

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

THIRTEENTH YEAR.

CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY MARCH 14 1906

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At
The
Big
Store

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

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

Crum's 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.

FIRE ALARM

On Sunday evening, at a few minutes to 8 o'clock, a fire alarm sounded, and a bright glare caused a general turn out, the Churches being vacated in a few seconds, everyone making for the fire, which was found to be at Messrs Grant & Mounce's barn, the whole structure by this time being a mass of flames. Most of the horses had been got out by early arrivals, but two fine animals, Mr Mounce's favorite driving horse "Dandy", and Mr J. L. Roe's driving beast, perished in the fire, which seemed to have started in the hay loft over the side in which these two were stabled, and strenuous, though unavailing at attempts were made to rescue them. Mr Roe's horse dropping over- come just at the door, no doubt having inhaled the heat. For a time the pit head buildings of No 6 shaft were in imminent danger, the roof blazing in several places, when the water was turned on, none too soon, the building being only a few feet away from the blazing barn. Fortunately there was no wind, everything being exceedingly dry from the late cold, dry, wind, which have prevailed, the whole works would in all probability have gone but for the fortunate calm. The origin of the fire is hard to account for. Mr C. Grant was in the stable at 5 o'clock, and saw that everything was safe for the night. As before stated, the place seemed to have caught fire on the west

side, in the loft, where a considerable quantity of hay was stored. The fire Co turned out promptly and did good work, the fire being kept to the one building. Fortunately, the loss will not be heavy, as the building was old, and partly covered by insurance, though Mr Mounce would cheerfully have lost more, could he have saved his pit horse.

DEATH OF AN OLD TIMER

John Nelson, who worked for many years here and at Union Bay as a bricklayer and stone mason, died in the Nanaimo Hospital this week, to which institution he had gone in failing health some time ago. Deceased was widely known here and at Nanaimo and Wellington.

Accident at No 4

Hok Tung, an old Chinaman who has for many years worked for the Colliery Co, and latterly employed as engine wiper, met his death Monday morning at No 4 shaft. The body was found pinned between the draw bar of a locomotive and the draw head of a flat car, and to all appearances the man must have been in the act of coupling the car to the engine when he got caught. The body was taken to the morgue.

GRANULATED SUGAR, \$5.00 per 100lb at Napier and Partridge.

Farmers Institute Meetings.

The Comox Farmers' Institute had four sessions this week, Wednesday and Thursday. Able addresses were made by Dr Tolmie of Victoria and Robt. Thompson of St. Catherine's, each devoting himself to the special work in which they are engaged. Mr Thompson opened the eyes of many when he showed the great advantages of the silo and of corn as a silo filler. His description of orchard pests, how to fight them, fruit trees how to select plant and cultivate, were very interesting. It may be news to many that the strawberry industry is now a very important one in B. C. One man sold, last year, 25 tons of straw berries. The Co-operative Jam factory is a great help to the small fruit farmer as they can preserve all that are not sold for table use.

Dr Tolmie was exceedingly good in his addresses. Glanders and other infectious and contagious diseases were explained in the most interesting manner, and the horse, his care from colthood to marketing, was a master effort, the evincing was all that could be wished, still the attendance was below what we generally have, they missed able addresses who remained away. The Secty. read a letter from the Deputy Minister of Agriculture stating that stumping powder for clearing land could be had at the factory for \$5.25 a case, cash to accompany order. Also a letter from Powder Company stating that the cash must be sent to their office in Victoria and that both the Company and the Government have no further responsibility after it leaves the factory at Northfield. It is still under consideration how we are to get it delivered here. We can have any quantity from 1 box up at that price. Our member, Robt. Grant, has done much towards obtaining this cheap powder.

J. A. HALLIDAY.

Death At Comox.

Word was received here on Monday of the death of Mrs Smith Davis at her home near Mr W. Mathewson's. The deceased lady had been suffering for some time from the effects of confinement, and on Monday passed away. Five children including the little baby are left deprived of a loving mother's care. The late Mrs Davis was a daughter of Mr and Mrs H. McArthur, who lived here some years ago and who are now in Nova Scotia. Mrs McKay of Duncan is a sister and she was expected by last night's boat having been wired for on Monday. The funeral will take place today at 2 p.m., at the Presbyterian cemetery Sandwick. Though far from home and kindred, it is good to know that kind friends did all possible for the poor lady in her last illness.

SUICIDE AT OYSTER RIVER

Saturday morning last, word was brought to Courtenay by Wm. Story, of Oyster River, of the self destruction of a settler near J. Stewart's. Word was at once telephoned from Courtenay, to Con Thompson up here, who with Coroner Abrams lost no time in proceeding to that place. Geo. H. Quellhorst, the deceased, was an Englishman who came out and settled on a piece of land about 2 years ago. Several days before his tragic ending, he

went to Mr J. Stewart's, and complained of felling ill, asserting that people had dug a tunnel under his house and the noise of their talking kept him awake at nights. Mr Stewart induced him to stay with them for a few days, and he appeared to be getting better, when on Friday evening, Mrs Stewart told her husband to call Quellhorst for supper, he having complained of feeling tired and had gone into his bed room to rest. When Mr Stewart opened the door of the room, after knocking, to his horror the body of their unfortunate visitor lay stretched on the floor with the throat cut clear across, a small pocket knife by the side being the instrument of death infliction. An inquest was held on Saturday, the verdict being, self destruction while temporarily insane, and the remains were then removed to Sandwick, where the Rev Mr Merzies conducted the funeral service at the interment on Sunday. The deceased who was a man of education and evident culture, leaves a wife and two or more well grown children in England. It is said that they were intending coming out here as soon as possible, and there is no doubt that despondency from his lonely life, and meagre surroundings—the house being a very small affair preyed on the unfortunate's mind to such an extent that it became unbalanced.

FOOTBALLERS TAKE NOTICE!

Mr P. Stoddart has informed us that he intends to present 5 medals to the winning team (5 aside) playing in a match in Cumberland on Victoria Day, May 24. These will be specimens of Mr Stoddart's own work executed in the town.

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

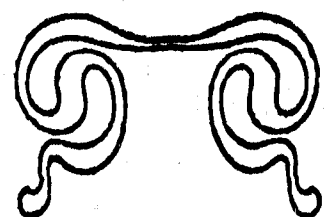
Rev J.M. Millar M.A., B.D., will lecture tonight in St George's Presbyterian Church on "A Tale of Two Cities". This lecture is highly spoken of where the gentlemen has given it before, and everybody should attend who want to hear something interesting. The lecture begins at 8 p.m. Admission 25c.

Card of Thanks

I beg to thank the members of the Cumberland Fire Brigade for the promptness with which they responded to the call, and the able and equally successful manner in which they dealt with the fire at the sawmill on Sunday night, as it was entirely owing to their quick response and the able way in which the fire was managed that the No 6 pit head and the adjacent buildings were saved from destruction.

JNO. MATTHEWS

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

Hobbes and Geometry.

Hobbes was not yet fifteen when he went to Oxford. He did not much care for logic, yet he learned it and thought himself a good disputant. There is no reason to think he learned anything else at Oxford save a strong dislike of academic institutions and methods. He turned from the official studies to amuse himself with geography and voyages. As to mathematics, there was no official recognition of them at all while Hobbes was at the university, so there is nothing improbable in the statement that Hobbes had never opened a copy of Euclid until he was near middle age. The story is best told in Aubrey's own words:

"He was forty years old when he looked on geometry, which happened accidentally. Being in a gentleman's library, 'Euclid's Elements' lay open, and it was the forty-seventh proposition Lib. I, so he read the proposition. 'By George,' says he, 'this is impossible!' So he read the demonstration of it, which referred him back to another, which he also read, 'et sic deinceps,' that at last he was demonstratively convinced of that truth. This made him in love with geometry."

Useful at all Times.—In winter or in summer Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will cope with and overcome any irregularities of the digestive organs which change of diet, change of residence, or variation of temperature may bring about. They should always be kept at hand, and once their beneficial action becomes known no one will be without them. There is nothing nauseating in their structure, and the most delicate can use them confidently.

Shattering Her Hopes.

Mr. Close—About how much does an automobile outfit for a woman cost? Mrs. Close (excitedly)—Oh, George, you are not going to buy an automobile, are you? Mr. Close—I should say not! I'm merely trying to figure out how far beyond his income that man Brassey is living.

Little, but Searching.—Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are not big, nauseous lozenges that contain injurious drugs, or narcotics—they are the pure vegetable essence—the medicinal extract from this luscious fruit, and the tablets are prepared in as palatable form as the fruit itself. They cure indigestion. 60 in a box, 35 cents.

Wanted to Be Useful.

Woman of the House (with shawl tied around her head)—What are you bothering me now for? Can't you see we're getting ready to move? Ruffon Eats—Yes'm. I thought mebbey you had some pies or scraps o' cake that wasn't worth movin' an' you might like to git rid of 'em, ma'am.

No person should go from home without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial in their possession as change of water, cooking, climate, etc., frequently brings on summer complaint, and there is nothing like being ready with a sure remedy at hand, which oftentimes saves great suffering and oftentimes valuable lives. This cordial has gained for itself a widespread reputation for affording prompt relief from all summer complaints.

Charcoal.

Charcoal is one of the greatest purifiers of water that we have. Water or any substance allowed to percolate through it will be freed of all animal organisms or foreign particles. It is one of the best sweeteners of the breath. After a hearty meal it is a splendid thing for the stomach if added to it is a little ginger. It is excellent with which to cleanse the teeth, for it removes fungous growth that many tooth powders fail to touch. It relieves pain caused by a burn.

The never-failing medicine, Holloway's Corn Cure, removes all kinds of corns, warts, etc., even the most obstinate to remove cannot withstand this wonderful remedy.

The Only Way.

"Why is Mrs. Scapple always sitting down on her husband?" "Because that's the only way she can get him to support her."

Bright's Disease.—Insidious, deceptive, relentless! has killed hundreds of trials by medical science to stem the tide of its ravages—and not until South American Kidney Cure proved beyond a doubt its power to turn back the tide, was there a gleam of anything but despair for the victim of this dread form of kidney disease.

Candid.

She (after accepting him)—Have you ever loved any other girl? He—Certainly. I can bring you half a dozen written testimonials if necessary.

A Doubtful Theory.

Ammy (fishing)—I ain't gittin' a bite. Tommy—Maybe dey ain't hungry. Jimmy—But dat oughtn't to make so much difference. I kin generally eat whether I'm hungry or not.—New York Times.

Dear Girls!

Maudie—Clolly! Don't follow danced with me four times last night. Mabel—Yes, poor chap, I had just rejected him, and he said he was ready to do anything to get me.—Chicago News.

IT MUST BE WELL FOUNDED

Steady Growth in Popularity of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Made by Cures Like that of Simon V. Landry—He Tells about It Himself.

River Bourgeois, Richmond Co., C. B.—Jan. 15 (Special).—Among the many men in this part of Canada whom Dodd's Kidney Pills have relieved of aches and pains and weakness and made strong and able to do a good day's work is Mr. Simon V. Landry. Mr. Landry has numerous friends here who can vouch for the story he tells of his cure.

"I was bothered for over a year," he says, "with lame back, weak legs, palpitation of the heart, general weakness and shortness of breath; in fact I could not work and was a total wreck."

"I could not get anything to help me till I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. But they did me good and no mistake. I used three boxes and I'm back at work again."

It is the cures they make that make Dodd's Kidney Pills so popular. Their popularity has grown steadily for thirteen years. It must be well founded.

Before and After Taking.

Dr. Quackly—Ah—um—you say the medicine I prescribed hasn't stopped the chills! Did you shake well before taking? Dummager—Yes, and afterward too.

RHEUMATISM AND PARALYSIS.

Their Complete Home Cure.

Post Free to Readers of This Paper for Limited Period Only.

A handsome illustrated treatise, giving full description of Rheumatism and Paralysis, with instructions for a complete home cure, describing the most successful treatment in the world, recommended by the Ministry and endorsed by medical men. This highly instructive book was written by W. H. Veno, a gentleman who has made a special study of these diseases. The preface is by a graduate of the University of Wurtzburg. Send postal to-day and you will receive the book free by return.—Address: The Veno Drug Company, 24 King Street, West Toronto.

Double Loss.

"I hear you lost your heart up at Miss Sweetley's house the other evening," said the gossip. "Yes; and worse than that," replied the practical lover, "I lost my umbrella. I suspect one of those brothers of hers."

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

Ought to Be Happy.

Towne—I hear Marryat and his bride are no longer living at that boarding house of yours. Browne—No; they've gone to housekeeping. Towne—Ah, their home life now will bring them much closer together, and— Browne—You bet it will! They've taken a flat.

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

Accuracy is the twin brother of honesty. Inaccuracy of dishonesty.—Simmons.

Itch, Mange, Prairie Scratches, Cuban Itch on Human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Wolford's Sanitary Lotion. It never fails. At all druggists.

Judging Her Appetite.

Very Stout Opt Lady (watching the lions fed)—Pears to me, mister, that ain't a very big piece of meat for such an animal. Attendant—It may seem like a small piece of meat to you, ma'am, but it's big enough for the lion.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria

Cultivate the Difficulty.

The way to get to the top is to cultivate the difficult. The way to stay at the bottom is to cultivate that which almost anybody else similarly circumstanced can do as well.

Cash or Cure

If Shiloh's Consumption Cure fails to cure your Cold or Cough, you get back all you paid for it. You are sure of a Cure or the Cash.

If it wasn't a sure cure, this offer would not be made.

Can anything be better?

If you have a Cold, Cough, or any disease of the Throat, Lungs or Air Passages, try

SHILOH

25c. per bottle. All dealers guarantee it.

The Story of a Wart.

A wart on a lady's nose, or, rather, its unsuccessful removal, was the subject of an action brought in the Vienna law courts recently. Plaintiff was Frau Ettinger, who consulted a Dr. Brauchbar regarding the removal from her nasal organ of a too conspicuous excrescence.

Dr. Brauchbar undertook to remove the wart without leaving a trace, but when the wound healed, it left behind a tiny cross-like scar. The surgeon admitted having made a slight mistake and advised a second slight operation, which, he promised, would only leave a little seam-like line. The second operation, however, turned out worse, and suppuration set in, resulting in an ugly scar as big as a threepenny piece. The lady, in despair, now consulted Prof. Gersumy, who declared the case had been wrongly treated from the first. He offered to operate again, but without guaranteeing the result. The result was nil, and the blemish remained.

After consulting other specialists, who could suggest no cure, Frau Ettinger went back to her first surgeon, who made three more attempts to eliminate the trace of his first failure; but, alas! the scar now became the size of a sixpence.

The lady then went to law, entering a claim against Dr. Brauchbar for the return of the fees paid him and £160 damages. After some of the best-known face specialists had been heard in the case, the court decided that no guarantee could be exacted for the success of such an operation, and non-suited the plaintiff.

Baby Humors.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment soothes, quiets, and effects quick and effective cures in all skin eruptions common to baby during teething time. It is harmless to the hair in cases of Scald Head, and cures Eczema, Salt Rheum and all Skin Diseases of older people. 35 cents.

For one of the seed grain lecture circuits, Mr. Brant, of the agricultural department, Ottawa, is making set of drawings of model barns of prominent farmers of Ontario and Quebec. Among those taken as models are the farm buildings of John Dryden, Brooklyn, Ont.; R. R. Ness, Howick, Que.; Senator Edwards, Rockland, Ont.; P. Carke, Deschenes, Que. The foregoing are dairy barns and the following sheep barns: John Jackson, Arlington, Ont.; John Campbell, Woodland, Ont.; J. Brethour, Burford, Ont.

CHILDHOOD INDIGESTION.

Nothing is more common in childhood than indigestion. Nothing is more dangerous to proper growth, more weakening to the constitution, or more likely to pave the way to dangerous disease. Nothing is more easy to keep under control, for proper food and Baby's Own Tablets will cover the whole ground. Here is strong proof. Mrs. G. G. Irving, Trout Brook, Que., says: "My baby was troubled with chronic indigestion and was a constant sufferer. Nothing helped him until I tried Baby's Own Tablets, but these promptly cured him and he is now as healthy a little lad as you would care to see. I always keep the Tablets in the house and they quickly cure all the troubles of childhood. 'Every mother should keep these Tablets on hand. They cure all the minor ailments of children, and their prompt administration when trouble comes may save a precious little life. They are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any druggist or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

Women Speakers.

Women speak best when they retain their seats at table, the very fact that they are standing and facing their audiences having a tendency to give the bravest of women stage fright. Women orators have the advantage over men in knowing that their attire will have much to do with keeping the attention of their audience. A pretty woman in a pretty gown, a fan, a muff, a jewel, will hold the eyes of the women listeners even if they do not care much for the speech.—What to Eat.

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

Training a Cow.

T. P.'s London Weekly relates how Major Miles Malony of Ballyduff was amazed one morning to see from his bedroom window a little lad driving a cow back and forward again and again over a ditch and through a fence on his land. Hurriedly completing his toilet, he rushed out to question the little trespasser. "What are ye after with that cow? Is it to kill the beast ye want?" "Kill her! Shure, it's to keep her alive I want." "Keep her alive?" "Shure, it's teaching her to get her own living I am. There isn't a ditch or fence in the barony that'll hold her in after I've done wid her." Then the major understood. The cow, in fact, was being taught to trespass in search of her own living.

Try "SALADA"

CEYLON NATURAL GREEN TEA once and you will never return to the adulterated teas of Japan.

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

Imperial Maple Syrup

ALWAYS SATISFACTORY

Ask your dealer for Imperial Maple Syrup. Do not allow him to substitute an inferior article because it is cheaper.

Stonewall Jackson's Look.

Stonewall Jackson's form was tall, gaunt and angular. His feet and hands were large, and his walk was singularly ungraceful. He always spoke quickly, in short sentences devoid of ornament, but to the point. A habit of "batting" his eyes added no little to the peculiarity of his appearance. His eyes were gray and ordinarily dull and expressionless, but when excited by drill, which always seemed to rouse him, especially when charges were fired, the whole man would change, as if he were transported by the roar of the guns to the exciting scenes of an actual field of battle.—Thomas M. Seemans in Century.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper

An exchange says: "It might be interesting to know the size of Saskatchewan. It is 328 miles from east to west and 522 miles from north to south. Alberta is about 328 miles from south to north and 306 miles from east to west. Manitoba is 290 miles from east to west and 280 from south to north."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Too Easy Success.

Success in literature early in a writer's career is often a serious misfortune, writes Julius Chambers in the Pittsburg Dispatch. I distinctly recall a conversation with Frank R. Stockton regarding "The Lady or the Tiger?" that illustrates this point. "Never was I so near starvation since I began to write as after the publication of 'The Lady or the Tiger?'" said Mr. Stockton. "For nearly two years everything I offered for sale was sent back with the curt explanation that it did not compare with that story. 'The Lady or the Tiger?' was made a standard by which everything was judged. Prior to its publication I had trouble in selling my matter, and that very story had been offered to every publisher in New York before it was accepted."

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Gentlemen.—Last winter I received great benefit from the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a severe attack of La Grippe, and I have frequently proved it to be very effective in cases of inflammation.

Yours,

W. A. HUTCHINSON.

In a Man's Pockets.

A fairly well equipped gentleman true to his calling and to his friends carries quite a kit of tools. There are a jackknife, a match box, a cigar cutter, a nail file, a corkscrew, a finger nail tool and possibly a cigar holder and some good five-centers to give away. And yet women wonder what he finds to put in his pockets. To facilitate further the business of just hanging around he must have a little money, a handkerchief, bunch of keys, fountain pen, some lead pencils and sharpener, eyeglasses, notebook, watch, old letters, papers of more or less supposed value and a cardcase. Not one pocket could be spared unless it is the one on his nightshirt, and that looks so sweet.

Indispensable in Winter.

There's a need in every home for

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM

A few doses, at the first sign of a cold, will allay all throat irritation—take away hoarseness—check the inflammation—strengthen the lungs—ward off the cough. All the healing, soothing, curative properties of Canadian Spruce Gum—combined with aromatics. Pleasant to take. 25 cts. bottle.

A branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce is to be opened in Strathcona. This will make seventeen branch offices of that bank in Alberta.



\$5,000 REWARD will be paid to any person who proves that Sunlight Soap contains any injurious chemicals or any form of adulteration.

Sunlight Soap

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

Sunlight Soap contains no injurious chemicals.

Sunlight Soap is pure soap, scientifically made. Every step in its manufacture is watched by an expert chemist.

Sunlight Soap saves labor, and the wear of rubbing which common soaps require in washing fabrics.

Your money refunded by the dealer from whom you buy Sunlight Soap if you find any cause for complaint.

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto

That man who bid \$97,000 for a seat on the New York Stock Exchange must want to sit down pretty badly.

THE REALM OF UNREALITY

By HARRY PRESTON

Copyright, 1905, by R. B. Shelton

Allen strode across the grounds in the mellow warmth of that early summer afternoon and sought his favorite retreat—a rustic seat in the shadow of the beeches near the northern wall. He opened a magazine he had borrowed from the superintendent's office and strove to interest himself in the pages, but the articles seemed to be composed of meaningless jumbles of words, and the illustrations seemed distorted and unreal. He dropped the magazine with a sigh and closed his eyes. He was very, very tired.

He was afraid, too, that Thompson would come along and worry him about the codicils of that will. Thompson had been dead these five years, and, moreover, those codicils had been fixed to his satisfaction long before his demise, but Thompson seemed totally indifferent to the trouble he was causing. Instead of staying peacefully in his grave he came poking along at any old hour of the day or night asking most absurd questions and making all sorts of annoying suggestions.

Allen had spoken to the superintendent about Thompson that very afternoon. He had said pointedly that if he were to stay here they must keep Thompson out. The superintendent had been very kind. He had assured Allen the matter would be attended to. He bade him worry over it no more. And then the superintendent had looked at him pityingly. Allen was keen enough to recognize the pity in that glance.

It was strange that they should pity him; everything was strange. Nothing had been real since that day in the courthouse when he was conducting the state's case against the election repeaters—when the walls had caved in so suddenly and he had felt the strange, tingling sensations in his toes and finger tips and some one had put his arms about him just as the blackness had come on.

They told him—the doctors and the nurses—that this place, where he had awakened, was a private sanitarium; that he was overworked and must



"Ah," he said, "I thought it would come."

rest. He strove vainly to grasp the meaning of it all. He wouldn't mind staying here if they only would contrive to keep Thompson decently in his grave. If they did—if they only did—How tired he was!

Allen nodded somnolently. His chin sank to his chest and he slept.

When he opened his eyes he was aware some one was standing near him. He half suspected it was Thompson on another of his obnoxious visits, but a second glance assured him it was not. It was a woman—a young and pretty woman—and she was smiling pleasantly. Allen jumped to his feet and lifted his hat.

"Good afternoon," he said gravely. "Good afternoon," she returned. "You've been enjoying a nap, haven't you?"

"I may have been dozing," he admitted. He looked at her for a moment in troubled abstraction. "You haven't any codicils you want put in your will?" he asked anxiously.

"Dear, no," she laughed.

Allen looked relieved. "You see," he explained, "everything of late is very unreal. I presume you, too, are unreal, but if you haven't any will to be fixed I shall be very glad of your company."

She laughed again, and her laugh was good to hear. Its infection set Allen smiling.

"Won't you sit down?" he asked, motioning her to the seat.

She caught up the magazine from the ground. "Can't I read to you?" she asked.

"If you would be so good," said he. "I tried to read myself, but somehow I couldn't seem to grasp the thread of things. I hope Thompson won't come poking around," he added.

"Thompson has been forbidden the grounds," she said reassuringly, and, opening the magazine, she began to read in a sweet, low voice that soothed Allen wonderfully. She read until sunset, and Allen, to his infinite joy, found he could grasp the meaning of all she read.

After that they met at the beaches every pleasant afternoon. She always brought a book or a magazine, and Allen, seated on the ground before her, found his interest in life returning. Moreover, Thompson had ceased to trouble him. He began to feel that some time in the future matters would adjust themselves properly. As to the present, he was content to sit at her feet and listen to her full, rich voice.

One afternoon when the reading was ended for the day and the sun made long shadows of the trees Allen rose and stood looking at her thoughtfully.

"You see," he said, "I don't know whether you are real or only a phantom like Thompson, and so I may speak freely. If you are real I love you. If you are unreal—well, then I want to stay here like this for the rest of my days."

The girl flushed scarlet. She dropped the book and fled across the grounds. Allen stood watching her flight with a puzzled frown.

"Suppose she is just another phantom like Thompson—suppose she is!" he muttered, and the bare thought of such a possibility made him sick at heart.

It came like a flash. Allen was walking toward the beeches one sunny afternoon when something seemed to snap inside his skull. He stopped in his tracks and stood for a moment dazed and trembling. Then a great joy welled up in him. The numbing fog had fallen from his mind. Everything was perfectly clear now. It was all over; he was a well man again. He could take up his life where he had dropped it.

He made his way to the beeches and sat down, but as he did so a sudden fear tightened his throat. How about this girl, who had come to mean so much to him? Was she a reality, or had she been only an image of his tired brain? Suppose the latter were the case!

He heard voices and lifted his eyes. Across the lawn the superintendent was approaching, and with him was the girl. Allen leaped to his feet and ran forward.

"Thank God," he cried beside himself with joy.

The superintendent looked at him narrowly for a moment and then seized his hand.

"Ah," he said, "I thought it would come. You may well thank God, Mr. Allen. It was a narrow escape from permanent trouble."

He turned to the girl beside him.

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Allen, this is my daughter."

Allen laughed happily as he saw the girl's face crimson.

"It was because of her I thanked God," said he quietly.

A Poetic Family.

One day Mr. Tait's premises were invaded by a family consisting of father, mother, son and two daughters, bearing a ponderous manuscript volume of poems, "all written by ourselves," as the mother said in a joyous key. The title was "A Poem For Every Day In the Year and Two For Sundays," by Mr. and Mrs. Mullingar and their son and daughters. Mr. Tait was non-plused, and the mother seemed inclined to sit down and await his decision. However, a visitor opportunely arriving, they said they would call again. They did so, but the publisher was "not at home," and they were turned over to Mr. Bertram, who assured Mrs. Mullingar, with his best air of wisdom, that poetry never paid.

"And yet," said the lady in a reproachful tone, "Sir Walter Scott made thousands of pounds by his poems."

"Yes, and so did Byron and Moore," chimed in one of the daughters, with a severe look, "and other poets too. Look at Rogers!"

In vain was Mrs. Mullingar assured that these were exceptional circumstances. She was confident their book would sell. Mr. Bertram at last got out of the scrape by suggesting that, as Mr. Tait was unwilling to publish books of poetry, they should try Blackwood. He does not say whether Blackwood was duly grateful or whether he published the book, but as it has never been heard of it is very probable he did not.—Chambers' Journal.

In and Out.

Although Foote undoubtedly enjoyed his reputation as the greatest wit of his day, he was quick to recognize and appreciate wit in others.

On one occasion when passing by the king's bench his attention was attracted by a barber's shop, the owner of which, not being able to pay for new glass in several panes which had been broken before his occupancy, had substituted paper ones for them. Over the shop door was written this inscription:

Here lives Jeremy Wright. Shaves as well as any man in England, almost, Not quite.

Foote, after laughing well over the sign, became convinced that the owner must be an eccentric but not a stupid person. He determined to satisfy his curiosity immediately, so, putting his head through one of the paper panes, he inquired:

"Is Jeremy Wright at home, pray?"

"No, sir," came the reply, as the barber instantly thrust his head out through another of the paper panes; "no, sir. He has just popped out."

"Good!" exclaimed the delighted Foote, and he left the barber richer by a guinea without his having exercised his vocation of shaving upon the noted wit, who hurried off, laughing, to tell the story.

Slight Misunderstanding.

"Let me see," said the minister who was filling out the marriage certificate and had forgotten the date, "this is the seventh, is it not?"

"No, sir," snapped the bride, with some show of indignation. "This is only my third, if any one should ask you."—Detroit Tribune.

The Etymology of Bloaters.

Why is the savory salted herring upon which so many people banquet at breakfast-time called a bloater? Likely enough the common or domestic wag will be ready with the self-suggested answer that it is because he bloats! Well, Johnson and several other philologists define "bloat" as being "to swell, to inflate," and herrings are certainly not swollen by becoming bloaters; indeed, the case is the contrary, a fact which was put upon record early in the 17th century by the poetaster Joshua Sylvester, who, in his "Tobacco Battered," wrote:

... herrings in the sea are large and full, But shrink in bloating.

The explanation is that salted herrings are called bloaters because they are "bloomed"—that is, soaked (in a pickle of brine, to wit); from the Swedish "blota," to soak. In the Swedish tongue these prepared herrings are "blot-fisk"—i.e., soaked fish. And so the irresponsible humorist of the breakfast-table is pretty nearly right after all, though, perhaps, without knowing it.

"Ananas."

Probably the earliest account we have of bananas (or "ananas," as they were at first called) is from the pen of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who, being on a visit to Hanover in 1716, sat at a table where two of the fruit—house grown—were produced at dessert, and she went into ecstasies over them. "They are," she wrote, "perfectly delicious. They are naturally the growth of Brazil, and one cannot imagine how they came here (Hanover), except by enchantment. Upon inquiry I find that they (the Hanoverians) have brought their greenhouse stoves to such perfection that they lengthen their summer as they please, giving to every plant the heat it would receive from the sun in its native soil. I am surprised we do not practice in England so useful an invention."

Chaining the Bride.

A curious old wedding custom, which still survives in some parts of North Devon, is that of "chaining the bride" at the entrance to the church. At the conclusion of the nuptial ceremony the young men of the village stretch flower and ribbon-decorated ropes across the gateway, and so prevent the exit of the wedding party until the bridegroom throws a handful of small silver far into the roadway, whereupon the chain is dropped and a rush made for the money, the bride folk being then free to pass on their way. Sometimes—if the bride is very popular—several other chains are encountered along the road, and the bridegroom's pockets are depleted accordingly.

Hopless.

Sergeant Sayer once went the circuit for some judge who was prevented by indisposition going in his turn. He was afterward imprudent enough to move as counsel for a new trial in one of the cases heard by himself on the ground of his misdirecting the jury as judge. Lord Mansfield said, "Brother Sayer, there is an act of Parliament which in such a matter as was before you gave you discretion to act as you thought right." "No, my lord," said the sergeant, "that is just it. I have no discretion in the matter." "Very true, you may be quite right as to that," said Lord Mansfield, "for I am afraid even an act of Parliament could not give you discretion."

An Invitation Declined.

A keeper was in the hyenas' cage at Hall by the Sea, England. One of the animals improved the opportunity to turn upon the man in an ugly mood. The keeper, by a sudden movement, and to teach the animal manners, gave it a drubbing until it slunk into a corner. One of the spectators, a dear old lady, then remonstrated with the keeper and thought he had acted cruelly. The man stepped out of the cage and, advancing to the lady, said, "Pray, mum, you'd like to go inside and manage him!" The invitation was not accepted.

No Genius.

"If you had a spark of genius," he began crossly to his typewriter, "I wouldn't be here," she interrupted. And no more was said.

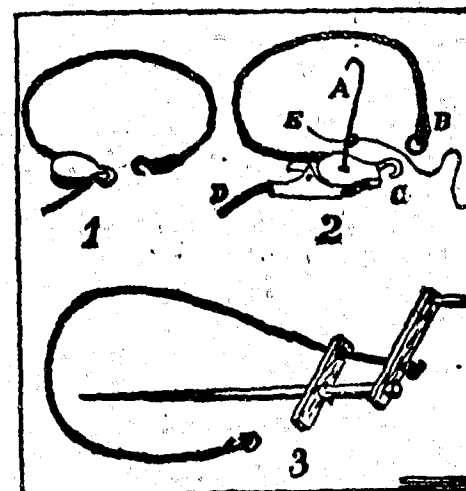
Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company and reflection must finish him.—Locke.

FARM FIELD AND GARDEN

BINDING CORN SHOCKS.

Rope and Pulley—Windlass—Twine, Wire and Straw Bands.

To compress the shock for binding some depend on the strength of the arms alone, but this is not a good plan. A common method is to use a rope with a ring on one end, encircling the shock with a loop that may be drawn tight to hold the shock while the band is tied around it. A much better way is to obtain a small awning pulley and enough one-quarter inch manila rope to reach around the shock. Place the rope through the pulley and knot one



CORN BINDING DEVICES.

end. At the other end tie a small iron hook. The hooked end may be carried around the shock and hooked in the eye of the pulley to form a loop, as shown in the first figure. The free end of the rope is now pulled as tight as necessary, the end of the rope is fastened in a simple manner by lapping it around a protruding cornstalk, while the band is placed on the shock. Instead of having a hook on the rope one end may be tied in the eye of the pulley and the other end left loose to be inserted in the pulley each time the loop is formed. The free end of the rope in this case must be wrapped with fine wire or twine to prevent unraveling. A pulley made expressly for this purpose is also illustrated. It has a hook (A) which fastens in the shock to hold the device while the end of the rope (B) is carried around and fastened to the hook (C). The other end of the rope (D) may be pulled as tight as desired, and an attachment on the pulley block holds the rope from slipping while the shock is being tied. The twine (E) is placed through a loop on the supporting hook and carried around ready for tying. Where one man alone must tie the shocks a compressor of this kind is the ideal one.

The windlass device illustrated is preferred by some when binding large shocks and can be easily constructed. It consists of a sharpened round stick with crank and handle and a wooden washer through one end of which the windlass rope is conducted. The stick being thrust into the shock, the rope is carried around and hooked to the end of the washer and the crank is turned to draw the loop tight and compress the shock.

For binding the shocks twine is best. It saves time and trouble and is preferable to straw or corn bands. Farmers handy to city stables where baled hay and straw are used sometimes procure the baling wire and make it into excellent bands. The wire is cut in suitable lengths, and a small loop is made on one end by twisting the end of the wire upon itself. When on the shock the straight end of wire is placed in the looped end and then bent back, forming a tie that is secure and yet easy to loosen.

The Colt's Hoofs.

"The colt should have abundant exercise on dry ground. The hoofs will then wear gradually, and it will only be necessary from time to time to regulate an uneven wear with the rasp and to round off the sharp edges about the toe to prevent the breaking away of the wall.

"Colts in the stable cannot wear down their hoofs, so that every four to six weeks they should be rasped down and the lower edge of the wall well rounded to prevent chipping. The soles and clefts of the frogs should be picked out every few days and the entire hoof washed clean. Plenty of clean straw should be provided," says an authority on the colt.

Queer Fellow.

"I never met any one so eccentric. He says he doesn't believe there's any such thing as luck."

"That's not eccentric. Some people never do have any luck, and they get so pessimistic."

"But he says he doesn't believe there's such a thing as bad luck."—Philadelphia Press.

Strange.

"Fuddy—Grimes tells me he is not a candidate for any office. All he wants, he says, is to make an honest living."

"Right—if that is all he wants, of course he isn't a candidate for office. Strange that a man will waste his breath uttering self evident truths."—Boston Transcript.

LIVE STOCK MEN.

National Live Stock Association Actively Engaged in the Work For the Benefit of the Farmers.

At the closing session of the organization meeting of the National Live Stock Association, which was held in Ottawa recently, Mr. Robert Miller, the well-known breeder and importer of Shorthorn cattle and Shropshire sheep, was elected chairman of the record board. With Mr. Miller and the secretary, Mr. A. P. Westerwelt of Toronto, the record board will consist of the following: Robert Belth, Bowmanville, light horses; William Smith, Columbus, Ont., draft horses; A. W. Smith, Maple Lodge, Ont., beef cattle; Robert Ness, Howick, Que., dairy cattle; John Dryden, Brooklyn, Ont., sheep; J. E. Brethour, Burford, swine.

Outlook For Improved Live Stock.

It would appear from the high prices realized at recent sales of pure-bred live stock that the farmers and breeders throughout the country are fully alive to the importance of improving the standard of their herds of both the beef and dairy breeds. The contention



ROBERT MILLER, STOUFFVILLE, ONT., Chairman of Record Board of National Live Stock Association.

that there is always a demand for good animals at handsome prices is fully borne out. A good animal costs no more to feed than an inferior one, and more and more is the farmer becoming convinced of the fact that although the initial cost of the introduction of a pure-bred sire into a herd may be large that the improvement resulting justifies the price paid in the corresponding increase in the herd value. Not only are breeders of established herds introducing new blood but foundations for new herds are being laid by men not hitherto considered breeders of pure-bred stocks.

At two recent sales of Shorthorns 100 head brought \$35,123, an average of \$351.23 each.

At the Platt sale at Hamilton 64 cattle were sold for \$27,303, an average of \$426.61. This lot included a dozen or more calves under six months of age. The highest price paid for a sire was \$2,100 and for a dam \$1,600, amounts paid ranged from these down to \$110.

At the Attrill sale at London 36 head realized \$7,780, an average price of \$216. The highest price at this sale was \$650.

At the Hunter sale of Ayrshires at Maxville 47 animals realized \$9,255, an average price of about \$200. One bull brought \$700 and one cow \$675. In this lot was included a number of calves under two months of age. These prices are probably the highest ever received for animals of the Ayrshires breed.

That the teachings of the Farmers' Institutes, the Live Stock Associations and the work of the Dominion and Provincial Departments of Agriculture is bearing results is apparent from the above facts.

Told In Confidence.

The Caller—The man who wrote that poem you printed yesterday didn't know what he was writing about.

The Editor—Of course not. Otherwise it wouldn't have been written.—Chicago News.

He Doesn't But In.

"Of course your wife always insists upon your doing her bidding."

Hempeck—(irascible, no) Whenever she takes me to an auction sale I have to sit perfectly still.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Willie's Expectations.



"Well, Willie," asked the preacher, "what are you going to be when you grow up?"

"A man."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Natural Thought.

"This milk is warm, mamma," said the city boy, tasting milk in the country for the first time.

"Yes, my son," replied the parent. "I suppose it is just fresh from the cow."

"Oh, I thought they'd made a mistake and put hot water instead of cold in it!"—Yonkers Statesman.

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It is in the nature of an investment. It is not an investment in the stock market. The result is that I have been obliged to spend nearly \$5,000 for buildings and appliances to properly house and separate so many birds. So much capital invested. Probably be invested in breeding varieties that may be classed as belonging strictly to those that appeal to the fancy without regard to utility. If you can afford it, keep as many varieties of chickens as you wish, but do not expect "immense profits" for they are not to be made in that way. I speak from experience for while I sell every year a very large number of birds at good prices I still have to consider my chickens as a hobby to be methodically kept other than out of the prospect of more success and business in the business enterprise.—A. E. Bouché & Co. Dryden, Minn.

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 —Philadelphia Bulletin.

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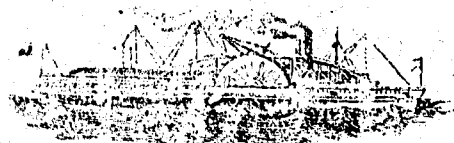
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The columns of THE NEWS are open to all who wish to express their views on matters of public interest.
While we do not hold ourselves responsible for the utterances of correspondents, we reserve the right of declining to insert communications unnecessarily personal.

WEDNESDAY, March 14 1906

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry



s. s. "City of Nanaimo."

VICTORIA COMOX ROUTE

Sails from Victoria Tuesday, 7 a.m., for Nanaimo, calling at North Saanich, Cowichan Bay, Maple Bay, Crofton, Kuper and Thetis Islands when freight or passengers offer.

Leaves Nanaimo Tuesday, 5 p.m., for Union Bay and Comox

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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Sails from Nanaimo for Vancouver, Saturdays, at 8 a.m.

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Sails from Ladysmith for Nanaimo, Saturdays at 6 a.m.

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Sails from Vancouver for Nanaimo, Saturdays at 2:30 p.m.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE
OCTOBER 21st 1906.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2-Daily.	No. 4-Daily.
A.M.	P.M.
De. 9.00.....Victoria.....	Do. 3.00.....
" 9.28.....Coldstream.....	" 3.28.....
" 10.24.....Koenig's.....	" 4.24.....
" 11.00.....Dunsmuir's.....	" 5.00.....
P.M.	P.M.
" 12.55.....Nanaimo.....	" 6.42.....
Ar 12.55.....Wellington.....	Ar. 6.55.....

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1-Daily.	No. 3-Daily.
A.M.	A.M.
De. 8.00.....Wellington.....	Do. 3.00.....
" 8.20.....Nanaimo.....	" 3.17.....
10.02.....Dunsmuir's.....	" 5.00.....
" 10.42.....Koenig's.....	" 5.36.....
" 11.38.....Coldstream.....	" 6.32.....
Ar 12.00.....Victoria.....	Ar 7.00.....

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Night and Day.
"Night falls, but it doesn't break," observed the Simple Mug.
"What of it?" queried the Wise Guy.
"Oh, nothing," chuckled the Simple Mug, "except that day breaks, but it doesn't fall."

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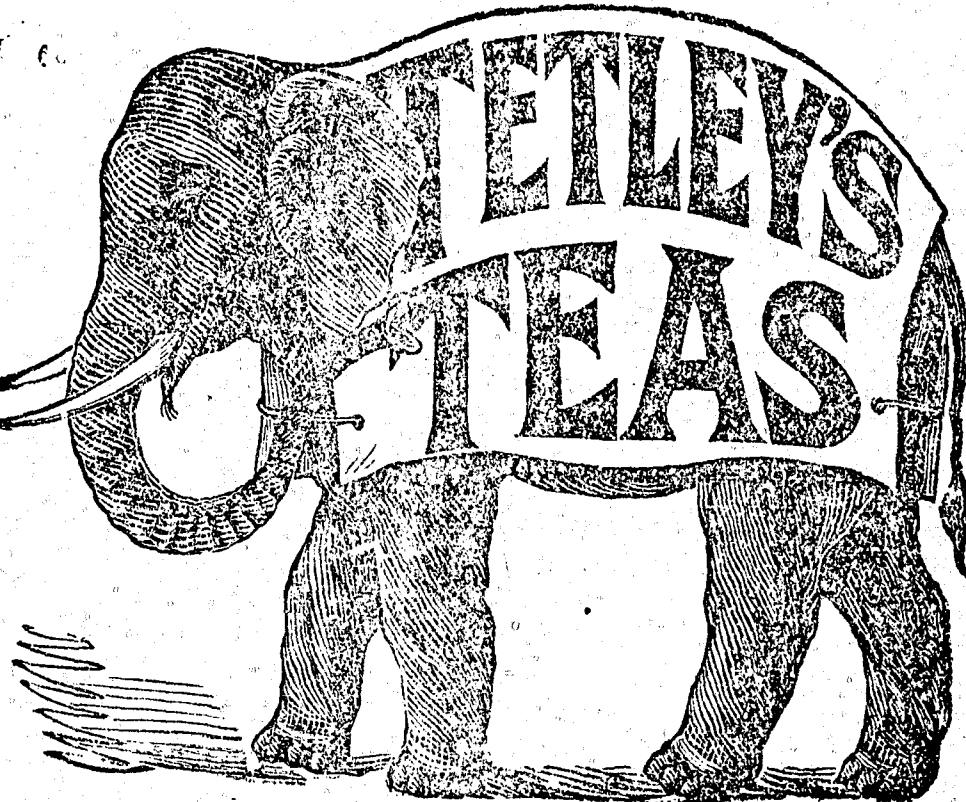
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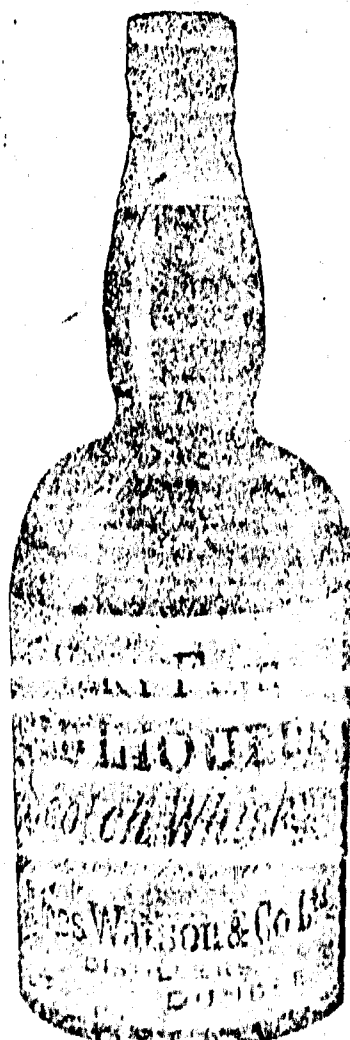
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EBEN HOLDEN

By IRVING BACHELLER

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Continued from last week.

CHAPTER VI.

THE lone pine stood in Brower's pasture, just clear of the woods. When the sun rose one could see its taper shadow stretching away to the foot of Woody ledge, and at sunset it lay like a fallen mast athwart the cow paths, its long top arm a flying pennant on the side of Bowman's hill. In summer this bar of shadow moved like a clock hand on the green dial of the pasture, and the help could tell the time by the slant of it. Lone pine had a mighty girth at the bottom, and its bare body tapered into the sky as straight as an arrow. Uncle Eb used to say that its one long, naked branch that swung and creaked near the top of it, like a sign of hospitality on the highway of the birds, was 200 feet above ground. There were a few stubs here and there upon its shaft—the roost of crows and owls and hen hawks. It must have passed for a low resort in the feathered kingdom because it was only the robbers of the sky that halted on lone pine.

This towering shaft of dead timber commemorated the ancient forest through which the northern Yankees cut their trails in the beginning of the century. They were a tall, big fisted, brawny lot of men who came across the Adirondacks from Vermont and began to break the green canopy that for ages had covered the valley of the St. Lawrence. Generally they drove a cow with them, and such game as they could kill on the journey supplemented their diet of "pudding and milk." Some settled where the wagon broke or where they had buried a member of the family, and there they cleared the forests that once covered the smooth acres of today.

Gradually the rough surface of the trail grew smoother until it became Paradise road, the well worn thoroughfare of the stagecoach, with its "inns and outs," as the drivers used to say, the inns where the "men folks" sat in the freight of the blazing logs after supper and told tales of adventure until bedtime, while the women sat with their knitting in the parlor and the young men wrestled in the stable yard. The men of middle age had stooped and massive shoulders and deep furrowed brows. Tell one of them he was growing old, and he might answer you by holding his whip in front of him and leaping over it between his hands.

There was a little clearing around that big pine tree when David Brower settled in the valley. Its shadows, shifting in the light of sun and moon like the arm of a compass, swept the spreading acres of his farm, and he built his house some forty rods from the foot of it on higher ground. David was the oldest of thirteen children. His father had died the year before he came to St. Lawrence county, leaving him nothing but heavy responsibilities. Fortunately his great strength and his kindly nature were equal to the burden. Mother and children were landed safely in their new home on Bowman's hill the day that David was eighteen.

I have heard the old folks of that country tell what a splendid figure of a man he was those days—six feet one in his stockings and broad at the shoulder. His eyes were gray and set under heavy brows. I have never forgotten the big man that laid hold of me and the broad, clean shaven, serious face that looked into mine the day I came to Paradise valley. As I write I can see plainly his dimpled chin, his large nose, his firm mouth that was the key to his character. "Open or shut," I have heard the old folks say, "it showed he was no fool."

After two years David took a wife and settled in Paradise valley. He prospered in a small way considered handsome thereabouts. In a few years he had cleared the rich acres of his farm to the sugar bush that was the north vestibule of the big forest. He had seen the clearing widen until he could discern the bare summits of the distant hills, and far as he could see were the neat white houses of the settlers. Children had come, three of them, the eldest a son who had left home and died in a far country long before we came to Paradise valley, the youngest a baby.

I could not have enjoyed my new home more if I had been born in it. I had much need of a mother's tender care no doubt, for I remember with what a sense of peace and comfort I lay on the lap of Elizabeth Brower that first evening and heard her sing as she rocked. The little daughter stood at her knees, looking down at me and putting my bare toes or reaching over to feel my face.

"God sent him to us, didn't he, mother?" said she.

"Maybe," Mrs. Brower answered. "We'll be good to him anyway."

Then that old query came into my mind. I asked them if it was heaven where we were.

"No," they answered.

"Tain't anywhere near here, is it?" I went on.

Then she told me about the gate of death and began sowing in me the seed of God's truth, as I know now the seed of many harvests. I slept with Uncle Eb in the garret that night and for long after we came to the Browns'. He continued to get better and was shortly able to give his hand to the work of the farm.

There was room for all of us in that ample wilderness of his imagination, and the cry of the swift woke its echoes every evening for a time. Bears and panthers prowled in the deep thickets, but the swifts took a firmer grip on us, being bolder and more terrible. Uncle Eb became a great favorite in the family, and David Brower came to know soon that he was "a good man to work" and could be trusted "to look after things." We had not been there long when I heard Elizabeth speak of Nehemiah—her lost son—and his name was often on the lips of others. He was a boy of sixteen when he went away, and I learned no more of him until long afterward.

A month or more after we came to Faraway I remember we went "cross lots" in a big box wagon to the orchard on the hill and gathered apples that fell in a shower when Uncle Eb went up to shake them down. Then came the raw days of late October, when the crows went flying southward before the wind—a noisy pirate fleet that filled the sky at times—and when we all put on our mittens and went down the winding cow paths to the grove of butter-nuts in the pasture. The great roof of the wilderness had turned red and faded into yellow. Soon its rafters began to show through, and then, in a day or two, they were all bare but for some patches of evergreen. Great golden drifts of foliage lay higher than a man's head in the timber land about the clearing. We had our best fun then playing "I spy" in the groves.

In that fragrant deep of leaves one might lie undiscovered a long time. He could hear roaring like that of water at every move of the fender, wallowing nearer and nearer possibly, in his search. Old Fred came generally rooting his way to us in the deep drift with unerring accuracy.

And shortly winter came out of the north and, of a night, after rapping at the windows and howling in the chimney and roaring in the big woods, took possession of the earth. That was a time when hard cider flowed freely and recollection found a ready tongue among the older folk, and the young enjoyed many diversions, including messes and whooping cough.

CHAPTER VII.

ALL that long season of snow I remember most pleasantly the days that were sweetened with the sugar making. When the sun was lifting his course in the clearing sky and March had got the temper of the lamb and the frozen pulses of the forest had begun to stir, the great kettle was mounted in the yard and all gave a hand to the washing of spouts and buckets. Then came tapping time, in which I helped carry the buckets and tasted the sweet flow that followed the sugar's wound. The woods were merry with our shouts, and shortly one could hear the heartbeat of the maples in the sounding bucket. It was the reveille of spring. Towering trees shook down the gathered storms of snow and felt for the sunlight. The arch and shanty were repaired, the great iron kettle was secured and lifted to its place, and then came the boiling.

It was a great, an inestimable privilege to sit on the robes of faded fur in the shanty and hear the fire roaring under the kettle and smell the sweet odor of the boiling sap. Uncle Eb minded the shanty and the fire, and the woods rang with his merry songs. When I think of that phase of the sugaring I am face to face with one of the greatest perils of my life. My foster father had consented to let me spend a night with Uncle Eb in the shanty, and I was to sleep on the robes, where he would be beside me when he was not tending the fire. It had been a mild, bright day, and David came up with our supper at sunset. He sat talking with Uncle Eb for an hour or so, and the woods were darkling when he went away.

When he started on the dark trail that led to the clearing I wondered at his courage—it was so black beyond the

merlight. While we sat alone I plead for a story, but the thoughts of Uncle Eb had gone to roost early in a sort of gloomy meditation.

"Be still, my boy," said he, "an' go t' sleep. I ain't a-goin' t' tell no yarns an' git ye all stirred up. Ye go t' sleep. Come mornin' we'll go down t' the brook an' see if we can't find a mink or tew 'n the traps."

I remember hearing a great crackling of twigs in the dark wood before I slept. As I lifted my head Uncle Eb whispered "Hark!" and we both listened. A bent and aged figure came stalking into the firelight. His long white hair mingled with his beard and covered his coat collar behind.

"Don't be scairt," said Uncle Eb. "Tain't no bear. It's nuthin' but a poet."

I knew him for a man who wandered much and had a rhyme for every one—a kindly man, with a reputation for laziness and without any home.

"B'lin', eh?" said the poet.

"B'lin'," said Uncle Eb.

"I'm b'lin' over 'n the next bush," said the poet, sitting down.

"How's everything in Jingleville?" Uncle Eb inquired.

Then the newcomer answered:

"Well, neighbor dear, in Jingleville We live by faith, but we eat our fill. An' what w'd we do if it wain't fer prayer?"

For we can't raise a thing but whiskers an' hair."

"Cur'us how you can talk po'try," said Uncle Eb. "The only thing I've got ag'in you is them whiskers an' thet hair. Tain't Christian."

"Tain't what's on the head, but what's in it—the't the important thing," said the poet. "Did I ever tell ye what I wrote about the birds?"

"Don't know 's ye ever did," said Uncle Eb, stirring the fire.

"The boy'll like it mebbe," said he, taking a dirty piece of paper out of his pocket and holding it to the light.

The poem interested me, young as I was, not least the strange figure of the old poet who lived unknown in the backwoods and who died, I dare say, with many a finer song in his heart. I remember how he stood in the firelight and chanted the words in a sing-song tone. He gave us that rude copy of the poem, and here it is:

THE ROBIN'S WEDDING.

Young robin redbreast hed a beautiful nest, an' he says to his love, says he: "It's ready now on a rocking bough

In the top of a maple tree. I've lined it with down an' the velvet brown on the waist of a bumblebee."

They were married next day in the land o' the hay, and the ladybird an' he. The bobolink came and the wife o' the same.

An' the lark an' the fiddle de dee, An' the crow came down in a minister gown—there was nothing that he didn't see.

He fluttered his wing as they ast him to sing, an' he tried fer t' clear out his throat;

He hemmed an' he hawed an' he hawked an' he cawed, But he couldn't deliver a note.

The swallow was there, an' he ushered each pair, with his linsey an' claw-hammer coat.

The bobolink tried fer t' flirt with the bride in a way thet was sassy an' bold,

An' the notes that he took as he shivered an' shook Hed a sound like the jingle of gold.

He sat on a brier an' laughed at the choir an' said thet the music was old.

The sexton he came—Mr. Spider by name—a citizen hairy and gray.

His rope in a steeple, he called the good people That live in the land o' the hay.

The ants an' the squabs an' the crickets an' bugs came out in a mighty array.

Some came down from Baytown an' the neighboring city o' Rye.

An' the little black people they climbed every steeple.

An' sat looking up at the sky. They came fer t' see what a wedding might be, an' they furnished the cake an' the pie.

I remember he turned to me when he had finished and took one of my small hands and held it in his hard palm and looked at it and then into my face.

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FRYED CUTS.

Among the minor arts of life of which we have lately given some instances is one which is sadly neglected. It relates to the treatment of shirt cuffs that show the first protest against the laundry's handling. The landlady is cruel, but the man who pares his shirt cuffs with scissors heaps folly upon brutality. With the first touch of steel the cuff is ruined. Light a match and pass it round the frayed edges (do not burn your wrist). The cleansing fire will remove the dross and leave intact the pure gloss of the cuff. A cuff treated with fire will last laundry generations longer than the cuff treated with steel.—London Chronicle.

Advertising and Success.

Try to name the things in trade that are great sellers and yet are not advertised. You will not get far.—Boston Herald.

Our clear headed contemporary is right. The great successes of the commercial world are good things well advertised. There is nothing like "printer's ink" to turn a merchant's dimes into dollars. And there are such skill and power of interesting description shown by the advertisers of today that the columns devoted to their announcements are not only full of information, but are mostly readable and entertaining.

"LAST OF THE BARONS"

SIR JOHN HUDDLESTON'S ASHES IN CONSECRATED GROUND.

Owed His Surname to the Fact That

He Was the Last Member of the Bar to Receive a Royal Patent as Baron of the Exchequer—Of Humble Origin Married Lady Diana Beauclerk—Was Cremated.

At last the ashes of Sir John Huddleston, popularly known as "The Last of the Barons," have been consigned to a tomb in consecrated ground in the family vault of the ducal house of St. Albans at Bestwood, writes the *Marquise de Fontenoy*. For the last fifteen years they have constituted in a silver urn one of the principal features of all the bride-maidens of Queen Alexandra, nine years previously, she was 23 and he verging on 60, and in spite of his great reputation for wit and culture it was generally predicted that his union to so high spirited and self-willed a woman as Lady Diana would turn out unhappily, owing to the great disparity of years. In spite of this the marriage proved a great success. Lady Diana and Sir John became the most devoted couple in existence, and when he died his widow was unable to bear the idea of parting from his remains, and so had his corpse cremated and kept his ashes by her in a silver urn until her own death the other day. In this way she seemed to have him always with her, and when she left the Grange to stay with relatives or friends she would always carry the urn with her, and it would occupy a place in her bedroom or sitting room wherever she staid.

Fortunately, she abstained from traveling on the continent, so that the question of getting the urn through the foreign customs houses at the various frontiers on the continent never arose. Sir John owed his surname of "The Last of the Barons" to the fact that he was the last member of the bar to receive a royal patent as baron of the exchequer, the title formerly given to the \$35,000 a year judges of the so-called exchequer division of the Supreme Court of Judicature, titles which ceased to be conferred on the reorganization of the high courts of justice.

He was a man of relatively humble origin, indeed, entirely self-made, and in his earlier days had earned his living as a school teacher. Lady Diana, on the other hand, was both in appearance and in breeding one of the finest types of the old English aristocracy, and had in her veins a strain of royal blood, being descended in a direct line from King Charles II., and his favorite, Nell Gwynn. The latter, it may be remembered, obtained the dukedom of St. Albans for her illegitimate offspring by suspending the infant by his shirt out of the window of her house when King Charles was riding by in the street below and threatening to drop it, so that it would have been dashed to pieces at the feet of its royal father, unless the latter consented to confer upon it then and there the same rank that he had granted to natural sons by his other favorites.

The ducal house of St. Albans is in nowise ashamed of this foundation of its honors, and a beautiful portrait of Nell Gwynn, painted in the last century, occupies the most conspicuous place at Bestwood among the pictures of the ancestors and ancestresses of the family.

Lady Diana's remains were, in accordance with her directions, cremated the other day at Woking, near London, in the presence of a few relatives and friends, and after the ashes had been placed in a silver urn similar to that containing those of her husband, both receptacles were conveyed to the ducal mausoleum at Bestwood, where they are placed side by side on a marble table.

Cremation is becoming more and more the fashion among the aristocracy of England, and the majority of the British peers of the realm and of the members of their families who have been gathered to their fathers in recent years have been cremated in accordance with explicit directions contained in their wills, the only instance in which testamentary instructions of this kind were ignored being in the cases of the late Duke of Argyll and of the late Marquis of Bute. There was a dispute in connection with the disposal of the remains of the old duke, and the best legal advice was taken as to whether testamentary commands of that nature were obligatory upon the heirs and executors, the reply being in the negative, and the outcome was that the duke was embalmed instead of cremated.

With regard to the late Lord Bute, the *Lethbridge* of *Bestwood* novel of that name, his will directed that his heart should be removed from his body and conveyed to the holy land for interment on the Mount of Olives—a medieval notion, if ever there was one—while on the other hand he exacted that his body should be cremated in Scotland, a desire that created the utmost amazement on the part of those who were aware of his profound devotion to the Roman Catholic church, and the latter's prohibition of this up to date mode of disposal of human remains. At the same time the family and executors felt that they were morally obliged to comply with the testamentary instructions of the marquis. So by way of a compromise, the coffin containing his remains was filled with quicklime, this being regarded as the nearest canonical short cut to the

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fulfillment of his directions. The Catholic Church is, however, much less strict about this than people generally imagine, and only the other day one of the most distinguished generals of the German army, Gen. von Xylander, was accorded full funeral rites by the Catholic clergy in Germany in spite of the disposal of his remains by cremation, in accordance with his directions. Indeed, it is only since 1886 that cremation has been prohibited by the Roman Catholic Church, save in certain cases, and among the principal reasons which prompted Leo XIII. to take this step was the fact that incineration had been adopted by the atheists of continental Europe as a feature of their funeral rites for the special purpose of giving a public expression to their disbelief in the doctrine of the resurrection. Leo likewise took the ground that the ordinary form of interment has been, so to speak, consecrated by usage ever since the foundation of the Christian faith, that it has been accepted from time immemorial as forming part and parcel of the religious ceremonies of the latter, and that the old fashioned form of Christian burial may be said to have become one of the most solemn features of the rites of the church, a consolation alike to the dying and to the bereaved. The Catholic Church, however, permits cremation in cases where, owing to infectious maladies, the destruction of the body by means of fire is rendered politic and also in certain other instances. I may add that there are a number of Protestant denominations, including the Lutheran state churches of Denmark, Sweden, Prussia, and Wurtemberg, which canonically prohibit cremation.

Of course the adoption of cremation as the popular method of the disposal of the dead among the English aristocracy has led to the abandonment in a great measure of ancestral vaults and in the transformation of the old family mausoleums. Thus the late Lord Monson constructed immediately adjoining the private chapel at Carlton in Lincolnshire a sort of columbarium of carved ornamental stone bearing the Monson heraldic devices and arms, which is destined to receive the urn or silver jars containing the ashes of the Monsons now living and as yet unborn. It is something in the shape of a sanctified pigeon house, there being tiers of pigeon holes one above the other. Each pigeon hole, on receiving its urn of ashes, is hermetically sealed with a pane of thick glass, while a brass plate immediately below denotes the name, and titles, and the other customary data concerning the person whose ashes occupy the receptacle. These columbariums, in spite of their ornate character, do not, however, inspire the feelings of solemnity aroused by old-fashioned mausoleums, family vaults, and stately ancestral tombs.

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QUEER MANX CUSTOMS.

Why Natives Ate the Meat Before They Supped the Broth.

Peculiar to itself is the code of laws of the Isle of Man. The laws of England have never prevailed there, and some of the Manx enactments are very curious. One of the earliest enjoined "all Scots to avoid the land with the next vessel that goeth into Scotland, upon pain of forfeiture of their goods and bodies to prison." Another enacted that "Irishwomen loitering and not working be commanded forth of this Isle with as much convenient speed as may be (1561). The first of these laws was the result of a series of raids on the Manx coast by a Galloway rover named MacCoiloch. It is said that it was at this period that the Manx custom originated of "eating the meat before they supped the broth," lest they should be deprived of the more substantial part by the appearance at their doors of this Scotchman and his crew. About this time the parish clerks were ordered "to stand at the church doors at the time of service and whip and beat all the dogs." During the seventeenth century a law was made that "whosoever shall be found or detected to pull horse tangles shall be punished upon the wooden horse of the parish, thereon to continue two hours, and to be whipped naked from the waist upward."

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Manx deamsters—the high court judges—are still sworn, as they have been for hundreds of years, by the following curious oath: "By this book and the contents thereof, and by the wonderful works that God hath miraculously wrought in the heaven above and in the earth beneath in six days and seven nights, I do swear that I will, without respect of favor or friendship, loss or gain, consanguinity or affinity, envy or malice, execute the laws of this Isle justly between party and party as indifferently as the herding backbone doth lie in the midst of the fish. So help me God and the contents of this book."

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Every woman, widow, or spinster, in the Isle of Man, whether she be owner, occupier or even lodger, enjoys the franchise for the Manx house of keys elections. Every widow enjoys half of her husband's personal estate and has a life interest in his real estate, and she cannot be deprived of this by will. Her written consent must be obtained to all transfers and deeds affecting her husband's property. On the other hand, no married woman can legally own in her own right either money or property in the Isle of Man. She can have no separate estate unless specially provided before marriage.

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Admiral Drake when a lad at the beginning of his first engagement was observed to shake and tremble very much and, being rallied upon it, observed with a presence of mind, or, at all events, of humor, in which even Nelson was lacking, "My flesh trembles at the anticipation of the many and great dangers into which my resolute and undaunted head will lead me."

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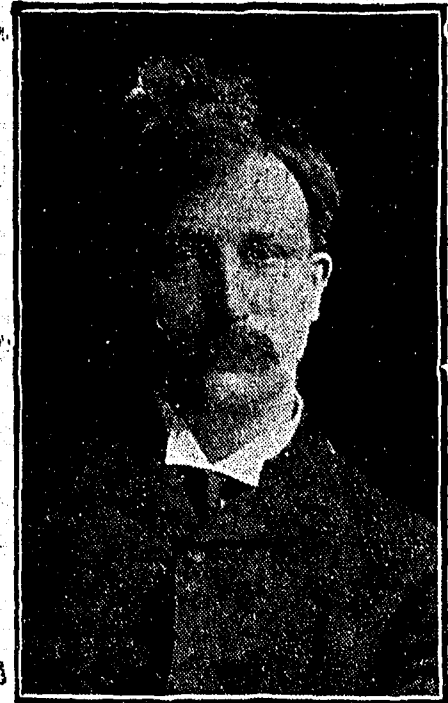
Cumberland, B. C.

WESTERN CANADIAN EDITORS

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

43

JOHN W. DAFOE.



JOHN W. DAFOE.

Editor-in-Chief Free Press, Winnipeg,
Canada.

To be editor-in-chief of a big metropolitan newspaper is the professional goal which the neophyte in journalism sets before himself as the highest ambition obtainable. When it is remembered that the really great newspapers of Canada can be numbered on the fingers of two hands, it will be realized that the number of such positions bears an infinitely small percentage to the total number employed in the work of newspaper writing. "Many are called, but few are chosen" because the essential requisites, both in temperament and equipment for a successful chief editor are such as to make the fortunate possessor almost as rare as a great artist, inventor, statesman or poet.

The ideal editor-in-chief must be a man of varied gift and attainments. He must be familiar with the details of the whole composite organization of which he is the head—mechanical, financial, reportorial and editorial. His knowledge should extend from the work of the galley boy and the "cub" reporter right up to the duties of his own position. He needs to have an intimate knowledge of local, Dominion and world politics, to be a keen student of history and to be able to relate current political events to fundamental theories of government. He needs to be a man of strong personality, with a wide outlook on men and things, and ripe, well-considered judgments on matters of public interest. To the clear insight and executive ability of the trained business man he needs to add the courtesy, and sometimes the polite inflexibility of the diplomatist. And he needs to be a "mixer"—a man of sympathetic temperament, one who is approachable, with hosts of acquaintances from whom he becomes familiar with different points of view. Add to this the ability to write with grace and intelligibility, to decide with accuracy and speed as to a paper's policy in time of stress and crisis, to organize a news campaign with thoroughness and at a moment's notice, and to have the physical stamina to stand days and weeks of never-ending work and strain, and some of the pre-requisites of a great editor are enumerated.

"Who is sufficient for these things?" Few, very few. Hence the paper with an executive chief possessed of the qualities mentioned grapples to him with hooks of steel. More precious is he than much gold, for there is no enterprise dependent on public support—and popular support is the very breath of a newspaper's nostrils—in which the efficiency of its head executive counts for more than in the modern daily newspaper.

Perhaps, in general all-round journalistic ability, there is at the present time none in Canadian newspaper circles who can outrank Mr. John W. Daffoe, who for four years past has been the managing editor of the Manitoba Free Press. For his occupancy of so high a position Mr. Daffoe has nobody to thank but his own ability and energy. He enjoys the distinction that there is no more conclusive proof of his talents—of being the chief editor of a paper on which he was once a "cub" reporter. Between these two positions, on a big daily, there is a great gulf fixed, and that it should be spanned by his own untiring efforts is a fine tribute to Mr. Daffoe's knowledge, judgment, and organizing and executive ability.

Though an eastern Canadian by birth, Mr. Daffoe is by temperament and in modesty of life and thought a typical westerner. His outlook in life subtends a very wide angle, and his intellectual tastes and sympathies are broad and catholic. He has the westerner's characteristic disregard for non-essentials. He prefers to discuss things in the bulk and brushes

aside immaterial details in order to get to grips with the heart and marrow of the matter. The facts of a problem once known, Mr. Daffoe immediately refers them to some fundamental principle of government, that can be known and understood by all men, and illustrates, illumines, enforces, and applies the principle in question with rare skill and a persistency akin to "damnable iteration."

"Things must be said over and over again, so that they may soak in," is one of his favorite editorial maxims, and the variety and freshness of his presentations of long standing issues is one of Mr. Daffoe's most striking characteristics as a newspaper man. The editor of the Free Press is one of the most tireless and indefatigable men in Canadian journalism. He is at his desk at a little after ten, and, with brief intermissions for meals, he seldom leaves before midnight. When an election is pending, and close tab needs to be kept on public affairs, he often stays until the forms are made up for the morning paper. Like Charles M. Hayes, of the Grand Trunk, work appears to be his pleasure, it only being in response to insistent and unceasing demands upon his time that he remains away from the office. Day and weeks of concentrated and unrelenting effort find him as fresh, alert and bright as ever, while his staff, none of whom are his equal in capacity for sustained high pressure, are fagged out. Only by systematic thoroughness in doing his work can so much be accomplished. Since his assuming control of the Free Press he has completely re-organized the methods by which information of all kinds is rendered immediately available. The Free Press Library is now perhaps second to none in the wide range of political and general information instantly producible for newspaper or other purposes.

As editor-in-chief Mr. Daffoe has gathered an esprit de corps among his staff that indicates clearly his right to leadership. His experience, judgment and knowledge on all matters pertaining to the conduct of a big newspaper are recognized by all his subordinates, who accord to him that personal deference and cordial co-operation that is one of the best assets a newspaper can have. Mr. Daffoe is a keen and accurate judge of men, and believes in giving his staff a free hand, encouraging personal initiative, while assisting with direction and counsel.

Personally, few men are more modest, unassuming, companionable and approachable than the Free Press editor. He never "puts on side," and speedily sizes up those who "travel on their shape." For fictitious distinctions of all sorts he has no use, the only merit he recognizes being those of personal character or accomplishment. All his instincts and sympathies are democratic and popular, and, as may be supposed, his political affiliations are strongly with the Liberal party.

Mr. Daffoe is of U. E. Loyalist descent, his ancestors—who spell their name as Da Voe—being Hollanders who settled in New Amsterdam—now New York, before the revolutionary war. Sliding with the British in that struggle, they left the United States, several brothers being given grants of land by the British government on the shores of Lake Ontario. His father, Mr. C. W. Daffoe, is still living, at Killarney, Man. Mr. Daffoe was born in Hastings County, Ont., in March, 1866. He was educated at the Arnprior public and high schools and after some years of school teaching joined the Montreal Star staff in 1883, and for some time was its parliamentary correspondent at Ottawa, where he became the personal friend of Sir Wilfred Laurier and other noted Liberal leaders. In the autumn of 1885 he resigned from the Star, and accepted, at the mature age of nineteen, the editorship of the newly established Ottawa evening Journal. Next year he went west, being invited by Archie McNece, then the editor of the Free Press, to join the editorial staff of that paper, where he remained until March, 1892. While in Winnipeg he was a leader in athletic circles, being president of and one of the best players in the famous old Winnipeg Lacrosse team.

From Winnipeg Mr. Daffoe went back to Montreal to accept the chief editorial chair of the Daily Herald, then, as now, the leading English organ of the Liberal party in the province of Quebec. In leaving Winnipeg he was presented with numerous testimonials from journalistic, athletic and personal friends. Mr. Daffoe remained with the Herald until the change of management in August 1895, going from thence to the editorship of the Montreal Herald and Weekly Star, the "farmer's weekly" of Canada, which he built up from a circulation of a few thousands until it has the largest circulation of any weekly in Canada, and one of the most valuable newspaper prop-

erties in America.

In 1902 Mr. Daffoe was offered and accepted the editorial management of the Free Press, which under his control has developed until it has become the biggest and one of the most influential newspapers in the Dominion.

Mr. Daffoe has been repeatedly requested by his friends to enter public life, but has always resolutely declined. He is a quiet but very convincing public speaker, altogether free from the tricks and vices of oratory, and depending for the effect of what he says upon the matter he presents. His appeal on the platform, as in the columns of his paper, is solely to the reason and intelligence of his audience. He has an utter abhorrence of the arts of the demagogue. It is difficult to see how a man of his equipment can be kept out of public life, and the general belief is that when editorial duties permit him greater leisure he will be found among the people's representatives in either legislature or parliament. Meantime, his services are in increasing demand on the platform. Canadian Clubs and the societies of cognate aims being desirous of securing him to discuss matters of general public interest.

Mr. Daffoe married, in June 1890, Alice, the second daughter of Hon. W. J. Parmelee, deputy minister of Trade and Commerce with the Dominion government.

Later articles will endeavor to make you acquainted with the sub-editors, and business management of this great daily.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY

Come from the Rich, Red Blood made
by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Beauty is more than skin deep—it is blood deep. There is no real beauty, no good health without rich, red blood. Every graceful curve, every sparkle of the eye, every rosy blush, comes from rich, red blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest blood builder and beauty maker in the world. Every dose actually makes new, pure, rich blood. By making new blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills sharpen the appetite, soothe the worried nerves, regulate the health. They banish paleness, clear the complexion, bring rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes. They give plenty of strong blood for all the delicate functions of womanhood. Miss Mary Jackson, Normandale, Ont., says: "For upwards of three years I suffered from anaemia. I grew so weak I could scarcely walk about the house. I had no color in my face, my lips and gums were bloodless. I suffered from headaches and dizziness, and fell away in weight until I weighed only 94 pounds. No treatment gave me the least benefit until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Inside of a few weeks after beginning the pills I began to grow better, and they soon restored my health, and while using them I gained fourteen pounds in weight. I can strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all pale and feeble girls."

There are thousands of pale anaemic girls and women throughout Canada who should follow the example of Miss Jackson and give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. Bright eyes, rosy cheeks and perfect health would soon follow. When you buy the pills see that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around each box. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

W. T. R. Preston expects that the immigration returns for the present year will exceed 1905. At any rate there will be no cessation of the vigorous immigration campaign which is now being conducted in Britain.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury. as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from reputable physician, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists. Price 75c. per bottle.

Spencer Bros., ranchers at Milk River, Alta., have been assessed \$6,000 for smuggling cattle.

A Benefactor to All—The soldier, the sailor, the fisherman, the miner, the farmer, the mechanic, and all who live lives of toil and spend their existence in the dull routine of tedious tasks and who are exposed to injuries and ailments that those who toil not do not know, will find in Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil an excellent friend and benefactor in every time of need.

From advance sheets of the official Catholic directory published in Milwaukee, it is found that the total Catholic population of the United States is 12,051,944, an increase of 180,161 over the previous year. The total number of Catholic priests including seculars and regulars, is 14,484, an increase of 627. There are in the United States one papal delegate, one cardinal, fourteen archbishops, ninety bishops, and twenty-one abbots.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Safeguard
The Children

Against Croup and Colds by Always Keeping at Hand

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine

There are some reasons why Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is the most suitable treatment obtainable for children.

It is pleasant to the taste, and children like to take it.

It is composed of simple ingredients of proven value in the cure of throat and lung troubles.

It is positively free from anything of an injurious nature, and can be used with perfect safety with the smallest child, so long as directions are followed.

It is wonderfully successful in the prevention and cure of croup.

It promptly relieves even the most severe chest colds and brings about a thorough cure.

You are not experimenting when you use Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, for it is the standby in thousands of homes, where time

and again it has proven its exceptional worth.

Mrs. R. D. Turner, Broadview, Sask., writes:—"We have seven children and have used Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for every one of them with good results. We get four bottles at a time and find it a good remedy to break up a cold on the lungs."

When you make up your mind to safeguard your children by keeping Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine in the house, do not allow your dealer to persuade you into taking something on which he has a larger profit.

In the hour of emergency, when croup or cold seize your child, the cheap substitutes will fail you, but Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine never disappoints, 25c. a bottle, at all dealers.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
The First Thing in the Morning

The haphazard use of a remedy will never discover its efficacy. Try Beecham's Pills morning and night, and note the improvement in your health.

The Last Thing at Night
BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 25 cents.

STOP IT

Every drink of liquor taken, forces the heart beyond the natural beat, it also causes kidney and liver troubles. Nerve exhaustion is one of the ailments brought on by even moderate drinking. Stop at once the use of liquor. If it inconveniences you to do this it is proof positive that you have the disease of inebriety and need medical help. Then seek for the best aid. The Keeley Cure has restored half a million people back to health, prosperity and happiness. Write today for evidence and we will prove our claims. Address in confidence, THE KEELEY INSTITUTE 133 Osborne St., Winnipeg.

The Dutch of It.

When a resident of Holland wishes to buy a motor car he goes to the shop and asks for a "snellpaardelooszoon-deerspoorwegpistoolrijtuig." This word means literally "the rapid-horseless-without-rails-driven-by-petroleum-thing."

Evil Enough.

There is evil enough in man, God knows. But it is not the mission of every young man and woman to detail and report it all. Keep the atmosphere as pure as possible and fragrant with gentleness and charity.

Consumption Cured

Never lose heart if you have consumption. Others who have been left to die by the doctors, have been saved by PSYCHINE, and it will save you, too.

Consumption is a powerful disease, but PSYCHINE is a more powerful remedy. It practically puts new life into the system, increases nutrition, purifies blood, tones up the nerves, kills germs and repairs exhausted tissues. Don't waste time and don't lose hope until you have tried

PSYCHINE
(PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

Sold by all druggists throughout Canada for 50¢ per bottle.

SAMPLE AND TREATISE FREE

Address, "Sample Department L"

Dr. T. A. SLOOM, Limited

Laboratories and Office,

179 King Street West, - TORONTO

EARN CASH

In Your Leisure Time

If you could start at once in a business which would add a good round sum to your present earnings—WITHOUT INVESTING A DOLLAR—wouldn't you do it?

Well, we are willing to start you in a profitable business and we don't ask you to put up any kind of a dollar.

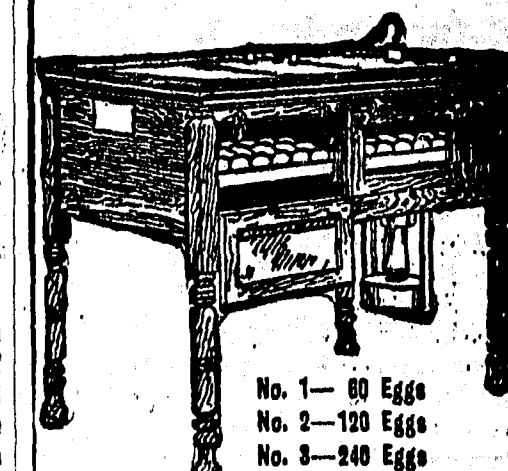
Our proposition is this: We will ship you the Chatham Incubator and Brooder, freight prepaid, and

You Pay No Cash Until After 1906 Harvest.

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 out-classed. 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.

"Yours is the first incubator I have used, and I wish to state I had 62 chicks out of 52 eggs. This was my first lot; truly a 100 per cent. hatch. I am well pleased with my incubator and brooder. T. J. McLaughlin, Chilliwack, B.C."

"My first hatch came off. I got 170 fine chicks from 160 eggs. Who can boast that for the first trial, and so early in the spring. I am well pleased with incubator, and if I could not get another money could not buy it from me. Every farmer should have a No. 3 Chatham Incubator.—F. W. Ramsay, Dunnville, Ont."

"The incubator you furnished me works exceedingly well. It is easily operated, and only needs about 10 minutes attention every day." J. McDuffin, Mosses Jaw, Sask.

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.

You pay us no cash until after 1906 harvest.

Send us your name and address on a post card to-day.

We can supply you quickly from our distributing warehouses at Calgary, Brandon, Regina, Winnipeg, New Westminster, B.C., Montreal, Halifax, Chatham. Address all correspondence to Chatham.

The Manson Campbell Co., Limited

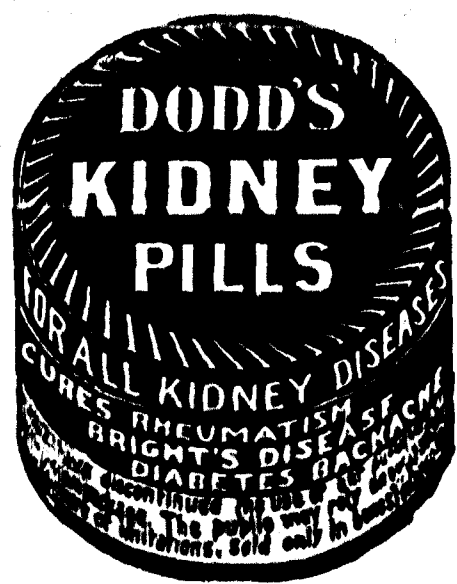
Dept. 235; CHATHAM, CANADA

Factories at CHATHAM, ONT., and DETROIT.

Let us quote you prices on a good Fanning Mill or good Farm Scale.

The Saskatchewan Fat Stock Show will be held in Regina in May.

W N U No 566



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

Mixed Steak Pie 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.

A Good Resolve for Shoemen

Decide this year to sell only the Best Rubbers obtainable

'Maple Leaf Rubbers'

Our travellers will be on the road in a few days with the New Fall Samples. They are a little bit neater than anything you have seen. Don't buy until you have looked them over.

J. LECKIE CO., Ltd.
VANCOUVER B. C.
Selling Agents For The West.

The great and primary cause of Anarchism, mistrust of leaders, extreme socialism, etc., is not caused so often by the possession of riches, as is commonly supposed, but by the modern snobbery of "class" and "clique". Anyone of reasonable intelligence is content to live alongside of people richer than themselves, but who live unassumingly and in peace and goodwill towards the poorer, but none can stand the arrogance which prompts some people to treat their fellow beings [in many cases their superiors] as inferior animals. The poor imbeciles who pursue this course are responsible for most of the social troubles which convulse society today and they are digging a pit for themselves which may one day engulf them and their falsely proud ideas.

It is reported that the Government have acceded to the demand made that they assume the cost of tuition of outsiders.

This is well; for had they not so acquiesced, it was evident that a reduction of the staff would have to follow and it was rumored that Principal Bennet would be removed and a B.A. appointed to run the higher class and High School. Mr. Bennet's long and good services deserve better recognition and should a change be imperative, "Mr" Bates' services could much better be dispensed with, as he has a printing office to fall back on, which Mr. Bennet has not. Beside this, Mr. Bennet is a property owner and a settled citizen who spends his income in the town which supports him. "Mr" Bates lives the life of a bachelor, and exports his savings to Vancouver.

THE PAST WEEK'S SHIPPING

Str. Shamrock, 35 tons nut coal for Vancouver.
Tug Active, 40 tons.
Str. Tees, from the North 65 tons to Vancouver.
Tegle and Scows, 625 tons for the W. C. Co., Vancouver.
Kildonan and Scows, 804 tons, Vancouver.
Barge Georgian, 15 tons coke, Str. Burrard, Vancouver.

CARD OF THANKS

We take this method of expressing our thanks to the Fire Dept. and others for their valuable services at the fire on Sunday evening.

Yours sincerely,
GRANT & MOUNCE

BETTER FREIGHT RATES

Mr F. Partridge drove over the road from Englishman's River Sunday. He has been away on business in connection with Mr Napier's withdrawal from the business. While in Vancouver, Mr Partridge

with members of the executive of the Vancouver Board of Trade, interviewed Messrs Greer and Peters, of the C. P. R. freight department relative to the high freights between that City and Cumberland, and upon laying all the facts before the gentlemen, a promise was made to adjust matters, and a schedule of prices was made out, by which the merchants of this place may ship goods in at a much lesser cost than formerly, flour, for instance, can now be brought in by car lots, at \$3.00 per ton, to Union Wharf. groceries, in 5 ton lots, \$4.00 per ton, other things in proportion. The C.P.R. have also made Vancouver and Victoria equal, in that Nanaimo wharfage fees are assumed by the company. These concessions are most important to us here.

While away Mr Partridge was successful in forming a joint stock Company, Capital \$25,000, to be known as the "F. Partridge Co Ltd" of Cumberland. The Company is made up of well known Vancouver business men, with Mr Partridge Mr Napier withdrawing. Under the new company, the business will be conducted on a new basis and important changes in order that the business may be thoroughly up to date, and carried on on a much larger scale, are pending. Mr Partridge left Vancouver 2.30 p-m Saturday, drove the same night to Englishman's River, and came home from there on Sunday, arriving here 10p-m—a quick trip.

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

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.....38,373,576

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 9 p.m.

FOR SALE

Quarter section 160 acres of fine land, easily cleared, in one of the best parts of Comox Valley. 1/4 mile from post office.

Apply at this office.

Mr Shibata is preparing to move his stock from his present quarters to the more commodious ones lately occupied by Mr D. Hunden, who has moved into Mr Short's store next to the New England.

A fire took place on Monday near No. 7, a Chinese house near the track being burned. No other damage.

Colpitts the Vancouver photographer will be at the Waverly Hotel parlors on Saturday and Monday, 17th and 19th. No pictures made on Sunday. Cabinets and Stamps 25c per dozen. Next week at Comox.

Mr K. Aida, Japanese tailor, has opened out in the premises lately occupied by Mr B. Thompson on Dunsmuir Avenue.

Hon Jas Dunsmuir and Mr F. D. Little spent a day in town last week, leaving by the Tinsle on Saturday.

GEORGE E. MARTIN
ARRISTERS 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 to stamps and it will be forwarded post-paid by Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

NOTICE.

Any person or persons found cutting or removing timber from Lots 15, 20 and the south 22 acres of the Fractional N. W. 1/4, Sec. 30 and Fractional S. W. 1/4 of Sec 30 (97 Ac) of Township XI, Nelson District, will be prosecuted according to law.

GRANT & MOUNCE.
Cumberland Jan. 9th 1908.

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.

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

Wood's Phosphorine

The Great English Remedy.
A positive cure for all forms of Sexual Weakness, Mental and Nervous Exhaustion, Brain Worry, Emissions, Spermatorrhoea, Impotency, Effects of Abuse or Excess, all of which lead to Consumption, Infertility, 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 \$18.00 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 and effective 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 19 Packages Leading Vegetables and Flowers for 25c—Onion, Cauliflower, Beet, Lettuce, Carrot and Radish; Asparagus, Sweet Mignonette Peas, Petunia, Sweet Peas and Wild Garden

Wm. RENNIE Co. Limited
VANCOUVER, WINNIPEG and TORONTO

Order Today