Can't we, dear? And we'll let the world know it tonight, so that they will leave us alone hereafter. Will you, Janet?"

The throb of the orchestra drowned the silence. Carrington put his arms around her, and she did not protest against it.

She Was Grateful.

Mr. Brown's business kept him so occupied during the daytime that he had little opportunity to enjoy the society of his own children. When some national holiday gave him a day of leisure his young son was usually his chosen companion. One day, however, Mr. Brown, reproached by the wistful eyes of his seven-year-old daughter, reversed the order of things and invited the little girl to go with him for a long walk.

She was a shy, silent, small person, and during the two hours' stroll not a single word could Mr. Brown induce the little maid to speak, but her shining eyes attested that she appreciated his efforts to amuse her—indeed, she fairly glowed with suppressed happiness.

Just before they reached home, however, the child managed, but only after a tremendous struggle with her inherent timidity, to find words to express her gratitude.

"Papa, what flower do you like best?" she asked.

"Why, I don't know, my dear—sunflowers, I guess."

"Then," cried the little girl, beaming with gratitude, "that's what I'll plant on your grave!"—Woman's Home Companion.

No Green Cheese Moon For Her.

The little girl was on a visit to her grandfather, a clergyman who is celebrated in the city for his logical powers.

"Oh, my! Only think, grandpa, what Uncle Robert says!"

"What does he say, my dear?"

"Why, he says the moon is made of green cheese. It isn't at all, is it?"

"Well, child, suppose you find out yourself."

"How can I, grandpa?"

"Open the Bible on the table and see what it says."

"Where shall I begin?"

"Begin at the beginning."

The child sat down to read the Bible. Before she was half through the second chapter of Genesis and had read about the creation of the stars and animals she turned to her grandfather, her eyes bright with the excitement of discovery, and said:

"I've found it, grandpa. It isn't true, for God made the moon before he made any cows."

MOTHERWELL TOWN SINKING.

Subsiding of Motherwell—Every Building Shows Signs of the Havoc That Is Being Wrought.

The Scottish town of Motherwell was recently the scene of a subsidence not unlike what occurred a few days ago before at Hanley, in Staffordshire. At intervals portions of the town had been sinking, and this has involved loss of property and danger to the residents.

The latest collapse was at the Caledonian Railway station. A porter was wheeling a barrow laden with milk cans along the platform when suddenly his footing gave way beneath him.

The man and his truck sank into a hole several feet in diameter and five or six feet deep. The scared porter was rescued with difficulty, and after a time his barrow was also got out of the chasm.

Owing to the fact that the subsidence was within three yards of the main line between Glasgow and London the incident is regarded with not a little alarm. Arrangements have been made with the officials to make excavation at the earliest possible moment to ascertain the cause of the occurrence and to guard, as far as possible, against a repetition of it.

Express trains pass over the spot at frequent intervals, and the possibility of a serious accident is not one that can be contemplated with equanimity.

Motherwell presents an extraordinary appearance to the newly arrived visitor. House after house is slowly sinking into its foundations. Some of them have swayed over bodily from the perpendicular; others have fallen apart, gable from gable, and collapsed.

The town hall is one of the most conspicuous examples of the havoc that is silently but irresistibly being wrought. Its square tower, seventy feet high, looks like a veritable Tower of Pisa. It leans so much that passers-by walk beneath it with nervous apprehension.

The town hall itself is in a state of dissolution. The building is cracked and contorted, and its walls are marked by gaping apertures.

In the south-west portion of the town there is hardly a building that remains intact. The street kerbstones present a confused variety of angles, and the footpaths rise and fall independently of the contour of the streets.

Hitherto no means have been found for determining whether any site in that portion of the town which is affected is likely to make reliable building land. The place is undermined by a regular network of disused coal workings, which cannot be located above the surface. The erection of new buildings is consequently a matter of speculation in more than the ordinary sense.

The uncertain foundations have a paralyzing effect upon enterprises and industry. It is only a few weeks since the foundation difficulty was overcome in the case of the new power station of the local tramway company.

It was found impossible to set the engines because the levels of the concrete on which they were erected are constantly varying. Operations were suspended for a time, but latterly special measures have been successfully adopted to overcome the difficulty.

Jokes Under the Water.

Fish—I may be a sucker, but I'll not bite on that hook.—Leslie's Weekly

Colonel Lisenby's Romance

By ANGUS BLANTYRE

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

"An old man, Miss Edith, who begins to feel his age," said the colonel.

"But you are not old, Colonel Lisenby. I am sure that few of the young men of today hold themselves as erect as you do, and I am quite sure that I have met few of them who have that graceful, deferential manner of yours in the presence of women. I think you are wrong to say that all romance must be dead for you," said the girl laughingly.

They were sitting on the piazza of a country house on the Hudson. From open windows streamed lights and the buzz of conversation, which showed that the guests were enjoying themselves after the fashion of guests in country houses. Before them and beneath them lay the moonlit expanse of the Hudson, and on the other side they could make out the bold line of the precipitous shore.

Tall, slender and graceful, the youth of the girl's twenty years showed in sharp contrast to the fifty odd years of the handsome, soldierly looking man who stood at her side.

"When you were younger, Miss Edith," said the colonel, "you used to be very fond of having me tell you stories, and I think I will tell you one now if you are sure it will not bore you."

"Please do, colonel. I used to think that there was no one who could tell such delightful stories beginning, 'Once upon a time.'"

"This story begins in the same way, Miss Edith. 'Once upon a time' nearly forty years ago a young man was very much in love with a very beautiful woman. The two lived in a little southern village on the Mississippi river and had been playmates through childhood. It was an understood thing between the families of the two that the boy and girl should be married when they were grown.

"One day a foolish little quarrel came up between the two young people, and it was not made up as soon as it should have been. Perhaps the

"YOU DO ME AN INJUSTICE," SAID THE COLONEL.

man was wrong; at any rate, he was heartily sorry afterward that he did not say he was wrong and make peace in that way.

"Before the quarrel was made up the civil war broke out, and the young man considered it his duty to go to the front in the ranks of the southern army. It was his luck to see a great deal of fighting and to win promotion more than once. At Gettysburg he was badly wounded and captured. For months he lay in a hospital and on his recovery was confined in a northern prison until the end of the war.

"When the war was over, he was released and hurried back to the little village he had lived in. There he found that the woman he loved was dead. Her mother told him that it had been said in the village that he was killed at Gettysburg and that when nothing was heard of him afterward the girl had died of a broken heart.

"If the man could have had his wish, he would have died also, but he was not cowardly enough to resort to suicide, and he lived. He came to New York and sought forgetfulness in the hardest of hard work. Success came to him in ample measure, and, what he valued more, he found in his work something of the forgetfulness he sought.

"Memory of the woman he had loved did not leave him. The man himself in his bitterest moments never wished for that.

"The man, as the old memories became dulled after many years, began to wonder if it was best for him to always live a solitary life. Then he began to wonder if he was not in love with a beautiful young girl whom he knew and then resolved to ask her to marry him. Do you think he did right?"

The girl did not answer for a moment, and then she said in a voice so low and sympathetic that you could almost detect the ring of tears in it:

"I am thinking of the woman who died. I do not believe the man will ever forget her if he loved her as much as you say. I know that if I were to die I would want Jack to love me always, as the man you have told me of loved the woman, and not to think of another woman."

The girl was looking with tear dimmed eyes across the river to where the lights of West Point could be seen on top of the Palisades.

The man's glance followed hers. Neither spoke for a moment, and then, with an effort which he hoped was not visible to the girl, the man said:

"So you are engaged to Jack Carter? I thought I was too old a friend not to have been told of this before?"

"I meant to have told you this evening," said the girl. "Jack says you were so good about getting him appointed to the academy that we have both felt grateful to you. But we neither of us thought that you would be at all interested in a romance."

"You do me an injustice," said the colonel, with a little dry laugh. "I am always interested in romance—for instance, the one which I have been just telling you. I know the man and have taken a great deal of interest in the case. I shall advise him not to propose to the girl. But you must permit me to tell you that I wish you all happiness and that I consider Jack a very lucky fellow."

"They are beginning to dance, colonel. Won't you come in with me?"

"Thanks. I fancy my dancing days are over. I think I will stay here and smoke a cigar."

The girl stepped in through one of the open windows, and the man lit a cigar.

Perhaps it was the moonlight on the water, perhaps it was the old waltz tune which floated out of the windows of the house, perhaps the old memories were brought up so keenly by the story he had told the girl on the piazza. Whatever the cause, the effect was to carry the mind of the man back to another time and another scene.

The Hudson became another river, the Palisades on the farther side became a low, wooded shore. The breeze which came from the river seemed heavy with scent of magnolia. The man who paced slowly up and down the piazza was young again.

At his side there seemed to walk a woman as beautiful and as young as the girl who had just left him. But the beauty of this woman was of the south, and her dress was of the fashion of forty years ago. The measure of forgetfulness which time had granted the man slipped away, and the old keen heartache woke once again to poignant life.

And the man walking with memories and ghosts in the pure, calm moonlight thanked God that the heartache was alive once more.

The Causes of Cynicism.

Cynicism is never a native quality of the mind. It always has its birth in some unhappy experience. The young man finds that the girl who has gathered up for him all the harmony and melody of earth rings hollow at the test, and he drops his lyrical language and becomes cynical of women. The citizen of Boston has naturally grown cynical of newspapers. The candidate for public office who has been definitely retired to private life by being "knifed" at the polls distrusts party politics. A man publishes a novel and thenceforth is cynical of the publishers of novels. Yet these misfortunes have their salutary aspect. The disappointed lover, generalizing bitterly upon the sex, is not always implacable. A cooler judgment tempers and restores his passion, gives it another object and so guides him to a safer if less gusty and emotional love. The citizen of Boston, the betrayed candidate, the blighted young novelist, all have for their condition, even though they know it not, a valuable compensation, for the very event that has brought them to this pass of reasonable cynicism has stirred their indignation—yes, in spite of their seeming inertness, indignation is now smoldering.—Arthur Stanwood Pier in Atlantic.

What Confirmed the Suspicion.

Mary (angrily)—I think you are the biggest fool in town, John. John (mildly) Well, Mary, mother used to tell me that when I was a boy, but I never thought she was right about it until I married you.

More Thrilling.

Ruyter—I'm writing a sequel to my book "How to Live on Five Hundred a Year."

Scribbler—What do you call the sequel?

Ruyter—"How to Get the Five Hundred."

C. H. TARBELL.

High Grade Stoves
and all Kitchen Requirements

SPORTSMENS GOODS
& GENERAL HARDWARE

Tanaka & Son,

DEALERS IN
BRANTFORD,...
....MASSEY-HARRIS,
and other High-grade Wheels.

Wheel and Gun Repairing
NEATLY & PROMPTLY DONE.

Makers of the celebrated
Solar Ray
Acetylene -:- Machines

3rd St., Cumberland

Go to

JOHN McLEODS
FOR FIRST-CLASS
CANDY, FRUITS,
CIGARS & TOBACCOS.

Nanaimo Cigar Factory

SMOKE
ENTERPRISE
CIGARS

BEST :: ON :: EARTH.

Maunfactured by
P GABLE & CO., NANAIMO, B.C.

.. SMOKE ..

"CUBAN BLOSSOM"
A UNION MADE CIGAR
FROM THE—
Cuban Cigar Factory

M. J. BOOTH, Proprietor,
NANAIMO, B.C.

P. STODDART,
DUNSMUIR AVE., Cumberland.

Solid Gold

Ladies Long Chains. Gents Chains
Cuff Links, Collar Buttons,
Lockets, Pearl Brooches,
Bracelets, Tie Pins,
Diamond and other
Precious Stone Rings,
in fact everything in gold jewlry.

P. Stoddart,

Practical Watchmaker, Cumberland.

When in Cumberland

STAY AT THE.....
VENDOME.

☞ ALL CONVENIENCES FOR GUESTS.

THE BAR IS SUPPLIED WITH
Best Liquors and Cigars

R. S. ROBESTSON.

Waverly Hotel

First-Class Accommodation
....at Reasonable Rates...

BEST OF WINES & LIQUORS.

S. SHORE,

PROPRIETOR.

Morrochi Bros,

BAKERS

BREAD, Cakes and Pies delivered daily to any part of City.

FULL STOCK OF - *Groceries*

FRUITS,
Candies,
PIPES, Cigars,
Tobaccos.
AND NOVELTIES AT
Mrs WALKER'
(Whitney Block.)

T. D. McLEAN,

THE PIONEER WATCHMAKER,
JEWELER AND OPTICIAN.

Eyes Tested Free.

You have the money, I have the Goods, now I want the money and you want the Goods so come and see what bargains you can get.

All the Latest MAGAZINES and PAPERS on hand.....

HARNESS

W. WILLARD is prepared to fill any Orders for Fine or Heavy Harness, at short notice.

WILLARD BLOCK, Cumberland.

Union Hotel

SAMUEL C. DAVIS PROPRIETOR

English 4 x BURTON always on tap; also, the famous MILWAUKEE BEERS—Anheuser, Bohemian, Schlitz, &c. "OLD GREY BEARD" SCOTCH WHISKY. Best Wines and Liquors of all kinds.

The Boarding and Lodging Department, under the immediate superintendence of Mrs Davis, will be found First-class in every respect.

RATES, ... $1.00 per day upwards.

The ENGINEERING AND MINING JOURNAL

AND MINING AND METALLURGY — ESTABLISHED 1866.
261 Broadway, New York.

EVERY WEEK, 108 TO 136 PAGES
SUBSCRIPTION, $5.00 A YEAR
(Including U. S., Cana'n or Mex'n postage)

The Engineering and Mining Journal is now in its 37th year. Its 2000th consecutive number will be issued shortly. For a quarter of a century it has been pre-eminently the leading mining periodical, with a world-wide circulation. Editorially the paper is particularly strong and broad-gauge. Subscriptions can begin at any time. *Sample copies free.*
Advertising rates on application.

Campbells' BAKERY.

Fine Selection of CAKES always on hand.
FRESH BREAD every day.
Orders for SPECIAL CAKES promptly attended to.

Dunsmuir Avenue, Cumberland.

WILLIAMS BROS.

Livery Stable

TEAMSTERS AND DRAYMEN
SINGLE AND DOUBLE RIGS
FOR HIRE. ALL ORDERS
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Third St., Cumberland, B.C.

America's Best Repubican Paper.

EDITORIALLY FEARLESS.

News from all parts of the world. Well written, original stories. Answers to queries on all subjects. Articles on Health, the Home, New Books, and on Work About the Farm and Garden. .. ..

The Weekly Inte Ocean

The "Inter Ocean" is a member of the Associated Press and is also the only Western newspaper receiving the entire telegraphic news service of the New York Sun and special cable of the New York World, besides daily reports from over 2,000 special correspondents throughout the country. No pen can tell more fully WHY it is the BEST on earth. ....

52—TWELVE-PAGE PAPERS—52 ☞ ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

Brimful of news from everywhere and a perfect feast of special matter.....

Subscribe for the "Cumberland News," and the "Weekly Inter Ocean," one year, both Papers for $2.00. ☞ Strictly in Advance.

We have made arrangements with the Inter Ocean, by which we are unabled to give our readers the above rare opportunity of getting the recognised best Republican newspaper of the U.S., and the news at the low rate of $2.00 instead of the regular rate of $3 00 for the two. Subscribers availing themselves of this offer must be fully paid up and in advance. Must be for the full 12 months under this offer. ....

THE UNION BAY
BRICK AND TILE YARDS

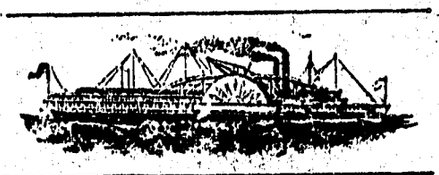
S NAKANO, Proprietor.

Hard-Burned and ordinary Bricks.
Fire Bricks, ... Pressed and Ordinary.
Drain Tiles— ... ... 3in., 4in., and 6in
Fire Backing of all kinds to order.

Yards at Union Bay.

P-OFFICE ADDRESS— CUMBERLAND B.C.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry



S. S. "City of Nanaimo."

Leaves Victoria Tuesday, 6 a.m., for Nanaimo, calling at Musgraves, Vesuvius, Crofton, Kuper, and Thetis Islands first and third Tuesdays of each month; Fulford, Ganges, and Fernwood, remaining Tuesdays in each month.

Leaves Nanaimo Tuesday, 5 p.m., for Comox, connecting with s.s. Joan at Nanaimo.

Leaves Comox Wednesday, 8 a.m., for Nanaimo direct, connecting with train for Victoria

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

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

Leaves Nanaimo Friday, 2 p.m.; first and third Fridays of each month to Ganges, remaining Fridays of each month to Ladysmith.

Leaves Ganges or Ladysmith Saturday, 7 a.m., for Victoria and way ports.

VANCOUVER-NANAIMO ROUTE
S. S "JOAN."

Sails from Nanaimo 7 a.m. daily except Sundays.

Sails from Vancouver after arrival of C. P.R. Train No. 1. daily except Sundays, at 1 p.m.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE
JUNE 1st, 1908.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2—Daily. A.M.		No. 4—Sunday P.M.
De 9.00	Victoria	De 4.00
" 9.28	Coldstream	" 4.28
" 10.24	Koenig's	" 5 24
" 11.00	Duncan's	" 5.55
P.M.		P.M.
" 12.35	Nanaimo	" 7.37
Ar 12.53	Wellington	Ar. 7.52

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1—Daily A.M.		No. 3—Sunday A.M.
De. 8.00	Wellington	De. 4 00
" 8.20	Nanaimo	" 4.15
10.02	Duncan's	" 5.51
" 10.42	Koenig's	" 6 30
" 11.38	Coldstream	" 7.27
Ar 12.06	Victoria	Ar 7.55

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

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

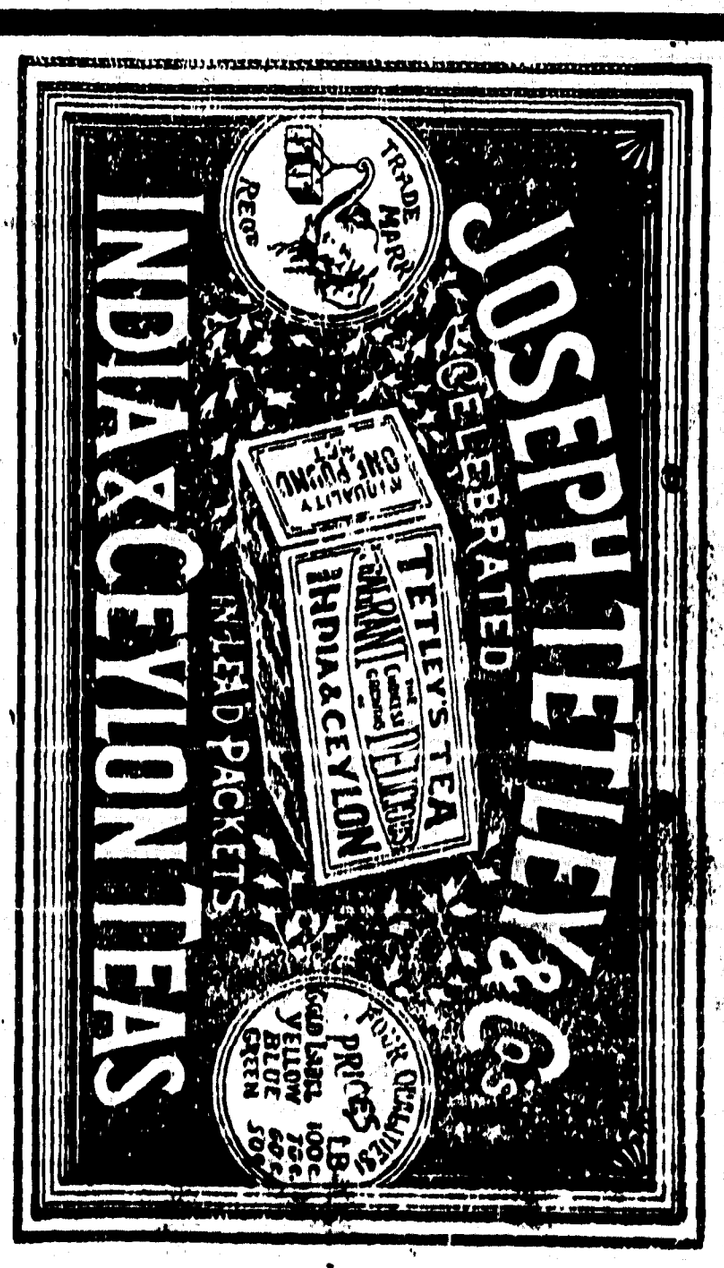
I. O. F.

COURT DOMINO, 8518, meets the [illegible] 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
Issued Every Tuesday.
W. B. ANDERSON, - - - MGR

The columns of THE NEWS are open to all who wish to express therein views o ma:- ters of public interest.

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

TUESDAY, JUNE 14, 1904.

Telegraphic News

Paris, 8th—The foreign office has received advices from the front announcing that Gen. Kuropa k n with his main force is at Liao Yang ready to give a decisive battle.

Tokio, 8th—The commander of the 4th Japanese flotilla who has just returned from the vicini y of P rt Arthur says the Russians lost 2 gun boats which were blown up by the Japanese on Saturday.

Chefoo, 8th—An impression prevails here that a naval battle took place last night in the Gulf of Pechili.

St Petersburg, 8th—Reports of attacks on Port Arthur coming in from the foreign sources arouse the livliest interest here. Government has no means of communication with the fortress. The authorities generally believe that the reported march of events in the f ont of Port Arthur is a little too rapid. T e public are convinced that an important battle is progressing which will decide the war. The outpost engagements between Gens. Kuropatkin and Kuroki have suddenly ceased. Such a lull frequently occurs after two armies h ve been for some time in touch and before they are ready to strike. If Kuroki should now push behind this force across the head of the Liao Tung peninsula Kuropatkin is certain to come down from the north and a decisive battle might occur in the neighborhood of Hai Chung.

St Petersburg, 0th—The admiralty is convinced that either the battleship Yashima or the Shikishima has been l st off Talienwan.

Tokio, 8th—4 Japanese gunboat made a close reconnaissance of Port Arthur at midnight last night for the purpose of examining the entrance and were exposed to a severe cannonade. Gunboat Nov was hit 8 times and sustained severe damage, 1 of the officers was killed and several were wounded.

Cripple Creek, Colo., 7—Martial law was declared in Cripple Creek today. 10,000 people congregated this afternoon to be addressed by the mine-owners. Lynching is freely talked of, and almost every man is a walking arsenal. Wholesale arrests of Union men are to be made. 50 Union miners were deported from the city. Throughout the night squads of militia traveled over the district making arrests until nearly 300 are in jail. The trouble at Cripple Creek, and the disturbances there, are simply an attempt to break up the Union and bring the strike to a close. It is my candid opinion, says vice-president Williams of the W.F. of M., that the citizens allow an organization that has been bitterly opposed to the Union at the bottom of this attempt to break the strike up by violence. Whoever committed the dastardly crime at Independence must be found and punished, and we want to put ourselves on record as helping to bring that about.

72 PIECES OF NEW SHEET MUSIC FREE

Chance to Join a Club That Will Make and Save Money for You.

Everybody should join the Mutual Literary Music Club of America. There is nothing else like it anywhere. It costs almost nothing to join and the benefits it gives are wonderful. It enables you to purchase books and periodicals, music and musical instruments at special cut prices. It secures reduced rates at many hotels. It answers questions free of charge. It offers scholarships and valuable cash prizes to members. It maintains club rooms in many cities for its members. In addition, every member receives the official magazine entitled "Ev'ry Month" a publication in a class by itself, including 6 pieces of high-class vocal and instrumental music (full size) each month without extra charge; 72 pieces in one year in all. YOU CAN GET ALL OF THESE BENEFITS FOR ALMOST NOTHING.

The full yearly membership fee is One Dollar for which you get all above, and you may withdraw any time within three months if you want to do so and get your dollar back. If you don't care to spend $1.00, send 25 cents for three months membership. Nobody can afford to pass this offer by. You will get your money back in value many times over. Full particulars will be sent free of charge, but if you are wise you will send in your request for membership with the proper fee at once. The 25 cts. three months membership offer will soon change. Write at once addressing your letter and enclosing $1.00 for full year's membership or twenty-five cents for three months to

MUTUAL LITERARY MUSIC CLUB
No. 150 Nassau St., N. Y. City.

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain, free, whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Oldest agency for securing patents in America. We have a Washington office. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN,

beautifully illustrated, largest circulation of any scientific journal, weekly, terms $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Specimen copies and HAND BOOK ON PATENTS sent free. Address

Notice.

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

By order
FRANCIS D. LITTLE
Manager.

HENRY'S NURSERIES,
3009 Westminster Road

Thousands of Fruit and Ornamental Trees.

RHODODENDRONS, ROSES, GREENHOUSE AND HARDY PLANTS
Home-Grown and Imported.

Garden, Field & Flower Seeds
(NEW CROP)
NION SETS &c. for Spring Planting.

Eastern Prices or less. White Labor

—FERTILIZERS—

BEE HIVES AND SUPPLIES

CATALOGUE FREE.

M. J. HENRY,
VANCOUVER, B.C

Livery AND Teaming

I am prepared to furnish Stylish Rigs and do Teaming at reasonable rates.

D. KILPATRICK
CUMBERLAND

THE ENGINEERING AND MINING JOURNAL

Now in its 38th Year

The leading mining periodical of the world, with the strongest editorial staff of any technical publication.

Subscription $5.00 a year (including U. S., Canadian, Mexican postage.)

The JOURNAL and PACIFIC COAST MINER together, $6.00.

Sample copies, free. Send for Book Catalogue.

THE ENGINEERING and MINING JOURNAL
261 Broadway, New York

Cumberland Hotel

COR. DUNSMUIR AVENUE AND SECOND STREET, CUMBERLAND B. C.

MRS. J. H. PIKET, Proprietress.

When in Cumberland be sure and stay at the Cumberland Hotel, First-Class Accomodation for transient and permanent boarders.

Sample Rooms and Public Hal Run in Connection with Hotel

Rates from $1.00 to $2.00 per day

Do you intend buying a rifle or pistol? If so, get the best which is a

STEVENS

Rifles range in price from $4.00 to $75.00. For large and small game, also for target practice. Pistols from $2.50 to $20.00.

Send stamp for large catalogue illustrating complete line, brimful of valuable information to sportsmen.

J. STEVENS ARMS AND TOOL CO.
P.O. Box No.
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS., U. S. A.

PATENTS GUARANTEED

Our fee returned if we fail. Any one sending sketch and description of any invention will promptly receive our opinion free concerning the patentability of same. "How to obtain a patent" sent upon request. Patents secured through us advertised for sale at our expense.

Patents taken out through us receive *special notice*, without charge, in THE PATENT RECORD, an illustrated and widely circulated journal, consulted by Manufacturers and Investors.

Send for sample copy FREE. Address,

VICTOR J. EVANS & CO.,
(Patent Attorneys,)
Evans Building, - WASHINGTON, D. C.

r3ut Clubbing Offer

THIS PAPER and the Illustrated Weekly NORTHWEST FARM and HOME published at North Yakima, Wash., with branch offices at Seattle, Wash., Portland Oregon, and Vancouver, B.C., will be sent one year for $2.50. The NORTHWEST FARM and HOME is the third oldest agricultural paper in America. It was established in 1847. All farmers meetings, fairs and market reports are published in full. Every department is replete with matter that is adapted to the local conditions prevailing in the New Northwest. Dairying, Live Stock Breeding, Fruit-growing, Poultry Raising, Book-keeping, The Household Young People's page, The Grange, etc., are among the regular departments. The price of that weekly is $2 a year by itself, but we club our paper and the NORTHWEST FARM and HOME for $2.50 a year.

This is the most comprehensive Farm and Horticultural paper it has been our fortune to receive. It is of inestimable value to the Farmer, Stockraiser, Orchardist, Beekeeper and others.... ... .

Printing
Printing
Printing

OF EVERY CLASS AND DESCRIPTION
At LOWEST RATES.

CIRCULARS.
NOTICES
BILL-HEADS
LETTER-HEADS
MEMORANDUMS
ENVELOPES
BUSINESS CARDS
LABELS & BAGS
BILLS OF FARE
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CONCERT PROGRAMMES
BALL PROGRAMMES
DISPLAY BILLS
POSTERS
CONCERT TICKETS
BALL TICKETS
MENUS
RECEIPT FORMS
ABSTRACT OF ACCOUNTS
ETC., ETC., ETC.

ORDERS EXECUTED WITHOUT DELAY.

Death Intimations
Funeral Invitations
Memoriam Cards

ON SHORTEST NOTICE.

K&K K&K K&K K&K K&K K&K

THE OLD FOGY DOCTOR

FAMILY Doctors are all right as general practitioners, but they are not specialists. The sexual organs comprise the most intricate and important system in the human body and require the most skillful treatment. You might as well expect a blacksmith to repair your watch, as a family physician to cure Sexual complaints. We have made a specialty of these diseases for over 30 years, have invested tens of thousands of dollars and have every facility known to medical science to cure them. Every case is taken with a positive guarantee of No Cure—No Pay.

BLOOD POISON—Whether inherited or acquired, is positively cured forever. The virus is eliminated from the system so no danger of return. Hundreds of cases cured by us 25 years ago and no return; best evidence of a cure.

NERVOUS DEBILITY—and other complications, such as emissions, drains in the urine, varicocele, sexual weakness, etc., are cured by our New Method Treatment under a positive guarantee—NO CURE—NO PAY.

WE CURE ALL DISEASES OF MEN AND WOMEN.

Consultation Free. Books Free. Write for question blank for private Home Treatment. Everything confidential.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN,
148 SHELBY STREET. DETROIT, MICH.

K&K K&K K&K K&K K&K K&K

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.
Cures Grip in Two Days.
Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months.
This signature, E. W. Grove on every box. 25c.

It will Pay you

TO ADVERTISE IN THE

"NEWS,"

The most Northerly Paper published on the Island.

Subscription, - - $2.00 per an

DUNSMUIR AVE., CUMBERLAND, B.C

OFFICE HOURS:—8 a.m. till 5 p.m.; Saturdays, 8 to 12.

A LOST WIFE

A NOVEL.

BY MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON,

Author of "Worth Winning," Etc.

This being a reasonable, if not an original, solution of the situation, appeared to find favor in the minds of the bystanders; there was a murmur of assent among the crowd, The cabman, a rough and brutal-looking specimen of his class, instantly took up the popular cry.

"Yes, that's what it is, she's drunk! She's led me a pretty dance up to Regent's Park Barracks,"—there was a grin at this—"then into the City, then back again here, and then tells me at the end she can't pay me 'cos she's lost her purse, and won't tell me her address neither, for me to take her there and get paid."

I don't know why, but at this description of the circuitous route along which the unhappy cabman had been dragged by his fare I pressed in closer, and looked and listened more attentively. I observed that we stood right in front of the Army and Navy Club.

Something in the slight weeping figure struck me as familiar. Surely I had seen her before.

Suddenly she lifted her face, pale and tear-stained.

"Man," she said, solemnly addressing the cabman, "have you no heart at all? I would pay you if I could, but if I haven't the money, why can't you be charitable for once, and let me off? It won't hurt you in the next world to have done a kind action. And I tell you I am very unhappy and very unfortunate. I have lost my purse, and everything—everything!" she added, gloomily.

Imagine what effect such a tragical appeal was likely to have on the typical London "cabby," defrauded of his fare!

But help was at hand for her, for I had recognized her. The pale, sorrowful-faced, dark-eyed little woman who had taken refuge at Slopperton in a thunder-shower, and had given me such a piteous insight into her broken-hearted life. It was she.

"Here," I cried out, addressing the policeman, "I know this lady; it is all right; I will pay the cabman."

In an instant way was made for me; the policeman touched his hat civilly, and "cabby," seeing that his hour for triumph was come, instantly demanded ten-and-six.

It was probably nearly twice as much as he was lawfully entitled to, but I was not inclined for further wrangling—a fact doubtless upon which he had counted. I paid him without a word, and tucking the little trembling woman's arm under my own, I led her away rapidly out of the crowd down a side street.

We had walked a hundred yards or more before either of us spoke; then suddenly she glanced shyly up into my face.

"I remember you; you are Miss Clifford, and I took shelter in your house in a shower of rain about four months ago."

"Yes," I answered, "I remember it perfectly; that is why I came forward to-day to help you. I am glad I happened to be passing. How came you to lose your purse?"

"Dropped it, I suppose," she answered, carelessly, as though the fact were not worth consideration; and then she suddenly stopped short and caught my hands. "Are you a happy woman?" she asked me, with a sudden eagerness.

"Not very, I fear," I answered, smiling a little at so strange and unexpected a question.

"Well, then, never mind; you will be some day. Doesn't it say in the Bible that 'those who care for the friendless and the stranger are blessed?' Well, you have cared for the stranger, and I tell you God will make you happy some day. But as for that cabman, he will be cursed—cursed!" she repeated, furiously, clenched her fists; then seeing that I looked slightly shocked at the strength and bitterness of her malediction, she added lightly: "Ah, I believe in my Bible, I do! You good people don't read it so much as I do, or you would know better; it always comes true, the Bible does."

We walked on again. I began to be puzzled by my strange companion.

"Why were you crying?" I asked her. "Was it because you lost your purse?"

"Purse? What does a purse matter? Oh, no; it was only because I am foiled again, and the man frightened me so, and I cried."

"Why did you not let him drive you home, and pay him then?" I asked.

"What! for Barbara to find out that I had gone out in a cab by myself? No thank you! As it is, I expect she will guess I have been out, and shan't I be scolded! But I shan't say where I have been, and you will never tell of me, I know."

"Who is Barbara?" I asked.

"Oh, don't you know? She is my sister."

"No; you forget I don't even know her name. Won't you tell it me?"

She looked up at me slyly, almost cunningly, and was silent a minute before she answered in these strange words:

"I shall not tell you more than Barbara would. After all, you are only a stranger, though I like you. My name? Oh, yes, my name is Ellinor Fairbank—Ellinor, that is what I am called."

We had reached by this time a quiet street north of Oxford street. Here she turned round to bid me good-bye.

"Don't come any further; this is our street, where we have lodgings, at least, for a week. Barbara, you know, has gone to Shoolbred's shopping, or I could not have got out. I promised her I wouldn't move; if she is in she will scold me finely."

She gave me her hand, and I wished her good-bye; then suddenly she turned back, and running up to me, whispered in my ear:

"You shall hear more of me soon—very soon."

CHAPTER XXII.

"If this should meet the eye of the lady who, on Tuesday morning last, paid a cab fare to a young lady who had lost her purse, and walked home with her afterwards, she is earnestly requested to meet a relative of the young lady whom she assisted, between twelve to half-past twelve o'clock any morning this week, in front of St. Marylebone Church."

This was the advertisement which I had stumbled across in the "agony column" of The Times about two days after my adventure with Ellinor Fairbank.

Behold me, therefore, at twelve o'clock one cold winter morning, pacing up and down the short space in the Marylebone Road which is opposite the church. I was telling myself that I was rather a fool for my pains for coming there. The "relative" meant, of course, Sister Barbara, and if she was to turn out as queer and eccentric a being as her sister, I might possibly be amused, but I could scarcely be benefited by the interview. Besides, what could she possibly want with me? It was probably only a laudable desire on her part to repay me the ten shillings and sixpence which I had expended in her sister's service, but poor as I was, I did not wish to be repaid; it was a pleasure to me to have done my little deed of charity towards one even more miserable, apparently, than myself, and I had no wish to be paid by the sensitive pride of her relatives.

Ten minutes past twelve and no signs of anybody who looked likely to be my unknown friend. I glanced up at the clock, and was mentally determining to give up my wild-goose chase and go home, when a voice close beside me suddenly addressed me:

"I think you must be Miss Clifford?" I turned sharply round, and found myself face to face with a short, dark-eyed woman, of about five-and-forty. She was simply but handsomely dressed in black, and had small pointed features, and a shrewd, and clever, but somewhat stern face.

"Yes, my name is Clifford, and you are Miss Fairbank?"

"Yes, Barbara Fairbank. Will you mind coming in here, and talking to me?" She turned in at the gate of the church, and we began walking up and down the space which is inclosed by the iron railings in front of it.

"I have to thank you for your very great kindness to my poor young sister."

"Now for the ten-and-six!" I said to myself; but no! to my intense relief, she turned the subject instantly.

"Ellinor tells me that she met you once before; she has taken the most extraordinary fancy to you, Miss Clifford." She looked up at me and smiled, and all at once I felt that I liked Barbara Fairbank, and that she was a person one could trust.

"She told you, then," I asked, in some surprise—"she told you, that she had been out by herself?"

"Oh! yes, poor child. I am afraid I don't know how to manage her very well; she is afraid of me, I fear. But still she never can hide anything from me; besides, I was in when she came back, and of course terribly anxious as to where she was. And now, Miss Clifford, I must tell you why I have advertised for you, and dragged you out here to meet me. Of course you must have noticed that my poor sister is strange—slightly deranged in her mind?"

"Oh! no, not that!" I cried. "No one could think that—she is only eccentric."

"Thanks; it is kind of you to say that. And indeed upon most subjects—on all save one in fact—she is as sane as you or I. There is no insanity in my family; but, poor girl, she has had a sad trouble in her early life. A terrible story it is, to which I will not do more than allude. There was a man, who deceived her cruelly, and it is her mania to be always seeking for this man. I trust and pray," she added fervently, "that he is dead; but if not, I pray that she may never meet him again; it would be a terrible calamity for her were she to do so. But whenever she can slip off by herself, on some wild-goose chase of her own fancy, to hunt for some trace of this wretched man, she always does, and it is wonderful how she manages to elude me! She was away the whole day once, the time you saw her in the country. You may imagine my state of mind, for of course, poor child, with these delusions it is not right or safe for her to go about alone. I was nearly distracted on that occasion. And this brings me to what I want to say to you, Miss Clifford. You will understand that it is quite impossible for me to be always wit her. We live in the country, in a little house which an uncle has lately left to me. I have a hundred duties to attend to, my household cares, my poor people, and at times I have even to be away, for I have a brother with a large family, who often claims my time, and services. A maiden aunt, you know"—with a pleasant smile—"has so many calls upon her. Well, during these absences it is not safe to leave Ellinor alone. Her health, too, is most precarious; and I have never met with a servant yet who understood how to manage her. The real object of my being in town just now is to find some young lady to live with us—a regular companion for her, in fact. I have utterly failed in finding any one suitable for so difficult a position; and, what I want to ask of you, Miss Clifford, is, whether you will come and pay us a visit whilst I am looking out for this companion?"

A sudden rush of hope and delight filled my heart. Here at once was employment, and work, and independence, fallen as it were from the heavens into my path!

When Miss Fairbank stopped short, and took hold of my hand in the earnestness of her appeal to me, and in evident anxiety for my answer, I replied joyfully:

"No, Miss Fairbank, I cannot come as your visitor; but should I do for the companion you are looking out for?"

"You, Miss Clifford? But I thought, I understood——"

"You evidently do not know of my—present—circumstances, Miss Fairbank. I have lost my father; I am poor, and dependent only upon charity, until I can find a situation in which to earn my living. I am not suited to be a governess; I hate the idea of it; and I can get nothing to do. If your sister likes me, and you think I should so, I should be very glad to come to you."

Miss Barbara wrung my hands in gratitude and delight, and in a very few minutes my engagement was a settled thing. The terms she offered me were liberal, far more so than any I had yet been offered. I was to have eighty pounds a year, and apparently my duties were to be of the very lightest description. I was never to let Ellinor out of my sight, if her sister was not there, that was all.

"She is so romantically smitten with you already, Miss Clifford, that there is nothing for you to do in gaining her affection. All I shall ask of you is to try and treat her as if she was any other young lady of your acquaintance, and not to encourage her to talk about the past. The less she remembers it, and dwells upon it, the better she invariably is in mind and in body. I hope you do not mind a very quiet life; we can offer you no gayeties at Kaneton Sears."

"Gayety is the last thing I wish for, even if I were not in mourning for my father. I suppose by the name, that your house is in the north?"

"Yes, it is on the borders of Yorkshire and Lancashire; it is a very quiet place indeed," with some hesitation. "I think I ought not to conceal from you that many people might call it a desolate place; it is out of the world, on a little branch line, and is six miles from the station. I think," she said, smiling, "if you wished to hide yourself from any of your friends or enemies, that nobody would ever succeed in finding you at Kaneton Sears."

To hide myself! was not that exactly what I wished to do? How nearly this woman had unwittingly touched upon what must be the very mainspring of my existence henceforth. To hide myself forever from my lover, who was mine no longer—to hide myself, lest he should ever see me again, and be tempted in some moment of weakness to forget that impassable barrier which stood between us. For, God forgive me! I might be weak, too! No, that was best for both of us, that I should hide myself.

"That will suit me very well," I answered, gravely, as I gave Miss Barbara my hand in farewell.

The next day, according to her own wish, she called upon Aunt Selina, in Russell Square, and explained to her that she had engaged my services as companion to her younger sister, who was in delicate health and had weak nerves.

Aunt Selina was no doubt glad to get me off her hands; nevertheless she was somewhat offended at the idea of my taking a salaried situation. She considered it derogatory to her own dignity that her niece should earn her living.

"It is an absurd folly altogether," she said, to Miss Fairbank. "My niece has no occasion to go out as a companion at all, she might if she chose marry one of the richest men in England."

"Aunt Selina, pray do not say such things," I exclaimed, with an indignant flush; while Miss Fairbank looked distressed.

"It's quite true, Freda, and you know it is. She threw him over at the last, poor fellow, in the most heartless way, just a week before the wedding, Miss Fairbank, I assure you. And all the breakfast was ordered, and my dress was made, and all, such a lovely peach color! Of course her poor father died, but then it might have been put off for a few months, and she might be setting her wedding-day now instead of talking of going out as a companion!"

"I have no doubt that Miss Clifford had very good reasons for acting as she did," said Miss Barbara politely.

"Oh; I don't know about the reasons. I don't much think there was any reason at all in the matter, or sense either; a man with ten thousand a year, I assure you!"

"There are other things in life more important than money," said Miss Barbara, looking at me kindly.

"Are there? Well, I don't know. I never found anything better, and I have lived a good many years. However, perhaps you and Freda agree upon that subject. I don't deny that she is a good girl in her way, though she has made a most unfortunate mistake; and I am sure I hope you may find her a comfort to your poor sister. Consumptive, I think you said, she was? Oh, yes, I will give my consent to her going, and I will send her next week. Good-morning, Miss Fairbank, I am pleased to have seen you."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Miss Barbara Fairbank was quite right when she called Kaneton Sears a "desolate place." As I drove up to it on the afternoon of my arrival, I thought it was, without exception, the most desolate and out-of-the-world place I had ever seen. There was not a house, nor even a tree, within two miles of it; not a hedge, nor a cultivated field, nothing but miles and miles of wild round-topped moors, dotted over sparsely with flocks of little black-faced north-country sheep, and cut up at intervals by swift rocky-bedded becks, that came tumbling down noisily from the hills on every side. There was nothing else to be seen in any direction—it was like the end of the world.

The house stood in about five or six acres of ground, and was entirely surrounded by a high gray stone wall, covered with lichens, and now withered ferns. It had been a convent in olden times, and was a weather-beaten and picturesque building, with a ruined chapel at one end of it. It stood low in a hollow of the hills, and had a melancholy and to a certain extent a prison-like appearance.

Within the surrounding walls were a pretty well-kept lawn and shrubbery, and a conservatory, evidently but newly built, substantial modern outhouses, a good kitchen garden, and a fair-sized field, or orchard, where in the summer time a couple of cows were to be seen. So that it was evident that everything that was possible had been done to make the house pleasant and homelike. Still, with all, it was a gloomy place. Inside, the house was prettily and comfortably furnished; and in a very few days I felt myself perfectly at home in it.

The two Miss Fairbanks welcomed me joyfully. Ellinor could not make enough of me; she was evidently delighted to have me, and seemed never tired of sitting talking to me in her own queer peculiar way.

She spent a curious life; she never occupied herself in needlework, nor wrote letters, nor played the piano. She read no books except the Bible, but that was almost invariably open upon her knees, even if she were not reading it; and she would bring its words and precepts into her daily life in an extraordinary way. She took long walks every day, in which I was her only companion; and when I had been up to the tops of all the surrounding moors, and had seen the wonderful lights and shadows among them, and had watched the crimson winter sunsets from their summits, I no longer thought the country ugly and uninteresting, but learnt to see a loveliness of its own in its wild and desolate features. Miss Barbara meanwhile, relieved by my presence from her constant attendance upon her sister, drove off almost daily by herself in a little basket pony-carriage to visit her "poor people" in the nearest village, about four miles off. She generally went laden with good things for the old and sick, which I helped her to pack into the little carriage. We received no visitors, and we never went to church; indeed there was no church to go to within six miles, and, moreover, Miss Barbara told me privately that the excitement of seeing strange faces would be very bad for Ellinor. Every Sunday Miss Barbara assembled her household, and, spectacles on nose, read the Morning Service to us, followed by a short sermon, which I have reason to suspect was her own composition. And very good sermons they were too. And once now and then the clergyman drove over in his high-wheeled gig, and paid us a pastoral visit, staying to our midday dinner, and bringing a little whiff of the outer world and its doings into our quiet lives.

It would be impossible to imagine a quieter life, and yet I was not in the least dull. For, to begin with, I became deeply interested in my charge, and intensely curious to fathom the mystery of her early life. Miss Barbara had never told me any more about the sad story which had wrecked her younger sister's life than she had told me the first day I met her in front of St. Marylebone Church; and as she had impressed upon me to discourage any conversation concerning her past life in Ellinor herself, I was naturally anxious to fulfil her wishes in this respect. Nevertheless, in spite of my utmost endeavors to the contrary, Ellinor would at times perpetually refer to her past history, and would not consent to be silenced, and I could not help learning something of it from what she let fall.

One day she said to me, whilst we were out walking:

"Do you remember that I had a wedding-ring on the first time you saw me?"

"Yes," I answered, shortly. "I remember it."

She was silent for a few minutes.

"Why don't you ask questions?" she said at last. "You don't seem very inquisitive, but I know why. Barbara has told you not to let me talk, but I want to talk of myself to you because I like you."

"You had much better not, dear," I answered soothingly, for her face had suddenly flushed, and there was a gleam of excitement in her eyes.

"Don't be afraid," she said, laughing. "I shall not hurt you." Then with a sudden change of manner, she caught hold of my wrist, and said hurriedly: "When we go in, I will show you that ring. I keep it locked up, because Barbara won't let me wear it; when I can get away by myself I wear it, for it is mine, I have a right to it; you mayn't believe me, Freda Clifford, but it is as true as you and I stand here, that I am a married woman!"

She was evidently dreadfully excited; her hands trembled as she grasped me, and her voice was husky with emotion. We were a long way from home; I grew frightened lest she should have a sudden attack of illness out here on the moor where I could not have got any help. I did not dare to let her go on talking upon these dangerous topics. I called her attention to a flock of startlings that came whirling by over our heads; like a child, she was instantly distracted from her previous train of thought; she looked up at the birds, but made no remark, only when I suggested that it was getting late and cold, and that we had better hurry home, she placed her arm within mine in silence, and let me lead her home passively.

That evening she had an attack of illness, the first since my arrival. She passed out of one fainting fit into another for nearly two hours, and afterwards was so prostrated and exhausted that she had to be got to bed as quickly as possible.

Miss Barbara always came into my room for a little talk after her sister had gone to bed.

That evening, when she came in for her usual visit, she said at once:

"Can you account for this attack, Freda? She never is so ill as this, unless there has been some previous excitement of mind."

"Yes, Miss Barbara, I think I ought to tell you that Ellinor told me this afternoon that she was married."

"Ah!" Then she was silent for a few minutes. "That was quite enough to account for it," she said. "It is a dreadful delusion, is it not? The fact is the poor child really believes it. I think I had better tell you that she was tricked into a sham marriage by a scoundrel who deserted her. Was I not right to take her away, lest she should fall into his power again?"

Some memory of another story I had heard not so long ago flashed for a moment into my mind. But it was instantly dispelled by Miss Barbara's next words.

"The man's name was Thorne, John Thorne, an unprincipled wretch. He thought to make a victim of my poor child, but I saved her. It is bad enough that her life and her health have been wrecked by him; he has not at all events been able to pollute her soul. That, thank God! is as pure as when my dying mother gave her as a sacred legacy into my care. It is a dreadful story my dear Freda—a story of shame and misery; but it is best perhaps that you should know something of it."

"And do you not think that what she says may possibly be true, and that he did really marry her?" I ventured to ask.

Miss Barbara shook her head.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Blocking Him.

Carrie—I'm sure you misjudge Mr. Sweetser, papa. He is a man of great ambitions. You should hear him tell of the things he is going to do. Carrie's Papa—And I suppose I'm one of 'em, but I'll reckon he'll find it harder to accomplish than he fancies it is.

A Use For Macaroni.

A servant girl was once given some macaroni by her mistress to prepare for the table. Noticing the girl's surprise, the lady asked:

"Didn't you cook macaroni at your last place?"

"Cook it? We used them things to light the gas with!"

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

A NEW VERSION.

A soldier of the Russians
Lay jammed at Tschrtzvkjskivitch,
There was a lack of woman's nursing
And other comforts which
Might add to his last moments
And soothe the final way;
But a comrade stood beside him
To hear what he might say.
The Japanned Russian faltered
As he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see
My own, my native land;
Take a message and a token,
To some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Smnixzrskqrxzski,
Fair Smnixzrskqzski on the Irktvzkimnov."

He who has an eye to the fleece has no heart for the flock.

Those Boston Girls.

Kitty—For the land's sake, what have you been doing with your finger?

Bessie—Harry Sweetser's coming to see me this evening. Two weeks ago he said he thought every woman ought to know how to sew. For a day or two I've been pricking my left forefinger with a needle. One never knows, you know, what might happen at any time.—Boston Transcript.

What He Wanted.

"A tall bride is the best looking, don't you think?"

"Well," replied the titled Englishman who had caught on to a little American slang, "so far as I am personally concerned I certainly am not looking for one who is 'short.'"

Rossway, Jan. 28, 1901.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs,—This fall I got thrown on a fence and hurt my chest very bad so I could not work and it hurt me to breathe. I tried all kinds of Liniments and they did me no good. One bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT warmed on flannels and applied on my breast cured me completely.

C. H. COSSEBOOM.

Rossway, Digby Co., N.S.

Blankets were first made by Blanket Brothers at Bristol about the middle of the thirteenth century.

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

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

Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Port Arthur has the cat-like characteristic of landing on its feet when it falls.

Faith cannot be fed on furniture.

Awful Experience with Heart Disease.—Mr. L. J. Law, Toronto, Can., writes: "I was so sorely troubled with heart disease that I was unable for 18 months to lie down in bed lest I smother. After taking one dose of Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure, I retired and slept soundly. I used one bottle and the trouble has not returned."—99

The chin music of the politician now floats out on the balmy atmosphere.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

When the Russians get to the Yalu, they will cry to the Japs, "We're Wiju."

The Grecian Bend is said to be coming. If you don't know what G. B. is, ask any of the old timers.

Ayer's

Impure blood always shows somewhere. If the skin, then boils, pimples, rashes. If the nerves, then neuralgia, nervousness, depression. If the

Sarsaparilla

stomach, then dyspepsia, biliousness, loss of appetite. Your doctor knows the remedy, used for 60 years.

"Returning from the Cuban war, I was a perfect wreck. My blood was bad, and my health was gone. But a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla completely cured me."
H. C. DOHLMAN, Scranton, Pa.

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

for Impure Blood

Aid the Sarsaparilla by keeping the bowels regular with Ayer's Pills.

SHAKE OFF THAT SPRING FEELING

Dodd's Kidney Pills Will Do It Naturally and Well.

Cause and Cure of the "Tired Feeling That is Epidemic at This Season of the Year.

The spring is here. You can feel it in every part of your body. Your clothes are too heavy and though you are not sick, you are too tired to walk, too tired to work, yes, even too tired to eat.

It's that "spring feeling."

Do you know the cause of it? No, all you want to know is how to get rid of it. Well, the explanation and the cure are alike simple.

In the winter you "get used" to the cold, you think. As a matter of fact it is the body that gets prepared. It puts on a fortification of extra tissue that keeps the cold out. In the spring time this tissue is thrown off by the body and if the system is all in good working order, the blood carries away the cast-off tissue, which is in turn filtered out of the blood by the Kidneys, and expelled from the body.

This means extra work for the Kidneys, and if they are at all tired or worn they fail in their work. The result is clogged circulation and that tired spring feeling.

The cure is to tone up the Kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills. Dodd's Kidney Pills make healthy Kidneys. Healthy Kidneys quickly cleanse the blood of all impurities and the "spring feeling" is replaced with a vigor of body and buoyancy of spirit that makes work a pleasure.

Judge Phelan, of Detroit, ordered an attorney to jail for abusing a witness, suspending sentence only when an apology was made. The late Judge Gresham and others were noted for their stern handling of attorneys who abused witnesses in court. The people owe such judges a vote of thanks.

IT WILL PROLONG LIFE.—De Soto, the Spaniard, lost his life in the wilds of Florida, whither he went for the purpose of discovering the legendary "Fountain of perpetual youth," said to exist in that then unknown country. While Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will not perpetuate youth, it will remove the bodily pains which make the young old before their time and harass the aged into untimely graves.

The ship is lost when the cargo gets out of the hold into the captain's heart.

The preaching that meets human needs will never need to drum up a meeting.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Missouri boodlers would certainly be justified in gnashing their teeth. There is said to be a surplus of $3,000,000 in the state treasury.

The best preparation for death is the perfecting of life.

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

Doubt should be but the vestibule to decision.

Happiness is simply a stray chunk of heaven.

Has Many Climates.

Perhaps no portion of the world of the same area is better favored than New South Wales, with its varied climates and soils, for the production of fruits, vegetables and flowers. It is really surprising how great a variety can be grown to perfection, and at a minimum expenditure of labor. Exotics from cold, temperate, and even tropical countries thrive equally well within the limits of this comparatively small area; and still more remarkable is the fact that so many of these plants from different climates will grow side by side in many favored localities. With all the advantages it seems strange that comparatively little attention should be devoted to the raising of vegetables for home use, or the cultivation of flowering and ornamental plants for the adornment of the homes of the settlers in the country districts.

Beggars in China.

The beggars of China have a regular system of blackmail. Every town has a band of them, with a "king." The "king" goes about among the merchants and others collecting tribute, in return for which he gives a signed document insuring them against all annoyance for a certain length of time.

Teeth.

How strange it is that you tell a horse's age by the horse's teeth, but a chicken's age by your own!

Not to Be Blamed.

He—A self made man is common enough, but we never hear of a self made woman. She—Considering the kind of article the men who are in the self making business turn out, you can hardly blame the women for not taking 'em.

ESCHOL SELLERS.

The Original of the Hero of Mark Twain's "Gilded Age."

The real name of the hero of "The Gilded Age" was Eschol Sellers, and he was an inventor and an active promoter very well known in the early days of the new west. His father was one of the first locomotive builders in the United States, with works at Philadelphia. Eschol Sellers and Charles Dudley Warner occupied adjoining houses some years before "The Gilded Age" was written. Sellers at that time was developing a coal field near Shawneetown, Ill., at what was then and is still known as Sellers' Landing. He was also inventing a process afterward largely used in making paper out of Indian weed pulp. He was also experimenting with the camel back engine. Notwithstanding the fact that Sellers' enterprises were destined all to be successful, Charles Dudley Warner conceived the idea that he was a typical visionary dreamer. He therefore suggested the name of Eschol Sellers for the hero of "The Gilded Age," and Mark Twain used the name, believing it to be fictitious. One of the first copies of the book happened to be seen by Eschol Sellers, who went at once to Hartford and enjoined the publication. A compromise was effected by which the publishers paid Sellers $5,000 for damages and cut all of the plates, removing the name Eschol and substituting that of Mulberry. Eschol Sellers died at a very advanced age at his pleasant home on Missionary ridge, near Chattanooga.

DOING ONE'S BEST.

It Is a Good Character Forming Habit to Cultivate.

This habit of always doing one's best enters into the very marrow of one's heart and character. It affects one's bearing, one's self possession. The man who does everything to a finish has a feeling of serenity. He is not easily thrown off his balance. He has nothing to fear, and he can look the world in the face because he feels conscious that he has not put shoddy into anything, that he has had nothing to do with shams and that he has always done his level best. The sense of efficiency, of being master of one's craft, of being equal to any emergency, the consciousness of possessing the ability to do with superiority whatever one undertakes, will give soul satisfaction which a half hearted, slipshod worker never knows.

When a man feels throbbing within him the power to do what he undertakes as well as it can possibly be done, and all his faculties say "Amen" to what he is doing and give their unqualified approval to his efforts—this is happiness, this is success. This buoyant sense of power spurs the faculties to their fullest development. It unfolds the mental, the moral and the physical forces, and this very growth, the consciousness of an expanding mentality and of a broadening horizon, gives an added satisfaction beyond the power of words to describe. It is a realization of nobility, the divinity of the mind.—Success.

A Crooked Spire.

The most curious spire in England is at Chesterfield, the leaning tower of Pisa not being more interesting to sightseers than the queer kink in a respectable church, which tradition says was caused by the devil kicking out as he passed the spire. The devil had just had his hoofs shod by a local blacksmith, and his pain was so intense the edifice was shaken out of shape. Another and wittier legend says the spire was bowing to a lovely and virtuous bride. Many noted persons have in years gone visited Rowsley and quaint Peacock inn and thence traveled to Chesterfield to gaze on this freak of nature, for natural causes are supposed to have bent the spire rather than an irritable devil whose hoofs were not shod to please him.

Imitating Color Blindness.

One can sometimes imitate the effects of color blindness through overfatigue of the eye. Thus Mr. Brett, the English painter, told the members of the Royal Astronomical society that in painting a scarlet geranium, after working at it for a quarter of an hour the artist will not know that it is scarlet at all, but will go on painting it as if it were black or colorless. "Red," he explained, "is a very irritant color to the retina," and he added that "you can look at green until all is blue."

Poker Was Once "Scharwenzel."

Germans claim that poker is an old German game, which for more than 100 years has been played and is still being played in some districts of Westphalia. Emigrants took it to the United States, and there its name of "scharwenzel" was changed into "poker."—London Express.

Another Interpretation.

Miss Budd—Didn't I overhear Mr. Phalter remark to you that I was "a pretty young lady?" Miss Chellus—Yes, and you really are pretty young, you know, but you'll outgrow that, of course.

To Build Robust Health

start at the foundation of life and health. Assist your organs to do their work properly. Food and drink cannot nourish if your liver is not working right. Dyspepsia and Indigestion follow if your digestive organs are out of order. Constipation cannot exist if your bowels are free. A short course of Beecham's Pills will soon put you right and an occasional one will keep you so.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

will do more to build up robust health and maintain it than any other medicine. They have done this, and are continually doing it for thousands all over the world. If you start now and take BEECHAM'S PILLS occasionally you will certainly benefit to a remarkable degree.

Prepared only by the Proprietor, THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, England.
Sold Everywhere in Canada and U. S. America.
In boxes, 25 cents.

CHAMBERLAIN

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

MADE BY J. M. FORTIER LTD., MONTREAL

Berlin is now the healthiest city in Europe, with an annual mortality of 16.1 per thousand. In London the mortality is 18.6, in Paris 18.4, in Vienna 19.4, in Rome 21.9.

Sermons would be shorter if they had to be practiced before they were preached.

Doctor, feeling Sandy's pulse in bed—"What do you drink?" Sandy, with brightening face—"Oh, I'm no particular, doctor! Onything ye've got wi' ye."

Handcuffs do not make honesty

Too much of the milk of human kindness savors of the pump.

The Manchester restaurants are suffering from the tramways. Persons who work in the city are now able to reach their homes in the middle of the day expeditiously and at a small cost.

Wash greasy dishes, pots or pans with Lever's Dry Soap—a powder. It will remove the grease with the greatest ease. 36

The managers of the St. Louis Fair have spent about seventeen million dollars up to date, much of which will never come back.

What shrunk your woolens? Why did holes wear so soon? You used common soap.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar.

B & C

LONG HIP
A POPULAR CORSET FOR 1904
STYLE
253

NO BRASS EYELETS

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

Dr. Mary Walker recently improvised a tourniquet with a handkerchief, stopped the flow of blood, and saved the life of a glazier in Washington who had cut an artery. They are both still single.

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. 311

WANTED

Girl to assist with children and housework, in Winnipeg. Good home for faithful, trustworty and willing person. Wages $10.00 per month.

Apply P.O. Box 766, Winnipeg, Man.

The Russian minister of finance has offered a prize of $25,750 to the person or persons who will invent some way of making alcohol undrinkable. Here is a chance for a cold water chemist.

A SOUND STOMACH MEANS A CLEAR HEAD.—The high pressure of a nervous life which business men of the present day are constrained to live makes draughts upon their vitality highly detrimental to their health. It is only by the most careful treatment that they are able to keep themselves alert and active in their various callings; many of them know the value of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills in regulating the stomach and consequently keeping the head clear.

No man is ready for his work until he has learned to wait.

Heaven has no smiles for the man who never smiles on men.

MILD IN THEIR ACTION.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are very mild in their action. They do not cause griping in the [illegible] as so many pills do. Therefore, the most delicate can take them without fear of unpleasant results. They can, too, be administered to children without imposing the penalties which follow the use of pills not so carefully prepared.

The [illegible] position the more dogmatic his opinion.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Conversion is a starting point and not a terminus in true religion.

The kind-hearted have no trouble in finding a purse that does not wear out.

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

W. B. Anderson, Mgr.

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

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

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

In the Victoria Times of the 7th, we read that the arrest of T B Hall was "quietly performed." Mr Hall was conveyed in a carriage to the Provincial Police department, and subsequently to the jail.' The crime for which Mr Hall was arrested was for stealing $4,500 from the Provincial Treasury, and on account of his social standing and former prosperity was "conveyed in a carriage." After the theft was discovered Mr Hall was given a chance to supply the deficiency but was unable to do so. How many cases are presented to us every day of young boys, old and middle aged men, who for causes less trifling than larceny are taken through the public streets hand-cuffed to the jail or reformatory. Is the thief who has indulged in luxury at the expense of the public more deserving of our consideration and pity than the youth who commits a minor offence for which he is condemned to spend weeks and often years in the company of more vicious criminals in jail. Is he ever given a chance to expiate his offence before being arrested or considerately "conveyed in a carriage" to the place where he will probably through his associates emerge more steeped in vice than he was before he went in. Why! these distinctions? Whatever may be the precise influence of heredity in making the human race vicious, it is a universally conceded proposition that evil surroundings allure to vice and crime. An instance was published not long ago in a well known paper of an inmate of an asylum who at the age of seven stole fruit, and was sent to a reformatory for nine months; at eight, he was found guilty of petit larceny, and sent to a house of refuge; at twelve, was committed to a juvenile asylum and escaped three times in four days; before reaching his majority he had been committed to prison no less than ten times.

In being interviewed by a minister he remarked that during his term in prison through associating with older prisoners he had never learned a thing to benefit him outside the prison walls. Probably if this erring child had been given an opportunity after his first offence to restore his ill gotten gains he might to-day have been an honored and useful member of society. Drawing the line between the social standing of classes who steal to keep up appearances and those who steal by impulse, passion and premeditation, emphasizes the inequalities of human condition and only serves to illustrate the system of prigs and purists which does not honor man for himself but for his name and rank.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

The following arrived too late for publication last week.

A CHALLENGE.

Editor Cumberland News

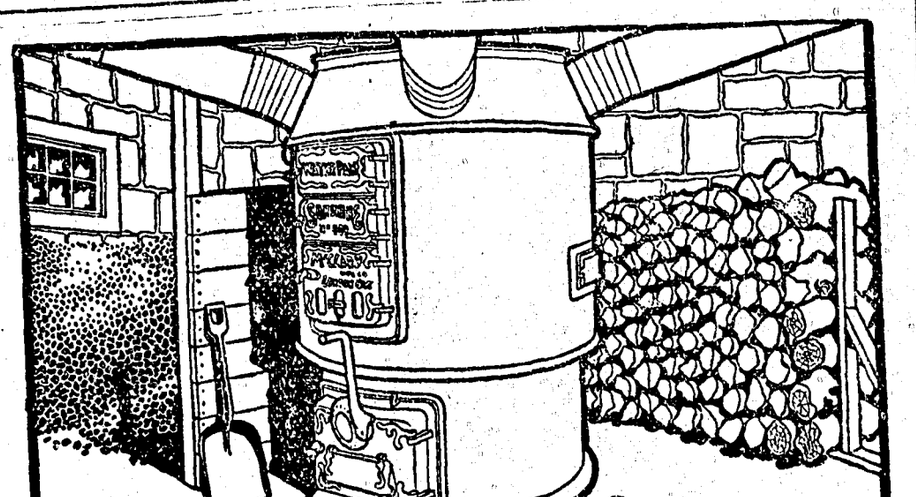
Last Wednesday evening I accepted an invitation to attend the Presbyterian Prayer meeting without any intimation of anything unusual going to be introduced. During the service Rev Mr Elmhurst gave an exposition on the Ten Commandments and when he came to the fourth he spoke disparagingly of the Seventh Day Adventists. I, being the only representative present, felt it my duty to respond. I asked permission to do so: he very reluctantly granted this request. I then gave him a few truths from the Word of God to prove our position which apparently impressed him for he then said, 'If you can prove a certain subject, (naming it) I will give in', I then said I could and immediately commenced to do so. He immediately interrupted me by saying "You can't do it," and called on the organist to start a hymn, leaving me standing on the floor insulted and branded by a minister of the Gospel as an untruthful person before the members of two denominations, as some Methodists were there in the absence of their minister. Now, I ask you, where is there a man of integrity, who would submit to this? I think a woman's reputation for truthfulness should be as dear to her as it is to a man as I can prove positive what I said I could. He also rejected parts of the first five Commandments. He said they were not applicable to us now. I can prove from the Bible they are applicable now and will ever remain so, while the earth lasts. I also can prove from the Bible that the Seventh Day Adventists are not so few as he insinuated; also that they have truth on their side, while he preaches error mixed with truth.

I therefore challenge the Rev. Mr Elmhurst, Presbyterian minister of Cumberland, to an open public discussion on Friday evening, June 17th, at 8 p.m, in the City Hall, (or his own church if he wishes) on the subject of lost or gained time, the duration of God's law, viz., the Ten Commandments including the Sabbath.

I will prove from Scripture the Seventh is the true and only Sabbath divinely instituted, and that one day has never been lost or gained since the creation.

If Mr Elmhurst fails to appear, it will show he fears the search-light of God's Word thrown upon his errors.

Mrs R. J. Smith.



Sunshine Furnace

—burns coal, coke or wood with equal facility.

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

Sold by all enterprising dealers. Write for booklet.

McClary's

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

C. H. Taraell, Sole Agent.

Rams for Sale.

I have a bunch of 18 Rams (Shearlings) part registered, and part full blood, and lots of Ram Lambs. These are all Shropshires and an extra good lot. Having sold my place I will let them go at a very reasonable price to a quick buyer, single or in lots. Come and see them if possible. If not write to Geo. Heatherbell, Hornby Island.

BALANCE SHEET OF CONCERT GIVEN IN AID OF JOE DAVIES.

June 9th, 1904.

—Cash—

Sale of tickets	$60 00
Money taken at door	18 80
Reserved seats	28 00
Payments for advertisements	3 00
Total,	$110 80

Expenditure.

News printing	$10 00
Piano	4 00
Sundries	1 05
	$15 05
Cash in bank	$94 85

Bert Tulliege,
L. W. Nunns.

Cumberland, 10th June, 1904.

VICTORIA DAY
REPORT OF RECEIPTS & EXPENSES.

Receipts.

Subscriptions from Wel Col Co's Employees—Whites,	$235 75
No. 6 Shaft, Chinese and Japs,	29 00
No. 4 Slope, Chinese and Japs,	6 00
No. 5 Shaft, Chinese and Japs,	66 75
Employees at Wharf,	13 75
Well. Col. Co	25 00
Total Col. Co.	$376 25
Chinese and Japanese Merchants,	39 00
Cash subscription, City,	86 00
Council, City of Cumberland,	25 00
Cash subscriptions from individuals,	6 50
Entrance Fees,	15 00
Received from Ground's Committee,	5 00
Total,	$552 75

Expenditure.

Prizes in cash,	$303 75
Fixing Grounds,	42 00
Printing—Cumberland News,	16 50
" —Enterprise,	7 25
Fireworks and Sundries—Magnet Cash Store,	41 55
Ground's Committee, Sundries,	0 35
Band,	50 00
Firemen,	50 00
Gold Medal for Wrestling Match,	20 00
Deficit on Dance,	5 50
	$536 90
Cash balance on hand,	15 85
	$552 75

Donations of prizes in good were received from S Leiser & Co, Napier & Partridge, C. J. Moore & Co., A. H. Peacey, T. Bate, News, badges.

MINERAL ACT.
(Form F.)

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

NOTICE.

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

TAKE NOTICE that I, William A. Bauer, acting agent for Edward Phillips, Free Miner's Certificate No. B. 71550, intend, sixty days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

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

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

MINERAL ACT.
(Form F.)

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

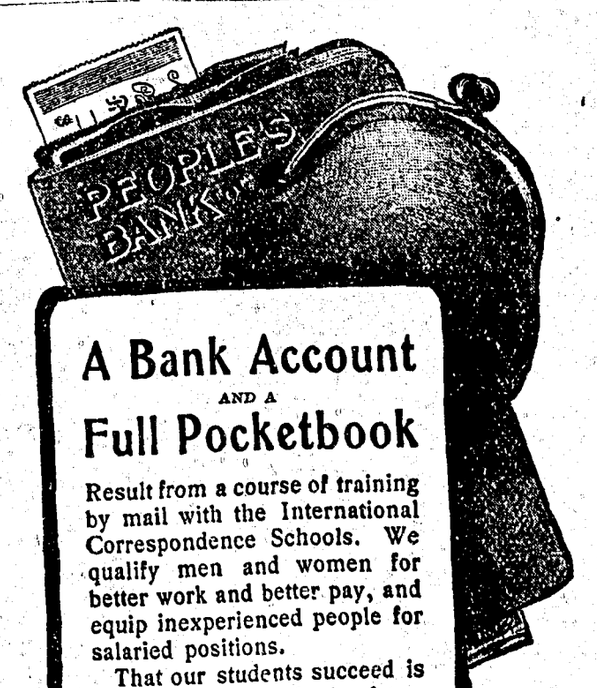
NOTICE.

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

TAKE NOTICE that I, William A. Bauer, acting as agent for Edward Phillips, Free Miner's Certificate No. B, 71550, and Angelo Catori, Free Miner's Certificate No. B, 7108, intend sixty days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim

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

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



A Bank Account
AND A
Full Pocketbook

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

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

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

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

UNION BREWING Co,
NANAIMO, B.C.

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

UNION
BOCK : BEER
FOR 1904.

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

ON DRAUGHT AT ALL HOTELS.

Royal Bank of Canada

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

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

BRANCH AT CUMBERLAND.

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

D. von CRAMER, Manager.

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

FOR SALE

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

H. TANAKA & SON.

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

The latest book on baseball is issued by Richard K. Fox, and it is written and compiled by no less an authority on the great national game than John J. McGraw, Captain and Manager of the New York Team, National League. He has written chapters and provided illustrations on how to throw a curved ball, the art of catching, how to become a good batter, and has covered every other detail of the game. It is the only book of the kind published. The book has a handsome cover and it is No. 3, Fox's Library. It will be sent to any address upon receipt of 7, 2 cent postage stamps. It also contains the official rules and a schedule of the games of both leagues for the present season. Address, Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.

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

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

E. EMDE.

NOTICE.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

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

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

Donald McKay,
William McKay,
Duncan McKay.

WITNESS:—James Abrams

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

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