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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

THIRTEENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY MARCH 21 1906

At The Big Store

Mens, Youths and Boys **Spring and Summer Clothing** *in plain and fancy worsteds anb tweeds in all the latest styles.*

Newest designs in **Lace Curtains** *and plain and frilled Curtain Muslins.*

Crums Print *all in the newest patterns, every piece guaranteed to wash and keep its color.*

All the newest fabrics in **Summer Dress Goods.**

The latest styles in **Mens Hats and Caps.**

Every requisite for House cleaning, Carpets, Linoleums, Matting, Carpet Squares, Rugs, Window Blinds. Large stock of Trunks, Valises and Telescopes always on hand.

SIMON LEISER & Co.
LIMITED
Cumberland B. C.

Fishing Tackle Now For Sale Cheap
A LARGE STOCK OF
Rods, Reels, Lines, Casts, Flies, Fly books
a lot more than was ordered.
To Get Rid of These Goods they will be sold cheap for Cash for the next Ten Days.

T. D. McLean, Pioneer Watchmaker
Cumberland B. C.

Telegraphic News.

Port Arthur Ont., 19,—100 carloads of settlers effects from the United States passed through here on Friday.

Victoria, 19th—At noon yesterday the body of Miss Maud Newberry, whose whereabouts has been sought for the past six weeks, was found in Goldacre Lake in Beacon Hill Park Miss Newberry was missed 6 weeks ago. Yesterday while some boys were passing through the Park they discovered the body. She was standing upright just below the stone bridge which crosses the lake. She had, on the night she disapeared, jumped from the bridge, going into the water feet first. Her feet had sunk into the mud at the bottom holding her body fast from that time to the present.

Victoria, 19th—Various stories are going around as to the successor of Hon. Chas Wilson who has resigned the Attorney-Generalship. The Hon F. G Fulton, Provincial Secretary, is now acting Attorney General. Among rumors current is that the Premier intends to make Wm. Manson, representative for Alberni, a member of the Cabinet.

Lenz, France, 19th—About 40,000 miners are out on strike here.

Montreal, 19—The police raided a cock fight in a barn in the city and arrested 125 men who were in attendance.

Seattle 19th—A strike has been made in the Nome district it is the richest ever known. The pay streak giving all the way from $400 to $600 dollars to the pan.

GRANULATED SUGAR, $5 90 per 100lb at Napier and Partridge.

A Chinaman fell dead on the railroad track last Friday, evidently from heart failure, he having been ailing for some time. He was buried Saturday.

SCARLET FEVER

Three cases of scarlet fever are reported at No 1 Jap-town, health officer Millard notifying the inmates of the affected houses to keep in quarantine. Dr Gillespie, as soon as he discovered the fact, notified Dr Millard, the district health officer. It will be well for people to exercise great care, in order that this disease be kept in bounds. An epidemic of scarlet fever can easily be dispensed with

LOGGING OPERATIONS

Mr L. Casey has established a camp for the Victoria Lumber Coy on the Courtenay River about 3 miles above Courtenay. The region about the falls will be logged this summer, and work will soon begin A 60 h-p donkey will be used, with a smaller one.

The Brunette Co. have commenced operations for the season at Little River.

CARD OF THANKS

The Board of Directors of St Georges' Church desire to publicly express their thanks to all who kindly assisted in the Church concert on Feby. 20, in the Cumberland Hall.

The Masquerade

The Band Masquerade on Monday evening proved a highly successful affair, the floor being crowded with dancers, and the platform with spectators as is usual in such affairs. Many beautiful costumes were worn and many excellent portrayals of characters were in evidence, and the task of awarding a half dozen prizes amongst a half hundred of deserving character was one of difficulty in the extreme To one entering while the proceedings were in full swing, the extensive variety and odd incongruity of the characters assumed by the maskers was confusing the sombre attire of the spectators forming a strikingly suitable back ground to the gay scene in which they were interested It would be useless to attempt to mention all the costumes worthy of notice, but there were a number so exceedingly novel that they cannot be overlooked. One of these was the Zulu portrayed with remarkable faithfulness. There was the usual proportion of cavaliers, their gay attire contrasting strongly with the humorous impersonation of such characters as the ourang outang, the bobby, topsy and the clowns. Mr and Mrs Winningham's impersonation of "Jack-in-the green" was one of the most admired, Mrs Winningham's costume being of ivy leaves beautifully designed, while the former's was composed entirely of fir and spruce A special prize was given for these by Mr J Piercy of Vic a pair of kid gloves to each.

Early in the evening the band played outside the Hall, and indoors, until 10 o'clock, when a 6 piece orchestra played excellent dance music for the night, the services of Messrs T. McMillan and M. Morgan being much appreciated.

The judges were Mesdames, Geo Merrifield, M. Williams, and Messrs B Napier, J Piercy, W. B. Anderson.

Best dressed lady—Miss M. Murdoch, Night.

Best dressed gent—Mr C. Grant, 16th century Nankeen and gold.

Best sustained character—Zulu, T. Burns

Waltz Mrs H Cameron, T Burns.

National character—Miss C. Piket, Japanese.

Topsy—Danny Hayman

2 step—Miss Grieve & Mr Chas McDonald

Clown—F Watson

Hobo — Trigg

Most comical character—Ourang outang, Nervy Cameron

Passengers last night—Mrs Nicholson, Mrs H Wilkinson, F. A. Abey J. H Franck. C R. Bishop, J F Scott, F. W. McCrady. R. A. Power. G R. Robson, Hon Judge Harrison, Mrs and Miss and Mr Jas Gray.

The Ladies Aid of the Methodist Church will hold their annual sale of work and Concert on April 17.

Messrs W Regan and W T. Jones, of the C. P R. land staff, were in town last week. They left for Vancouver this morning and will return shortly

Montreal, 20th At a special general meeting of share holders of the C. P. R. today, a resolution authorizing an increase in the Company's ordinary stock from $110,000,000 to $150,000,000, was unanimously adopted.

DIED,

At the C. & U. Hospital, Cumberland, on Thursday March 15th, Thomas Lloyd Davies, aged 53.

The late Mr Davies was one of the most widely known and well liked men on Vancouver's Island, and parts of the mainland.

Born in Carmarthenshire, Wales he received a thorough Commercial training in that country coming out to B. C. in 1877. For a time he was associated with James Abrams in business in Nanaimo going from there to Cassiar and from there to Victoria where he went into business in the I. X. L. store on the corner of Johnson and Government Streets. In 1887 he again went to Nanaimo, buying out James Abrams there which business he ran for 7 years. He then came to Cumberland and after a short time sold out to S. Leiser and went to Kootenay. From there he again went to Victoria, the home of Mrs Davies' people, he having married Miss O'Brien in that city in 1888. After about four sojourn in Victoria he started business in Ladysmith from which place he came here where he lived up to the time of his death. The deceased was a man of kindly disposition, very well informed and most entertaining in company. Some weeks ago he was taken to the hospital, a malady from which he latterly suffered, becoming more acute He gradually got worse until the end came on Thursday night. The remains were removed to the Cumberland, Mrs Piket kindly but firmly insisting thus, that her front parlour be at the disposal of Mrs Davies, and there the Rev'd. Lashley Hall, Saturday, officiated at the last service and from thence the funeral departed to the Cumberland Cemetery. The pall bearers were, Messrs S Shore, B. Moore, A. H. Peacey, R. Dowdall, D Daniels and J. Bruce A large following of friends attended. The casket bearing wreaths from friends and a handsomely engraved plate executed by Mr Stoddart.

Mrs Davies, while naturally much affected, is bravely keeping up, and settling up the business affairs of her late husband. It is her intention to wind up the business and live in Vancouver in future.

Swallows were noticed this year on the 17th, contradictory to this sign of spring, it snowed that day.

Mr John Piercy, the well known business man of Victoria, spent several days with us last week.

The Magnet Cash Store

Close Inspection
of our Wall Papers reveals their great superiority. Our New Papers are simply the perfection of excellence—also that our
1906 Fishing Tackle
is the best.

T. E. BATE

NOTICE.

Please take notice that Mr Napier has disposed of his interest in the business now carried on by the firm known as Napier & Partridge and that all outstanding accounts due to the same firm must be settled within the next thirty days (30) After that date, unless satisfactory arrangements are made for all payments then due, same will be placed for collection.

(SIGNED)

NAPIER & PARTRIDGE

Three Stories.

Here are some bits from the diary of Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff: "A gentleman who rather overvalued himself, looking at a case of birds, said to an ornithologist who was with him, 'What is that bird?' 'That,' said the other, 'is a magpie.' 'It's not my idea of a magpie,' was the rejoinder. 'Perhaps not,' replied his friend, 'but it's God's idea of a magpie.'"

A man named Faber lay ill. "'You are very ill indeed,' said the doctor. 'Then you had better,' the sick man rejoined, 'order the prayers for the dying to be read.' 'No,' answered the person to whom he spoke, 'I think you will live four and twenty hours.' 'Oh, in that case,' rejoined Faber, 'read me Pickwick.'"

"Things one would rather have put differently," writes the diarist. "Mr. Cecil Rhodes to his neighbor at dinner, an extremely pretty woman: He—I hate Germans. She—Well, I don't hate them, but I by no means like them. He—Oh, I thought you were a German!"

Menagerie Menus.

Catering to animals requires both a plentiful and varied supply of foods, as may be seen from this report of material fed at the London Zoological gardens last year. For the flesh eating guests there were supplied 144 tons of horseflesh, nearly 9 tons of goatflesh and 9,530 chicken heads. Fourteen and a half tons of fish, in addition to 1,260 pints of shrimps, furnished the water fowl with their daily fare, while 297 loads of hay and 6,030 bunches of greens supplied the ruminants. Other items on the list were 872 pounds of grapes, 498 pounds of sugar, 6,262 loaves of bread, 5,086 quarts of milk, 303 pounds of crackers and more than 33,000 eggs. The chicken heads were for the various members of the rat family, the eggs were fed to the birds, and the shrimps formed the easiest way to the affections of the flamingoes.

Humility and a Hair Shirt.

"The bishop of Arichat," said Father Burke, "is a most unassuming creature—a man who keeps the stone in his episcopal ring turned against his palm, so that he may not be recognized as a bishop."

"He must be an extraordinary person," Stephen Essex, the Methodist parson, admitted.

"It is his humility. I am told he wears a hair shirt the year round."

"Is that an evidence of humility?" Stephen asked, with an incredulous smile.

"Try it and see," the priest advised.

"Have you tried it, Father Burke?"

"Yes, and one day's trial convinced me that I was neither a saint nor a rhinoceros," he said, with a wry face.—From "The Bishop's Niece," by George H. Picard.

The Flying Fish.

The flying fish when in the air uses its pectoral fins precisely as a boy does a kite, the weight of the fish's body taking the place of the string. As a boy runs when he lets a kite go, so the flying fish makes a preliminary rush through the water before ascending into the air. In this way as it leaves the surface air impinges upon the lower area of the fin wings, carrying the body upward and onward with a gliding motion. The anatomical structure of the flying fish is such that it cannot flap its "wings," and so it possesses little or no guiding power when in flight. This accounts for the fact that it frequently finds its way through ships' open ports or down skylights or lands helplessly upon deck.

Hans Christian Andersen.

A critic writes of Hans Christian Andersen: "His vanity was perhaps his most salient characteristic. He was photographed scores of times in every position and costume, and he never wearied of new presentments of his strong but unhandsome features. His whims were legion. He had a morbid horror of being buried alive and always set a slip of paper by his bedside bearing the words, 'Sog es skindod' ('I am in a trance'). His hosts often found him an exacting guest, but his little failings were easily pardoned for the sake of his genius and his childlike nature."

"Oh, Mr. Chappey," exclaimed Miss Gusch, "why weren't you up on the hill to see the sunset? It was just too lovely!"

"Haas," replied Chappey, "sent my man up to do it for me. He understands that sawt of thing, don't y' know."

Taking Him In Time.

Mr. Newlywed—By the way, dearest, did I ever tell you about that beautiful heiress who once wanted me for a husband? Mrs. Newlywed—No, dear. You have never told me a lie yet that I know of.

Must Be In.

Would Be Musician—Do you think there is any music in me? Professor—There ought to be, sir. I have heard none come out.

Everything great is not always good, but all good things are great.—Demosthenes.

THE ANCIENT ZORA.

It Was the First Corset and Was Used In Cleopatra's Time.

It was back in Cleopatra's time that the corset was first thought of. Who knows but perhaps the dusky beauty of the Nile thought to hold Mark Antony's fickle fancy longer could she add some new charm to her face or figure?

Anyway, it was then that the embryo corset first appeared in the shape of a stiffened linen girdle called a "zora." Sometimes it was worn outside the tunic, tightly laced and much jeweled.

Then fashion wearied of the "zora," and for twelve centuries the corset languished.

The Greeks and Romans next held sway, and beauty unadorned was good enough for them.

In the sixteenth century along came Catherine de Medici, that energetic lady who meddled in everything, from empires to hairpins, and she revived the corset with a vengeance.

She not only wore it herself, but also issued an edict that all women of birth and breeding should wear corsets which should reduce their waist measures to thirteen inches.

This corset was called a "corps" and was stiffened in every possible manner. In this the body was pinched and forced, while over the "corps" was clasped a perfectly fitting corset cover, constructed of thin plates of steel, fashioned in two pieces and opening on a hinge.

This instrument of torture lasted until the early part of the seventeenth century, when more pliable materials were adopted.

Beautifully quilted satin bodices replaced Catherine's invention.

The next change in the corset's history took place in the early part of the eighteenth century, when leather stiffened with whalebone came into use.

Since then it has gone on steadily improving until today for every type of woman there is a specially adapted corset.

SOURCES OF COLORS.

Blue black is the charcoal of the vine stalk.

Raw sienna is the natural earth near Sienna, Italy.

Ivory chips produce the ivory black and bone black.

Turkey red is the madder plant, which grows in Hindustan.

Prussian blue is made with impure potassium carbonate. This most useful discovery was accidental.

Cochineal insects furnish many of our most gorgeous colors—carmine, scarlet, crimson and purple.

India ink is made from burned camphor. The Chinese are the only manufacturers of this and will not reveal its secret.

Cuttlefish give us sepia, which is nothing more nor less than the inky fluid which the fish discharges to render the water black when it is attacked.

The Real Acme.

"The acme of happiness," gushed the ardent lover, "is to marry the woman you love."

"There's something in that," responded the old married man, "but the main point is to love the woman you marry."

MEMORIALS OF NAPOLEON.

Record of His Conversation With Mr. Lyttelton Just Turns Up.

Las Casas in his "Memorials of St. Helena" states that August 7, 1815, Emperor Napoleon, then a prisoner on board the Northumberland, had a long conversation with a "Mr. Lyttelton" on current politics and affairs, says the Marquise de Fontenoy. Until the other day no one knew whether this conversation had ever really taken place, or if it was merely one of the many inventions of Las Casas.

Curiously enough, there has just been discovered among the Royal archives at Dresden—of all places in the world—a manuscript record of the interview in question, in the handwriting of the great Emperor's visitor, who turns out to have been the Hon. William Henry Lyttelton, member of Parliament for Worcestershire at the time, and who some twelve or fourteen years later succeeded to his half brother's peerage as third Lord Lyttelton, the grandfather of the present Secretary of State for the Colonies, of the new head master of Eton, and of the present Lord Cobham.

The account is quite lengthy, and among the most interesting remarks of Napoleon which Lyttelton places on record is one to the effect that in his opinion England could never afford to permit a great power of the continent to hold Antwerp, which, in the possession, say, of France or Germany, would be a perpetual menace to Great Britain.

Just how this MS. of the third Lord Lyttelton found its way into the Royal archives of the reigning house of Saxony it is difficult to say. But there is no doubt whatsoever that untold riches of a literary and historic character are hidden away in this manner in the muniment rooms and archives of petty rulers and great nobles on the continent, while Emperor Nicholas has among his family archives at St. Petersburg the entire confidential and secret correspondence of the first Napoleon throughout his reign.

When Napoleon was overthrown he directed his private secretary

Two of a Kind.

"I tell you my love for you is making me mad—mad!"

"Well, keep quiet about it. It's had just the same effect upon papa."

Not a Contractor.

"Does your son worry you by contracting debts?"

"He doesn't contract debts; he expands them."

Good Idea.

"The ancient Chaldeans," observed the professor, "used to write their letters on bricks."

"And a good idea too," chimed in practical Mr. Graball. "Then when a girl sent a fellow's letters back to him he could use 'em to build a stable or something."

The Dance of the Gods.

At the great festival of the New Year held in Lassa the "dance of the gods" is performed in the presence of the grand lama. A long cable of twisted leather thongs is stretched from a high point in the battlements of the lama's palace to the plain below, and two men slide from top to bottom, lying on their chests and spreading out their arms as if to swim. The tremendous rapidity of the descent is frequently fatal to the dancers, but there are never wanting fanatics who will undertake it in the hope of a happy transmigration or adventurers attracted by the value of the reward offered by the court.

If Given a Trial

"SALADA"

Ceylon Natural GREEN Tea will prove its superiority over all Japan Teas.

Lead Packets Only. 40c, 50c, and 60c per lb. By all Grocers. Highest Award St. Louis, 1904.

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TEES & PERSSE, Limited, Agents, Winnipeg.

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Insist on Getting "King of the Road" Brand And Take no Other

EVERY GARMENT GUARANTEED

MOTHERS RELY ON

Gray's Syrup to keep the children safe from CROUP. It dissolves the thick sputum—clears the throat—breaks up a cold—and CURES COUGHS. Keep

Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum

always in the house. A bottle of this famous remedy is your best protection against those sudden night attacks of croup. Equally good for all throat and lung troubles—for young and old. 25 cts. bottle.

T. Hutchinson, teller of the Union Bank at Didsbury, Alberta, has absconded with a large sum of the bank's funds.

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WHEN CUPID PERCHED

By Ruby Douglas

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"On your left you see the home of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt," bawled the man through the megaphone as the big electric coach rolled up Fifth avenue.

Like an awkward squad obeying "left dress" the occupants of the sightseeing coach turned in the direction of the great red mansion. Suppressed expressions of awe were clearly depicted on their faces.

Georgina Winterton, perched on the end of the back seat, smothered a laugh and prayed that the man would not relate the story of the late owner's life.

A young man, clearly impressed by Georgina's prettiness and the natty fashion in which she carried her blue serge suit, swore softly to himself at the appearance of a few flakes of snow on his coat. He was afraid they would multiply and drive the very attractive young person below with her fellow women passengers.

"Before you behold Central park," the guide yelled, impressed with his own importance in imparting such a startling piece of information.

"No one would ever have guessed it," commented Georgina mentally, tying her veil more closely about her face. The wind was turning chilly.

One by one the women sought the inner recesses of the coach until Georgina was the only girl on top. Secretly the man beside her admired her pluck in braving the now fast falling snowflakes. He fancied she must be from the west, where a snowstorm is a common occurrence, deserving no notice.

"The zoo," called the man with the megaphone, pointing to the section of the park inhabited by animals, birds and waterfowl.

An energetic little flurry of wind and snow blew the ends of Georgina's veil across the young man's face.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," apologized Georgina, with a dazzling smile. "My veil wants to interfere with your sightseeing."

"Don't apologize; but won't you exchange seats with me? It is not so windy here on the inside," he said, rising and proffering a steady hand.

"Thank you," Georgina replied, making the change, with a frank smile of relief.

Through the megaphone the man was imparting wonderful bits of information about the park. He told them everything they had known for years, things they had learned in their geographies at school and things that had been told them by every one who had ever visited the city. When they came to anything really interesting the man was silent, saving up his breath for the next world renowned object for inspection.

Miss Georgina was wondering if the young man was properly impressed by the sights. The young man was speculating as to whether she was highly entertained by the valuable information bawled from the horn. Finally a negative answer to his soliloquy came to him intuitively.

"You know this park is right in the center of the island," he said.

"Yes." Georgina was politely interested.

"It seems truly wonderful to think of all this greenness—it's green in summer, you know," laughed the man, noting his own brilliant statement, "in the heart of so great a city as New York."

Georgina feigned enlightenment.

"Oh, do you live here?" she asked, appeasing her conscience with the belief that sightseeing gave certain privileges among fellow tourists. It was for their mutual education that they were conversing.

"No—Pittsburg—but I've been here often before. My sister went to school back there on Fifth avenue, at Mrs. Finishem's."

"Oh, no! So did I! What"— Georgina hesitated. She had been about to ask him the name of his sister, and that—well, that was equivalent to asking his own name. Even a mutual sightseeing expedition would not excuse that.

The man observed her hesitation and misconstrued her meaning. Perhaps she did not want to know his name.

"You might have known Bess," he said tactfully. Without directly asking her he had thrown out a lead which she could follow if she chose.

"Bess Burruss?" asked Georgina, unable to suppress her delight at having found the brother of the girl whose address she had been wanting for days.

"The same," replied the man.

"Oh, I know a man who is dreadfully in love with her, and she would not promise to write to him, believing he was a—oh, a man who said prettily polite things to every girl, and that he did not mean them at all."

"Ah, ha! I believe my sister had some lovemaking sprinkled in with her educational retouching," laughed the man.

Now, how was he going to find out her name? Perhaps his sister had spoken of her. But no, surely he would have felt a thrill had she done so. Surely he would have felt the proximity of his fate. How he loved snowstorms and sightseeing parties! How jolly grateful he was for three hours to kill before taking his train for Pittsburg. He had happened along by the Flatiron building just in time for the sightseeing coach to suggest itself as a time killer.

They had forgotten all about the man with the megaphone.

"You—you are visiting here?" asked the man.

"Oh, I live in the city!" Georgina watched the interrogation mark plant itself in the man's eyes. Why was she on a sightseeing coach if she lived here? But he said not a word.

"I just came out for a lark," said the girl. "I have often wondered what it was like when I've watched these cars roll along filled with open mouthed strangers."

"Was I open mouthed?" asked the man.

"N—"

"I'm just killing time till train time," he said.

"And you'll remember me to your sister when you get there," Georgina suggested, with mischief in her eyes.

"Just remind her of the girl whom I met on the touring coach?" he laughed. "She'll know definitely who you are," he added, with good humored sarcasm.

"Morningside park!" cried the man. "Columbia college!"

"Isn't he a wonder?" asked Georgina, seizing the opportunity to beg his question.

"Perhaps he isn't lonely in his wonderfulness," said the man briefly.

Georgina looked at him. "No? Well, well, I'm Georgina Claire Winterton—Georgie for short. Let me impress upon you the fact that at Mrs. Finishem's school we did not learn to talk to strange men on sightseeing coaches in snowstorms, but"—

"But what?"

"Well, you see, my veil blew in your face, and I had to apologize, and—then—neither of us was a bit interested in the returns from the megaphone, and—well, we drifted into the acquaintance. Didn't we?"

"We did," said the man emphatically. "And so soon as I can get home Bess will write to you, and I fancy you'd like her awfully if you knew her better."

"Oh!" Georgina elevated her finely marked brows.

"Grant's tomb!" yelled the man. "Any one who wishes to may get out and inspect it. General Grant's body lies in the tomb, and that of his wife."

But Georgina and Bess Burruss' brother were drifting.

"And I shall certainly tell her that the young man"—

"My cousin, Jack Clayton."

"That Mr. Clayton never says pretty things unless he means them."

"Thanks. That's very good of you. And now, as our house is just below here, would you ask that man to drop me"—

"Oh, I say, we've got Wall street and the Battery yet!"

"I wasn't after sights—just a new sensation, and I've had it."

The man from Pittsburg tried to look into her eyes. She was gathering her skirts in her hand. The big sightseeing coach was stopping before a granite mansion.

"And when I come to New York again may I"—

"I really think you ought to look Jack over—just in a brotherly way. He lives with us. Goodby."

Blue Hair.

Planche notices, in his "History of British Costume," that in most Anglo-Saxon illuminated manuscripts the hair is painted blue and that the men are depicted as veritable Bluebeards. In a Saxon Pentateuch Eve's locks are of this cerulean tint. There is also early evidence of green and orange fashions for the hair, but blue seems to have been most fashionable.

"Arts of this kind," says another writer, "were undoubtedly practiced, but whether it was done by tingeing or dyeing it with prepared liquids, according to ancient eastern custom, or by casting it into powder of different hues, agreeably to modern practice, I cannot determine."

Blue hair powder was worn about 1770 by Charles James Fox. The Monthly Magazine, 1806, gives an account of that statesman's dress and describes him as a leader of fashion. "He had," says the writer, "his red heeled shoes and his blue hair powder."

The French Girl.

Today the French girl must submit to having her husband chosen for her exactly as did her great-grandmother, and that in every class of society. To the average French girl the fact that she will one day be a wife and probably a mother is as inevitable and certain as is death itself, and from childhood she is educated with a view to fulfilling her vocation. Again, from the day she is born her parents begin saving a dowry for her, and should they fail in amassing a sum proportionate to their means public opinion judges them very severely. It also frequently happens that several relations, even if by no means very well off, will join together to provide a small dowry for an orphan niece or cousin. Daughters share with sons any fortune left by their parents. All this makes the position of a Frenchwoman very secure and akin to that of the man whom she may marry.

No Escape.

The following telephone conversation is reported to have been heard between a certain well known young financier and a society woman whose functions are considered somewhat boring:

"Is this Mr. —?"

"Yes."

"This is Mrs. —. Won't you give us the pleasure of your company at dinner on Monday?"

"I am so sorry, Mrs. —, but I have an engagement for Monday."

"Can you come Tuesday, then?"

"Why, it is most unfortunate, but I have a partial engagement for Tuesday also."

"Well, how about Wednesday?"

"Oh, hang it, I'll come Monday!"—Harper's Weekly.

Mount Etna.

It is estimated that Mount Etna has thrown out nine times its own bulk of cinders and lava.

The Tea Habit.

Dr. John H. Clarke, a London physician, says: "The great majority of mankind are slaves to one or more poisons. Of these habits the tea habit is one of the most subtle, insinuating and injurious."

British Crown Jewels.

Many of the so called crown jewels shown in the Tower of London are said to be imitations in paste, the real gems being stored in iron bound boxes in strong vaults.

Barley.

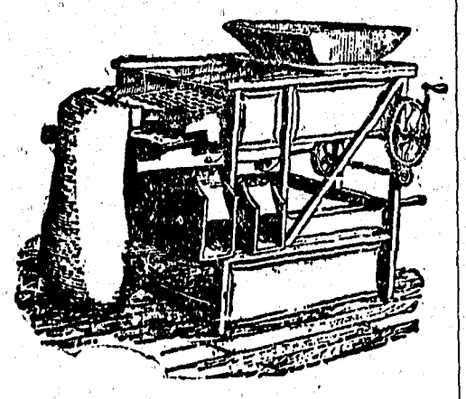
Barley grows wild in the mountains of Himalaya, where it is apparently indigenous.

MARKETING POTATOES.

Sorting and Bagging the Crop—A Sorter Illustrated.

Prof. W. T. Macoun, of the Ottawa Experimental Farm, writes:

Some of the varieties of potatoes which are poor quality are freest from blight; hence these are becoming popular with some potato growers. Some of the potatoes of best quality, however, are also freest from blight. We believe that leaving everything else out of consideration it will pay a potato grower to grow varieties of good



A POTATO SORTER.

quality which are equally or more productive than those perhaps a little freer from blight and spray them with bordeaux mixture. He would then be in a position to offer the very best potatoes to his customers, who would soon appreciate those of better quality. The question of how to market potatoes depends so much on local conditions that it is not considered desirable to go very fully into it here. The practice of the best growers is to sort and bag the potatoes just before they are ready to market them. Good machines for sorting and removing the sprouts from potatoes can now be obtained, which lessens the labor very much. A sorter or separator is here represented.

Greasy Heels in Horses.

When farm horses are engaged in work in wet, sticky soils cases of greasy heels are of more frequent occurrence than at any other time. In the majority of cases greasy heels are due to carelessness or inattention on the part of the attendants in not properly cleaning the legs and feet of their horses after returning from work in the fields, writes a Maine farmer in American Cultivator. For ordinary grease there is no better dressing than a lotion of sulphate of zinc, applied every evening after the animal has returned from its work and of course after the affected part has been thoroughly cleaned of any filth which may have collected during the day. Neglected cases of grease in horses frequently prove very troublesome and are often very difficult to effectively cure. The animals when suffering from grease should have special attention paid to their food, so as to keep their bowels in free working order, if anything on the loose side. In dealing with the disease itself one of the great secrets to success is thorough cleanliness, for so long as the parts affected are allowed to become occasionally covered with dirt or filth so long will it be futile to expect satisfactory results to follow any treatment that may be resorted to.

India Rubber.

The first bits of india rubber that were sold in London for erasers brought about 75 cents a cubic inch.

FARM AND FIELD AND GARDEN

CORN FOR THE SILO.

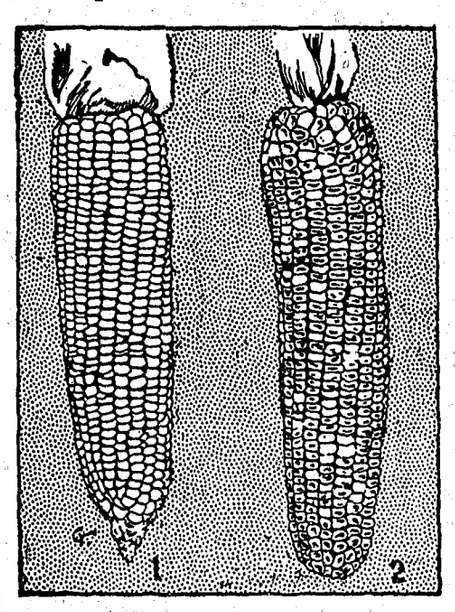
To Keep Well It Should Be Cut at the Proper Stage.

By WILBER J. FRASER, Illinois experiment station.

It is of great importance to know at what stage corn for the silo should be cut to secure the best results, how rapidly nutriment is stored up in the corn plant as it approaches maturity and when the maximum amount is reached. The following table illustrates this point, figures denoting tons per acre:

Date of cutting.	Stage of growth.	Corn.	Water.	Dry matter.
July 30	Fully tasseled...	9.	8.2	.8
Aug. 9	Fully silked.....	12.9	11.3	1.5
Aug. 21	Kernels watery to full milk.....	16.3	14.	2.3
Sept. 7	Kernels glazing..	16.1	12.5	3.6
Sept. 23	Ripe	14.2	10.2	4.

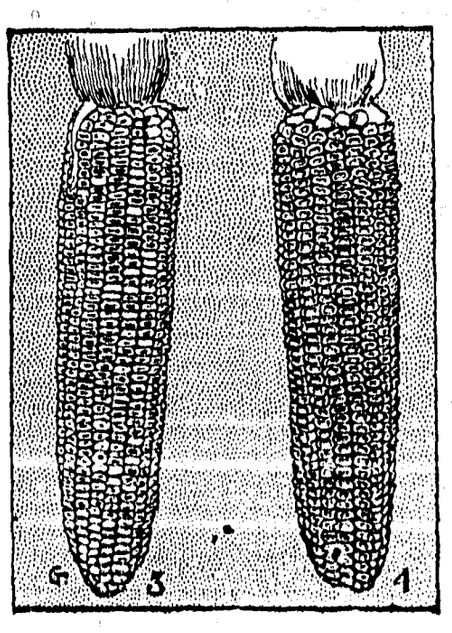
In the last column is shown the dry matter per acre in corn at different



SOFT DOUGH STAGE. HALF THE KERNELS DENTED.

stages. When the corn is fully tasseled it contains but eight-tenths of a ton of dry matter per acre, or only one-fifth what it contains when fully ripe. When in the milk it contains nearly three times as much dry matter as when fully tasseled. Only seventeen days were occupied in passing from the milk to the glazing stage, yet in this time there was an increase in the dry matter of 1.3 tons per acre. After this period the increase in dry matter is but slight.

To have the silage keep well the corn must be cut at the proper stage of maturity. If cut before it is sufficiently matured too much acid develops. If too ripe, it does not settle properly, and the air is not sufficiently excluded to prevent spoiling. Corn should not be cut until the ears are out of the milk and most of the kernels glazed and hard. In the cuts ear No. 1 is in the soft dough stage. No. 2 is beginning to dent. No. 3 is nearly all dented, but a few kernels are still in the milk. No. 4 shows all of the kernels dented. When corn is put into



NEARLY ALL DENTED. ALL DENTED.

the silo it should usually be as ripe as ears Nos. 3 and 4. In case the weather has been so hot and dry that the lower leaves have fired, the corn should be cut before the ears are quite so far advanced. Much riper corn will keep at the bottom of the silo than at the top because of the greater pressure, which excludes the air more completely. It is therefore important that the ripest corn be cut first and placed in the bottom of the silo.

Cottonseed Meal For Hogs.

Fresh interest has been aroused in the value of cottonseed meal as a hog feed by frequent publication of successful feeding of cottonseed meal to hogs during the past year, beginning with the successful experience of Jo Allison at Ennis, Tex. As a member of the committee appointed by the Texas Swine Breeders' association to investigate methods of feeding cottonseed meal safely to hogs the writer visited Mr. Allison's farms and inspected his hogs and the other herds near there which had been fed upon cottonseed meal for periods of six months, a year or more. We inquired thoroughly into the system, found the hogs perfectly well, and no deaths had resulted. The system of feeding was simple, involving the souring of cottonseed meal and corn chops at one and the same time and feeding the mixture as a very thin slop. The hogs were greedy for it. They throve upon it.—J. H. Connell.

North Carolina Collard.

The North Carolina short stem collard is one of the best I have ever planted and the finest I have ever seen. It is a good keeper, and its cooking qualities are excellent, says a correspondent in an exchange.

A. M. and M. A.

The rule followed by editors of both the Oxford and Cambridge chronicles in the position of the letters A. M. and M. A., for the title master of arts, is that where the context is in Latin the form is A. M. and where it is English M. A.

THE GREAT ICE AGE.

How Its Passing Left Its Record In Gravels and Rocks.

Some 10,000 or more years ago the conditions which had brought about the great ice age where beginning to change. The elevated land began to sink, and a higher temperature slowly followed. The long winter was gradually drawing to a close, and the great springtime of the world was beginning to hasten its influence upon an ice covered land. Tons, rather mountains, of ice began to melt, and the water filled the river valleys to overflowing. Gravel, sand and mud were borne along by these raging waters and deposited wherever the conditions were favorable. Ice rafts covered the surface of the flood, bearing rocks and bowlders from more northern lands.

All rivers which had glacial sources were greatly influenced by the final melting. As the southern part of the ice sheet rested over northern Pennsylvania, the Delaware and the Susquehanna were typical rivers of the age. The rocks and gravels which line their banks show how well they have kept the record. In the Delaware valley brick clay and gravel are laid out in beautiful terraces, especially at Stroudsburg and the Water Gap. Here the waters rose some 200 feet, and an artificial dam is supposed to have formed the river into a broad lake. The Indians, it is said, have a curious legend about this flood. They tell us that the "Minsies" were the first race which dwelt here, and the region roundabout they call "Minisink," meaning that the "waters are gone"—a vague remembrance perhaps of the postglacial floods.

THE GIFT OF GAB.

Why Stephenson Thought There Was No Power Equal to It.

When George Stephenson was visiting the seat of Sir Robert Peel at Drayton on one occasion, says the writer of "Famous British Engineers," there happened to be present Dr. Buckland, the scientist, and Sir William Follett, the famous advocate.

Stephenson discussed with Dr. Buckland one of his favorite theories as to the formation of coal and, though undoubtedly in the right, was ultimately vanquished by the arguments and oratory of the doctor, who was a better master of tongue fence than himself. Next morning while pondering over his defeat in the solitude of the garden he was accosted by Sir William Follett and confided to that gentleman the story of his failure.

Sir William, acquainted with the details of the matter in dispute, agreed to take up the case and soon afterward attacked Dr. Buckland on the subject. A long discussion ensued, in which the man of law completely silenced the man of science, who was at last compelled to own himself vanquished. Sir Robert Peel, highly amused at this example of "fit for tat," then turned to the inventor and inquired, with a laugh:

"And what do you say on this matter, Mr. Stephenson?"

"Why," he replied, "I will only say this—that of all the powers above and under the earth there seems to me no power equal to the gift of the gab."

Blois' Beautiful Staircase.

New or old, Blois is an amazing achievement of the human brain and the human head. The great staircase in the courtyard, an outside one, forming an essential part of the elevation, is, of course, the masterpiece of wonder and delight. There is nothing like it in the world, and probably there never will be. The staircase of the Paris Opera—an interior one, by the way—would have everything to fear in the comparison. The other is a mass of the richest and of the purest ornament, with a beautiful proportion between its shadows and its lights. It is characteristic of the spirit in which such work was done that it is not always easy to give due gratitude to architect or to stone carver.—Richard Whiteing in Century.

Movable Christian Holidays.

The movable Christian holidays are Easter, Ascension day (ten days before Whitsunday), Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, Palm Sunday, Pentecost, Sexagesima Sunday and Trinity Sunday. All depend for their date on Easter.

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WE UNDERSTOOD.

An Old Backwoodsman Gives His Idea of an Oath.

"A number of years ago," said the well known attorney, who was in a reminiscent mood, "I was called up in the northern part of the state on an important lumber suit. I was anxious to win it for a number of reasons, and I strained every nerve to get a verdict in my client's favor. I had every hope that I would succeed till the opposing counsel put an old backswoodsman on the stand whose testimony was particularly damaging to my client's case. I believed then, and I believe now, that the old man was lying, but to prove it was another matter, as he told a straight story and stuck to it, so I was rather discouraged when he was handed over to me to be cross examined.

"'You understand, of course,' said I, 'the solemn obligations of the oath you gave when you took the stand?'

"He merely grunted in reply.

"'I suppose,' said I blandly, 'that you understand the nature of an oath?'

"'I guess I do,' he growled.

"'Well, give me an illustration of your idea of an oath,' said I.

"I was totally unprepared for what followed. The old man shifted his quid of tobacco, took a firm grip on his chair and ripped out a string of oaths that threatened to raise the roof. It was simply awful. I have heard hard swearers in my life, but nothing to compare to that. The profanity he used would have kept a six mule team on the jump for a week. His expletives were highly picturesque, abounding in fertility of invention and unlimited lung power.

"When the judge caught his breath, he fined the fellow for contempt of court, and when I addressed the jury I made the point that he couldn't be believed under oath and won my case. I could afford to be charitable, so I prevailed upon the judge to remit the fine against the old man."—Detroit Free Press.

Salvage.

The stranger stopped on Madison street bridge to take a look at a tug that was passing.

A sudden puff of wind blew his hat off and it fell into the river.

Into the Chicago river!

And it was a new hat.

Instantly a boy ran down the ladder at the east end of the bridge, and as the hat came along he managed by means of a pole to fish it out of the water.

He brought it to the grateful owner.

The grateful owner took a look at it.

"My boy," he said impulsively, "you may keep the hat as your reward."

Then the boy took a look at it and slowly shook his head.

"Mister," he said, "couldn't you give me a dime?"—Chicago Tribune.

Getting Even With Her.

"You may tell him," she said haughtily, "that I do not care to meet people who deal in dressed beef."

Naturally this proud eastern aristocrat thought she had him properly put down, but she was in error.

"You may tell her," he said by way of reply, "that whatever I put on the market is at least dressed."

Then he looked long and fixedly at her decollete daughter.—Chicago Post.

His Mother's Explanation.

"Mamma, what's the difference between reality and imagination?"

"The difference between reality and imagination is explained by the difference between your papa and your Uncle Abner. Your Uncle Abner takes the sawbuck, goes out in the back yard, says nothing and saws wood, and your papa takes the easy chair and a pillow, goes out in the front yard, says nothing and saws wood."—Indianapolis Sun.

Rules and Exceptions.

"Politeness is never wasted," remarked the man of Chesterfieldian manners.

"Well, mister," answered the roughly clad, weather beaten person, "that may be true in your part o' town, but if you was in the canalboat business you'd know that there ain't any use whatever of sayin' 'please' to a mule."—Washington Star.

One Big Advantage.

"Dumbwaiters," said the architect, "are becoming more and more common and more and more necessary."

"I wish to thunder they had them everywhere," returned the man who lives at restaurants. "That's the kind I'd like to see. A dumb waiter couldn't ask you for a tip."—Chicago Post.

The bride smiled, and whispered something to the general's widow, who answered:

"Yes the right man has arrived."

"And it is," triumphantly announced the little lady in brown, "Laird Archibald Robin, of Robin Castle, Scotland."—Harper's Bazar.

Not New, After All.

The college phrase, "nev in it," is not new, as many would suppose, but was used by Euripides, more than two thousand years ago, in his "Medea," when he says: "Cowards do not enter in battle; they are there but not in it."

A Legal Angel.

Frances and Mabel had quite a discussion recently. They are playmates and visit one another frequently. Frances' parent is an attorney, while Mabel's parent is a clergyman. In some manner the talk turned on angels, and the conversation, which was overheard by Mabel's mother, was very profound.

"Is hevun full uv angels?" asked Frances.

"Yes, it's full uv 'em," replied Mabel.

"Do you want to be an angel sum day?"

"Why, of course, an' I'm goin' to be, too, coz my papa's a preacher, an' he'll go to hevun sure."

"Well, you bet my papa'll go to hevun, too, coz he's a lawyer."

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NERVOUSNESS.

A State of the System That Calls for Medical Treatment.

What may be called a minor degree of neurasthenia is the indefinable condition called "nervousness." Sufferers from it are not incapacitated for business or social duties, nor are they seriously ill like the confirmed neurasthenic, yet their existence is often a pitiable one. They are restless and unable to fix the mind on any subject, sleep is disturbed, and often there is an indefinable fluttering sensation within the chest.

They may have a good appetite and not feel ill physically. And herein is their greatest danger, for they persuade themselves that all they need is a tonic of some sort or a little stimulant, and they dose themselves with various remedies, one after another, or begin to drink a little wine or spirits.

The stimulation makes them feel better for a time, but the inevitable reaction comes when they feel worse than before and run again and again to the bottle of tonic or drink until they become confirmed drug takers or dram drinkers, and which is worse it would be hard to say.

The fatal mistake which these persons make is in assuming that they are not ill physically, but only "nervous." In almost every such case a careful examination by a physician will bring to light disorder of some organ and show that the patient is physically ill and should be treated accordingly. It is not nerve tonics or stimulants that he needs, but a course of medical treatment—dietic, hygienic and perhaps medicinal.

In the majority of cases it will be found that the digestion is at fault. There may be no evident symptoms of dyspepsia—no nausea, distress after eating or eructations—yet the food may be scarcely digested at all. The stomach does its work perhaps in the preliminary digestion of the food, but the intestines, where the assimilation of nutriment is or should be effected, are at fault.

The food is not elaborated into such shape that it can be taken up by the lacteal vessels and carried to the nerve and other structures that need constant renewing, and so the tissues suffer from partial starvation.

Furthermore, the imperfect intestinal digestion results in the manufacture of various poisons, which are absorbed and cause a morbid condition of the nervous system.

Treatment should be directed to the intestinal trouble and not to the "nervousness," which will speedily disappear when once the causal condition has been cured.

TREE CULTURE.

In setting out an orchard keep together all of the same variety.

A dead limb is a source of disease, and it shows lack of vitality in the tree.

Never crowd the fruit trees. Give plenty of room for air and sunshine.

If the cherry tree is set in ordinarily rich ground, it will not need fertilizing.

The willow, elm, poplar or locust should never be planted too close to wells or drains.

Rubbish of any sort should not be left in the orchard. It harbors vermin and insects.

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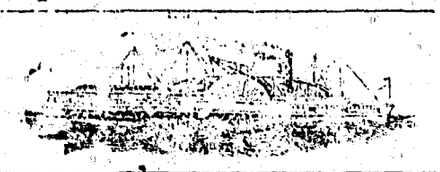
Issued Every Tuesday.
W. B. ANDERSON, - - - - MGR

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

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

WEDNESDAY, March 21 1906

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry



S. S. "City of Nanaimo."

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

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

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

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

North Saanich when tide and weather conditions permit.

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No. 8—Daily. A.M.		No. 4—Sundays P.M.
Dp. 9.00	Victoria	D 3.00
" 9.28	Colwood	" 3.28
" 10.24	Koenig's	" 4.24
" 11.00	Duncan's	" 5.00
P.M.		P.M.
" 12.35	Nanaimo	" 6.42
Ar 12.53	Wellington	Ar 6.57

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA

No. 1—Daily. A.M.		No. 3—Sundays A.M.
Dp. 8.00	Wellington	Dp 3.0
" 8.20	Nanaimo	" 3.15
10.02	Duncan's	" 5.0
" 10.48	Koenig's	" 5.36
" 11.38	Goldstream	" 6.32
Ar 12.06	Victoria	Ar 7.00

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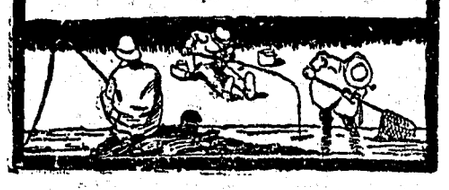

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A Slander on Woman.

Muggins—A woman can never keep a secret.

Buggins—Nonsense! My wife and I had been engaged for four hours before a soul knew anything about it.—Philadelphia Record.

Explosive.

Sue—He said there was a fire raging in his breast.

Belle—How dangerous!

Sue—Dangerous?

Belle—Yes. He wears a celluloid shirt front.

Struck Him So Too.

Mrs. Wederly (looking at hat in milliner's window)—Oh, what a dear little hat!

Wederly (looking at the price tag)—Well, I should say it is.

Cumberland Hotel

CORN. 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.

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A positive cure for all forms of Sexual Weakness, Mental and Brain Worry, Impotency, Spermatorrhoea, Impotence, Effects of Abuse or Excess, and all which lead to Consumption, Insanity, Decay and an early grave. Price per pkg., six for $5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain wrapper on receipt of price. Write for Pamphlet. The Wood Medicine Co., Windsor, Ontario

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The drink of strong men and healthy women

UNION BREWERY BEER

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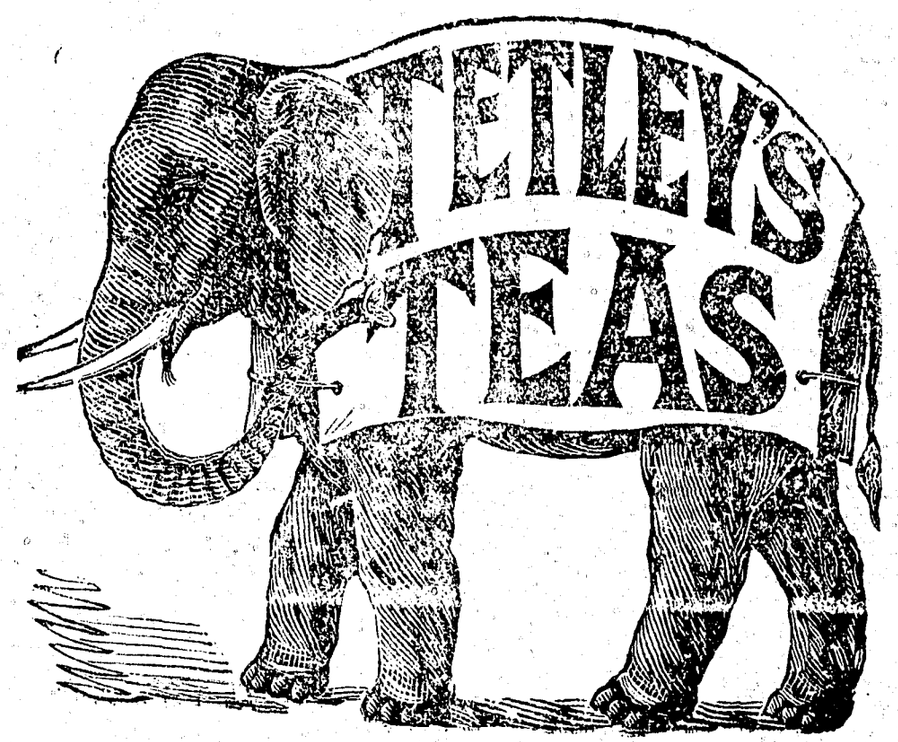
Bottled or in Barrels.

The UNION BREWING Co., Nanaimo B. C.



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The only safe effectual monthly medicine on which women can depend. Sold in two degrees of strength—No. 1, for ordinary cases, $1 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger for Special Cases, $3 per box. *Sold by all druggists.* Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound; take no substitute.

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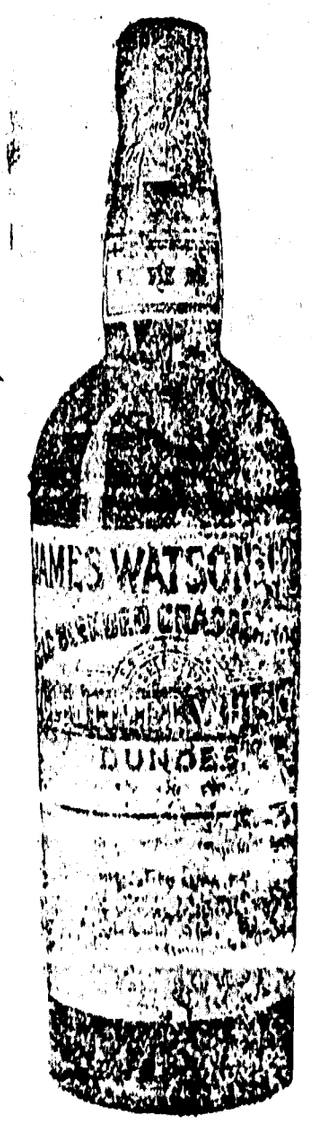

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EBEN HOLDEN

By IRVING BACHELLER

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Continued from last week.

I have had ever a curious love of storms, and from the time when memory began its record in my brain it has delighted me to hear at night the roar of thunder and see the swift play of the lightning. I lay between Uncle Eb and the old dog, who both went asleep shortly. Less wearied, I presume, than either of them, for I had done none of the carrying and had slept a long time that day in the shade of a tree, I was awake an hour or more after they were snoring. Every flash lit the old room like the full glare of the noonday sun. I remember it showed me an old cradle piled full of rubbish, a rusty scythe hung in the rotting sash of a window, a few lengths of stovepipe and a plow in one corner and three staring white owls that sat on a beam above the doorway. The rain roared on the old roof shortly and came whipping down through the bare boards above us. A big drop struck in my face, and I moved a little. Then I saw what made me hold my breath a moment and cover my head with the shawl. A flash of lightning revealed a tall, ragged man looking in at the doorway. I lay close to Uncle Eb, imagining much evil of that vision, but made no outcry.

Snugged in between my two companions I felt reasonably secure and soon fell asleep. The sun, streaming in

I had a mighty fear of her.

at the open door, roused me in the morning. At the beginning of each day of our journey I woke to find Uncle Eb cooking at the fire. He was lying beside me this morning, his eyes open.

"'Fraid I'm hard sick," he said as I kissed him.

"What's the matter?" I inquired.

He struggled to a sitting posture, groaning so it went to my heart.

"Rheumatiz," he answered presently.

He got to his feet little by little, and every move he made gave him great pain. With one hand on his cane and the other on my shoulder he made his way slowly to the broken gate. Even now I can see clearly the fair prospect of that high place—a valley reaching to distant hills and a river winding through it glimmering in the sunlight; a long wooded ledge breaking into naked, grassy slopes on one side of the valley and on the other a deep forest rolling to the far horizon; between them big patches of yellow grain and white buckwheat and green pasture land and greener meadows and the straight road, with white houses on either side of it, glorious in a double fringe of goldenrod and purple aster and yellow John's-wort and the deep blue of the Jacob's ladder.

"Looks a good deal like the promised land," said Uncle Eb. "Hain't got much further t' go."

He sat on the rotting threshold, while I pulled some of the weeds in front of the doorstep and brought kindlings out of the house and built a fire. While we were eating I told Uncle Eb of the man I had seen in the night.

"Guess you was dreamin'," he said, and, while I stood firm for the reality of that I had seen, it held our thought only for a brief moment. My companion was unable to walk that day, so we lay by in the shelter of the old house, eating as little of our scanty store as we could do with. I went to a spring near by for water and picked a good mess of blackberries, that I did away until supper time so as to surprise Uncle Eb. A longer day than that we spent in the old house after our coming I have never known. I made the room a bit tidier and gathered more grass for bedding. Uncle Eb felt better as the day grew warm. I had a busy time of it that morning bathing his back in the spirits and rubbing until my small arms ached. I have heard him tell often how vigorously I worked that day and how I would say, "I'll take care o' you, Uncle Eb—won't I, Uncle Eb?" as my little hands flew with redoubled energy on his bare skin. That finished, we lay down sleeping until the sun was low, when I made ready the supper that took the last of everything we had to eat. Uncle Eb was more like himself that evening and, sitting up in the corner as the darkness came, told me stories.

It was very dark as he finished, and I was feeling a bit sleepy when I heard the boards creak above our heads. Uncle Eb raised himself and lay braced upon his elbow listening. In a few moments we heard a sound as of some one coming softly down the ladder at the other end of the room. It was so dark I could see nothing.

"Who's there?" Uncle Eb demanded.

"Don't p'int thet gun at me," somebody whispered. "This is my home, and I warn ye t' leave it er I'll do ye harm."

CHAPTER V.

HERE I shall quote you again from the diary of Uncle Eb: "It was so dark I couldn't see a han' before me. 'Don't p'int yer gun at me,' the man whispered. Thought 'twas funny he could see me when I couldn't see him. Said 'twas his home an' we'd better leave. Tol' him I was sick (rumatiz) an' couldn't stir. Said he was sorry an' come over near us. Tol' him I was an ol' man goin' west with a small boy. Stopped in the rain. Got sick. Out o' purvisions. 'Bout ready t' die. Didn't know what t' do. Started t' strike a match, an' the man said: 'Don't make no light, cos I don't want to hev ye see my face. Never let nobody see my face.' Said he never went out 'less 'twas a dark night until folks was abed. Said we looked like good folks. Scairt me a little cos we couldn't see a thing. Also he said: 'Don't be 'fraid of me. Do what I can fer ye.'"

I remember the man crossed the creaking floor and sat down near us after he had parleyed with Uncle Eb awhile in whispers. Young as I was, I keep a vivid impression of that night, and, aided by the diary of Uncle Eb, I have made a record of what was said that is in the main accurate.

"Do you know where you are?" he inquired presently, whispering as he had done before.

"I've no idee," said Uncle Eb.

"Well, down the hill is Paradise valley, in the township o' Faraway," he continued. "It's the end o' Paradise road an' a purty country. Been settled a long time, an' the farms are big an' prosperous—kind uv a land o' plenty. That big house at the foot o' the hill is Dave Brower's. He's the richest man in the valley."

"How do you happen t' be livin' here, if ye don't min' tellin' me?" Uncle Eb asked.

"Crazy," said he. "'Fraid o' everybody, an' everybody's 'fraid o' me. Lived a good long time in this way. Winters I go into the big woods. Got a camp in a big cave, an' when I'm there I see a little daylight. Here in the clearin' I'm only up in the nighttime. Thet's how I've come to see so well in the dark. It's give me cat's eyes."

"Don't ye git lonesome?" Uncle Eb asked.

"Awful—sometimes," he answered with a sad sigh, "an' it seems good t' talk with somebody besides myself. I get enough to eat generally. There are deer in the woods an' cows in the fields, ye know, an' potatoes an' corn an' berries an' apples an' all thet kind o' thing. Then I've got my traps in the woods, where I ketch patridges an' squirrels an' coons an' all the meat I need. I've got a place in the thick timber t' do my cookin'—all I want t' do—in the middle of the night. Sometimes I come here an' spend a day in the garret if I'm caught in a storm or if I happen to stay a little too late in the valley. Once in a great while I meet a man somewhere in the open, but he always gits away quick as he can. Guess they think I'm a ghost—dunno what I think o' them."

Our host went on talking as if he were glad to tell the secrets of his heart to some creature of his own kind. I have often wondered at his frankness, but there was a fatherly tenderness, I remember, in the voice of Uncle Eb, and I judge it tempted his confidence. Probably the love of companionship can never be so dead in a man but that the voice of kindness may call it back to life again.

"I'll bring you a bite t' eat before mornin'," he said presently as he rose to go. "Let me feel o' your han', mister."

Uncle Eb gave him his hand and thanked him.

"Feels good. First I've hed hold of in a long time," he whispered. "What's the day o' the month?"

"The 25th."

"I must remember. Where did you come from?"

Uncle Eb told him, briefly, the story of our going west.

"Guess you'd never do me no harm, would ye?" the man asked.

"Not a bit," Uncle Eb answered.

Then he bade us goodby, crossed the creaking floor and went away in the darkness.

"Sing'lar character!" Uncle Eb muttered.

I was getting drowsy, and that was the last I heard. In the morning we found a small pail of milk sitting near us, a roasted partridge, two fried fish and some boiled potatoes. It was more than enough to carry us through the day, with a fair allowance for Fred. Uncle Eb was a bit better, but very lame at that, and kept to his bed the greater part of the day. The time went slow with me, I remember. Uncle Eb was not cheerful and told me but one story, and that had no life in it. At dusk he let me go out in the road to play awhile with Fred and the wagon, but came to the door and called us in shortly. I went to bed in a rather unhappy frame of mind. The dog roused me by barking in the middle of the night, and I heard again the familiar whisper of the stranger.

"Sh-h-h! Be still, dog," he whispered. But I was up to my ears in sleep and went under shortly, so I have no knowledge of what passed that night. Uncle Eb tells in his diary that he had a talk with him lasting more than an hour, but goes no further and never seemed willing to talk much about that interview or others that followed it.

I only know the man had brought more milk and fish and fowl for us. We stayed another day in the old house, that went like the last, and the night man came again to see Uncle Eb. The next morning my companion was able to walk more freely, but Fred and I had to stop and wait for him very often going down the big hill. I was mighty glad when we were leaving the musty old house for good and had the dog hitched with all our traps in the wagon. It was a bright morning, and the sunlight glimmered on the dew in the broad valley. The men were just coming from breakfast when we turned in at David Brower's. A barefooted little girl a bit older than I, with red cheeks and blue eyes and long curly hair that shone like gold in the sunlight, came running out to meet us and led me up to the doorstep, highly amused at the sight of Fred and the wagon. I regarded her with curiosity and suspicion at first, while Uncle Eb was talking with the men. I shall never forget that moment when David Brower came and lifted me by the shoulders high above his head and shook me as if to test my mettle. He then led me into the house, where his wife was working.

"What do you think of this small bit of a boy?" he asked.

She had already knelt on the floor and put her arms about my neck and kissed me.

"Ain' no home," said he. "Come all the way from Vermont with an ol' man. They're worn out, both uv 'em. Guess we'd better take 'em in awhile."

"Oh, yes, mother—please, mother," put in the little girl who was holding my hand. "He can sleep with me, mother. Please let him stay."

She knelt beside me and put her arms around my little shoulders and drew me to her breast and spoke to me very tenderly.

"Please let him stay," the girl pleaded again.

"David," said the woman, "I couldn't turn the little thing away. Won't ye hand me those cookies."

And so our life began in Paradise valley. Ten minutes later I was playing my first game of "I spy" with little Hope Brower among the fragrant stooks of wheat in the field back of the garden.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Worse Than East Africa.

The worst climate I have ever experienced is that of New York, which presents all the disadvantages of the arctic and torrid zones.—From "The East African Protectorate," by Sir Charles Eliot.

Wise Daughter.

Father—If you paid more attention to cooking and less to dress, my dear, you would make a much better wife. Daughter—Yes, father. But who would marry me?

She Remembered.

"Come back for something you've forgotten, as usual?" said the husband.

"No," replied his wife sweetly, "I've come back for something I remembered."

THE SEED AND WEED SPECIAL

Will Run Over all Railway Lines in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Below will be found the schedule of the "Seed and Weed Special" as arranged between the railway companies and the representatives of the Department of Agriculture. The speaking at each point will commence promptly at the hour advertised for the arrival of the train and will conclude sharp on the time as set forth:

Date	Station	Hour of Arriv.	Hour of Depart.
Jan. 8,	Brandon	15.00	16.30
" 9,	Balcarres	10.00	11.00
" 9,	Abernethy	11.15	12.15
" 9,	Lemberg	12.40	13.40
" 9,	Neudorf	14.00	15.00
" 9,	Rocanville	17.00	18.00
" 10,	Kemnay	10.00	11.00
" 10,	Alexander	11.15	12.15
" 10,	Griswold	12.40	13.40
" 10,	Oak Lake	14.00	15.00
" 10,	Virden	15.30	16.30
" 11,	Hargrave	10.00	11.00
" 11,	Elkhorn	11.25	12.25
" 11,	Fleming	13.00	14.00
" 11,	Moosomin	14.20	15.20
" 12,	Wapella	10.00	11.00
" 12,	Whitewood	11.40	12.40
" 12,	Broadview	13.15	14.15
" 12,	Grenfell	14.55	16.00
" 13,	Wolseley	10.00	11.00
" 13,	Sintaluta	11.25	12.25
" 13,	Indian Head	13.00	14.00
" 13,	Qu'Appelle	14.30	15.30
" 13,	Balgonie	16.00	17.00
" 15,	Cardston	10.00	11.20
" 15,	Magrath	13.00	14.15
" 15,	Raymond	14.45	15.45
" 15,	Lethbridge	17.00	18.00
" 16,	Pincher Creek	10.00	11.00
" 16,	Macleod	12.00	13.00
" 16,	Leavings	14.30	15.30
" 16,	Claresholme	15.55	16.55
" 17,	Nanton	10.00	11.00
" 17,	High River	11.40	12.40
" 17,	Okotoks	13.10	14.10
" 17,	Calgary	15.10	16.10
" 18,	Red Deer	10.00	11.00
" 18,	Lacombe	12.00	13.00
" 18,	Ponoka	13.35	14.35
" 18,	Wetaskiwin	15.25	16.25
" 19,	Leduc	10.00	11.00
" 19,	Strathcona	11.45	12.45
" 19,	Edmonton	14.00	15.00
" 20,	Fort Sask.	10.00	11.00
" 20,	Vegreville	13.25	14.25
" 20,	Vermillion	16.25	17.25
" 22,	Loydminster	9.00	10.00
" 22,	N. Battleford	13.00	14.00
" 22,	Radisson	15.30	16.30
" 22,	Langham	17.20	18.20
" 23,	Prince Albert	10.00	11.00
" 23,	Rosthern	13.00	14.00
" 23,	Hague	14.25	15.25
" 23,	Osler	15.50	16.50
" 24,	Saskatoon	10.00	11.00
" 24,	Dundurn	11.55	12.55
" 24,	Hanley	13.35	14.35
" 24,	Davidson	15.45	16.45
" 25,	Craik	10.00	11.00
" 25,	Lumsden	13.00	14.00
" 25,	Condie	14.35	15.35
" 25,	Regina	16.00	17.00
" 26,	Caron	10.00	11.00
" 26,	Boharm	11.20	12.30
" 26,	Moose Jaw	12.40	14.00
" 26,	Pasqua	14.15	15.15
" 26,	Pense	15.50	16.50
" 27,	Kronau	10.00	11.00
" 27,	Francis	12.15	13.15
" 27,	Fillmore	14.15	15.15
" 27,	Howard	15.55	17.00
" 29,	Stoughton	10.00	11.00
" 29,	Forget	11.25	12.25
" 29,	Kisbie	12.45	13.45
" 29,	Arcola	14.05	15.05
" 30,	Carlyle	10.00	11.00
" 30,	Manor	11.20	12.20
" 30,	Antler	13.30	14.30
" 30,	Reston	15.05	16.05
" 30,	Pipestone	16.25	17.25
" 31,	Methven Junc.	8.30	9.40
" 31,	Ninette	11.00	12.00
" 31,	Minto	12.40	14.00
" 31,	Elgin	14.30	15.30
" 31,	Hartney	16.10	17.10
Feb. 1,	Melita	10.00	11.00
" 1,	Elva	11.20	12.20
" 1,	Gainsboro	12.55	14.00
" 1,	Carievale	14.20	15.20
" 1,	Carnduff	15.40	16.40
" 2,	Glen Ewen	10.00	11.00
" 2,	Oxbow	11.20	12.20
" 2,	Alameda	12.40	13.40
" 2,	Frobisher	14.00	15.00
" 2,	Estevan	16.00	17.00
" 3,	Portal	10.00	11.00
" 3,	Macoun	12.30	13.30
" 3,	Weyburn	14.45	15.45
" 3,	McTaggart	15.05	16.05
" 3,	Yellow Grass	16.25	17.25
" 5,	Milestone	10.00	11.00
" 5,	Rouleau	11.50	12.50
" 5,	Drinkwater	13.20	14.20
" 5,	Moose Jaw	15.05	18.00
" 6,	Modora	10.00	11.00
" 6,	Waskada	12.15	13.15
" 6,	Dainy	13.30	14.30
" 6,	Lyleton	15.15	16.15
" 7,	Deloraine	10.00	11.00
" 7,	Whitewater	11.30	12.30
" 7,	Boissevain	13.05	14.05
" 7,	Ninga	14.25	15.25
" 7,	Killarney	15.50	16.50
" 8,	Holmfield	10.00	11.00
" 8,	Cartwright	11.20	12.20
" 8,	Mather	12.40	13.40
" 8,	Clearwater	14.00	15.00
" 8,	Crystal City	15.10	16.10
" 9,	Pilot Mound	10.00	11.00
" 9,	La Riviere	11.30	12.30
" 9,	Manitou	13.00	14.00
" 9,	Darlingford	14.25	15.25
" 9,	Morden	16.10	17.10
" 10,	Winkler	10.00	11.00
" 10,	Plum Coulee	11.20	12.20
" 10,	Rosenfeld	12.50	13.50
" 10,	Altona	14.10	15.10
" 10,	Gretna	15.30	16.30
" 12,	Niverville	10.00	11.00
" 12,	Otterburne	11.20	12.20
" 12,	Dominion City	13.20	14.20
" 12,	Emerson	14.45	15.45
" 13,	Sanford	9.00	10.00
" 13,	Sperling	10.40	11.40
" 13,	Carman	12.20	14.00
" 13,	Baldur	16.20	17.20
" 13,	Belmont	18.15	19.15
" 14,	Swan Lake	8.15	9.15
" 14,	Somerset	9.30	10.30
" 14,	Miami	11.20	12.30
" 14,	Morris	15.15	16.15
" 14,	Roland	13.10	14.10
" 15,	Elm Creek	10.00	11.00
" 15,	Rathwell	12.00	13.00
" 15,	Treherne	13.20	14.20
" 15,	Holland	14.45	15.45
" 16,	Cypress River	10.00	11.00
" 16,	Glenboro	11.25	12.25
" 16,	Nesbitt	13.25	14.25
" 16,	Carrol	14.45	15.45
" 17,	Napinka	10.00	11.00
" 17,	Lauder	11.25	12.25
" 17,	Souris	13.35	14.35
" 17,	Beresford	14.55	15.55
" 19,	Carberry	11.35	12.35
" 19,	Sidney	13.00	14.00
" 19,	Austin	14.20	15.20
" 19,	McGregor	15.40	16.40
" 20,	Burnside	10.00	11.00
" 20,	P. la Prairie	11.30	12.30
" 20,	High Bluff	12.45	13.45
" 20,	Rosser	14.45	15.45
" 21,	Lenore	10.00	11.00
" 21,	Kenton	11.20	12.20
" 21,	Bradwardine	12.45	13.45
" 21,	Pendennis	14.30	15.30
" 21,	Forrest	16.00	17.00
" 22,	Wellwood	10.00	11.00
" 22,	Brookdale	11.30	12.30
" 22,	Oak River	14.20	15.20
" 22,	Hamiota	15.40	16.40
" 23,	Miniota	10.00	11.00
" 23,	Crandall	11.30	12.30
" 23,	Rapid City	13.45	14.45
" 23,	Minnedosa	15.30	16.30
" 24,	Yorkton	10.00	11.00
" 24,	Saltcoats	11.40	12.40
" 24,	Langenburg	13.40	14.40
" 24,	Binscarth	15.40	16.40
" 24,	Russel	17.05	18.05
" 26,	Foxwarren	10.00	11.00
" 26,	Shoal Lake	12.30	13.30
" 26,	Strathclair	13.45	14.45
" 26,	Basswood	15.30	16.30
" 27,	Neepawa	10.00	11.00
" 27,	Arden	11.20	12.20
" 27,	Gladstone	13.05	14.05
" 27,	Westbourne	14.45	15.45
" 27,	Macdonald	16.05	17.05
" 28,	Plumas	9.00	10.00
" 28,	Dauphin	12.40	14.00
" 28,	Gilbert Plains	14.45	15.45
" 28,	Grand View	16.15	17.30
Mar. 1,	Swan River	10.00	11.00

A Bored Princess.

F. Leveson-Gower, long prominent in England, published a volume of reminiscences, in which he tells the story of Princess Lieven: "What the princess chiefly suffered from was intense boredom, which amounted almost to a disease. If nobody called during the afternoon, she would roll on the floor from ennui. On one occasion, when on her way from England, she got so much alarmed at the prospect of traveling from Calais to Paris alone that she offered a seat in her carriage to a respectable looking clergyman on board the steamer, which he joyfully accepted. When seated beside her, he talked so incessantly as to drive her wild. She could only relieve her feelings by putting her head out of the window and screaming out to the wind, 'Il m'ennuie—il m'ennuie!' (He fatigues me.)"

A Clever Ruse.

When Thurlow was lord chancellor of England he was much at outs with the bishop of London. The latter was visited one day by a clergyman who sought appointment to a fat living then vacant. He wanted a letter of recommendation to Lord Thurlow, but the bishop said such a letter was likely to do more harm than good. Nevertheless he wrote it. When Thurlow read the missive he said, "Well, as that scoundrel, the bishop of London, has introduced you, you won't get the living." "So the bishop said, my lord," was the meek reply. "Did the bishop say so?" roared Thurlow. "Then I'll prove him a liar, for you shall have the living." And he was as good as his word.

Good Both Ways.

Bishop Wilson of Calcutta, whose speeches are often quoted, had the happy faculty of saying the right thing at all times.

On one occasion two young people whose fathers were famous for their diverse and peculiar views on Biblical subjects came to see the bishop.

"Ah," said he as he greeted one, "your father wrote a great work on the Apocalypse. I congratulate you on being the daughter of such a man."

Then, turning to his other guest, he said, "And your father forbore to write about the Apocalypse—a wise forbearance. You are to be congratulated on having so wise a father."

A Bishop's Pun.

Henry Niles Pierce, Episcopal bishop of Arkansas, was as inveterate and clever a punster as the noted English divine, Sydney Smith. On one occasion a lady in expressing her admiration of his erudition exclaimed:

"Why, bishop, you are a perfect ocean of learning."

"No, madam," was the modest rejoinder, "I'm only a part of the see of Arkansas."

Love's Labor's Lost.

Poeticus—Have you read Shakespeare's "Love's Labour's Lost?" Cynicus—No, but I've taken a girl to the theater and had her talk to the man next her all through the show.

The worst men often give the best advice. Our thoughts are better sometimes than our deeds.—Bailey.

CUMBERLAND NEWS

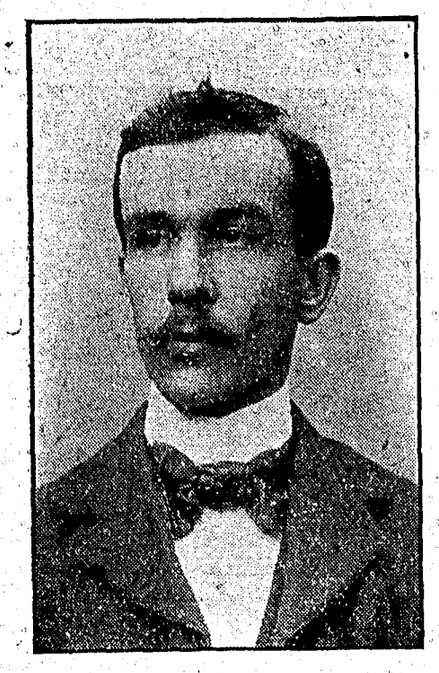
Cumberland, B. C.

WESTERN CANADIAN EDITORS

A Series of Articles Describing their Lives, their Aims and their Influence.

42.

ROBERT VASEY.



ROBERT VASEY.

Editor and Proprietor Western Prairie, Cypress River, Man.

The English have a reputation for thoroughness the wide world over. When they build, it is for all time. Whatever they essay or undertake is "for keeps." For mere temporary work, designed to carry them over until something permanent can replace it, they have neither use nor sympathy, and, speaking generally, they utterly fail to comprehend the conditions necessitating the adoption of less permanent methods. This is true in every department of British activity, from railroad and house building to the making of boots, and the same attention to thoroughness as a business principle extends into every trade and profession. Their lawyers and teachers are articled for double the period prevailing in Canada, and their artisans and craftsmen are nearly all apprenticed for seven years. Hence, when a man has been through this long period of training he should be a competent workman, and when they remove to Canada, where trade and business ideals are rougher and readier, and where there is undoubtedly too great a tendency to take "short cuts" to reach results, their influence is inevitably towards a more settled and stable business policy, one which looks to the future quite as much as to the present; and will not sacrifice permanence to temporary present advantage. Canadian printer-dom certainly derives benefit from the admixture into its ranks of a liberal leavening of the British trade ideals, and in Western Canada, where there is an appreciable percentage of British printers, their coming has resulted in many important improvements in the general quality of the work produced.

A type of the well-trained British printer now in the ranks of Western journalism is found in Robert Vasey, the new proprietor of the Western Prairie, published at Cypress River. In all the mechanics of the business Mr. Vasey has had a most varied and thorough training in some of the best printing establishments of the old country. He is a north-countryman by birth, having been born at Darlington, the great iron and shipbuilding town in Durham, in February, 1872, so that he is now in his thirty-fourth year. When he was thirteen years of age he was apprenticed to George Ibbotson, a well-known commercial printer. Five years later, in 1887, he went North to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he remained another five years with Messrs. Manson, Swan and Morgan, one of the best printing establishments in the north country. His next move was to London, to the firm of Alexander & Shepherd, one of the biggest printers of the world's metropolis. This firm publishes twelve weekly papers and several monthly magazines, employing over 300 compositors and sixty machines. Mr. Vasey remained with the firm five and a-half years, being engaged in general newspaper work in all its branches. He removed from London back to Darlington, where, for another five years—Mr. Vasey's business life seems to run in five-year cycles—he was in charge of the Book Department of Dresser & Sons. This brought him up to May, 1903. In that month he, with his wife and little daughter, came to Canada. For a year he worked with McIntyre Bros., in Winnipeg, in order to adjust himself to his new environment, when he was offered the management of the Western Prairie in April 1904 which he accepted, and has been a resident of Cypress River ever since.

The Western Prairie is one of the well-known local papers in Manitoba. It has borne the impress of more than one mind of much more than average ability. In the days when Mr. Walpole Murdoch was its editor the natural history notes appearing therein from week to week were copied into almost every paper of the West.

Mr. Vasey's thorough knowledge of the mechanical department of the publishing business ensures cleanness of typography and artistic arrangement of display ads., which is an important aspect of newspaper publication. His occupancy of the editorial chair has also demonstrated his good general grasp of public questions and his possession of a good nose for news. Under his direction the Western Prairie promises to fully maintain its past reputation, and to reflect yet more fully the news and views of the Cypress River district.

Mr. Vasey takes a keen interest in out-of-door sports. He is an enthusiastic football player, and vice-president of the local football club. He is a close student of municipal politics, and a loyal upholder of all local interests. Cypress River may be assured of proper publicity while the paper remains in its present hands.

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

Antiquity of Soap.

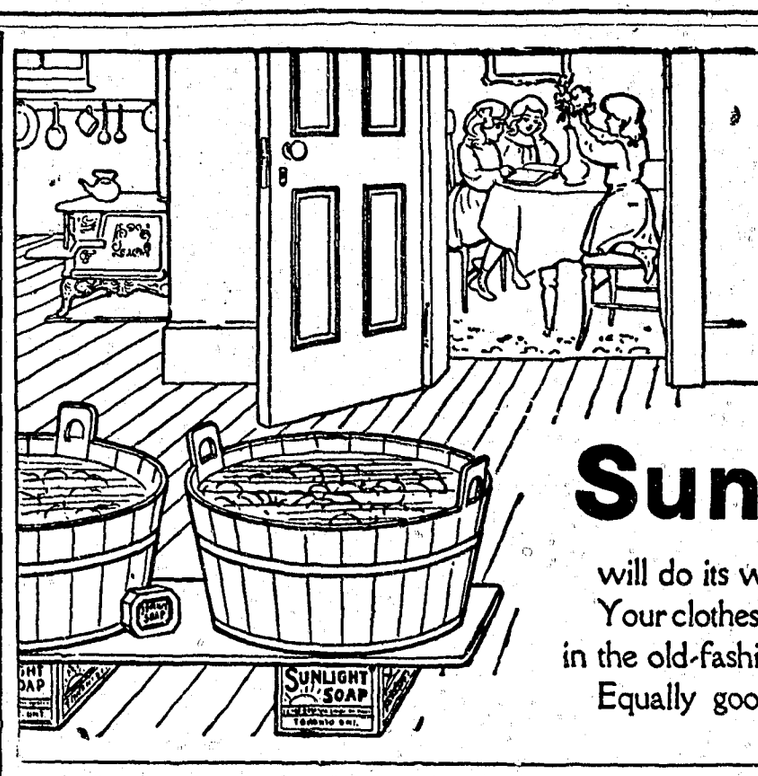
The origin of soap is a mystery, but we have many evidences of its antiquity. It is mentioned at least twice in the Bible under the name of borith at a period corresponding to several centuries before Christ. In the Louvre in Paris there is an interesting old vase of Etruscan manufacture whose age is computed at about 2,500 years. It is interesting in connection with our subject as bearing a group of children in relief who are engaged in blowing bubbles from pipes. Though we must not overlook the fact that certain vegetable juices are capable of being used in blowing bubbles, it is for many reasons more probable that soap of artificial manufacture was employed for the purpose. In the unearthed city of Pompeii, the preservation of which has been the means of revealing to us many antique customs, there is to be seen a soap manufactory, with all the kettles and other paraphernalia pertaining to the business; also a quantity of soap, evidently the product of this antique "soapery." The memorable volcanic eruption, while removing a city from the face of the earth, preserved to us the evidences of a high civilization.

A Kind Voice.

There is no power of love so hard to get and to keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth and be on the watch night and day, at work and at play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. It is often in youth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp, and it sticks to him through life and stirs up ill will and grief and falls like a drop of gall on the sweets of home. Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the seas. A kind voice is to the heart what light is to the eye. It is a light that sings as well as shines.

Tonic For Dry Hair.

A most excellent tonic for dry and falling hair is made of one gill of almond oil, one ounce of burdock root, one-eighth ounce each of oils of rosemary and thyme, one and three-quarters drams of oil of bergamot, one-half dram of oil of lemon and the same of triple extract of orange. Place the burdock root in a glass jar and pour in the oil, then put the jar where it will keep warm, but not hot, for three days. Strain and add the rest of the ingredients. Massage this into the scalp every night.



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

To appreciate the simplicity and ease of washing with Sunlight Soap in the Sunlight way you should follow directions.

After rubbing on the soap, roll up each piece, immerse in the water, and go away.

Sunlight Soap

will do its work in thirty to sixty minutes.

Your clothes will be cleaner and whiter than if washed in the old-fashioned way with boiler and hard rubbing.

Equally good with hard or soft water.

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto 133

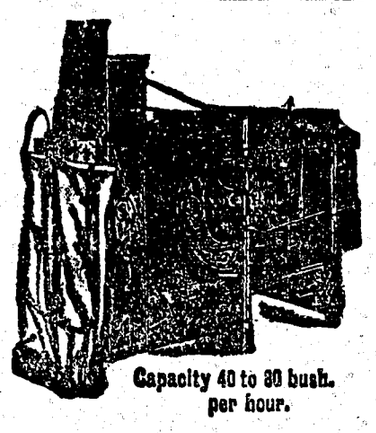
MAKE MORE MONEY

Bigger Crops of Better Grain. Clean, Large Seed Increases the Yield 20%.

It Pays to Know the Exact Weight of Everything you Buy or Sell.

Chicken raising a very easy and simple way of adding to the farm's cash profits.

CHATHAM FANNING MILL



Capacity 40 to 80 bush. per hour.

Cleans Wheat, Rye, Timothy, Clover, Millet, Oats, Barley, Flax, Peas, Beans, Corn and all seeds.

Large Hopper, Screw Feed easily regulated.

Agitator prevents clogging and distributes grain evenly on screen.

Lower Shoe keeps screens clean—no other mill has this.

End shake and adjustable side shake (three widths).

Sixteen screens and riddles, grading anything from finest seed to coarsest grain. Screens japanned—can't rust.

Saves screenings for feed.

Works easily and smoothly, combines simplicity with ingenuity.

The Chatham Fanning Mill will pay for itself over and over in one year. It is the greatest economizer and profit-builder on the farm. It ensures bigger crops of better grain.

If it were not the best it would not now be in use on hundreds of thousands of farms in Canada and United States. Furnished with or without Bagging Attachment, as desired.

PRIZE AWARDS—Highest awards at World's Fair, St. Louis; Pan-American, Buffalo: World's Fair, Paris, France; Toronto, Winnipeg, Halifax, Charleston, Savannah and Jacksonville.

GUARANTEE—Every mill guaranteed for five years. Lasts a lifetime.

We send the Chatham Fanning Mill to any farmer on receipt of his order, at once, without any cash down, and the most liberal terms of payment.

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS and Free Book, "How to Make Dollars out of Wind."

CHATHAM FARM SCALE

Three Styles

Capacity 2,000 lbs.

You need a Scale on your farm.
You need it right now—to-day.
Every day you put it off you lose money.

Suppose you sell some hogs at 5 cents a pound, and trust to your dealer's scales, which are 1/20 out. That means a loss to you of 50 cents on every 200 pound hog.

Then you sell 1000 bushels of grain at 75 cents. This dealer's scales are only 1/40 out, but your loss is $18.75 on the deal.

The loss on a few transactions of this kind would buy a dozen scales.

When crops are poor you need every cent they are worth. When they are good you can't afford to throw money away.

You need a scale on your farm at all times. The less you think you can afford it, the more you need it.

The important point is to get the right scale.

The Chatham Farm Scale is built in three styles, each one strongly and honestly built, ready to stand the roughest kind of usage.

Capacity 2,000 pounds—sufficient for all farm uses. The knife edges are of oil-tempered tool steel—practically indestructible—insuring absolute accuracy no matter how constant the use.

The Chatham Farm Scale is easily convertible into a useful truck. By moving the lever you throw the weight off the knife edges on to the solid frame of the truck. This preserves the knife edges and gives solidity to the truck. When you move the lever to throw the scale into use again it automatically adjusts itself without any trouble to you. It is the only scale made in Canada that will do this.

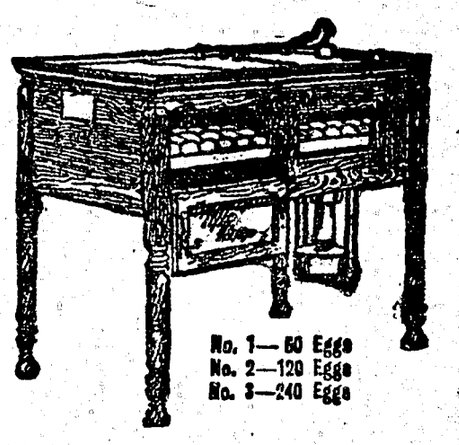
The Chatham Farm Scale is absolutely accurate. Before we ship a Chatham Farm Scale it is thoroughly gone over by the Government Inspector. If it is absolutely accurate he stamps each poise and balance with his official stamp and gives us a certificate of accuracy which goes with the scale.

We will ship a Chatham Farm Scale anywhere in Canada. Don't send us any money. Just send in your order and we'll send the scale as fast as the railroad can get it to you. Our terms of payment are acknowledged to be the most liberal ever offered. Ask your neighbor.

Send us your name and address on a post card and we'll mail you our booklet about the Chatham Farm Scale.

Time may mean considerable loss of money to you. Why not send the post card to-day, while you think of it?

CHATHAM INCUBATOR



No. 1—60 Eggs
No. 2—120 Eggs
No. 3—240 Eggs

Poultry raising pays.

People who tell you that there is no money in raising chicks may have tried to make money in the business by using setting hens as hatchers, and they might as well have tried to locate a gold mine in the cabbage patch. The business of a hen is—to lay eggs. As a hatcher and brooder she is outclassed. That's the business of the Chatham Incubator and Brooder, and they do it perfectly and successfully.

The poultry business, properly conducted, pays far better than any other business for the amount of time and money invested.

Thousands of poultry-raisers—men and women all over Canada and the United States—have proved to their satisfaction that it is profitable to raise chicks with the Chatham Incubator and Brooder.

The Chatham Incubator and Brooder is honestly constructed. There is no humbug about it. Every inch of material is thoroughly tested, the machine is built on right principles, the insulation is perfect, thermometer reliable, and the workmanship the best.

The Chatham Incubator and Brooder is simple as well as scientific in construction—a woman or girl can operate the machine in their leisure moments.

Our proposition is this: We will ship you the Chatham Incubator and Brooder, freight prepaid, and

You Pay No Cash Until After 1906 Harvest.

Send for our handsomely illustrated booklet entitled, "How to Make Money Out of Chicks."

We can supply you quickly from our distributing warehouses at Calgary, Brandon, Regina, Winnipeg, New Westminster, B.C., Montreal Halifax, Chatham. Factories at CHATHAM, ONT., and DETROIT, MICH. 517

The MANSON CAMPBELL Co., Limited, Dept. No. 235 CHATHAM, CANADA

BABES IN THE WOOD.

A Seventeenth Century Incident In the State of Maine.

In 1670 James Adams of York became affronted with one of his neighbors, Henry Simpson, and determined to avenge himself upon two of Simpson's children, whose ages were six and nine years. In a solitary place four or five miles from the dwelling houses of the inhabitants he built of logs beside a ledge of perpendicular rocks a pen or pound several feet high, with walls inclined inward from bottom to top. After he had built this he decoyed the children into the woods under a pretense of searching for birds' nests and caused them to enter within the pound, where he left them confined to perish. The place has since been called the Devil's Invention.

The children were soon missed, and the alarmed inhabitants searched for them more than forty-eight hours. The boys, when aware of their wretched situation, made various attempts to get out, and at length, by digging away with their hands the surface of the earth underneath one of the bottom logs, effected their escape. They wandered in the woods three days, being at last attracted to the seashore by the noise of the surf, where they were found.

The depraved criminal was condemned to have thirty stripes well laid on, to pay the father of the children £5, the treasurer £10, besides fees and charges of the prison, and remain a close prisoner during the court's pleasure or till further order. The same month he recognized before two of the judges, "conditioned to send him, within twenty-one days, out of the jurisdiction."

Mean Thing.

"No," said Miss Passay, "I don't like the photos Kamrer made for me. They make me look like a woman of forty."

"Well," replied Miss Pepprey, "you should have told him not to touch them up if you didn't want them to look so youthful."

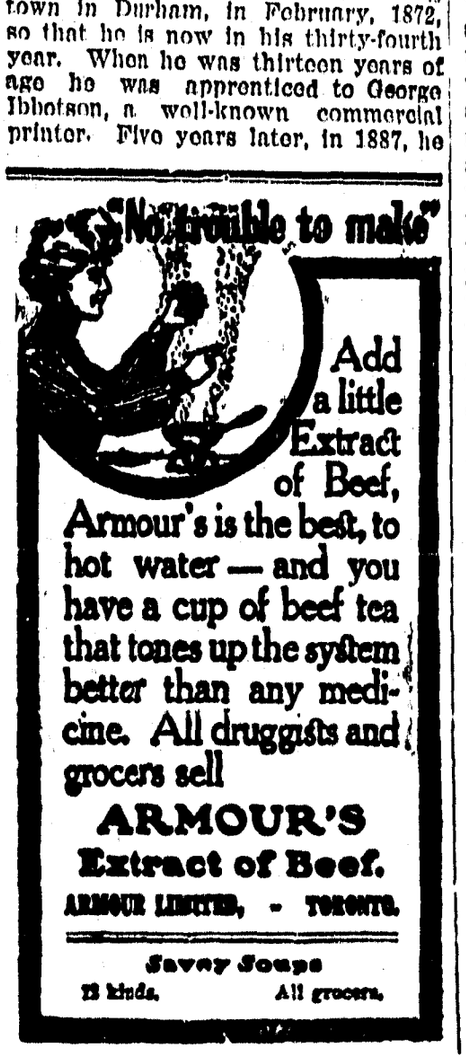
The Keeley Cure

Ask the lawyers, the physicians, the congressmen, the clergymen, the clerks, the book-keepers, the skilled mechanics who have patronized us and you will find that the Keeley treatment is all and more than is claimed for it, and that it is the "stitch" a drinking man needs to save property, reputation, family, sanity and even life itself.

Write today, now, and get the necessary information about it.

FREE OFFER.

Our handsome little booklet, "In the Interest of Good Living" contains an abundance of information for good housekeepers. It will be mailed to you free on request. Address CODVILLE & CO., Dept. M. Winnipeg, Man.



New Goods

for Early Spring Sewing

We have received our first shipment of

Lawns, Nainsook, Organdies, Persian Lawn, Tucked Nainsook, Colored Dimities, Embroideries, Lace, Allover Lace Allover Embroideries, etc.

These goods are direct from the old country and are a beautiful lot.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

RIGGS & WHYTE

Campbells

5c. LOAF.

Plain and Currant
SCONES
15c Dozen

Minced Steak Pies on Saturdays
3 for 25c.

DUNSMUIR AVENUE.

Before Ordering YOUR SINGLE **HARNESS** CALL AND GET MY PRICES

X. C MOUNTING, $10.00
DAVIS HARD RUBBER $15 00
NICKEL MOUNTING $15 00
SOLID NICKEL $20 00
GENUINE RUBBER $20 00

Place your order early and avoid the rush If you purchase one of the above sets and after using it there is any defect, I am prepared to make it good.

Wesley Willard,

SHOE DEALERS

Our staff of salesman will be on the road in a few days with fall samples of

Maple Leaf Rubbers

Dont place your orders until you have seen the New Models. They are great sellers.

J. LECKIE CO., Ltd.

VANCOUVER B. C.

Selling Agents For The West.

AS TO JUDGING.

Year after year the difficulty in getting anyone to act as judge of social events such as masquerades, increases. Cumberland is not alone in this, for one hears of frightful rows and mortal enmities incurred through these affairs. This being the case, would it not be well to cut out prize lists in these affairs altogether? People are pressed, threatened, implored by the management to act in judges' capacity, and when these unfortunates, after spending 2 or 3 hours of agony in striving to make a handful of crumbs go around a multitude, award the 5 or 6 prize-at once the whole concatenation outside of the few who have received prizes, turn loose and jump on the judges, and insults, sarcasms, and threats are all the go. The question then arises, "What is the use of judging?" If people will not stand by the judges' decisions on the grounds that they are wrong why not have seen to it that suitable persons were chosen for the office beforehand? It is a dead certainty therefore, that the majority of people will not act a second time, and small blame to them. This of course applies to people in general and more especially to the ladies who are martyrs enough to offer themselves for sacrifice. Newspaper men, being possessed of pachydermous hides, naturally do not mind, and are at all times ready to serve in a good cause, give their judgements as they think right, and let the axe fall where it well pleases. Abuse to us is as gin to an Apache. Feels good! We really think that masquerade judges should be of newspaper men and tax collectors or else the prize list should be cut out.

The girls think a whole lot of newspapers anyhow! Two of them were arranged in Enterprise and News sheets at the masquerade. Oh yes! they had other things on as well.

COUNCIL MEETING

Present, Mayor Stewart, Aldermen Bate, Whyte and Tarbell.

Communications, From C.H.B. Potts, enclosing account for services in proposed city extension. Laid on table. From Am. Fire Eng Co. notifying that a tolling hammer had been sent, as this was not what was wanted it was ordered returned

Accounts, School delegation expenses $60.00, Light, $39 85, Stationery, etc, $2 00, C.H.B. Potts $33 30 Ref'd to Fin Com.

Reports, Mayor reported result of visit to Victoria, and a letter from the educational Department was read agreeing to pay cost of outside pupils, Report, and school estimate passed. Deferred business. Mr Potts letter—Mayor, and Alds Tarbell and Bate believed in extension being completed. Alds Bate and Tarbell were appointed a committee to push the matter. Mayor stated that a school rate Bylaw should have to be brought Decided to hold a special meeting Monday to discuss matter.

Council adjourned

FOR SALE

Strong early cabbage plants from Sutton's seed—50c per hundred.

G. Bradnell, Comox.

INDUCTION

Thursday evening last, the Revd J. D. McGillivray was inducted as pastor of St Georges Presbyterian Church, he having lately had a unanimous call to that pulpit. Rev Mr Ross preached the sermon, Rev J. M. Millar addressed the congregation, and Rev Mr Menzies exhorted the minister. During the meeting it was shown that the affairs of the Church were in a much more prosperous state than formerly. After the services, an adjournment was made to the basement, where a social evening was spent.

LECTURE

The lecture last Wednesday evening by the Revd J. M. Millar M.A. B.D. in St George's Church, was well attended and most interesting. In a "Tale of two Cities", the Revd gentleman did not refer to Dickens' famous book, but to some things he himself heard and saw while on a vacation some years ago in Europe, and the two cities meant were Rome and Venice.

Our new Spring stock of up-to-date shoes is now in. The largest and best assortment of footwear in the District. S. Leiser & Co Ltd.

Dull Evenings Are Banished
WHEN YOU OWN A
Columbia Graphophone

IT WILL PROVIDE
THE BEST MUSIC
THE FUNNIEST SONGS
THE MOST LAUGHABLE STORIES

RIGHT AT YOUR OWN FIRESIDE, AT A MODERATE COST. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE OR CALL AT

FLETCHER BROS.

VICTORIA, NANAIMO
VANCOUVER.

Sole Agents For B.C.

Royal Bank of Canada

Capital (paid up).....$3,000,000
Reserve Fund 3,437,162
Undivided Profits.....36,373,576

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.

H P. WILSON, MANAGER.

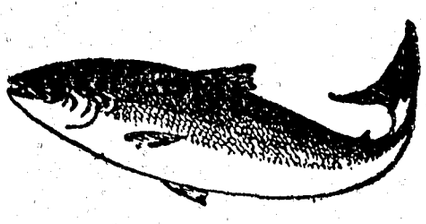
OFFICE HOURS 10 to 3; Saturday 10 to 12; open Pay Nights 7 p.m. to 9p.m

FOR SALE

Quarter section 160 acres of fine land, easily cleared, in one of the best parts of Comox Valley. ½ mile from post office.

Apply at this office.

When you fish you'll miss half the fun if you don't use proper tackle and a reliable rod.



Every angler will find a complete stock
At The BIG STORE

GEORGE E. MARTIN
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR
Canadian Bank of Commerce Bldg,
Nanaimo B. C.

A Guaranteed Cure for Piles,

Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case, no matter of how long standing, in 6 to 14 days. First application gives ease and rest. 50c. If your druggist hasn't it send 50c in stamps and it will be forwarded post-paid by Paris Medicine Co., St Louis, Mo.

AT THE BIG STORE—A large consignment of Childrens Ready Made Dresses, in Muslins, Pique, Ducks, and Prints, in all the newest style. Also a large assortment of Children's Underwear.

Simon Leiser & Co Ltd.

NOTICE.

Any person or persons found cutting or removing timber from Lots 15, 20 and the south 22 acres of the Fractional N W. ¼. Sec. 30 and Fractional S W ¼ of Sec 30 (97 Ac) of Township XI. Nelson District, will be prosecuted according to law

GRANT & MOUNCE.

Cumberland Jan. 9th 1906.

Mammoth Imperial Pekin Duck Eggs. FOR SALE, $1.50 per sitting Apply to J Stewart, Allan Avenue Cumberland.

J. D. King's new styles of dressy shoes—Moore Bros.

RICE, $2 50 per sack at Napier & Partridge's.

See the new Auto caps at Moore Bros'.

Childrens shoes, special order J. D. King make from No 1 up—Moore Bros.

BEFORE AND AFTER

Wood's Phosphodine.
The Great English Remedy.
A positive cure for all forms of Sexual Weakness, Mental and Brain Worry, *Emissions, Spermatorrhoea, Impotency,* Effects of Abuse or Excess, all of which lead to Consumption, Infirmity, Insanity and an early grave. Price $1 per pkg., six for $5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain package on receipt of price. Write for Pamphlet. The Wood Medicine Co., Windsor, Ontario.

GO TO
CAREY
The TAILOR
for your next Suit of clothes.

—Look at these Prices—
Pants $3.00 up
Suits $13.00 up
Overcoats $12.50 up

Style, Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed.

DAVIS BLOCK.

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.

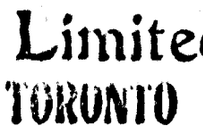
A Fair Trial

IS ALL WE ASK

JUST a chance to show you that we always please our customers by supplying them with the BEST MEATS at the lowest market prices. A trial order will convince you.

THE CITY
Meat Market,
W. W. McKAY, Proprietor.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.



The only safe effectual monthly medicine on which women can depend. Sold in two degrees of strength—No. 1, for ordinary cases, $1 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger for Special Cases, $3 per box. *Sold by all druggists.* Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound; take no substitute.

The Cook Medicine Co., Windsor, Ontario.

SOW
RENNIE'S
SEEDS
THE LARGEST SEED MERCHANTS In Canada

BRITISH COLUMBIA OFFICE, 66 Hastings St. W., Vancouver. Write for Catalogue

A Special Offer **E3** 12 Packages Leading Vegetables and Flowers for 25c—Onion, Cucumber, Beet Lettuce, Carrot and Radish: Asters, Sweet Mignonette Pansy, Petunia, Sweet Peas and Wild Garden All For 25c

Order Today **Wm. RENNIE Co. Limited** Order Today
VANCOUVER, WINNIPEG and TORONTO