THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

TENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY, MARCH 1, 1904.

THE BIG STORE

Special Sale Of BLANKETS

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

The Price of Blankets Has Advanced.

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

S. LEISER & CO, Ltd.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

Just received large shipment of

IRON AGE

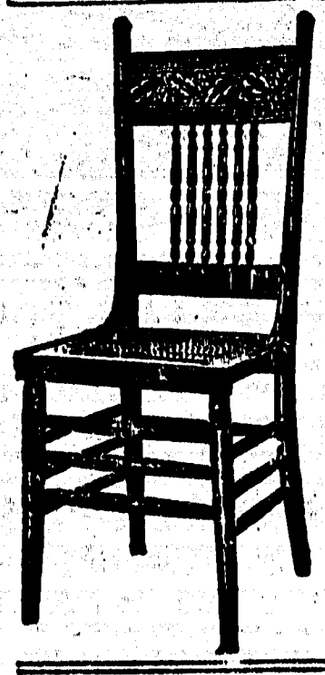
CULTIVATORS, SEED DRILLS, WHEEL HOES, Etc.

VERY LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

Call and see them or write for catalogues and prices.

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

Did you ever stop to think



"Weiler"

STANDS FOR ALL THAT IS GOOD AND RELIABLE IN THE

Furniture : Trade.

FOR OVER 40 YEARS in the one line of business of Furnishing Homes, and our continual growth proves our methods of conducting this business are correct.

LARGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

Mailed Free, ... Write for it at once.

WEILER BROS., Victoria, B.C.

COMPLETE FURNISHERS.

CUMBERLAND

Meat Market

CHOICEST MEATS KEPT IN STOCK.

AT THE FOLLOWING PRICES:—

BEEF, Fore Quarter.....9c. per lb
BEEF, Hind Quarter.....10½c. per lb
SHOULDER STEAKS.....12c. per lb
ROUND STEAKS.....14c. per lb
SURLOIN STEAK.....16c. per lb
BOILING BEEF.....9c. and 10c. per lb
MUTTON, VEAL and PORK at equally low prices.

Your patronage is cordially invited, and all orders will be promptly delivered.

J. McPhee & Son

PROPRIETORS.

NOTICE.

I beg to inform the public that on and after January 1st, 1904, my business will be strictly cash, by so doing I can give my Patrons better satisfaction.

T. H. CAREY, Tailor.

NOTICE.

Any person found taking Timber from Block A of Lot 76, and Block B, of Section 76, Comox District, will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

GEO. STEVENS

To Cure a Cold in One Day take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

52t 14 1 03

Local and Personal

Mrs Thorburn is here on a visit to her daughter, Mrs A. Somerville

Messrs F. D. Little and G. Clinton, were passengers to Victoria last week. Mr Clinton returned home by "Thistle" Sunday evening

Mr Fred Waller, representing the Scranton Commercial College is spending a week in Cumberland.

Messrs Grant & Mounce contemplate using a locomotive for hauling their logs from the woods, dispensing with horses.

Mr W. Miller of the C.P.R. fuel department, Vancouver, and Mr Evans, superintendent of Trainmen were in Cumberland last week, in connection with the coal supply from this place.

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

J. Cookson of the Cookson Engineering firm Victoria, arrived here on Tuesday evening to make a final inspection of the heating plant recently placed by them in the U. & C. Hospital.

Mr C. H. Lugrin has purchased the weekly newspaper "Truth" which was recently published by Mr Bogle. Mr Pullen is authorized to make advertising contracts and solicit subscriptions.

A little girl of this city recently took under her protection a poor crow that had been maltreated by some boys. Through her humanity the bird is able to hop and is now unwilling to leave the hospitality of its kind little rescuer.

Bean-Guessing Contest.—T. E. Bates bean-guessing was decided Saturday evening the total number being 7175. 1st prize, R. Shore, 7200; 2nd, H. Piercy, 7200; 3rd, Miss Alice Pearce, 7080; 4th, Mrs N. Matthews, 7050; 5th, W. Piercy, 7300.

M. J. Henry, the enterprising nurseryman of Vancouver, has recently made a large shipment of fruit-trees to Hobart, Tasmania, and has received a correspondingly large order to be shipped to China The firm has thousands of fruit and ornamental trees in stock. See his ad, in our columns.

The drawing for the Wedding Party Dolls at the Big Store took place Saturday evening, resulting as follows:—Bride, No. 525, R. Shore; Groom, No. 665, Miss Hunden; 1st Bridesmaid, No. 553, R. Shore; 2nd Bridesmaid, No. 588, unclaimed; Groomsman, No. 729, unclaimed; Parson, No. 538, unclaimed; 1st Guard, No. 575, Miss Balagno; 2nd Guard, 376, unclaimed.

Since the recent siege of snow and slush, the street crossings are in such a filthy condition that it is almost impossible for pedestrians, especially ladies, to cross without sinking ankle deep in wet and dirt These crossings should receive the urgent attention of the Council, who should instruct someone to get them cleaned as soon as possible. In most Canadian cities owners of property are compelled to keep their frontages clear of snow, leaving the city responsible for the clearing of the streets.

FOUND, near Denman Island, a white Stiff. Owner can have same by giving description and paying expense by applying to H. Nixon jr. Denman Island.

TRUE BLUE SOCIAL

The True Blues and Orange brethren last Thursday evening entertained Mr Thos. Duff, grand organizer of the Dominion, at a social in the Oddfellows Hall. A crowded hall showed the zeal of the organizations in anything pertaining to the good of the Orders, and as the proceeds of the entertainment were to go to the Orange Orphans Home in Selby, Ontario, it was gratifying to note that charity is a leading feature in the Orange doctrine. The evening began with a short programme of songs, addresses, and recitations, Revds. Misener, Christmas, White, and Elmhurst being the principal speakers outside of Lodge members. After the disposal of the first part of the evening, an adjournment was made to the ante room, where a dainty supper graced the long tables, and to which the guests did most ample justice. After which all again repaired to the main hall, and then it was that Mr Duff made the speech of the evening. Of fluent, easy speech, good command of language, and of course thoroughly conversant with his topic, the gentleman talked of the Orange Order, making many points clear, which are generally vaguely understood by the lay mind. He pointed out the objects of the Society, briefly sketched the history of its formation, and gave accounts of the causes leading up thereto. Reverting to certain remarks made earlier by the Rev. Mr Elmhurst, anent the non keeping of obligations of members, he pointed out that there were black sheep in every flock, religios as well as social, and that this was no reason that any stigma should attach to an organization on this account, that the strongest efforts of Orangeism were directed towards keeping all men in the line of a right life. Much applause greeted the speech, better than which has not been heard in Cumberland Orange circles.

After a few further remarks and some social conversation, the meeting dispersed, and the Lodge went into session in order to benefit by the exemplification of the secret work by Mr Duff.

The Rev. Mr White mentioned, is the travelling superintendent of Methodist Missions, now visiting here. He told, among other things, of visiting Comox with his father who held services there, in the early 60's.

MASQUERADE BALL.

The benefit ball for J. Lyttell, which was held last Thursday evening in the Cumberland Hall, was largely attended, and to judge from the verve with which the merry maskers entered into the spirit of the affair, the height of a dancer's and masker's enjoyment was reached. The dresses were varied, and ranged from the beautiful to the extravagantly grotesque. Many visitors from the Valley and Union Bay, as well as the Islands, attended, and as a result, a handsome sum was cleared for the beneficiary. To attempt to describe individual costumes is quite beyond us, and besides, against our better judgement, for if Mary Jane, (to whom we paid some small attentions that evening) had a glowing description given of her spangled charms we should probably be promptly crushed by Susan Amelia, our Sunday steady, so we will not attempt the task, but give the decisions of the judges.

Best dressed Lady—Mrs O. H. Fechner—Prizes from S. Leiser & Co. and A. H. Peacey. Best dressed Gentleman—Mr Napier (Highland costume)—Prizes from Waller and Partridge and Mrs Walker. Most Comical Lady Character—Mrs T. Whyte—Prizes from O. H. Fechner and C. H. Tarbell. Most Comical Gentleman Character—J. Turnbull—Prize from B. Moore. Best Sustained Character — Mrs Piket (Chinese lady)—Prize from T. L. Davies. Do. Gentleman—C. McDonald (Chinaman)—Prize from W. Willard. Best Clown—L. Piket—Prize from S. Shore. Best Hobo—F. Partridge—Prize from F. Dallos. Best Couple Waltzers—Mrs S. Reid and T. Piket, prizes, gold lockets. Couple Cake Walkers—Miss Maxwell Mr L. Piket—Prize from Campbell Bros. Flower Girl—Miss L. Foster—Prize from T. E. Bate. Gent in female attire—Alex Maxwell—Prize from A. Nickerson. Topsy—Miss May McNiven—pair gloves. Special prize was given to two little waifs, Miss E. Thompson and Master Sonny Walker. Tombola prize of a clock was won by Mr Wm. McLean.

The following is the balance sheet—

Receipts—At door	$60 00
Tickets sold	91 00
	$131 90
Expenses	38 90
Balance,	$93 00

Judges—Mrs E. M. Bacon, Mrs H. Moore, Mr O. H. Fechner, Mr F. Anley.

Floor Manager—Mr T. Hudson.

Orchestra—Messrs D. Roy, Monte and Segrave.

The MAGNET CASH STORE.

5 Prizes GIVEN AWAY

Every 25c. purchase in my Store entitles you to one guess as to—How many Beans there are in the bucket that is in my window.

1—Handsome Meat Platter and Vegetable Dish, value	$2 55
2—Doz. Cups and Saucers, Cream Jug and Sugar Basin, value	2 25
3—Hair Brush, Comb, and Pin Cushion, value	2 25
4—Box Toilet Soap, Broom & Wash Board, value	2 25
5—Box Cigars, value	2 50

Beans to be counted Saturday evening, February 27th, 1904, at 8 p.m.

1st nearest guess gets first choice of the above prizes; 2nd nearest gets second choice; 3rd &c. &c.

T. E. BATE,

DUNSMUIR AVE., Cumberland

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

We are in receipt of a booklet descriptive of Golden, B.C., and vicinity. It presents a most attractive appearance, containing illustrations prepared by Rev. C. F. Yates, from photographs taken by that gentleman of the country between Golden and Windermere. As a tourists' guide, it is invaluable. Copies are being mailed to all parts of the Old Country, as well as this Province. Mr Yates is a brother of Mrs Beckman late of this city.

You can get Pit Props, Cross Ties, Pit Caps, &c., at rock bottom prices at the Corner Store.

IN THE WAKE OF A SIDE COMB

By SYLVIA LEE

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

When the girl one loves as one has never loved before throws her arms about one's neck and says, "And I think it would be so lovely to have diamond side combs instead of a solitaire, if you don't mind, dear," and blushes—

Well, one buys the side combs without a question, and later perhaps one reflects. But then it's too late.

It thus befell with Harkness, and Leda wore the two starry bands so deftly posed amid the knotted tangles of her sunny curls that they suggested a diadem and in nowise led any man to the conclusion which time honored custom has drawn from the solitaire. In fact, before the betrothal was a week old Harkness himself began to wonder.

And when, at a dance at the Lakeside club, young Wrycroft, the very famous half back, invited Leda to go out for a moonlight row around the pier with him and Leda accepted and went Harkness not only wondered, but grit his teeth as well. No man who has spent ten years dancing attendance on other men's fiancees and other men's wives is going to enjoy life while his own personal fiancee and future wife is off with a fellow whose name has headed newspaper columns and whose chest can hardly find space for all his medals. The couple were gone an hour and seven minutes by a watch which had come down through three generations of the Harkness family, and when they did reappear the owner of the watch stood at the head of the wide stair and claimed the young lady for the next waltz. Wrycroft, happily oblivious to his crime, strolled off, and Harkness led the girl around the wide promenade to a place which was quiet and retired enough for private conversation. He was boiling within, but nothing could have been more sweetly calm than the way in which he put his arm about her and asked with careless placidity:

"Did you row far, dear?"

"I didn't row at all," said Leda. "He rowed."

Harkness kissed her with exceeding gentleness. "Did you land anywhere, darling—on the Point, for instance?"

"N-u-u-o," said Leda.

Harkness passed his finger over her pretty hair in silence for a few minutes, and then she suddenly gave a sharp exclamation:

"Good God, Leda, you've lost one of your combs!"

Leda put both hands to her head and almost shrieked as she realized the truth.

"Perhaps you forgot to put one in?" said her lover.

"No; I had them both, I'm sure." She began to cry. Harkness scratched matches, and they both looked all over the floor, but not a diamond glittered in the general gloom of the hour.

Very much later in the evening while Harkness was twostepping with Mrs. Lancaster a sudden turn showed him Leda speaking earnestly to Wrycroft. Wrycroft looked terribly used up, and Harkness smiled grimly.

"Oh, what a smile!" said Mrs. Lancaster. "It's both impressive and frightening. You make me afraid of you, and yet I admire the smile."

Harkness wondered if he wasn't a fool to be contemplating the addition of another wife to the assemblage.

"You look like a cross between Mephistopheles and Machiavelli," went on Mrs. Lancaster, who was slender and never lost her breath. "Which do you favor?"

"I can't spell either," replied Harkness shortly. He felt inclined to join the next expedition to the north pole.

The dance endured exceedingly late. It was quite 3 when the last woman retired, and a half dozen men were still lounging on the piazzas when the first gray streaks of dawn appeared above the Point. Harkness sprang up when he perceived them and yawned vigorously.

"I'm going to bed," he declared, "and I shall not tarry long upon the order of my sleeping, either."

Young Wrycroft stood up, too, and passed his hand over his forehead.

"I don't feel very fit," he said slowly. "I believe I'll go for a little row and maybe take a dip from the Point."

He went down the steps as Harkness entered the house. Later curiosity led the latter to wander to the window and look to see if Wrycroft was really carrying out his purpose.

A rowboat lay on the sandy stretch opposite, and the rosy light of the rising sun illumined a figure which paced restlessly up and down the rustic paths skirting the shore.

"I shouldn't call that exactly swimming?" said Harkness to himself a little grimly. He pulled down the shade with a violent jerk and got into bed.

* * * * * * * *

It was quite noon when he awoke. The day was glorious, and the bosom of the lake was dotted with sailing parties. He gave the bell two punches for hot water and twisted the dressing case toward the window as a preliminary to shaving. The mirror reflected the Point, and as Harkness started to tip it he saw a girl disembarking alone.

He unhung his field glasses.

Yes, it was Leda!

He threw the glasses on the bed and went on with his toilet.

Every one was at luncheon when he went down, and as he stopped by Leda's chair to remind her that she was to drive out with him at 3 he could not help seeing how wretched she looked. Her hair bore no sign of side comb.

When they went out later there seemed to be a species of shadow mixed with the preliminary silence.

The man spoke first (and he waited a good while).

"You haven't found it, have you?"

"Oh, dear, no."

"Don't you think perhaps it fell out in the boat?"

"Why, there was nothing in the boat to loosen it."

Harkness felt the corners of his mouth suddenly give way even while his temper rose. He looked off to the right for a long minute and then asked severely:

"Was there anything at the Point to loosen it?"

Leda's mouth flew open in undisguised fright.

"Who told you we were to the Point?"

"I knew it all the time."

She began to cry.

"I never will again, truly."

"How could you behave so?" said the lover, launching himself suddenly into the full tide of his righteous wrath. "You put me beyond all patience; going off like that with Wrycroft, when you know perfectly well that you belong to some one else, and then actually letting him"—

Leda seized his arm.

"Only once," she protested earnestly, "only once."

"Once is once too often," said Harkness, a great and exceeding bitterness welling up in his tone. "Once is a great, great many times too often, considering the situation. Now, Leda, listen to me," he continued sternly. "Either promise me that you will never, never again do anything in the slightest degree questionable or we'll call it all off, and you can give me back the comb that you still have."

"Oh, I'll promise!" said Leda, with a submissive choke. "I'll never, never do so again. Truly, truly. Upon my word and honor."

Harkness looked to the right and left and behind. Then he leaned down and kissed her.

Leda smiled happily, almost forgetting the side comb.

"She's a dear little girl," said her lover, and, taking all the driving apparatus into his right hand, he thrust the left into his breast pocket and drew forth the missing comb.

Leda screamed.

"Oh, where did you find it?"

"I didn't find it anywhere," he said coolly, as he adjusted the reins again. "I took it out of your hair myself last night."

A Dog's Fidelity.

In the upper part of the famous Sequatchie valley, in east Tennessee, a man and his wife settled when the country was new and wild. One of the first crops that they raised was a considerable field of cotton. When it was ready to be picked, they went out together, prepared to make a holiday out of this pleasant labor. Their one baby was left in a cradle at the edge of the field, and the faithful old dog was instructed to watch the tiny sleeper.

After a considerable time they looked toward the cradle to see if all was well there. They were startled by the discovery that the little couch had been turned completely over. The dog was making queer dives underneath and yelping as if in anger. As they hastened to the place they were horrified to find the animal's jaws covered with blood and instantly came to the conclusion that he had been rending the child with his teeth.

The angry father hit the animal a deathblow with a cudgel and then hastily turned the cradle right side up. There was the baby all unharmed, and there in the bedding was an enormous rattlesnake, killed by the faithful dog after a fierce fight, in which both combatants had received many wounds.—Springfield Republican.

Guns That Saved Lives.

Guns have plenty of uses apart from killing. For instance, the signal gun of a ship is intended solely for announcing her arrival on a coast. Again, in desert countries, where water is often difficult to collect out of a mere dampness of sand, a gun barrel sunk into the ground will collect moisture in the bore, and many a life has been saved by a timely suck at the muzzle.

Minute guns are fired for public mourning, and national rejoicings take the form of a royal salute.

A slaver captured with a cargo of slaves in the tropics was put in charge of a prize crew. On her voyage the water ran short, and the slaves, slavers and prize crew were dying of thirst. This set one of the marines, a sergeant, thinking, and he hit upon a brilliant idea.

After regaining reluctant consent from the captain he took all the available gun barrels, plugged up the breech ends of a few of them, filled their bores with sea water and set them end up among the coals of the galley fire. As the steam rose he ran it through other gun barrels until it got cool. The cooling steam collected in the shape of excellent fresh water, of which he procured a steady though small supply.—London Telegraph.

Strictly Regular.

The darky's fondness for chicken is only equaled by his dexterity in getting possession of the birds. Weak considerations of mine and thine do not trouble him in the least. In any event his logic is equal to the strain of a good excuse. Witness the following conversation:

"I see you have chicken for dinner."

"Yessuh," says Mr. Erastus Pinkley.

"I hope you bought the chicken."

"Well, no, but the transaction were strictly regular. Dat chicken has been restin' on my fence wifout payin' nuffin', an' I reckoned it were 'bout time to foreclose!"—Kansas City Independent.

It Was All Arranged.

A London barrister used to tell of an instance that occurred in his own experience of trial by jury in Wales. A well known local solicitor named Garnons was concerned in a case. While counsel was addressing the jury its members quietly turned from him, put their heads together, and then the foreman addressed the judge, "It's no use, my lord, for the gentleman in the wig to talk any more, as we agreed in the Blue Lion last night to vote for Mr. Garnons of Rhiwgoch."

Writes and Draws.

Kippax—And who is your favorite author, Mrs. Softly?

Mrs. Softly—My husband.

Kippax—Pardon me. I didn't know he wrote.

Mrs. Softly—Oh, but he does, and so nicely—checks!

A Friendly Suggestion.

"I'm at a loss to know what to make of my only son," said the trust magnate. "He seems to have no brains for business."

"Permit me to hand you a suggestion," rejoined the merchant prince. "Make a society leader of him."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Much starch is made from German potatoes, and last year Great Britain imported 23,827 tons of German potato starch.

Londoners spend about £6,800 a day on cab hire.

An act of heroism is but temporary, while an act of charity is everlasting.

Rome has a water supply of 200,000,000 gallons a day. London only only 160,000,000, and Paris 90,000,000.

ARE YOU ONE OF THE WEAK ONES?

Subject to Sinking Spells and Feelings of Languor, Depression and Weakness—You Can be Helped by

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Very many people feel much as you do. They do not like to confess that they are sick, but they are weak and languid, feel drowsy and depressed after meals, are easily tired and discouraged, suffer from indigestion, sleeplessness, irritability and general bodily weakness. At times, it may be, some of the old-time vigor returns, but you no more than get your hopes aroused when the sinking spells come on again and you are as helpless and disheartened as ever.

Such symptoms point to lack of nourishment in the blood and an exhausted nervous system. You can get well if you will but restore the system by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. This great food cure forms new blood and instils new force and energy into the wasted and depleted nerve cells. It makes you well in nature's way by supplying to the blood and nerves the very elements in which they are lacking.

These symptoms of which you complain are but a warning of approaching nervous prostration, paralysis, locomotor ataxia or even insanity. The time to act is before these dreadful diseases of the nerves have fastened themselves upon you. They are much easier to prevent than to cure, as many know, on account of long years of helplessness and suffering.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will give you new hope and courage. Not only will you be able to feel the benefit you are deriving from it, but by noting your increase in weight you can prove conclusively that new firm flesh and tissue is being added to your body.

The success of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food in curing all ailments arising from weakness of the blood and an exhausted condition of the nerves has been phenomenal. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

BY CRASS DIPLOMACY.

Canada Stripped of Territory—Judge Hodgins' Address to the U. E. Loyalist Association—History of Former Losses.

The story of "Canada's territorial losses since 1782," as told by his Honor Judge Hodgins to the United Empire Loyalist Association at their meeting the other night in Toronto, presented a striking record of diplomatic blundering, not at all flattering to the national pride.

His Honor in opening referred to the territory of some four million square miles which Great Britain obtained under the treaty of 1763, by which France ceded not only the magnificent heritage which now comprises the Dominion of Canada, but also what are now known as the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and half of Minnesota. Owing to the pusillanimity of Mr. Richard Oswald, a neophite in diplomacy, to whom the negotiations were entrusted at the close of the revolutionary war, and who advised that Canada and Nova Scotia be also ceded, the States above named, together with the Indian territory out of which the States of Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama were afterwards formed, were ceded to the United States. The U. E. Loyalists were also abandoned to their colonies. The Canadian fisheries were also ceded under false representations.

The war of 1812 gave to Great Britain the whole of Maine, to the Penobscot, on the Atlantic; the whole of Michigan to Prairie du Chine, and also the mouth of the Columbia River, which controlled Oregon. These were all given up by the treaty of 1818, together with 4,000,000 acres of territory which Congress had previously admitted Great Britain owned.

Next came the Ashburton treaty of 1842 under which 4,500,000 acres of Canadian territory were ceded to the United States, owing to the suppression of maps; and a strip 150 miles long by from one to two miles wide, which had been confirmed to Canada by three previous treaties. In 1846 Lord Ashburton made another treaty under which Oregon, which had been jointly occupied by England and the United States, was ceded as "worthless." The Washington treaty of 1871 followed, under which the island of San Juan, which, under the treaty of 1846, was British, was abandoned, and Canada's claims, amounting to $1,500,000 in connection with the Fenian Raid were abandoned by Lord Kimberley; and, lastly, in 1903, Canada sustained the loss of two strategic islands in Alaska, and connection with the ocean, which was our right by the treaty of 1825, by a decision which had been described as a travesty of justice.

Dividing Her Weight.

"Don't stand on that delicate table to hang the picture, Martha. It'll break. You're too heavy."

"Oh, no, I'm not, mum. It'll help me. I'm standing only on one foot."—Philadelphia North American.

Essence of Orange Leaves.

One of the remarkable industries of Paraguay is the preparation of essence of orange leaves. More than 150 years ago the Jesuit priests, who then ruled that secluded country, imported orange seeds and planted groves, which have now become immense forests, filled with small establishments for extracting the essence, which is exported to France and the United States for use in soap and perfumery making. It is also employed by the natives of Paraguay as a healing ointment and a hair tonic.

Faith is the greatest force in the world.

You cannot feed the soul on frozen truths.

THE SENSIBLE MOTHER.

When little ones are ill the sensible mother no longer doses them with nauseous, griping purgatives, nor puts them to sleep with the so-called "soothing" preparations which always contain harmful opiates. Baby's Own Tablets have been used by thousands of mothers who cheerfully testify that they are gentle in their action, absolutely safe, and make little ones sleep soundly and naturally because they remove the trouble that made baby irritable and wakeful. On this point Mrs. T. Watson, Sarsfield, Ont., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets and find them a very valuable medicine for young children. When baby is cross or fretful I give her a Tablet, and it soon puts her right."

These Tablets cure all the minor ailments of little ones. They are good for all children from birth onward. Sold by medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Style is no substitute for sterling strength.

A SUCCESSFUL MEDICINE.—Everyone wishes to be successful in any undertaking in which he may engage. It is therefore extremely gratifying to the proprietors of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills to know that their efforts to compound a medicine which would prove a blessing to mankind have been successful beyond their expectations. The endorsation of these Pills by the public is a guarantee that a pill has been produced which will fulfil everything claimed for it.

The day of the American hen is worth about three hundred million dollars a year. All the cattle and hogs slaughtered in the country are worth less, and so is the country's total yield of both gold and silver.

Ayer's

Don't try cheap cough medicines. Get the best, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. What a record it has, sixty years of

Cherry Pectoral

cures! Ask your doctor if he doesn't use it for coughs, colds, bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles.

"I have found that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best medicine I can prescribe for bronchitis, influenza, coughs, and hard colds."
E. LOVEMAN, M.D., Tilson, N. Y.

25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for Bronchitis

Correct any tendency to constipation with small doses of Ayer's Pills.

STAMMERERS

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE, BERLIN, ONTARIO. For the treatment of all forms of SPEECH DEFECTS. We treat the cause, not simply the habit, and therefore produce natural speech. Write for particulars

Sin is never healed by humoring it.

It takes all of life to know all of love.

WOMAN'S BURDENS

THE HEALTH OF MANY WOMEN IN A PRECARIOUS CONDITION.

Headaches, Pains Easily Accounted For and Functional Derangements Make Life Miserable.

Throughout the length and breadth of Canada there are thousands and thousands of grateful people who admit that they owe health and strength to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and who speak always—as they should do—in terms of warmest praise of this medicine. Among the many friends Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have made there is perhaps none more enthusiastic in speaking of the Pills than Mrs. Edward Atcheson, of Orangeville, Ont., who for two years suffered intensely, but at last found a cure through the use of this remedy. To a reporter of the Orangeville Sun, Mrs. Atcheson said: "Three years ago I became very much run down. My appetite almost vanished, I grew pale, was subject to headaches, dizziness, palpitation of the heart and a ringing noise in the ears. I tried several medicines, but they did not help me, and I was consequently much depressed and feared I was doomed to go through life a chronic invalid. One day I read the case of a woman whose symptoms were almost identical with my own, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I sent for a box, and by the time it was finished I was sufficiently encouraged to send for another, and so on, until I had taken six boxes, when I was in every sense of the word a different person. Every symptom of my late illness had vanished, and I was once more enabled to look after my household duties with old-time health and vigor. I feel that I owe all this to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I cheerfully recommend them to other weak and suffering women."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a real [illegible] for all weak, watery troubles. They build up the blood and restore the functional ills from which so many women suffer in silence. These pills may be had from any druggist or will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Remember that substitutes cannot cure, and see that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around each box.

—Kuno Fischer, the eminent historian of philosophy, has at last been obliged to give up his professorship in Heidelberg. He is in his eightieth year, and has been at Heidelberg since 1872.

Q. HOPE JONES

He Delivers a Lecture on Sticking to It.

[Copyright, 1903, by C. B. Lewis.]

CITIZENS of Jackson's Corners—It cost me the sum of $1.50 to bill this town for the entertainment now awaiting you, but I have a feeling deep down in my breast that after the usual collection has been taken up I shall come out at least a quarter ahead and be able to move on to the next town.

The subject of my lecture, as you have been informed, is "Perseverance; or, Sticking to It." Give me liberty or death, but also give me a man who won't let go after he gets hold. Truth, ambition, virtue and honesty are good building stones, but you must have the mortar of perseverance to cement them together.

Let us take the case of Cæsar. He began looking ahead when he was ten years old. At fifteen his father wanted to apprentice him to a cobbler, and his mother wanted to establish him in a Troy laundry. He had made up his mind to be a ruler of men and events, but for five years every sort of discouragement was thrown in his way. His father got him into a baseball team, hoping that would satisfy his ambition; his uncle got him a country school to teach, thinking he would in time become an Uncle Rube; his brother-in-law tried to get him to go partners in the windmill business, and the family doctor said he was threatened with consumption and should put in most of his time fishing.

Some young men would have given up and started out as tin peddlers or joined a circus, but Cæsar had the root in his teeth, and he never let go.

It was sticking to it that shoved him along until he reached the position where he could send a thousand people to jail by a nod of his head. They bored in on him at last and finished him off, but that simply came from jealousy. He had lived to elucidate my contention that sticking to it beats even a beef trust.

Some of you here at Jackson's Corners, which I find consists of fourteen houses, a store and a blacksmith shop, and is picturesquely situated on three sides of a horse pond, must have heard of Christopher Columbus. At any rate, I will take it that you have and call your attention to the fact that if he hadn't stuck to it we might have been born in Africa instead of the United States.

He first got it into his head that there was an acre or two of land out-

NAPOLEON WAS A FARMER BOY.

side of Spain. It took him ten years to make the Spanish believe it, and to this day they haven't got over their surprise. After once getting started he never let up, and he was finally furnished with an outfit and told to sail away and be hanged to him. They had got tired of his gab and wanted to send him to the bottom of the sea, but he didn't go there. He headed straight for America, sure that maple sugar and muskrat skins awaited him here, and even when his sailors threatened mutiny if he did not turn back he would not yield.

No American ought to lie down at night or rise in the morning without blessing the memory of the man who made it possible for us to be born here and grow up to be big enough to wear tall coats and suspenders.

Some lightning rod man may have come along here some day and told you of Napoleon Bonaparte. He probably told you ten lies to one truth, but the truth is interesting enough. There was a boy born on the farm, and a mighty poor farm at that. His parents barely knew enough to figure out how much four dozen eggs would come to at 13 cents a dozen, and the nearest schoolhouse was three miles away, and the teacher was drunk half the time.

There wasn't one chance in a thousand of that boy making anything of himself above a chicken raiser, but he said to himself that he would rule the world some day, and he stuck to it until he did. He was cuffed by his mother, licked by his father and rolled in the dirt by all the other boys for a mile around, but he never let go of his idea.

He hung to it and pushed it along, and foot by foot he climbed up. They tied grindstones to his coat tails, but they couldn't hold him down. There was no one to pat him on the head and talk about "Excelsior," but he wouldn't let go. When he did get a start, there were those who did their best to stand him on his head, and he had to fight against envy and malice.

From a farmer's boy to the ruler of the world's destinies! Think of that! He had ambition and energy, but, better than all, he had the stick to it.

I notice among the audience a red-headed boy who is half asleep. He is redheaded, freckle faced and stub nosed, and he has probably never been to a circus or had his fill of lemonade, but can I say that thirty years hence he will not be a greater man than Tom Platt or Mark Hanna? If he's got the stick to it under all that red hair, he's bound to get there, and only death can keep him back.

My friends, I don't want to hurt your feelings by making comparisons. I have no doubt that if you had been born when George Washington was you'd have been as big a man as he was and perhaps bigger. It wasn't your fault that you had to wait 160 years later, and I'm not the man to humiliate you. I simply quote him as another successful specimen of the stick to it policy. After he had determined to become the Father of His Country he never let go. He got the worst of it on a hundred occasions, but he felt that hanging on would bring success in the end, and he hung.

And I now come down to Q. Hope Jones, the man who stands before you. I am a living illustration of what perseverance has done and can do. When you look at me you see perseverance itself. My parents were honest and respectable, but my father didn't know enough to sharpen an ax or my mother enough to make catnip tea.

As a baby I was lop shouldered and knockkneed; as a child I was humpbacked and had the earache. When I was five years old I didn't know a goose egg from a barn door, but down in my own mind I had a plan. I had determined to become great and famous and to place the name of Q. Hope Jones beside that of the greatest of earth.

Once I had made up my mind I allowed nothing to discourage or dissuade me. I was fed on johnnycake and buttermilk. I went barefoot in winter and bareheaded in summer. I got up at 4 o'clock in the morning to feed the hogs and sat up till 10 o'clock at night to feed the cows. The only schooling I had was what I taught myself from reading over the tax receipts and mortgages on my father's farm.

As a young man I wasn't looked upon as anything too good to hoe corn at 30 cents a day, and those who didn't predict that I would go into the drive well business were sure that I would eventually open a side show with a cannibal for the leading attraction. They threw me down and piled it on to me, but they could not hold me down. I got up to stick to it stronger than ever, and you see the result before you.

Q. Hope Jones stands before you as a man whose name is known from pole to pole, and it is known nowhere but to be honored. Be like me. You can if you will, and it is not too much to hope that my remarks here this evening will incite such aims and ambitions that twenty years hence North America will be ruled from Jackson's Corners. I will now close and pass around the hat, and it is needless for me to say that if any one here has made up his mind to drop in as much as a dime I shall expect him to stick to it and not put me off with three coppers and half a dozen buttons. M. QUAD.

Asked Wife's Assistance.

Mrs. Hayfork (in country post office)—Anything for me?

Postmaster—I don't see nothin'.

Mrs. Hayfork—I was expectin' a letter or post card from Aunt Spriggs tellin' what day she was comin'.

Rural Postmaster (calling to his wife)—Did you see a post card from Mrs. Hayfork's Aunt Sally?

His Wife—Yes; she's comin' on Thursday.—Lyre.

Mere Conjecture.

"Have you ever known any one," she asked, "who was actually killed by happiness?"

"Well," replied the crusty old bachelor, "I can't say positively as to that, but I did know a chap once who was found dead on his mother-in-law's grave."—Chicago Record Herald.

Taking No Chances.

"You love your country, don't you?" said the sincere statesman.

"Certainly," answered Senator Sorghum, "but I'm not losing my head and taking chances on suffering the pangs of unrequited affection."—Washington Star.

Bavaria.

The old joke about the alliance between doctors and undertakers is not in vogue in Bavaria. In some districts of that country one-half, in others even three-quarters, of the population die without having had medical attendance in their last illness.

Rats.

Rats are estimated to destroy food to the value of $60,000,000 yearly.

COMRADE LOVE

By IZOLA L. FORRESTER

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

She was working when he knocked and merely called, "Come in!"

"I thought it was only you," she added, with a smile and a nod of welcome over her shoulder. "Isn't it a dream of a day? You are about five and a half minutes too late. Mab just went for a park tramp with her pockets full of cake for the squirrels and her heart full of love for all the world, especially the springy world. Goodby."

"But I'm not going, thank you," he answered, laughing down at her. He drew up his favorite chair deliberately, the deep, lounging one, and seated himself beside her desk. The window was open, and a little Rookwood jar in soft greens and bronze browns stood upon the sill, holding a cluster of daffodils. There was a mass of scattered manuscript spread over the desk, and her eyes looked tired with forced thought. The breeze from the window had blown her hair into a fluffy, careless state, unlike its usual businesslike primness, and there were ink blots on her second finger.

"I'm going to stay here awhile," he said. "And I don't give a rap for your ladyship's permission. I have come to have a talk with you."

She looked at him amusedly. He had picked up her blue pencil and was marking stars on the back of the manuscript with it.

"So serious? Let's see." She laid down her pen resignedly. "Truax doesn't like the last effort of the mighty mind. Not up to the Burton standard. It's not wise to play ping-pong with your public, Dick. If they like your cream puffs and chocolate eclaires never try to give them the doughnuts and brown bread of realism. Is that it? Or were the last royalties below par? Or has Mab been teasing you, or what?"

He was not smiling now. There was a new earnestness in his eyes as he bent suddenly toward her.

"Comrade," he said, "am I good enough to ask the woman I love to marry me?"

It was very quiet in the large, restful studio apartment. The tap of horses' hoofs on the pavement far below float-

"AM I GOOD ENOUGH TO ASK THE WOMAN I LOVE TO MARRY ME?"

ed up to them faintly, and there was a rustle as the wind stirred the leaves of paper on the desk. She was still smiling, but her head was turned to the window and the yellow daffodils and blue sky beyond. She was glad she was strong and had known all along that this must surely come. It was right too. She was glad for Mab, Mab in her glorious youth, who had swept into her life with the joy and promise of the springtime and had put new zest and hope in her by the very force of her ambition and confidence in all things.

And it was good that these two should marry, and the man who had been her friend and comrade so long—so long. There were the first days of her struggles, when she had met him haphazard. He was already one known and sought after even then, and he had smiled down at her, the frank, bright smile she had grown to look for, and told her to make a good fight and win out. She was sure to in the end. Only the weak ones fell on the line of march.

Then when success began to come slowly and she felt the foothold of surety beneath her feet his had been the first voice of congratulation to reach her and still urge her higher. It was a matter of years. She was thirty now. He must be nearly forty. She thought of Mab at eighteen and wondered if she could ever know and appreciate the value of the man who loved her, who was willing to lay the strength and honor of his life's success at her feet.

She knew him so well and had come to understand she was so necessary to him in his work that her voice was the first he sought in commendation. Each of his later plays he had read aloud to her, seated, as now, in the deep armchair beside her desk. They had discussed them together and planned and corrected and hoped and been true comrades. Now it was all at an end.

Something blurred the daffodils and blue sky from her sight, and he frowned.

"Don't," he said.

"Oh, I know, I understand." Her voice was low and uncertain, but she smiled back at him with the old courage. "I have understood all along—before you did yourself, I believe. But don't you see how hard it is for me?"

"Hard?"

"She has been so much to me. Except for you, all my way has been lonely. Even the success could not better that. When I found her, just as I was at first, young and alone and poor and brimful of hope, with all the struggle ahead and the heartaches, it seemed so good to sweep her up out of it all to this and give her a fair chance. And she's so sweet and bright and true. I can't make you understand how dear she is to me or how lonesome it will be here without her."

She rose and went to the window, her face raised to meet the wind and sunshine.

"How selfish we are as we grow older, aren't we, Dick? It seems as if I want it to be always spring now. When I was eighteen, like Mab, I didn't care. It was only a matter of violet time and showers and a little quicker beating of the pulses. Now it comes and goes so soon and only seems the symbol of something lost."

She turned back to the desk and put the glass stopper on the bottle mechanically.

"Mab is coming across the park," she said. "I am going to be good to you both and leave you to your wooing with my blessing. And I am glad, so glad, Dick, for you. Only was it quite fair to steal my springtime girl away and leave me all alone? Honest, was it, comrade?"

She stretched out her hand to him. He held it in a close grip and leaned across the desk toward her.

"Winifred, Winifred," he said. "And you have been the woman who understood me of all the world. Couldn't you see I was waiting for it all to come to you, the success, the little petty laurel crowns that are turned out by the hundreds nowadays. I wanted you to gain it all and still find something lacking, so that some day I might come to you, as I do now, and say: 'Aren't you tired of it all, dear? Can't you come to me now and rest and live the springtime over?'"

She shook her head at him. Her lips closed, her eyes full of tears.

"I never knew," she said. "And it was so long and lonesome, the fight, you know, and I am so tired of it all, Dick, so tired."

There was a light, quick step in the hall. Mab was whistling as she came some gay little love song of a shepherdess and a miller laddie and the gate where the May thorn grows. She opened the door softly so as not to disturb the writer at the desk, but the writer was almost hidden from view behind a barricade of masculine arms. And Mab smiled and, stepping noiselessly back into the hall, closed the door after her and went back to the squirrels and the park.

Origin of the Chesapeake Dog.

Many years ago a vessel from Newfoundland ran aground near an estate called Walnut Grove, on the shores of the Chesapeake. This estate belonged to Mr. George Law, a member of a well known Maryland family. On board the ship were two Newfoundland dogs, which were given by the captain to Mr. Law in return for kindness and hospitality shown to himself and crew. The beginning of the Chesapeake dog was a cross between these Newfoundlands and the common yellow and tan colored hound, or coon dog, of that part of the country.

The marked characteristics of the Chesapeake bay dog give every evidence of the truth of this story. Its strong power of scent, its hardihood, its shorter hair, its medium size and its remarkable endurance come from the hound, while its love of water, its powers of swimming, its extraordinary ability to endure cold, its furry coat, wonderful intelligence and general good temper are all due to the Newfoundland. There has doubtless been added from time to time some water spaniel cross which has helped its remarkable retrieving qualities. The yellow and tan of the hound, combined with the black of the Newfoundland and the introduction of the spaniel, produced the liver color of the true Chesapeake bay dog. In course of time the Chesapeake bay has, in Maryland, become a distinctive breed.—Forest and Stream.

We All Know Her.

It pays a woman to be pretty sometimes. Being pretty saved a woman's life last week. She was playing whist at an evening party, and it was naturally supposed that she knew how to play or she wouldn't have sat into the game. She was so distractingly pretty that every man there wanted to be her partner. Her first remark was that she just loved whist.

"Let me see. Is this strict whist or just a little social game?" Then came the inevitable question, "What is trumps?"

"Hearts."

"Oh, do you lead trumps?"

"Lead from your long suit."

"But I haven't any. There isn't a long suit in my hand. Oh, is a king worth more than an ace in whist? How much do spades count? I've got the right bower; is it any good? How do you signal? By opening and closing your hand? Oh, what a goose I forgot I was playing whist. Partner, take that trick; I haven't any more trumps. Oh, I mustn't talk; you'll think I don't know how to play. What's that? Trumped my partner's ace? I always do. Why, I've nigged again. I'm such a goose!"

And every man present looked as if he really enjoyed it.—Chicago Record-Herald.

An Unfashionable Prayer.

A young bride recently visited one of the large department stores of this city on the pleasant business of purchasing the furnishings for her pretty little flat. She wished for a bread board in her kitchen just like the one her mother had at home, with "Give us this day our daily bread" carved around the border.

The young girl who waited upon her brought bread boards with other inscriptions upon them, saying in a patronizing way:

"The words you want are old fashioned now. We don't have any call for them any more."

No Wonder.

"What?" said Noah indignantly. "You say the deer is kicking because he has a lower berth? I never heard of such a thing. I thought everybody preferred having a lower berth."

"It isn't that, father," said Ham. "The deer isn't mad because he has a lower berth. He's mad about the animal we assigned to the upper berth over him."

"Who has the upper?" asked Noah.

"The hippopotamus."

Catching Up.

She—I see the Philadelphians eat their cereals in the evening instead of at the morning meal.

He—Well, that shows they are improving in Philadelphia.

"How so?"

"Why, that shows that now they are only twelve hours behind."

These Boston Girls.

Kitty (to Bertha in her new frock)—Why, darling, how becoming your gown is! Absolutely any one would think it was quite new!

Bertha—So kind of you to say so! And yours, dear, looks every bit as well as it did years ago.

What Else?

"What do you understand by 'holy orders?'" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"The Ten Commandments, ma'am," promptly answered the fair haired little boy with the innocent blue eyes.

In His Line.

"So glad you found my sermon interesting," said the Rev. Mr. Tawkon.

"Yes," replied the stranger, "it was interesting to me. I've been making a study recently of the powers of endurance of the human voice."

Making It Useful.

"What in the world are you doing with a phonograph, Harker? Thought you hated them?

"I do, but we use this one to keep the neighbors away when we don't feel like entertaining."—Philadelphia Record.

Hardened.

Pretty Niece—Uncle Henry, I think every old bachelor ought to be taxed at least $500 a year.

Bachelor Uncle—Well, Myrtle, that would be cheaper than marrying.—Chicago Tribune.

There will be perfect newspapers when there is a perfect world.—Baltimore American.

Notice of Apartments to Let.

A white card on a Parisian dwelling house indicates that furnished apartments are to let. A yellow card informs pedestrians that unfurnished rooms may be had. The object is to save passersby the trouble of crossing the street if they chance to be on the opposite side in case such rooms as they desire are not advertised.

Potted Plants.

Much better than broken pots or earthenware as drainage in pots for house plants is charcoal. It keeps the soil from becoming sour by absorbing gases. Next best is burnt bone bones burned until they can be easily broken with a hammer.

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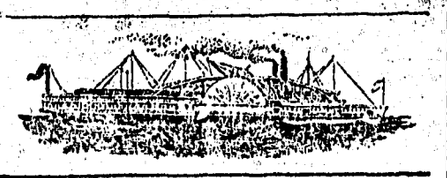

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" 10.24	Koenig's	" 4.24
" 11.00	Duncan's	" 5.00
P.M.		P M.
" 12 35	Nanaimo	" 6.41
Ar 12 53	Wellington	Ar. 7.03

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No. 1—Dail A.M.		No. 3—Sunday A.M.
Dp. 8 00	Wellington	Dp. 3.00
" 8.20	Nanaimo	" 3.15
10 02	Duncan's	" 5 00
" 10.42	Koenig's	" 5.36
" 11.38	Coldstream	" 6 32
Ar 12.06	Victoria	Ar 7.00

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

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

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

TUESDAY, MARCH 1, 1904

Telegraphic News

St. Petersburg 23rd—The war will end in August in complete defeat of Japanese, said, a high authority in close touch with war plans of Russia to day whose opinion can be taken faithfully to reflect belief in highest official quarters. When our forces are concentrated and ready we will finish the war by driving the Japanese into the sea.

Tokio 23rd—From Nagasaki comes the announcement of another sweeping Japrnese naval victory as the result of which five Russian torpedo destroyers as part of Port Arthur defence squadron have been captured by the Japanese fleet.

Che Foo, Feb. 24—Steamer Governor Jaeschi while passing Port Arthur at 3 o'clock this morning heard heavy firing in that direction Report that several Japanese warships have been disabled, but so far it is unconfirmed.

13 warships are said to have passed Wei Hai Wei to-day heading east.

London, Feb 24—The fleet which passed Wei Hai Wei is supposed to have been Admiral Togo's fleet leaving Port Arthur.

Che Foo, Feb. 24—The Russians have repulsed Japanese attack upon Port Arthur. Four Japanese battleships were damaged and run aground.

Shanghai, Feby. 24th—Russian consul and commander of Russian gunboat Mandjur, now in these waters, received official telegram to-day announcing that Japanese made futile attack on Port Arthur last night. Despatch added that six vessels were reported to be disabled, but that the character and nationalty of the ships were unknown.

Che Foo, Feb. 24—40,000 more Japanese troops have landed at Chemulpo, and some have landed at Pigeon Bay. An engagement occurred on the night of February 12th. The result is not known yet.

Che Foo, Feb. 24—The Russian troops are deserting by wholesale in Manchuria. The report that the Japanese have landed at Pigeon Bay, and near Dalny, is confirmed

Seoul, Feb. 24—A force of 2,000 Chinese are harassing the Russians at Liao Yang. The Japanese Consul here visited the Tao Tai to-day and informed him that if China is unable to enforce neutrality law Japanese Government will take measures to make it effective.

Seoul, Feb. 24—There is a panic at Ping Yong, Korea, which is regarded as heralding the approach of the opposing armies.

The Japanese are bombarding Port Arthur at intervals, so far the injury has been slight. The report is confirmed that seventy miles of railroad tracks and some important bridges have been destroyed between Harbin and Vladivostock. If this is true it would be a great advantage to the Japanese as Vladivostock is very badly supplied and could not long resist a Japanese attack.

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CHAT ON EDUCATION

PRINCIPAL OF UPPER CANADA COLLEGE ON SCHOOL TRAINING.

English and Canadian—The Principal's Impressions After a Year's Teaching the Canadian "Tom Brown"—Utility and Culture—The Classics—Religious Side of School Life—Where Canada Is Superior.

Principal Auden's outlook upon education in Canada combines the fresh viewpoint of the traveler with that of the actual citizen. He came here a stranger, has already gone from coast to coast, has assumed the leadership of Canada's chief Public School, and spent the best part of one year in practical experience with Canadian youth, says The Toronto News.

A pedagogue is commonly said to be recognize at sight. Principal Auden would pass quite as readily for an Anglican Canon or a man of letters. His habitual cast is gravity—not of the scowling, trudite sort that inspired the portrayal of Goldsmith's schoolmaster, but the sedate poise that marks a man conscious of a great life-work. Naturally, he is chief in this country of a class becoming all too rare in these days of feminine pedagogy in Public Schools.

His Point of View.

He is not an orator. Neither is he an experimental faddist. He stands as an academic descendent of Arnold of Rugby. His point of view is that of the cultured Englishman; his atmosphere that of the English Public School after the manner of Eton, Winchester and Rugby. Such schools existed in England when Upper Canada College was the site of an Indian camp. Less than a century has seen the development of an educational system in this country embodying many of the best traditions of England. "Tom Brown" is also a Canadian. And to the man whose life-work is to educate the Canadian Tom Brown, educational problems in this young land are replete with original interest.

Residential vs. Day Schools.

Principal Auden believes that Canada needs more residential schools. The absorption of parents in commercial pursuits naturally minimizes culture in the home. Boys are left largely to their own devices, to promiscuous contact with lads not of their own age, and to the perilous influences of the street. This begets mannishness and loud manners. Canadian parents are often absent from their families on business matters and home-building in the West. The day school cannot efficiently look after such boys. Moreover, the day school tends to machine methods and the obliteration of a teacher's personality, whereas the boarding school substitutes the constant personal influence of a house-master who devotes his whole time to his pupils.

Utility and Culture.

As to utilitarian vs. culture studies, Mr. Auden observes a tendency among us to exalt the former. This is natural in a new country where commerce takes precedence of culture. Boys are imbued with the instinct of vocation-hunting before they are able to spell the words of a common letter. This leads to a desire for specialization at an early age, and tends to sacrifice the all-round development necessary for safe citizenship. Culture, however, is on the increase. Parents are finding more time to tutor their own children. Canadian homes are getting an atmosphere in which good literature, art and manners are becoming characteristic.

A knowledge of practical science, the Principal considers, is necessary for every boy. Science has recently become a main factor in civilization. A man can scarcely be called a modern citizen who does not know the rudiments of physic, chemistry and electricity. This is a new development. Manual training he regards as a good thing to engage a boy's surplus activities, but believes it far less necessary here than in England, where boys have not the natural handiness that distinguishes Canadian youth. He also observes that Canadian boys are more imbued with the spirit of practical progress, a useful stimulus in the class-room. The inherent danger of this, however, consists in the tendency to crowd curriculums with courses of study, to rush pupils through schools too rapidly, and to make examinations the end rather than the means of a sound education—which the Principal considers has nothing to do with either typewriting or stenography.

English and the Classics.

The vexed question of Classics vs. English as a means of culture has much engaged the attention of Principal Auden. As an Englishman, he naturally cleaves to the classes. He regards Latin and Greek as essential parts of a true education. Latin he commends no less for its disciplinary value than as a means of comprehending the structure of English. Latin makes a boy think no less than mathematics. It is the world's model of concise structure, consistent grammar and logical syntax. A boy should learn his grammar in the Latin, which is the mother of English grammar. The understood, necessity of this explains why Latin figures as a daily item in the U.C.C. time-table in all but one form. Greek is considered as an indispensable model for style, and the recognized great source of literary appreciation. It should be taught with a minimum of grammar, as freely as possible, not at all as a means of mental discipline. The Principal regards Homer as more necessary to a school boy than Milton, if studied in the original. He observes that the tendency here is to teach English more than classics. This he explains as due to the lack of English literature in the home. The school is called upon to supply the lack. This defect he expects to disappear with the growth of culture and a consequent probable return to classics, as has recently been the case in Germany, Russia and the United States.

A Seeming Paradox.

At first blush it seems a paradox that an English master should give two dead languages precedence over the language of Chaucer, Shakespeare and Tennyson, as a source of English culture. But it must be remembered that decent English is second nature to an English boy. He knows his Shakespeare independent of the school master, reads better books, scans a larger percentage of dignified newspapers and listens to more standard English speeches. In this country we are yet subject to rustic dialect, bad patois, Americanisms and foreign languages. Therefore, English as a definite object of study is tenfold more necessary here than in England. Principal Auden wisely believes that great models of poetry and prose should not be subjected to the indignity of grammatical analysis; neither should English words be laboriously parsed.

Bible Should Be Taught.

As to religious instruction, the Principal believes that the Bible should be taught in the schools. He also contends that the best gospel of all is the personal, every-day religion of a teacher's life and character. Regarding women as teachers, he believes that they are a shining success with young pupils, but fundamentally lacking the gift necessary to enforce discipline among boys above the elementary forms.

As students of French and German they excel, but as teachers of these languages, are rather prone to miss the deeper meaning of a translation. Their appointment here to the very best posts in the modern language courses of collegiate institute stands as an agreeable contrast to the English practice of paying a man three or four times as much as a woman for doing the same work.

Another obvious superiority of the Canadian over the English educational system is the establishment of agricultural colleges. Such institutions as the O. A. C. would be a sheer impossibility in England, where agriculture is largely traditional and, in fact, fast becoming obsolete.

AN HOUR IN THE WOODS.

A City Father's Outing With His Boy on Saturday Afternoon.

The boy didn't know what to do with himself. I didn't know what to do with myself. It was a lovely afternoon. I decided that a lesson in nature study wouldn't do either of us any harm, so off to the woods we went.

I had been there before in spring and summer, but not in late autumn. The trees were there with some touches of autumn glory lingering in the faded leaves, but the air was still, and there seemed few birds about. But only for a little, for after climbing the slippery hillside we dropped in on a sociable party of song sparrows who had not yet gone south. But they were shy and wary, and the boy and I did not get much more than a glimpse of them. Not so with the white-breasted nuthatch, however, and the boy watched interestedly as I showed him the bird traveling gravely head downward on the tree trunks looking for insects. Further on we caught a flash of blue as a shy bluejay dashed squalling into a thicket. We walked a little further to where the ever-greens that had been favorite haunts of the redstarts in summer time grew in verdure unmarred by Artist Autumn's brown paint pot and busy brush, and slid down through the dead leaves to the foot of the ravine, where a downy woodpecker beat his feeble tattoo on a dead tree, and here I showed the boy how the little woodpecker held his tail feathers against the bark to give his busy bill the better leverage. Now we were homeward bound, and after a space the familiar "catch-a-dee-dee" saluted us and we got into a whole family of the busy little blackcaps, feeding industriously and calling cheerily to each other right under our very noses. The boy was delighted, for the birds came within three feet of us as we stood breathlessly silent beneath the cedars watching their restless flitting. I showed him one bird diving into the curled up leaf that some grub had selected for his winter quarters, little dreaming when he did it that a little black-capped chickadee would some day find him out, pull him from his lair, eat him, and then wipe his bill on a twig while two admiring mortals looked on. Among the chickadees we saw one kinglet—they often travel together in the fall and winter—and then we left them to finish their suppers unobserved. There were only one or two things yet to show the boy before the city claimed us. One was the bank of sand which the bank swallows had plowed in a hundred places during the summer and had reared their families therein, and it was not surprising to find that what the summer-loving swallows had left had been appropriated by that extremely adjustable individual, the English sparrow. Along the lake shore a great gull brooded, and a little further along a grebe swam, diving for an unconscionable length of time when a noisy locomotive snorted by. Then the street cars and home, the lesson in natural history was ended.—H. D. C. in Toronto Star.

A Goldwin Smith Anecdote.

Dean Pigon in his new book, "Odds and Ends," gives a sketch of a boy that is rather difficult to recognize as the erudite Dr. Goldwin Smith, D.C.L.: "Goldwin was apparently wrapt in thought one morning at breakfast, and one would suppose he was contemplating writing a brilliant essay. His father, somewhat impatient of his silence, said, 'A penny for your thoughts, Goldwin.' To this challenge I heard Goldwin reply, 'I was just thinking what an awful thing it must be for a giraffe to have a sore throat: what an amount of gargle it would have to swallow, and what length of bandage it would require.'"

Will Even Up.

Beryl—Mrs. Heavyswell wears so many diamonds at receptions that she is frightfully overdressed.

Sibyl—Well, she makes up for that in her decollete evening gowns.—Baltimore Herald.

Attention, Ye Golfers!

"Why do you always smoke that big pipe when you're golfing, Mr. Fudge? I should imagine it would be in the way."

"I smoke it because I am a religious man."

"Where's the connection?"

"Well, whenever I foozle badly, the pipe prevents me from opening my lips in swear words, and by the time I am able to remove it from my lips I've conquered the temptation."

A Mistaken Change.

The letters "U. S. A." were omitted from the collars of officers' coats in the new army uniform. In their place was used the national coat of arms. This has not proved satisfactory, and officers of all branches of the service have asked that the letters be restored.

In this era of uniforms for religious and civic societies and for employees of transportation companies it is certainly desirable that the uniform for soldiers have a distinguishing mark. The coat of arms does not carry to all the same message that is carried to the eye of the most ignorant by the letters "U. S. A." These three letters mean as much abroad as at home, and they should be restored to the officers' uniforms.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Paper Cloaks.

Some scientific genius has taken it into his head to make us wear paper overcoats. And why not? In the large cities of Japan a sort of mackintosh made of oiled paper costs less than ninepence. It is worn by the coolies who draw rickshaws in the streets. These men, exposed to all seasons, wear these oiled paper cloaks constantly and notwithstanding their incredible cheapness they will last a year or more.—Exchange.

William In a Swamp.

The imperial dignity of the German emperor, who is well known all over the world to be an enthusiastic huntsman, may have been a trifle dampened when he sank to his hips in a bog while he was deerstalking within one of his enormous domains. He was pulled out without any damage except to the appearance of his clothes. Later he gave orders that the swamp should be drained and filled with earth.

England's Best Dressed.

The sailor is the best dressed man in England, and the hospital nurse is the best dressed woman, according to the Rev. E. J. Houghton, the rector of St. Stephen's, Bristol. His reason is that in each instance the style of clothes is exactly suited to the wearer's employment.

Why.

Burr McIntosh was taking a photograph of one of the theatrical companies in town. A young girl of not over sixteen years, with startlingly yellow hair, tripped across the stage.

"Here comes 'the beloved of the gods,'" whispered the manager.

"Why have you dubbed her that?" asked Mr. McIntosh, with interest.

"Because she has dyed so young."—New York Times.

COPIED FROM THE BOERS.

War Office Adopts New Type of Cartridge Bandoliers.

The War Office has adopted a new pattern of cartridge bandolier and pouch for the army, says The London Daily Mail. Tenders are now invited for the supply of bandoliers, pouches and other equipment—123,550 bandoliers to carry 50 rounds of ammunition, 25,000 carrying 90 rounds, 247,100 pouches to carry 10 rounds, and 247,100 pouches to carry 15 rounds. All to be made of leather, the bodies of the bandoliers of split cowhide, the pouches of bridle leather.

The new bandolier is a collection of small pouches fastened upon a wide strap. The ninety-round variety has a curious double buckle to rest on the soldier's shoulder and to carry the steadying strap. The pouches are small, and carry ten rounds of ammunition. They are narrower at the bottom than the top. Their fastening flap is very large.

Each contains a leather tongue fastened at the bottom, and tapering very fine at its other end, to be folded round a clip of cartridges, so that the pulling of its loose end will bring it out instantly. The extra pouches are of the same type as those for the bandoliers, except those to carry fifteen rounds, which are to have no leathern tongue.

This type of bandolier resembles that which was employed by the Boers. The old type of bandolier used by English soldiers in the war was made of webbing, and carried cartridges horizontally packed in separate divisions. It was found to be useless, as it worked loose and lost ammunition. Then a long flap was added, which, fastened, kept the cartridges in their places, but was useless, too, for the buttons did not hold the flap. Then came bandoliers of the old type, with flaps for every ten, six, five, or four cartridges. Those with flaps for five were useful.

Three weeks ago split cowhide began to go up in price, rising one penny per pound.

STATESMAN'S PATHETIC DEATH.

Passing of Hon. Duncan Gillies, Speaker of Victorian Parliament.

Details of the death of the Hon. Duncan Gillies, the Speaker of the Victorian Parliament, formerly Premier and Agent-General in London, are pathetic. He had resumed the chair after a long illness, amid loud cheers, but after getting through the preliminary business he completely collapsed, and was unable to remember or identify any of the members who rose to address the House. The Premier, the Leader of the Opposition, and the Clerk of the House, went to his assistance, and he was removed to his official residence within the Parliamentary precincts. Three days later he was found dead in his bath. Mr. Gillies was a member of the Imperial Cable Committee which met in 1896 in London. The Earl of Selborne was the chairman. The Colonial Office was represented by Mr. G. H. Murray, C.B., Canada by Lord Strathcona and the Hon. A. G. Jones, and Australasia by Sir Saul Samuel and Mr. Gillies. Sir Sandford Fleming acted as expert adviser. The result of the deliberations of the Committee was the decision to lay the cable.

Fall From High Estate.

Queen Victoria's favorite horses were greys, and special care was taken in their selection.

On the old greys becoming unsound in wind or limb, they had to descend from their high estate to follow humbler pursuits. Usually sold for what they would fetch, many a man made a good bargain thereby.

Some years ago a Windsor cabman purchased one of the Queen's greys for 36 guineas, subsequently hiring the animal out to a lady for a pound a week during five years, the lady providing for the horse.

The greys appeal strongly to side-street Romeos and Juliets who desire to enter the matrimonial state driven to church by an ex-royal horse and one cabman has increased his income in satisfying this wish. Some of the horses, however, have to follow more lowly callings, such as drawing parcel vans and other humble, though useful, conveyance.

Some comments are made at this rather ignominious ending of such fine horses, and not a few are sorry to see the animals now drawing other people's washing home.

A Duke's Queer Idea.

The Duke of Bedford has caused a good deal of amusement to the inhabitants of Woburn by his latest investment, a sort of miniature armored train, consisting of a truck, painted brown like the Duke's livery, and drawn by a small steam-motor. Both the motor and the truck are protected by high sides, so that the Duke can go safely into the enclosure where he keeps the wilder animals of his wonderful Zoo at Woburn. Some of these beasts are inclined to be restive at times, and the Duke had a narrow escape of being damaged by a large specimen of deer which turned ferocious one day while the Duke and a somewhat stout friend were in the enclosure, inspecting various new-comers. The enclosures are fenced round with very high palings, and the Duke, who is active and slim, was soon on the outside, but his friend had more difficulty, and only escaped by a very narrow squeak, fleece the new importation. And now the Duke and his friends can steam round the park in safety.—From M. A. P.

CAPRICES OF THE YUKON.

River That Freezes From the Bottom Up—A Water Juggler.

The waters of Alaska freeze from the bottom. One may be gliding along on a glassy lake, with a gorgeous sun overhead, in a crisp, invigorating atmosphere. There is not a sign of ice except high up on the mountain sides. A little circle appears on the silvery surface, as though a tiny pebble had fallen in—then another, and still another. There isn't a sound, and not even a mosquito to disturb the placid picture, but still the little circles come.

Presently a glassy bead bubbles about in the centre of one of the widening circles, then a larger one, and a still larger. Those beads are tiny ice globules. They come bobbing up in rapid succession, then several together. In half an hour the surface is covered. They have grown as large as a butter bean, and nearly the same shape, but crystal clear. In an hour they are as large as a lady's watch, and each one has little grains of sand sticking to it; some have a large gravel sealed up inside.

The old "sour dough" will row for the shore when he sees these signs upon the water, for he knows well that in a few hours the whole surface will be a mass of slush ice, from which it will be impossible to extricate a rowboat, and equally impossible to leave it.

By morning the cold air of the upper world will have welded all this mass together, and we have the first freeze-up.

If one will take the trouble to peep into some shallow rivulet at this time of year he may see nature in her workshop making a winter. Each tiny grain of sand is first given a coat of ice. The coat grows thicker on the upper side.

Finally it gets so thick that the buoyancy of the ice overbalances the weight of the gravel; the mass leaves the bottom, and, reached a stratum of warmer water, the ice melts a little, releasing the gravel, and bobs merrily to the surface. The fact of its being anchored to the gravel at the bottom has given it the name of anchor ice, and that freeze-up is expressively called "the anchor ice freeze-up."

After a week or two of good hard freezing there is nearly always a chinook wind that comes up from the south for a last flying visit, and the ice is broken up into huge cakes. These drift before the wind or with the current, and when they are stopped by some natural barrier they pile up on each other, sometimes many feet high, making the ice jams that are so hard for "mushers" or "log wallopers" to get over in traveling.

Then comes the real freeze-up, when the surface of every lake and river is sealed solid.

As the cold grows more intense the water in the depths give off a vapor, and this, being warmer than the ice, melts it here and there, forming air holes—the river's lungs. Woe betide the unwary pedestrian who happens to strike one of these air holes just before it opens, for in each one of them is written the infernal legend, "Leave Hope behind, who enters here." One may look out upon the frozen surface of a lake or river and see many of these air holes, distinguished only by the volume of vapor rising like the smoke of huge signal fires upon a prairie. When the weather moderates some of these gigantic nostrils seem to be unnecessary, and a thin coat of ice forms over them. They they are more dangerous than ever, because the channel is just beneath, ready to take the victim instantly into the bowels of the ice.

After a month or two of freezing weather the ice grows very thick. The waters beneath, dried up at their source, shrink into smaller space, and the great mass of ice "settles." Long cracks open up in its narrow surface with thundering noises like volleys of artillery. Then the water beneath, hard pressed for an easy channel, runs into and along these cracks, the surface freezes up, and there is an artificial subterranean river, so to speak. More cracks open up and more of these little rivers form, until the great mass of ice contains a veritable network of independent streams.

At this time of the year the "chechako," or tenderfoot, may dig with pick and ax and shovel for 20 feet down through the ice to get water, all the time hearing its deep-toned gurgle somewhere beneath.

Finally he strikes almost dry sand in the bottom of the river, but no water. The "sour dough," on the other hand, is a water witch, after a fashion. With his ax he will percuss the surface, just as the physician does a man's chest, and oftentimes one blow will open up a crystal river. His ear never misleads him. The signs are infallible.

But the "sour dough" will find more than water down there. When night comes on he will cut a spruce torch from the forest near by whittle a harpoon out of pine knot, stand with his lighted torch at the hole he has made and pull out big fine fish until he and his dogs are satiated.—John A. Hornsby, in Toronto Sunday World.

Quite Free.

Pastor—I understand Brother Jorkins considered my sermon very free. Do you know on what ground?

Deacon—I have an idea. When the collection was taken up after it, he was asleep, and it passed him.—Philadelphia Press.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

Doll-making is a new industry which has sprung up at Stewartstown, County Tyrone. Hitherto most of the dolls sold in the United Kingdom have come from Germany.

I was cured of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Sydney, C.B. C. I. LAGUE.

I was cured of Loss of Voice by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Yarmouth. CHAS. PLUMMER.

I was Cured of Sciatica Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Burin, Nfld. LEWIS S. BUTLER.

England and Gibraltar now talk by wireless telegraphy, making land lines in foreign territory unnecessary.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
(Seal) A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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

Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Place before children nothing but what is simple, lest you spoil their taste; and nothing that is not innocent, lest you spoil their heart.

Better without a Stomach than with one that's got a constant "hurt" to it. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets stimulate the digestive organs. Let one enjoy the good things of life and leave no bad effects—carry them with you in your vest pocket—60 in a box, 35 cents.—48

If you do not give your riches wings for good works they will take to themselves wings for good and all.

Itching, Burning, Skin Diseases Cured for Thirty-five Cents.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day, and cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eczema, Barber's Itch, Ulcers, Blotches and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in the cure of all baby humors. 35c.—47

The soundness of a man's faith does not depend on the amount of noise he makes.

The President a Slave to Catarrh.—D. T. Sample president of Sample's Instalment Company, Washington, Pa., writes: "For years I was afflicted with Chronic Catarrh. Remedies and treatment by specialists only gave me temporary relief until I was induced to use Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It gave almost instant relief. 50 cents.

They who laugh at another's distress have no ability to share another's joy.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

The devil needs to do nothing for the man who has nothing to do.

Sincerity is never self-conscious.

Rev. James William Adams, the only clergyman who ever won the Victoria Cross, has just died in England. He won it during Roberts' march to Kandahar, rescuing two wounded Lancers under the fire of the enemy.

La grippe, pneumonia and influenza often leave a nasty cough when they're gone.
It is a dangerous thing to neglect. Cure it with

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

The cure that is guaranteed by your druggist.

Prices 25c., 50c. and $1.00

S. C. Wells & Co,
Toronto, Can. LeRoy, N.Y.

Dizzy?
Appetite poor? Bowels constipated? Tongue coated? Head ache? It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills, all vegetable. Sold for sixty years. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

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

Maclennan Bros.,
GRAIN MERCHANTS,
TELEPHONE 1490. P. O. Box 585
McIntyre Block, 304, Winnipeg.

Wheat and grain of all kinds. Car Load Lots a Specialty. Regular advances on Bills of Lading.
Write or wire us for Track Bids, or Consign Your Grain to us, which we will sell for your account, on your approval to highest bidder.

MARKET REVIEW.

(Compiled from The Commercial).

Since our last week's review there has been some advance in the wheat markets brought about principally by renewal of rumors of war between Russia and Japan. The negotiations between these powers were understood to have arrived at a more critical stage on Saturday last, and the reports were seized on by the American speculative markets, and through the covering by shorts and the continued buying by bulls a spurt of 1c to 1½c took place. Monday brought a calmer view of the situation again, and during this week to date there has been little change in prices, and indeed if it were not for the nervous situation caused by the uncertainty of eastern developments prices would easily sell off somewhat. While there is not much change in the northwest spring wheat situation, it being about as bullish as previously, it is beginning to be more generally recognized that the world's wheat situation may become much less bullish, owing to the immense crop harvesting in Australia and Argentina and the generally good prospects for the winter crop for next year. The movement of wheat in the United States is now larger than at same time last year, showing that farmers are selling freely. The world's shipments, which were expected to fall off about now are about as large as previously, and are running one-third larger than last year, giving Europe ample supplies. The weather in Argentina continues somewhat unsettled, but harvest progresses and there is no word of serious damage.

Manitoba wheat is dull but steady. On Thursday prices were: No. 1 northern, 79c; 2 northern, 75c; 3 northern, 72c; No. 4 wheat, 65c; feed, 51½c feed No. 2, 41½c. spot or Dec. delivery; all prices are for in store Fort William or Port Arthur.

WINNIPEG JOBBING PRICES

The following are the Winnipeg jobbing prices:—

Flour—Ogilvie's Hungarian patent, $2.35 per sack of 98 pounds; other grades accordingly.

Oats—No. 2 white, 31½c in car lots; 29 to 30 for feed grades; at country points farmers are receiving 25 cents per bushel.

Barley—Malting grades, 36 to 37c; feed, 34 to 35c.

It Was Red and Costly.

The most expensive dinner of modern times was given some years ago at the Savoy hotel, London, by a millionaire who has since met with an untimely end. It was known as the "red dinner" from the fact that almost everything in the dining room was red in color. All the floral decorations were red, the electric lamps were red, the knives were specially made with red handles, the chairs were red, the carpet was red, the table napkins were red and even the waiters wore red ties. The reason of this color predominating was that the millionaire had experienced a wonderful run of luck and had won a large sum of money through red turning up on the rouge et noir table at Monte Carlo. The winning figure was nine, and this figure was also in evidence at the dinner.

The menu card was unique. On the first page was a large red nine, and on the back page was a portrayal of the top of a rouge et noir gaming table. The menu itself, which was printed in red letters, consisted of 18 courses, all of the most expensive character.

Forty guests sat down to the table, and the cost of this extraordinary dinner was over $65 for each person.—

The Ticket-of-Leave.

The probation system, sometimes known as indeterminate sentences, and called in Canada the Ticket-of-leave Act, is and has been regarded by the Congress as the greatest factor in the reformation of criminals if it is properly administered. Several States have adopted this system. New York and Indiana have the best probation laws in the world, the best probation laws in the world. The Canadian system is inferior, according to the annual report of the National Prison Congress recently held in Louisville, Ky. The Ticket-of-leave Act is good, but its application is unsatisfactory. Different influences can be brought to bear and it often happens that a worthy prisoner is refused a ticket-of-leave while it is just as often granted to undeserving prisoners. What is needed is a commission, such as exists in New York and Indiana, to adjudicate upon the merits of every applicant for ticket-of-leave.

Animals and Seasickness.

A French authority on seasickness makes the statement that cattle and giraffes are almost immune. Monkeys suffer considerably, but are cured by eating a raw onion. Horses suffer much, and some of them die from its effects. Tigers and elephants are also easily affected, whereas ice bears, accustomed to the movement of ice floes, are never so happy as when on shipboard.

GREAT WORK IN NEW BRUNSWICK

Dodd's Kidney Pills Made F. W. Harris a well Man.

He Suffered from Kidney Disease for Two and a Half Years—Only one of the Many Cured by the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Central Waterville, York Co., N.B. Dec. 28.—(Special)—The case of F. W. Harris of this place is one more evidence of the wonderful work Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing in New Brunswick. Mr. Harris makes the following statement for publication:

"I suffered for two years and a half from Kidney Troubles, being unable to attend to my work the greater part of the time. I tried many medicines without getting any benefit, but actually grew worse.

"I took three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and they cured me. I think Dodd's Kidney Pills are a wonderful remedy for Kidney trouble."

Bright's Disease is the most advanced of Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only remedy that will cure it. But it is wiser and safer to guard against Bright's Disease by using Dodd's Kidney Pills when your Kidneys give the first symptoms of distress—pain in the back or slight urinary disorder.

Some splendid specimens of turquoise stones are being found in the mines on the Upper King River, Victoria, Australia.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest; it is a specific which never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

A luxury is something that only a lucky man can afford.

It takes more than a bellows in the pulpit to start a fire in the church.

People who borrow trouble are always ready to lend advice.

THE CLERGY LIKE IT

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Cures All Creeds. It Relieves in Ten Minutes

Here are a few names of clergymen of different creeds who are firm believers in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder to "live up to the preaching" in all it claims: Bishop Sweatman, Rev. Dr. Langtry (Episcopalian); Rev. Dr. Withrow and Rev. Dr. Chambers (Methodist) and Dr. Newman, all of Toronto, Canada. Copies of their personal letters for the asking. Sold by all druggists. 16

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves piles in a day

Character is what we are when we haven't time to calculate.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

The hope of the world is in the hard things we have to do.

As soon as a man is good enough he is no longer any good.

A CAREFULLY PREPARED PILL.—Much time and attention were expended in the experimenting with the ingredients that enter into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable pills before they were brought to the state in which they were first offered to the public. Whatever other pills may be, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the result of much expert study and all persons suffering from dyspepsia or disordered liver and kidneys may confidently accept them as being what they are represented to be.

The life that does no good is guilty of much harm.

Character may be sold; but it cannot be bought.

Some people fear to try lest they should succeed.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

"So your son has finally decided which college he will attend." "Yes, he has found one at last where the professors do not allow the studies to interfere with the athletic work.

A little Sunlight Soap will clean cut glass and other articles until they shine and sparkle. Sunlight Soap will wash other things than cloth 48

Irene Waldron of Irvington, N.J., who was born without arms, has learned to sew with her toes and is succeeding admirably in learning other female accomplishments.

There never was and never will be a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in sound, unadulterated state a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the tritest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on nature's own restoratives. It renews the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquillizing the nerves, diposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses through the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame and giving life to the digestive organs, which as its tails demand increased substance—result improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the public their Superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, guided by the opinions of scientists, the wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

There are people who never seem to get a chance to do anything except the things they can't do.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

No man moves this world until he is profoundly moved himself.

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

Naggsby—Aren't those bargaincounter destructive cusses? Waggsby—I should say so. They treat a trunk as if it were a promise, and they were the Sultan of Turkey.—Baltimore American.

OVER A HUNDRED YEARS MILLING EXPERIENCE

Canadian Grown Oats

The Best that's to be had.

In Ogilvie Oats you have a Canadian Grown Cereal, purchased by our experienced army of buyers distributed throughout the country, securing absolutely the CHOICEST GRAIN.

After its purchase it is subjected to a thorough cleaning process by the most modern improved machinery that not only removes every particle of dust, but rejects every kernel of light, flat or imperfect grain.

Ogilvie oats are then pan-roasted, giving them that delightful nutty flavor and yet retaining all the richness and delicacy of the oats.

In Ogilvie Oats you have a breakfast cereal that is as near perfection as it is possible to attain.

Do not let your grocer put you off with any other make—he wouldn't do it for YOUR GOOD. Insist on having

"OGILVIE OATS"

The Choicest of all Rolled Oats.

The OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS Co. Ltd.
WINNIPEG CANADA MONTREAL

Boeckh's Brushes and Brooms

ARE POSSESSED OF A LASTING QUALITY NOT FOUND IN OTHERS.

Ask for Boeckh's THEY ARE Always Reliable.

Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum

Cures Coughs

GRAY'S SYRUP does that one thing, and does it well. It's no "cure-all," but a CURE for all throat and lung troubles.

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM stops the irritating tickle—takes away the soreness—soothes and heals the throat—and CURES COUGHS to stay cured.

None the less effective because it is pleasant to take.

25 cts. bottle.

Are You Building? If so, use
EDDY'S IMPERVIOUS SHEATHING
The Best Building Paper Made.

It is very much stronger and thicker than any other (tarred or building) paper. It is impervious to wind, keeps out cold, keeps in heat, carries no smell or odor, absorbs no moisture, imparts no taste or flavor to anything with which it comes in contact. It is largely used not only for sheeting houses, but for lining cold storage buildings, refrigerators, dairies, creameries, and all places where the object is to keep an even and uniform temperature, and at the same time avoiding dampness.

Write our Agents, TEES & PERSSE, Winnipeg, for samples.
The E. B. EDDY CO., Limited, HULL.

A Bank Book

Our Catalogue is a veritable bank book, wherein every article illustrated means to our customers a direct cost saving.

The new edition, ready Nov. 15, will be of incalculable value to every person into whose hands it comes.

It will illustrate articles of high quality only at the extreme lowest prices.

Write for a copy. It will be forwarded free of cost.

Ryrie Bros.
Jewelers
134 to 142 Yonge St. Toronto

Some enthusiastic automobilists in Paris are having their cars built large enough to accommodate two passengers. In luxurious appointment they remind Americans of Pullman palace cars.

Use Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) to [illegible] it

Gambling is the child of greed

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

W. B. Anderson, Editor.

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

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

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

Now that hostilities have commenced between Russia and Japan, we are all curious to obtain an insight into, or an idea of Russian life. Russian novels are most eagerly read now, and not altogether for entertainment, but out of curiosity. They seem to open out to us a world hitherto unknown; they introduce us to strange life and manners. To some readers they are depressing, but to others they give pleasure, although a hopeless fatalism pervades them. Russian life is depicted to the letter, studies of real life, descriptions of dress, home, farms, &c. The glimpse we get of the nobility is most debased, the people seem to most of us to be the most disagreeable on earth, and life in Russia, in any social grade, would have fewer attractions than anywhere else. The machinery of the government is cumbrous in the extreme, imperfect, save as regards the central motive of autocracy which directs the whole kinship and ties of blood, which are peculiarly strong in Russia, yield preference to the rights accorded to useful work in all questions of distribution of property. Their regard for the greatest of christian virtues is aptly illustrated by a legend, quoted by Stepniak. St. Cassian and St. Nicholas appeared before the Lord, the one clean and in decent apparel, the other dirty, with torn, mud-besmeared clothes. "What hast thou seen on earth?" asked our Lord, of St. Cassian. "I have seen a peasant with his cart upset, floundering in a ditch by the road-side," replied St. Cassian. "Why didst thou not help him out?" "Because I was coming into Thy presence, and feared to soil my dress." Of St. Nicholas the Lord asked, "Why comest thou thus filthy and begrimed into my presence?" "Because," replied he, "I was following St. Cassian, and seeing the peasant of whom he spake, I helped him out of the ditch." "It is well," said the Lord. "Because thou, Cassian, hast cared so much about thy dress and so little for thy brother, I will give thee a name's day but once in four years; but thou, Nicholas, because thou acted as thou didst, thou shalt have a name's-day four times in every year." And thus it happens that St. Cassian's Day falls on the 29th of February, every leap year, while St. Nicholas' Day comes every quarter.

DEATH.

Geo, Shillito, who has been ill for many months, died yesterday at 4 p.m. The deceased had worked as engineer for many years in the Dunsmuir employ, and leaves a large family. The funeral will take place at 2 p.m. to morrow under the auspices of the I.O.O.F.

Paris 28th—An official despatch from Port Arthur states in the bombardment on the nights of the 26rd and 27th three Japanese vessels were sunk in addition to the transports also one Japanese torpedo boat destroyer was sunk.

Telegraphic News

Steamer Queen on Fire.

Victoria, Feb. 29—Another marine disaster has been added to the swelled list for this season.

Victoria, Feb. 28—Steamer Queen from San Francisco put into Port Townsend at ten o'clock this morning. She caught fire at sea and fourteen lives were lost. The steamer's stern was all burned away, but rest of ship intact.

The Queen had reached a point fifty miles south of Columbia River when fire was discovered about four o'clock Saturday, cause is not known. It originated in the dining hall aft, and only the coolness of the officers prevented a panic. The passengers had come forth in their night clothes. The vessel appeared to be doomed, and Captain Cousins launched four of the life boats. One of these capsized drowning four of the crew. The other got away but one foundered in a heavy sea drowning five. As soon as fire was out boats returned to steamer. She reached Port Townsend Sunday morning. The aft part of vessel is gutted, damage being $40,000. Marine men are amazed that the fire was put out. The woodwork for fifty feet from stern is burned while the iron work is twisted entirely out of shape. The Queen had 175 passengers and 78 of crew.

The steamer was headed into the wind while the fire was fought. Second engineer and first officer took charge of two lines of hose while engineers kept pumps going. So intense was heat that for part of the time it was necessary to be swathed in wet cloths The vessel obeyed the helm throughout although tiller roper were at white heat at times. So intense was heat that great steelbeams were bent in all shapes. The steamer proceeded under her own steam, reaching Port Townsend at ten Sunday morning.

Russians' plan of campaign contemplates the relief of the Russian troops without opposing the Japanese landing and when sufficient reinforcements arrive the offensive will be taken and Port Arthur will be relieved.

Seoul 28th—Ping Yang will probably be the scene of the first engagement shortly.

A large body of Russians with 57 guns has reached Arign Plmils north of Ping Yang. The force now totalling 5000 men has crossed into northern Korea to meet the Japanese.

Tokio 28th—Admiral Togo's main fleet is still in the vicinity of Port Arthur and it is reported that this fleet will continue bombarding the place until it is untenable or until the Russian fleet is destroyed,

Lia Yang 29 h—Foreigners living at Yim Kof say that the Japanese fleet has received orders to attack and capture Port Arthur March 1 at all costs.

Che Foo 29th—The twenty ninth Japanese infantry occupying Ping Yang on Sunday encountered a body of Russian cavalry and drove them back.

Che Foo 29th—One-hundred and twenty thousand Japanese troops at Seoul are now ready for action.

Suez 29th—Russian cruiser Aurora with five torpedo boats has arrived here. British coal laden steamers brought here by the Russian vessels which captured them, have been ordered released by the Czar.

Che Foo 28th—A boat containing 8 Japanese arrived here from the four sunken transports. The authorities state that seven sailors and one officer who arrived are the sole survivors of the crews of 230 men of the four transports sunk on Wednesday.

CARD OF THANKS.

The undersigned desires to thank the promoters and all who took part in the Masquerade Ball.

J. LYTTELL.

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

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

By Command,
RICHARD McBRIDE,
Provincial Secretary.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

By Command,
RICHARD McBRIDE,
Provincial Secretary.

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

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

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

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

WANTED ladies to take orders for our tailor made skirts and skirt supporters. Good commission. Write now and get samples for spring trade. DOMINION GARMENT Co. Box 209 Guelph, Ont.

TENDERS.

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

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

(The property of the late John Graham)

The undersigned does not being himself to accept any tender.

F. McB. YOUNG,
Nanaimo, B.C.,
Solicitor for the Administrator.
Frebruary 9th, 1904.

LAND NOTICE.

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

Dated this 5th day of June, 1903.

F. W. HOWAY.

BREEDERS ATTENTION!

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

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

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

7t f23

Are Your Hands Tied?

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

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

Write TODAY, stating which position interests you, to

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

Cold Storage: Air Dry System.

Our facilities for Storing Perishable Articles are now complete. Eggs, Butter, Game, Fowl and Meats of kinds Stored at Reasonable Rates.....

$10= REWARD will be paid for information leading to the conviction of persons appropriating or destroying our Beer Kegs

UNION BREWING CO., LTD.
Phone 27. DUNSMUIR STREET P. O. Drawer 45

....CITY MEAT MARKET....

TO THE PUBLIC,
We have opened a Fish and Meat Market and keep only the Best of Meats in Stock. We can supply Beef by the Quarter at 9cts. and we desire all Boarding Houses and Hotels as well as private houses to enquire our prices.

DUNSMUIR AVE., CUMBERLAND.
McKAY BROS.

ASSESSMENT ACT 1903.

A Court of Revision and Appeal for the Comox Assessment District, will be held in the Court-house, Cumberland, on Thursday, March 3rd, 1904, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

JOHN BAIRD, ASSESSOR.
Cumberland, Feby. 12th, 1904.

MUNICIPALITY OF THE CITY OF CUMBERLAND

Notice is hereby given that the Court of Revision for the Municipality of the City of Cumberland for hearing all complaints against the Assessment as made by the Assessor of the said Municipality, will be held at the City Hall, Cumberland, on Monday the 14th day of March next, at 7.30 o'clock P.M. and so on from day to day until the complaints shall have been heard provided that at least ten days notice shall have been given of such complaints.

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

L. W. NUNNS,
CITY MUNICIPAL CLERK.

THE CASH
-FURNITURE-
STORE
NOW OPEN FOR BUSINESS.

A FULL LINE
OF EASTERN AND B.C.

FURNITURE,
MATTRESSES of all kinds,
LINOLEUMS,
OILCLOTHS,
CHINA MATTING,
COTS, CRADLES,
BUGGIES AND GO-CARTS.

All kinds of Furniture Repaired.
Second-hand Furniture Bought
.....and Sold.....

A. Nickerson,
DUNSMUIR AVE., CUMBERLAND.