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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

ELEVENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY, NOV 22, 1904

Prov. Legislative Assembly
NOV 28 1904
VICTORIA B.C.

AT THE BIG STORE.

First Display of

CHRISTMAS ...GOODS...

Your inspection solicited.

Simon Leiser & Co., Ltd.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

Just received large shipment of

IRON AGE

CULTIVATORS, SEED DRILLS, WHEEL HOES, ETC.

VERY LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

Call and see them or write for catalogues and prices.

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

Weiler Bros,

COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS,

VICTORIA, B.C.

Quality is the Keynote of the Famous

SHAMROCK TABLE LINENS

We bought before the rise in the price of these goods and are selling at usual rates.

TABLE CLOTHS (BLEACHED & BORDERED..) $1.25 to $16 each

An especially good value Cloth 67 x 87, at $4.75.

TABLE DAMASK — BLEACHED

FROM 50c. TO $2.00 PER YARD.

Bureau Covers, Sideboard Cloths, Doylies, Towels and Towelling, Pillow Cotton, Sheeting, everything for Complete House Furnishing... .. ..

SEND FOR 230 PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE

A Guaranteed Cure for Piles.

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

Butter for cooking 20c per lb at Napier & Partridges.

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

REPRESENTATIVE WANTED

A liberal contract will be made by a live Canadian Life Insurance Company with an energetic man to represent them in Cumberland and vicinity. Must have good local acquaintance and be able to devote his whole time to their interests. Address for further particulars to Manager, Box 174, Vancouver.

Floor Oil Cloths and Linoleums large range of patterns from 30c per square yard at Napier & Partridge.

Local and Personal

If you buy on a certain day between 19th and 31st December at Napier & Partridge's you will get the value of the goods purchased over again by way of Xmas present absolutely free. Watch for further particulars

Stoddart sells the Dollar Watch.

Passengers last week:—C.C. West wood, J Johnson, C Stauss. S H Riggs, G R Robson. H Worlock, Miss Mahle, Mrs F Williams Mr and Mrs W Moore, Mrs Wheeldon

Miss Mahle is visiting at Mr R. Grant's.

Mr Stauss returns after accompanying his son and daughter as far as Seattle, on their way east where they will reside in future.

Mrs Wheeldon arrived from Winnipeg to make an extended visit to her brother Mr Frank Anley. She will remain until the Spring.

I. C. S. Textbooks give the best information obtainable on the subjects treated.

Mr Johnston has been away through the Kootenays and other points.

Stoddart sells the Dollar Watch.

Each I. C. S. course is a special course.

Hon. Jas. Dunsmuir proceeded North with some guests on a shooting trip, the steamer Thistle carrying the party.

At the Big Store you will find many pretty designs in stamped Linens, a nice assortment of cushion covers 40c to $1.25 and a full stock of embroidery silks in all shades.

A DOLL SHOW will be held by the Ladies of Holy Trinity Church on Wednesday afternoon, December 7th, in aid of the church funds. Refreshments will be served through out the afternoon. Further particulars later. Admission free.

Mr S Nakano was made happy on Tuesday by the arrival from Japan of his bride. The lady had been expected some time ago but the war has made the procuring of passports etc, a difficult matter in Japan.

Word has been received here of the death in the east of Mrs Nicoll, who for so many years was a well known and popular resident of our town. After Mr Nicol's sad death in the No, 4 fire, she left with her daughter, Mrs Dodds. Death is said to have been due to cancer. The late Mrs Nicoll will be sincerely mourned by many old and true friends here.

"Every question on 'Coal Mining' is taken from the International Correspondence Schools Textbooks. They are the best authority on Coal Mining."—Andrew Bryden.

MASQUERADE TO-NIGHT.

The Masquerade to-night promises to be largely attended. Many prizes are being given, a list of which is given below, and there is no doubt that anyone failing to attend will miss a Gala occasion.

The following prizes will be given: Best dressed lady, Silver butter dish, S Leiser & Co; Best sustained character Chair, A Nickerson; Gents national character, Pipe, J McLeod; Ladys national character, Box of apples, J McPhee; Hobo, 5lbs Roast beef, McKay Bros; Clown, Pocket knife, C H Tarbell; Comic Gent, Gent's umbrella, Bert Moore; Comic Lady, B. Weinrdbe; Best dressed Gent, Clothes, T H Carey; 2nd best Lady, Water set, T Bate, 2nd best Gent, Pair shoes, Napier & Partridge; Cake Walk, Cake J Marrochi Best Waltz, Peggy Pag, S H Riggs; Best Flower Girl. Bottle perfume, A H Peacy.

COUNCIL MEETING.

Present—Mayor Short, Alds Bate, Willard and Daniels.

Minutes read, adopted and signed

Communication was read from School Board, asking that a cinder walk be made through school grounds, as water lay in places. Request granted.

Ald Bate reported that much surface water was overflowing J. Hill's lot.

Ald Daniels gave his opinion that the sewers were too small in that part to carry the water in time of freshets.

The question of the Cemetery being acquired by the City came up, it being stated there was no plan of the plots. It was explained that the Medical Board, who had charge had had a survey and plan made.

Ald Bate and Daniels will interview the Light Co. with reference to paying for hall light on a different basis from heretofore.

Constable Banks was instructed to procure metal hoods for the two City hall chimnies.

Council adjourned.

Customers should keep sale slips or cash coupons; they may be on the "Great Free Day" and get a present of the goods.—Napier & Partridge.

FIRE IN MINE.

Last Friday, fire was discovered by the roperider in the old slope of No. 4 mine, at the entrance to an old level, long unused. It seemed to have started in the main slope about the door stopping off the level, and in an astonishingly short time, had burnt a vent through the door, and was roaring through the level. A force of men attacked the flames with a will, and so successfully that safety was ensured by night, and the fire entirely put out before morning. It is supposed that a workman accidentally fired some dry portion of the door or the roof by means of his head lamp

The MAGNET CASH STORE.

5 Prizes GIVEN AWAY

Every 25c Purchase in my Store entitles you to one ticket

One DOLL at.....	$1 50
One DOLL at.....	1 00
One POCKET KNIFE.....	1 00
One CHEESE DISH.....	1 00
1 HANDSOME PICTURE.	2 50

The Drawing for the above will take place on Saturday evening, November 26th, at 8 p.m.

1st Number drawn, first choice; 2nd Number drawn, second choice; etc.

T. E. BATE,

DUNSMUIR AVE., Cumberland

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.

Buy your GROCERIES at

THE "BEST STORE,"

When Prices are the Lowest

NEW PEEL just arrived,.....	20c. per lb.
NEW CURRANTS in 1 lb. Cartons..	10 cents.

We are selling, for Cash, until further notice

Hungarian Flour, 6.50 per bl.

(FIVE ROSES, 4 sacks.)

Dairy Chop, excellent milk producer, $1.00 per sack, or $24 per ton.

All other FEED, SHORTS, BRAN, WHEAT, WHOLE and CRACKED CORN, ... at lowest prices

NAPIER & PARTRIDGE.

HEALTHY BABIES

Healthy babies are always happy babies. If the stomach and bowels are kept right the little ones will be healthy and happy. Baby's Own Tablets are the best thing in the world to accomplish this purpose. The Tablets are the favorite prescription of a doctor who for years made the ailments of the little ones a specialty. They are used in thousands of homes, bringing health to little ones and comfort to mothers. The Tablets reduce fever, break up colds, expel worms, check diarrhoea, cure constipation, promote indigestion, allay the irritation of teething and bring sound healthy sleep. Ask any mother who has used these tablets and she will tell you there is no other medicine so safe and effectipe. Good for the new born baby or the well grown child, and guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Medicine dealers everywhere sell the Tablets or you can get them by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Dose of His Own Medicine.

Gus Danguisse, a resident of Portland, Ore., was brought before Justice Hoyne of the municipal court charged with ill treating his wife. The evidence showed that he had choked the woman brutally. The court directed Officer Goetz, an immensely powerful man, to choke the prisoner, in order that he might have practical knowledge of how his wife suffered. The officer obeyed with a will, holding the wife beater until the brutal fellow became limp. Then Justice Hoyne sentenced him to thirty days in jail.

Suppose we were to bore a hole exactly through the earth, starting from Exeter, and you went in at this end, where would you come out? Out of the hole.

What part of the History of Rome would an old lady naturally object to read?—The history of her decline and fall.

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

If a king kiss a queen and a queen kiss a king, what public building in London will it represent?—The Royal Stock Exchange.

Deafness of 12 Year's Standing.—Protracted Catarrh produces deafness in many cases. Captain Ben. Connor, of Toronto, Canada, was deaf for 12 years from Catarrh. All treatments failed to relieve. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder gave him relief in one day, and in a very short while the deafness left him entirely. It will do as much for you. 50 cents.—33

Which are the lightest men—Englishmen, Scotchmen or Irishmen?—In Ireland there are men of Cork, in Scotland men of Ayr, but in Eng-

When did King John resemble a man whose things were not returned by his laundress?—When his baggage was lost in the Wash.

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.

What is most like a cat's tail?—A kitten's tail.

Name the only King crowned in England since the Conquest.—James I., who was King of Scotland before he was crowned King of England.

THERE IS ONLY ONE GENUINE Fly Pad; that's Wilson's. Avoid poor imitations.

How did the snail reach the ark?—By perseverance.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs,—Your MINARD'S LINIMENT is our remedy for sore throat, colds and all ordinary ailments.

It never fails to relieve and cure promptly.

CHARLES WIGGTEN,
Port Mulgrave.

Faithful in few things, the American public yet remains true to an old honeymoon tradition which assigns those to whom Europe is an impossible expense to Niagara Falls and Washington, the national capital. In these two centers bridal parties have been since long before the civil war the pride and the prey of hotel men and tourists. Modern maids may consider them a little old fashioned, but when the time comes to choose a wedding tour the west, the middle west and the rural east of the United States are still true to Niagara Falls and Washington. It is in the spring and summer, when of course the larger number of marriages take place, that these resorts are so popular. In the winter New York itself is the Mecca of the newly wed.—London Telegraph.

WESTERN CANADIAN EDITORS

A series of articles describing their lives, their aims and their influence.

No. 5.

PHILIP PURCELL.

PHILIP PURCELL,
Editor of the Brandon Sun.

Of all the newspaper men of Western Canada, few, outside his own city, are less known than Philip Purcell, editor of the Brandon Sun. In most of the western Canadian towns the local editor is as well known as the mayor or auctioneer. In small communities it is difficult, indeed, well nigh impossible, for the writer or publisher of a newspaper to resist the pressure that persistently forces him forward to the front rank in local affairs. Almost always a man of intelligence, and frequently a man of ability, by virtue of his profession familiar with, and an authority on, all matters of public interest, the irresistible tendency is to compel him, sooner or later, to take positions of public responsibility and trust. To be able to continuously resist the pressure in this direction is to argue personal unfitness, personal disinclination or unusual personal powers of resistance.

Mr. Purcell represents perhaps a combination of the two latter qualities. Those who know him best esteem him one of the very best newspaper men in Western Canada. Had he any aspirations to public office, or any other position of kudos or fame, the means to gratify his wish have long been at his command. But Mr. Purcell is a strong believer in the anonymity of journalism. The English dictum that "all credit is due to the paper, and none to the editor," is a belief to which he subscribes unreservedly, and of the practice of which his whole life is a noteworthy example. In his time he has made many reputations for others, and he has also marred a few. His influence is undeniable, but is never personally exerted. When a man is identified with a movement, whether political, municipal, or in any other capacity bringing him before public attention, the paper Mr. Purcell directs praises or blames, as seemeth to him good, with judicious commendation or unsparing flagellation, but, in either case, without a trace of personal feeling. But nobody ever dreams, in Mr. Purcell's case, of associating the man with his paper. A year or so ago, when he had charge of the Brandon Times, nobody ever heard the expression "Mr. Purcell says so and so." It was always "I see the Times says so." And, now that he has charge of the Sun, the saying is the same. A more complete merging of the identity of the man with the paper he edits it would be difficult to find than that of Mr. Purcell.

It need not be thought, however, that Mr. Purcell is an unapproachable recluse. On the contrary he is, exteriorily at least, the most accessible and popular of men. A constant stream of visitors drops into his office, and in the course of a few minutes chat the genial editor has absorbed news and views as a sponge does water. Mr. Purcell has the true news gathering instinct. He will "get a story" out of the most uncompromising conditions, and "nose out the news" in defiance of every obstacle. And his ability to write a news item brightly and interestingly is as apparent as that of securing the data therefor.

Mr. Purcell is one of the many splendid newspaper men who have graduated from "the case." He is a practical printer, whose care, taste and knowledge of the minutiae of the business has perhaps contributed to his success in the West. He learned his business in the Guelph Herald office, which he entered in 1870. He was then a boy of fourteen, having been born in the Royal City June 7, 1865. He worked his way upward from galley boy, and after eight years came west. Mr. E. L. Christie, Brandon's big bookseller, was establishing a book and job printing office, and of this he put Mr. Purcell in charge. Those were the days when typographic excellence was a factor but little appreciated in the West, but the new job office set to work to cultivate a taste for individualism and quality in printing products, and in consequence speedily gathered to itself a practical monopoly of high-class work from the West. The standard of excellence on which Mr. Purcell insisted was a liberal education to his competitors, and the whole range of quality in the West was of necessity raised to meet the new mark his office had set.

For nine years Mr. Purcell directed the Christie job plant, when in 1897 the concern acquired the Brandon Times, and Mr. Purcell was given the editorial charge and control of the paper. As an editor his career duplicated the success he had already achieved as a job plant manager. The news of the paper was reorganized, and a higher quality of work required. The paper took a new lease of life, and speedily became one of the best paying propositions in the West. Its editorials were usually plain, pithy business talks, of a kind most impressive and convincing. Outside Winnipeg, the Conservative party in the West had no more loyal or able supporter than the Brandon Times, while, as might be expected from Mr. Purcell's record, the make-up and appearance of the Times was a model to the whole western press.

In April last year Mr. Purcell acquired an interest in the Sun, Brandon's daily newspaper. Under his management the paper has improved in both its appearance and its news service. Its advertising patronage and its circulation have both increased enormously, and its hold on popular favor is stronger than ever. Moreover, there is no sign of stoppage to its growth. Mr. Purcell is devoting the same energy to the upbuilding of the Sun as he did aforetime to that of its competitor, and with results as apparent. His striking success in this regard having, in the same town, twice demonstrated his capacity and ability as director of every department of a newspaper, is a record of which any man might well be proud, and which has not been duplicated by any other journalist in the West.

IN MODERN DAYS.

The Ways of Doing Things Have Greatly Changed.

No Branch of Science has made Greater Advancement Than that of Medicine —Thousands of Lives Prolonged by Modern Discoveries.

"Few things have developed as rapidly during the past quarter of a centure as the science of medicine," said a well known practitioner recently. "And undoubtedly the most striking phase in its progress is in the treatment of the blood. In the old days it was thought that opening a vein and letting the blood out was a cure for most diseases. The utter fallacy of that theory was discovered after a while. Then the symptoms of the disease were treated and the blood disregarded. That also has been shown to be a wrong practice, for, though driven away for a time, the symptoms always return if the cause is not removed, and the disease is worse than before. It is the root of the disease that must be attacked, and the most important development of modern medical science has been in discovering that, in most diseases, this lies in the condition of the blood. If the blood is thin and poor, the nerves and vital organs cannot receive their proper nourishment, the system becomes run down and in a condition to invite disease. Build up the blood, restore the worn-out nerves and you remove the cause. When the cause is gone the disease will vanish."

An instance of the truth of this is given by Miss A. M. Tuckey, Oxdrift, Ont., who says:—"I do not know what would have become of me had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My blood seemed to have turned to water, and I was troubled with dizziness, headaches and general prostration. I tried several medicines but instead of getting better I was gradually but surely growing worse. I became so weak I could no longer work, and it was while in this condition I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After using the pills for a few weeks I began to gain in strength; my appetite returned, the headaches and dizziness vanished, and before long I was enjoying as good health as ever I had done in my life. I cannot thank you enough for the good the pills have done me, and I hope they will long continue to help other sufferers."

Indigestion, neuralgia, heart trouble, anaemia, kidney and liver complaints, rheumatism, the functional ailments of women, and a host of other troubles are all a disease of the blood and that is why they are always cured by the use of Dr. William's Pink Pills, which actually make new, rich, red blood, thus reaching the root of the disease and driving it from the system. The great success of this medicine has induced some unscrupulous dealers to offer pink colored imitations. You can protect yourself against these by seeing that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers, or may be had direct from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Inside Facts. It's the "inside" Facts the cup drawing contents of a packet that makes it good or bad.

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea has a reputation for a Genuine Sterling Worth that none dare gainsay. Black or Natural Green. Both equally "Pure.". Sealed Packets Only. By All Grocers.

What town in Kent is like a pantomine?—Rye; because there are so many Rye (wry) faces in it.

Why is the Caledonian Canal like a critic?—Because it extends from sea to sea (C to C).

Why is a dog biting his own tail like a good manager?—Because he makes both ends meet.

Why is a well-trained horse like a benevolent man?—Because it stops at the sound of woe.

Bilious?

Dizzy? Headache? Pain back of your eyes? It's your liver! Use Ayer's Pills. Gently laxative; all vegetable. Sold for 60 years. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

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

FIFTY CTS. R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

Perfect Protection against Northwest Winters

Ordinary underwear is made for ordinary climates. Most makers can't appreciate the intense cold of the Northwest. Their garments are all right for freezing weather, but entirely too light for 30 to 50 below zero.

Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear

is knitted in special weights, especially for the severe winters of this section. It's planned by men who know the climate and the people—know exactly what they want—know how to knit it thick enough for warmth, yet not too heavy for comfort.

Best of all—Stanfield's is guaranteed absolutely unshrinkable. All sizes to perfectly fit every figure. Leading dealers throughout the west sell Stanfield's.

STOBART SONS & CO., WINNIPEG
Distributors for the West

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Why does a pony never pay toll?—Because his master pays it for him.

Why are some men like glow-worms?—Because it must be dark when they shine.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

Removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, sweeney, stifles, sprains; cures sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save $50 by the use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known.

Buy the Ram Early.

Breeders all over the country recognize the fact that the average man buys breeding stock only when he must have it for use. In other words, if he wants to breed his ewes in October, he begins to look for a ram in September. Then everything is in a rush. The provident farmer sees to his hay rope and haying tools some weeks in advance of haying time. So also the breeder who is up-to-date is looking for what he needs to buy some months in advance of the time he is intending to use it.

Picture Books For Foreigners.

Picture books for the benefit of travelers are kept in the Paris police stations. It frequently occurs that foreigners lose things which they are unable to describe, because of unfamiliarity with the French language. The picture books contain representations of various articles, and the inquirer has only to turn the leaves and point out the illustration which most resembles the property he has lost.

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 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., Montreal and Toronto; The Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg; and Martin, Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg.

Why did Adam, when alone, find the day very long?—Because it was always mourning (morning) without Eve.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets.—Medical Science by accident discovered the potency of the pineapple as a panacea for stomach troubles. The immense percentage of vegetable pepsin contained in the fruit makes it an almost indispensable remedy in cases of dyspepsia and indigestion. One tablet after each meal will cure most chronic cases. 60 in a box. 35 cents.—32

Why was Ruth very rude to Boaz? Because she pulled his ears and trod on his corn.

H.B.K. BRAND

BIG SHIRT

Made big enough for a big man to work in with comfort. Has more material in it than any other brand of shirt in Canada. Made on the H.B.K. scale it requires 39½ to 42 yards per dozen, whereas common shirts have only 32 to 33 yards.

That's the reason why the H.B.K. "Big" Shirt never chafes the armpits, is never tight at the neck or wristbands, is always loose, full and comfortable and wears well.

Each shirt bears a tiny book that tells the whole history of the "Big" Shirt, and also contains a notarial declaration that the H.B.K. "Big" Shirt contains 39½ to 42 yards of material per dozen.

Sold at all dealers but only with this brand:—

H.B.K. BRAND

HUDSON BAY KNITTING CO.

Montreal Winnipeg Dawson

JERRY'S LOVE BUSH

By M. Louise Cummins

Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McClure

Old Jerry lifted his head and looked after "the mistress" with vague distress while she made her third restless round of the grounds. Then he dug savagely in the bed of scarlet geraniums, irrespective of the plants' good.

"Why doesn't the master come home?" he demanded querulously, with the anxiety of one who had lovingly followed "the master's" life up from the days of white cotton socks and sailor collars.

The trowel dropped from his hand as his eyes turned back to the tall figure in its trailing white draperies. Her dark eyes had been too filled with woe to notice the old gardener. Her arms were crossed upon her bosom as though she would thus hold down

HER FINGERS HAD GONE SWIFTLY TO HER THROAT.

the tumult that beat there. Here was the very center and core of the master's life, old Jerry knew it, and yet—

His face changed suddenly as though an evil cloud had passed before the sun's brightness. His very body seemed to become gnarled and twisted, while the hands closed and unclosed suggestively at his sides, driving the nails into the hard palms. Every breath he drew was an unspoken malediction upon the man who came through the gates to meet his mistress.

"You're there, are ye, ye black hearted sarpant!" he panted.

His heart seemed to die within him as he measured his strength against his opponent's. With a sense of helpless inadequacy his old figure collapsed tremblingly. But the habit of years in extremity was strong upon him. His head fell forward reverently on his breast.

"God Almighty," he breathed, "this makes the third time this week, an' I dunno—I dunno where's Mr. Aleck!"

The man he hated was walking bareheaded beside the mistress. Their steps turned to a tall shrubbery at the other end of the grounds. Jerry made a hobbling detour by the back of the house and reached it first. He was on his knees again, trowel in hand, but hidden by the dense growth when they passed.

"Why do you submit to this neglect?" the even, insidious tone was urging. "Believe me, I have not told you one-half of what has come unbidden to my knowledge. Constance, the way of escape is always open!"

Old Jerry's breath came in hard, dry puffs as he listened. His fingers dug themselves into the ground, tearing up handfuls of sod. It had come to this then!

"Blast him! Blast his lying tongue!"

The force of the words rent him from head to foot as he shook his trembling fist after the man he would gladly have strangled. Then he got slowly on his feet, seeming to grow younger and stronger as he did so. The blood of the fighting race still beat in his veins in spite of his seventy years. It blazed in the blue eyes under their shaggy brows, promising war to the death before those he loved and served were injured.

All that day he watched the house and grounds untiringly. His mistress had bidden her visitor goodby at the gate and walked slowly back to the house as though all life and hope were gone from her, and he saw her no more.

At midnight he installed Johnny, Mr. Aleck's favorite groom, in his place.

"Don't ye make no sound nor word," he admonished, "an' ye don't need to know what yer here for, but if ye see anny wan goin' or comin' call me. An' Johnny, b'y, if ye could annyway get word to the master in the mornin' to come home 'tis makin' yer sowl you'd be."

When morning came he relieved Johnny at 6 o'clock, the latter having seen no one "comin' or goin'," and again took up his surveillance of the house. It was dusk when at last the figure he had been looking for came slowly down the steps. She had almost reached the gate when Jerry, his old heart beating in his throat, stepped out on the gravel walk beside her.

"I dunno if you noticed, ma'am," he said casually, touching his hat, "but I'm afraid 'tis dying the rosebush be the south wall is."

She had halted, looking at him in uncertainty, bewilderment for a moment displacing the listless despair of her face.

"'Twill be ten year ago come tomorrow week since I planted it," Jerry went on reminiscently, "I mind well 'twas the very day the master brought ye home, ma'am. I can see yez now, standin' hand in hand lookin' at me"—

Her fingers had gone swiftly to her throat as if the lace there strangled her. Jerry watched her for a moment.

"An' sure there never was such a tree for blossomin'," he went on slowly. "I used to think that the love in the eyes of yez both that day blessed it. 'Sure 'tis a love bush,' I sez to meself. An' 'tisn't in yer two arms ye could carry the roses on it when it begun to bloom, an' they the sweetest that ever grew. But lately—somehow—I dunno"—

His voice had trailed off into the inexpressibly sad monotone of his race. The slender figure before him quivered, her hands twisting themselves convulsively in the folds of her cloak.

"Last year," he quavered on, "there was but three small buds on it; this year there's but wan. I misdoubt if it's alive at all—the love bush 'll be—another year."

She moved stumblingly away from him across the grass to the south wall. Jerry scarcely breathed as he followed and stood behind her. Oh, the wealth of blossom the love bush had once borne! She remembered how the old gardener delighted to bring the fragrant armfuls to her on the anniversary of its planting—the day that Aleck had brought her home. Now—She looked at the blighted, twisted leaves, clinging as if for shelter to the wall, and a sob, which was the upheaval of all the torture and despair in her heart, tore her delicate throat. Her face as she turned it to Jerry was an agony.

"Save it!" she pleaded. "Oh, Jerry, if it is not quite dead, save it!"

"Yes, ma'am." But Jerry's voice was husky and he drew his coat sleeve across his eyes. "'Tis safe enough she is now, glory be to God!" he added in a whisper.

He stood in the shadow of the wall until she had stolen back to the house, carrying the one poor blossom of the love bush with her. Then he made his way to where beyond the grounds lay a strip of moonlit road.

At sight of the figure which paced impatiently back and forth there Jerry's body was contorted again, but this time with savage triumph.

"Aye," he hissed slowly, "ye may walk, an' ye may walk ag'in, an' ye may keep on wakin' till the feet drop off ye an' the Divil gits his own—but ye'll never git what yer waitin' for—an' the Lord be praised for it!"

It was the one regret of Jerry's life that he was in bed and asleep that night when the master got home. Evidently Johnny, with the aid of a sudden and suspicious ailment of the bay mare, had "made his soul" to some purpose that morning. The master had arrived at 10 o'clock, according to Mrs. Riley, the cook, and, to the best of her belief, he and the mistress had talked all night.

Jerry was assiduously doing his best for the love bush the next morning when they came out of the house, Mr. Aleck's strong shoulder behind the mistress, she leaning back against him, her face white and shining with love.

The old gardener rose quickly and came to meet them.

"If you'll believe me, ma'am," he began eagerly, "'tis a new shoot I just this minit found on the rose bush be the south wall, an', as true as I live, if 'tisn't covered with strong, healthy buds!"

A Story of Webster.

On one occasion Daniel Webster was on his way to Washington and was compelled to proceed at night by stage from Baltimore. He had no traveling companion, and the driver had a sort of felon look, which produced no inconsiderable alarm in the senator. "I endeavored to tranquilize myself," said Mr. Webster, "and had partly succeeded when we reached the dark woods between Bladensburg and Washington, a proper scene for murder or outrage, and here, I confess, my courage again deserted me. Just then the driver turned to me and with a gruff voice inquired my name. I gave it to him. 'Where are you going?' said he. The reply was: 'To Washington. I am a senator.' Upon this the driver seized me fervently by the hand and exclaimed: 'How glad I am! I took you for a highwayman!'"

Sometimes there's quite a difference between being foolishly simple and simply foolish.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

Copyright, 1904, by Duncan M. Smith.

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

It is not always spring, even in the spring.

—

Some women can't have the last word because with them there never is a last word.

—

Memory is the thing you don't have with you when you want it.

—

Policy is rarely any kind of honesty.

—

History can't repeat itself too often for a youngster when it comes in the shape of a circus.

—

The money that you spent is not what causes your regret; it is the money that you didn't get a chance to spend that makes you dissatisfied.

—

Some people are so constitutionally dishonest that they cheat themselves into the belief that they are honest even when they are getting their living off other people.

—

Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and it laughs at you.

—

Coming through the rye is a hilarious walk for some men when the rye is in bottles.

—

Paradoxical as it may seem, an unpaid gas bill is no light matter.

Make Way For the Scourge.

Yes, Maggie, in this bloody war
For life I have enlisted.

The enemy shall writhe in gore
And get his old neck twisted.
Most terrible shall be his fate,
With not a thing to arbitrate.

Oh, I shall be as mean as Cain,
As bloody as old Nero,
And when my thousands I have slain
Then who will be the hero?

When I start out to be a scourge,
No one a second call will urge.

The war, if I can have my wish,
Will be so fierce and bloody
That carmine floods will drown the fish
And rival old Big Muddy.

Gum boots in great demand will be
From those who cannot climb a tree.

Then let them sound the bugle call;
I wait its accents thrilling,
That I may on this foeman fall
And start the wholesale killing.

I shall not rest or close my eyes
Until the last mosquito dies.

The Potato Bug.

When man, proud, pompous and dignified, the conqueror of nature and the self appointed lord of creation, goes forth in his might to raise a garden, the potato bug, small but earnest, spits on its hands and says it will see about this thing.

It would take several thousand potato bugs to make one good sized man, yet it only takes a few of them to make one good sized man mad.

After a man has carefully planted a patch of potatoes and hoed the same until his hands are blistered and his back is a candidate for the repair shop he is pretty apt to invent new words to adorn the language when he finds that the potato bug has dropped in for a small lunch and invited all of his sisters and cousins and aunts up to the forty-second degree to join him.

At such times it is well for mothers who are particular as to the language their children hear to lock the little ones in the ice chest until the storm blows over.

Marked Attention.

"Was your story accepted by the magazine?"

"No, but I think it must have made an impression. The editor went to all the trouble of having the note printed in which he explained to me that it was rejected through lack of space."

Not Companionable.

As steady, constant chums tight shoes
Are hardly what a man would choose
Or pick [illegible]
For when his corns begin to ache
And, heeding not the eight hour day,
Work overtime for no more pay,
He wants to grab his trusty ax
And chase the shoes to Halifax.

Where New Thought Failed.

"A man can do anything he thinks he can."

"Is that so?"

"Certainly, that is a sure rule."

"I thought I could marry Miss Bland until I asked her."

Difference of Opinion.

"I'd lick you for a cent."

"I'd hire you only I know you couldn't earn the money."

WORLD'S OLDEST POEMS

TREASURES OF ASSYRIAN DEPARTMENT OF BRITISH MUSEUM.

Cannot Be of Later Date Than 2,500 B.C., and Possibly Very Much Earlier—Folk Songs Which Were For Centuries Before Transmitted to Posterity in Oral Form—Translation of Archaic Script.

Among the treasures of the Assyrian Department of the British Museum are some broken fragments of yellowish clay, inscribed with strangely archaic characters, yet which are entitled to an important place in the history of literature. Broken and time-worn as these potsherds are, they transmit to us fragments (unfortunately) of what are undoubtedly the oldest poems in the world. The style of writing, a modification of the old archaic script and the careful division of each couplet, shows that the texts cannot be of later date than 2500 B.C., and possibly very much earlier. The contents show them to be popular folk

OLDEST POEMS IN THE WORLD.

songs, which probably were transmitted in oral form centuries before they were committed to writing. There are portions of at least four poems dealing with popular legends, and, fortunately, the opening lines of the first poem are well preserved. The translation is as follows:

I will sing the song of the Lady of the Gods,
Attend, O friend, give ear, O warrior,
The song of the goddess Mama is better than honey or wine,
Better than honey or wine,
Better than fresh-gathered fruit,
Better than pure cream,
Better than fresh-gathered fruit.

How redolent of the Orient is this praise of wine and milk and honey from the lips of this old Chaldean bard centuries before the days of Hafiz or Omar Khayyam. The goddess who gave birth to seven royal and heroic sons, who figure in many of the legends. Many of the fragments are too broken to admit of a connected translation. The next fragment is part of the last column of this first poem and relates to a terrible flood which each year swept over the land. It reads "there he established destruction, and flood fiercely each year he poured out." This terrible annual deluge could not be stopped until one of the gods built a dam across the Tigris, for it says: "The Tigris with a dam of copper he damned. With a dam of copper the bolt of the Tigris he closed." A very pretty little fragment, describing the blessings granted to a pious king, is, however, complete:

Thou shalt hear his prayers,
Fertility shall rain upon his land,
Each year thou wilt turn away his fate (death),
All his land shall kiss his feet,
When in a warlike manner he sets forth
Terror marches before him. On his approach
Every land bows down at his feet.

The other fragments are too mutilated to admit of translation, but one curious passage may be noted in which it is said that Isum, the fever god, who was the child of the Sun God and Nin Su, was left in the gutter of the street, which seems to show that the Babylonians had some idea of the fact that fever was generated by decaying matter in the gutter and the solar heat.

Color and Warmth.

The color of materials has some influence on the warmth of the clothing. Black and blue absorb heat freely from without, but white and light shades of yellow, etc., are far less absorbent. This difference can be demonstrated by experiment. The same material, when dyed with different colors will absorb different amounts of heat. In hot countries white coverings are universally worn, and sailors and others wear white clothing in hot weather.

With regard, however, to heat given off from the body, the color of the materials used as clothing makes little if any difference. Red flannel is popularly supposed to be warm, though it is no better in this respect than similar materials of equal substance, but white or gray in color. Dark clothing is cooler for cold weather, because it more freely absorbs any heat that is obtainable.—Fortnightly Review.

VERANDA HOSPITALITY.

Suggestions For Alluring Breakfasts on Summer Days.

In summer days the veranda should constitute a continuous "living room," and here may be presented at times, if not permanently, the family breakfast, luncheon and 5 o'clock tea.

When the children's appetites begin to lag, as often happens during the summer, the distressed mother will find gratifying results through offering a dainty, alluring refection on the home porch, advises the New Idea Magazine.

Suggestions for breakfast on the veranda in summer days may be made as follows: Fruits—berries, apricots, melons, pears, peaches, grapes, varying these frequently; cereals of light character, cooked and uncooked, dispensing with oatmeal until colder weather.

The chafing dish may be brought into service in presenting such features as stewed kidney; tripe, creamed or a la lyonnaise; smoked beef, creamed or with scrambled eggs; minced ham on toast, creamed codfish, scrambled eggs and tomatoes, eggs in various forms and omelets of ham, parsley and rice.

Water cress should become a staple accompaniment to this season's breakfast; crisp radishes and cucumbers may be served too. "Popovers," light breakfast muffins, breads, toast of entire wheat bread, etc., should be presented.

Where the breakfast does not include meat, the following formula will give a nutritious, inviting, satisfying feature: Make a batter as follows: Mix a tablespoonful of butter with half a cupful of soft boiled rice; and the yolks of two eggs, well beaten, and a cupful of milk; sift in next half a cupful of flour, a tablespoonful of yellow cornmeal and a very scant teaspoonful of baking powder. Add a dash of salt to the whites of two eggs and beat to a stiff froth. Fold this in quickly and lightly to the remainder of the mixture. Pour into small layer cake pans and bake in a hot oven until a golden brown, which will take from twelve to fifteen minutes. Remove one of the layers to the serving plate, bottom side up. Butter well over the entire surface. Place another layer over this and butter generously as you would spread jelly on a layer cake. The top layer is to be placed top side up and also well buttered. Cover all with a deep dish and place in the oven until ready to be served.

Toothsome Dishes With Corn.

A toothsome baked corn pudding calls for one quart of scraped corn pulp, four eggs, three tablespoonfuls of flour, one pint of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, one-third of a teaspoonful of pepper and one heaping tablespoonful of butter. It is baked in a moderate oven until set in the center. The same compound, without the flour and milk, may be used as a filling for tomato and pepper shells, says Table Talk. The old Indian name of succotash at once reminds us of tender little lima beans and corn pulp cooked together. Some cooks like to add to this a slice or two of salt pork or fat bacon, but this addition is better applied to the dried or canned article than when brought in fresh from the truck or kitchen garden. When left over on the cob it may be cut off, highly seasoned with salt and pepper, mixed with a white sauce, turned into a dish, covered with buttered crumbs and baked as a scallop, or the corn and sauce, after ten minutes of slow cooking, can be poured over dipped toast. Again the cut corn can be mixed with an equal quantity of thick batter made with flour, milk, baking powder and one or two eggs and cooked as fritters. Where uncooked pulp is used for this dish very little milk will be needed, especially if the corn is young and juicy.

Latest Fancy Work.

Hardanger, or Norwegian, embroidery is largely composed of the lace stitch known as "blading" in the open parts. The solid portions are done in satin stitch, taken in accordance with the canvas-like ground. The openwork is produced by drawing the threads as indicated in the design and in cutting out spaces. Considerable accuracy is necessary to cut the squares correctly. The work thus becomes a sort of combination of "cut" and "drawn work" and is very effective and strong. It is entirely dependent upon the ground material, however.

Why He Retracted.

Kilmore—After all, Stedman isn't so bad a fellow. He came to me, man fashion, and took back all the things he had said against my people. Burman—Did he voluntarily? Kilmore—Practically that. It is true I threatened to shoot him on sight if he didn't retract, but that was only a matter of detail.

The Easy Road.

He somehow missed the hall of fame,
But he was cured by Blizzard's pills,
And that's the reason that his name
Was widely blazoned on the hills.

It is quite noticeable that hard luck gets monotonous very quickly.

The man who is miserable and makes a bluff at happiness is a benefactor for keeping his sorrows to himself.—Baltimore American.

Telegraphic News

Chefoo, 15—The Japanese have lost two gunboats off Port Arthur. The bombardment of the fortress continues with unabated fury. Violent explosions occurred in the town on Friday.

London, 15—That the main defences of Port Arthur may be carried by the Japanese at the next assault if they have not fallen already is indicated by a belated despatch from Gen. Nogi's Headquarters. Seige preparations are complete and have been for the most part of a thorough character. Hills have been tunnelled by the most arduous labor. The Japanese works extend within 10 yards of the parapet of the forts. Through these tunnels the Japanese can march to the fortifications without losing a man. In the forts now held by the Japanese they have mounted enormous guns. The front that these forts present to the Russians is even stronger than that which faced the Japanese when they stormed the positions. The seige operations and naval guns are doing an enormous amount of exertion, tearing great gaps in the walls of the Russian forts, and sweeping the harbor It is said that 2 Russian warships have been sunk. The arsenal and dockyard are destroyed, and constant fires started in the town. This despatch is dated November 2nd, and was delayed in transmission.

Mukden, 15th—The Japanese and Russian armies of Mukden have been filled with reinforcements and that 600,000 combatants will be engaged in the next battle. A party of Cossacks has been cut off and massacred by Chunchurs.

Hoboken, N. J., 15th—The following statement by astrologer Gustave Meyer was made to-day:—The stars positively predict the fall of Port Arthur on the 16th and 17th

HENRY A. DILLON, J.P.

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FRANCIS D. LITTLE
Manager.

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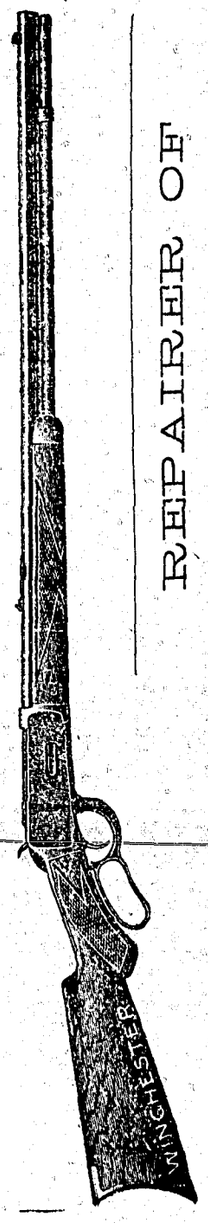

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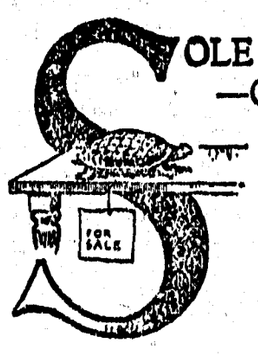

SOLE leather, or apology—which?

—Can you tell from appearances?

Good grade of upper leather—shoe fits well,—smart,—stylish!

But how about vitality—flexibility—shape retention—continued satisfaction?

Is the sole of tough, close textured, long fibred leather, which holds the stitches like wax, repels water, bends like buckskin, and wears to the thinness of a wafer without breaking?

Or—is it short grained as linoleum, brittle and stiff like cardboard, without cling to the stitches, and with a chronic thirst for water, like blotting paper?

How do you know which kind of sole leather is in the shoe, under the finish?

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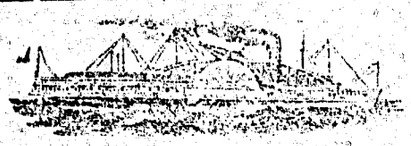
Issued Every Tuesday.
W. B. ANDERSON, - - - MGR

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

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

TUESDAY, NOV. 22 1904.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry



s. s. "City of Nanaimo.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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JUNE 1st, 1903

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2—Daily. A M		No. 4—Sunday P M.
De. 9 00	Victoria	De. 4.00
" 9.28	Coldstream	" 4 28
" 10.24	Koenig's	" 5 24
" 11.00	Duncan's	" 5 55
P M.		P M.
" 12 35	Nanaimo	" 7 37
Ar 12 53	Wellington	Ar. 7 52

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1—Dail A.M.		No 3—Sunda A.M.
De. 8.00	Wellington	De. 4 0
" 8.20	Nanaimo	" 4.15
10 02	Duncan's	" 5 55
" 10.42	Koenig's	" 6.30
" 11.38	Coldstream	" 7.27
Ar 12 00	Victoria	Ar 7.55

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Sale of Crown Granted Mineral Claims for Unpaid Taxes in the Comox Assessment District, Province of British Columbia.

I HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that on Monday, the seventh day of November, A.D. 1904, at the hour of Ten o'clock a.m., at the Court-house, Cumberland, I shall offer for sale by Public Auction the Mineral Claims in the list hereinafter set out, of the persons in said list hereinafter set out, of which Crown Grants have been issued, for all unpaid taxes accrued, due and payable on the 30th day of June, 1904, or accrued, due and payable at any 30th day of June, subsequent to the date of the issue of the Crown Grants and for the expenses of advertising this notice.

If the taxes and expenses of advertising, as set out in said list, are not paid to me on or before the day of sale, the claims may be sold to the highest bidder, and a conveyance executed to the purchaser of all right and interest in said claims legally alienated by the Crown, by the Crown Grants thereof.

In the event of there being no purchaser, or if the price offered shall not be sufficient to pay the taxes and expenses of advertising, the land shall absolutely revert to the Province and the Crown Grants thereof shall be deemed void.

LIST ABOVE MENTIONED

NAME OF PERSON.	DESCRIPTION OF CLAIM.			Unpaid Taxes	Expenses of Advertising	TOTAL
Gold Fields of B C	Bobby Burns,	Lot 201,	Valdez Island	11 00	2 00	13 00
" "	Hetly Green	" 202,	" "	9 00	2 00	11 00
" "	Daniel Webster	" 203,	" "	7 25	2 00	9 25
Wilson, Seuhler & Bloomfield	Poodle Dog	" 204a	Channe Island	13 00	2 00	15 00
De Beck, Bauer & McKinnon	Julie	" 233,	Phillips Arm	48 75	2 00	50 75
Channe Mining Co	White Pine,	" 234,	Thurlow Island	82 25	2 00	84 25
Frederick Arm Mining Co	Blue Bells,	" 235,	Frederick Arm	13 00	2 00	15 00
" "	Gold Bug,	" 240,	" "	10 25	2 00	12 25
" "	Dashwood,	" 248,	" "	11 25	2 00	13 25
McCallum D	Shoofly,	" 243,	Phillips Arm	8 00	2 00	10 00
Hoare, J H	Golconda,	" 244,	Estero Basin	26 00	2 00	28 00
Fairfield Exploration Syndicate	Dorotha Morton,	" 253,	Phillips Arm	12 50	2 00	14 50
" " "	Eva,	" 254,	" "	10 50	2 00	12 50
Douglas Pine Mining Co	Douglas Pine,	" 271,	Thurlow Island	40 00	2 00	42 00
" "	Gold Exchange,	" 272,	" "	18 75	2 00	20 75
" "	Cone Fraction,	" 273,	" "	1 25	2 00	3 25
Nash, Martin	Champion,	" 276,	Fanny Bay	5 75	2 00	7 75
Whalen, Wm	Commonwealth,	" 277,	"	5 25	2 00	7 25
De Beck, Bauer & McKinnon	Jennie B,	" 278,	Phillips Arm	53 75	2 00	55 75
Conlson C, Fisher C H, Hoare J H	Empress,	" 279,	" "	11 25	2 00	13 25
Bauer, W A	Enid,	" 280,	" "	58 75	2 00	60 75
" "	Stella,	" 281,	" "	32 50	2 00	34 50
" "	Blucher,	" 288,	Frederick Arm	62 50	2 00	64 50
" "	Wellington,	" 289,	" "	61 25	2 00	63 25
" "	Waterloo Fraction	" 290,	" "	47 50	2 00	49 50
Fairfield Exploration Syndicate	Contact Fraction	" 326,	" "	1 25	2 00	3 25
" " "	Banker,	" 291	Phillips Arm	10 25	2 00	12 25
" " "	Comox Fraction,	" 297,	" "	5 00	2 00	7 00
" " "	Percy,	" 299,	" "	12 50	2 00	14 50
" " "	Dorothy Morton fr'c'n,	300,	" "	6 00	2 00	8 00
" " "	Chimnang,	" 319,	" "	13 00	2 00	15 00
" " "	Douglas,	" 320,	" "	12 25	2 00	14 25
" " "	Maggie May,	" 322,	" "	12 50	2 00	14 50
Wells, Malcolm R	Black Prince,	" 318,	" "	21 50	2 00	23 50
Radley and Shaw	Harbour	" 353	Menzies Bay	5 75	2 00	7 75
Radley, W V	Harbour Fraction,	" 354,	"	2 50	2 00	4 50
Radley and Shaw	Volunteer,	" 355,	"	12 25	2 00	14 25
Radley, W V	Protection,	" 356,	"	13 00	2 00	15 00
Radley and Shaw	Adam,	" 357,	"	12 75	2 00	14 75
" "	Sunset,	" 358,	"	12 00	2 00	14 00
" "	Molly Gibson,	" 359,	"	12 50	2 00	14 50
Ferguson, Robt Chas	Isis,	" 384,	Phillips Arm	34 50	2 00	36 50
" "	Annie Laurie,	" 386,	" "	39 00	2 00	41 00
" "	Riverside,	" 387,	" "	34 50	2 00	36 50
McKinnon, Jno McL	Theodosia,	" 1831,	Malaspina Inlet	44 00	2 00	46 00
" "	Silver King,	" 1832,	" "	45 00	2 00	47 00
" "	Blue Jacket,	" 1833,	" "	40 00	2 00	42 00
De Beck, Geo W	Copper Chief,	" 1834,	" "	46 00	2 00	48 00
Cullen, James	Copper King,	" 1835,	" "	11 50	2 00	13 50
Mathers, Adam and John	Ninkish,	" 127,	Rupert	12 50	2 00	14 50
Mathers, Adam & John & Manson L	Klaanch,	" 128,	"	8 25	2 00	10 25
Mathers, John & Adam, and McLaughlin, Wm Henry	Magnet,	" 129,	"	10 50	2 00	12 50
Mathers, John & Adam, and Laughlin, Wm Henry	Lotitia,	" 130,	"	9 75	2 00	11 75
McLaughlin, Wm Henry	Vulcan,	" 132,	"	9 00	2 00	11 00

Dated at Cumberland 7th October, 1904.

JOHN BAIRD, Assessor,
Comox Assessment District,
Cumberland Post Office.

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

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UNION BOCK BEER FOR 1904

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The Girl of the Orchard

By... Howard Fielding

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She was not in the slightest degree reticent as that word is ordinarily understood, and yet often, when she had finished speaking, I caught myself waiting for her to proceed and afterward vaguely wondering what she would have said had she not chosen to withhold a part. Yet her manner was so perfectly unaffected that the elusive nature of her thought constituted a singular fascination. She produced upon me the effect of one who by virtue of some unique experience or natural gift beholds in all things more than is seen by the general.

It is possible that I exaggerated her powers. It may be that I thought her a sceress because she could see through me—no very great feat as I view it now. One will meet in this life now and then a person who, without encroachment or the faintest suggestion of an overprompt familiarity, will display at the first meeting that comprehension which one expects only from a friend. When that person is a pretty girl, the effect is most deliciously flattering to a man whose nature is not too gross for the perception of such matters. He longs to respond, and if he fails not blunderingly, but by a series of too small successes, why, the chances are that the poor fellow will not know when to stop trying. I didn't.

The day at the golf links developed no important incident. I had a remarkably good time—enjoyed everything, met strangers with an affability quite foreign to my nature, took a deep interest in golf, though it was a wholly new game to me, and in flirtation, which was not a new game, yet different this time.

Two days later I awoke with a start, not from slumber, of course, nor from any form of coma, simply from folly. It was a letter from my father that woke me. Naturally there was not a word in it that remotely referred to Miss Lamoine, of whose existence I had no reason to suppose that he had ever heard. There was no mention of Sibyl. There was merely the commonplace phrase, "You'll be coming home in a day or two."

Yes, I'd be coming home. A nice kind of a prodigal, I had wasted my heart. The thought went through my head, and grotesquely I was reminded of a misreading of the Scripture committed many years ago by a fellow scholar in the Sunday school, "And they killed him for a fatted calf." That was what I had been, just a calf, and killing would be too good for me. Knowing my father's wishes, I had kicked up my heels, jumped the fence and fallen in love with the first female of my species that had come in my way.

I sat down in a quiet corner of my apartments to think the thing over. The situation was somewhat peculiar, and fortunately it seemed to involve no misery to any one except myself. Beyond a doubt I was hard hit. My head and heart were full of that girl. Yet I had not made love to her, not the least in the world. If I had cared less, I should have said more. I had often done so, liar that I am in common with other men. In the present instance there was not a word that needed to be recalled, and the realization of that fact came to me like a blessed miracle. However, the girl was not blind. She occupied the extreme opposite end of the scale of visual power. I could fancy her reading my secret in the smallest of the flowers that I had sent to Cushing's house, where she lived.

Theoretically I was not in love with her. Love, in my way of thinking, depends upon intimate acquaintance. I am skeptical about the early blooming variety of this flower. It is usually a weed, and the thing to do is to pull it right up by the roots.

I know very little about Miss Lamoine. Cushing had told me that she was an orphan, without a penny of her own, and that she lived with relatives in some small city in Michigan. I did not catch the name of the place. I have an inquisitive disposition and know it and therefore refrain from asking any questions except such as are absolutely necessary. However, I usually require considerable information before taking important action, and falling in love is important.

As to Miss Lamoine's share in the matter, I had no reason to suspect that she cared seriously for me. It lay on my mind that I had been making a fool of myself in a quiet, inoffensive, gentlemanly way and that the lady had found the spectacle amusing. I was faintly suspicious that she liked to be amused in that fashion. Whether that notion were true or false, there was an easy way of setting all things right.

I called upon Miss Lamoine that evening, and we had a very frank and friendly talk, as it seemed to me. I confided to her that there was a very nice girl whom I had not seen in some years, not since her childhood, in fact, and she was now 19. She had been a charming child, in every way lovable, and I had no doubt that the promise of her youth had been in every way fulfilled. In that statement it will be observed that I stuck close to my father's word, but it sounded cold. I needed something more to meet the exigencies of the situation and to sustain my own spirits, which were getting rather low, and so I dilated a bit upon Sibyl's merits, using that gift of easy, imaginative discourse which some harsh persons have called lying. Sibyl would not have recognized herself had she been present, but I felt at the moment that she could not have helped being pleased.

My father's heart was strongly set upon the match, I said, and it was a great joy to me that my memories of Sibyl should be as they were, altogether charming and alluring. It was, of course, too much to hope that she would care for me. I could not venture to predict so fortunate an event. If Miss Lamoine would not take it as a bid for a compliment, I would say that I regarded myself as a mere joke. The best that I could hope for was that Sibyl would think she could enjoy laughing at me all her life.

"Make her laugh all you can," said Miss Lamoine, eying me in her peculiar way. "Don't make her cry."

"You think me fickle," said I stupidly, and she floored me with the gentle question:

"Why should I?"

Without waiting for me to attempt an answer she proceeded to speak kindly of my disclosure. She was glad that I had told her; she was flattered by my confidence; she wished me all success and happiness.

I had introduced this subject very well, considering that I am, as a rule, awkward and overprecise in beginning a new theme, though fluent enough when once fairly started. It had seemed to grow naturally out of the conversation, and Miss Lamoine's tact preserved the scene from the peril of being too relevant. I could not specify a word or a look of hers that gave the smallest hint that she guessed why I had given her this page of family history. And yet I bore away from this interview the suspicion that she understood me perfectly and held in regard to my character and conduct an opinion which I would give much to know.

It was my intention to go to Chicago on the following day, but somehow I

I discovered that we were not to be alone.

didn't go. Instead I spent the hours in a purposeless fashion, consulting time tables with needless frequency and always selecting a later train. In the afternoon I sent some roses to Cushing's house, and in the evening I called.

A servant ushered me in the direction of the billiard room, but Cushing met me half way, having heard my voice in the hall. His usually jovial countenance was clouded, and there was a trace of embarrassment in his manner.

"Miss Lamoine has gone," he said. "She left us today. Rather unexpected. We hoped to keep her a few days longer."

"Gone!" said I. "That's too bad."

"Yes," he replied, caressing the back of a chair as if he were concerned about the condition of the varnish, "too bad; too bad. Mrs. Cushing isn't feeling very well," he added, facing me again. "Hot weather; we ought to have been out of town before this. Come into the billiard room. We'll have a quiet smoke."

I accepted the invitation readily. I felt much inclined to talk about Lamoine; but upon entering the r I discovered that we were not to be alone. A squarely built, dark and somber young man was wedged into one end of a window seat and a green cloud of smoke was eddying round his head. It appeared, when we were introduced, that his name was Derringer.

I dislike names that mean anything; they should be all changed by act of the legislature into pleasant sounding syllables or combinations that can suggest nothing until one has learned to associate them with the persons themselves. To him who has an instinctive appreciation of words it is disagreeable to have for his acquaintance an assortment of colors, occupations, birds, beasts and implements. Why, for instance, should this handsome but somewhat tragic young man be ticketed for all his life as an old fashioned shooting iron?

Mr. Derringer greeted me agreeably, but he seemed not to be a loquacious man. Cushing was more silent than I had ever before known him to be. A "quiet smoke" was what I had been invited to enjoy, and of a certainty I had it. The stillness became oppressive after an hour or more, and I took a somewhat hasty leave.

At midnight I was lying in a berth of a sleeping car trying to shut my eyes in such a way that I should not see Anna Lamoine's face looking at me out of the dark.

CHAPTER III.

VIEWED FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

ABOVE all the other virtues I admire self control. I would rather do a foolish thing calmly than make the wisest possible decision by accident in a state of mental confusion. This preference for rational conduct asserted itself strongly while I was eating breakfast on the train. Having finished the meal, I lit a cigar in the smoking compartment and sat down to "think the thing out."

It is possible to be mistaken about the functions of the brain. The brain possesses a nominal authority. It is the pilot, and the heart is the engineer. The pilot rings the bell, but he doesn't stop the machinery. As it usually stops at his command, he grows into the pleasing belief that he controls it. Then comes the sad and awful day when he rings one bell to slow down, another to stop and two to back, but the wheels go on turning full speed ahead. It is no use swearing down the speaking tube, my friend. If there's no response to the bell, talking won't mend matters. Keep cool and enjoy the smash up. It is going to be a good one. And hang on to the wheel. Though the craft be running away, you may be able to pick out a soft spot in the rocks.

This crude little allegory will serve as a description of my entire day on that train. I couldn't stop the emotional part of my nature. It had never behaved so before. I had found out upon several occasions that I was becoming too much interested, and sometimes I had rung the bell a little late, but there had been no disasters. This time there was one in plain sight, right ahead. For it was a perfect certainty that if I should meet Sibyl while my heart was in this condition I should wreck every mutual prospect of our lives.

It would be grossly unfair to her. Beyond a doubt she must know of my father's wish, and no stretch of modesty could blind me to the fact that she must be in some small degree favorably disposed toward me. Otherwise she would have checked my father's hopes. I could not think of Sibyl as humbly subservient in such a matter. So far as I could remember her at all, it seemed to me that as a child she had exhibited a remarkable strength and evenness of purpose. My father would be the last man in the world to break the will or eradicate the individuality of any child in his care. He was one who would read nature's plan and accept it for the best, striving only to see that it should be perfectly carried out. So Sibyl would be a girl with a mind of her own.

She must remember me, of course, far better than I remembered her. I had changed somewhat to the eye, but the alteration was a vast improvement. She had been a keen child by all that my father used to tell me about her. No doubt she knew me very well. It was fair to assume that I must in some way have impressed her favorably, so that she could think of me with no very great rebellion when my father talked of me to her. Really it was hard for me to take that view, but there was no other. Perhaps the child remembered how I used to sing to her one summer when I was at home for a week or two. She must have been 10 years old then, and she was very fond of music—must have been, indeed, to stand my singing for two or three hours at a stretch in the dark drawing room of an evening. It was always dark, for the child said that a light spoiled music for her. In reality she was bashful and afraid that I would look at her, afraid that I would see the tears she shed at sentimental songs. I was singing heart breakers that summer, having suffered some slight damage in the matter of a young lady who married another fellow.

All of which is merely to say that Sibyl must have reconciled herself to me as a manifest destiny and that it would be utterly impossible for me to reconcile myself to her while my heart was raging for Anna Lamoine. I should inevitably dislike her, especially as she could have no strong personal attraction, no charm to catch the eye. If she had possessed physical beauty, meeting her might well have set me right, for beauty counts at the start, and qualities are so slow.

I had no doubt that she was a splendid woman in all that makes a soul more luminous than the dull average. My father was sure of it, and really in all this internal struggle I was greatly influenced by his opinion. If he believed that Sibyl was the ideal woman for me, she probably was. That's the fact about it, and I never quite let go of that conviction. But that was in my head; my heart had a conviction of its own, which was that I stood upon the verge of an awful mistake; my heart was afraid. It said to me: "What are you doing here? Go find Anna Lamoine. You have a chance now. Why did she run away from New York as soon as you had told her, in effect, that you were engaged to another girl? What was it that your friend Cushing thought was 'too bad?' Don't be so modest; the girl had begun to love you, but while you're spending all this summer trying to love somebody else what will she be doing?"

The result of it all was that I fell into a sort of panic. I lost my wits in the face of this problem for the solution of which I had no adequate data. Upon the one hand I really knew nothing about Sibyl; upon the other I knew next to nothing about Anna. I knew not my own state. I was not in love; I was merely entranced by the mystery of a woman's eyes, by the sweet unceasing echo of her voice, by the witchery of a beautiful puzzle, baffling as the words one hears in a dream and, waking, vainly struggles to remember.

So far as I attained to any plan of action, it seemed best to be honest, to tell my father the exact facts and then, with his consent, start off upon a quest that should resolve my doubts. A renewal of my acquaintance with Miss Lamoine might free me from her spell. It would require some time to find her, for I doubted whether Cushing would give me her address if I should telegraph him for it, and I had no other clew. By the time I had found her she might be engaged to a multimillionaire with two steam yachts, and I could return to Sibyl with that ease of mind which the wise preserve in the midst of their desire for the unattainable.

I rode upon a slow train, due at 6 o'clock in the morning. My father met me with a carriage. He was in a cheerful mood, such as I rarely attain at that hour in the day, and cheerfulness is a great advantage. Moreover, my courage is always weakest before breakfast. I dreaded our interview.

We shook hands, and I inquired regarding his health, which I knew to be perfect by the look of him. Then I said, "How is Sibyl?" because the question would please him. He replied that she was very well at the last report.

"Last report!" I echoed, pausing, with one foot on the step of the carriage. "Do you mean that she hasn't come home yet?"

"Sibyl is out of town," said he, extending a hand as if to help me up.

Here was a chance for procrastination, which is my favorite amusement. With a feeling of relief I sank into the seat beside him, and we conversed upon unimportant topics until we reached the house.

The old home looked much the same from the street, but I found considerable changes within. The furnishings were more luxurious, the arrangement of the rooms upon the ground floor was different, and at the rear a very elegant library with a domed roof had been added.

The stairs sweep round and bring one toward the front of the house. At the head of them my father opened a door.

"Sibyl's sitting room," said he.

It was a well lighted apartment, but had a severe look. The walls seemed bare, and I noted a good many heavy books on the tables. The place gave me a chill. I would have wished to see a lot of photographs all about, with pretty knickknacks and souvenirs. An easel stood in a corner stripped and desolate as a trellis in winter, and there was not a sign of the artist's work.

I passed on somewhat hastily to my own quarters at the rear of the house. They had been refitted, enlarged and greatly beautified; yet all the old familiar things were there, and the place was surely home. I am a cold blooded creature, as a rule, and I was positively grateful for a touch of sentiment here. I sat down upon the arm of a chair and enjoyed my emotion.

"But I haven't seen your rooms yet," said I.

He led the way. I found the apartments absolutely unchanged, and remembered that my mother had arranged them thus many years ago.

"You're a bit disappointed," said my father.

I stared at him.

"You seemed to miss something," said he, "all through the house. I noticed it."

"I was looking for a picture of Sibyl," said I. "Is it possible that there isn't a portrait of her anywhere?"

My father hesitated.

"She's hidden them all," said he at last.

"Poor child," said I. "It's a terrible

"Sibyl's sitting room," said he.

thing for a girl to feel that way about her looks. It's one of the worst tragedies in the world."

My father laughed, sweetly, softly and with great enjoyment. When he had ceased, we looked each other in the eyes for more than a minute.

"Respected sire," said I, "there is a colored person in the wood pile."

"Find him," said he.

"Very well," I rejoined. "In the first place, let's get rid of one small mystery which is really no mystery at all."

"What's that?"

"You're a matchmaker," said I.

His countenance took on an expression of great earnestness.

"Have I ever said one word"— he began, but stopped because he saw that I was going to laugh.

"Young people must be a good deal sharper than they were in my time," said he. "I can't understand how you and Sibyl drew this inference. I have been very careful."

"By jingo!" I cried, springing up. "She has run away from me. She couldn't stand the idea"—

"No, no!" he exclaimed. "That isn't so at all. She knows as well as you do that all I desire is your happiness—yours and hers. If you find it together, I shall be glad; if not, and yet you find it, I shall still be glad. Do I look like the stern parent of fiction? Do you fancy I would cut you off with a shilling or do one whit the less for her?"

"No, confound it!" said I. "And that's what's the matter. Stern parents are easy; they were made to be outwitted and despised. Money? We could spurn it—at least Sibyl could, and I might pray for strength. But it is because you are so unnaturally kind, so infernally good about it. We want to be dutiful; that's the trouble. Poor Sibyl! I'm a terrible future for any young woman to look forward to. Still, that doesn't account for the absence of the pictures. What has she done with them?"

"I am under bonds," said he.

"But I shall see her some time. When?"

"I don't know when nor where nor how."

A great light broke in upon my mind.

"She will meet me incog.," said I. "She thinks I won't recognize her."

"Between ourselves," said he, "I think you have guessed it. You see, she got an idea that I had revealed my wish to you. It appeared to her that my letters to you—which I usually read to her—contained a sort of moral suasion. They seem to have struck you the same way, curiously enough. Well, Sibyl is an original creature. She would not wish to be loved for any other cause than her own merits and attractions. So I fancy that you will meet her sooner or later in a fair field. This is only my inference, however. She did not take me into her confidence. She said that she did not wish to see you immediately, that she was going away, that I mustn't describe her to you nor show you a portrait nor tell where she was. There are a few other provisions in the agreement which I will not mention. This was all arranged before I went to New York."

"This is a great game," said I. "But surely I shall know her."

"Possibly," said my father, stroking his chin and smiling with the eyes alone, which is a way he has; "possibly."

CHAPTER IV.

APPLE TREE LODGE.

REFLECTING upon Sibyl's plan during the remainder of that day, I came to the conclusion that it was a direct interposition of Providence in my favor. It promised me time, which was my chief desire. To forget Anna Lamoine, or at least decide whether I should forget or pursue her, was the immediate need, and meanwhile I must avoid meeting Sibyl. I was afraid of recognizing her, afraid of being hopelessly prejudiced against her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Seer.

"Tell me what you eat and I'll tell you what you are," said the seer.

The man told him what he ate.

"You're a blanked fool!" said the seer.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" exclaimed the man.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

Compensation.

Head of Family—I want to leave my property to my two sons—one-tenth to my elder son, John Butts, and nine-tenths to my younger son, Royal Chesterfield Montgomery de Peyster Butts. Family Lawyer—H'm! Do you think that's quite fair? Head of Family—Yes. I want to make some kind of reparation to Royal for allowing his mother to give him such a name.—London Mail.

An Eventful Day.

"Well, well," exclaimed the editor, "if that wasn't a queer experience!"

"What was that?" said the foreman.

"There was a man in here just now who didn't seem to know any more about how a newspaper should be run than I do."

"When something is very difficult to understand," said the distinguished professor of biology, "it is called science; when it is impossible, it is called philosophy."

Why is it probable that King Charles consented to be executed?—Because they axed him whether he would or not.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

When is a ship like a bird?—When flying before the wind.

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

What may a hen said to be doing when she cackles after laying an egg?—Chanting her little lay.

IT PAYS TO BUY the best and Wilson's Fly Pads are the best fly killers made.

LACK OF APPETITE.

Nature's Method of Telling Us That We Should Not Eat.

"A man who retires at 9 o'clock should have his dinner at 5. As our business methods prohibit this way of living, the next choice for this class is a noonday dinner, a light meal at night and a more substantial breakfast. The man who eats a dinner well proportioned, served in courses, at 6 or half past will find a light breakfast all that is necessary. Most persons have been brought up to think it necessary to eat three good meals a day, which few Americans can do for any length of time. To prick up the stomach, to bring the gastric secretions in that it may receive the food in a welcome condition in the morning, an "appetizer" in the shape of the juice of one or two oranges is taken, or other acid fruits. At dinner, condiments or large quantities of salt are eaten. The irritation these create we call "appetite."

It must be understood that the lack of appetite is nature's way of telling us that we should not eat. Those who insist on eating without appetite live for awhile, but go about their daily toil with languid movements and an expression of stern duty, making every one around them feel that life is a burden rather than a pleasure. This class also go from place to place wishing for new dishes, new ideas, new ways of dressing the ordinary things they are so tired of eating. Their sense of taste has got into revolt, and to keep the appetite at all alert new and highly seasoned dishes must be constantly concocted. The oyster cocktail, enough to ruin the finest stomach, is seen on their tables. A natural appetite to them is but a remembrance of childhood. Their names swell the list of sufferers from dyspepsia, rheumatism, gout, Bright's disease, biliousness and "sick headache."

Animals In Japan.

Japanese birds build their nests in the city houses. Wild fowl, geese and ducks alight in the public parks and wild deer trot about the streets.

Albino Hair.

Sachs, who was both an albino and a scientist, demonstrated that the hair of albinos contains less iron than that of normally constituted individuals.

Neglect a cough and contract consumption.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

cures consumption, but don't leave it too long. Try it now. Your money back if it doesn't benefit you.

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

HE FEELS AS YOUNG AS EVER

Mr. Chester Loomis Took Dodd's Kidney Pills.

And From a Used Up Man He Became as Smart as a Boy.

Orland, Ont., Sept. 19—(Special)—Mr. Chester Loomis, an old and respected farmer living in this section, is spreading broadcast the good news that Dodd's Kidney Pills are a sure cure for the Lame Back and Kidney Disease so common among old people. Mr. Loomis says:

"I am 76 years of age and smart and active as a boy, and I give Dodd's Kidney Pills all the credit for it.

"Before I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills I was so used up I could hardly ride in a buggy and I could not do any work of any kind. Everybody thought I would not live long. Dodd's Kidney Pills are a wonderful remedy."

The Kidneys of the young may be wrong but the Kidneys of the old must be wrong. Dodd's Kidney Pills make all wrong Kidneys right. That is why they are the old folks' greatest friend.

What does every one thirst after?—Red herring.

Why does the cock shut his eyes when he crows?—Because he knows it by heart.

TRIAL PROVES ITS EXCELLENCE. The best testimonial one can have of the virtue of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in the treatment of bodily pains, coughs, colds and affections of the respiratory organs, is a trial of it. If not found the sovereign remedy it is reputed to be, then it may be rejected as useless, and all that has been said in its praise denounced as untruthful.

What makes more noise than a pig in a sty?—Two pigs.

When is wine like a pig's tooth?—When it is in a hog's head.

What is the most wonderful animal in the farm yard?—A pig, because he is killed and then cured.

THE CHEAPEST FLY KILLERS MADE ARE WILSNN'S PADS and they are sold everywhere. Beware of imitations.

If cheese comes after meat, what comes after cheese?—Mice.

In what place did the cock crow so loud that all the world heard him?—In the ark.

land on the Thames there are lighter-men.

NATURE'S HANDIWORK.

The Wonderful Bridge That Spans a Canyon In Utah.

Writing about the colossal bridges of Utah, W. W. Dyar says in the Century:

Across a canyon measuring 335 feet 7 inches from wall to wall nature has thrown a splendid arch of solid sandstone sixty feet thick in the central part and forty feet wide, leaving underneath it a clear opening 357 feet in perpendicular height. The lateral walls of the arch rise perpendicularly nearly to the top of the bridge, when they flare suddenly outward, giving the effect of an immense coping or cornice overhanging the main structure fifteen or twenty feet on each side and extending with the greatest regularity and symmetry the whole length of the bridge. The majestic proportions of this bridge may be partly realized by a few comparisons. Thus its height is more than twice and its span more than three times as great as those of the famous natural bridge of Virginia. Its buttresses are 118 feet farther apart than those of the celebrated masonry arch in the District of Columbia known as Cabin John bridge, a few miles from Washington city, which has the greatest span of any masonry bridge on this continent. This bridge would overspan the capitol at Washington and clear the top of the dome by fifty-one feet. And if the loftiest tree in the Calaveras grove of giant sequoias in California stood in the bottom of the canyon its topmost bough would lack thirty-two feet of reaching the underside of the arch.

This bridge is of white or very light sandstone, and, as in the case of the Carolina, filaments of green and orange tinted lichens run here and there over the mighty buttresses and along the sheltered crevices under the lofty cornice, giving warmth and color to the wonderful picture.

How much honey does a bee find in a flower? A naturalist says he has observed a bee extract a whole drop of honey from one flower, and again he has watched a bee visit a hundred flowers without getting load enough to return to the hive. Bees work advantageously within a radius of three miles of the hive, but they will go eight miles to get honey from a field of buckwheat. They are very partial to the buckwheat bloom. Bees have a most delicately developed scent. When a bee leaves its hive it rises in the air and scents honey bearing flowers in the wind and follows the scent to the flowers.

Oxford Training.

The average citizen, if asked what was taught at Oxford, would probably reply, "Useless learning." And in many ways it is a true answer, for its aim is not to turn out doctors, lawyers and merchants, ready made, but men with carefully trained minds, fitted not for this or that profession, but for the whole conduct of life. It is contended that such a man will insensibly take a wider view of his subject than the specialist, for he approaches it from a different standpoint.—London Outlook.

Good Living In China.

An English surgeon at Hongkong writes that "all Chinamen eat fish and pork at morning and evening meals. Fowls and ducks are always on the table of all but the most humble of the cooly class, and they do not have them because they cannot afford them. I hope this will be a sufficient answer to those who maintain that Chinamen live on rice. It is not nearly so true as that the Scotch live on porridge."

A Simple Question.

"May a man marry his widow's sister?" was a question I heard put to a prominent lawyer.

"Certainly he may," was the reply without a moment's hesitation. Then the lawyer had another think coming.

Salt Rheum, Tetter, Eczema.—These distressing skin diseases relieved by one application. Dr. Agnew's Ointment is a potent cure for all eruptions of the skin. Jas. Gaston, Wilkesbarre, says: "For nine years I was disfigured with Tetter on the hands. Dr. Agnew's Ointment cured it." 35 cents.—31

What town in Norfolk is like ham at five shillings a pound?—Dereham.

What is the more valuable; a ten-pound note or ten sovereigns?—A ten-pound note; because when you put it in your pocket you double it, and when you take it out again you see it in creases.

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

Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Why was the whale that swallowed Jonah like a milkman who has retired on an independence?—Because he took great profit out of the water.

A BUSHEL OF FLIES have actually been killed by one packet of Wilson's Fly Pads. No other fly killer compares with Wilson's.

Two vowels and fifty will name a fish.—Eel.

Why were the builders of the Tower of Babel like the letter F?—Because they made a brick fabrick.

If a stone were thrown into the Red Sea what would it become?—A whetstone (wet stone).

The Backache Stage may be just that incipient form of kidney disease which, if neglected, will develop into stubborn and distressing disorder that will take long tedious treatment to cure. Don't neglect the "backache stage" of the most insidious of diseases. South American Kidney Cure stops the ache in six hours and cures.—30

If a pair of spectacles could speak what ancient historian would they mention?—Eusebius (you see by us).

What time of night will cats go in at the front door?—When they find it open.

IT IS WORTH 10 CENTS to clean your house of flies, and one packet of Wilson's Fly Pads will do it.

Why do little birds in their nests agree?—For fear of falling out.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

PITH AND POINT.

It is easy to "make fun" of people.

We all promise more than we can perform.

Consider the other side. You may be unreasonable.

Don't forget that you are not as clever as you think you are.

Somehow the applause given at amateur entertainments sounds terribly like relief.

You know how selfish you are? Well, you can judge from yourself how selfish others are.

When a man says impressively and confidentially, "The facts are," etc., how often does he tell the facts?

When the baby keeps a man awake at nights, he "casually" mentions it to every one he meets on the way downtown.

If the pictures in the family album were taken as long as thirty years ago, looking through it is almost as interesting as seeing a different tribe of the human race.

WIFE MURDERER HANGED.

William Robinson, murderer of his wife Theresa Robinson, in their home on the North Mountains, Kings county, N. S., on the night of May 24 last, was executed by Hangman Radcliffe at Kentville early Tuesday morning.

Why is a little dog's tail like the heart of a tree?—Because it is farthest from the bark.

WORK ON JAMES BAY RAILWAY.

Work on Mackenzie & Mann's railway at James Bay began last week near Richmond Hill, and will be prosecuted, the promoters declare, with the utmost energy. This part of the work has been undertaken first on account of engineering difficulties that have to be overcome.

When does a leopard change his spots?—When he moves from one place to another.

Case of Nervous Prostration.

For Months Mrs. Myles Lay a Helpless Sufferer—Attributes Restoration to

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

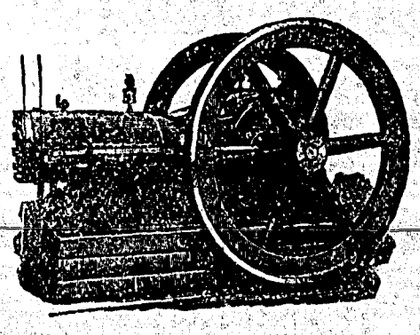
Mrs. John Myles, senior, of South Woodslee, Essex County, Ont., is well known throughout the surrounding country because of her work among the sick and suffering, and it was on account of over-exertion in this regard that her health broke down, and she lay weak and helpless, a victim of nervous prostration. Doctors could not help her, and she resolved to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. As a result she has been thoroughly restored, and by recommending this treatment to others has been the means of bringing back health and happiness to many a weakened and discouraged sufferer from diseases of the nerves.

Mrs. Myles writes:—"When I began the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I was confined to my bed with what the doctors said was nervous prostration. My stomach was very weak, and I could not sleep at all for any length of time. Nervous chills and trembling would come over me at times and I seemed to be getting weaker and weaker all the time. There was also pains on top of the head, which caused me much suffering and anxiety.

"After using half a dozen boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I began to gain in weight and to feel stronger. Since then I have been gradually restored to health, and in looking back can say that the improvement has been something wonderful. I used in all forty boxes of the preparation and feel it a duty, as well as a privilege, to recommend it to all who are suffering from nervous disorders. Several persons to whom I have described my case have used it and been cured, and I am sure that I owe my present good health, if not life itself, to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

OHIO GASOLINE ENGINES



PORTABLE ENGINES FOR THRESHING

and STATIONARY for CHOPPING and WOOD SAWING in stock at all times. We can ship at a day's notice. We have sold a large number of those engines and every one has given the best of satisfaction to our customers. Write us for Prices and Catalogue.

We are dealers in Engines, Boilers, Wood Working Machinery, Blacksmith Tools, Power Hammars, Drills, Forges, Emery Wheels and Stands, Pulleys, Shafting, Rubber and Leather Belting, Elevator Machinery, in fact everything in the machinery line.

Henry Ave., East. BURRIDGE-COOPER CO., Ltd., Winnipeg.

I AM THE OLDEST Established Grain Commission Merchant in Winnipeg.

Consign your grain to me and get prompt service, careful attention, and highest market prices.

Reference—UNION BANK of CANADA. **S. SPINK,** DRAWER 1300.

MARCH-WELLS GRAIN CO.

Grain in car lots bought on track or sold on commission. Reasonable advances made. Prompt returns. Correspondence solicited. Reference: Any Bank in Winnipeg.

ROOM 414, GRAIN EX. BLDG., WINNIPEG.

SHIP YOUR **WHEAT, OATS AND FLAX** Through a Strictly Commission Firm.

We handle strictly on commission therefore can give every attention to car shipments, and will obtain the best prices for same. We will be pleased to answer enquiries re prices, shipping, etc. If YOU have grain to ship or sell do not fail to write for our "Way of Doing Business," as it will pay you well.

THOMPTON, SONS & CO., The Commission Merchants, Winnipeg.

BANKERS -- UNION BANK OF CANADA.

FARMERS will find it to their advantage to consign their GRAIN to

ROBERT MUIR & CO., Winnipeg

WHO pay highest prices and make prompt returns. Advances made on consignments. Correspondence solicited. Established 1886. Reference—Union Bank of Canada.

The present indications point to a spotted wheat crop in Southern Manitoba on account of rust. We have had a great deal of experience handling shrunken grain. You may have the benefit of this experience by shipping your grain to us.

The upper half of Manitoba and the Territories have a fine big crop if not damaged by frost, and we would like to show you prices we can get for grade wheat. Let us prove these facts to you, as we are doing to your neighbors.

McLaughlin & Ellis

GRAIN EXCHANGE, Winnipeg. • REFERENCES: Canadian Bank of Commerce, Commercial Agencies.

Who knows anything about

"BANNIGER"?

All Buyers, Sellers and Users of

EDDY'S IMPERVIOUS SHEATHING PAPER

Are interested in this question

Will every reader of this enquiry "Who knows anything about **BANNIGER.**" Please drop a line on the subject to,

The E. B. EDDY COMPANY, HULL, CANADA.

The - Greatest Bargain Yet

25 Dozen
Men's Shirts and Drawers usually sold at 90 cents each,
Special Sale Price - - *50c. each.*

CALL AND SEE THEM.

CORNER CASH STORE,
STANLEY H. RIGGS.

ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY.
Subscription.....$2.00 a year,

W. B. Anderson, Mgr.

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

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

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

During the Laurier administration it has been the custom to remove from public office competent and faithful servents who held office under a Conservative government, simply to oblige a political pull. We shall watch with interest their proceedings in filling the office left vacant months ago by the death of Mr Milne, who was collector of customs, and which has ever since been honorably and efficiently filled by the acting collector,—a young man of more than ordinary ability who was educated in the Public and High schools of Victoria. Should a stranger or office seeker be appointed to the position he will be known as a figure head, as all the work will still be done by the chief clerk who has been brought up in the service, and filled the office with entire satisfaction. The Laurier Government has now an opportunity to practice what they have preached through the election campaign, that they did not believe in the spoils system. Will the spoils beiong to the victors and office seekers or will useful and efficient servants remain in the service?

THE ESQUIMALT DEFENCES

All sorts of speculation is rife owing to the sudden ordering home of H. M S. Grafton on this station, and the Flora, at present in southern waters. Work has been going on steadily in fortifications for months past at Esquimalt while at Work Point barracks, requirements for the present garrison of about 500 men, are still proceeding The Esquimalt fortifications were built and are maintained solely as a naval base and defence, and to protect a great drydock. The opinion among military and naval men, however, shows that as the international trouble has shifted to the Pacific all troops and ships will be removed from unimportant stations and great army divisions will be stationed in Australia, China, Egypt Esquimalt, India and the Cape. The Government sooner or later also awake to the importance of Vancouver as a great military post and naval station.

The Big Store is where you get the greatest values in umbrella. See our gents Special with barrel runners, steel rod and paragon frame. Try one, $1.75 each.

Mr G Lippiat who has been thrice badly injured in the mines here, leaves for his home in the east on Friday, the change may alter his luck, Below will be found a note of thanks for a collection taken up among the miners for his benefit and the list of contributors. We wish Gerald luck in his new field.

Bacon 40c; Leygdone 40c; J Mathewson 40c; D Austin 50; W Tompson 50c; Wm Maryfield $1; J Fraser 90c; W McLean 90c; R Strang $1; J Nicholson $1; R Merrect 90; J Johnston 50c; G Shearar $1; S Walker 50c; R Gibson 50c; G Smart $1; Bradberg $1; H King $1; W McNiven, 50c; McMillan 50c; Marrandale 25c; J Potter 50c; P Bartome 50c; V Piket 50c; J Richards 50c; W Potter 50c; C McGill 50c; L Goore 25c; W Parnler 90c; C Caraboose $1; Peasto 40c Morris 50c; T Moffatt 50c; B Barazonie 50c; P Ronie 50c; C Kyubart 50c; P Moncore 50 J Stan 50c; Cerik 50c; Misim 50c; Jack J Jefferies $1; G Agassize 20c; P Watson 50c; D Stewart 50c; Monks 50c; E Bickle 50c; J Peacock $1; S August 40c; Alex McNeil $1; J Bladonie 50c; J Eaq 50c; John Jhonson $1; W Delaney 50c; J Liddle 50c; W Sutton 50c; Sing 25c; A Nugyrn 50c; Tie O $1; M Brown 50c; J Turnbull $1; Cetrozo 50c; S Williams 50c; J Watson 50c; M Morgan $1; T Rogers $1; W York $1; B Mellado $1; D W Stewart $1; T Leamo ; W Connors $1; Mickeljohn $1; T Robertson 30c; J Philip 50c; Lee 30c; Lim Toy 25c; J Webber $1; F Bickel $1; J Dockerty 50c; F Ramsay $1; H Stevens $1; J Tillmore $1; J Horberry $1; T Richards 50c; H Whyte 50c J Daniels 50 ; J Davis 25c; J Mazeo 50c; L Allerio 25c; R Butem 50c; L Tappello 25c; Toney 55 ; C Stauss $1; W Hudson 50c; A Maxwell 50c; H Kerby 50c; J Lewis 50 ; J Bennie $1; Wong 25c; J Tobacco 25c; Fred Pickard $1; Ee Ian 50c; F Walsh 50c; Joe Jpeicie 50c; a Napson 30c; R Robertson 50c J Low 70; M Marnelio $1; J Crezzette 50c; J Scant 50c; S Specitie 50c; J Gillespie $1; H Campbell 50 ; N McFadyen 50c; A Armstrong $1; J Gibson $1; N Concieah 50c; A Wain 50c; F Harwood 50c; Oberon $1; Cameron 20c; A McKnight $1; W Kilpatrick $1; H Gillespie 75c; R Lowden 50c; Clark 50c; F McIntosh 50c; M Wilson $1; Chink 25c; Victor 75c; S Davis $1; J Tobacco 24 ; Friend 30c; Taylor 50c; S.H. Riggs, $1; Napier & Partridge $1; F Dick 50c; F E. Bate $1; J McPhee & Son $1; J N McLeod 50c; G McMillan $1; W McKay $1; J Bruce $1; B Talliage $1; J T Lidstone $1.50; T Whyte $1; W Hayman 50c; Friend $2 50; H Cameron 50c; J Hudson $1; S Shore $1; J Taffaet $1; G Patton $1; J Chambers $; D Kilpatrick 50c; B Delaney 50c; R. S. Robertson $1; J Keely 50c; N McLeod 50c R Freeburn 50c; S Hancock $1; H. A. Mills 75c.

Forest Cumberland News

Dear Sir—Allow me to give my most sincere thanks through your paper to the public of Cumberland for the splendid collection that was taken up by my friends G. Gibson and T. Ripley who gave their services free.—I remain, yours truly GERALD LIPPIAT.

Stoddart sells the Dolan Watch.

Our Dairy Chop is an excellent Milk producer. Only $24 per ton, Napier & Partridge.

Explosion at Fernie

14 MINERS KILLED.

Fernie, 20th—14 miners were killed at noon yesterday in an explosion of dust and gas in No 11 at Carbonado, which is the name of the Colliery at Morrisey, 10 miles wes of Fernie. The dead are, Wm Jenkins, L. Carter, A. Prepnic, Venzelvererka. P. Tenny, M. Tomseaky, A. Johnston, A. and J. Brond Pat. Boyle, Jos. Scuchy, Wm Plate, Jas. Greenman, Mike Jenkins, whose wife and 7 children arrived from England the day before the accident. Nearly all the others are known to be single. Inspector Morgan inspected the mine 3 days ago. There were only 15 men in the mine at the time of the accident and as the 12 bodies recovered were found in the main level it is proved that the miners had considerable warning which they made good use of. Some ran 400 feet before being overcome by afterdamp. The inquest has been adjourned until Nov. 28

St Petersburg. 20th—Gen. Stessel has telegraphed to Emperor Nicholas that Port Arthur can hold out several months yet.

DEATH.

Mrs John King, an aged lady, died at her home on the Comox road last Tuesday The deceased came from England some years ago joining her husband and son on the ranch, where she has lived since. The funeral took place next day, the interment being in the Presbyterian cemetery at Sandwick.

Mr Martindale of the Scranton Correspondence School is in town on a business trip.

Remember the Great Free Day at Napier & Partridges.

The following apology appears in the Colonist of Nov. 14th from Mr C. H. Lugrin, late manager of the Victoria weekly Progress.

AN APOLOGY.

Sir—In the issue of Progress of November 7, there was a reference to Col. Prior in connection with Inspector Dick and the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co. While I am technically responsible for what appeared in Progress, the reference made to Col. Prior was made without my knowledge and I very greatly regret that it should have appeared in a paper under my control not only because it was entirely uncalled for, but because it was exceedingly unfair to Col. Prior. I know of no reason whatever why Col. Prior's name should be connected with that of Mr Dick in the matter referred to, and I do not believe that any reason exists. I further regret the publication of the reference, because of the personal and political friendship between the managers of the coal company and myself, and feel that an apology is due to them and to Col. Prior, and I take this means of making it.

CHARLES H. LUGRIN,
Victoria, November 14, 1904.

AT THE BIG STORE

A Bargain, 12 prs strong well made leather top Boots in size 6 to 7 only Regular prices $3 75 and $4.00 per pr. This is an odd line and must be cleared up so you can now have them for $2 25 pr.

You-till-eyes

Your spare time by taking a course in the

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
SCRANTON, PA.

The reason a young man gave for taking a course in Steam Engineering the other day was, he said—"I want to pass my examination with 100 per cent."

For information drop me a card,

T. W. MARTINDALE,
Agent, Victoria, B.C.

MOVING SALE

Strangling.. Reductions

All our Goods must be cleared out by December 1st, 1904 All our Dry Goods, Gents. Furnishings, Boots and Shoes, Rubbers, etc., 10 per cent. off. Men's and Boys' Clothing 20 per cent. off. If there is anything you need in the above come and take advantage of

Weinrobe's Moving Sale.

Xmas — BUY SOMETHING Substantial

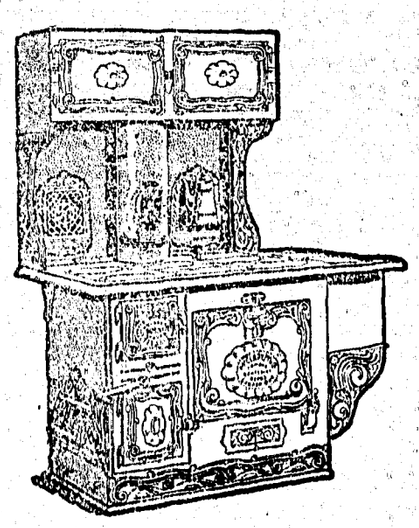
STERLING Silver Manicure Sets, Desk Sets, Coffee Spoons in Cases, Picture Frames, Childs Cups, Tete a Tete, &c. Cut Glass and Silver Plate, Solid Gold Watches, Chains, Lockets, Diamond Rings and Pearl Brooches. ☞ A large stock to select from and cheaper than elsewhere.

P. STODDART, Watchmaker & Jeweler.
All Purchases Engraved, while you wait, Free.

Kootenay Steel Range

SAVES FUEL

It is not the first cost of a range which makes it cheap or expensive, but the amount of fuel it afterwards consumes.



If you buy a range a few dollars cheaper than a Kootenay, and it burns from 15 to 25 per cent. more fuel, what do you gain? Nothing; but you actually lose money, besides putting up with all the inconveniences of an old-style range.

The Kootenay is equipped with every known device for reducing the consumption of fuel.

Sold by all enterprising dealers.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET

McClary's

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

C. H. TARBELL, Sole Agent.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure E. W. Grove's signature is on each box, 25c.

The Very Latest Samples OF Cloths

Leave your order for a suit, also a complete line of RUBBER GOODS, GENTS. FURNISHINGS. SEE WINDOW.

C. DAVIES, OP DRUG STORE

Order your fall suits at Carey's. A full line of latest goods just received.

Big Store Shoe Shops for this week. Ladies Heavy grain leather snows, regular price $1.75 reduced to $1.50 Misses and children Beaverclads, a stout well made school shoe $1.50 up

A Fair Trial IS ALL WE ASK

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

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

$500 REWARD,

Cumberland, Nov. 12, 1904.

A Reward of Six Hundred Dollars will be given to any person that will give information of the party or parties that attempted to blow up my store at Chinatown.

LAI YEUN.