

# THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

ELEVENTH YEAR.

CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY, NOV 15, 1904

## AT THE BIG STORE.

First Display of  
**CHRISTMAS  
... GOODS ...**  
Your inspection solicited.

Simon Leiser & Co., Ltd.

## Nicholles & Renouf, Ltd.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

Just received large shipment of

### IRON AGE

CULTIVATORS, SEED DRILLS, WHEEL HORS, ETC.  
VERY LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

Call and see them or write for catalogues and prices.

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

## Weiler Bros, DEPT. VICTORIA, B.C.

### OUR FALL STOCK OF FINE FURNITURE

Is now complete with a very superior range of

Sideboards Finely figured oak, beautifully finished. The product of Canada's leading makers. \$32 up

Buffets A choice collection of stylish designs from just the thing for a small dining room. \$20 each

Bookcases We carry a large stock of many varieties of bookcases, including the popular sectional, from \$3.50 each

Cabinets A China Cabinet in mahogany, makes a very graceful addition to any room. We have them in original and beautiful designs, from \$20 up

Prompt Service in our Mail Department

### Local and Personal

Stoddart sells the Dollar Watch. Mr E. Muschamp is engaged at Mr J. B. Holme's store in Comox.

Mr J. Puckridge left here on Wednesday morning after a pleasant visit.

Passengers last week—Mrs McGuire, C. Holmes, T. Bickle, R. Brechin, Dr Quinlan, C. Baxter, boiler inspector, Hon. Judge Harrison.

The winning number at Messrs Napier & Partridge's Saturday drawing was 1815, entitling the holder to \$20.00 worth of goods at their store.

Mrs Abrams returned Thursday from Nanaimo where she had gone to attend the funeral of her mother Mrs Wenborn, who recently died quite suddenly.

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

That ever welcome and always popular paper, the "Montreal Herald and Weekly Star," has presented its readers with a charming supplement in colors entitled "The Little Princess at work." No one should be without a subscription to this useful weekly.

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

The Stonehaven (Scotland) News of September 8th, contains an interesting article by Mr R. Ross Napier, on Scottish song and verse. This had been given by Mr Napier, some time ago, as a lecture, and a friend of his has lately had it published.

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

The Butterick Publishing Co. have issued a handsome holiday edition of the December Delineator consisting, besides the usual fashion notes and designs, of short and interesting stories. The illustrations mostly from "Love songs from the Wagner operas," are beautiful, and admirably complement the text.

Stoddart sells the Dollar Watch.

Mr S. H. Riggs returned Friday from Comox having been obliged to postpone his projected trip to Vancouver. It seems that the Str. Iris in attempting to cross the Gulf encountered a South easter against which it was impossible to proceed and when nearly half way across was obliged to turn back and seek refuge in Comox harbor. She was still there Sunday evening having been unable to proceed. The passengers were well satisfied to get back to port.

Stoddart sells the Dollar Watch.

An excellent lamp may be made of a tin of sardines, through a hole in the lid of which insert some strips of a pocket handkerchief, so say a party of four sportsmen who lately visited Deep Bay, and they strongly recommend all duck hunters to lay in a good supply of sardines and pocket handkerchiefs for this purpose. It is true the party did not manage to extricate themselves from the mud of Mud Bay until 8 a.m., but this was on account of the heavy man getting stuck. Had it not been for the sardine lamp, they would most likely have been there yet.

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

### HOSPITAL MEETING.

Present:—President Abrams; Directors, L A Mounce, R Short, Dr Gillespie and W B Anderson.

Minutes of last regular and special meetings read and adopted.

Accounts:—S. Leiser, Groceries, \$51 S J Piercy, Milk, \$5.12; Mrs Voods Vegetables, \$6.15; McKay Bros. Meat, \$29.25; J McPhee & Sons, Butter, \$9.30; Salaries, \$100; Laundry, \$3; Electric Light, \$5; Water, \$2.25; Referred account, C H Tarbell, Bath etc. \$32.75 Referred to Finance Committee. Matron's report read, adopted and filed. Number of white patients for October, 10. Number of days treatment, 169. Number of Asiatics, 6. Days treatment, 122. A resolution was adopted by which the President and Secretary were empowered to issue vouchers for salaries without the formality of the meeting of the Board. Meeting adjourned.

### LOYAL ORANGE LODGE ORGANIZED.

Mr R. Brechin, of Vancouver, Grand Organizer for B.C., of the L.O. Order arrived Wednesday, and on Friday evening organized Courtney Lodge, at Courtney, with a charter of 21 members. A good start for a country lodge. Many of the Cumberland brethren visited, and at the close of the ceremonies a banquet was partaken of at which all enjoyed themselves, so that the early morning hours were in evidence before they separated. Mr Brechin will visit the Lodge in Cumberland to night, and will leave for home to-morrow.

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

## The MAGNET CASH STORE.

### 5 Prizes GIVEN AWAY

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

- One DOLL at..... \$1.50
- One DOLL at..... 1.00
- One POCKET KNIFE..... 1.00
- One CHEESE DISH..... 1.00
- 1 HANDSOME PICTURE. 2.50

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

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

## T. E. BATE,

DUNSMUIR AVE., Cumberland

## CUMBERLAND Meat Market

Choicest Meats

Supplied at Lowest Market Prices

### Vegetables

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

### Fresh Fish

will be on Sale every Wednesday

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

## J. McPhee & Son

PROPRIETORS.

Buy your GROCERIES at  
**THE "BEST STORE,"**  
When Prices are the Lowest

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

We are selling, for Cash, until further notice  
**Hungarian Flour, 6.50 per bl.**  
(FIVE ROSES, 4 sacks)

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

ALL OTHER FEED, STOCKS, BRAN, WHEAT, WHOLE  
AND CRACKED CORN..... at lowest prices.

## NAPIER & PARTRIDGE.

### A Guaranteed Cure for Piles.

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

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

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

### REPRESENTATIVE WANTED.

A liberal contract will be made by a live Canadian Life Insurance Company with an energetic man to represent them in Cumberland and vicinity. Must have good local acquaintance and be able to devote his whole time to their interests. Address for farther particulars to Manager, Box 474, Vancouver.

Floor Oil Cloths and Linoleums large range of patterns from 20c per square yard at Napier & Partridge.

FEEDING CHILDREN.

Bad Diet Sometimes a Cause of Bad Habits in After Life.

"There is a cause for the drink habit which even good Christian parents do not understand," says a writer in What to Eat. "They cannot realize why their children, with beautiful surroundings and daily Christian influences sometimes go far astray, becoming sadly immoral and in many instances drunkards. When they, as well as many of the physicians, shall have exhausted all other efforts to locate the cause of the trouble let them look to the stomach—the poor, abused stomach—and they will in all probability find the source of the evil. From infancy many of the little ones are given food beyond the capacity of their digestive organs. As soon as several teeth have appeared meats are frequently a part of the bill of fare. These, as well as the other articles of food, are necessarily swallowed without proper mastication. Pepper, mustard, Worcestershire sauce, vinegar and highly seasoned salads also find their way into these young and tender stomachs until, as the result of such a diet, fermentation sets in and a little distillery is created in these youthful temples. Under such conditions a child becomes irritable, quick tempered, untruthful and it would be surprising if it grew up to noble manhood."

GIRLS WHO FLIRT.

The Troubles They Are Sure to Bring Upon Themselves.

Girls should bear in mind the fact that if they wish to win the respect of men they must behave in a modest, dignified manner. Why should they respect her if she has no self respect? They will seek her society, and she will appear to have lots of attention, but behind her back they will laugh at her. Men can tell at once the girl whom they can treat in an offhand way; they are not very particular when with her as to their language or conversation, says the Philadelphia Bulletin. They are equally quick to recognize the girl whom they know will allow no freedom; they treat her with a chivalrous respect such as they never show the other girls.

When it comes to choosing a wife men do not often look for her among the girls whom they have flirted with. They want a girl whose bloom has not been rubbed off by constant flirtations with other men, they want a girl who is fresh and sweet, and they do not want to feel that she has been just as sweet to numerous other men as she is to them.

You needn't be cold and stand off in your manner to men. Be as cordial and sweet as you can—indifference never makes friends—but don't, I pray you, spoil your girlish charm by letting any man feel that he can treat you with the slightest familiarity.

Donkeys in Egypt.

In Egypt the women still follow the ancient custom of riding on donkeys. The animals are small and well trained and carry their burdens about without remonstrance. The riding under these conditions demands no especial skill of horsemanship. The women make a great convenience of these little steeds, riding them to market or to their shopping as well as on considerable journeys.

Natural Cause.

"I have been told," remarked the visitor in Salt Lake City, "that your lake is drying up. What seems to be the cause?"

"I guess, mister," said the native, "if you had as much salt in you as that there lake's got you'd be gittin' purty dry too."

The Difference.

The Impenitent—It is just as easy to love a girl with money as to love one without it. The Hedonist—But it isn't so easy to get her.—London Tit-bit.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Superfluous Hair

Removed by the New Principle.

De Miracle

It is better than electricity, because it does not burn or produce a raw growth. It is better than depilatories, because it does not scar or irritate the delicate skin. It is better than depilatories, because it is not poisonous; therefore, it will not cause blood poisoning, or produce oozing, which is so common with depilatories, and does not break off the hair, thereby increasing its growth. Electrolysis, X-ray or depilatories are advised by the best medical authorities, and are used by the best surgeons and dermatologists. De MIRACLE will be mailed to any address, sealed in plain wrapper, on receipt of \$1.00. Your money back without question (no red tape) if it fails to do all that is claimed for it. Our booklet—the most complete treatise on Superfluous Hair ever published—containing the testimonials of numerous physicians and surgeons and those of hundreds of others—will be sent free in plain, sealed envelope, upon request. Inquire for it at your local druggist or write for it to-day to De MIRACLE CHEMICAL CO., 23 Queen St. W., Toronto, Ont.

OLD BAVARIAN TOWNS.

Many of the Smaller Ones Are Merely Walled Farm Villages.

In old Bavarian districts many of the smaller towns are merely walled farm villages. These settlements of agriculturists reproduce the ancient laager for all. Each is built in the form of a parallelogram, the shorter sides having each a gateway, with double gates, over which rise central square watch-towers capped with conical red roofs. A narrow road or street runs from gate to gate, with old half timber houses set back close to the inclosing wall. The ground floor of these houses affords stabling for cattle, and from these stables the cows are driven out through the town gates in the morning and brought in at night. Townships like this are merely clusters of houses intimately connected with the farm lands that lie beyond their gates. The peasantry, whether peasant proprietors or allotment leaseholders, go in and out to their work.

In eastern Bavaria, toward the Danube, where the better class farms are to be seen, one finds farmhouses of wood, a great shingled roof covering—as in Holland—not only the large living apartment, with many bedrooms, but also the stables for the horses and cattle. On such farms much of the farm work is done by girls, who usually wear short petticoats, tight lodices and kerchiefs on their heads. Most of the men are either in the army or working at trades.

SMOKING A CIGAR.

Some Things That Every User of Tobacco Does Not Know.

"It's really remarkable, considering the 12,000,000,000 cigars smoked in the United States every year, how few men really know how to smoke," said a prominent tobacco dealer. "There is one mistake in particular that even experienced smokers sometimes make—that is in not keeping the tobacco burning properly."

"About 90 per cent, I should say, of all the cigars sold are better on the outside than the inside. This isn't wholly to deceive the prospective buyer. It requires a good quality of leaf to shape the outside of a cigar, while the filler may be more readily composed of inferior tobacco. The smoker who permits his cigar to burn inside the wrapper loses the best part of it. Practically any cigar is rank when smoked through the center. The aroma is lost and the smoke is bitter and acrid."

"Puffing on a cigar that is not burning properly only increases the difficulty. The smoker gets more of the smoke of the inside leaves, and the whole cigar becomes hot from the effects of the increased combustion in the center of it. The proper thing—the only thing—to do under the circumstances is to light the cigar again, taking care that wrapper and all are included in the lighting. If this plan were followed a good many smokers wouldn't change their brand of cigars so often."

Looming Mirages.

In what are called "looming mirages" distant objects show an apparent extravagant increase in height without alteration in breadth. Distant pinnacles of ice are thus magnified into immense towers or tall, jagged mountains, and a ship thus reflected from far out at sea may appear to be twelve or fifteen times as tall as it is long. Rocks and trees are also shown in abnormal shapes and positions, while houses, animal and human beings appear in like exaggerated shapes. Before the sandy plains of our southwestern states and territories were converted into verdant fields by the ingenuity and tireless energy of man mirages were very common in those regions, the Indians regarding the phenomenon as being the work of evil spirits.

Chaffing.

In parts of Switzerland the baker's wife carries round the bread in a sort of hamper, and she has not a fixed, immutable charge, but chaffers for a price with the customers. The old English word for this process was "chaffing," which in many places in England has been corrupted into chipping. Chipping Norton, for instance, is really Chaffing Norton, or the place where goods were cheapened—that is, sold by chaff.

A Sad Predicament.

Mabel—I was so mortified at the Fouch mansion the other night. Fle—What happened? Mabel—I wanted to laugh in my sleeve, but I had on my doecotelette gown and had to hide the laugh in my glove.

Collars as Slaves.

Collars were slaves in England up to the year 1775.

Senseless Spite.

At St. Trond, Belgium, a major of cavalry whose two horses failed to win a race solemnly sentenced the animals to be shot, and they were executed within an hour.

The Only Successful Kind.

"Poor man, I fear he is a little off. He thinks he has invented an airship." "I guess he is hardly a candidate for the bughouse. He has capitalized the idea and is selling stock."



TAKING AN AIR BATH.

An Opportunity Given to Allow the Skin to Breathe.

It must be remembered that we rarely if ever give our skin the opportunity to breathe properly. Our perverted condition in regard to heavy, unventilated and very often restricted clothing has given us a skin that is constantly moist, clammy and cold to the touch, or else it is dry and dead and can be rubbed off by the hand with little effort. Restricted clothing not only damages the lungs and internal vital organs of the body, but causes the circulation to the skin to become stagnant and poor. A great many ills that we do not understand are caused by the unhygienic practice of smothering the skin.

Give your body an air bath! Reanimate your skin! This is a splendid time to begin the habit of doing so, since a "cold" need not be feared at this time of the year, and you will strengthen the skin against the more severe season. Exposure and drafts against the body is a superstition more or less. The writer has often stood before a cold draft taking an air bath in winter, and the practice has yielded a ray's tonic to the body that cannot be explained, but must be tried upon one's own person to be understood and appreciated.

Open your windows wide and exercise until the pores have become awakened. Then let the cool, fresh morning air play upon your body, lying down if you desire. It will be a treat that you will never want to miss again. It acts as a delightful tonic to the nerves. There is no better medicine for weak, nervous people than the air bath. The very blood tingles with the unaccustomed freedom of the body and its contact with the energizing air.

Oratory in the Campaign.

Oratory as a compelling force in a political campaign is duly appreciated by the party managers, who are on the lookout for every resource that will add to their vote getting power. The spell-binder who is clever enough to size up the temper of his audience and who knows just what to say to the ones about him on any and all occasions is supposed to be worth all his services cost the campaign committee. As a student of the subject has put it, the most convincing address is one that has profundity without obscurity, perspicuity without prolixity, ornament without glare, terseness without barrenness, comprehension without digression and a great number of other things without a great number of other things." But a rare speaker with and without all these things is a rare specimen. There is never enough of him to go around.

Egg Tonic.

A raw egg is an excellent tonic and is very strengthening. If prepared in the following way it is really a delicious drink: Put the yolk of an egg into a dish with a teaspoonful of white sugar and a teaspoonful of orange or lemon juice and beat lightly together with a fork. Put the white on a plate and add a pinch of salt. Then with a broad bladed knife beat it to a stiff froth. Now, as lightly as possible, mix all together in the dish, then as lightly transfer it to a clean tumbler, which it will nearly fill if properly made. It must not stand in a warm place, as it soon becomes liquid and loses its snowy look. Any fruit juice may be used in place of orange or lemon.

Mexican Public House.

Every town in Mexico has a public bath house.

TO EXTERMINATE HOUSE FLIES.

Scientists have proved that the common house fly is responsible for the spread of some of the most deadly diseases. It becomes the duty of every housekeeper to assist in exterminating the little pests. Many contrivances have been used for the purpose, including fly traps of many kinds, sticky paper, and different makes of poison, but although all will kill some flies there always seems to be as many left as ever. There is only one really effective way to kill them all, and that is Wilson's Fly Pads, being sure to follow directions carefully. One ten cent packet of Wilson's Fly Pads has been known to kill a bushel of flies, and a few pads properly used will kill all the flies in any room in a few hours.

TO PREVENT IS BETTER THAN TO CURE. A little cod-liver oil in the shape of the wonderful pellets which are known as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, administered at the proper time and with the directions attached to often prevent a serious attack of sickness, and save money which would go to the doctor. In all irregularities of the digestive organs they are an invaluable corrective, and by cleansing the blood they clear the skin of imperfections.

Why did Eve never fear the measles?—Because she'd Adam.

What is that which every man can divide but which no man can see where it is divided?—Water.

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

KEEP ON THE RIGHT SIDE By Steadfastly Refusing All Substitutes.



CEYLON TEA has become famous by reason of its goodness. Commonplace Teas leave the dealer a larger profit. Therefore, we repeat, "Refuse Substitutes," purchase by name "SALADA." Sealed Lead Packets Only. By All Grocers.

Which is the most musical county in Great Britain?—Fife.

When did Moses sleep five in a bed?—When he slept with his forefathers.

Which is the liveliest city in the world?—Berlin; because it is always on the Spree.

To what part of the world should hungry folks emigrate?—To Sandwich Islands.

Why is the Isthmus of Suez like the first "u" in cucumber?—Because it is between two "c's."

When was beef-tea introduced into England on a large scale?—When Henry VIII. dissolved the Pope's Bull.

Her Heart like a Polluted Spring.—Mrs. James Bridg, Paer Island, Ont., says: "I was for five years afflicted with dyspepsia, constipation, heart disease and nervous prostration. I cured the heart trouble with Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and the other ailments vanished like mist. Had relief in half an hour after the first dose."—27

What is that which goes about the wood and cannot get in?—The bark of a tree.

Who was the first whistler, and what tune did he whistle?—The wind—Over the hills and far away.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

What part of Scotland is what no one can live without?—Ayr.

Why is a fender like Westminster Abbey?—Because it contains the ashes of the great.

What extraordinary kind of meat is to be bought in the Isle of Wight?—Mutton from Cows.

A Veteran's Story.—George Lewis, of Shamokin, Pa., writes: "I am eighty years of age. I have been troubled with Catarrh for fifty years, and in my time have used a great many catarrh cures, but never had any relief until I used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. One box cured me completely." 50 cents.—25

What is a man like who is in the middle of the Thames and can't swim?—Like to be drowned.

When is a fruit stalk like a strong swimmer?—When it stems the currents.

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

Don't Drown; Wear an Eolskin.

A colored man in a South street fish market was skinning eels recently, and as he removed the skins with a pair of pinchers he carefully placed them to one side. "What do you do with them?" asked an inquisitive bystander. "I send them to my brother down at Atlantic City," was the reply. "He sells them to colored people on the beach for 5 cents apiece. You know an eolskin is a sure preventive against cramps. If you wrap one around your ankle before you go in bathing you need have no fear of drowning. Maybe white people don't believe in this, but colored folks do, and my brother can sell more eolskins during the bathing hour than he can supply."

An Old Eagle Owl.

After seventy-five years of captivity a female eagle owl has just died in an aviary in England. Brought from Norway in 1820, this bird within the last thirty years has reared no less than ninety young. Although the eagle owl is reputed to live to a great age, there appear to be but few recorded instances where the age could be definitely ascertained. A golden eagle which died at Vienna in 1710 was known to have been captured 104 years previously, and a falcon, of what species is not recorded, is said to have attained an age of 102 years. A white headed vulture taken in 1700 died in the zoological gardens at Vienna in 1824, thus living 118 years in captivity.

African Mosquitoes.

A hill tribe of Africa noted that when they went down to the plains they were bitten by mosquitoes which they called Mbu, and with the bites came the sickness which they also called Mbu, the sickness being no other than malaria.

None Left To Bother You After Using Wilson's Fly Pads. Sold Everywhere. 10 cents. Illustration of a fly.

What river is the best color for a horse?—The Rhone.

To gain one city is the name of another.—Winchester.

What well-known river is like an unmarried lady?—Missouri.

Where was Nelson going when he was in his thirty-ninth year?—Into his fortieth.

How do we know Rome was built in the night?—Because historians say Rome was not built in a day.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

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

What county is almost burnt out?—Wicklow.

What well-known river is like a married lady?—Mississippi.

Where was Moses when his candle was blown out?—In the dark.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Under the Earth.

Doctor—No; I shall not pay you. You have spoiled the pavement and then covered it up with earth to hide your bad work. Paver—Doctor, mine is not the only bad work the earth does.

Her Secrets.

He—Can you keep a secret. She—Yes, on one condition. He—What is that? She (frankly)—Provided I don't know it.

Scientific Cruelty.

George Janit, a teacher of Halberstadt, Germany, who was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for ill treatment of schoolboys, used to burn their hands by means of a burning glass when he wanted them to confess a misdoing.

Russian Infants.

A Russian is not of age until he is twenty-six years old. Until that time at least four-fifths of his earnings must go to his parents.

Ayer's Hair Vigor. Sometimes the hair is not properly nourished. It suffers for food, starves. Then it falls out, turns prematurely gray. Ayer's Hair Vigor is a hair food. It feeds, nourishes. The hair stops falling, grows long and heavy, and all dandruff disappears. W N U No 488

# HER IDEAL MAN

By OTHO B. SENGA

Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McClure

They were discussing the wedding. "Didn't Tillie look heavenly?" cried the girl who wrote stories. "Very sweet," assented the school-teacher. "And subdued," added the editor, laughing. "No one says anything about the groom's appearance—or mine," grumbled the best-man, "and I came all the way from Nebraska just for this wedding." "You looked quite like a Bostonian, I assure you," said the girl with the violin consolingly. "As for Mr. Adams, he looked just as he always does, all bones and brains," asserted the school-teacher. "I admire that type immensely." "The westerner was not tall and was somewhat inclined to stoutness." "My cousin Abe is an undeniably brainy man," he retorted. "But believe me, Miss Selwyn, some slight covering of adipose tissue over the bones is not incompatible with intellectuality." "Do you return to Nebraska at once, Mr. Converse?" interposed the artist pacifically. "I did intend to leave Boston tonight, but I have found that my ranch needs a mistress. I shall remain a week longer and hope to persuade some one to go with me." The words were uttered laughingly, but there was a significant look in the keen gray eyes that betrayed his earnestness of purpose. There were varying exclamations of surprise from six of his hearers. The seventh remained scornfully silent. The others looked from one to another questioningly. When eight young women have lived together for a year and one of the number has just departed with the blessing of the pastor and the shower of rice devised by Satan it is not unnatural for the others to wonder, "Who next?" "You promised to show me the beauties of the library, Miss Selwyn," said Converse, turning to the silent one. "Can we go tomorrow?" "After 1 o'clock," she replied quietly, but her dark eyes met his with a look of understanding and defiance. "If you will wait until the next day, Saturday." "We will go tomorrow," he decided quickly. "How can you spare the time for sightseeing, Mr. Converse?" queried the artist teasingly. "I should think you would want every hour of the week for your wooing." "I shall waste no time in my sight-seeing," returned Converse, with marked emphasis, "and you must understand that a western wooing is less deliberate than is usually considered necessary in New England. There are no 'superfluous women' in Nebraska, and with us it's a case of 'learn your fate at once and get out of the way to make room for the next man.'" "So these are the famous paintings of Puvis de Chavannes," remarked Converse the next day, bestowing a very hasty glance at the mural decorations at the Public Library. "They are doubtless all that you have said of them, Eleanor, but they really have little interest for me just now. I want to talk with you. You are disappointed in me, Eleanor." Miss Selwyn's pale face flushed painfully. "It was very good of you, Dick, to keep the secret. I have never told the others that I knew you before you went west or of our silly correspondence." "I don't call it silly," he said stoutly. "The only foolish thing about it is that I did not come for you long ago. You were only fifteen when I left Vermont. That is fifteen years ago, and—" "Honvons!" she cried lastly. "Don't remind me of my age. An old maid schoolteacher, I suppose you're thinking." "Nothing of the kind. I was about to say that in all those years I have never seen any one who made me forget you, Eleanor. If only you felt the same toward me—" "But I don't, Dick," deprecatingly; "you—you have changed." "Not in my heart, Eleanor." She opened a small portfolio and took out a faded photograph. "See, Dick, this is the man I love." He looked at it curiously and laughed softly. "The boy, you mean. I must have been about twenty then. Pretty little fellow, wasn't it? Aren't those curling locks poetical?" She put the picture away hastily. "You had the soul of a poet then," she cried resentfully. "That is twenty years ago, Eleanor, and I've had some hard battles with the world since then. The poetry is pretty well battered out of me, I confess, but you might go home with me and put some poetry into my life once more."

"It couldn't be, Dick. You are too—too!" "Say it, Eleanor—too fat, I suppose you mean." "Not exactly," desperately, "but you are too prosperous and too well satisfied." "I admit the prosperity, and I have no reason to be dissatisfied. I really thought, until I saw you again, that I needed nothing more to make my life full and complete. Now I want you." Every afternoon and evening for the next four days he pleaded, demanded, argued—but to no avail. She admitted that she cared for no one else, confessed that she was tired—desperately tired—of teaching, but she was loyal to her girlhood's ideal, and he was not the realization of that ideal. When she reached the house on Wednesday afternoon she found in her room a box of violets and a note from Converse: "I give it up, Eleanor. I was stupidly presumptuous to think you could care for a fat, baldheaded ruffian like me. I cannot see you again. It all means too much to me—and too little to you. I leave on the 3:30 train. Think of me kindly and wear the violets a little while tonight for the sake of old times. Their perfume reminds me of the days when together we hunted for them in the woods at old Hill Side. Happy days those, when the poetry of life was still mine and the love of my little sweetheart. Goodbye, Eleanor. DICK."

The 3:30 train! It was now 2:45. Oh, why had she waited to show those horrid boys about the geometry lesson? Why didn't she come directly home? She snatched her gloves and purse from the table and ran out to the street. To her excited imagination the subway car simply crawled its slow way along to Park street. At Park street she resisted with difficulty the inclination to scream as three trains for other destinations rumbled by before one came that would take her to the South station. No one would have recognized the dignified Miss Selwyn in the excited girl with flying and flushed cheeks who ran rapidly down the stairs from the elevated and rushed through the station, dexterously dodging through the crowd and making her way to the farther tracks. "The 3:30 train!" she gasped, pausing before the tall guard at the gate. "Just gone, madam. 'It is too bad'—"

She did not wait to hear his courteous condolences. She flew to the information bureau. "Where is the first stop—this 3:30 train—going west?" she panted. "Trinity Place," mechanically. "Leaving there now. Stops on signal at South Framingham. Next regular stop at Worcester." Trinity Place! Hardly a block from home. If she had only known! A dispatch for Richard Converse was carried into the drawing room car when the train reached Worcester, and just as it was about to start again an excited man, grasping his hastily snatched grip and overcoat, fairly tumbled down the steps to the platform. He ran along beside the slow moving train while an equally excited porter passed him his hat and gloves and with professional dexterity caught the tossed half dollar. Passengers on the next train from Worcester to Boston might have wondered at the protracted study and the tender touches given to a slip of yellow paper by a man no longer young and somewhat inclined to stoutness, and a peep over his shoulder at the yellow slip would not have enlightened them: "Come back. I have buried the ideal. He read the line over and over again. "God bless her!" he murmured huskily. "I'll do my best to resurrect it."

Queer Caves of Country Folks. "When it comes to superstition," remarked the doctor the other evening, "there's nothing that can beat the superstition about medicine and cures generally." "There's the average Arkansan, for instance. He thinks that a coal oil poultice is good for sore throat. As soon as his throat gets sore he binds about it a poultice of coal oil. It peels the skin all off his neck, but he believes that it has cured him just the same. Then the Mississippian doses himself for impure blood with tons made of hemlock leaves, plantain and all manner of unpleasant weeds. The result is a bad stomach, but the patient keeps up his treatment and thinks it as good as anything a regular practitioner would have given him.

"In Pike county, Pa., some years ago I found a number of people maintaining that the one and only thing for a rattlesnake bite was to cut a live chicken in halves and lay on the wound the limb containing the heart. They held that the chicken would adhere to the bite and suck out the poison, turning, as the venom entered it, a horrible green. "And the odd thing about all this," concluded the doctor, "is that people will take the most unpleasant medicines when they prescribe them themselves, whereas they would kick like mules if they were administered by a regular physician."—Philadelphia Press.

Mark Twain's Presence of Mind. Once when he was a pilot on the Mississippi Mark Twain sat with a crowd of men around a wood stove in

a village store. Presence of mind was being discussed, and nearly everybody had a story about presence of mind to relate. Twain said: "Boys, through my presence of mind I once saved an old man's life. It happened this way. I was reading in my room late at night when I heard fire bells. I strolled out to see where the fire was, and soon I came to a brick house that was burning hard. "An old man leaned half way out of the fourth story window, and the red flames lit up his long white hair and beard. 'Help! Help! Help!' he hollered. 'Help! Help!' And he waved his arms around his head making wild gestures. "Everybody in the crowd below seemed paralyzed. No ladder was long enough to reach the old man. The firemen said if he stayed up there he would be burned to death and if he jumped he would be crushed flat. "But I, with my presence of mind, came to his rescue. I rushed forward and yelled for a rope. The rope was brought to me. I threw the old man the end. He caught it. I told him to tie it around his waist. He did so, and I pulled him down."

## THE TRICKY GROUSE.

He Has Hundreds of Devices For Eluding the Hunter.

The grouse has a hundred tricks of defense. It will lie still until the hunter is within a yard of it, then soar straight upward in his front, towering like a woodcock; again, it will rise forty yards away, and the sound of its wings is his only notice of its presence. It will cover upon a branch under which he passes, and his cup will be not more than a foot below it as he goes, and, though it has seen him approaching, it will remain quiescent in fear until his back is turned. It will rush then, and when he has slewed himself hurriedly around he will catch only a glimpse of a brown broad wing far away.

Wounded and falling in the open, it will be found—if it is found at all—with the telltale speckles of its breast against the trunk of some brown tree, against which its feathers are indistinguishable, and the black ruff about the neck of the male will be laid against the darkest spot of the bark. Often it will double like a fox; often as a man draws near it will spring noiselessly into some spruce and hide until he passes, dropping then to the ground and continuing its feeding; often, too, it will decline to take wing, though unhurt, and will run fast for half a mile—so fast that the most expert woodsman will be unable to keep pace with it. This it will only do on leafy ground and never when snow would betray its tracks.

## FEAT OF A MACGREGOR.

Wonderful Physical Strength That Was Used to Good Purpose.

Sir William MacGregor was the hero of such an adventure as one expects ordinarily to read about only in fiction of a certain hue.

The steamship Syria, with a lot of Indian coolies on board, struck on a rock about twelve hours from Suva, the capital of Fiji.

Dr. MacGregor, then acting colonial secretary, organized a relief expedition, clambered over a broken mast that was the only path to the emigrants and again and again returned with a man or woman on his back and sometimes a child, held by its clothes between his teeth.

A man of vast physical strength, MacGregor wanted it all for his final feat. Down below on the reef was a woman who had fallen overboard, had got at the splints and was mad with drink. The captain of the ship and a police officer who had gone after her were being swept out to sea. MacGregor slid down a rope, caught the knot of the woman's hair in his teeth and with his hands seized the two men and dragged them both into safety. He went back to Suva in a borrowed suit of pajamas, having left all his clothes and a good deal of his skin on the coral reef.

Modest, like many heroes, MacGregor left himself out of his own report, and it was from the governor that the queen first heard the whole story.

## Woes of an Editor.

When a newspaper tells the simple truth about a bad man who is trying to get into a public place where he can steal, the truth is called "attack." If when the same man runs for office the facts of his past career are printed to show the people what they may expect, the editor who prints these facts is abused, and the rascal puts on a martyr. When a man turns out wrong, as the editor said he would, if the editor says his prophecies came true, the people accuse him of perceiving a man and "kicking him when he is down." Yet if the paper says nothing about bad men who are trying to rob the people they say that the editor is bought off and that he has taken hush money.

All power, even the most despotic, rests ultimately on opinion.—Hume. Widow Wixen—Yes, Henry died quite reconciled. I was at his bedside until the last moment. Dumley (meaning to be complimentary)—Ah, that accounts for it.

## TILE DRAINAGE.

It Not Only Reclaims Land, But Lessens the Cost of the Crops—What Authorities Say.

An item which drainage authorities have found important in the profit of drainage is the diminished expense of the management of the land. Drained fields are unbroken by sloughs and wet places and by unnecessary ditches. Every farmer has noted the fact that an exceedingly large number of fields are difficult to plow, cultivate and harvest because of the irregular sloughs and wet spots of various sizes which cannot be tilled. These wet places cannot be crossed at many times during the year with a plow or cultivator. They are not only unproductive, but are also a source of great annoyance and expense. Their presence in the field often makes short rows and badly shaped lands necessary. As a result a great deal of time and money is lost in operating plows, cultivators and harvesters.

Abundant testimony is at hand to prove that farmers have successfully tilled wet places similar to those mentioned and have thus brought all the land in their fields under the plow. Many of these wet spots were regular ponds during rainy seasons, but through intelligent drainage they have been converted into an almost ideal state for cultivation. The diminished expense in the management of the farms after this improvement has been made is an important factor in increasing the net returns from the land. Every landowner who has been compelled in years past to cultivate broken up fields realizes that the total annual loss for the state is a very considerable sum.

There are many fields which are seamed with tortuous, open ditches through which surface water flows at certain seasons of the year. These ditches are frequently of such width and depth that they can be crossed by a team with difficulty, if at all. Serious inconvenience in cultivation often results from the presence of these open waterways, and it is a costly mistake that landowners do not more generally lay tile along these ditches and plow them shut. When this improvement is made, the work of tillage is greatly facilitated and an increased acreage is made available for crop production.

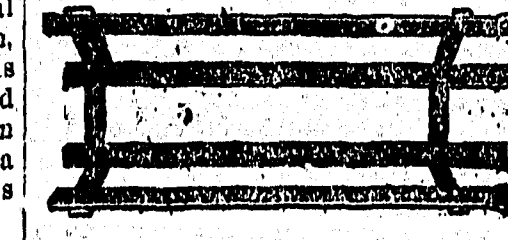
Considerable care, however, needs to be exercised in closing these open ditches, for in not a few cases the surface water will tend to rush down the old channel in time of heavy rainfall and wash out the dirt and tile. A large number of ditches have been tiled and filled during the past few years, and in every case when properly done the work has never proved other than perfectly satisfactory and a profitable investment.

## A BAG HOLDER.

Cheap and Easily Made—Very Convenient to Use.

Various different bag holders are to be found at the hardware stores, but many farmers do not invest in all the conveniences for obvious reasons. The bag holder here illustrated can be made in a little while by any one who can handle tools at all.

The strips of lumber may be about two inches wide, and the up and



## A CHEAP BAG HOLDER.

down pieces cut nearly four feet long. Four wire nails, driven through them at the proper height and bent up so as to form a hook, will do to hold the bag in shape, and grain, potatoes, etc., may be poured or shoveled in. The cost is almost nothing, while the convenience is great. I notice that they use just such a contrivance at our feed store, says F. Grosier in Farm and Fireside.

## Selection of Strawberry Plants.

A striking illustration of the value of plant and seed selection, as advocated by Prof. Robertson, is reported in The Maritime Farmer of July 19th, by a New Brunswick correspondent. He says: "A few days ago while visiting a neighbor, the conversation turned to berries, and then he showed me his patch. It was small, but they were plants to be proud of. His plan is as follows: He tells his children, when they are picking, to carry along some little sticks, pieces of laths, and when they find an extra strong plant with a good fruit stem and plenty of berries, to put a stick down alongside it. After the berries are picked he takes up these plants and sets them out in a bed, letting them throw out runners in all directions. In the spring he has some fine plants to set, and his berries are improving every year."

After living next door to a crying baby a man appreciates a phonograph which can be shut off.

Sometimes it seems as though a man carried a girl so that he could tell her when not to sing.

If we want to impress the Filipinos with the fact that we are real civilized they should not be brought over to look at us during a campaign.

## Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH  
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### A SONG OF SUMMER.

Sing a song of summer;  
Robins in the trees,  
Smiling sky and grass knee high  
Waving in the breeze;  
Has of drawbacks, too, its share—  
Hot enough to roast a bear.

Lolling on the greensward,  
Watching shadows fly;  
In the shade with lemonade  
And a girl close by—  
Not so nice to rise at dawn  
And proceed to shave the lawn.

Swinging in a hammock,  
With a palm leaf fan,  
Or afloat and in your boat,  
Getting lovely tan—  
Oh, the season is just grand  
If you're not a harvest hand.

Sing a song of summer;  
Apple, cherry, peach,  
All aglow and hanging low  
Where a man can reach;  
But they're green or hard or dry  
In the store where I must buy.

### Practical Relief.

"Ah me," sighed Clare De Froth, as she listlessly gazed out of her eyes at the passing throng below her window. Clare always gazed out of her eyes. She might have gazed out of her ears occasionally for a change, but, poor girl, she didn't know how.

"This is a cold and cruel world," she murmured, biting off half a cent's worth of gum and tucking the rest of the stick away in her capacious pocket. "We strive after light, and the gas trust says 'Nit,' or words to that effect. How I long to fly from the sordid crowd and commune only with noble minds, to drink their words as a thirsty cow drinks slough water and to exchange confidences, giving jackknives to boot where one confidence is worth more than another.

"Ah me," she said again, not being able to think of anything new to say. "I am sick of it all. I shall go and feed my fair young face a small portion of corn beef and cabbage and forget, if possible, the dreary, dreary world," and she hiked off at the call of the dinner bell.

### One Thing Lacking.

He thought his education fine,  
But found he had another thing—  
That some few things he did not know—  
For when he came to buy a drink  
Where prohibition laws held sway  
It seems he didn't know the wink.

### Quite Provoking.

"Boggs is a very even tempered man."  
"Oh, very."  
"Of course when he was run over by a train he naturally felt cut up."

### Should Be Posted.

"What is the last word in the dictionary?"  
"I don't know. I will ask my wife. A woman always has the last word."

### Warming Effect.

If there were no appointments  
By victors to allot,  
I think it's plain that the campaign  
Would not be quite so hot.

### He Was Precious.

"So she is in love with the policeman?"  
"Yes; she says he is worth his weight in copper."

### Practical Knowledge.

"Does he know the city thoroughly?"  
"I should say so. He has every free lunch in town down pat."

### PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Perhaps if the good did not die young they might grow up to be as wicked as the rest of us.

A victory without spoils is like soup made with rain water and salt.

However, some people burn midnight oil without having any results to show for it next day.

Perhaps geese do not lay golden eggs these days because it is against the rules of the union.

Small boys cannot understand why firemen should want to draw pay for going to fires.

Some men would almost forget how to read if it were not for the sporting page.



Women doubtless look with more favor on the octopus than men; it has so many arms.

**Telegraphic News**

St Petersburg, 9th—A local paper prints a letter reviewing the voyage of the 2nd squadron in which the statement is made that 3 torpedo seemingly on hostile act intent, were seen off the Spanish coast during the night of Oct 26th. Gen. Sakharoff reports that the Japanese vanguard assumed the offensive on Nov. 7th and occupied the villages of Outiaz, Kitaz and Paousmtug.

Chefoo, 9th—The Japanese continue to bombard Port Arthur and the shells are falling so fast that the Russians have practically abandoned the repairing of the works protecting the harbor. Citizens, volunteers and police are now reinforcing the garrisons of the forts. So many men were killed on both sides during the last assault that many bodies are unburied and in some instances dogs eat the dead. The Chinese say the forts on Golden Hill have done no firing for months past and it is believed their ammunition has run short.

New York, 9th—The Republican national ticket has been elected by a vote in the electoral college that will exceed that of 292 given to Mc Kinley in 1900. The result of today's balloting was astounding, even to the most sanguine of Republican managers, confident as they were of success they were not prepared for the astonishing figures which followed the closing of the polls bringing in the Republican column not only all these states that they had claimed as safe for their candidates but with the exception of Maryland the states classed as doubtful.

**U. S. ELECTION.**

The results of the United States Presidential Election held on the 8th, with electoral votes secured by the Republican and Democratic candidates, are as follows.—Roosevelt and Fairbanks, 325; Parker and Davis, 151; 35 States going Republican and 16 going Democratic.

Washington, D.C. 9th—President Roosevelt stated this morning that under no circumstances would he be Candidate or accept another nomination.

**NOTICE.**

Riding on locomotives and rail way cars of the Union Colliery Company by any person or persons—except train crew—is strictly prohibited. Employees are subject to dismissal for allowing same  
By order  
FRANCIS D. LITTLE  
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IN REGARD TO THE  
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PUBLISHED ON THE 9TH AND 20TH OF EACH MONTH

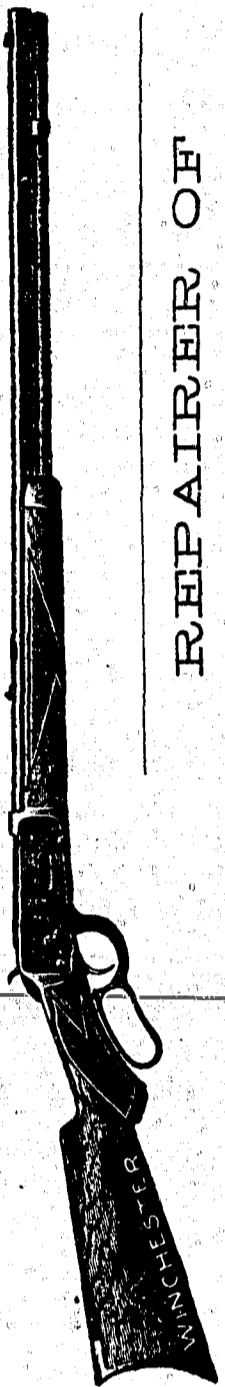
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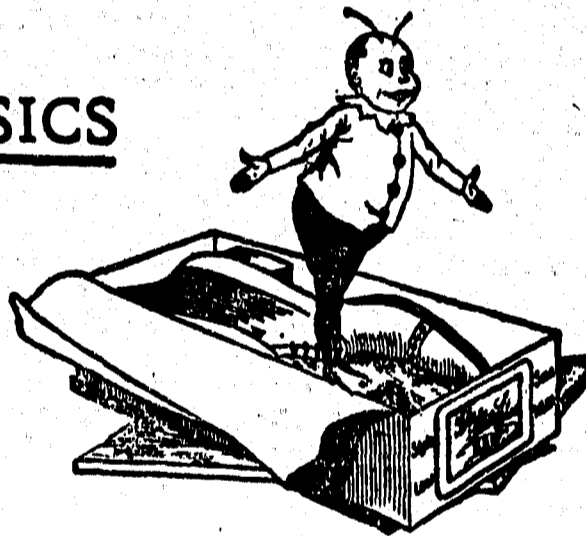
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PROPRIETOR.

**BASICS**



What the foundation is to a building—the sole is to a shoe—basic, fundamental.

In sky-scraper, or foot-wear, the covered up base, that which is least seen is of greatest importance.

No single item in a shoe costs so much as the best sole leather, and no part can be "robbed" so easily, without revealing it to the eye.

Paint and polish cover equally the best, and the worst, sole in the finished shoe.

Wear alone tells the consumer (too late for remedy) what grade of leather has been put into it.

This is where the "Slater Shoe"—the slate frame "Slater Shoe"—steps in, to eradicate lottery.

As the Slater Shoe Makers brand their own price on the sole of every pair, they thus become directly responsible to the Wearer up to that price, for its durability and shape retention, in addition to its window appearance.

They dare not rob the vitals of the shoe to put the plunder into the mere selling points—into surface value, and finish chiefly.

Goodyear Welted and priced on the sole, \$4.00, \$5.00.

**"The Slater Shoe"**

Sole Local Agent STANLEY H. RIGGS.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS  
Issued Every Tuesday.

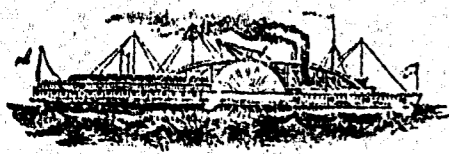
W. B. ANDERSON, MGR

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

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

TUESDAY, NOV. 15, 1904.

Nanaimo & Nanaimo Ry



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.

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

Leaves Ganges or Ladysmith Saturday, 7 a.m., for Victoria and way ports.

VANCOUVER-NANAIMO ROUTE.  
S. S. "JOAN"

Sails from Nanaimo 7 a.m. daily except Sundays.

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

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE  
JUNE 1st, 1903.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

Table with columns for departure times (No. 2-Daily, No. 4-Sunday) and arrival times (Victoria, Coldstream, Koenig's, Dunoon's, Nanaimo, Wellington).

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

Table with columns for departure times (No. 1-Daily, No. 3-Sunday) and arrival times (Wellington, Nanaimo, Dunoon's, Koenig's, Coldstream, Victoria).

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

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

The Company reserves the right to change without previous notice, steamers sailing dates and hours of sailing. Excursion Tickets on Sale from and to all Stations, good for going journey Saturday and Sunday, returning not later than Monday.

GEO. L. COURTNEY,  
Traffic Manager.

Cumberland Hotel

COR. DUNSMUIR AVENUE AND SECOND STREET. CUMBERLAND, B. C.

Mrs. J. H. PIKET, Proprietress.

When in Cumberland be sure and stay at the Cumberland Hotel, First-Class Accommodation for transient and permanent boarders.

Sample Rooms and Public Hall Run in Connection with Hotel

Rates from \$1.00 to \$2.00 per day

HENRY'S NURSERIES,  
3009 Westminster Road

100,000 Bulbs to arrive soon from Holland, France and Japan.

Thousands of Fruit and Ornamental Trees...

RHODODENDRONS, ROSES, GREENHOUSE AND HARDY PLANTS for Fall Planting,

Home Grown and Imported Garden, Field and Flower Seeds, always in stock in season.

FERTILIZERS

BEE HIVES AND SUPPLIES

Green house full Plants, Cut Flowers Floral Work. Catalogues free, or call and examine stock.

M. J. HENRY,  
VANCOUVER, B. C.

Morrochi Bros,  
BAKERS

BREAD, Cakes and Pies delivered daily to any part of City.

FULL STOCK OF Groceries

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

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

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

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

LIST ABOVE MENTIONED

Table with columns: NAME OF PERSON, DESCRIPTION OF CLAIM, Unpaid Taxes, Expenses of Advertising, TOTAL. Lists various claimants like Bobby Burns, Daniel Webster, Poodle Dog, etc.

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

Dated at Cumberland 7th October, 1904.

Advertisement for Joseph Tetley & Co's India & Ceylon Teas. Includes text: 'THE TEA OF TEAS', 'CELEBRATED TETLEY'S TEA', 'INDIA & CEYLON TEAS', 'Hudson's Bay Co. Agents, Victoria, B.C.'

Advertisement for McMILLAN FUR & WOOL CO. 'THE BIG OLD ESTABLISHED HOUSE BUYING'. Includes text: 'FURS', 'HIDES SENECA DEERSKINS', 'EXPORTERS FURS', 'IMPORTERS FURS', 'MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA', 'WHITE US AND GET OUR CIRCULARS AND KEEP POSTED SHIP TOP PRICES AND SHIP AGAIN'.

Advertisement for Livery and Teaming. Includes text: 'Livery AND Teaming', 'I am prepared to furnish Stylish Rigs and do Teaming at reasonable rates.', 'D. KILPATRICK CUMBERLAND'.

Advertisement for UNION BREWING CO., NANAIMO, B.C. 'The yearly return of the Rock Beer season is of interest to the brewer as well as the public, and the UNION BOCK BEER FOR 1904'. Includes text: 'Will again show that special care has been taken in the manufacture of the superior article. The Union Brewing Co.'s Beer 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.'

Advertisement for PATENTS. Includes text: 'PATENTS', 'TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS &c.', 'Any one sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain from whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Orders sent for securing patents in America. We have a Washington office. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.', 'You can get Pit Boats, Overall, Pit Caps, &c., at rock bottom prices at the Corner Store.'

# The Girl of the Orchard

By...  
Howard  
Fielding

Copyright, 1901, by Charles W. Hooke

## CHAPTER I.

### A Question of Personal Appearance.

The problem before me was this: If a girl was all legs and arms at the age of 13—and one can't remember much of anything else about her appearance—what will she look like on her nineteenth birthday? At first glance it seemed to be difficult of solution, and after pondering on it during many thousands of miles of travel on the sea, I was no nearer to the answer except as I was nearer to the girl.

It is true that I had a great bundle of my father's letters to assist me. They were waiting for me at Lourenco Marques, when by the tardy blessing of heaven I succeeded in getting out of the Transvaal, where I had spent two years that will not bear thinking about. Previous to that experience I had studied mineralogy and chemistry in Germany, whence, upon an offer that seemed flattering, I had gone to President Kruger's realm just in time to get into all kinds of trouble. Suffice it to say that I never did a day's work for the mining company in whose service I went there; that, thanks to the long range of modern weapons, I was quite badly wounded at a distance of nearly a mile from a foolish little riot with which I had no connection, and that I lay many months in prison charged with an offense the nature of which has not yet been disclosed to me.

Enough of such recollections. This story begins with my father's letters. Those which I found at Lourenco Marques were written after his anxiety in regard to me had been relieved. He knew that I was coming home, that I was none the worse for my wound and that my desire to roam had probably been curbed by my experiences. So he wrote of the future, and very cheerily. It appeared that all things had gone surprisingly well with him. He had never been poor. He was now rich, as he expressed it, "really beyond my desires—somewhere between my own and yours, perhaps—but you will not need to worry much, my boy." A fine old father he always was. I could not have chosen a better. It smote upon my heart that I was all to him and yet had left him so much alone.

However, there was Sibyl; no kin of mine, to be sure, but very tenderly regarded, the daughter of his friend, and quite helpless in the world except for him.

"Sibyl has developed beyond anything that you would believe," he wrote in one of those letters. "She is a very brilliant young woman; the promise of her girlhood is more than fulfilled."

Now, to be honest, the promise of Sibyl's girlhood, as I remembered it, was not much. She lived at our house after her sixth year, but I never paid any particular attention to her, except to tease her, in the amiable effort to make her cry. It was one of Sibyl's peculiarities that she never would cry in any person's presence. Even when an infant, as I had been told, she would hide her tears under a pillow, at the great risk of smothering. At a later period she would shut herself up in the dark to indulge her grief, and after some of my experiments with her youthful feelings it had been necessary to open all the clothes closets in the house and even to explore the cellar in search of her. Experimenting, by the way, was always my forte. As a boy I spoiled many clocks by taking them apart, and doubtless the same spirit of research often prompted me in my attacks upon the nervous systems of my fellow creatures.

I was away at school during the major part of my youth and so saw less of Sibyl than would have been natural, considering that she dwelt under my father's roof. My most distinct recollection of her was as she used to sit at the table, rigid, embarrassed, hiding her long arms and long hands under the cloth; her hair brushed straight back from a forehead so thin that it shone upon the curves like a porcelain doorknob. The composite of these impressions may have placed her in my mind at about the age of 12. My father mentioned in a letter which I found at Gibraltar that Sibyl would be 10 on June 15, quite probably the date of my arrival in Chicago.

After reading this statement I looked back through the other letters in a vain attempt to find something descriptive of Sibyl's personal appearance. I would have welcomed a word upon the color of her eyes, and the mention of her weight would have greatly assisted me in rectifying a mental picture that must now be far out of date. Nothing of the sort existed in these documents. Sibyl's wit, vivacity, scholarship, accomplishments—it appeared that she

sang well—were often referred to, and especially her amiability. The last was ominous, for goodness of heart has been set against beauty since the days when our early ancestors dwelt in the branches of trees.

My father did not say that he wished me to marry Sibyl. He was so careful not to say it that I caught him dodging it on every page of all those letters. His satisfaction at some word of mine in a late communication to him indicating that I was bringing my whole heart home was really amusing, and it was immediately followed by some rather vague allusions to the number of Sibyl's admirers. I was not cheered by discovering that the chief among them was a young man who had just ascended the pulpit and might be disposed to hold beauty as a mere transitory earthly vanity and those traits which are commonly lumped as "goodness" to be the truly valid attractions. There was also a hint about Arthur Strickland, and this was nearly fatal, for Arthur as a youth was a special providence for homey girls. A fellow who has that trouble never gets over it, so far as I have been able to observe.

Now, upon the subject of beauty I am not quite right in my mind. I cannot honestly say that I ever so much as asked a girl to dance, except from motives of politeness, unless she seemed to me to possess the element of beauty. For me the whole matter begins there. I admit the existence of all the admirable qualities that are mentioned by name in the dictionary, but if they were united in one woman and she were not beautiful I could as easily fall in love with the "Data of Ethics" as with her.

It was a perfect certainty that my father wished me to marry Sibyl. He had expressed such a hope long before, and I knew that it was as strong in him as ever, though there was not a word directly upon that theme in these last letters. Doubtless he feared the usual result of parental interference with a young man's liberty of choice, and, besides, he was too good a father to burden me with a definite expression of his wish. Therein lay all the sorrow of the situation. If he had been the sort of father that may disinherit a fellow or invoke the wrath of heaven to punish disobedience, I should have been positively pleased with the prospect of disappointing him. But he would never do any such thing; he would always be kind and generous, always helpful, sincere, resourceful in my interests, a comrade through and through, always a gentleman and the everlastingly unapproachable model of fathers. Confound him! That was where he had me, I should marry Sibyl out of respect and love for the dear old governor, supposing, of course, that the girl would take me, as she certainly would, for precisely the same reason.

So that was all settled, and it remained only to guess and at last to know what particular form of ugliness the poor child had developed into since my eyes had last beheld her. She must have been almost 14 on that occasion, but my memory refused to serve me in regard to it. The wavering, composite image which I have already mentioned was the best I could exhumate.

There had been something peculiar about Sibyl's hair. It was what the children called "calico hair," because it presented a pattern in colors, a wide-spread but singularly inaccurate term, as calico, strictly speaking, has no pattern. However, Sibyl's hair had many; it underwent a change of hue much more violent than is ordinary and very capricious in its scheme of progress. When she was a little girl, her hair was light—or was it dark? I couldn't remember. Anyhow, it changed from one to the other; changed to match the color of her eyes—or did it match them first and not afterward? I couldn't say. I remembered the striped head, but not the course of its evolution.

Sibyl was a bright girl, though greatly repressed by embarrassment; an original girl, if ever there was one, for she never said or did the expected thing. I remember when my father brought home a little dog in a basket as a present for Sibyl in response to her shy but very earnest request. It was the queerest looking beast that I ever saw; surely nobody but my father could have picked it out, a creature homely beyond belief, yet impossibly amiable, bright and amusing, as the event proved.

At the sight of it Sibyl was enraptured. She gathered Bogy (for so he was named) to her bosom and overwhelmed him with endearments. Almost immediately afterward she mysteriously vanished, to be found, after con-

siderable search, in a small dark room with Bogy in her arms. The dog's woolly head was wet with Sibyl's tears, but the child stopped crying the instant that she was discovered, as she always did. Pressed to state the cause



She used to sit at the table, rigid, embarrassed.

of her woe, she carefully steadied her voice for this reply: "Uncle Sumner always likes homely dogs."

The natural inference was that Sibyl's pet had been a disappointment to her, and thus my father viewed the case. The truth was far away, as subsequently appeared. Sibyl saw in the selection of Bogy a crowning confirmation of her previous observations and deductions. My father had ever a kind word for a crop eared cur, and such would look after him on the street and wish to be his dog. He would buy a scrawny horse of a teamster and turn it out to pasture for the rest of its days, and he would give his patronage to the freckled newsboy with a nose like a little piece of putty. Sibyl had seen these things, and her sentence complete would have been this: "Uncle Sumner always likes homely dogs—and me!"

This incident of long ago was in my mind as the ship that brought me home sailed into New York harbor. It had come up out of the past as the result of much delving among battered rubbish of memory. It showed that Sibyl had recognized her misfortune early in life, and in connection with the fact that I had never received a portrait of her in all the years of my absence it possessed a melancholy value. We had exchanged letters at rare intervals—essays I would better call them, sketches of travel on my part and on hers the quaintest comments upon matters impersonal—and I had asked her for a picture more than once, without even eliciting so much as a refusal.

A customs tug slid up along the side of our big ship, and there stood my father on the little craft's deck. Not a day older he seemed to me, straight, stalwart, handsome and distinct from all others. When he came aboard our vessel, he seemed to be the captain or an admiral over the captain's head. It was impossible to see him anywhere without the feeling that he must be in command.

I had called to him as the tug ran alongside, but he had failed to see me. Upon our deck he looked straight at me for a second's space without recognition; then he started and raised his hands, surprised.

"Marshall!" he exclaimed, taking my right hand in his left and laying the other on my shoulder. "Marshall!" He seemed to find an assurance in the name, as if it helped him to realize that there was no mistake.

"Why, you've grown a foot!" he cried. "You're taller than I am. And you've changed so—I can hardly believe it's you."

"It began while I was in Europe," I replied, "but I got the height while I lay abed in Pretoria. It quite often happens, of course, that a fellow grows an inch or two under such circumstances, but I got nearly three."

My father complimented me most heartily upon my added stature and robust appearance. When he had last seen me I had stood scarcely 5 feet 10 and had been hollow in the chest from a long habit of huddling over a table when reading.

"Sibyl will be struck dumb at the sight of you," he said. "She likes men of good height, and that's why every little five footer falls in love with her." "How is Sibyl looking these days?" I asked, with carefully veiled anxiety. "Bless the dear child!" he responded enthusiastically. "She's the picture of health."

When that's the best that can be said of a girl's looks, let Cupid drop dead in the scuppers and be washed overboard. I turned my face away and groaned.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE WORST THAT COULD HAPPEN.

THE thought of my father's impatience touched me deeply. He was one who hated railroad travel, especially in the warm weather, yet he came a thousand miles for the sake of seeing me a day earlier; partly, also, that I might be spared the necessity of hurrying to him. He knew that there were matters I would like to arrange in New York and old friends I would wish to see.

"I must return tonight," he said. "There's a directors' meeting day after

tomorrow that I have pledged my soul to attend. Lucky for the collateral that your steamer wasn't late, my boy. And I'm so glad, so deep down glad, to see you."

The tears came into my eyes as he spoke. He has such a strong and manly sincerity and such a voice. I inherited enough of it to sing fairly well, but my ordinary speech, compared to his, is like the March wind toying with a loose shingle on a barn.

"I'll go back with you," said I. "I'm impatient to see Sibyl."

He looked at me with a quick of pleasure, and I felt like one who has paid something on account of debt. The sensation was so agreeable that I rushed on recklessly.

"It's singular," said I, that a fellow so susceptible as I should have knocked around the world for almost five years and come home with his heart absolutely unscarred. My little flirtations and follies have hurt neither myself nor any one else."

"That's good; that's mighty good," he said, with his hand upon my shoulder. "In fact, it's too good to be true. I'm afraid you have seen your own heart clearer than some others, for you're a fine figure of a man, Marshall, to use the old-fashioned phrase. But I'm sure you've always been straightforward and honest."

He paused and then added:

"As for your hurrying home to see Sibyl, it won't do any good. She isn't there. I told her you'd stay a few days in New York."

I couldn't help feeling relieved. If Sibyl had gone upon a visit at such a time, it was clear that she could not entertain any sentimental memories of me. There was little reason why she should. I had never been especially kind to her. Indeed the thought came to me edged black with remorse that I had done nothing to make the child's life happy under my father's roof. Doubtless she remembered me very justly as a selfish brute and viewed my father's obvious wish regarding our future with feelings much more unpleasant than my own.

The subject was not inviting, and I gladly turned from it to tell the story of my adventures. Thus the time was occupied until we reached the city. Presently, when we were free of the customs inspectors, I began to observe an indefinable and agreeable difference in my father's manner from that which I remembered. It became perceptible when we discussed my stay in New York and my business there, which was connected with a small trust firm of my own through inheritance from my mother. My father was one who had by nature a liberal hand with money, yet he had been accustomed to make every dollar work for him in some investment and had thus often been pressed for ready cash. In earlier days I had admired his method of combin-



He told me what provision he had planned for me.

ing generosity with prudence. The need had passed. As he spoke of money matters I became slowly aware that my personal expenses were to be anything that I might choose to make them; that the trust fund was no longer precious for its yield, but because my mother had given it to me.

When we were lodged in a hotel with a luxury that appealed to me especially after a prison hospital in the Transvaal and the staterooms of third rate steamers, he told me definitely what provision he had planned to make for me, and I sat silent, laughing on to the arms of my chair as if they had been the handles by which I gripped the reality of all this, that it might not fly away into dreamland. There was nothing that I might not have inferred from his letters, and yet the spoken words were worth an ocean of ink, backed, as they were, by the spectacle of my father's renewed youth and absolute freedom from care.

Could I meditate the crime of disappointing this man in the best hope of his remaining years? I was so far from it as to be occupied principally with anxiety lest Sibyl should not care for me. I took high resolutions to be a good fellow and one that she would find worthy. I ceased to be distressed by the thought of what she might lack in looks and began modestly to consider my own deficiencies. The chances were that she would find me rough in my ways. I had gone little into society while in Europe. My position had been to break rocks in a laboratory, and South Africa had surely not im-

proved me except in size. There was at least a third more of me than there had been, but the quality was no better. I might frighten away some of my rivals, but one of them was a clergyman and protected by the cloth.

We had a delightful day together, driving in the afternoon, and dining with great good cheer in the park; with the scented trees for walls and the mild stars of June lighting the infinite altitude of the roof. As luck would have it, some fellows I had known in college were dining there, and they joined us. My father was the best fellow at the table, the life of the party, giving a fine, high sprit to all the talk, and I was proud of him.

Near midnight, after I had put him aboard his train, I walked back to the hotel in excellent humor, and then, through the perversity of dreams, I passed a miserable night, beholding Sibyl in fifty different guises, each of them more libelous than its predecessor. I saw her blue eyed, brown eyed, one eye blue and the other brown; flaxen haired, dark haired, calico haired; a wonderful fantasia, based in the manner of a musical composition, upon the theme of a lanky girl sitting at a table and hiding her skeleton hands under the cloth. A heavy sleep followed these distressing visions, and I awoke barely in time to keep an engagement that I had made with Bob Cushing, one of the men who had dined with us in the park.

Cushing and I had never been close friends in college or afterward, but we had met in Europe, which was a bond of sympathy, and it appeared that he had followed my fortunes with an interested eye. He had known what steamer was bringing me home and had been prevented from meeting her only by his failure to receive the news that she had been sighted. I was surprised when he told me this and still more by learning that he had made a plan for my entertainment. He and some of his friends of both sexes were to attend a golf tourney on the Westchester links and were to ride out in automobiles.

I had been told that a place in one of the vehicles had been reserved for me, but I had received no proper warning about it.

"You'll have a nice girl to talk to," Cushing had said, but he had been even less lucid in describing her than my father in describing Sibyl.

If my friend had shown me a reasonably good portrait of Anna Lamoine, I think I should have found the strength to decline the invitation. It was not the proper time for me to run any risks.

At the first glance the young lady affected me most singularly. She had remarkable eyes, rather long and under level, finely marked brows, the iris being of a warm brown, darkening very slightly toward the pupil, and thus giving an effect of intensity. When she looked at me, it seemed as if those eyes meant more than ordinary, but what they meant I could not guess. They embarrassed and at the same time enticed me.

She had unusual color in the lips, which were delicately molded, yet rather full. Upon the lower part of the face was the more encouraging to the physiognomist, promising such qualities as are prized in women. The brow looked dangerously intelligent, and the eyes were an unfathomable puzzle.

I speak of these matters with particularity because her face impressed me thus in detail rather than in general. For this reason I did not think of her as a beautiful woman; one does not pick beauty to pieces. Miss Lamoine's countenance was interesting and notable; she would surely be a girl to twist the necks of people as she walked along the street. As a rule, I am not attracted by a startling woman; I prefer the perfection of a type, the beauty that may pass unnoticed except by the discerning. However, upon this occasion I was not in a mood to be exacting.

The fact is that I was happy, jolly, out for a good time. The previous day had left its mark on me, and the shadows of the night were gone. I was glad through and through that I had found my father so hale and strong, so prosperous and cheery. My affection for him brightened the world, it made the thought of my own fortunate condition an unalloyed delight, for between us there could be no question of burdensome obligation. Moreover, I had my own ideas of useful and agreeable work in the future, and the present was a holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cushing, who rode with us, were in high spirits. I had never met the lady before, but we were friends in three minutes. That couple were the sort of people who laugh, not vacantly, but from the sense of humor. They seemed to find a jest in everything, and as a rule it was a good one. Miss Lamoine entered into the spirit of the occasion, yet with a different manner. She seemed to have her own view of matters, even the most trivial, and she gave this impression in a way that is wholly indefinable.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Hafr.

Hair cut from the heads of dead women never proves satisfactory, an experienced hairdresser having no difficulty in detecting it.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

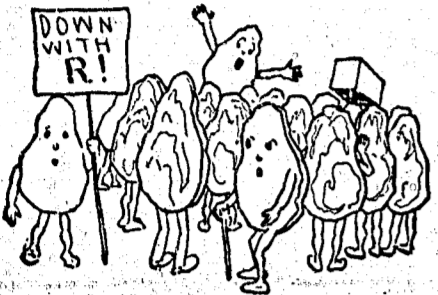
CUMBERLAND, B. C.

Stood the Test. He loved her. Who could doubt it? He proved it sure enough. He listened to her poems And said they were great stuff.

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

A tactful man will always refrain from making any comments on Monday's dinner.

What Johnnie can't understand is why the first month of vacation is so much shorter than the last month of school.



If oysters could vote, they would doubtless want a plank in the political platform knocking "R" out of the alphabet.

A woman selects her second husband with a great deal more decision and dispatch than she did her first.

The shallower the man is the deeper he pretends to be.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

What river do poets love?—The Meuse.

What river has the highest title?—The Don.

What is that which goeth to the wood, and carries his way on his shoulder?—A man going to the wood to fell boughs and carrying his ladder.

A WISE MOTHER.

A wise mother never attempts to cure the ailments from which her little ones suffer by stupefying them with sleeping draughts, "soothing" preparations and similar medicines containing opiates. This class of medicines are responsible for the untimely death of thousands of little ones, though some mothers may not realize it. When your little ones are ailing give them Baby's Own Tablets, a medicine sold under guarantee to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Mothers who have used the Tablets always speak in their praise. Mrs. A. Johnstone, Eddy-stone, Ont., says: "I find Baby's Own Tablets all you recommend them to be. My baby was troubled with eczema, and was very cross and restless, but since giving her the Tablets she has become quite well and is now a strong healthy child." Sold by all druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Where did Noah strike the first nail in the ark?—On the head.

What is the most dangerous time of the year to go into the country?—When the trees are shooting, and the bull-rushes out.

Why should the poet have expected the woodman to "spare that tree"?—Because he thought he was a good feller.

Gentlemen. — While driving down a very steep hill last August my horse stumbled and fell, cutting himself fearfully about the head and body. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT freely on him, and in a few days he was as well as ever. J. B. A. BEAUCHEMIN, Sherbrooke.

Why is the grass you walk on older than you?—Because it is pasture (past-your-age).

What is that which lives in winter dies in summer and grows up with its root upwards?—An icicle.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

When is a tree as comfortable as a bed?—When it's down.

What is the color of a grass plot covered with snow?—Invisible green.

Give the names of the oldest astronomers known.—The stars; because they have studied the heavens since the creation.

YOUNG LADIES

MARRIED WOMAN

Mrs. Jno. C. Huffman speaks to you all.

She Tells of her Troubles and their cure that you may be benefited.

Napanee, Ont., Sept. 12.—(Special) —There are many women in Canada who will yet write letters of thanks to Mrs. Jno. C. Huffman of this place. Mrs. Huffman suffered as they are suffering now. She discovered a cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills; and she is breaking the law of secrecy that binds the great majority of womankind to let her suffering sisters know where they may find relief. Mrs. Huffman says:

"I was troubled for about six years with Kidney Disease, and the pain was so great I could hardly bear it. I could not entertain any company. One night when I was feeling very miserable I read of some wonderful cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and resolved to try them. "At this time my urine was something terrible, and at times very disagreeable to pass, but Dodd's Kidney Pills soon brought me relief from all my troubles, and by the time I had taken six boxes I was completely cured. "I am making this statement to the public in the hope that it may help other young ladies or married women."

What river is not mad?—The Seine.

What ancient river would burn best?—The Styx.

Why is the endeavor to obtain perpetual motion like a barren tree?—Because it is fruitless.

What is the difference between an oak tree and a tight boot?—One makes acorns, the other makes corns ache.

Why are seeds after being sown like gate-posts?—Because they are planted in earth in order to propagate.

Helpless as a Baby.—South American Rheumatic Cure strikes the root of the ailment and strikes it quick. R. W. Wright, 10-Daniel street, Brockville, Ont., for twelve years was a great sufferer from rheumatism, couldn't wash himself, feed himself or dress himself. After using six bottles was able to go to work, and says: "I think pain has left me forever."—26

NEWFOUNDLAND BOUNDARY.

It is understood that the Justice Department at Ottawa favors that the boundary dispute between Canada and Newfoundland should be referred to the Imperial Privy Council under an old statute. As the land under dispute is in the province of Quebec the government of that province is being consulted in the matter and a reply is expected shortly.

If attacked with cholera or summer complaint of any kind send at once for a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial and use it according to directions. It acts with wonderful rapidity in subduing that dreadful disease that weakens the strongest man and that destroys the young and delicate. Those who have used this cholera medicine say it acts promptly, and never fails to effect a thorough cure.

Why is the Danish coast a bad place to go for quietness. Because of the sound which is there.

C. P. R. INVADERS NEW STATE.

A despatch from New York says: It is reported that by leasing three small roads the Canadian Pacific has secured lake and rail connection with the Ohio-Pennsylvania coal fields.

What color were the winds and the waves in the storm?—The wind blue (blow) and the waves rose.

Under the Norve Lash.—The torture and torment of the victim of nervous prostration and nervous debility no one can rightly estimate who has not been under the ruthless lash of these relentless human foes. M. Williams, of Fordwich, Ont., was for four years a nervous wreck. Six bottles of South American Nervine worked a miracle, and his doctor confirmed it.—28

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

A special London cable says that Lord Dumborne, senior master of the Supreme Court of Judicature, and the "King's remembrancer," is about to sail for America to visit the principal cities of the United States and the Canadian Northwest.

CHEAPEST OF ALL MEDICINES.—Considering the curative qualities of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil it is the cheapest medicine now offered to the public. The dose required in any ailment is small, and a bottle contains enough for it. If it were valued at the benefit it confers it could not be purchased for many times the price asked for it, but increased consumption has simplified and cheapened its manufacture.

The steamer Neepawa, of the Montreal and Lake Superior line, loaded one thousand tons of steel rails at Sault Ste. Marie one day last week for the Intercolonial railway. This is the first shipment since the resumption of operations. The steel plant shipments will continue regularly now.

The healthy glow disappearing from the cheek and moaning and restlessness at night are sure symptoms of worms in children. Do not fail to get a bottle of Mother Graves' Worm Expeller; it is an effectual medicine.

THE KITCHEN DRESSER.

It Was Originally a Bench on Which Meat Was Dressed.

Dr. Johnson tells us that the kitchen dresser was a bench in the kitchen on which meat was dressed, or prepared, for table and gives the following lines in support of his view:

"Tis burnt, and so is all the meat. What dogs are these? Where is the rascal cook? How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser, And serve thus to me that love it not? —Shakespeare. A maple dresser in her hall she had, On which full many a slender meal she made. —Dryden.

Wright, in his "Domestic Manners of the Middle Ages," says: "One of the great objects of ostentation in a rich man's house, was his plate, which at dinner time he brought forth and spread on the table in sight of his guests. Afterward, to exhibit the plate to more advantage, the table was made with shelves or steps, on which the different articles could be arranged in rows, one above another. It was called in French, or Anglo-Norman, a dressoir, because on it the different articles were dresses, or arranged."

It is this to which the modern poet refers: The pewter plates on the dresser Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.

IRISH CATTLE HUNT.

Wild Herd Had Become a Nuisance to the Farmers of Cave Hill.

Such a hunt as would have delighted the heart of Benimore Cooper's toughest heroes has just concluded within three miles of the centre of Belfast city, a herd of wild cattle being exterminated on the slopes of Cave Hill, which frowns majestically over Belfast Lough.

Some years ago Mr. Stafford McLean, a farmer, put some polled cattle on the hill, and a young bull reverted to savagery and induced some members of the herd to follow his lead.

In the course of time they multiplied, and the younger members were wilder than the old. They broke hedges and fences, and foraged anywhere and everywhere.

Mr. McLean was held responsible for their depredations. Claim followed claim for fences broken and hayricks demolished, until the farmer, in despair, invited everyone to join in a grand hunt and put a stop once and for all to their work.

Men climbed the hill armed with every class of weapon to be found in the district, pistols, old blunderbuses, fowling-pieces, sticks and knives, and a sprinkling of modern rifles. They warily stalked their prey, but the animals were quick, leaping bedges and ditches in a manner which no hunter could equal.

One or two men got within range, but their small shot whistled off the animals' hides like hail on the pavement.

The hunt on the first night was a failure, but the men came better prepared and, as a result, most of the animals have been accounted for, and there is not likely to be another such hunt in Ireland for some time to come.

A Prefervid Soot.

An English paper says: The young Marquis of Duto, although he derives the greater part of his immense income from South Wales, is personally the most peravid of Scots. He insists on his titular island being considered as an integral part of the Highlands (although Rothesay, its capital town, is nowadays practically a suburb of Glasgow), and a piper "skirls" nightly round the family dinner table, at which Lord Duto and his brothers always appear arrayed in fullest Highland garb. It has just been announced that every workman employed on the estate can, by applying at a given tailor's, be equipped with a kilt of Stuart tartan. One of the attractions of the island will, no doubt, be in future the spectacle of hedges and ditches, plumbers, masons and the rest pursuing their avocations in the gay, if somewhat "loud," attire provided for them by their patriotic Lord.

Imitation Pate de Foie Gras.

A recipe for imitation pate de foie gras is given by the Ladies' Field: Soak and cleanse very thoroughly half a pound of calf's liver, and after drying it cut it into small pieces and fry it very gently with a quarter of a pound of fat bacon, three shallots (finely minced) and four mushrooms. When the liver is thoroughly cooked (it must on no account be allowed to become hard or dark in color), turn it and the other ingredients into a mortar and pound to a smooth paste. Season it well with salt and black pepper and add a little powdered mace and some grated nutmeg. Then pass it through a sieve and it will be ready for use. A few slices of chopped truffe are a great improvement.

Tea Leaves.

Four pounds of fresh leaves are required to make one pound of dried tea.

Ancient Titles.

Among the Greek, Roman and other ancient nations titles were frequently conferred in memory of some achievement. Scipio Africanus, for instance, was so called from his conquest of Africa, and other illustrious are very numerous.

What flower would you wish for when oppressed with sorrow?—Heartsease. Why is cabbage run to seed like a lover?—Because it has lost its heart. What is the difference between the east wind and an alce?—One blows a hundred times a year, and the other once in a hundred years.

THE DRUGGIST RECOMMENDED IT.

Because He Knew of Scores of Severe Cases of Piles that were Positively Cured by

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

The writer of the letter quoted below suffered dreadfully from itching protruding piles for six years. Like hosts of others, he was only disappointed with the many treatments he tried, until his druggist told him of what Dr. Chase's Ointment was accomplishing as a cure for this wretched ailment. Mr. G. W. Cornell, who is with the Shaw Milling Company, St. Catharines, Ont., writes: "In justice to suffering humanity I write to tell you of the world of good I obtained from the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. For about six years I was the victim of itching and protruding piles and was in dreadful agony day and night. Doctors were unable to help me and I could get nothing to relieve me suffering. I was about as miserable as a creature as was to be found on the face of the earth. "One day my druggist, Mr. A. J. Greenwood, advised me to try Dr. Chase's Ointment, which I did, and obtained relief from the first box and complete cure with the second. My trouble was caused by heavy lifting, and I consider that Dr. Chase's Ointment would be cheap at fifty dollars a box, in view of the good that it did for me. A feeling of sympathy for others similarly affected prompts me to give this testimony." 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.

FARMERS will find it to their advantage to consign their GRAIN to ROBERT MUIR & CO., Winnipeg

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

I AM THE OLDEST Established Grain Commission Merchant in Winnipeg. Consign your grain to me and get prompt service, careful attention, and highest market prices. S. SPINK, DRAWER Reference—UNION BANK OF CANADA. 1300.

MARCH-WELLS GRAIN CO.

Grain in car lots bought on track or sold on commission. Reasonable advances made. Prompt returns. Correspondence solicited. Reference: Any Bank in Winnipeg. ROOM 414, GRAIN EX. BLDG., WINNIPEG.

GRAIN As the western representative of Jas. Richardson & Sons, Kingston and Toronto, and Can. Lin. Oil Mills, Limited, Montreal, P. Q., I am always in the market for car lots of grain of every variety, wheat, oats, barley and flax. I will be pleased to write or wire you quotations at any time on whatever you have to offer. Correspondence solicited in either English or German. Requests for information re shipping, etc., given immediate attention. Reference: Merchants Bank of Canada. EDWARD O'REILLY, WINNIPEG.

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

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

THOMPSON, SONS & CO., The Commission Merchants, Winnipeg. BANKERS -- UNION BANK OF CANADA.

The present indications point to a spotted wheat crop in Southern Manitoba on account of rust. We have had a great deal of experience handling shrunken grain. You may have the benefit of this experience by shipping your grain to us. The upper half of Manitoba and the Territories have a fine big crop if not damaged by frost, and we would like to show you prices we can get for grade wheat. Let us prove these facts to you, as we are doing to your neighbors.

McLaughlin & Ellis

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

Handy to Have About the House

To Cure The Ills Of All The Family By Using A Pill in time is a wonderfully good thing and saves many a fit of sickness. Every person, young or old, needs a little help often to put their systems right. If there's Biliousness Constipation or Indigestion a dose of BEECHAM'S PILLS will generally set things right. Sick Headaches are cured as if by charm, and you will

SAVE EXPENSE

and be enabled to enjoy many a pleasure heretofore made impossible. BEECHAM'S PILLS make life worth living by putting your system in condition to enjoy it. Any trouble arising from derangement of the organs of digestion and secretion is quickly set right if you use

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Prepared only by the Proprietor, THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, England. Sold Everywhere in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes, 25 cents.

W. B. Anderson, Mgr.

Advertisers who want their ads 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.

There is a strong suspicion that a large election fund was extensively in evidence, which enabled the Liberals to carry the day in the late elections. The racial and religious cries, operated as they were by the Government organs, almost swept the Province of Quebec for the Government. It is openly acknowledged by both Liberals and Conservatives that if the elections had been held on the same day at every station in B.C., that Mr. Manson would have been elected by a large majority.

It is to be hoped that the Laurier Government will advance a policy to secure that a member of the House shall not be permitted to utilize his position to promote his own pecuniary interest. That policy is perfectly sound, and adequate precautions to enforce it are imperatively necessary.

The American Trusts can say in the form of a familiar quotation—"Let us but frame the tariff of a nation and we care not who makes the anti-trust laws."

Somewhat after the fashion of the Liberal party in Canada, the Republicans in the United States have swept their country full length and breadth. This victory may be attributed in part to the prosperity of the country, partly to the lately developed policy of expansion, (which, whatever may be said to the contrary, is evidently sweet to American tastes) and probably largely to President Roosevelt's strong personality. He is certainly one of the foremost men of the age, and is one who under any circumstances can carry the country with him.

There are at least two classes of literature which should be in the home of every man who lives in the country, the local paper and a really good agricultural journal, one which in the fullest way meets the requirements of the country in which it is printed. The Northwest Farmer, Winnipeg, claims to be the best agricultural paper for the Canadian West, and in its advertising announcement, elsewhere in our columns, quotes some facts so forcible as to be worthy of attention of all of our readers. Its subscription offer is a very liberal one. Look it up.

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

Big Store Shoe Snaps for this week. Ladies Heavy grain leather shoes, regular price \$2 reduced to \$1.50. Misses and childrens Iron-clads, a stout well made school shoe \$1.50 pr.

Messrs Grant & Mounce have lately placed a saw dust fan in their mill, so that the planer and moulding machine will be kept an immaculately clear of all dust. The plant is manufactured by the Globe Engineering Co., S.F. Mr J. Carthew installing.

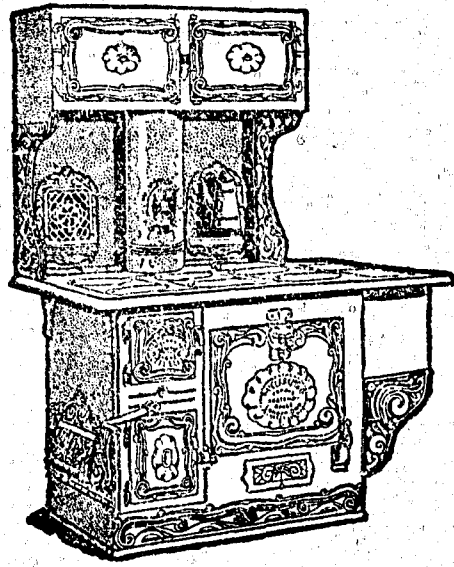
On Wednesday afternoon the funeral of the late Mrs Jacobs took place from the residence of her brother-in-law, Mr L. W. Hall. Services were conducted at the house and grave by Rev. Mr W. H. Hall, assisted by Rev. Mr Edmund. After reading appropriate passages of scripture, Rev. Mr Hall delivered a short address showing the value

## 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.

of living a good life so as to benefit our fellow-men; to have the faith and assurance which enables us to meet death calmly, and pointed out the necessity of christians growing in grace so as to be useful and enjoy happiness. The service concluded with the singing of "Shall we gather at the river." There was a large attendance of residents present to pay their last respects to the deceased lady, and numbers of beautiful floral offerings were laid on the coffin. The interment took place at Sandwick Presbyterian cemetery. The following gentlemen acted as pall-bearers, Messrs S. J. Piercy, W. Grieve, G. Leighton, G. Robinson, Clark and Chas. Cowlin. The late Mrs Jacobs leaves an aged mother, one daughter, and several sisters to mourn her loss, among whom are Mrs Hall of this city, Mrs McGuire and Mrs Morris of Vancouver.

#### SONG SERVICE.

A Service of Song was held on Sunday evening in St George's Presbyterian Church. The following ladies and gentlemen took part besides the choir:—Solos, Mrs McIntosh, Miss Anley, Miss Hunden, Rev. Mr Elmhurst, Miss Halerow Duo's:—Misses Anley and Halerow Miss Halerow and Mr Murdoch.

St Petersburg, 18th—Mr Laorvitch Danchenko the well known Russian war correspondent telegraphs from Mukden says the reports of the death of Gen. Kuroki are confirmed. According to his version the splinter of a shell struck Gen Kuroki tearing out a piece of his breast and abdomen. He died on October 4th at Liao Yang and his body was sent to Japan. A rumor is persistent around that a kinsman of the Mikado has been appointed to succeed Gen. Kuroki but that the actual commanding of the army has been entrusted to Gen Nodzu.

St Petersburg, 14th—The latest indications from the front point to an early resumption of military operations on a large scale. Field marshal Oyama has received heavy reinforcements from New Chwang and evidently is about to attack Mukden. The Japanese are showing activity on their right flank as if they were contemplating a turning movement in that direction. Kurapatkin has fortified his position on the Shuke river and as he seemingly is prepared to accept a battle he doubtless has made dispositions to block his left flanking movement. According to the opinion of military authorities his left flank is secure.

#### FOR SALE

A few tons of Potatoes for sale. Make cash offer per ton.—T. SMITH Hornby Island.



#### LAND REGISTRY ACT.

TAKE NOTICE that an application has been made to register John Thomson as the owner in Fee Simple, under a Tax Sale Deed from the Assessor for the District of Comox, to John Thomson, bearing date the 7th day of November, A. D. 1904, of all and singular that certain parcel or tract of land and premises situate, lying and being in the District of Comox, in the Province of British Columbia, more particularly known and described as Lot 198.

You are required to contest the claim of the tax purchaser within thirty days from the date of the service of this notice upon you, and in default of a caveat or certificate of his pleadings being filed within such period, or in default of redemption, you will be forever estopped and debarred from setting up any claim to or in respect of the said land, and I shall register John Thomson as owner therefore.

Dated at Land Registry Office, Victoria, Province of British Columbia, this 2nd day of November, A. D. 1904.

S. Y. WOOTTON,  
District Registrar General.

To HUGH CAHER,  
Assessed Owner.

Dated at Cumberland, Nov. 9th. 1904

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

#### AT THE BIG STORE

A Bargain, 12 prs strong well made leather top Boots in size 6 to 7 only Regular prices \$3.75 and \$4.00 per pr. This is an odd line and must be cleared up so you can now have them for \$2.25 pr.

#### \$600 REWARD,

Cumberland, Nov. 12, 1904.  
A Reward of Six Hundred Dollars will be paid to any person that will give information of the party or parties that attempted to blow up my store at Chinatown  
LAI YEUN.

#### CARD OF THANKS.

The undersigned gratefully acknowledge the sympathy and kindly acts of friends and acquaintances in the hour of their bereavement. Also beg to thank those who furnished floral tributes to the memory of the deceased Mrs J Jacobs.  
—Mr and Mrs L. W. HALL.

# IT PAYS TO BUY At Weinrobe's

## The - Greatest Bargain Yet

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

CALL AND SEE THEM.

### CORNER CASH STORE

STANLEY H. RIGGS.

## You-till-eyes

Your spare time by taking a course in the

INTERNATIONAL  
CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL  
SCRANTON, PA.

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

For information drop me a card,

T. W. MARTINDALE,  
AGENT, VICTORIA, B.C.

## HENRY A. DILLON, J.P.

NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER,  
REAL ESTATE INSURANCE AGENT,  
COMMISSIONER SUPREME COURT BC

Rents received, debts collected,  
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Deeds, Wills, Mining Papers, &c., drawn.

OFFICES, CUMBERLAND, B.C.

"Ici on Parle Francais."

For CANDIES  
NOVELTIES, PICTURES,  
FRAMES and cleaning  
of frames.

D. HUNDEN.

At old Studio, Cumberland.

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

## The Very Latest Samples OF Cloths

Leave your order for a suit, also a complete line of RUBBER GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES, GENTS FURNISHINGS. SEE THEM.

C. DAVIES, OP DRUG STORE

## 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.

## MASQUERADE.

NEXT TUESDAY EVENING  
The Masquerade.

SEE LIST OF PRIZES on posters.

## To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.  
Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months.

Cures Grip  
in Two Days.  
on every  
box, 25c.  
This signature, E. W. Grove