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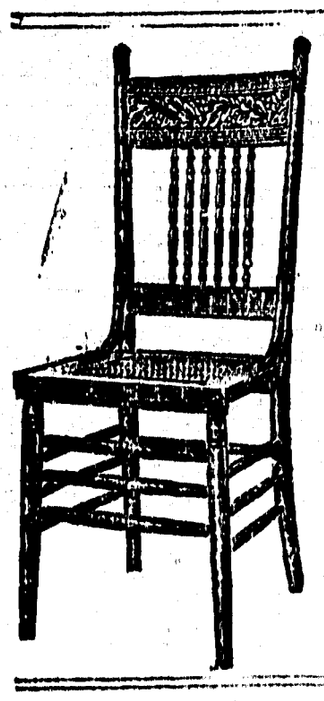
VICTORIA B. C.
81

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

TENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY, MAY 25, 1904.

WE WOULD GIVE YOU DUE
—NOTICE THAT AT—
The Big Store
WE ARE PREPARING FOR A GREAT
ODDMENT ...SALE...
FOR NEXT SATURDAY, PAY-DAY
AND FOLLOWING WEEK.
ODDS and ENDS That have accumulated through all kinds of reasons, some most ☞ Useful and Valuable Articles.
We intend making such Prices that will speedily effect a clearance.
IT WILL BE THE——
Biggest bargain Sale
——EVER HELD IN CUMBERLAND.
S. Leiser & Co.
☞ TO BE HELD ON OUR SECOND FLOOR.

Did you ever stop to think



"Weiler"
STANDS FOR ALL THAT IS GOOD AND RELIABLE IN THE
Furniture : Trade.
FOR OVER 40 YEARS in the one line of business of Furnishing Homes, and our continual growth proves our methods of conducting this business are correct.
LARGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
Mailed Free. .. .. Write for it at once.
WEILER BROS., Victoria, B.C.
COMPLETE FURNISHERS.

CUMBERLAND
Meat Market
Choicest Meats
Supplied at Lowest Market Prices
Vegetables
A Great Variety will always be in stock; also a supply of
Fresh Fish
will be on Sale every Wednesday
Your patronage is cordially invited, and all orders will be promptly delivered.
J. McPhee & Son
PROPRIETORS.

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

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

Victoria Day.

A cloudless sky yesterday made glad the hearts of all interested in the sports.

Early in the morning the Gun Club held the shoot on their grounds. Poor shooting, resultant of the sun being in the contestants' eyes, marking the event, which however, was enjoyed, Tom Bates' cannon kicking back and hitting him a biff on the nose, being the only regrettable incident. However, even this was fortunately not serious. The Hospital dedication was left out, owing to the management not being ready. The fireman's parade, hose contest, &c, were well carried out, while meanwhile the football game was raging, this being won by the Camps, they getting one goal on a penalty kick.

The afternoon passed pleasantly most of the events being well contested and interesting. In the evening a packed house assembled to see the wrestling match between Gay and Raujol which was gone into after the preliminary bouts between R. McNeil and W. Hudson, G. Lippiat and Joe. Stant. Of the wrestlers, Gay and Raujol both showed themselvet exceedingly clever on the mat, both extricating themselves repeatedly from bad situations. The first fall was secured by Gay in 29 minutes, the second very quickly after the grip in 4 minutes giving Gay the match. After the match Raujol openly declared his willingness to meet Gay in Seattle for $1,000. It is said in town to-day that another match will be arranged between the two. T Hudson acted as referee last night. The dance finished up the day which happily was marred by few mishaps or scraps. The night being clear and in consideration of the other events being held, it was thought best to have the fireworks display until July 1st.

Muldoon Strang refereed the sparring bout with true christian resignation.

PRIZE LIST.

Boys Bicycle Race, 4 laps. 1, R Thompson; 2, A M Niven.

Track Record—L Piket, 32sec.

Chinese Tug-o'-War. No. 5 Shaft beat the world.

Japs vs Chinese. Not pulled

Wheelbarrow Race. 1, Rees Bros; 2nd, Bate Bros

Men's Foot Race. 1, W Billy; 2nd, W. Logan

Sack Race. 1, A Thompson; 2, H Bate

Boys Foot Race, 50 yards. 1st R Gray 2, W Grieve

Girls Race. 1, Ellen Rees; 2, N Walker

Pole Vaulting. 1st, W Piercy; 2nd, T Hudson

Standing Broad Jump. 1, T Hudson; 2, W Piercy

Running High Jump. 1st, W Piercy. 2nd, T Hudson

Japanese Bicycle Race, 4 laps. 1, Tanaka; 2, Kaneko

Chinese Race, 100 yards. 1, J Short; 2, Kong

Bowling Match. V Pichetti

Japanese Foot Race, 1 lap, 1, Synchido; 2, Memoto

Men's Race, 4 laps. 1, W Billy; 2, J M. Millan,

Well Col Co Foot Race, 1, H Walker; 2, J Stant

Hurdle Race, 1, T Hudson; 2, J L Roe

Throwing the Hammer. 1, T Hudson; 2, McFarlan

Novice Foot Race, 100 yards, 1, McKenzie; 2, W Hudson

Novice Foot Race, 1 lap. 1, W Hudson; 2, McKenzie

Putting the Shot. 1st, McFarlan; 2, T Hudson

Ladies Race, 75 yards, 1, Mrs R Robertson; 2, Mrs D James

Girls Race, 75 yards. 1, K Dowdall; 2, L Kenan

Boys Race, 75 yards, 1, O Harrison; 2, A Anthony

Boys Bicycle Race, 4 laps. 1, O Harrison 2 Walker

Old Man's Race. 1, G Grieve; 2, Stant

Tug-o'-War, Top Men beat Underground

Shoot—Class A, 1, T Horne; 2, Skinner Class B, 1, A B Anderson; 2, C Grant. Class C, 1, T Piket; 2, G Lippiatt

COUNCIL MEETING.

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

Minutes read and adopted.

Accounts—S. Calhoun. hay, $16; J. L. Roe, lumber, $104.02; Banks, sundries, $3; Electric Lighting Co., $36.65. Referred to Finance Committee.

Communications—From T. Gay, relative to the proposed wrestling match on 24th, and asking that the heavy licence fee, $20, be remitted. After discussion, it being shown that the Celebration Sports Committee had taken the affair under their auspices, it was decided by a majority vote, to return the fee to the promoters.

Constable Banks' report for April was read and filed.

A communication from Mr von Cramer, of the Royal Bank, asking that the institution be exempted from taxation for a period of years, was discussed, Ald. Willard finally giving notice of his intention to bring in a bye-law at next meeting to this end.

Moved Ald. Daniels, seconded Ald. Grant, that in future all city banking business be done with the local bank. Carried.

Council adjourned.

Local and Personal

Miss Willemar is expected home in June after an extended visit to Glasgow and Europe.

Mrs Eric Duncan of Sandwick, accompanied by Mrs L. Manson of Nanaimo, has gone to the St. Louis Exposition. She will visit her home in the Old Country before returning to Comox.

Constable Thomson and son are back from their visit to Grand Forks, having taken passage on the Miowera which called at Union Wharf on the 16th.

Rev. Mr Misener will leave in two weeks on a visit to his mother in Canada, having obtained a year's leave of absence. His departure will be sincerely regretted by everyone.

Miss Abrams came over Tuesday from Vancouver on a visit to her family. She returned Friday.

The **MAGNET** *CASH STORE.*
MAY PRICES
FLAGS—ALL SIZES.
BRASS & SILVER POLISH

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

ALABASTINE,
VARNISH,
STAINS,
ETC., ETC.
T. E. BATE,
DUNSMUIR AVE., Cumberland

Mr and Mrs F. D. Little and Lady Bromley returned to Victoria Wednesday. Lady Bromley will spend the summer at Duncan's wheae she will be joined later by her daughter. Lady Pauncefote.

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

Mr Adrian Roujol, who is billed to wrestle Gay on the night of the 24th. arrived Tuesday, and registered at the Union.

Ladies skirts cheap at Davis' Opposite the Drug Store.

Mr George Tarbell and Wilt Clinton arrived from Leland Stanford, Thursday last to spend their summer vacation at home.

Messrs Campbell Bros. have added a line of selected groceries to their stock and are prepared to supply their customers at low prices. Give them a call.

Miss Christmas is visiting her parents, Rev. and Mrs Christmas.

A large number of people attended the concert and dance at Comox Thursday evening.

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

Seed - Potatoes.
EARLY ROSE, BEAUTY OF HEBRON, BURBANKS, FLOWERBALLS.
All Choice, Hand Picked, Selected Stock.
The Sylvester Feed Co., Tel. 413
87-89 YATES STREET, Victoria.

We are showing this week a large assortment of—
Linoleums In 6ft. and 12ft. widths—from - - - 50c. per sq. yd
FLOOR OILCLOTHS
In 3ft. and 6ft. Widths, from - - 35c. per sq. yd
Window Blinds In all Shades from - 50c. each
100 Pairs LACE CURTAINS
From 50c to 35c per pair
100 CARPET ENDS in 1 1-2 yard lengths, at 25c, 40c, and 50c. each—regular price, 50c, 75c, and $1
NAPIER & PARTRIDGE

BESTS WERE BEATEN

SOME OF THE PHENOMENAL RECORDS OF THE PAST YEAR.

World's Record of Civilized Man Reaching Land in Latitude 80 Degrees 17 Minutes South Was Made in 1903—Cedric Biggest Ever Launched—H.M.S. Commonwealth Largest in World—Ariadne's Unerring Gunner.

Commander Scott, of the Discovery, together with some of his officers, reached land in latitude 80 degrees 17 minutes south, last year, and thus establishes a world's record. The news was brought by the relief ship Morning, which reached Lyttleton, New Zealand, at the end of March last.

In February last the biggest vessel ever launched, either from the United Kingdom or any other shipyard, started on her first voyage. This was the Cedric, built by Harland & Wolff at Belfast. The displacement of this leviathan is 37,-870 tons. She is 700 feet long and 75 foot beam. She will carry 3,000 passengers and 18,400 tons of cargo. It costs nearly £1,000 a day to feed and provide for the passengers and crew. But the Cedric by no means holds all the shipping records of the past year. The German Kaiser Wilhelm II., though of 11,300 ton less displacement than the Cedric, is six feet longer and much more powerful. Her engines are of 40,000 horse-power, and her speed nearly 24 knots. She has five decks for passengers, and no less than half a mile of cabin passenger accommodation.

Deutschland Not Beaten.

So far, however, she has not beaten the speed record of the Deutschland, of the Hamburg-American line. In September last this vessel beat the world's records for a western passage by three minutes. Her average speed for the whole voyage was 23.15 knots an hour, and her best run for 24 hours was 283 miles.

May last was notable for the fact that a turbine steamer for the first time on record crossed the Atlantic. This was Mr. George Gould's chartered turbine yacht Emerald. In spite of bad weather, the engines worked to perfection.

It was in May also that the largest warship in the world was launched from the yard of the Fairfield Company at Glasgow. She is H.M.S. Commonwealth, a first-class battleship of the Edward VII. type. She is 425 feet long, 78 foot in beam, and displaces over 16,000 tons. She is not only the largest, but the most heavily armoured of England's or any other navy. She has four 12-inch guns, four 9.2, ten 6-inch, and a host of lighter weapons. She will carry a complement of 775 officers and men, and steam at 18½ knots. Another record which this ship holds is in rapidity of construction. She was brought to the launching stage within ten months of the time that her keel was laid.

Ariadne's Unerring Gunner.

A naval record well worth mentioning is that which H.M.S. Ariadne achieved last spring. The Ariadne is flagship of the North American squadron. At target practice one of her gunners—Rowe, captain of a 6-inch gun—fired ten rounds in one minute, hitting the target with all of them. Later in the year the American battleship Indiana claims to have beaten all records with the 8-inch gun. Seaman Treanor made four bull's-eyes at 1,600 yards in 2 minutes 16 seconds.

Railways have not produced the usual number of records. The one notable exception is the speed of 126 miles an hour on the new German military electric line near Berlin. This was, of course, purely experimental.

About the same time that this record was set up Captain Deasey, late of the 16th Lancers, achieved a much more interesting and useful motor record.

He left the Automobile Club in Piccadilly at ten minutes after midnight on Saturday, and drove straight to Glasgow, covering the 450 miles in 21 hours and 20 minutes, without a single stop of any kind.

This is the longest motor run without a stop to date in the United Kingdom.

Possibly because the weather, and consequently the ground, has been so bad, the athletic records of the year have not been numerous. At the London Athletic Club's meeting in September Alfred Shrubb set up a new amateur record by winning the mile and a half handicap in 6 minutes and 47 seconds.

This was the more meritorious as the track was in a very loose condition. Had it not been so, this wonderful distance runner might have rivalled Cummings' world's record of 6 minutes 43¼ seconds, which has stood now for no fewer than twenty-three years. A little time previously, at Kennington Oval, he lowered Walter George's figures for the two miles.

Heather Bloom's Jump.

Animals have had their share in the setting up of world's records. The most marvellous quadruped performance of 1903 stands to the credit of an American horse, Heather Bloom, the property of Mr. Howard Willets, which cleared a bar at the height of 7 feet 9 inches at the Bryn Mawr horse show in September last. No other horse ever jumped so high.

One hundred and fifteen thousand four hundred letters of application for allotments in the Transvaal Loan, weighing in all over two tons, were received by the Bank of England in May last. Each letter had to be opened, applications for less than £2,000 eliminated, the sum to be allotted in each case to be calculated.

Then the forms had to be made out, and the letters prepared for the mail. Three hundred clerks did the whole work in just forty-eight hours. This is a record of its kind which will probably stand for a long time.

The Edinburgh corporation are responsible for a very big thing. They lately opened new gas works at Granton, of which the retort house is the largest of its kind, and carbonizes one thousand tons of coal a day.

The cost of the works was £600,-000 but so complete are the labor-saving appliances that expenses will be reduced by £50,000 a year, as compared with the old methods.

Another Scottish city, Glasgow, has recently effected a record accident policy. This is to insure the city against all claims incurred at the working of the tramway system, and the annual premium amounts to the immense sum of £15,000.

LORD WOLSELEY AND THE REDSKIN.

Reminiscence of His Earliest Service in Canada 44 Years Ago.

I shall conclude with a Canadian reminiscence. Some 44 years ago now—then almost at the commencement of his military career—Lord Wolseley was serving in Canada. Like the majority of newcomers to the "Great Lone Land" the young officer was imbued with an ardent desire to see a Red Indian at close quarters and study him in his own surroundings. For a long time, however, his ambition seemed to stand no chance of being fulfilled, for all the natives who visited the various military outposts at which Lord Wolseley was quartered were either so highly civilized or else so seriously under the influence of too much "fire-water" as to be completely divested of the ennobling attributes usually accorded to the child of the forest. At length, the future head of the army met with an opportunity that seemed to promise well for the gratification of his wish. An expedition into the interior of the Dominion was being arranged and an appointment on the staff was offered him.

Delighted at the prospect of at last achieving his ambition, Captain Wolseley—as he was then—said good-bye to the attractions of Quebec, and accompanied the party into the backwoods. After a fortnight's hard traveling word was brought to the camp one night by a guide that a small band of bona fide Indians were bivouacking a few miles ahead. Thereupon Lord Wolseley rode forward to interview the chief, whom his fancy pictured as being of impressive demeanor, and clad in the conventional garb of feathers and war-paint. To his undisguised dismay, howeverl the individual to whom the guide presently introduced him turned out to be an extremely ordinary-looking person, robed in nothing more romantic than a distarded dress-coat and a pair of very dirty flannel trousers. Concealing his disappointment as best he could, however, Lord Wolseley entered into conversation with him. At the end of five minutes or so the guide hinted that the noble Redskin would not be adverse to drinking his distinguished visitor's health. Thereupon Lord Wolseley presented him with a florin, rather wondering if the insult would entail his being tomahawked. Any fears that he may have had on the subject, however, were promptly dispersed by the forest chief's plaintive query, "Couldn't you make it half a crown?"—M.A.P.

How the Vicar Got Surplices.

The famous Vicar of Gorleston, whose originalities occasionally find their way into public print, decided recently that he wanted new cassocks and supplies for his choir. He announced that a recent Sunday collection at church would be devoted to his purpose.

"I think there must be a little misunderstanding between us," was his comment at evening service. "I did not ask you to give me a surplice, but the whole of the Gorleston parish choir. Thirty-two and six is the amount of your offerings this morning.

"That will not go far toward doing that. Now, quite frankly, I own that a surpliced choir is a luxury which is not in any way necessary to salvation. The churchwardens tell me you are too poor to provide surplices.

"I think otherwise, but when I'm poor I do without luxuries. You must do the same. Whether Gorleston has a surpliced choir or not depends entirely upon you."

It was a strange sight that greeted the astonished eyes of the congregation the next Sunday morning for the choir which is the pride of East Anglia, presented a spectacle of poverty and destitution terrible to witness.

Some wore surplices, some cassocks, some were clad in both and some had nothing on but their oldest week-day clothing. One man's surplice hung in tatters from his shoulders, another's cassock was in rags.

The music was cut down to the minimum; the chants were said and voices and boys alike almost failed.

Churchwardens could hardly stagger up to the chancel that night under the weight of coins the repentant congregation had poured into the plates. A few days later the Vicar, with a satisfied smile, came to London to buy a complete outfit for the choir.

A Mayoral Candidate's Record.

Mr. Joseph P. Nannetti, M.P., one of the candidates for the Mayoral chair of Dublin, does not spend the recess in quest of health, but goes back to his position as foreman overseer on a Dublin evening paper, where, he declares, he is much happier getting out editions one after another than in sitting in St. Stephen's hearing Saxon speeches. In his youth he was a Fenian, trusted in the inner organizations, and in less exciting times helped to found the first Home Rule Association in Liverpool. For years he has been associated with the Labor party in Dublin, which he will probably split if Ald. Dowd, another Labor representative, comes forward as a candidate for the Mayorality. Mr. Nannetti succeeded Mr. J. L. Carew as member for the College Green division when the latter broke with his party over attending a levee by the Prince of Wales.

Men In Petticoats.

It will probably be a matter of surprise to the general reader to learn that the petticoat was first worn exclusively by men. In the reign of King Henry VII. the dress of the English was so fantastic and absurd that it was difficult to distinguish one sex from the other. In the inventory of Henry V. appears a "petticoat of red damask, with open sleeves." There is no mention of a woman's petticoat before the Tudor period.

Real Work.

"I've just been reading Gladstone's life and the work he did. He governed the nation, wrote several books, studied two languages, saw a hundred people a day and answered all his mail, besides sitting up all night reading Homer."

"That's nothing. Have you ever followed a bride around for two weeks before her wedding?"

At the Opera.

"Why do you insist on sitting near the bass drum and cymbals at a grand opera performance?"

"I don't mind telling you as an old friend," answered Mr. Cumrox. "It's the only way I can make sure of not disgracing mother and the girls by staying asleep through the entire performance."

Freedom.

We talk largely of freedom, and yet the widest freedom we may enjoy in this world is not a whit greater proportionately than that enjoyed by a white rabbit in a wire fenced city lot back yard.

The Kiss.

An American humorist once said that "the only way to define a kiss is to take one." Oliver Wendell Holmes called a kiss the twenty-seventh letter of the alphabet—"the love labial which it takes two to speak plainly."

...A REQUISITE FOR THE RANCHER.—On the cattle ranges of the west, where men and stock are far from doctors and apothecaries, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is kept on hand by the intelligent as a ready-made medicine, not only for many human ills, but as a horse and cattle medicine of surpassing merit. A horse and cattle rancher will find matters greatly simplified by using this Oil.

A man named Goridge, one of the oldest residents of Fforestfach, near Swansea, has just died at the age of 96. He had been sackmaker, miller, butcher, sailor, farmer, smuggler, and he took part in the Chartist riots.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is a boon to any home. It disinfects and cleanses at the same time. 30

Among the new pieces to be presented at the Leeds Triennial Festival next October are the cantatas, zie; "Everyman," by Walford Davies; "The Witch's Daughter," by Mackenand "A Ballad of Dundee," by Chas. Wood.

A CURE FOR FEVER AND AGUE.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are compounded for use in any climate, and they will be found to preserve their powers in any latitude. In fever and ague they act upon the secretions and neutralize the poison which has found its way into the blood. They correct the impurities which find entrance into the system through drinking water or food, and if used as a preventive fevers are avoided.

A troupe of Russian dancers were loudly hissed at the Bordesley Palace, Birmingham, the other night. "You cannot blame us, but the government," said the leader in broken English, and, then the hisses were turned into cheers.

Those whom neglected coughs have killed were once as healthy and robust as you. Don't follow in their paths of neglect. Take

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

right now. It is guaranteed to cure. It has cured many thousands.

Prices: 25c. 50c. $1 S. C. WELLS & Co. LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can. 308

THE ACCELERATED PACE.

Canadian Progress in the Present Differs Much From Canadian Progress in the Not Yet Far Distant Past.

In the column devoted to social gossip appeared a paragraph the other day which recorded that a gathering had been held in honor of a lady who had recently taken up her residence in the place. As is the wont of the social chronicler, the costumes of several of the ladies present were described, and the mention of the etamine, the voile de soie, the bertha, the chiffon, and the applique indicated that the affair was held in a place on the highway of civilization. There were charming young ladies in the tea-room, and, indeed, all the resources and even superfluities that are considered indispensable to moderate comfort in this stage of being.

Such paragraphs may be found in newspapers every day, but what drew attention to this one particularly was that a person might have stood on the spot where this gathering took place five years ago, and unless he had carefully grub-staked himself would have been in danger of dying from hunger before he could work his way out of the bewildering wilderness of woods and mountains that rose all about him. For that was what it was—an untouched wilderness. The only trees that had ever fallen in the thick fir bush in the valleys were those that had succumbed to age. The wild creatures of stream and hillside did not know man well enough to be afraid of him; and now within five years' space we have a well-grown town, with its social gatherings made bright and elegant by the rich fabrics of the looms of France and Britain.

The matter is worth remarking, for it constitutes a factor in every calculation that may be made as to national growth. If we were to argue from Canadian progress in the past to Canadian progress in the future we would be egregiously misled, says The Toronto Globe. Five years after John Galt cut the first tree on the site of Guelph or Galt there would scarcely have been receptions graced with Paris gowns and the other luxuries that arrive in a Rocky Mountain mining camp almost as soon as the first shipment of ore goes out. Hon. James Young in his "Public Men and Public Life in Canada" says that even as late as 1853 matters were decidedly rude, raw, and democratic in this Ontario of ours. "Every thing," he says, "produced—on the farm or manufactured, which required to be exported, as well as all kinds of groceries, hardware, and goods of every description imported into the interior of the country, had to be laboriously teamed by horses or oxen to or from tidewater. . . House of stone or brick were still the exception in the country. . . The surroundings of all but the wealthy classes, and especially of the farmers, were rude and backward, judged by present standards. The houses of the latter were scantily, often indeed roughly, furnished. In the country Canadian homespun and the coarse tweeds and other woollens made at the old-fashioned woollen mills were still generally patronized. Luxuries of all kinds were scarce. . . There was neither the wealth, the conveniences, the comforts, nor the pleasures which are now enjoyed by the great mass of Canadians in all the well-settled sections of the Dominion."

The Province had been settled for more than fifty years, and yet these were the conditions in the fairest and most fertile portions of it. It must be thought that we make more progress to-day in five years than in fifty in the early days. The railroad is undoubtedly the great lever of progress, and the speed of present-day settlement will bear the same relation to the settlement of the past that the locomotive and cars bear to the springless ox-cart on the corduroy roads of primitive Ontario.

HOW CANADA COMPARES.

Classes to Which It Belongs as to Population and Resources.

Canadians are often at a loss to know how their country compares in size and population with others. A few parallels will enable the average man to estimate the possibilities of the Dominion and the premier province. Canada with a population of 5,371,315 is in the same class as the Argentine Republic, with 4,794,149; Belgium, with 6,693,548; Afghanistan, 4,000,000; Bavaria, 6,176,057; Saxony, 4,200,000; Holland, 5,268,-832; Portugal, 5,428,659; Roumania, 6,000,000; Siam, 5,000,000; Sweden, 5,175,228; Turkey in Europe, 6,-000,000.

But these countries differ widely from Canada in size. Afghanistan is somewhat smaller than Ontario; the Argentine Republic is about half as large as Ontario. If Canada was as thickly populated as Belgium is we should have a nation of 1,772 millions.

The area of Ontario is 222,000 square miles, and its population 2,-182,947. Compare these with Cape Colony, population 2,438,000, area 221,811; Austria-Hungary, area 240,-142 population 45,242,889; France, area 207,054 population 38,961,945; Madagascar, area 228,500, population 2,500,000; Greece, population 2,434,000, area 25,014; Liberia, population 2,200,000, area 35,000; Morocco, area 220,000, population estimated at from two and a half to ten millions; Finland, population 2,-673,200, area 144,255; Servia, population 2,493,770, area 18,630; Spain, area 194,783, population 18,618,086; Venezuela, population 2,324,000, area 593,943; Norway, population 2,239,-880, area 124,130; Wurtemburg, population 2,169,480, area 7,528.

Italy with half the area of Ontario has a population of 32,475,-253. Japan, three-quarters the size of Ontario, has 44,260,604 people. Denmark squeezes a population larger than Ontario's into 15,360 square miles.

Great Britain spends $112,500,000 a year on the support of the poor. This does not include private charities.

Damp Weather and Health.

The influence of damp weather upon sensitive people is remarkable. If there is a sore spot anywhere it hurts more. Latent weakness of any of the organs is brought out by congestion and irregularity of function. Suppressed coughs start into activity and neuralgic nerves speak out. Old chronic rheumatism renews its life, while corns are aggravated. The pulse is slow, the heart weak, the blood vessels lack tone, the muscles are flabby, the venous and lymphatic systems become engorged. The mind is languid and clouded. There is a general depression of vitality.

The Coster's Curl.

Many east London barbers, who have been journeymen in many west end establishments, declare that young costermongers and barmen, with the peculiar rolling curl that protrudes from under the cap or bowler, are far more particular about their hair than the sons of the aristocracy in general. This same curl, standing forth from a surface of hair that seems to have been flatironed, is not achieved without much trouble. Scores of these young dandies of the east subscribe to a "toilet club" and have weekly attention given to their distinguishing curl in a manner that might be expected of a patrician beau.

Sir John Noce Moore, a former Lord Mayor of the City of London, died recently at his residence in Russell Square, after an illness of some duration. He was born in Stockport in 1826.

Sudden Deaths on the Increase.—People apparently well and happy to-day, to-morrow are stricken down, and in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred the heart is the cause. The king of heart remedies, Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, is within reach of all. It relieves in 30 minutes, and cures most chronic cases.—91

A big work in connecting the north and south of the Thames has been begun by the London County Council in the acceptance of a tender by a London firm at £1,088,484, for the construction of the Rotherhithe tunnel.

Rheumatism — What's the Cause?—Where's the Cure?—The active irritating cause of this most painful of diseases is poisonous uric acid in the blood. South American Rheumatic Cure neutralizes the acid poison. Relieves in 6 hours and cures in 1 to 3 days.—90

The Right Honorable J. Powell Williams, M.P. for South Birmingham, who had a fatal apoplectic seizure at the House of Commons recently, was the son of the late Mr. Joseph Williams, and was born in 1840.

Eighty Years Old — Catarrh Fifty Years. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder cures him. Want any stronger evidence of the power of this wonderful remedy over this universal disease? Want the truth of the case confirmed? Write George Lewis, Shamokin, Pa. He says:—"I look upon my cure as a miracle." It relieves in ten minutes.—89

The Sussex County authorities know something. They have kept on fining the scorching motorists, until now they have enough to buy a motor for the chief constable. Great scheme!

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W. B. ANDERSON, - - - MGR

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

TUESDAY, MAY 24. 1904

Telegraphic News

Nanaimo. 18th—Chief of Police Stewart dropped dead in court here this morning while the assiz court was proceeding. He took an apoplectic fit and died a few minutes after.

St Petersburg, 18th—It was announced last night that Lieut. Gen. Sassalitch has been relieved of the command of the second Siberian Army division,

Mukden, 18th—It was announced here to-day that the main body of the Jap forces is advancing on Hai Cheng and a similar force is marching on Liao Yang.

St Petersburg, 18th—Gen Kuropatkin wires to the Emperor as follows, Towards noon 17 steamers approached Sing Yu Cheng and opened fire on the town while five vessels approached the shore. 3 large steamers appeared off the cape and the enemy landed at Puang Tsai Tung and commenced a march in the direction of Kai Ping.

Rome, 18th—According to a telegram received here from Tokio 2 Japanese divisions have arrived near Mukden with the object of cutting Gen Kuropatkin's line of retreat northward

London, 18th—No further news has reached here throwing light on the appearance of Japanese soldiers northwest of Mukden. The Japanese are so successful in hiding their movements that it is only possible to guess at them from the vague indications in Russian official despatches.

Tien Tsin, 18th—Gen. Kuropatkin has left for Harbin. Viceroy Alexieff is at Liao Yang with 20,000 men. It is considered now that any day may bring news of a great battle as the transport difficulties are believed to be so great as to make it impossible for the General to make a rapid retreat.

Odessa, 17th—The report is confirmed that Gen. Kuropatkin's aggregate forces for the impending battle does not exceed 100,000 men.

New Chwang 18th—The Japanese with a large fleet of transports and warships appeared at Kai Chan yesterday morning and opened a terrible bombardment on the shore defences which were silenced by 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the Russians retreating. The Japanese troops landed and are advancing rapidly and outflanking the Russians who are fleeing in disorder.

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A LOST WIFE

A NOVEL.

BY MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON,

Author of "Worth Winning," Etc.

"Oh! by the way, you had registered a very uncomplimentary vow the night before; you swore you would never see me again."

Captain Thistleby contemplated the burnt ash of his cigar.

"I kept that vow very well, didn't I?" he said with a smile.

"Remarkably."

"What a funny girl you are!" were his next words. "Do you know, you have never asked me what brings me here so suddenly, nor where I have come from."

"Have I not? Where do you come from?" I said indifferently, not caring much for the answer. That he should be here at all was enough for me. It did not occur to me to be critical as to why or wherefore.

"Well, I have been at Newmarket, where, with my usual luck, I have lost my money. I am on my way to town. I had to pass Sloppertown Station; I thought I might as well stop an hour or so. I am fortunate in finding you. Your servant directed me to the field. I have called, you know, to see if you had any message for Bella, for I shall see her in a day or two."

"No; I have nothing to send to Bella," I answered, carelessly.

What did anything signify to me now, since he had so plainly come here for my sake, just to see me. It almost irritated me to think he should frame so many elaborate excuses for coming.

I sat looking away from him, across the valley, in silence, with a great joy at my heart. Suddenly he bent down and looked into my eyes.

"Child you look ever so glad to see me!"

"Do you know that you cannot hide your thoughts one bit? everything shows in your face."

"I am," I answered, simply.

He closed his hand upon mine, and held it tightly. I did not make even an effort to take it away from him. I was too happy.

Surely now, I thought, he must see shat I love him. Surely now he will say: "Give up your engagement, and come to me."

I waited breathlessly, trembling from head to foot for his next words.

His next words were as follows:

"You are very foolish to sit on the grass in that thin dress; you will catch cold. There was a heavy shower this morning."

I jumped up hurriedly.

"Yes, you are right," I said, sharply, with a sort of discord in my voice; "the grass is damp, and I am very sorry I have sat here so long. I am going in."

And I walked rapidly along the narrow footway that led across the field towards the orchard, Captain Thistleby following me, since there was no room for him by my side.

The shallow stream that divided Farmer Rickett's field from our orchard was spanned from bank to bank by a single plank.

"You have left your sunshade under the hayrick," said Captain Thistleby, as we reached it. "Wait an instant for me, and I will go back and fetch it."

It was too true. In my indignant haste I had forgotten it, and my companion had not been slow to take advantage of this point in his favor.

Common politeness forced me to stand still until he brought it to me.

I crossed the stream, and leant against the knotted trunk of an old apple-tree awaiting his return.

Great branches, heavily laden with crimson-flushed fruit, hung over my head, and swept down on every side of me to the ground, shadowing the blue of heaven, and screening me in a frame-work of greenery. Fallen apples, some rosy-red, some creamy-yellow, lay scattered over the short, thick grass at my feet, and the clear brown stream rippled on with a pleasant murmur in front of me.

Presently Mark Thistleby came back to me across the rustic bridge, with my sunshade in his hand.

As he came up to me our eyes met suddenly. Captain Thistleby forgot to give me my sunshade; instead of doing so, he first took my hand, and then drew me close to him—so close that my head lay for one blessed minute upon his breast, whilst his lips touched mine.

Then he put me suddenly from him

"It is hard to give you up," he said in a broken voice. "I ought never to have come here, Freda; I have done you a great wrong, I fear. When I came to stay at Chadley I was desperate, darling—so desperate that I had made up my mind that I would make you my own at any cost; but I have thought better of it since. I love you too well to drag you through trouble and disgrace."

"Do you think I should care?" I broke in, passionately. "Do you suppose it would matter to me what was said of me?"

I longed to tell him that I loved him so dearly that to give up wealth and position for his sake would be no trouble, but only a happiness—that to be thought worthless and heartless by the world would not disgrace me so much in my own eyes as to marry one man whilst I loved another.

I longed to tell him this; but Mark Thistleby did not ask me for my love. He drew my head down again upon his shoulder, and softly stroked my hair.

"My little darling," he said tenderly, "I have come here to-day to wish you good-bye forever. Had our lives been differently shaped, we might have been very happy together; but it cannot be. There are things between us that can never be swept away. Don't cry, sweet love; you will be happy by-and-by, when all this is gone by. I wanted you to know that I really loved you, because sometimes I have been afraid that you had accused me of trifling with you. I am a bad man in many ways; but, believe me, when I tell you that my love for you has been, and will ever be, the purest thing in my life, and that is why I will not spoil your life for you."

I clung to him, weeping.

"There is no disgrace—nothing that I would not bear for your sake," I said, brokenly.

He held me tightly to his heart in silence.

"How sweet,
After long grief and pain,
To feel my true love's arms
About me once again."

Alas! why did it not last forever. Looking back upon that moment of joy in after years, I can truly say that greatly as I suffered later, that instant of happiness was cheaply purchased at the expense of all that was to come.

"Darling, I must go," he said, gently withdrawing himself from my arms.

"Ah! will you not explain to me!" I cried, despairingly. Since I had found my lover, it seemed so hard to let him go. "Mark, why must you leave me? I love you so!"

"Hush!" he interrupted, quickly, laying his hand upon my lips, "don't tell me so. I know it well enough, darling; but don't tell me of it; it would make it too hard to leave you. Believe me it is best. Nothing can alter what is, and I will not spoil your life. Perhaps, by-and-by, the day may come; but now I must go."

He took both my hands, one in each of his, and one after the other raised them to his lips, kissing them hungrily and lingeringly; and then he dropped them suddenly, and, turning from me, strode away through the apple trees—a tall, strong figure in dark relief against the primrose evening sky; whilst I sank prone upon the grass where he had left me, and wept as I have never wept again.

CHAPTER XV.

I never quite know how it came about, or why I did it, nor what were the immediate influences which drove me to commit the wildest, maddest, most indefensible action of my life.

It was a week before my wedding-day. I was sitting up very late at night alone in my little room. The window was uncurtained, the moonlight shone in and lay in a cold, pale stream across the shabbily-carpeted floor. I leant my arms upon the window-sill, and my chin upon my hands, and looked out.

The apple trees in the orchard below were all in a dense, dark mass of shadow, save where the starlight had here and there caught and silvered their topmost branches; the valley beyond was filled with a hazy light; the background of hills was shadowy and indistinct; only the great chalk-pit shone out in the distance, white and gleaming against the gray hill in which it was imbedded.

I was thinking of nothing in particular. I felt only a weary sense of isolation and hopelessness, like one who, tired of struggling against the strong tide of a stream, lets himself glide on in the eddying waters, careless of where they may carry him.

There was an absolute silence in the air; not a breath of wind ruffled the trees; not a living creature stirred upon the earth, not a stick or leaf dropped to the ground in the dark garden below.

Suddenly from afar, across the valley, came the low, faint sound of a railway-whistle. I listened to it heedlessly, idly, as one listens who hears not, until it died away. And then all at once, like a flash of lightning before my eyes, like a thunder-clap into my heart, came a thought, a word—escape! Why should I not go while it was yet time? What a fool I was to sit still and await my destruction, when flight and liberty, and perhaps even happiness was still within my reach.

Where was Bella's letter? What had she said about lending me her house? With trembling hands I flew to my dressing-table, and struck a match, and then ransacked the drawer of my little writing-table until I found it.

She had told me to go up to her house if I wanted to make use of it. Evidently her servants were there. She said how gladly she would have had me for her companion abroad, and I knew her well enough to feel sure that these were no idle words. Bella loved me dearly; she would give a good deal to save me from a marriage to which she had always strongly objected.

She was now no further off than Paris. I would go to her; it would be easy for me to follow her there. I would go up to her house in Chester Square, telegraph to her from there, and start as soon as possible. Only what I had to do must be done at once—at once.

If I waited till the morning my courage would fail, and another day would be wasted; besides the opportunity to escape would perhaps be wanting.

In a few moments my plans were matured. I glanced at the clock, it was twenty minutes past twelve, and the express was due at Narborough at five minutes after two. Narborough was five miles off, but I was a good walker—I had been there on foot once before. It would take me a good hour and a-half to get there. I had no time to lose.

I thrust a few necessaries hastily into my traveling-bag, and a five-pound note, a present from my aunt, into my purse, dressed myself hurriedly in a dark woollen dress and jacket, and tied a black veil over my hat. And then I sat down to perform the hardest task of all. Drawing my writing-case towards me, I wrote, with a trembling hand:

"Dearest Father,—

"Do not be very angry with me. I cannot marry Mr. Curtis. I have gone up to London to Bella Thistleby's house for a day, and then I shall join her in Paris. You would not like me to be miserable, dear papa; and I should be if I married Mr. Curtis, for, good as he is, I do not love him. I will write to him from Paris. Ask him to forgive me. Dear papa, don't be anxious about me, I will come back in a few weeks.—Your unhappy child,

"FREDA."

Then, like a guilty creature, I put out my candle and crept out into the darkened, silent house. How the stairs creaked under my descending footsteps! I stopped and shivered, hardly daring to breathe, as I passed my aunt's door. Half way down, on a little square landing, was the door of my father's room. Softly I turned the handle, and stepped into the room. I do not know what made me go in. I might have left the note in his study; but a certain remorse for the sorrow I was about to bring upon him stung my heart. I must see the old man once more before I went.

The moonlight shone in across the narrow, iron bedstead, my father lay still in deep, untroubled slumber. I stooped down over him, and fancied as I did so that he looked strangely gray and aged to-night. As I noted the worn lines round his mouth, the angular outline of his pale old face, the thin gray hairs scattered over his pillow, my heart almost misgave me at leaving him so selfishly; but as in a moment of doubt, I stooped down and kissed him softly, the clock below in the hall struck half-past twelve.

Five minutes more and I should lose the train—my opportunity would be lost, probably forever. I steeled my heart, and turned swiftly from the room.

The front door was locked and barred; but many a summer's night in the years of my childhood had I crept out of the study window on apple depredations intent. I had not forgotten the way to softly unbar the shutter and to creep out through the French window. Five minutes later I was outside, flying across the silent garden and through the shadowy orchard, undiscovered and safe. I was in the open meadows, a rapid scramble across a wet ditch and a gap in the hedge and I was landed in the high road, speeding along as fast as my swift footsteps could bear me, alone in the silence of the night.

I was very tired before I got to Narborough—very tired and footsore. Once I nearly gave in and turned back, so appalling was the lone darkness of the way, and so muddy was the road along which my tired steps plodded endlessly. It seemed as if I should never get there—as if it must be ten miles instead of five, and then if I were to miss the train, if I reached the station just too late, and had to come all the way back, if so, I knew I should never go through it all again! I should sit down and accept my fate, and marry, Mr. Curtis decorously that day week, and be miserable ever after.

No; if I did not fly to-night I should never fly at all. And the bare thought of having to trudge all that weary way back again made me hurry on breathlessly, till at last the madness of the deed I was doing was lost in the sheer terror of being too late for the train.

The station was nearly deserted when at last, panting and weary, I reached its friendly lights. There seemed to be no passengers on the platform, only one sleepy porter who stared at me very hard as I went into the booking-office to take my ticket.

"London, miss? Any luggage?" he said, peering rather curiously at me.

I drew my veil down lower over my face as I muttered an unintelligible reply.

Presently the white lights of the engine gleamed out in the distance, and the train rushed into the station. I jumped into it unnoticed in the confusion of its arrival, and in five minutes more the deed was done, and I was borne swiftly away into the darkness of the night.

I shall never forget the misery of that journey. In order to economize my slender means, I had taken a third-class ticket. A working man in a fustian jacket, and a woman with a crying baby and a big checked bundle, were my fellow-travelers. The man was unwashed and unkempt, and smelt of bad tobacco. The woman kept drinking every five minutes out of a black bottle which she carried in a basket, and which emitted a suspicious odor of gin.

Sickened and disgusted, I turned my face resolutely out of the open window, and tried to inhale the sweet night scents of the woodland country through which the train was rushing, till at last, wearied out with conflicting emotions, I sank back into my corner and slept.

When I awoke it was five o'clock, and the train was steaming into Euston Station. There was not a cab to be seen; so weary and footsore as I was already, with my long walk into Narborough, I was, perforce, obliged to go forth on foot towards Bella's house in Chester Square. When I got there a fresh disappointment awaited me. I could not rouse any one in the house. In vain I rang and rang violently first at one bell and then at the other. I heard the loud clanging through the silence of the morning, but no one from within answered my summons. Then I recollected that as Bella was abroad, the house was in all probability left under the care of one servant, and that she most likely slept in the attics, and could not hear my frantic peals at the hall-bell, more especially if her bedroom was at the back of the house.

As I stood thus, shivering and nearly worn out with fatigue, with hot tears of disappointment and misery welling up into my eyes, a policeman came up behind me, and asked me, somewhat suspiciously, what I was about. I hailed his appearance with positive rapture, and turned to him eagerly.

"Oh! do help me!" I cried, piteously, clasping my hands together. "How can I get into this house? I can't wake anybody up."

The man eyed me narrowly. I think he was debating in his own mind whether a woman found alone at five o'clock in the morning, ringing at a house door, should not, by every known rule of his order, be described as "drunk and disorderly," and be dealt with accordingly. But I suppose something in my dress and voice must have shown him that I was a lady, for, after a minute's hesitation, he answered me quite civilly:

"You'll not be likely to find anybody awake, miss, for the next two hours. You had best go to an hotel and wait."

"But I don't know where to go. Can you tell me?" I said, despairingly.

"Well, miss, I do know a respectable little family hotel in the Strand, as is very likely to be open at this hour. Should I walk with you to a cab, miss, and give you the address?"

I jumped at the offer with alacrity, and presently we actually did find a cab, and I parted from the friendly policeman with exaggerated expressions of gratitude, which were not, however, a whit too strong for what I felt for him at that moment.

The "little dingy hotel" turned out to be a small inn, of a very dingy description. A sleepy waiter admitted me, and showed me into a cheerless little sitting-room, where, however, I was thankful to throw myself upon the hard horse-hair sofa, upon which I soon fell into an uneasy slumber.

CHAPTER XVI.

I was roused by the sunshine coming in through the uncurtained window, and by the entrance of the same waiter who had shown me into the room, and who now came to ask me if I would take any breakfast.

I ordered something to eat, and then mechanically opened my traveling-bag, and sought my purse. Imagine my horror when it was nowhere to be found! I turned out all the contents of my bag upon the floor, and emptied my pockets. All in vain! My purse was gone!

I had had a few shillings loose in a small inner pocket of my jacket, out of which I had paid the cabman; of this there remained to me four shillings and sixpence—not a farthing more.

How I had lost my purse I could not imagine; although I remembered now having opened my bag whilst in the train, and possibly my traveling companions, the dirty-looking man and the woman with the gin-bottle, had abstracted it whilst I slept.

What was to be done? I knew that four-and-six would probably not even pay for the wretched room I was in and for the simple breakfast I had ordered.

I sank down upon the sofa in perfect despair, and then all at once I thought of what I would do.

I would send for Captain Thistleby. Even as I made the resolve I blushed hotly at my own boldness. But, after all, what else could I do? Had he not said that he would help me and be my friend always, and to whom else could I turn in my need?

I started up, and rang the bell.

"Can you send out a telegram for me?" I asked of the man who answered my summons.

"Yes, ma'am, I will take it at once for you."

"I am expecting a friend from Hounslow; can I stay here, in this room, until he comes?"

"Certainly, ma'am."

The waiter got me a telegraph form, and I sat down and wrote:

"I am in great trouble and distress. Will you come to me at once? "FREDA."

Having despatched the telegram, I felt that a weight was taken off my mind, and I sat down with some amount of appetite to eat my modest and not over tempting-looking breakfast.

It was twelve o'clock before any answer came to my summons; but when at last, sick with anxiety and suspense, I watched a hansom dash suddenly up to the door, my spirits rose at once, for my lover was inside it.

"Freda! what is the matter? Good heavens! what brings you here in this wretched place?" he cried, as he entered.

He looked pale and agitated, as if my telegram had thoroughly frightened him, as, indeed, I believe it had. For all answer, I dropped my head down upon the table in front of me, and burst into tears.

Mark Thistleby stood by, looking the picture of misery and distress. He was very honorable, was my handsome lover. He did not move a step nearer to me, or call me by any loving words, or attempt to comfort me in any way. I dare say he was longing, poor fellow, to take me in his strong arms, and to pillow my poor little sobbing frame against his breast. But he did not forget that, in less than a week, I was to be the wife of another man, and that it was too late for any demonstrative expressions of sympathy. He simply stood there, opposite me, with the whole width of the table between us, and looked indefinitely distressed and miserable.

"What can I do for you?" he said, piteously; "for God's sake! tell me what is the matter?"

And then I looked up through my tears, and smiled at him.

"I am very stupid, am I not, to cry like a baby? It is only because I am tired and worn out, and because—oh! I am so glad to see you! Nothing very dreadful has happened. I am only like the naughty boys in story-books. I have run away from home, and I have lost my purse, and haven't got any money, and that is why I have sent for you. Rather prosaic, isn't it?"

"You have run away from home!" he repeated, looking at me with a sort of dismay. "And—and your marriage?—Mr. Curtis?"

"I am not going to be married. I will never marry Mr. Curtis!" I cry passionately. "I am going to Paris to join Bella."

Oh! why does he not look glad? Why does he not cry "Thank God!" and reach out his arms to me—the dear arms in which I long to take shelter? With a mute dismay I look at him and see no joy, no gladness in his face; only a pale, miserable face, and sad, aching eyes, that look at me with an ever-increasing despair.

"You have broken off your engagement, you mean?" he says, with a sort of dull bewilderment in his voice. "How foolish of you. What has induced you to do so? Why have you done it?"

"Why?" I cried passionately and angrily, for I could not understand his apathy and coldness—"why! How can you ask me? How could I marry the man? You know I did not love him. Oh! how cruel you are. You know, you must know why I cannot marry him!"

I wrung my hands passionately together, and turned away from him to hide my crimson face.

"Is it for me, Freda, that you have given him up?" His voice was low, and suppressed, and shook with emotion.

"Yes, for you!" I answered, wildly and bitterly; "and you do not seem to care!"

"Not care! Oh, my God!"

The words were wrung from him with a groan. I turned quickly towards him, and saw that he was deadly pale, and could hardly speak.

I came close to him in wonder, and laid my hand upon his.

"Tell me, why you are not glad? Am I not free now, and do you not love me?"

"Oh, child—child!" he cried, bitterly; "I did not know my selfishness had done you so cruel a wrong! I did not think that you loved me so much. I thought that I alone should have to suffer for my weakness and my wickedness. And now, how can I ever atone for the misery I have brought upon you?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Growsome Collection.

At the prison of St. Paul, at Lyons, France, there is a curious collection of pens. They are the pens with which the executioners have signed the regulation receipts for the prisoners handed over to them to be executed. At each execution a fresh pen is used for the purpose, and the ink is left to dry upon it.

The Explorer.

Ingenuity, facility—that quality, by whatever name it may be called, which enables its possessor to do the right thing at the right moment and in all sorts of unexpected circumstances—is one of the indispensable qualities of a man who would be an explorer.

WHEN A CADDIE INTERVENED

By HARLE OWEN CUMMINS

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Considering that Greyson and Bradbury were both ardent enthusiasts at the game, it was not surprising that they should have decided to let golf be the arbiter of their fates. The two young men were desperately in love with Marcia Van Zandt. So, for that matter, were half a dozen others of the male contingent at Westerfeldt. But all recognized that Greyson and Bradbury were the two favorites, and the withdrawal of one of them from the field would naturally place the other in a fair position to win out.

It was Bradbury who offered the challenge of a nine hole match, the loser of which should immediately pack bag and baggage and decamp. Greyson had considered the proposition for a brief minute, then accepted, and a date was set for the trial of skill.

It was a fair contest, even though there was a difference of four in the records of the two players. Bradbury's best score for the nine holes was thirty-seven, but he was very erratic, usually playing somewhere in the neighborhood of forty. Greyson, however, had never played around in better than forty-one, but he was as steady as a machine and could be depended upon not to vary from that score by more than one or two strokes.

Probably the explanation of the difference in their playing was to be found in the respective habits of the two men, for while Greyson was not in the least what one would call a rabid prohibitionist he knew when to stop. Bradbury, on the other hand, was the hotel's best patron of the little room downstairs with the long brass foot rail.

On the momentous day which was to decide their fates the two men with their caddies sought the links. Scotty Ferguson, the red haired, freckled faced little chap who carried Greyson's bag, had been his club bearer ever since the latter's arrival at the hotel and had also been the messenger on several occasions for delivering bunches of violets, boxes of candy, etc. The other caddie was the greenkeeper's latest importation from town and had been chosen because Bradbury had quarreled with every one of the other boys who were on the caddies' bench when they started out.

Greyson won the toss and drove off first, making the straightaway in five, as he generally did. Bradbury usually

HE WALKED UP TO BRADBURY AND HELD OUT HIS HAND.

played the first green in five also, but by a fortunate approach shot he holed it in four, thus gaining a lead of one.

The next two holes, the ravine and rest-awhile, were halved in five each, but on the fourth putting green Greyson made a phenomenal gobble and tied the score at nineteen.

Without doubt it was not intended by the two players that their caddies should know the stake which was being played for, but from several remarks which Scotty overheard as he trudged along with the clubs he must have jumped at a pretty accurate conclusion, and as the four rested in the shade at the fifth tree he confided something to the new caddie from town which made that youth observe the remainder of the game with vastly more interest than he had hitherto displayed.

Now, the fifth hole of the Westerfeldt course, called the frying pan, is the worst one of the nine, the drive-off being directly over a deep gravel pit. It was on this fair green that Bradbury stole a lead of three, for by a good drive and a long brassie shot he cleared the hazard and was in the hole in five.

The frying pan had always been a Waterloo for Greyson, and on this day it proved even worse than usual, for he topped his ball twice and then broke his midiron just above the whipping while trying to recover. The next two holes were halved in four each, so that the score as the two players walked up to the eighth tee was 35 to 33 in Bradbury's favor.

Whether it was the result of an over-indulgence in "rickles" on the previous evening, overconfidence in victory or whether it was due simply to nervousness on account of the size of the stakes for which they were playing will never be known, but for some cause Bradbury went to the bad on the eighth hole, and it cost him six before he holed it, whereas he usually played it in four, as his companion succeeded in doing.

Greyson's lead of three on this hole just made up for the same number he had made on the fifth, so that the score at the last green was again tied at thirty-nine.

There was an air of suppressed excitement about both players and caddies as Greyson built his tee and prepared to drive for the last time. The ninth hole is about 200 yards and is located on the farther side of a little hill, so that only the upper half of the red flag is visible from where the driver stands. Scotty, the caddie, had gone on ahead, and when Greyson's ball just cleared the brow of the hill he followed quickly after it and disappeared over the other side.

He found that the ball had landed in the middle of a bunch of fog, so that it lay in an almost unplayable position. It was the work of but a moment to kick the ball sharply from its resting place toward the hole; then he ran back to the top of the hill and shouted:

"You're dead, two feet from the hole, Mr. Greyson. It's a cinch for two."

Then the rickles, or the nerves, or something or other, got to work on Bradbury again, for he sliced his drive, and the ball fell within a hundred yards of the green. He made a gallant attempt to recover, however, and with his next stroke stymied his ball with that of his companion.

But the game was over, for Greyson putted in with his next stroke, winning the match by one. Then he walked up to Bradbury and held out his hand.

"Hard luck, old man," he said cheerily. "Better luck next time."

But Bradbury only muttered something under his breath, and, snatching his bag from the caddie, he strode off the links.

"Here, Scotty," called Greyson as his club bearer moved away—"here's a little present for you. I feel flush today." And he tossed toward the boy a coin the size of which made that youth's eyes sparkle.

As the two caddies walked back to the greenkeeper's they talked over the game just finished, and after exacting a promise of absolute secrecy Scotty revealed to his companion his doings at the last hole.

"It wasn't 'cause Mr. Greysen always tips me that I monkeyed with the score," he said in justification of his action, "though he is the best man of the two, and I hope he wins out with Miss Van Zandt. I wouldn't have cooked that Bradbury cuss either even if he did biff me once or twice when I laughed at his scuffing, but I saw him foozle twice today without counting it, and at the eighth hole he lifted his ball out of a cuppy lie when he thought no one was looking.

"And, anyway," he added conclusively, "as Agassiz or some of them big poet fellers say, 'All's fair in love and war,' and I'm blamed glad I done it."

Stories of Joe Cannon.

While serving his second term in congress Joe Cannon was driving on a muddy road in March, after the adjournment of a short session, when he met a township road supervisor, who said:

"Joe, do they dock you when you are away from congress?"

"No; my wages run on just the same," said Uncle Joe.

"The township doesn't pay people when they don't work," said the farmer.

"I expect it would be better to dock us when we do work," replied Uncle Joe gravely.

A Democratic member once ventured to challenge one of his statements.

"Blank is mistaken," sharply replied Cannon. This form of denial was contrary to the rules because it mentioned a member by name instead of as "the gentleman from Indiana." The offended Democrat called the speaker's attention to the breach of rules. The speaker explained and instructed the new member to proceed in order. With a sweeping and courteous bow, which has since become famous, Cannon said:

"If the venerable and august gentleman who is such a stickler for the rules will bear with me, I beg to inform him that he lies under a mistake."—World's Work.

Getting His Teeth on Edge.

When the new boarder arrived dinner was ready to be served, and the hostess, wishing to give him time to arrange his toilet, courteously delayed the repast a few minutes. As he did not put in an appearance promptly after the ringing of the second bell, and as the old boarders had assembled at table, the boarding mistress sent Bridget, a recent importation from the Emerald Isle, to tell him that dinner was ready.

When the waitress knocked, the new boarder was unpacking his valise. Responding to a second knock, he stood at the door holding a set of false teeth in one hand and a nail file in the other and said:

"Yes, I'll be down in a minute."

The domestic stared at him in amazement, and returning to the dining room announced sharply:

"He'll be down, ma'am, as soon as he sharpens his teeth."—New York Press.

Marriage Superstitions.

Matrimony is surrounded with superstitions, many of which apply only to the marriage ceremony. The wedding ring is made plain and thick only for the reason that its thickness and plainness secure it against breakage, for to break it is the very worst of luck for both bride and groom. White is the best color to get married in, but a widow may marry in any color save yellow. Should a bride drop one of her gloves woe betide her! She must exercise great care in getting in and out of her carriage, and a false step is an ill omen which brings misfortune.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

Suggestions How to Entertain and Teach the Little Ones.

"Happy is the child whose nurse is its mother!" It is not realized by many how capable a child is of ennui, "even as you and I," the grown-ups, and also how incapable the average nurse is of giving intelligent amusement to her charge, and how limited her opportunity in the confines of the nursery, even were she capable. Hence the adage, "Happy is the child whose nurse is its mother."

How full of interest and adventure life may be to the little one who follows the mother in her round of duties! He will dust and sweep, try to make beds, and set the table, sew when she does and fetch and carry to some purpose, perhaps, says a writer in Toronto Star. What delight could be greater than to help at the weekly baking, to be allowed a little wad of dough, which he may knead and make into pies and cakes just as mother does? It will be grey before he is done with it; it will probably have been picked up from the floor more than once, and for the first few times will not be fit to eat, but what of that? Does the mother realize that besides amusing her little one in this way she is developing his faculties, teaching him all sorts of necessary lessons; that the play is, though without any label, the best and most desirable kind of kindergarten? She will soon find, if she take the trouble to impress on the little scholar that there is a right way of doing all these things, yet without making a task of the play, that he is really of much assistance. It is wonderful what a little child of 4 or 6 can accomplish after a year or two's companionship with the mother.

A little game which a mother may play, while sewing perhaps, is one of buying and selling, and it will be of the intensest interest, because played with real money. Let the child buy from the mother a spool, a package of needles, and yard or a package of tape—anything the work-basket may contain or the mind suggest. For these he must pay in actual cash ten and 5-cent pieces and coppers and count his change carefully. Or he may be the vendor, with a little basket of articles for sale and must make the change. It is a lesson in arithmetic, in addition and subtraction, multiplication and division, that will be a most exciting adventure of the greatest possible use.

All this means a certain amount of time and trouble expended, and there may be mothers who cannot be bothered, so they say; they cannot have the children "round under their feet." This is a world where we never get something for nothing, and no mother can expect the best from a child to whom she has not given her best, towards whom she has not shown a wise unselfishness.

An Essay on the Horse.

The following remarkable essay on the horse is said to be from the pen of an Indian student: "The horse is a very noble quadruped, but when he is angry he will not do so. He is ridden on the spinal cord by the bridle, and sadly the driver places his foots on the stirrups and divides his lower limbs across the saddle and drives his animal to the meadow. He has four legs; two are on the front side and two are afterward. These are the weapons on which he runs. He also defends himself by extending these in the rear in a parallel direction toward his foe, but this he does only when he is in an aggravating mood. There is no animal like the horse. No sooner they see their guardian or master than they always cry for food, but it is always at the morning time. They have got tails, but not so long as the cow and such other like animals."

The miser is as much in want of that which he has as of that which he has not.—Syrus.

Ultra Sensitive.

"Didn't somebody faint in the lecture room last night?"

"Yes; it was that young woman from Boston, who is a guest of the Billingtons. She fainted right after the lecturer said he would lay bare the facts."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE BABY.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
Something better than anyone knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought of you, and so I am here.

—George Macdonald.

EXCHANGING BANK PAPER.

How It Is Done in the New Toronto Clearing House Which Was Recently Opened in That City.

The New Toronto Clearing House in the building of the Bank of British North America, corner of Yonge and Wellington streets, was opened for business on a recent morning in the last month of 1903. The clearing house is situated on the first flat above the ground floor, and is a handsome, spacious apartment 49 by 45 feet. The room is well lighted by large windows and the furnishings are all done in finely polished quarter-cut oak, the wall panelings being of oak, and green and red plaster, and the floor of polished wood. In a semi-circle round the room are arranged the desks for the various banks, while near the centre is the desk for the manager, Mr. G. W. Yarker. Provision has been made for twenty-four banks, but at present only nineteen of these desks are in use, as there are only that number of banks in the city.

Four massive pillars, fifteen feet high, support the ceiling; and the carving of the woodwork above the entry, and of the panelings, is very artistic.

Here is how the system is worked: Each bank is represented by two clerks—one, a messenger, who brings with him the cheques, drafts, etc., that his bank has received the day previous upon the other banks, which are called the "exchange," and are assorted for each bank and placed in envelopes. The messengers take their places in a line outside of the semi-circle of desks, each opposite the desk assigned to his bank, while on the opposite side of each desk is a clerk of the bank represented by that desk.

The hour for making the exchanges or general delivery is 10 a.m. Just previous to that time the manager takes his position at an elevated desk near the centre of the chamber and calls the house to order. At the stroke of ten each messenger moves forward to the desk next his own and delivers the envelopes containing the cheques, etc., for the bank represented by that desk to the clerk on the inside. The messenger immediately passes to the next desk, delivering the exchanges for the bank represented by that desk, and so on until he has made the circuit of the room, and reached his own desk, the starting point, having delivered to each bank the exchanges he had for it, and consequently delivering his entire exchanges for all the banks. Every other messenger does the same, the whole moving on at the same time. In other words, each messenger has visited every bank and delivered to each everything his bank has received the day previous from it, consequently the entire exchanges are delivered, while each clerk on the inside has, of course, received from every other bank the amounts each had against his bank.

Besides the time saved by the clearing house method over the old system, each bank is enabled to know the exact balance for or against it at once, as the clerks after receiving the envelopes containing the cheques, etc., make an entry of the aggregate amount from each bank, the difference between the total amount they have received, and the total amount brought by them being the balance either due to or from the clearing house to each bank.

Kitamaat.

Few men in the Province know north British Columbia better than Mr. James Findlay, and he only claims to have a surface knowledge, so vast is the country. He inclines to the belief that Kitamaat would make the best terminus for the G. T. P. Railway. Owing to the readiness with which it can be approached, both by rail and water, it seems to him a better site than Port Simpson; moreover, it is farther away from those now famous United States islands in Portland Canal. At present the chief thing about Kitamaat is its Indian reserve.

Mr. Findlay has been told that a line could be put through from Kitamaat Arm to the rich Bulkeley Valley, without heavy grades. The valley is a beautiful one, well timbered and easily adaptable for agricultural purposes. The Bulkeley Valley is, says Mr. Findlay, well mineralized in copper and gold. Intending settlers have pre-empted a good deal of land there within the past few years. From Bella Coola a fine valley runs up into the famous gold country, comprehensively called Omineca, while farther on is the celebrated Chilcoten ranching country. For a railway the grades would be easy. The chief settlement has been by a colony of Norwegians, who were taken there during Col. Baker's incumbency of the Provincial Secretaryship. They have already broken considerable ground, and are raising cattle and grain.

Principal Story in Montreal.

Montreal many years ago had a tall, handsome young Scotchman as assistant minister of St. Andrew's Church. His name was Robert Story. To-day he is Principal Story, of Glasgow University, and the other day he was telling the young lady students of the commercial capital of Scotland that their mental culture will not expand over reading the novels of Annie Swan and Mrs. Henry Wood. He is equally famed in Scotland for his acid wit and fine presence. Tall, white bearded, with handsome flashing black eyes, the Principal carries himself with the mien of an old-time cardinal. In debate in the Established General Assembly he is feared for the keenness of his replies, couched in irony which no member can equal. An example of his withering retort may be given. An officer in the suite of the Lord High Commissioner had, in the lobby of the Assembly, accidentally entangled his spur in the Principal's robe and torn it. Profuse apologies followed, but the Principal was not to be placated. Staring at the delinquent with his haughtiest gaze, Principal Story icily remarked: "An officer of Volunteers, I presume?".

The Real Thing.

Sportsman—Any good hunting in this part of the country?

Native—Lots of it.

Sportsman—What kind of game?

Native—No game at all. Just hunting.

Brother to a Novelist.

Mr. George E. Braeme, an old music teacher, who died in a Toronto hospital a few weeks ago, was a brother of Charlotte M. Braeme, perhaps the most prolific novelist of the nineteenth century. She first commenced to write for The Family Herald, the popular British periodical, over the initials "B.M.C.," a reversal of her own. An American pirate publisher took her novels, and published them in book form, conferring on the unknown writer the name Bertha M. Clay, which was considered a stroke of piratical genius. Miss Braeme then revealed her identity, and signed her own name to her work thereafter. The late Mr. Braeme, who was a man of individual views, had a great affection for his sister, but took no pride in her literary achievements.

Animals have a language made up of signs or articulate sounds expressing impressions, sensations, passions, but never ideas.

Women seldom deceive their husbands. The men are egotistical enough to deceive themselves.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Dizzy.

"How d'yer feel, Jimmie?"

Jimmie (faintly)—Fine! Jest like I did when I spent $2 a-ridin' on de merry-go-round once!—San Francisco Examiner.

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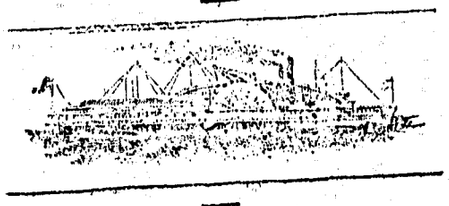

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Sails from Vancouver after arrival of C. P.R. Train No. 1, daily except Sundays, at 1 p.m.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE
JUNE 1st, 1903.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2—Daily. A.M.		No. 4—Sunday P.M.
Dc. 9.00	Victoria	Dc. 4.00
" 9.28	Coldstream	" 4.28
" 10.24	Koenig's	" 5.24
" 11.00	Duncan's	" 5.55
P.M.		P.M.
" 12.35	Nanaimo	" 7.37
Ar 12.53	Wellington	Ar. 7.52

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1—Daily A.M.		No. 3—Sunday A.M.
Dc. 8.00	Wellington	Dc. 4.00
" 8.20	Nanaimo	" 4.15
10.02	Duncan's	" 5.55
" 10.42	Koenig's	" 6.30
" 11.38	Coldstream	" 7.27
Ar 12.06	Victoria	Ar 7.55

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

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

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

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

GEO. L. COURTNEY,
Traffic Manager.

St. Ann's Convent,

QUAMICHAN, B. C.

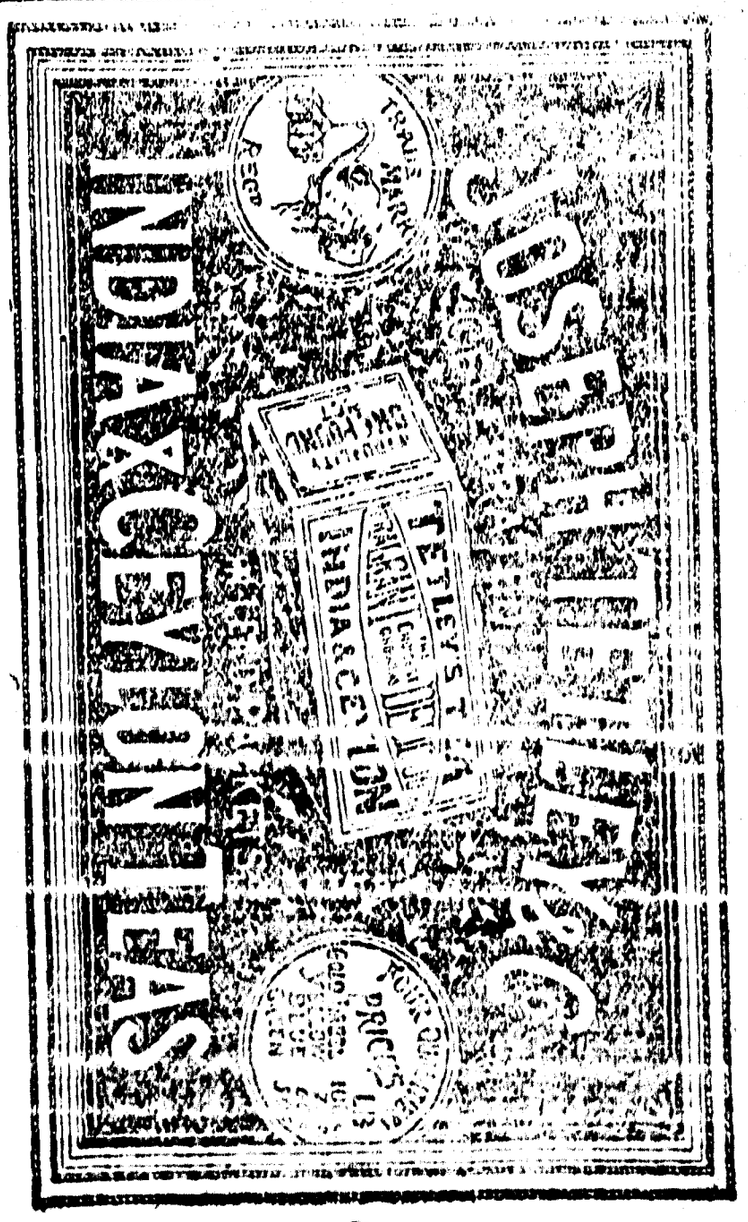
A Boarding School for girls, with department for orphans, pleasantly located three miles from Duncans Station. Primary and Preparatory English Course, Competent Instructors for Piano and Needle-work. Cutting and Fitting also taught. Board and Tuition, $9 a month. For particulars, address—

SISTER SUPERIOR,
Tzouhalem P. O.

I. O. F.

COURT DOMINO, 3518, meets the last Monday in the month in the K. of P. Hall.
Visiting Brethren invited.
17m 12t

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



The INDIA TEA OF THE

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

Summoning Sleep.

At all times a perfect mob of ideas and words stands at the gate leading into the mind, trying to get in. While we wake and are sane, says a writer in Everybody's Magazine, there is something that stands at this gate and lets *in only the sensible ideas and the* words that have relation to the subject in hand. All the others it keeps shooting away with: "Get back there! Go on away!" It is this inhibitive faculty that keeps us sane. But in order to reach the general paralysis of sleep we have to pass through a preliminary stage wherein we are as foolish as any lunatic. When the sentinel at the gate of the mind goes off duty for the night the mob of irrational ideas and words comes trooping in, and so when I would court sleep I deliberately open the door of my mind to the rabble, turning loose upon it a troupe of unrelated words and phrases. For some reason or other I find that the vocable "abracadabra" is a good one to start off with. Often a word or sentence will repeat itself with increasing rapidity—and shall I say loudness?—until it is all a jumble which breaks up simultaneously with the disintegration of the colored pattern before my closed eyes.

Force of Habit.

A London cabman was recently having his firstborn baby christened.

Clergyman—What name shall I give this child? Cabby (through sheer force of habit)—Oh, I'll leave that to you, sir.—London Tit-Bits.

It Has a Way of Its Own.

"What do I think of the ocean?" said Bridget as she was asked that question by her friends. "I think it's the most peculiar thing I ever came across."

A Stickler.

"Say, pa."

"Well, what?"

"What is the difference between seeing your own finish and drawing your own conclusions?"

Jane Poultney, aged 95, who recently broke her neck by falling downstairs, was the widow of Edward Poultney, who was the founder and governor of a rescue home for boys on the site now occupied by Dr. Barnardo's home at Stepney.

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.

With Lord Roberts ends the line, instituted in 1674, of British Commanders-in-Chief. Of the eighteen who have consecutively held office, nine were English, three Irish, two Anglo-Irish, two Scotch, one French, and one German.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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

Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Not for many years have such dense shoals of sprats been met with in the Wash, and the extraordinary cargoes that have been landed recently have caused a slump in the food market, so that the catches have been sent away in trucks for manure at 16s per ton.

Ayer's

Your doctor will tell you that thin, pale, weak, nervous children become strong and well by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Small doses, for a few days.

Sarsaparilla

The change is very prompt and very marked. Ask your doctor why it is. He has our formula and will explain.

"When 13 years old, for many months no one thought I could live because of thin blood. But, in a few weeks, Ayer's Sarsaparilla completely restored me to health."
MRS. E. BOOKMINSTER, Vineland, N. J.

$1 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for The Children

Biliousness, constipation prevent recovery. Cure these with Ayer's Pills.

POPULAR OTTAWA MAN IN LUCK

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him of Stone in the Kidneys.

Mr. S. A. Cassidy, the Well-known Sportsman, Tells Why He is Grateful to the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Ottawa, Ont., Mar. 21—(Special).—Few people in the Capital are as well known and popular as Mr. "Sam" Cassidy, proprietor of the Bijou Hotel, Metcalf Street. As a hunter and fisherman of more than local reputation, he has become known to followers of the rod and gun all over the country, and many of the members of parliament who make an annual sojourn here are counted among his personal friends.

The news, therefore, that he has found a complete cure for a dangerous malady will give general satisfaction. Speaking of it he says:

"My friends all know that I have been troubled for years with Stone in the Kidneys; that though I consulted the best physicians and tried nearly every remedy I could think of, I was unable to get better.

"Some time ago a friend told me Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure me. As a last resort I tried them and they have cured me. I cannot imagine more severe suffering than one endures who has stone in the Kidneys, and I feel the warmest gratitude towards Dodd's Kidney Pills."

If the disease is of the Kidneys or from the Kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it.

In preparation for the reception of convalescent officers of the army and navy, the requisite changes at Osborne are being rapidly effected. The mansion and park, it will be remembered, were given for this purpose by King Edward.

YOU CAN'T BE ATTRACTIVE

An Offensive Breath and Disgusting Discharges, Due to Catarrh, Blight Millions of Lives Yearly. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Relieves in 30 Minutes.

Eminent throat and nose specialists in daily practice highly recommend Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, as sure, permanent, painless, in all cases of Cold in the Head, Tonsilitis, Headache and Catarrh. It gives relief in 10 minutes and banishes the disease like magic. Sold by all druggists. 28

An electrical engineer of London has lost his life at Tammey, County Donegal. While he and his companions were standing on a pier, a huge wave swept in, and he was carried out to sea and drowned.

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 disease 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 frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, course 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 naturally demand incresed substance—result improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the public their Superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinions of scientists, the wine *approaches nearest* perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

Carpenter's Mate William Proctor, 30, of H. M. gunboat Cockatrice, and a native of Devon, has been killed by falling down a stair at Greenock.

"Jack," the G.W.R. dog stationed at Reading, collected £50 last year for the G.W.R. Servants' Widows and Orphans Fund, which supports 1,357 widows and 434 orphans.

London and Carlisle are now coupled up with underground telegraph cables, and the system is being rapidly pushed into Scotland, and not a day too soon.

London is shortly to be provided with motor omnibuses.

Illuminated street names are suggested for London.

Several men have been fined in Monmouthshire for being helplessly drunk on rhubarb wine.

For a Lincolnshire farm for which the owner paid £24,000 thirty years ago, £4,000 is now the highest offer.

Liverpool magistrates suspect that telephones are being used by betting men, and these are to be suppressed in drinking shops. What next?

The Lord Mayor of Manchester says that when he was a lad he earned only 1s 6d a week, 1s 3d of which he took home to his mother.

PAGE "ACME" NETTING

150-foot roll, 4 feet high.....$4.75
150-foot roll, 5 feet high..... 5.50
150-foot roll, 6 feet high..... 6.50

For poultry and garden. Better than old style. Of local dealer or us. Freight paid.

THE PAGE WIRE FENCE CO. LIMITED 253
Walkerville Montreal Winnipeg St. John

THE YANKEE'S MISTAKE.

His Guess Concerning the Stranger's Business and What the Stranger Did.

A Yankee was occupying part of a seat in a railway car when another traveler, a clerical looking gentleman, came aboard and took the vacant place beside him, at the same time depositing on the floor a hand bag one end of which was marked:

A. YOUNG,
NEW YORK.

Y. M. C. A.

The familiar alphabetical combination and the Yankee's curiosity induced him to address the newcomer.

"I reckon you've seen a great deal of the world, stranger?" said he.

"My dear sir," was the reply, "thousands of homes owe their salvation to us, and the good work is still going on."

"Do you have any trouble in interesting young men?"

"Not in the least, sir. They see new lives and occupations before them. It is the rising of the sun of prosperity for all those who take hold of it in the right spirit and have the ability to point out its benefits."

"They become missionaries—is that the idea?"

"We simply call them agents, but 'missionaries' is a good word and well describes them."

"And the victims that you find in our byways—do they give up all their bad habits? Do they never return?"

"Do they give up their bad habits? My good man, they give up everything and they never return to trouble anybody again. The first dose kills them."

"Kills them! What do you mean?"

"I mean that one application is all that is needed. It lays them out dead every time."

"Say, stranger, what are you talking about? Ain't you an officer of the Young Men's Christian association? I see 'Y. M. C. A.' on your box there."

"Young Men's Christian association be hanged, sir! No, sir. That 'Y. M. C. A.' on my hand bag stands for Young's Miraculous Cockroach Annihilator! Let me sell you a box!"—New York Journal.

Columbus and the Gulf Stream.

It is curious to note in the history of the gulf stream how great its influence has been on the fortunes of the new world. Before the discovery of America strange woods and fruits were frequently found on the shores of Europe and off lying islands. Some of these were seen and examined by Columbus, and to his thoughtful mind they were confirming evidence of the fact that strange lands were not far to the westward. These woods were carried by the gulf stream and by the prevailing winds from the American continent, so that in part the gulf stream is responsible for the discovery of the new world.

The Veil In Persia.

J. D. Rees, a lecturer on Persia, says that the veils worn by Persian ladies are more of a privilege than a punishment. Screened behind it woman may walk wherever she pleases, and even her own husband dare not question her movements. Doubtless many Persian ladies make the most of their opportunities. The Persians, as a rule, do not think it right to take wine, but as nearly all their poetry is in praise of the flowing bowl it will be inferred that they frequently do violence to their conscience. Occasionally, however, they are seized with remorse, whereupon they destroy the wine of their Armenian neighbors.

Leaves and Colors.

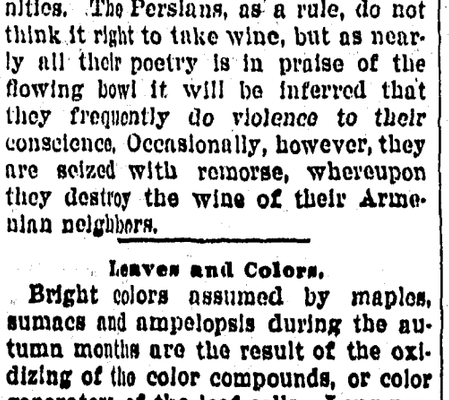
Bright colors assumed by maples, sumacs and ampelopsis during the autumn months are the result of the oxidizing of the color compounds, or color generators, of the leaf cells. Long protracted cool weather is most favorable to the production of autumn tints, and slight frosts that are not severe enough to kill the cells hasten the display of beauty by producing an enzyme that brings forth the bright purples, oranges and reds. Leaves containing much tannic acid never give bright autumn tints, while those containing sugar give the very prettiest.

Cold Air.

The air contracts while cold, so that in one breath of 20 below atmosphere one gets much more oxygen than one can imbibe with the same amount of lung effort when the thermometer shows 90 in the shade.

A Cyprus Custom.

At the birth of a child in Cyprus a vessel of wine is buried, to be served up afterward at its marriage.



A little Sunlight Soap will clean cut glass and other articles until they shine and sparkle. Sunlight Soap will wash other things than clothes. 13

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.

TRY OGILVIE'S

"Royal Household,"

A Perfect Flour

—FOR—

BREAD and PASTRY

Sold in Original Packages Only
By All Dealers.

Do You Want SOME ONE TO HANDLE YOUR SHIPMENTS TO CONSIGN YOUR GRAIN TO A RELIABLE FIRM PROMPT SERVICE AND CAREFUL ATTENTION ?

If so, the undersigned wants your business and will endeavor to give satisfaction.
Cash advanced on consignments. Reference: Union Bank of Canada.

The oldest established Grain Commission Merchant in Winnipeg.
Grain Exchange, Winnipeg.

S. SPINK

BOBBY'S AFFLICTION.

A Discrepancy In Ages Caused Him Uneasiness.

Many of the boys in the vicinity of little Bobby's home were from three to six years older than he and, after the manner of small boys, objected to having one so much younger take an active part in their games. When six-year-old Bobby protested against this his nurse and mother explained and excused this grievous condition of affairs by explaining that they were "too old" for him. Bobby received this explanation in silence and, while not satisfied, remembered it.

A few days later Bobby, who had been up to some small mischief, was reproved by his nurse. After explaining that what he had done was naughty in order to make her reproof more impressive she told him that God would not approve of it. On hearing this Bobby thought hard for a moment.

"Is God older than I am?" he finally inquired.

"Oh, yes, dear! A great deal older," replied his nurse.

"How old is God?" was the next query.

"Very, very old. Older than the sun or the earth or anything you can see."

"Is he a million years old?"

"Yes, more than that."

Bobby gave a little sigh.

"Oh, dear! I guess he's too old for me, then. That's probably the reason why we can't agree. It's too bad. First it was the boys that were too old for me, and now it's God. It's dreadful hard being only six years old. Nothing seems to match that age."—New York Times.

Excursionists For Revenue.

Some years ago a British warship visited St. Kilda in exceptionally calm weather. As the natives of the place had never seen a steamer, the captain good naturedly offered to take them for an hour's cruise, which was readily accepted by a great many. On their return the captain, seeing them all standing in rows on the quarter deck, asked the cause. He was at once informed that they were waiting to be paid.

The Secret Elopement.

He—We had best elope about 2 in the morning. I will bring my motor to the next corner, and—

She—Oh, *couldn't you make it a little* earlier, dear? Pa and ma do so want to see us off, and I don't like to keep them up so late.

Repudiated the Spelling.

Once while in Pittsburg Andrew Carnegie had a telegram sent and stood *waiting until it reached the operator.* He listened attentively to the clicking of the key, then immediately wrote a new telegram, as follows: "The other message mine; spelling the operator's."

BLAIR'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

TESTIMONIAL from the Late SIR SAMUEL BAKER, the famous Nile Explorer:—

"Newton Abbot, Devon. Dear Sirs—I have delayed my thanks as I wished to test the effect of Blair's Pills by a sufficient interval of time.

"For ten years I had suffered acutely from Gout and life had lost its attraction owing to the uncertainty of health and the sudden visitations of the enemy which prostrated me for months, or weeks, according to the virulence of the attacks

"Blair's Pills have rendered me immense service, as I no longer fear an attack of Gout.

"For the last twenty months I have been comparatively free, as one or two attempted visitations have been immediately stamped out by the assistance of Blair's Pills.

"Truly yours, (Signed) SAML. W. BAKER."

LYMAN, SONS & Co., Toronto and Montreal.
J. W. DRYSDALE, Neepawa, Man.

B & C

LONG HIP

A POPULAR CORSET FOR 1904

STYLE 253

NO BRASS EYELETS

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

BRUSH & Co.,

TORONTO, - ONT.

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

Prepd. by R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

George Thomas Bodmen, a clerk in the employ of Donald Currie & Co., was remanded at the Mansion House upon a charge of stealing curios to the value of £1,000, the property of the firm.

General and Lady Audrey Buller have sold their London house, and henceforth Sir Redvers will lead the life of a country squire at Crediton, Devonshire.

Pity for the poor parson! During the past ten years over one hundred Church of England clergymen have been admitted to the English workhouses or pauper lunatic asylums.

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

W. B. Anderson, Mgr.

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

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

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

In the current number of the Cornhill Magazine, Lieut. G. E. Armstrong, R. N., gives an interesting description of the Whitehead torpedo, that deadly weapon which the Japanese have already put to such destructive use against the Russian ships at Port Arthur. Mr Whitehead's invention may be described without fear of exaggeration, says the writer, as the most truly ingenious and complicated piece of mechanism which the mind of man has hitherto produced. The Whitehead torpedo is 40 years old, but its form to-day is as different from what it was in the first year of its existence as the latest type of express locomotive is from George Stephenson's old "Rocket". The original design has been entirely abandoned, and after a lengthy period of experiment and secret construction the weapon has been produced which will forever make the name of Mr Whitehead famous in naval annals. Since that time improvement upon improvement has been devised, until the Whitehead torpedo ranks as a potent weapon of precision, the capabilities of which eclipse entirely those of the gun and ram. It is described as a cigar shaped object made of steel 16 ft. 7½ ins. long and 17.72 inches in diameter at its thickest part. It is divided into five compartments, namely, the explosive head, air chamber, balance chamber, engine compartment and bouyancy chamber. In the rear of all are the propellers and rudders. The head of the torpedo in the latest patterns is bluff, like that of any fish which is remarkable for its speed and power of turning; and, so as to render the reflection from Nature complete, the shape tapers away to the tail. After the torpedo is placed inside the tube, which is closed by a hinged door, it is blown out either by compressed air suddenly injected into the rear end or by an impulse charge of a few ounces of powder. The moment it reaches the water its mechanism is set in motion, driving it along in the direction aimed at with a speed of about 25 knots, at the same time maintaining a uniform depth of about 10 feet. The extraordinary success which attended the attack of the Japanese destroyers at Port Arthur has, observes Mr Armstrong, afforded the world an object lesson regarding the capabilities of the torpedo when used from destroyers or torpedo boats against a fleet at anchor.

C. R. Robson, of the H.B. Co., visited Cumberland last week.

Mrs J. S. Harvey and child were passengers to Victoria on Friday morning.

Mr Worlock of Victoria was in town on Wednesday last soliciting orders for the Phoenix Brewing Co.

The firm of Fletcher Bros. are so well known as dealers of high grade pianos that it would be well for people to ascertain their terms from their local agent. T. E. Bate, before purchasing elsewhere.

Messrs White and Hayman are doing business at their new stand next to Peacey's drug store. A large stock of fresh groceries will be kept on hand.

C. H. Tarrell, Sole Agent.

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

A worthy citizen who returned from Nanaimo Tuesday, slept in town that night, the family being absent on a visit. Next morning upon visiting his house to see that all was safe, he found the best room occupied by a drunken wanderer, who had somehow effected an entrance. A few swift applications of shoe leather soon cured the disorder

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

On Thursday evening last the members of the True Blue lodge met at their hall to tender a farewell social to Mrs T. Ripley who left this morning on a visit to Nova Scotia. A large number attended and after a social evening followed by refreshments, Mr A. Armstrong presented Mrs Ripley with a handsome leather dressing case as a token of appreciation of her services as a member of the lodge, she having been Treasurer for four years. Mr Ripley thanked kind donors in a feeling and brief reply, on behalf of his wife who has been an invalid for some weeks, It is to be hoped that a change of climate will effect a complete cure in Mrs Ripley's condition of health.

A burning chimney caused a little commotion in Mrs Ed. Walker's kitchen last Friday. With the assistance of neighbors the fire was soon extinguished.

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

Mrs Willard was an outgoing passenger on Friday morning.

LOST, at rear of Fire Hall, $33.00 in bank notes. Finder please return to Wm. McClellan or this office.

On Sunday a daughter was born to Mr and Mrs T. Carey, and Mr and Mrs W. Hudson were made the happy parents of a fine boy on the 24th.

FOR SALE, an Eastman No. 3 folding cartridge Kodak, complete in leather case. Price $12, apply at News office.

A man named Fennell was arrested at Comox last Wednesday for forging the name of W. Robb to an order on Hy. Austin of the "City". He was committed for trial and sent to Nanaimo on Friday.

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

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Cumberland, B. C

Mr Editor,

Would you please publish the following letter in regards to the rumor that was going around last night about a letter. I would like to state that I have never written a letter to Mr Raujol and can prove that it was not my hand writing and that it was a forged letter by some one who must be trying to knock me in this town so if there is any one who cares to take the matter up and prove it, I stand ready and willing to do so, hoping that whoever is trying this knocking will come forward and set me on the right side again. As regards to wrestling, I will wrestle any 125 pound man on the Pacific coast or in B. C. Thanking you for your space.—I remain, ours truly,

Thos. Gay.

Champion light weight of Vancouver Island.

A CHALLENGE.

Bob Swanson has issued a challenge to the winner of the match here, on behalf of J. Stewart at 125 pounds for $250 or up in Nanaimo.

FOR SALE

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

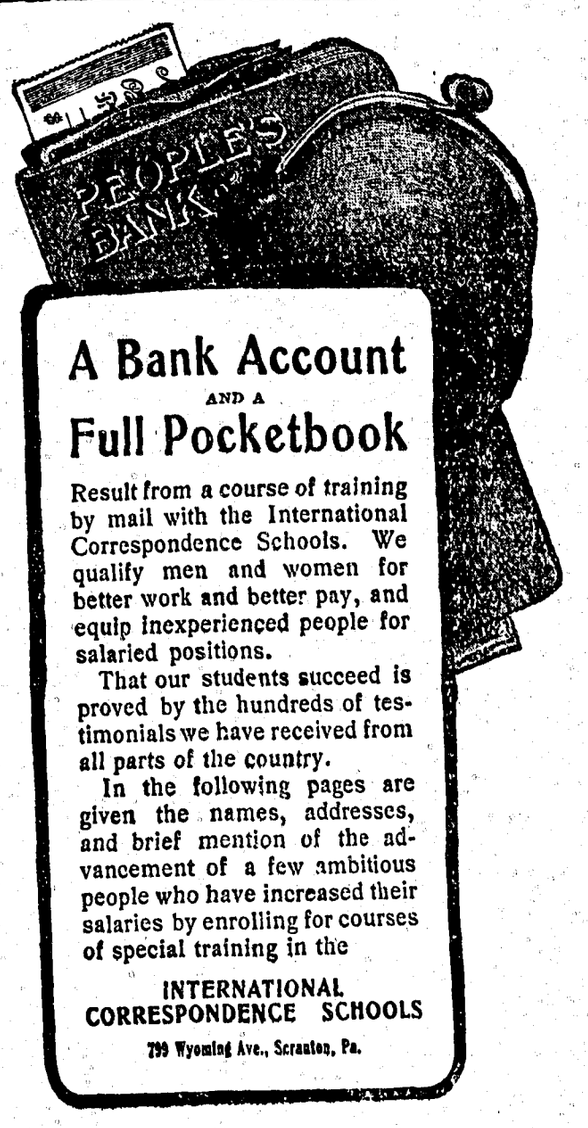
H. TANAKA & SON.

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

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

E. EMDE.

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



A Bank Account
AND A
Full Pocketbook

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

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

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

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

UNION BREWING Co.,
NANAIMO, B.C.

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

UNION BOCK : BEER FOR 1904.

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

ON DRAUGHT AT ALL HOTELS.

Royal Bank of Canada

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

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

BRANCH AT CUMBERLAND.

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

D. von CRAMER, Manager.

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

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. 568

NOTICE.

I have sold out my business, including undertaking, picture framing, upholstering, and general jobbing in the building line, to Mr Jas. H. Collins of Victoria, who in future will carry on the above business.

All Accounts due me must be paid on or before April 20th.

Thanking the public for their past patronage.

T. EDWARDS.

WANTED

Special Representative in this county and adjoining territories to represent and advertise an old established business house of solid financial standing. Salary $21 weekly, with Expenses advanced each Monday by check direct from headquarters. Horse and buggy furnished when necessary; position permanent. Address Blew Bros. & Co., Room 610 Monon Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE.

160 Ac., Crown Grant Land
On VALDEZ ISLAND.

100 acres in Grass Pasture, about 10 acres in Meadow.
House, Barn, Stable, and other Outhouses.

50 FRUIT TREES in BEARING

Well watered by a creek; 2 miles from Wharf, having semi-weekly steamer calls from Vancouver.

15 HEAD GOOD STOCK, &c, &c.

A BARGAIN

Apply this Office.