Prov Library

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

ELEVENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY, SEP 6, 1904

The Big Store

Is the best place to buy your

HARDWARE

Full lines of self and heavy Hardware

Also complete stock of Mixed Paints, Varnishes, Carriage Paints, Enamels, Stains, Alabastine, etc. ... ...

LARGE STOCK OF STATIONERY
..... ALWAYS ON HAND.....
Envelopes, Blank Books, Writing Tablets, Papeteries
Exercise Books, Scribbling Books.

A SPECIALTY OF ALL KINDS
....OF SCHOOL SUPPLIES....

S. Leiser & Co.

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

Iron - and - Brass - Bedsteads

No 902 Iron Enamel $20.
Pink, Cream and Gold, 4ft. 6in. wide.
Blue, White and Gold, 4ft. 6in. "
Height of Head, 61½ inches.
Height of Foot, 47½ "

OUR LINE THIS YEAR CONtains more and Prettier Patterns than ever. .. ..

THREE CARLOADS

Received already this season, from best makers only. It will pay you to deal with us. All we ask is that you allow us to make a practical demonstration by sending us at least a trial order.

Write for 1904 Catalogue, Free, to you.

BUREAUS and WASHSTANDS to go with above Beds in all grades. Elm, Maple, Birch, Oak, Birds Eye Maple, Mahogany, etc.

WEILER BROS., Victoria, B.C.

COMPLETE FURNISHERS.

CUMBERLAND

Meat Market

Choicest Meats
Supplied at Lowest Market Prices

Vegetables
A Great Variety will always be in stock; also a supply of

Fresh Fish
will be on Sale every Wednesday

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

J. McPhee & Son

PROPRIETORS.

NOTICE.

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

T. H. CAREY, TAILOR.

FOR SALE

About 6 acres of GREEN OATS at Comox.—Apply, G. G. Macdonald, Elk Hotel, Comox.

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH SERVICES.

Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 pm, —first Sunday in the month, 11 am.. Morning service, 11 a.m.; Sunday, School, 2.30 p.m.; Evening service, 7 p.m.; Choir Practice every Friday at 7 30 p.m.

F. G. CHRISTMAS .Pastor.

ATHLETIC EXHIBITION & DANCE

The Cumberland Athletic Association's tournament which took place in the Cumberland Hall last Wednesday evening was a most creditable affair, and though the house was fairly well filled, was worthy of a much larger audience. The proceedings were presided over by the President, Dr Staples, and began with a wrestling bout between W. Hudson and D. James, best two of three—1st fall Hudson, 2nd James, 3rd Hudson. R. Strang referee. Then came a bout between two members of H.M.S. Flora's crew, Jerred and Reeves—won by Jerred. Three Flora men then gave a clever exhibition on the parallel bars G. Lippiat and Welsh of the Flora, boxed three rounds, the Cumberland man easily holding his own. Cutlass drill by the Flora's was an entertainment novel to the most of us here, and well appreciated, as was the single stick exhibition by the same men. The last on the programme was a five-round boxing bout between Green of the Flora and G. Lippiat, and this was the event of the evening, the sailor handling himself most cleverly. No discredit can be placed to Lippiat's being out-classed by him, as he is without doubt, an exceptionally good man with the gloves, his guard being perfect, and he is more over, very clever on his feet. Great credit is due Gerald for standing up to two men, for he aimed to make the entertainment as full as possible and all the other punchers seemed to have got cold feet.

After the performance, a dance was held, at which many enjoyed themselves until a late hour.

Hearty thanks of the Cumberland Athletic Association are tendered the members of H.M.S. Flora's crew who so kindly assisted in making the entertainment the success it was.

Local and Personal

Place your order with us for preserving peaches.—Napier & Partridge.

Sale of Work in aid of Trinity Church on Tuesday 20th.

JUST ARRIVED, a large assortment of New Millinery at MISS NASH'S

Mrs Dee and child of Nanaimo is visiting Mrs L. C. McDonald.

Mr Walker of the Royal Bank has gone below for a holiday.

Don't fail to go to the Great Summer Clearance Sale at the Big Store Prices away down.

Constable Banks was a passenger home on Thursday.

Mrs D. Bennie and children are home from a week's visit to Nanaimo relatives.

Large consignments of choicest fresh fruit by each boat.—Napier & Partridge.

Mr and Mrs Lidstone and family returned Thursday from Victoria.

Pit Shoes, regular $3 shoe (Ames Holden) on Saturday only $2.50.—Napier & Partridge.

Dr. and Mrs Millard and son are home again from a visit to Vancouver.

Buy your shoes at the Big Store largest stock in the district. Reliable goods at popular prices.

Mr H. F. Pullen formerly of the "Progress" staff in Victoria, has been appointed to a position on the teaching staff at the Victoria Girls Central School.

Mr and Mrs Wm Ganner of Nanaimo, and Mr F. E. Atwood of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., drove through to Cumberland and Comox last week. They expect to remain for a week.

Mr H. Waller arrived on Tuesday evening to spend a month in Cumberland. He reports business rather dull at Victoria and the Coast generally. Too much competition.

The funeral of the month-old infant of Mr and Mrs Bartholdi took place on Thursday afternoon from Trinity Church. Rev. Mr Christmas conducting the service.

Miss Laura Abrams has gone to Nanaimo for her summer vacation. Mrs Kilpatrick and family and her sister Mrs Stuart were also outward bound on Thursday evening.

Miss Lucy Little, Mrs and Miss C. Piket, Mrs Wilkinson, Miss Dick, and Mr Flannin were passengers by Thursday evening's steamer for Victoria, Nanaimo and Vancouver.

Mr and Mrs Alex. Cameron have moved from the wharf and are living in the cottage owned and lately occupied by Mr R. J. Smith, who has moved to the ranch.

Mr McMain who lately arrived to take Mr Walker's place in the bank. during that gentleman's vacation, travels about from post to post on relief duties of this sort.

Mr E. Woods arrived from Dawson last week, and has been spending some days in Cumberland, looking up old friends. He leaves for home this week.

The concert at Courtenay last Thursday was fairly attended, and the programme well appreciated. The proceeds are for the benefit of Geo. Davis, who lost his leg some time ago in No. 4 mine.

This week a large assortment of gents and ladies worsteds in blue, black and colors, will arrive for T. H. Carey, merchant tailor, also fancy worsteds and vestings and French pantings. Any person requiring an up to-date tailor-made suit or costume should give Mr Carey an order. Every suit ordered and paid for means $12 in wages to white employees.

Mrs Charlton, a widowed daughter of Mrs Puckeridge, and her daughter, are expected to-night. While on the road, Mrs Charlton had a thrilling experience, having been in a train accident on the C. P.R. in which three other lady passengers were killed. The new comers will reside with her mother at Dr Staples'.

The MAGNET CASH STORE.

PRESERVING JARS

Ask your Merchant for the Crown Fruit Jar, it has no equal. The glass is twice as thick as the Mason. We have the Crown and Mason. The Mason is a cheap jar. Come and compare the two jars.

We sell the jars as follows:—

MASON—	Pints.....	$0 80	doz.
"	Quarts,.....	0 90	"
"	Half Gallon.....	1 20	"
CROWN—	Pints,.....	$1 00	doz.
"	Quarts.....	1 25	"
"	Half Gallon....	1 40	"

Jelly Glasses..... 70c. doz.

T. E. BATE,

DUNSMUIR AVE., Cumberland

WHEN Prices are Down

WE BUY LARGELY, and now that prices are going up the customers of the BEST Store naturally get the benefit of the BEST Prices.

No Half Measures. Our Motto is—"Best in Everything."

THESE PRICES ARE UNAPPROACHABLE—

Granulated Sugar, per 100 lbs.....	$5 60
Do, do, per 20 lbs.....	1 20
5 Roses Hungarian, Oak Lake and Enderby Flour, per sack.....	1 65
Snowflake, Pastry Flour—per sack.....	1 55
Finest Cured American Hams, per lb.....	0 20
Lard, 3 lb. tins.....	0 45
Do, 5 lb. tins.....	0 70
Do, 10 lb. tins.....	1 35
Do, 20 lb. pails.....	2 50
Baking Powder—	
Royal, 12 oz. tins.....	0 40
Do. 16 oz. tins.....	0 50
Do. 2½ lb. tins.....	1 25
Montreal or Immense Soap, 4lb. bars.....	0 25
Rice—Best Japan—per 50lb. sack.....	2 00
Windsor Salt, 3lb. bags, 7 for.....	0 50
Salmon, 2 tins.....	0 25
Cheese, per lb.....	0 17
Lime Juice—large bottle.....	0 35

Try our Special Blend Ceylon Tea at 35c., equal to package Teas sold at 50c. per lb.

Every Cash Purchase gives a chance of winning one of the valuable prizes which are being given at intervals.

NAPIER & PARTRIDGE

Ordered His Own Head Off.

The great Count Saigo was an instructive example of the habit of mind of the Japanese. The count was in insurrection against his emperor in 1873 and was nearly in the toils, and he knew it, so in his stronghold he employed his leisure time in playing chess with his immediate friends. Reports kept coming in from the outposts, each one more disheartening than the last. But the count still went on playing chess, while the utmost good humor and pleasant raillery continued among the whole party. Yet another messenger from the outposts came in, which left no doubt as to the situation. Still the count and his companions went on playing. "Your move, sir," were the words that broke the absorption of the moment. Then when there was a pause in the game at which he could rise without being discourteous to his guests the count got up and said, "Gentlemen, now it is time." He directed some one to send for his sword bearer. The man advanced and immediately received his orders. A few seconds later Count Saigo's body and head had been separated at one heavy blow.

Favorite Japanese Card Game.

A favorite card game of the Japanese is played as follows: One hundred well known proverbs are selected, each divided into two parts and each part printed on a separate card. The host of the evening has the hundred first halves, which he reads aloud, one by one, the hundred second halves are dealt to the other players, who place their hands face upward on the "tata mi," or thick mat of rice straw, on which they sit. As the first half of any proverb is read the holder of the second half throws it out, or if he sees it unnoticed among his neighbor's cards seizes it and gives him one of his own. The player who is first "out" wins. It is a very simple game, but it affords great entertainment to the players, for the quicksighted and keen witted are constantly seizing the cards of their duller and slower neighbors, and this leads to much laughter and many good natured sarcasms.

STARFISH AND OYSTERS.

Mistake That Was Made by a Planter of the Bivalves.

"A few years ago," said a Long Island oyster planter last week, "one of the planters here made a big mistake that nearly cost him his whole year's oyster crop.

"You know, I suppose, that the worst enemy of the oysters is the starfish. We catch them with an instrument called a tangle in great quantities and pile them up ashore, where the sun soon kills them. But that, as you may imagine, is not an operation calculated to make the neighborhood of the place very fragrant, for the star has a fearful odor after he dies.

"Now, this planter of whom I am speaking had a plan to avoid all this. He told one of his men off with an ax, and as fast as the boats brought in a load of starfish the ax was plied, and the pieces were then dumped overboard.

"He rubbed his hands over his good idea, but he wasn't so pleased a month or so afterward when the starfish began to devour his oysters again, and investigation with the dredge and tangle showed that there were more of them than ever on his beds.

"About this time an expert from the fish commission came snooping around for curiosities, and he heard, of course, about the stars. He began to laugh.

"'All that you succeeded in doing,' said he to the oyster planter, 'when you chopped up the starfish was to increase them. Don't you know that starfish can be cut into as many as six pieces and still not only survive, but form a new starfish from almost every piece?'"

The thousands of people who write to me, saying that

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

cured them of chronic coughs, cannot all be mistaken. There must be some truth in it.

Try a bottle for that cough of yours.

Prices: 25c, 50c, $1. S. C. Wells & Co. LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can. $10

A ROYAL FEATHER CLOAK.

Kalakaua Couldn't Wear It, and His Groom Disgraced It.

When King Kalakaua of Hawaii visited Japan many years ago he was very anxious to exhibit to the Japanese his famous royal feather cloak. It did not look well draped over the regular costume of the king, which was based on European military models. It was out of the question to wear it draped over brown cuticle, as was the ancient fashion. Finally it was decided to let Robert, one of his attendants, wear it. William N. Armstrong, the king's attorney general, said: "This additional service delighted Robert, who now, according to a confidential statement made to his Japanese attendant, was 'keeper of the royal standard,' 'groom of the feather cloak' and 'valet in ordinary.' While in the imperial car, on the way to Tokyo, the king's suit had suddenly seen Robert, sitting in state in the luggage car, dressed in a silk hat, white gloves and with the gorgeous royal cloak hanging over his shoulders, the tableau being completed by a group of Japanese attendants who were standing before him lost in admiration." But Robert was scarcely equal to the dignity that was his. In his capacity of valet he preceded the party to the palace assigned to them, and discovered there abundance of wines and spirits, which he consumed until they arrived. He was found asleep in the king's bedchamber with the silk hat far down over his head and the gorgeous cloak askew on his shoulders. He was at once deposed from his office of 'groom of the feather cloak.'"

AN ODD PROCESSION.

Tiny Worms That Travel In a Long Serpentlike Mass.

The sciara, of the genus tipulx, a tiny wormlike creature which is found in the forests of Norway and Hungary during the month of July or early in August, gather in huge numbers preparatory to migrating in search of food or for a change of conditions. When setting out on this journey, they stick themselves together by means of some glutinous matter and form a huge serpentlike mass, often reaching a length of between forty and fifty feet and several inches in thickness. As the sciara is only on an average of about three thirty-seconds of an inch in length, with no appreciable breadth whatever, the number required to form a continuous line of the size above mentioned is incalculable.

Their pace is of course very slow, and upon meeting an obstacle, such as a stick or stone, they either writhe over or around it, sometimes breaking into two bodies for the purpose. A celebrated French naturalist says that if the rear portion of this snakelike procession be brought into contact with the front part the insects will keep moving round in that circle for hours, never seeming to realize that they are getting no farther on their journey. If the portions be broken in two, the procession will unite in a short time. When the peasant meets one of these processions, he will lay some obstacle in front of it. If it passes over it, it is a good omen.

The Japanese Sleeve Dog.

The Japs have a quaint standard of perfection by which they assess canine merits. Thus the sleeve dog has or ought to have five cardinal "points"—the "butterfly head," in which the color marking represents a butterfly, the white blaze on nose and forehead forming the body, and the rest of the face and ears the wings; the sacred "V" found in the wedge shape of the blaze running up the forehead; in the center of this sacred V an isolated circle of color, which typifies the "bump of knowledge;" the "vulture feet" requiring ample feathering, as the fringing hair is technically called, and lastly the tightly curled, profusely feathered tail symbolical of the sacred flower of Japan, the chrysanthemum.

Unpatented Articles.

According to law, any manufacturer has the right to copy an article made by another which is not protected by patent, but he has not the right to so imitate it in shape, design, color and number as to deceive purchasers of ordinary intelligence and cause them to mistake his product for that of the prior manufacturer.

Dr. Giuseppe Lapponi

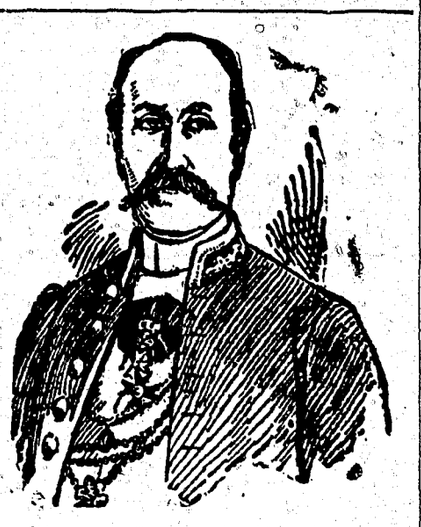
Physician to the Pope Praises Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

In Four Cases of Anaemia Their Effects Were So Satisfactory That He Will Go On Using Them.

Dr. Lapponi, whose skill preserved the life of the late Pope Leo XIII to the great age of 92, and to whose care the health of the present Pope, His Holiness Pius X., is confided, has written the remarkable letter of which the following is a translation:

"I certify that I have tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in four cases of simple Anaemia of development. After a few weeks of treatment, the result came fully up to my expectations. For that reason I shall not fail in the future to extend the use of this laudable preparation not only in the treatment of other morbid forms of the category of Anaemia or Chlorosis, but also in cases of Neurasthenia and the like."

DR. GIUSEPPE LAPPONI.



Dr. Giuseppe Lapponi, Physician to the Pope, who has written a letter in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

It would be impossible to exaggerrate the importance of this opinion. Dr. Lapponi's high official position places his professional competence above question, and it is certain that he did not write as above without weighing his words, or without a full sense of the effect his opinion would have.

The "simple anaemia of development" as referred to by Dr. Lapponi is of course that tired, languid condition of young girls whose development to womanhood is tardy, and whose health, at the period of that development, is so often imperilled. A girl, bright and merry enough in childhood, wil in her teens grow by degrees pale and languid. Frequent headaches, and a sense of uneasiness which she cannot understand, makes her miserable. Just when it is time for her to leave off being a girl and become a woman—a change which comes to different individuals at different ages—her development lingers—why? Because she has too little blood. That is, what Dr. Lapponi means when he speaks in the scientific language natural to him, of "the anaemia of development." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have the power of making new blood. They cure anaemia just as food cures hunger. That is how they help growing girls, who, for want of this new blood often drifts into chronic ill-health, or "go into a decline"—which means consumption—and die. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills could save them.

The value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a nerve tonic, referred to by Dr. Lapponi, makes them valuable to men as well as women. They act on the nerves through the blood and thus cure diseases like St. Vitus dance, neuralgia, paralysis and locomotor ataxia. When buying these pills it is important to see that the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is printed on the wrapper around each box. Never take a substitute, as it is worse than waste of money—it is a menace to health. If you cannot get the genuine pills from your dealer write the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be sent you post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50.

Canada's wheat field is approximately 300 by 900 miles in extent.

Canada has the largest continuous wheat field in the west.

TRAVELING IN INDIA.

One Must Hire a Native Servant or Endure Endless Trouble.

Every one who goes to India to travel or live at hotels, says the Chicago Record-Herald, must have a personal servant, a native who performs the duties of valet, waiter and errand boy and whatever else may be required of him. This is a fixed custom of the country, to resist which brings endless trouble to the traveler.

Many of the Indian hotels expect the guests to bring all their own servants, both chambermaids and waiters, and are consequently so short handed that the traveler who comes without them has usually to wait upon himself.

On the railways a native servant is quite indispensable, for travelers are required to carry their own bedding, make their own beds and furnish their own towels. The company provides a bench to sleep on similar to those in American freight cabooses.

Each car has also a washroom and sometimes water. But if the traveler wishes to be sure of washing his face in the morning and if he is wise he will send his servant to the station master before the train starts and ask to have the water tank filled. Then a Hindoo with a goatskin full of water will climb to the roof of the car and fill it and, having descended, will stand before the door and touch his forehead every time the traveler looks toward him till he receives a penny.

At the eating houses along the road the servant will have to raid the tables and shelves for food and bring it to the car for his master, since no waiters are provided. In addition he will hire baggage carriers and will attend to all the details of catching trains and engaging rooms.

A good servant can be hired for $15 a month. Poorer "bearers," as they are called, can be engaged for $2 or $3 a month and expect to "find" themselves, but the traveler must pay railway fare for them.

THE BOOKS THEY READ.

Cowper read only his Bible and his prayer book.

Chopin rarely read anything heavier than a French novel.

Voltaire's favorite classical author was Juvenal, the satirist.

Rossini for nearly thirty years read nothing but French novels.

Jean Paul Richter had only five or six books, all philosophical.

Lord Clive said that "Robinson Crusoe" beat any other book he ever read.

Franklin read all he could find relating to political economy and finance.

Michael Angelo was fondest of the books of Moses and the psalms of David.

Bach was no great reader, but much enjoyed books of jokes and funny stories.

Baxter read only the Bible and best enjoyed the prophesies of Isaiah and the Psalms.

Wordsworth was fond of the poetry of Burns, but said the latter was too rough and uncouth.—Booklover.

Animal Curiosity.

A cow will approach a new object fascinated, but with timorous suspicion, and a horse is even more timid, gazing at a distance for awhile, ready to flee in a moment. The monkey will snatch at everything that is new and deliberately examine it till, finding that he cannot eat it or mock mankind with it, he will drop it and let it pass from his shallow memory. There is a pathos in the slenderness of animal curiosity, it is so easily satisfied. The thought, if thought it be, usually ends with the first flush of surprise and the impression of safety.

Mummy Paint.

Ground up mummy makes a brown of a certain rare color that nothing else can give. It is on account of the asphaltum in the mummy that this is so. The Egyptians wrapped their dead in garments coated with asphaltum of an incomparably fine and pure quality. This asphaltum as the centuries passed impregnated the tissues of the dead themselves. It turned them into the best paint material in the world. Being exceedingly expensive, it is used only by portrait-painters in depicting brown hair.

Tribute of True Love.

In pathos and deep affection no love letter ever eclipsed the one found in the knapsack of a Confederate soldier after the battle of Atlanta. It told all about home and concluded with this poetic effort:

It's hard for you uns to be livin' in camps,
It's hard for you uns to be fightin' the Yanks,
It's hard for we uns from you uns to part,
'Cause you uns got we uns heart.

Stage Makeups.

Actresses are compelled to paint their faces before they go on the stage or the lights would give them the appearance of ghosts.

All Wrong.

It would be impossible to outdo ungrammatically this line which an English paper quotes from a song—author unknown—every word of the sentence being wrong. "Them sheeps is yourn."

SAVE BABY'S LIFE.

You cannot watch your little ones too carefully during the hot weather. At this time sickness comes swiftly and the sands of the little life are apt to glide away almost before you know it. Dysentry, diarrhoea, cholera infantum, and stomach troubles are alarmingly frequent during the hot weather. At the first sign of any of these troubles Baby's Own Tablets should be given—better still an occasional dose will prevent these troubles coming and the Tablets should therefore be kept in every home. Promptness may save your child's life. Mrs. J. R. Standon, Weyburn, N.W.T., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are valuable in cases of diarrhoea, constipation, hives, and when teething. I have never used a medicine that gave such good satisfaction." This is the experience of all mothers who have used the tablets. If you do not fine the Tablets at your druggists send 25 cents to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and a box will be sent you by mail post paid.

Thirty-one thousand, three hundred and eighty-three homestead entries were made in the Northwest in 1903; 64,000 homestead entries have been received in the Northwest in the last three years, equal to ten million acres. The entries for 1903 were double the number for 1902, and as many as for the three years previous. These 31,383 homestead entries mean an addition of 89,907 to the population.

Perfect Handcuffs.

Scotland Yard detectives have for years been trying to get a really secure handcuff that would baffle even themselves or experts like Houdini to open without a key. It is well known that the Government regulation handcuff can be opened by most policemen and all habitual criminals by means of a trick. Mr. Nathaniel Hart, a Birmingham blacksmith, has spent five years of night and day toil in making a pair of handcuffs that "no mortal man can escape from." In his early days Mr. Hart was employed in the manufacture of handcuffs. At the age of 30 he set up in business for himself as a blacksmith, but handcuffs, and how to manacle without a defect, have always had a fascination for him. Five years of his spare time has been devoted to the invention of a perfect handcuff. The great difficulty the maker of a handcuff has to contend with is that there is so little room in which a really powerful lock can be placed. Knowing this, Mr. Hart, after countless trials, has at length succeeded in constructing a lock which, when placed within the handcuff, even violent blows with a sledgehammer can only bend, but cannot break asunder. This particular cuff is in the shape of a figure 8, with what may be roughly described as part of a rifle barrel attached. The lock is made of the finest steel, and is "a lock within a lock." It cannot be picked. The inventor cannot do it himself, and the key took him over a week to make.

Absolutely Contented.

Mrs. Jenks—Are you perfectly satisfied with your new dress? Mrs. Speitz—Yes, indeed. The man I love best thinks it's beautiful, and the woman I love least has pretended to turn up her nose at it.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Canada has 45,000 Galicians and Bukowinians from Austria; of those 10,141 came in during 1903.

The Doukhobor migration of 8,000 from southern Russia in 1899 was the greatest modern exodus of a whole people.

Wash greasy dishes, pots or pans with Lever's Dry Soap (a powder). It will remove the grease with the greatest ease. 36

The maritime provinces have nearly 150,000 of French descent.

There are 10,000 of French descent in the Canadian west.

Ayer's

Bald? Scalp shiny and thin? Then it's probably too late. You neglected dandruff. If you had only taken our advice, you would have cured

Hair Vigor

the dandruff, saved your hair, and added much to it. If not entirely bald, now is your opportunity. Improve it.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for over 40 years. I am now 81 years old and have a heavy growth of rich brown hair, due, I think, entirely to Ayer's Hair Vigor."
MRS. M. A. KERTH, Belleville, Ill.

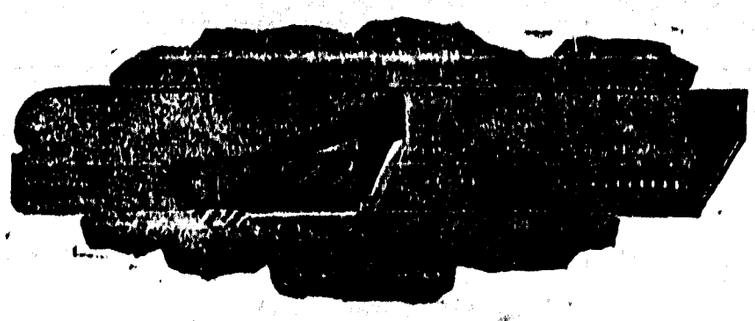
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for **Good Hair**

A TIME SAVER FOR COMPOSITORS.

THE ROUSE JOB STICK

Instantly and accurately lock to nonpareil or pica measure. Note the brace on side. : : : :



6x2 in. $2.00.
8x2 in. 2.25.
10x2 in. 2.50.
12x2 in. 2.75.
Nickel Plated .25 cents extra.

For sale by TORONTO TYPE FOUNDRY CO., Limited, WINNIPEG, CANADA.

The Road Mia Chose

By SARAH COMSTOCK

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

"How slow you are, Candida!"

"Yes." It was entirely good tempered. Therefore the other voice became crosser.

"What's the use primping two hours for that mere nobody of a Filiberto?"

"To be sure, what is the use?" Candida's good temper was maddening. Her mother was at the remote end of the house, but she could see mentally the smiling, tantalizing face that she knew so well.

Candida's mirror smiled back at her. It was a tiny mirror with a shabby frame, but it held the loveliest and most famous picture in all Alta California. The portrait was that of a sixteen-year-old girl, strongly built and exquisitely rounded, as those Castilian girls of old California were—the complexion a pure Castilian olive without a tinge of rose; the eyes a sparkling, vivid black; the hair as black as the eyes, a splendid mass coiled high and caught with a comb.

"Ah, but it is of use, even if Filiberto is a mere nobody. What do you think, lovely senorita?" she said to the face in the mirror. The face laughed back at her.

Candles were fastened to the wall on each side of the mirror, so that a strong light was thrown on the face therein. Candida could watch it to good advantage as it grew lovelier under her skillful touch.

A lock of hair did not suit her. She brushed it, pulled it, unfastened it, refastened it, finally pulled down the whole mass of hair in a heap and began coiling it all over from the beginning.

"You're the slowest of all my girls," fretted her mother in the dining room.

It made no difference to her whether Candida was slow or not on this occasion, but she was out of sorts with all the world. She had expected that the comandante would invite her daughter to accompany him to the fandango tonight. She had watched in vain for the message. She saw her matchmaking blighted after being brought to a critical point.

"Where's the girl?" growled a terrific voice. It was that of her husband.

"She's dressing."

"What for, when she's going with nobody but Yorba? She had as well wear her working gown."

"Ah, Dios—after all our hopes!" Senora Barrajas wrung her fat hands.

"It's of no avail to whimper about it. The girl's been a fool, you may count on that, no matter what she says. She's done something to annoy the comandante—it's like her. Stubborn as her mother. She will reap as she sows."

"My stubbornness made me marry you," put in the senora.

"And you got better than you ever deserved." He strode out of the room grumbling like a thunderstorm.

Candida, adjusting her comb, heard it all and smiled.

"Ah, madre mia, how blind you are in spite of your lynx eyes," she said and took a note from her bosom.

"Contrary to custom, I send this to you instead of to your mother," she reread with satisfaction. "For it is your answer I desire. Will you accompany me to the fandango? If not I shall go to Santa Barbara on business, for the fandango without you would hold no charms."

Below was what any girl in California would have given her black eyes for—the signature of the popular comandante.

No member of the family had seen the messenger ride up and deliver this note to Candida. Nor had any one seen her send back her answer which read:

"I must beg to be excused from this fandango, for my ankle is still weak since Pero threw me, and I dare not risk a dance."

Nor did any one know that she sent another message to a certain "nobody."

"The coast is clear. The comandante is going to Santa Barbara, so he will never know that I go to the dance. Father will let me go with you for the once, for he thinks I have no other invitation."

Candida's conscience shook off fibs as a duck shakes off water. There was not a cloud on her brow as she made herself lovely for the ball. Her father had given a grumbling "yes" to Filiberto's invitation. He had refused over and over to let the girl accompany this young man, whose fault was poverty, but now pique played its part, and as he realized that the comandante was not inviting Candida after all his promising attentions he resolved that she should not be left at home.

"I don't care; take her to the dance if you want to," he said to Filiberto Yorba. Then he went off muttering curses on the head of the comandante. They had gambled together many a time, and they had lain side by side in their cups when the aguardiente was plenty. "Now the man is jilting my daughter, is he?"

Candida tucked the note in her bosom again. It would be fun to show it to Filiberto when they had a little time alone.

"Tell Filiberto I'll be ready in a minute," she called as she heard the light hoofs of Mia.

She moved the comb to the other side, then back to its original position. Behind her ear she fastened a great crimson rose.

"You are lovelier than ever," Filiberto whispered as she gave him a glimpse of the picture she was. Then she threw a white mantilla over her head and shoulders, her face and the rose peeping out from the snowy lace.

"Good evening, Mia," she said, patting the little horse's nose. It gave a happy whinny, for it knew Candida.

Her father and mother came from the house and said a surly good evening to the handsome young Spaniard. To them he was entirely objectionable in that he had no property, no influential father, nothing but his own cleverness and courage to depend upon. Furthermore, they strongly suspected their daughter of preferring him to the shrewd old political fox to whom they were trying to marry her.

"Permit me to thank you both for intrusting your daughter to my care tonight," he said blithely in spite of the frowns that greeted him.

Candida patted the restless pony again. "Are you in a hurry, Mia?" she said. "Come, Filiberto, we must start. Mia says she will not wait."

The girl put her little red slippered foot into the stirrup, Filiberto helped her as she sprang, and she was perched aloft in the gala day saddle, all carved and besilvered. With a bow to the old people he sprang up behind her, as was the Californian custom.

He reached forward to adjust the reins. Mia fumed to be off. But the word had not been given when a clatter of hoofs sounded beyond the house.

All turned to see who the arrival was. The hoofs clattered more sharply as the gallop slowed. Up rode the comandante.

At the sight of Candida about to ride away he turned white with anger, as his way was.

"Ah, senorita, may I inquire who your physician may be that your ankle heals so quickly?"

The father and mother stood silent, looking from one to the other. Suspicion, fear, rage, were creeping upon them. It was no time to parry, the girl knew.

"There is but one physician who can heal every hurt," she replied. "He is love. I am in his charge. Off, Mia." And the pony was away with them.

"You mean it?" said Filiberto.

She only tossed him a teasing laugh now. "How Mia flies!" she said, dodging his question. "There are the lights of the fandango."

Far away glittered the brilliant lights in a great ranch house. Suddenly the road divided. At the end of one branch were the lights of the gay ball; at the end of the other, one lamp shone from the mission.

"Listen!" said Filiberto and stopped the horse. A strange blending of sounds came to their ears; guitar and violin sounded faintly from the left; from the right came the faraway chime of the mission bell.

"To the left lies the dance," he said slowly. "After it—home again, a storm of wrath, you and I separate forever."

"Yes," she said, the merriment gone out of her eyes.

"To the right," he went on, "Father Juan, our old priest and friend. He knows us and loves us. He will marry us tonight."

"Oh!" she cried with a little shudder.

"Shall it not be the right road?"

"Oh—I'm afraid—I can't"—

"Say the right."

She hesitated, perplexed. Then she cried: "I know, I'll let Mia decide. We shall see which way she chooses."

She pushed his hands from the reins, drew Mia to the middle of the fork and stopped her. "Now go, Mia," she said.

The horse flung up her head and galloped into the dark road on the right.

"Mia, you shall feed upon sugar lumps for the rest of your life," Filiberto said.

It was not for many years that Candida made a confession to her husband. "I tweaked the right rein," she owned then. "I was so afraid Mia might make a mistake."

Willing to Repeat.

The office boy to a large firm of publishers was a smart lad, and when he was sent to one of the operative departments with a message he noticed at once that something was wrong with the machinery. He returned, gave the alarm and thus prevented much damage. The circumstance was reported to the head of the firm, before whom John was summoned.

"You have done me a great service, my lad," he said. "In future your wages will be increased $1 weekly."

"Thank you, sir," said the bright little fellow. "I will do my best to be worth it and to be a good servant to you."

The reply struck the chief almost as much as the lad's previous service had done.

"That's the right spirit, my lad," he said. "In all the years I have been in business no one has ever thanked me in that way. I will make the increase $2. Now, what do you say to that?"

"Well, sir," said the boy after a moment's hesitation, "would you mind if I said it again?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Novel Advertisement.

That sentiment can be used with good effect in an advertisement the Germans evidently believe; otherwise it is difficult to account for the following letter, which appeared among the business notices in a German paper:

My Dearest Charlotte—My heart is almost broken because your father has forbidden me to call on you, and I know the only reason is because I am not wealthy. I cannot, however, live without you, and so we must meet somewhere.

Meet me tomorrow morning about 10 o'clock at —— in —— street. I mean that large store where they sell men's clothing. You know it's such a popular place that it's always crowded, and therefore no one will be able to spy on us. Besides, I intend to buy an overcoat, and I'd like to have your advice. In this store they have clothes of all colors and styles, so that I could never make up my mind if I were alone. Now, remember, my darling, I'll expect you at 10 o'clock, and I hope you won't disappoint me.

SILCHESTER'S MYSTERY.

Remains of Some of the Old Roman Houses Are Missing.

The excavations carried out during the last fourteen years by the Society of Antiquaries on the site of the ancient Romano-British City of Silchester ("Calleva Atrebatum") have revealed some very curious circumstances which have yet to be explained. The city is surrounded by a large wall nearly two miles in length, overhung with trees and overgrown with creeping plants, enclosing an area of 100 acres. Outside runs a deep fosse and large mound. This mound—sections of which have been taken—is composed solely of earth soil, while the fosse or ditch has been dug out of the gravel soil which is found a foot or so under the ground all over the country in and around Silchester, and of which one would suppose the mound to be made, since the surface soil would not have been sufficient by itself.

The question is, why was the mound made solely of earth soil, and where did this earth come from? The only explanation is that the mound is composed of all the earth removed from the surface when the foundations of the houses and streets were being formed and laid out; but this seems a curious thing to have done, for a gravel mound would have been far superior. When the remains of the houses and other buildings are uncovered there are found no traces, or very few, of the material of the upper parts, as on other Roman sites, except the foundations and pavements. Nor is any of the building material to be seen in neighboring churches, as at St. Albany Abbey, Guildford Castle, and other places, where Saxons and Normans have utilized in their churches and castles material from Roman sites. This seems to suggest that the walls of the buildings only extended a few feet above the ground, wood being used in the upper parts; but this could hardly have been the case in such an important place as Silchester, although this is the only explanation so far to account for the non-existence of the materials of the upper parts of the buildings.

There are also many pits 18 feet to 30 feet deep, at the bottom of which are found perfect pots among much rubbish and broken pottery. How did these come there? Some of the pits were possibly wells, and the pots might have been accidentally dropped in by those fetching water (the water breaking their fall and preventing them from being shattered), and after the wells were "dried up" they were used for throwing in rubbish—thus covering the vessels accidentally dropped in.

A Maid of the Future.

The servant girl who arrived at her new situation followed by a wagon containing her piano, must have a blood relation living. At any rate, it is recorded that the other day a lady said to her servant Maria in the half-apologetic way that the modern maid has to be addressed: "The front porch is dreadfully dirty, Maria." "Yes, I know," replied Maria, "but the new girls says she won't wash it off until her trunk comes." "And what has her trunk got to do with it?" said the mistress in some astonishment. "She says she always wears her best stockings with the gold clocks on 'em when she washes porches."

In No Danger.

"Yes, I expect to live 100 years."

"You should easily on the theory that death loves a shining mark."

His Belief.

"Do you think that dollars should dominate our politicians?"

"Not at all," answered Senator Sorghum. "Quite the contrary. I believe that every politician should make it his business to dominate as many dollars as possible."—Washington Star.

Obliging.

"I didn't know the Russians could be so polite."

"How's that?"

"Why, the Japanese wanted to sink some ships at the entrance to Port Arthur harbor, and the Russians sunk 'em before the Japs could sink 'em."—Cleveland Plain Dealer

DAINTY MODES.

Gold Braid Much Used For Trimming—Green to Be Smart.

Gold braid used in discretion is charming in champagne, ivory and pastel shaded gowns.

Accordion plaiting appears everywhere, but it is meant exclusively for the slender woman. Even strictly tailor made gowns occasionally have accordion plaited skirts.

The great authorities both here and abroad are striving to introduce soft sage greens as well as other less becoming shades of the same tint. A vivid periwinkle blue is also quite the mode in Paris.

GRAY CLOTH TAILOR MADE.

A little check morning gown is to be a summer feature, particularly in black and white and red and white.

Black taffeta, soie de chine, chiffon voile and the thin veilings are all smart made up with touches of white.

Any quantity of lace will be used this season both in white and yellowish tints.

For morning dresses embroidered linens and finely stitched batistes and even old fashioned ginghams and dimities will be made up in simple becoming styles.

A touch of color introduced on white shirts gives a decided style, particularly when the stock and belt match the predominating note of color in the embroideries.

Among the special "fads" of the dressmaker are the silk or velvet buttons which nowadays appear on a number of the gowns. The latter are elaborately embroidered in conventional or flower designs.

The picture shows a tailor made of fine gray cloth and darker gray panne. It is trimmed with gray silk tassels and yellow lace. The hat is of gray tulle trimmed with wreaths of tiny tea roses.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

A Popular Error.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain is popularly supposed to be in appearance almost the duplicate of his father. As a matter of fact, there is very little facial resemblance between them, and in physique they are quite unlike. The Chancellor of the Exchequer's most prominent feature is not the nose, as in the case of Chamberlain pere, but the eyes, which are blue and with the prominence which sometimes, but not always, denotes eloquence of speech. Almost the only characteristic, physical or acquired, which father and son have in common, is an eyeglass, worn constantly in the right eye, and a slight delve in the walk. Their manner of speaking has many points of difference.

It is easy to take a joke in the spirit in which it is intended if it is on the other fellow.

The Kangaroo Rat.

One of the queerest little animals of the antipodean wilds of the paradoxical continent of Australia is a little zoological oddity which the naturalists have called the kangaroo rat. It averages no larger than the common rodent of the Norway variety, but is a miniature kangaroo in every respect. Its mode of locomotion is precisely the same as that of Macropus giganteus. Besides this, the female carries its young in pouches which nature has provided for that purpose and in many other respects imitates the habits and characteristics of its gigantic relative.

No Room For Doubt.

"Oh, my, yes, he's away up in Shakespeare."

"Is he? I shouldn't have guessed that he had ever read a line of Shakespeare."

"That's strange. Haven't you noticed that every little while he says 'in sooth?'"

A Little Inclined to It Himself.

Towne—There's nothing I hate so much as a lazy man. Browne—Well, I wish there were more of them. Towne—You do? Browne—Sure. The more lazy men there are the less competition we'd have in business.—Philadelphia Press.

FEATURES OF DRESS.

Skirts of Elaborate Gowns Are Long and Very Full.

Black lace outlined with velvet or chenille is still in favor. The daintiest trimmings for lace gowns are chiffon and taffeta roses, gold and silver leaves and quaint pompadour wreaths.

All the dressy skirts are long and very full. They are trimmed with shirrings, flat plaits, etc.

FRENCH SAILOR HAT.

For evening wear from now on the heavy silks and brocades will be supplanted by simple muslins and painted gauzes made up in quaint styles.

For street wear the full skirt, clearing the ground all around, is the thing.

The deep pointed Marie Antoinette belt will be the most striking feature of this summer's dresses.

Some quaint puffed sleeves to the elbow will be noticeable on light afternoon toilets as well as on many of those for evening wear.

Many smart costumes in white cloth are now to be seen, and quite a few of these are made with skirts that just clear the ground.

The shepherdess shape in millinery is still to the front. This is decorated with a wreath of roses and a lace veil falling at the back. The lace veil is a graceful hat trimming and one appropriate to the present styles.

Panniers will be very much seen on the frocks of tomorrow, a charming example being a toilet of white chiffon, the skirt draped with lace, forming panniers, which fall in graceful cascades on each side of the train.

The picture shows a serviceable French sailor trimmed with a rosette, a twist of tulle and two wings.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

A Hard Critic.

A clergyman was rebuked by one of the ruling elders for sauntering on the Sunday along the hillside above the manse. The clergyman took the rebuke in good part, but tried to show the remonstrant that the action of which he complained was innocent and lawful, and he was about to cite the famous example of a Sabbath walk, with the plucking of the ears of corn, as set forth in the gospels, when he was interrupted with the remark, "Ou aye, sir, I ken weel what you mean to say, but for my pairt I hae nefer thocht the better o' them for breakin' the Sawbbath." — Geikie's "Scotch Reminiscences."

English Village Oddities.

Undoubtedly the most extraordinary township in England is that of Skiddaw, in Cumberland. It contains but one house, the occupier of which is unable to exercise the Briton's privilege of voting because there is no overseer to prepare a voters' list and no church or other place of worship or assembly on which to publish one.

The most remote village in England is that of Farley-cum-Pitton. This truly rural spot is thirty miles and a half from the nearest railway station. As a contrast to this may be mentioned the hamlet of Ystrad, about ten miles from Cardiff. This tiny settlement possesses two important main roads, two railways, and two large rivers.

A very unique feature is exclusively claimed by Trimley, a small village in Suffolk. In the one churchyard of the parish two churches are to be seen. Service is conducted three times a week in each of these churches at the same hour.

The deepest well in England is round at Hamilton, in Hampshire. It stretches 350 feet below the surface of the earth. About half-way down this well-shaft is a subway, three miles in length.

[illegible] of the parish church tower, in Hicknoller, Somersetshire, is a yew tree, now 5 feet high, and still growing in a hardy fashion. It is generally believed that the tree owes its origin to a seed dropped by a bird.

Perhaps the most spasmodically decorated church in the Kingdom is that of Whitley Court, Worcestershire. It is entirely constructed of white marble, the pews are chastely carved, and the pulpit is of genuine Carrara marble, richly panelled with costly stones.

On the village green at Meriden, in Warwickshire, there is a large stone cross, which is supposed to mark the central point of England.

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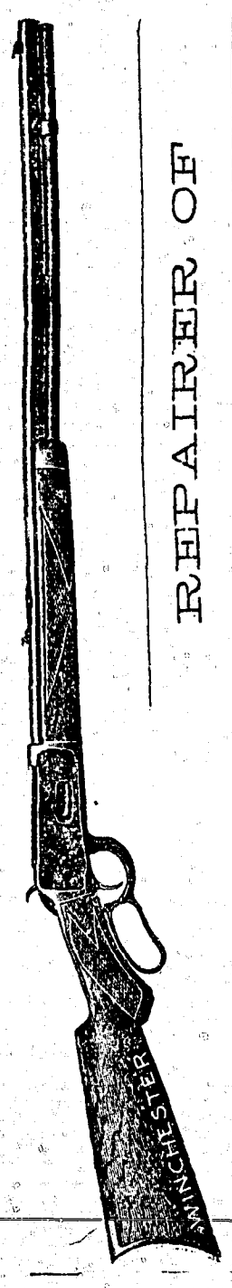

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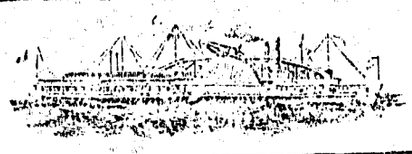

S.S. "City of Nanaimo."

Leaves 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.

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

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1—Daily A.M.		No. 3—Sunday A.M.
Dp. 8.00	Wellington	Dp. 4.00
" 8.20	Nanaimo	" 4.15
10.02	Duncan's	" 5.5
" 10.42	Koenig's	" 6.30
" 11.38	Goldstream	" 7.27
Ar 12.06	Victoria	Ar 7.55

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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 responsible for the utterances of correspondents, we reserve the right of declining to insert communications unnecessarily personal.

TUESDAY, SEP. 6. 1904

Austrian Bulls.

Here are a few "bulls" that have been perpetrated from time to time in the Austro-Hungarian parliament:

"One most important point of the agricultural question is the maintenance of the breed of horses to which I have the honor to belong."

"We are here for the weal and woe of our constituents."

"Gentlemen, consider this question in the light of a dark future."

"The eye of the law weighs heavily on our press legislation."

"There, gentlemen, is the ever changing point of which the opposition has made a hobbyhorse."

"This taunt is the same old sea serpent which for years and years has been groaning in this assembly."

Incidents in American History.

A traveler who has just returned from a visit to Matanzas says that he visited El Cumbre, a short distance from the city, and there was reminded of an incident in American history with which he was entirely unfamiliar and which he is willing to bet not one American in a hundred knows anything about. He refers to the fact that a vice president of the United States took the oath of office there, being authorized to do so by special act of congress. El Cumbre means "the summit," and it was here that William Rufus King, vice president with Franklin Pierce, dying of consumption, was sworn into office March 24, 1853.

Overreached Herself.

Some time ago in Devonshire there were a pair courting named John and Mary.

They had been courting for several years, when Mary began to think John was rather backward in popping the question, so she, being anxious to get married, thought she would try a scheme of her own.

While out walking one day she said blushingly, "John, what do you think all the people in the village are saying?"

"I don't know," said John.

"Well, they all says that we are going to get married."

"Ah, ah," said John. "Now we'll show 'em they're mistaken, and we won't get married."

A Matter of Names.

A prominent New York lawyer, occasionally heard of in connection with divorce cases, told the following:

"Some years ago I was retained by an Australian banker's daughter to secure her a divorce. After having obtained the decree I delivered it to her and was surprised when she burst into a roar of laughter after reading it.

"'What is so funny?' I asked.

"'Why, look here,' replied the divorcee. 'Look at the names—"Donohue," justice; "O'Byrne," referee; "Keenan," county clerk. Why,' she mirthfully added, 'when I return home to my parents they'll say, "You went to Ireland for your divorce, not to America."'"

The Jailer Bird.

Very weird, says Science Siftings, is the habit, only lately discovered, of a large and beautiful East Indian bird. Feeding mostly on the fruit of trees, it seldom descends to the ground, and its nest is in the hollow of a tree, high up. As soon as the female has laid her eggs, five or six, the male begins to fetch mud and therewith to wall up the opening of the nest, leaving an aperture large enough to admit the very large bill to pass. Most likely this is done to prevent the heavy and awkward fledgelings from falling out of the nest to the ground far below. In several cases when the female was liberated after her long and close confinement she was found pitiably poor and weak, although the male was diligent in providing her and the young ones with food.

Insects That Use Rubber.

When Para rubber trees are tapped, after the gum has run into receptacles and stiffened, a species of large black ant is accustomed to cut out pieces of the rubber and carry them away. Bees also find use for India rubber, and some species in South America actually cut the bark of trees that produce resinous substances in order to cause a flow of the sap. The gum is employed by the bees as a ready made wax for their nests.

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THE COURIER OF THE CZAR

By Jules Verne

At the next moment a violent blow was felt. The boats had run into the ferryboat.

"Come, Nadia!" cried Michael, ready to jump overboard.

The girl was about to follow him when a blow from a lance struck him, and he was thrown into the water. The current swept him away. His hand raised for an instant above the waves, and then he disappeared.

Nadia uttered a cry, but before she had time to throw herself after him she was seized and dragged into one of the boats.

In a few minutes the boatmen were killed and the ferryboat was left to drift away while the Tartars continued to descend the Irtish.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE blow which had struck Michael Strogoff was not mortal. By swimming in a manner by which he had effectually concealed himself he had reached the right bank, where he fell exhausted among the bushes.

When he recovered his senses, he found himself in the cabin of a mujik, who had picked him up and cared for him and to whom he owed his life. For how long a time had he been the guest of this brave Siberian? He could not guess, but when he opened his eyes he saw the handsome bearded face bending over him and regarding him with pitying eyes. He was about to ask where he was when the mujik, anticipating him, said:

"Do not speak, little father, do not speak. Thou art still too weak. I will tell thee where thou art and everything that has passed since I brought thee to my cabin."

And the mujik related to Michael Strogoff the different incidents of the struggle which he had witnessed—the attack upon the ferry by the Tartar boats, the pillage of the tarantass and the massacre of the boatmen.

But Michael Strogoff listened no longer, and, slipping his hand under his garment, he felt the imperial letter still secured in his breast.

He breathed a sigh of relief. But that was not all.

"A young girl accompanied me," said he.

"They have not killed her," replied the mujik, anticipating the anxiety which he read in the eyes of his guest. "They have carried her off in their boat and have continued the descent of the Irtish. It is only one prisoner more to join so many others which they are taking to Tomsk."

Michael Strogoff was unable to reply. He pressed his hand upon his heart to restrain its beating.

But, notwithstanding these many trials, the sentiment of duty mastered his whole soul.

He remembered the errand which he had undertaken. Indeed never by day or night was his emperor's mission for even a moment absent from his mind. Not the presence of the greatest danger, the tortures of hunger and thirst, the weariness of excessive fatigue, not even all combined could cause him to forget that a momentous matter was intrusted to his courage, his zeal, his fidelity and his endurance. Michael Strogoff was worthy of this trust.

"Where am I?" asked he.

"Upon the right bank of the Irtish, only five versts from Omsk," replied the mujik.

"What wound can I have received which could have thus prostrated me? It was not a gunshot wound?"

"No; a lance thrust upon the head, now healing," replied the mujik. "After a few days' rest, little father, thou wilt be able to proceed. Thou didst fall into the river, but the Tartars neither touched nor searched thee, and thy purse is still in thy pocket."

Michael Strogoff gripped the mujik's hand. Then, recovering himself with a sudden effort, "Friend," said he, "how long have I been in thy hut?"

"Three days."

"Three days lost!"

"Three days past thou lain unconscious."

"Hast thou a horse to sell me?"

"Thou wishest to go?"

"At once."

"I have neither horse nor carriage, little father. Where the Tartar has passed there remains nothing!"

"Well, I will go on foot to Omsk to find a horse."

"A few more hours of rest and thou wilt be in a better condition to pursue thy journey."

"Not an hour!"

"Come, now," replied the mujik, recognizing the fact that it was useless to struggle against the will of his guest, "I will guide thee myself. Besides," he added, "the Russians are still in great force at Omsk, and thou couldst perhaps pass unperceived."

"Friend," replied Michael, "heaven reward thee for all thou hast done for me."

"Reward! Only fools expect reward on earth," replied the mujik.

Michael Strogoff went out of the hut. When he tried to walk, he was seized with such faintness that without the assistance of the mujik he would have fallen, but the fresh air quickly revived him. He then felt the wound in his head, the violence of which his fur cap had lessened. With the energy which he possessed he was not a man to succumb under such a trifle. Before his eyes lay a single goal—far distant Irkutsk. He must reach it! But he must pass through Omsk without stopping there.

"God protect my mother and Nadia!" he murmured. "I have no longer the right to think of them!"

Michael Strogoff and the mujik soon arrived in the mercantile quarter of the lower town, and, although under military occupation, they entered it without difficulty. The surrounding earthwork had been destroyed in many places, and there were the breaches through which the marauders who followed the armies of Feofar-Kahn had penetrated.

The mujik was conducting his guest straight to the posting house when in a narrow street Michael Strogoff, coming to a sudden stop, sprang behind a jutting wall.

"What is the matter?" quickly asked the mujik, much astonished at this sudden movement.

"Silence!" hastily replied Michael Strogoff, with his finger on his lips.

At this moment a detachment debouched from the principal square into the street which Michael Strogoff and his companion had been just following.

At the head of the detachment, composed of twenty horsemen, was an officer dressed in a very simple uniform. Although he glanced rapidly from one side to the other, he could not have seen Michael Strogoff owing to his precipitous retreat.

The detachment went at full trot into the narrow street. Neither the officer nor his escort concerned themselves about the inhabitants. Several unlucky ones had scarcely time to make way for their passage. There were, therefore, a few half stifled cries, to which the thrusts of the lance gave an instant reply, and the street was immediately cleared.

When the escort had disappeared, "Who is that officer?" asked Michael Strogoff, returning toward the mujik. And while putting the question his face was pale as that of a corpse.

"It is Ivan Ogareff," replied the Siberian, but in a deep voice which breathed hatred.

"He!" cried Michael Strogoff, from whom the word escaped with an accent of fury which he could not conquer. He had just recognized in this officer the traveler who had struck him at the posting house of Ichim, and, although he had only caught a glimpse of him, it burst upon his mind at the same time that this traveler was the old Zingari whose words he had overheard in the market place of Nijni Novgorod.

The mujik and Michael resumed their way and arrived at the posting house. To leave Omsk by one of the breaches would not be difficult after nightfall. As for purchasing a carriage to replace the tarantass, that was impossible. There [illegible] none to be let or sold. But what [illegible] had Michael Strogoff now for [illegible]age? Was he not alone, alas? A[illegible] would suffice him, and, very fo[illegible]nately, a horse could be had. It was an animal of mettle, capable of enduring much fatigue, and Michael Strogoff, accomplished horseman as he was, could make good use of it.

The horse cost a high price, and a few moments later Michael was ready to start. It was then 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Michael Strogoff, compelled to wait till nightfall in order to pass the fortifications, but not desiring to show himself in the streets of Omsk, remained in the posting house and there partook of food.

There was a great crowd in the public room, it being the resort of numbers of the anxious inhabitants, who at this eventful period collected there to obtain news. They were talking of the expected arrival of a corps of Muscovite troops, not at Omsk, but at Tomsk, a corps intended to recapture that town from the Tartars of Feofar-Kahn.

Michael Strogoff lent an attentive ear to all that was said, but took no part in the conversation.

Suddenly a cry made him tremble, a cry which penetrated to the depths of his soul, and these two words, so to speak, rushed into his ear:

"My son!"

His mother, the old woman Marfa, was before him! Trembling, she smiled upon him. She stretched forth her arms to him. Michael Strogoff arose. He was about to throw himself—

The thought of duty, the serious danger for his mother and himself in this unfortunate meeting, suddenly stopped him, and such was his command over himself that not a muscle of his face moved.

There were twenty people in the public room. Among them were perhaps spies, and was it not known in the town that the son of Marfa Strogoff belonged to the corps of the couriers of the czar?

Michael Strogoff did not move.

"Michael!" cried his mother.

"Who are you, my good lady?" Michael Strogoff stammered, unable to speak in his usual firm tone.

"Who am I, thou askest? Dost thou no longer know thy mother?"

"You are mistaken," coldly replied Michael Strogoff. "A resemblance deceives you."

The old Marfa went up to him and, looking straight into his eyes, said:

"Thou art not the son of Peter and Marfa Strogoff?"

Michael Strogoff would have given his life to have locked his mother in his arms, but if he yielded it was all over with him, with her, with his mission, with his oath! Completely master of himself, he closed his eyes in order not to see the inexpressible anguish which agitated the revered countenance of his mother. He drew back his hands in order not to touch those trembling hands which sought him.

"I do not know, in truth, what it is you say, my good woman," he replied, stepping back.

"Michael!" again cried his aged mother.

"My name is not Michael. I never was your son! I am Nicholas Korpanoff, a merchant of Irkutsk."

And suddenly he left the public room, while for the last time the words re-echoed:

"My son, my son!"

Michael Strogoff, by a desperate effort, had gone. He did not see his old mother, who had fallen back almost inanimate upon a bench. But when the postmaster hastened to assist her the aged woman raised herself. Suddenly a thought occurred to her. She denied by her son! It was not possible. As for being herself deceived and taking another for him—equally impossible. It was certainly her son whom she had just seen, and if he had not recognized her it was because he would not, it was because he ought not, it was because he had some cogent reason for acting thus! And then, her mother feelings arising within her, she had but one thought—"Can I unwittingly have ruined him?"

"I am mad," she said to her interrogators. "My eyes have deceived me! This young man is not my child. He had not his voice. Let us think no more of it. If we do, I shall end by finding him everywhere."

Less than ten minutes afterward a Tartar officer appeared in the posting house.

"Marfa Strogoff?" he asked.

"It is I," replied the old woman in a tone so calm and with a face so tranquil that those who had witnessed the meeting with her son would not have known her.

"Come," said the officer. Marfa Strogoff, with firm step, followed the Tartar officer and left the posting house.

Some moments afterward Marfa Strogoff found herself in the chief square and in the presence of Ivan Ogareff, to whom all the details of this scene had been immediately reported.

Ivan Ogareff, suspecting the truth, interrogated the old Siberian woman.

"Thy name?" he asked in a rough voice.

"Marfa Strogoff."

"Thou hast a son?"

"Yes."

"He is a courier of the czar?"

"Yes."

"Where is he?"

"At Moscow."

"Thou hast heard no news of him?"

"No news."

"Since how long?"

"Since two months."

"Who, then, was that young man whom thou didst call thy son a few moments ago at the posting house?"

"A young Siberian whom I took for him," replied Marfa Strogoff. "This is the tenth man in whom I have thought I recognized my son since the town has been so full of strangers. I think I see him everywhere."

"So this young man was not Michael Strogoff?"

"It was not Michael Strogoff."

"Dost thou know, old woman, that I can torture thee until thou avowest the truth?"

"I have spoken the truth, and torture will not cause me to alter my words in any way."

"This Siberian was not Michael Strogoff?" asked a second time Ivan Ogareff.

"No, it was not he," replied a second time Marfa Strogoff. "Do you think that for anything in the world I would deny a son whom God has given me?"

Ivan Ogareff regarded with an evil eye the old woman who had braved him to the face. He did not doubt but that she had recognized her son in this young Siberian. Now, if this son had first renounced his mother and if his mother renounced him in her turn it could occur only from the most weighty motive.

Every circumstance went to confirm his suspicions. If he could but lay his hand upon this pretended merchant of Irkutsk and strip off his disguise, would he not find a treasure indeed? Would not his superiors well reward his adroitness and his success? Would not the czar of Russia scowl with rage when he learned that his courier was in the hands of his foes?

Ivan Ogareff had therefore no doubt that the pretended Nicholas Korpanoff was Michael Strogoff, courier of the czar, seeking concealment under a false name and charged with some mission which it would have been important for him to know. He therefore at once gave orders for his pursuit. Then he said:

"Let this woman be conducted to Tomsk," returning toward Marfa Strogoff.

And while the soldiers brutally dragged her along he added between his teeth:

"When the moment arrives, I shall know how to make her speak, this old sorceress!"

CHAPTER IX.

IT was fortunate that Michael Strogoff had left the posting house so promptly. The orders of Ivan Ogareff had been immediately transmitted to all the approaches of the city and a full description of Michael sent to all the various commandants, in order to prevent his departure from Omsk. But he had already passed through one of the breaches in the fortifications. His horse was galloping over the steppe, and, not having been immediately pursued, the chances of escape were in his favor.

It was on the 29th of July, at 8 o'clock in the evening, that Michael Strogoff had left Omsk. This town is situated about half way between Moscow and Irkutsk, where it was necessary that he should arrive within ten days if he wished to get ahead of the Tartar columns. It was evident that the unlucky chance which had brought him into the presence of his mother had betrayed his incognito. Ivan Ogareff was no longer ignorant of the fact that a courier of the czar had just passed Omsk, taking the direction of Irkutsk. The dispatches which this courier bore must have been of immense importance. Michael Strogoff knew, therefore, that every effort would be made to capture him.

But what he did not know and could not know was that Marfa Strogoff was in the hands of Ivan Ogareff and that she was about to atone, perhaps with her life, for that natural exhibition of her feelings which she had been unable to restrain when she suddenly found herself in the presence of her son. And it was fortunate that he was ignorant of it. Could he have withstood this fresh trial?

Michael Strogoff urged on his horse, imbuing him with all his own feverish impatience, requiring of him one thing only—namely, to bear him rapidly to the next posting house, where he could be exchanged for a quicker conveyance.

At midnight he had cleared seventy versts and halted at the station of Koulikovo. But there, as he feared, he found neither horses nor carriages. Several Tartar detachments had passed along the highway of the steppe. Everything had been stolen or requisitioned both in the villages and in the posting houses. It was with difficulty that Michael Strogoff was even able to obtain some refreshment for his horse and himself.

It was of great importance therefore to spare his horse, for he could not tell when or how he might be able to replace it. Desiring, however, to put the greatest possible distance between himself and the horsemen whom Ivan Ogareff had no doubt dispatched in pursuit, he resolved to push on. After one hour's rest he resumed his course across the steppe.

And on July 30, at 4 p. m., Michael Strogoff, heedless of fatigue, arrived at Elamsk.

There he was forced to give a night's rest to his horse. The courageous beast could not have continued that journey any longer.

At Elamsk there was no means of transportation for the same reasons as in the burghs already passed by—carriages and horses were gone.

Elamsk, a small town the Tartars had not visited yet, was almost completely depopulated, for it was very easy to invade it from the south and almost impossible to succor it from the north. So relay of post, police station, government building, all were abandoned by governmental order, and on one side the functionaries, on the other the inhabitants, had gone to Elamsk, in the center of the Baraba.

Michael Strogoff was obliged to pass the night at Elamsk to permit his horse to rest at least twelve hours. He remembered the instructions given him at Moscow to cross Siberia unknown, reach Irkutsk at all hazards, but also to not sacrifice success to the swiftness of his passage. Consequently he was forced to spare the only means of travel left him.

On the morrow Michael Strogoff left Elamsk, and five days later, on the 5th of August, twenty-one days since starting, he found himself 1,500 versts yet distant from Irkutsk.

Michael Strogoff was rapidly nearing Kalyvan when distant detonations reached his ears.

He stopped and distinctly heard the dull, heavy reports which shook the air, mingled with sharper and shriller sounds, the cause of which he well knew.

He was only half a mile from Kalyvan when a long jet of flame flashed betwixt the houses of the city, and the spire of a church crumbled down in the middle of a torrent of embers and fire.

At that moment the detonations were very violent. Soon the flames stretched forth on the left of the city. The fire had devoured a whole quarter of Kalyvan.

Michael Strogoff was running across the plain, trying to reach the cover of some trees scattered here and there, when a detachment of Tartar cavalry appeared on the right.

Michael Strogoff could no longer go in that direction. The horsemen advanced rapidly toward the city, and it was difficult for him to escape. Suddenly at the corner of a thicket he saw a house which he might perhaps reach unperceived.

To run, to hide himself, to ask and to take there, if need be, something to renew his strength, for he was exhausted with fatigue and hunger, was Michael Strogoff's only resource. He fled then to this shelter, and, drawing near, he perceived that it was a telegraph station. Two wires were going east and west, and a third was stretched toward Kalyvan.

One would suppose that under the circumstances that station would have been adandoned, but as it was Michael Strogoff could find there a refuge, wait for the night if need be to travel again across the steppe which was searched by the Tartar pickets.

Michael Strogoff hurried toward the door of that house and opened it hastily. A single person was in the room where the dispatches were written. He was an employee, calm, cool, indifferent to all that was going on outside. Faithful to his post, he waited behind his window for the public to claim his services.

Michael Strogoff went to him and with a voice broken by fatigue asked:

"What do you know?"

"Nothing," answered the employee, smiling.

"Are the Russians and Tartars fighting?"

"People say so."

"But who are the victors?"

"I don't know."

So much coolness in the midst of these terrible occurrences, so much indifference even, was hardly possible.

"And is not the wire cut?" asked Michael Strogoff.

"It is cut between Kalyvan and Krasnolarsk, but it works yet between Kalyvan and the Russian frontier."

"For the government?"

"For the government when they think it proper, for the public when they pay. It is 10 copecks a word. I wait your orders, sir."

Michael Strogoff was going to answer that strange operator that he had no dispatch to send; that he wanted only a little bread and water, when suddenly the door of the house was abruptly opened.

Michael Strogoff thought the office invaded by the Tartars and was about to jump through the window when he noticed that two men only entered the room and that they were far from being Tartar soldiers.

One of them held a dispatch written in pencil, and, outrunning the other, he was at the window of the stoical employee. In those two men Michael Strogoff was astonished to discover two persons he had thought never to see again. They were the correspondents Harry Blount and Alcide Jolivet, no more traveling companions, but rivals, enemies, now that they were operating on the battlefield.

(To be continued.)

A Novice at the Business.

"I suppose you had a perfectly lovely time at Wexford's house party?"

"No, it was a fizzle. Mrs. Wexford has so little tact. She was always arranging it so that the men would have to pair off with their own wives."—Exchange.

For Hubby's Eyes.

Shopman—You want a nice motto to hang up in the house, ma'am? How would "Heaven Bless Our Home" or "No Place Like Home" do? Severe Looking Lady—Wouldn't do at all. What I want is a card to hang up in the hall bearing the words "Better Late Than Never."

The Other Way.

"Why did mamma spank you today? Because you are bad?"

"Nope; cause mamma was bad."—Houston Post.

Had Misjudged Him.

"Does your father ever kiss your mamma, Willie?" asked the lady who had once been the gentleman's sweetheart.

"Yes, every morning when he goes away to the city."

"Dear me! And to think that I once doubted his courage!"

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SHODDY CLOTH.

It Is Made From Secondhand Yarns Spun Over Cotton Warp.

"I would like you to tell me just what is meant by the term 'shoddy' as applied to cloth used in clothing," said the young man who was looking for clothing in the store of a well informed clothier. "I have heard of 'shoddy' all my life, and I do not just understand exactly what is meant by it."

"Well," replied the clothier, "'shoddy' is used in the construction of many fabrics which go into the manufacture of clothing for both men and women. It is so skillfully combined in recent years that it is not possible for any but an expert to detect it until the goods are worn to some extent. Shoddy cloths are made from cheap yarns spun over cotton warp. These yarns are spun from old woolen rags chopped into waste, then carded and spun into threads of various sizes and strength. The cloth is soft, nicely finished and attractive in appearance and comparatively free from imperfections. The goods cost the clothier from 15 to 30 cents a yard, and a larger yardage is consumed than of any other kind of goods manufactured for men's wear.

"One of the advantages of the shoddy is that it can be woven into patterns similar to those of the most expensive woolens, which is not always true with respect to pure cotton yarn, which, being hard and wiry, does not lend itself to soft effects."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Canada's population west of Lake Superior is 75 per cent. British and Canadian born; 25 per cent. foreign born.

St. Martins, Que., May 16, 1895.
C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gentlemen, — Last November my child stuck a nail in his knee, causing inflammation so severe that I was advised to take him to Montreal and have the limb amputated to save his life.

A neighbor advised us to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, which we did, and within three days my child was all right, and I feel so grateful that I send you this testimonial, that my experience may be of benefit to *others*.

LOUIS GAGNIER.

In 1901, 121,451 Ontario born dwellers had moved west.

One out of every 3½ enrolled in the census is of French descent—649,371 out of 5,371,375 are of French descent.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

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

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

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

Sold by all druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Quebec province is the home of 1,322,115 of French descent.

Ontario has 150,000 of French descent.

THE MOST POPULAR PILL.—The pill is the most popular of all forms of medicine, and of pills the most popular are Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, because they do what it is asserted they can do, and are not put forward on any fictitious claims to excellence. They are compact and portable, they are easily taken, they do not nauseate or gripe, and they give relief in the most stubborn cases.

The Northwest land companies and railways sold, in 1903, 4,000,000 acres of land for over $14,000,000.

Loneliness.

What is loneliness? You may find it anywhere, perhaps most forcefully when you are among thousands of other people. There may come a feeling of being apart, of a solitary state, while you walk about and jostle a teeming population. You may be genuinely lonely among people whom you know quite well, and it is not to be supposed that this means any lack of feeling on the part of any one, for there come times when the thoughts of one cannot place themselves in harmony with those of others. The lowest creature as well as the highest in all the world may feel himself out of gear with others, and especially is this true of the average, everyday sort of people, who often experience a sort of aching void of companionship. It happens just occasionally that way.

It is only an affected person who always complains that "nobody understands" him. This man or woman may join with the great majority in so far that some of his actions are misconstrued. Who is there that has not had that experience, with all its bitterness? But, as a matter of fact, it is comparatively seldom that we are not pretty well understood by our close associates.

THE POSTMASTER GROWS EMPHATIC

Believes Dodd's Kidney Pills the Right Medicine for Kidney Trouble.

T. H. Belyea, Postmaster of Lower Windsor, N.B., Endorses an Opinion Popular in all parts of Canada.

Lower Windsor, Carlton Co., N.B., July 4.—(Special)—T. H. Belyea, postmaster here, has come out with an emphatic statement that is heartily endorsed by the great majority of people of this district.

"I believe," says the postmaster, "that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the right medicine for Kidney Trouble, and will do all that is claimed for them.

"I had been bothered with Kidney Trouble for years and tried several kinds of plasters and other medicines, but did not get much lasting benefit. Then I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills, and would say they seem to have made a complete cure, as I *feel as well as ever I did.*"

There are numerous people prepared to make statements like that of Postmaster Belyea, but the case of Kidney Disease that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure has yet to be reported.

Canada's centre of population is near Ottawa.

Canada's population west of Lake Superior was, 50 years ago, 8,000.

Canada's population west of Lake Superior is, to-day, 600,000.

THEY ARE CAREFULLY PREPARED.—Pills which dissipate themselves in the stomach cannot be expected to have much effect upon the intestines, and to overcome costiveness the medicine administered must influence the action of these canals. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so made, under the supervision of experts, that the substance in them intended to operate on the intestines are retarded in action until they pass through the stomach to the bowels.

The American settlers brought into this country in cash and settlers' effects $43,000,000—an average of $350 per head.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Twenty-nine different countries and nationalities were represented in the Northwest land allotment of 1903.

Not the Same.

Merchant—I thought you told me he was a man of very good character.

Quibbel—You must have misunderstood me. I said he was a man of good reputation.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A Firm Stand.

The mild business man was calmly reading his paper in the crowded trolley car. In front of him stood a little woman hanging by a strap. Her arm was being slowly torn out of her body, her eyes were flashing at him, but she constrained herself in silence.

Finally, after he had endured it for twenty minutes, he touched her arm and said:

"Madam, you are standing on my foot."

"Oh, am I?" she savagely retorted. "I thought it was a valise."—Lippincott's Magazine.

"Give me the first seven years of a child's life," said a wise man, "and you may have the rest. These are the ones that count."

The Cause of the Trouble.

Barclay—I don't see why you should be cynical on the subject of marriage. Your wife is of such a happy disposition, always singing as she goes about her housework.

Dibdin—Yes, that's where the trouble comes in—that singing of hers.—Boston Transcript.

"Pure soap!" You've heard the words. In Sunlight Soap you have the fact.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar. 231

Good Pills

Ayer's Pills are good liver pills. You know that. The best family laxative you can buy. They keep the bowels regular, cure constipation. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

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

PROFITABLE TYPES.

Beef Cattle That Will Pay the Farmer to Raise—What the Market Demands For Wheat Purposes.

The profit to be derived from the feeding of beef stock is dependent upon two leading factors—first, the quality of the finished product, and, second, the amount of gain produced with the least expenditure for food consumed, says H. P. Smith of the Nebraska experiment station in Breeder's Gazette.

For meat purposes the market calls for an animal which will first of all dress without excessive offal or waste. Other things being equal, the fatter the animal the higher per cent. of dressed weight.

But fatness alone does not determine the percentage of weight. Individual specimens of cattle, sheep or swine in the same condition vary in per cent. of waste because some individuals are naturally heavy in those parts which constitute offal. Unimproved animals, commonly called scrubs, dress with more waste because they have not been bred for thick carcasses. The dairy breeds of cattle when fattened are likely to have more waste than the beef breeds because they are larger in paunch or barrel.

To illustrate what has been said, compare the high grade Angus steer shown with the high grade Jersey. The Angus weighed 1,600 pounds and the Jersey 1,230 pounds, although the latter was three months older. The rations fed these steers were the same in character, and both were fat and ripe when slaughtered. The Jersey dressed 7 per cent. less

JERSEY AND ANGUS STEERS.

than the Angus. Of the 7 per cent. more offal in the Jersey 3 per cent. consisted of fat deposited about the stomach, intestines and kidneys, worth in the retail market 2 cents per pound. This is an illustration of the greater dressing capacity of the good beef type over the inferior.

In the illustration we have a rear view of the two steers, showing the broad, thick back and the loin, full rump and wide, full thighs of the Angus as compared with the Jersey. The fullness of flesh well down and toward the gambrel, permitting the retailer to cut round steak much lower on the Angus, is strongly brought out. In this case no one would maintain that the Jersey had as much high-priced meat as the Angus.

While the Jersey in the illustration does not show a real heavy bone, it is much more pronounced than in the Angus. The smooth, well covered Angus has the appearance of a package of beef with only enough bone to give it permanency of form. In the Jersey or inferior butcher's type bone stands out prominently. Hips, shoulders and ribs are poorly covered.

Breeding Capacity of a Bull.

Answering a query as to how many cows should be bred to a four-year-old bull, N. H. Henry says in Breeder's Gazette: "I would say a vigorous, active four-year-old bull fed grain and hand bred, if he proves sure, ought to get 75 to 100 cows in calf during the period from May 1 to Oct. 1. One service to the cow will produce as sure results as more. With the average bull and the average success getting the cows in calf, this would be overestimating the ability of the bull. In cases of this kind probably fifty cows would be enough for one bull or possibly sixty."

Choice Meat Carcass.

A choice meat carcass should be proportionately heavy in those parts which sell for the highest prices and correspondingly light in the cheaper cuts. It should not be heavy in bone. It should have a predominance of lean tissue. The fat should be evenly distributed over the carcass, not occurring in patches or "gobs." Flakes of fat should be distributed between the fibres of lean. The fibres of lean should not be coarse and should be light red rather than dark in color. The lean tissue should be tender.

Hog Cholera Preventive.

Dr. L. E. Graham, recent bacteriologist of the University of Missouri, announces that after three years' experimenting he believes it within the range of modern scientific possibility to prevent hog cholera. His conclusions are that the disease cannot be cured by medicine, but can be prevented by inoculation. Under Dr. Graham's supervision several thousand hogs in Missouri were inoculated and then exposed to cholera. In no case was the disease contracted. The hogs used in the test were fed on feeding grounds rank with infection and were in other ways exposed to the disease, but escaped without harm. Beneficial results were also obtained by inoculating animals already affected with the disease.—St. Louis Republic.

Canada has 95 per cent. of British subjects, viz., 5,077,698.

Seven hundred Scandinavian immigrants perished by the wreck of the steamer Norge on the island of Rockai, in the north Atlantic.

Canada has 20,000 Chinese.

Canada's population is 73 per cent. rural and 26 per cent. urban.

Canada has 61 centres of 5,000 population and over.

BABY ECZEMA AND SKIN DISEASES

Which Torture Children are Soon Entirely Cured by the Use of

Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Especially during the teething period, children are subject to eczema, scald head and various forms of skin disease, which cause the keenest suffering to themselves, as well as anxiety to their parents.

There is no treatment so successful as Dr. Chase's Ointment, and as eczema always tends to become chronic and last for years, prompt cure is of the utmost importance.

Mr. C. Wiley, who is employed as cooper by the Kennedy & Davis Milling Company, Lindsay, Ont., states: "I used Dr. Chase's Ointment for eczema on my little girl some few years ago, and soon brought about a thorough and permanent cure. She had suffered for considerable time, and though we tried a great many remedies, Dr. Chase's Ointment was the only preparation to prove effective. I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Chase's Ointment, as it certainly effected a prompt and permanent cure.

Mr. Wm. Kirknoss, farmer, Mt. Forest, Ont., states: "I find that Dr. Chase's Ointment is the best thing I ever used for chafing, itching skin and burns and sores of all kinds. It heals them up very quickly, and I believe that there is no better ointment to be obtained than Dr. Chase's. We have found it invaluable and always keep it in the house.

Any mother who once becomes acquainted with the merits of Dr. Chase's Ointment would not think of being without it in the house. Where there is a baby or small children it is of daily value as a means of curing skin irritations and eruptions, chafing and all sorts of burns and sores.

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 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.

Canada received 123,364 immigrants in 1903.

Canada has received 244,892 immigrants in the last three years.

Canada's immigration for 1903 was nearly double that of 1902.

ITS POWER GROWS WITH AGE.—How many medicines loudly blazoned as panaceas for all human ills have come and gone since Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil was first put upon the market? Yet it remains, doing more good to humanity than many a preparation more highly vaunted and extending its virtues wider and wider and in a larger circle every year. It is the medicine of the masses.

Canada received in 1903, 41792 from Great Britain and 49,473 from the United States.

Sixty per cent. of the immigration of 1903 was agricultural in its character.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Two-thirds of the immigrants of 1903 speak English.

Canada paid $5.02 per head to bring in, care for and locate the 1903 immigrants.

Nearly all infants are more or less subject to diarrhoea and such complaints while teething, and as this period of their lives is the most critical, mothers should not be without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. This medicine is a specific for such complaints and is highly spoken of by those who have used it. The proprietors claim it will cure any case of cholera or summer complaint.

Canada has given 57,000,000 acres of land to railway companies in the Northwest—an area as large as Assiniboia.

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

The C. P. R. has sold over 5,000,000 acres of its land grant of 25,000,000 acres.

Canada's northwest land areas are 50 per cent. larger than ten of the western states.

Ten million acres of land in the Northwest were acquired for settlement by grant or purchase in 1903.

Of the 123,000 Americans in Canada, 50,000 came in 1903.

The 123,000 Americans who came to the west during the past 5 years represented 25,000 heads of families.

It is only necessary to read the testimonials to be convinced that Holloway's Corn Cure is unequalled for the removal of corns, warts, etc. It is a complete extinguisher.

Each immigrant is estimated to be worth $1,000 to Canada.

Canada is now receiv[illegible] immigrants a day.

If Livers Go Wrong set them right—it's simply and easily done. Without pain, without trouble, without nauseating, in fact it's only in the beneficial effects that you notice you have taken

Beechams Pills

Sold everywhere in Canada and U.S. America in boxes, 25 cents.

DEVOTED WAGTAILS.

These Birds Mate For Life and Are Extremely Affectionate.

The wagtail frequently migrates from one part of the country to another and sometimes congregates in flocks, but he pairs for life, and the same pair always reappear, sometimes when they are least expected and all the more welcome from their occasional absence, on their favorite lawn. Their devotion to one another is extreme, as a scene I witnessed some forty years ago, but which is as fresh in my memory as if I had seen it yesterday, will show.

A wagtail had been killed, probably by a stone, and was lying dead in the middle of the circular drive in front of the Down House, Blandford. The survivor seemed beside himself with grief. Like Eve in "Paradise," he "knew not what death was," or, at most, the reality was only gradually breaking in upon him. He kept running up to the body with loud and plaintive call notes. He called, but there was no response. He caressed the body, caught hold of it with his little bill, coaxed it to move and drew it after him for a yard or two. He even tried to rise with it in the air. Then, like one distraught, he dashed away to the edge of the gravel drive and then as quickly dashed back again, to go through the same mournful processes. Sometimes he would fly right off in wavering, uncertain flight as far as the eye could follow him, as though he could bear the sight no longer, but without stopping to rest he hurried back in straighter and quicker flight, unable to tear himself away or as if he hoped that something might have happened in his absence. This long drawn tragedy, this abandonment of grief, I watched from the window throughout the afternoon till darkness came on. Next morning the body had disappeared, and I saw the survivor no more.—R. Bosworth Smith in Nineteenth Century.

England's Oldest Railway Station.

The only railway station in England that can boast of being really old is that at Bourne, Lincolnshire, which is an ancient Elizabethan mansion, formerly in the possession of the Digby family, some members of which were implicated in the gunpowder plot. When the Great Northern and Midland railroads came through this district, a memorial was sent from the inhabitants of Bourne asking that instead of pulling the old landmark down it might be converted into a railway station, for which purpose it answers admirably now. Part of the house is used as a residence by the station master.

More Important.

Wife—I'm so afraid this new hat will get damaged if it's left in the home. Husband—Why not put it in our safe deposit closet? Wife—But is there room there with all our bonds? Husband—No, but we can take the bonds out.

Sponge Cake.

"Do you call this sponge cake? Why, it's as hard as can be."

"Yes, mum. That's the way a sponge is before it's wet. Soak it in your tea, mum."—London Punch.

Knowledge Gained.

Friend—Has your son learned much during his college course? The Old Man—I'm afraid not, but I've learned a whole lot.

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.

The apathy of many of our leading citizens in matters athletic is a subject of wonderment to those who strive to make a success of an association aiming to give some means of recreation to the young men of the place. Periodically, certain staid townsmen deplore the fact that there are no places of amusement for the rising generation to frequent, and that they must perforce spend their evenings or other spare time in uncongenial company or in their rooms. Some time ago a few young men started an athletic association, which had for its object, as other bodies of the kind, the encouragement of all sorts of manly exercises and sports, besides providing a place where young men and boys could spend a pleasant and instructive evening. A most laudable project, for the body requires training as well as the mind, and the influence of athletics is always healthful, and is largely what has made the Anglo Saxon race what it is—a race of conquerors. Many took an interest in the scheme, and devoted much time and trouble to initiating the association. In course of time it was decided to give an exhibition for the purpose of raising funds. This was held last Wednesday, and many attended. The entertainment was clean, healthful and instructive, et many of our business men, professional men, and other leading persons of Cumberland and Union failed to attend. It looks as though they like to see the young fellows of the town loafing about without any means of enjoying themselves during their spare time, for, unless the public help along an affair of this sort, it cannot exist. It must fail for two reasons, the lack of funds, and the feeling of indifference bred from indifference, for no athlete will take the trouble to be a first-class wrestler or boxer or trapeze performer, &c., if the public of his town fail to appreciate his prowess, and take a pride in his defeating the visiting adversary.

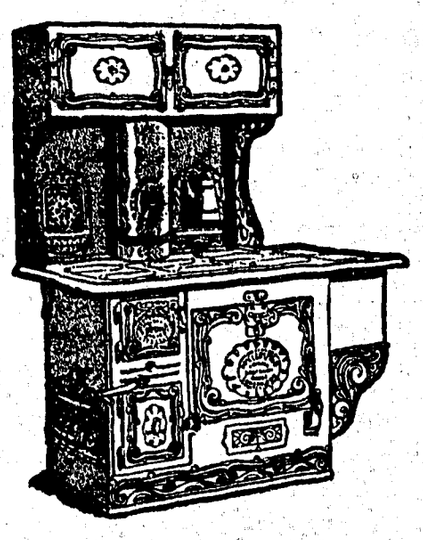
The growing practice in our public schools of introducing children into the life of the world by means of literature is already bearing its expected fruits. The teachers are discovering—what some of them have known all along—that, in order to teach, the teacher must know something beyond the mere ability to read a text-book and hear children recite from it. No one can open the mind of a child to interest in the great world of ideas who has not a mind open to it. The best key to this world is literature—the literature of myth and fable, of history, of poetry; the literature descriptive of nature in all its aspects, and of men in their habits and customs. Under good guidance the child will soon perceive that this study is not a dry task, but a most interesting investigation of life itself. It was considered a great step in public education when Normal Schools were organized in order to teach teachers how to teach. Now, another revelation has come—namely, that it is necessary to educate the teachers beyond the requirements of mere machine-work

Kootenay Steel Range

A GOOD BAKER

The oven in the Kootenay Range is scientifically proportioned to the size of the fire-box, so that no more fuel can be burned than is absolutely necessary to heat the oven.

The oven is lined with heavy sheet steel, which is a great radiator of heat and insures a uniform heat throughout the oven—no danger of a loaf of bread being half done on one side and burned on the other.



The Kootenay Range is built on scientific principles throughout, and should be carefully examined before buying any other.

Sold by all enterprising dealers.

Booklet free.

McClary's

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

C. H. Tarbell, Sole Agent.

The how to teach is necessary, for teaching is an art, doubtless; but even with a good method, knowledge and cultivation are not less essential. There is a great awakening all over the country in this matter of the education of young children and the introduction of literature into the beginning of school life. The body of teachers are working against public ignorance, public apathy and in many regions against public stinginess in regard to education. All the late reforms have come from the teachers themselves Everywhere they are making experiments how best to develop the mind and make our schools both fruitful and enjoyable to teachers and to the taught. The teachers who have charge of the very young have the most difficult task. The awakening of an inert mind, the guidance of a quick and impressionable mind, require the greatest skill and knowledge. The most serious defect in our public schools system lies in this misconception that anyone of ordinary intelligence is fit to take charge of the young. The impression made upon children from the age of six to twelve is the most important in shaping their lives as good citizens.

Attention is drawn by the B.C. Lumberman to the enormous amount of damage done by forest fires to valuable timber lands in the interior as well as the coast, and considers it absolutely imperative for the safe-guarding of life and property that the most stringent means be adopted by Legislature enactment whereby that cause shall be removed. Almost all sections of the Province have suffered more or less, but the greatest damage has been done in the east and south-east Kootenay districts. A fire burning on the west side of the Kootenay River has spread over a large area, and is travelling south at the rate of a mile a day. It has a width of from twelve to fifteen miles, and according to last report, had reached a point about 18 miles south of where it started. A large quantity of fine timber has been destroyed. The Bush Fire Act as it stands is of no force or effect, although sound in itself, unless its provisions are strictly enforced.

FOUND, Hunting Case Watch, opposite Post Office.—Owner may have same by proving property and paying for this notice.—Apply, W. W. Willard.

Messrs Leiser's window has been dressed in a novel manner by Mr B Tullidge. An Indian wigwam, guns, ammunition, are the principal features, and green bushes, stuffed birds and deer's heads, and a little live fawn, make up a perfect woodland scene.

Mr Weinrobe, brother of Mr B. Weinrobe of Ladysmith, who has been well and favorably known in Wellington, as well as in Ladysmith, is manager of the firm's branch store which opens here tomorrow with a $10,000 stock of gent's furnishings, dry goods and boots and shoes. Mr Weinrobe will conduct a cash business, and is prepared to sell good goods cheap. He will treat his customers well, and intends to stay as long as he gets the same treatment. Call and examine his stock!

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

The firm of S. Nakano & Co., were obliged last week to close their doors owing, it is said, to certain Japanese creditors taking forcible possession of goods to secure themselves. Upon hearing this, Messrs Waller, Mounce and Lidstone, three creditors, saw Mr Nakano, and arrangements were made through Mr C.H.B. Potts, that these gentlemen act as trustees provisionally, until the other creditors could be notified Arrangements were made with the Japanese creditors and it is believed that arrangement will be arrived at by which Nakano may continue in business, as by doing this, he will be able to pay all debts in full. These amount to about $13,000. Assets are placed at $21,000, provided an assignment is not forced.

St Petersburg, 5th—Kuropatkin wires that the greater part of his army, including Gen. Stalkenburg's force, is now south of Yen Tien. The report says that after the decisive engagement between the armies large numbers of Japanese, perfectly concealed in the Chinese corn and grass, stealthily crept upon the retreating Russians and inflicted heavy losses. The same tactics had previously been adopted with terrible results against Gen. Orloff's force which was assaulted in the midst of the grass with a completely unexpected fire. A panic ensued and one regiment lost 1,500 men, half its total strength.

The Japanese flag flies over Liao Yang. Before retreating Kuropatkin blew up his magazines and burned his stores to save them from he Japanese.

Tokio, 5th—Field Marshal Oyama wires as follows:—After the fighting of last night and this morning Liao Yang fell into our hands. Our casualities are very heavy. No report has been received concerning conditions on the right bank of the Tai Tse river.

NOTICE.

The Agricultural Society of Comox begs to acknowledge with thanks the donation to the general fund of $10 from the Royal Bank, Cumberland branch.

R. M. Halliday,
Secy Agricultural Society.

NOTICE.

To Whom it May Concern—

TAKE NOTICE, that unless I receive the sum of one hundred and twenty dollars ($120.00), being the amount of rent due for storage on an engine and boiler on my premises, Lot 4, Section 61, at Courtenay, B. C., before the 15th day of September, 1904, I shall proceed to sell the said engine and boiler either by private sale or public auction without further notice.

Dated at Courtenay this 2nd day of September, 1904.

C. C. WESTWOOD.

NOTICE.

To Whom it May Concern—

ON Friday, August the 19th, 1904, the Chinese Co-operative Society, On Leung Wui, of Union, B.C., dissolved by mutual agreement. At an open meeting on the above date all certificates issued by this Society were redeemable in full with interest by the treasurer and manager, Lai Yuen.

The Society then re-organized under the name of the Wo Yie Wui. The organization is to be registered under the laws and statutes of British Columbia, governing such institutions.

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

Make Your Mark In The World!

Don't be satisfied to work along in the same old way for low wages. We can help you carve out a successful career. Thousands have increased their salaries by following our plan. We can train you in spare time, and at small cost, for any of the following positions:

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

Write TODAY, stating which position interests you, to

INTERNATIONAL Correspondence Schools
Box 799, SCRANTON, PA.
OR CALL ON OUR LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE:
T W Martindale, P O Box, 249. - Moody Block, Victoria, B.C.

TO BE DRAWN FOR.

An Eastman Kodak, 4¼ x 3¼ film. Cost $25 in New York, in perfect order; a first-class instrument. Tickets 25c. each—Apply this office

UNION BREWING Co,
NANAIMO, B.C.

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

UNION
BOCK : BEER
FOR 1904.

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

ON DRAUGHT AT ALL HOTELS.

Royal Bank of Canada

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

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

BRANCH AT CUMBERLAND.

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

R. E. WALKER. Manager.

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

THE ADVANTAGE the public has in purchasing where they live is they see the article and are not disappointed as when sending away.

P. Stoddart,
Watchmaker and Jeweler,

sells goods at Eastern Prices and has a nice stock to select from.

EVERYTHING in SOLID GOLD

All purchases engraved .... free of charge ....

P. STODDART,
Dunsmuir Ave., Cumberland.

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.