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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

THIRTEENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 28, 1906

AT THE BIG STORE

New Spring Goods

arriving by every boat, now showing

Lady's Summer and Spring Caps, blouse Ends, Embroideries, Swiss Muslins, Laces, India Linen, Persian Lawn, Organdies, Victoria lawns, Nainsook, Madapolams, Zephyrs, Laces, Curtains.

The latest in Men's Caps

Come in and see them.

Why it is Profitable to trade at the BIG STORE.

BECAUSE

It has the largest and best assorted stock in this district.
All articles are marked in plain figures.
It carries reliable goods at lowest possible prices.
Goods are exchanged and money cheerfully refunded, at any time, when not satisfactory.
We are straight-forward and honest in our dealings.
Prompt and efficient delivery service.
We are always pleased to see you whether you want to buy or not.

SIMON LEISER & Co. Ltd., Cumberland

Selling off at a Great Reduction

for the next two weeks.

From 25 to 40 per cent off all Cash Purchases. All goods marked in plain figures.

T. D. McLEAN, Pioneer Jeweller

CUMBERLAND B.C.

Mammoth Imperial Pekin Duck Eggs, FOR SALE, $1.50 per sitting Apply to J. Stewart, Allan Avenue Cumberland.

Local and Personal

The usual Sabbath evening service at Grace Methodist Church was varied by a very pleasing series of vocal numbers by the choir which is a decided credit to the church, and also by the rendition of two highly appreciated solos by that talented singer Mrs Grant of Vancouver The lady was in splendid voice especially in her rendition of, "Nearer my God to Thee", which was sung with much pathos and feeling. The grand old masterpiece "He shall feed His flocks", was another gem and it sung anywhere but in the sacred edifice, the congregation would have certainly shown their appreciation of the sweet singer's artistic ability.

From 25 p-c to 40 p-c off all cash purchases for the next two weeks at T. D. McLeans.

Mr R. Crawford who returned some days ago from California, where he had gone with his father Mr F. S Crawford, for a holiday, is delighted with his trip The elder Mr Crawford was much improved in health when he left him there to spend the rest of the winter.

J. D. King's new styles of dressy shoes—Moore Bros.

Mr C. Colpitts of Vancouver, has been in town for the last week, photographing various views of the town, as well as flashlights underground for the Province Newspaper. Many people availed themselves of his services to have stamp and cabinets photos taken during his stay here. Mrs Colpitts and the two children accompanied Mr Colpitts on his trip.

RICE, $2 50 per sack at Napier & Partridge's.

Last week at Union Wharf, barge Baroda loaded with bunker coal for Seattle.

R Kerr is loading for Vancouver.

The Oregon is loading for Skagway.

Childrens shoes, special order J. D. King make from No 1 up—Moore Bros.

In every sense of the word, socially and financially, the Concert given by the congregation of St George' Presbyterian Church on Tuesday the 20th was a decided success The Cumberland Hall was thronged with an audience who assisted by their appreciation of the numbers on the programme in making the evening a notable one in Church affairs. Among other well known amateurs who contributed to the evenings' pleasure were Mr McNaught who promises to be a favorite in local musical circles, also Misses Ramsay, M & G Anley, T Mitchel and Messrs Murdock, Collins and F Bate A large sum was realized through the sale of refreshments which will materially lessen the debt which is due for repairs to the Church.

See the new Auto caps at Moore Bros.

Miss Comolliey of Nanaimo is visiting Mrs R. Grant and family of Cumberland,

Last night's concert will be reported next week.

The many friends of Mrs Chas. Ellis will sympathise with that lady in the loss she has sustained through the sudden death of her brother, at her old home in Stafford shire. News of his demise was received on Wednesday morning last. Mrs Furbow of this town also suffered a bereavement though the death of her brother at Nova Scotia. His aged mother and sister are residing with Mrs Furbow.

Can be obtained at the Big Store Lord Roberts Brand of Oysters 25c per 1 lb tin or 5 tins for $1.00. Warranted full weight and of the finest quality. These oysters are caught and packed at Baltimore U. S. A. long famous for producing the best oysters in the world. Simon Leiser & Co. Ltd. Sole agents for Canada.

Mrs Livesly left on a visit to friends at French Creek last week

The Union & Cumberland Band will hold their annual Masquerade on March 19th at the Cumberland Hall. A good time is assured.

A wide range of Bargains will be found at T. D. McLeans for the next two weeks.

Revds Mr Menzies of Comox, and Mr McGillivray of this town are absent attending the meeting of the Presbytery at the Capital.

Mr J. H. Ogden the popular assistant in the Royal Bank has severed his connection with that institution, and will enter into a business partnership with his father at Vancouver. His successor is Mr W. B. Ward of Vancouver.

Don't fail to visit T. D. McLean's store during the next two weeks and get some bargains.

Clam Poachers Again.

For some days past the American steamer, Electric, has been lying in Bayne's Sound, engaged in loading up with clams for the Sound canneries The method pursued is to contract with the Indians for delivery on the steamer at a set price per pail, and the Denman spit during the nights of last week was illuminated by strings of lights carried by the Indian diggers of the succulent bivalve. The legal rights or the wrongs of the case we will not attempt to argue, but it seems a most unjust state of affairs if a foreign country is allowed to thus indiscriminately rob us of everything of value in the way of fish. News comes that the clam beds south of this have been completely exhausted by these people, and it will be but a short time ere the same conditions prevail in these parts, if the thing is allowed to go on. This vessel has come in, loaded and departed without a bill of health, or invoice, and intend keeping up the trick as long as the authorities are as lax as they are at present. What is the Department of Marine and Fisheries for anyhow?

An Old Resident Leaves

Mr David Walker has accepted an offer from the White Pass and Yukon Ry to open up a coal mine on their property in the north. He has been in Vancouver the last few days completing arrangements, and will sever his connection with the W. C. Co. here very soon, and leave for his new field. Mr Walker has for many years been a valued employe of the Company, in different capacities, latterly being overman of No 5 shaft, and later still, up to the present, being similarly engaged at No. 7. His many friends will regret his departure.

THE FAIRBANKS-MORSE CO

Mr E Emde has lately acquired the agency for Comox District for the Fairbanks Morse gasolene engines, and a "Jack of all Trades" 2 h-p arrived last week and is now set up in his shop. The little machine will go into a good big trunk yet it is capable of doing the work of a strong team in a hundred different capacities. Of spark ignitor style, a battery set overhead out of the way, sets her off in a few seconds, and the smoothness of the running gear is a marvel. For the use of mechanics and farmers, the "Jack" is a most valuable and handy servant. besides economical, the amount of gasolene required running from 1 gallon to 1½ gallons per 10 hours according to power used. Gasolene can be purchased in Vancouver for 30c per gallon, so that cheap power is assured, the cost of lubricant, renewing battery zinc, etc., being minimum The price of the 2 h-p Jack is $160 00. f.o.b., Vancouver, and the low price, with simplicity of running, will commend this most efficient machine to everyone needing power.

A Trip To Union Wharf

The Wharf is famous for its little social dances, also for some sweet young men, and it was these attractions which impelled a young lady of this town to get a horse and buggy and accompanied by a lady friend going to her home at the Wharf, and a driver, set out one dark night last week to attend one of the aforesaid dances with all its attractions. Alas! for human hopes! on the road to Roy's, the horse shied, the buggy struck a log on the opposite side, harness broke, shafts dropped to ground, horse ran, shafts stuck in mud, buggy upended, horse tore loose, people mud spattered walked 9 miles to wharf, It was only 3 miles back to town, but then! the attractions did not exist here.

THE Magnet Cash Store

For Your

Stoves, Heaters, Tinware. Crockery Glassware, Wall Paper. Cutlery, Paints, Varnishes, Enamels, Stains, Washing Machines, Combs, Brushes Toilet Soaps, Organs, Pianos, Furniture, Window Blinds, Poles and Fittings. &c. &c. &c. &c.

T. E. BATE.

FOR SALE

First prize hot air De Moines incubator and brooder, capacity 264 eggs-also-brooder-for-300-chickens. All in perfect order with full equipments and instruction book, also brown leghorn eggs for hatching from prize winners.

S. F. Dobson
Courtenay, B. C.

GRANULATED SUGAR, $5.90 per 100lb at Napier and Partridge.

When Buying Your

Groceries

For the Next Month

Do not overlook the fact that it is by making your purchases from us that you are able to save money.

Lyle's Golden Syrup in 2lb cans, pure as honey, the most delicious syrup on market. 20c per can.

American Hams, per lb. 18c

American Bacon, per lb. 20c

Pastry Flour, per sack, $1.40

We are doing the largest TEA business in the District We attribute our enormous sales to the fact that we handle only the kinds that are the most reliable, Whether you buy our 35c, 40c or 50 Ceylon it is all the same you are getting the best that money can buy at the price.

5c per lb. less in 5 lb. lots.

Oranges, 2 doz 25c

We would however prefer to sell you a dozen of our Fancy Navel Oranges at 25c per doz

Soap, 4lb. bars, 5 for $1.00

The "BEST STORES"

NAPIER & PARTRIDGE

Cumberland and Courtenay.

Torpid Liver Cause of Fevers

The Surest Way to Prevent Disease is to Keep the Liver Active With

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

Too frequently an external cause for fever is looked for, when the real source of trouble is from within the body itself.

To begin with, the liver becomes torpid, sluggish and inactive, and poisonous bile is left in the blood to corrupt the whole system. The result is the overworking of the kidneys and the clogging up of the organs of excretion.

Food which should be digested is left to ferment and decay in the intestines, and inflammations and fevers are set up.

In such a condition the body is a regular hotbed of disease, and is most susceptible to any ailment of an infectious or contagious nature.

The best insurance against disease is the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to keep the liver active. This great medicine has a direct and specific action on the liver, and is wonderfully prompt and effective in awakening and invigorating this important filtering organ.

A healthy liver means pure blood, good digestion and the proper working of the bowels. A healthy liver ensures the onward passage of the food through the intestines and excretory organs, and so removes all chance of the poisonous waste matter remaining in the body to produce pain, suffering and disease.

Mr. Duncan McPherson, Content, Alta., writes,—"I was for many years troubled with indigestion and headache and derived no benefit from the many remedies I used. A friend advised the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and after taking four boxes the result is that I am once more in the full enjoyment of good health."

Mrs. J. C. Johnston, Carman, Man., writes:—"I have been a great sufferer from kidney trouble and have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills with very marked benefit. I cannot say too much for this medicine as it seemed to be the only treatment that suited my case.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE TOWER OF SILENCE.

Gruesome Burial Place of the Parsees of Bombay—Erected 300 Feet Above Level of the Sea.

High above Bombay, on the freest and most airy spot of the city and 300 feet above the level of the sea, is situated the most peculiar cemetery in the world—the burial place of the Parsees. It is called the Tower of Silence.

These Towers of Silence are found everywhere in Persia, where the corpse, placed under the open sky, is dried by the sun and dissolved by the rain. But in Bombay, where the burial place is limited and where death and misery invite vultures in greatest numbers, the dissolution is considerably hastened by these carrion eaters.

The tower itself consists of a stone wall thirty feet high, forming a circle about 300 feet in diameter—a roofless tower. The floor, made of cement, is an inclined plane, terminating in a deep and wide well. It is divided into three concentric circles, within which are standing side by side the low, open sarcophagi. These circles are connected by wide drain gutters, leading to the wall in the centre of the building. The men are laid in the outer, the women in the middle and children in the inner circle.

The whole inner construction reminds one of the inside of a classical amphitheatre, only that in this tower the players—the corpses and the vultures—occupy the place of the spectators, while the centre—the arena—is occupied by the wall, fifty feet in diameter.

Having entered the iron door leading into the tower, the khandias immediately strip the corpse of all clothing, for Zoroaster has said, "Naked thou comest into the world, and naked shall thou depart therefrom." The body is then placed in one of the vacant sarcophagi.

In a few minutes the places is covered with vultures, which is the course of an hour devour every vestige of flesh on the fresh corpse, while the blood finds its way through the drain canals down into the wall. The skeleton only remains, as smoothly picked as though it had been cleaned in the chambers of an anatomical institution.

In a few weeks the burning rays of the sun and the heavy rains have dissolved the skeleton and piecemeal worked it down the wall, where the remaining pieces of bones are further dissolved in a mixture of lime and sulphur, while the blood and fluids are strained through a heavy layer of coal and sand and enter the undefiled ground of the Parsees as pure water.

It is claimed that this mode of burial is the most cleanly of all methods and, from the standpoint of hygiene, the most safe. Certainly as it is practiced in the land of its origin, where the forces of nature—sun and rain—perform the entire operation, it does not appear at all horrible.

"Run Down System"

—The solid parts of our bodies are continually wasting away, and require to be repaired by medical substances, that restore the lost vitality. There are only two methods of building up the run down system. You can consult the physician, or commence treatment with Dr. Slocum's famous remedy, "PSYCHINE." In all probability "PSYCHINE" will be the best doctor, and the cheapest in the end. Scores of medical men advise its use in the worst cases of decline and weakness. It is an invaluable tonic, pleasant to the stomach, builds up the run down system, strengthens the nerves, sets the liver right, cures dizziness and headache, creates appetite, and is an all round family medicine, used by thousands of men, women and children in every part of the Dominion. Ask druggist about it.

GREATEST OF ALL TONICS!

PSYCHINE

(PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

ALL DRUGGISTS—ONE DOLLAR—FREE TRIAL

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited
179 King St. W. Toronto, Canada

Dr. Grace's Autograph.

Dr. W. G. Grace, the most famous cricketer in England, probably has given his autograph as often as any other celebrity. At a match not long ago he wrote his name in the notebook of a little girl. A couple of weeks later, much to his surprise, the same little lady shyly sidled up to him with the necessary documents and the request for his autograph. "But I gave it to you only a few days ago," laughingly said the veteran. "Oh," came the answer, "I changed that one for two bishops." Dr. Grace laughed heartily as he replied, "Well, my dear, if a cricketer is worth two bishops I don't believe I ought to give you another autograph. But your naivette is so delicious I suppose I must. So there you are."

English Women Botanists.

The Linnaean Society of London, an organization of botanists, now admits women to full membership. Great Britain has numerous distinguished women botanists, more than are to be found in America. Mrs. Farquharson is the woman who obtained for her sex the honor of membership in the Linnaean Society. She herself is a distinguished botanist and microscopist. Eleven women are members of the botanists' society. One of them is the Duchess of Bedford. She is an expert in natural history as well as in botany.

Still another distinguished one of the eleven is Miss Ethel Sargent, who has made a microscopic study of vegetable cells. Miss Margaret Benson is examiner in botany of the University of London.

Skull Worship.

Lecky, in his "History of the Eighteenth Century," shows us that skull worship, strange as it may seem, was almost the only form of devotion in the upper circles of France just prior to the revolution. A skull illuminated by tapers, garlanded with gay ribbons and adorned with pearls might then commonly be found in a devout lady's boudoir. Its pet name was La Belle Mignon, the pretty darling, and the fair devotee was wont to spend a part of every day in prayer and meditation before it. The Queen of Louis XV. was much addicted to this, and the skull before which she prayed was said to be that of Ninon de l'Enclos, the noted court beauty, around whom flitted Cardinal Richelieu, the great Conde, and La Rochefoucauld.

A Queer Thing About July.

How we came to pronounce July as we do now with the accent on the second syllable is one of the unsolved mysteries of speech. Named, of course, after Julius Caesar, it should really be pronounced to rhyme with "duly," and so our forefathers actually did pronounce it. Spenser, for instance, has the "Then came hot July boiling like to fire," and even so late as Johnson's time the accent was still on the "Ju." It is one of many words which would startle those ancestors of ours spoken as we speak them now.—London Chronicle.

A Story of Alexandre Dumas.

This story is told of Alexandre Dumas: It is well known that he could not refuse a request—at least not often. One day he gave a man a letter to one of his intimate friends in Brussels. The friend, a wealthy merchant, received him as though he had been Dumas' own brother, introduced him to his circle of acquaintances, placed his stable at the man's disposal and did everything in his power to make life pleasant for Dumas' friend. After the lapse of fourteen days the man suddenly disappeared and with him the best horse in the merchant's stable. Six months later the merchant visited Dumas and thanked him for the kind of people he recommended to his consideration. "Dear friend," he added, "your friend is a shark. He stole the best horse in my stable." Astonished, Dumas raised his hands toward heaven and cried, "What, he stole from you too!"

Mazeppa and the Cossacks.

The word cossack means robber, and the name Cossacks was given by the Turks to a race in manners, appearance and language like the Russians, but who are said not to be really akin to them. The Cossacks of Little Russia and the Don Cossacks are said to be the most unscrupulous robbers in the world. They excel in horsemanship and form a large part of the Russian imperial cavalry. Styled sometimes the spies of the czar, they keep the nihilists in greater check than any other power and number many more than a million men. Mazeppa, a Don Cossack, the subject of Byron's poem, when condemned to be bound upon a wild horse and borne away to his fate, was carried toward the Ukraine, on the borders of Poland, and, being rescued by Cossacks, became their chief.

Violet For Mourning.

It was not by accident that violet was chosen by many nations as the exclusive color for mourning and by us also for half mourning. Painters suffering from hysteria and neurasthenia will be inclined to cover their pictures uniformly with the color most in accordance with their condition of lassitude and exhaustion. Thus originate the violet pictures of Manet and his school, which spring from no actually observable aspect of nature, but from a subjective view due to conditions of the nerves. When the entire surface of walls in salons and art exhibitions of the day appears veiled in uniform half mourning this predilection for violet is simply an expression of the nervous debility of the painter.

A Broad Hint.

Sir Andrew Agnew of Lucknow, a well known Scotch baronet, was long pestered by an impudent sort of person, who insisted on being constantly "underfoot." Finally, however, he dropped off, and Sir Andrew was asked how he got rid of him.

"Oh," said he, "I gave him a broad hint."

"A broad hint?" repeated the inquirer. "I thought he was one of those who never could be induced to take one."

"By ma saul," said Sir Andrew, "he was obleeged to tak' it! For as the chiel wadna gang oot at the door I just threw him oot of the window!"

Air Pressure.

At the level of the sea the pressure of the atmosphere on the piston of an engine is about fifteen pounds to the square inch, but decreases at higher altitudes. As this atmospheric pressure must be overcome by the steam pressure before any work can be done, it is evident that at the diminished air pressure of high altitudes more work can be obtained from a given pressure of steam than at the sea level, or, in other words, an equally effective pressure of steam can be obtained with the expenditure of less fuel. The difference, however, is not great enough to be of any practical importance.

Faith

You cannot be expected to have faith in Shiloh's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, as a cure for Colds, Coughs and all diseases of the air passages, if you have not tried it. We have faith in it, and we guarantee it. If it doesn't cure you it costs you nothing. If it does it costs you 25c. That's fair. Try it to-day.

Shiloh has cured many thousands of the most obstinate cases, and we do not hesitate to say that it will cure any Cold, Cough, Throat or Lung trouble. If we did not believe this we would not guarantee it. Shiloh has had an unbroken record of success for thirty years. It has stood every possible test without failure. Further

Proof

is found in the many testimonials of those who have tried Shiloh and been cured. Mrs. Archie Taylor, Asaph, Pa., writes:—"I bought a bottle of Shiloh's Consumption Cure and found it very beneficial. I have two children, and they had a terrible cough. I gave them everything I could think of, but they got no better, until one evening my husband bought a bottle of Shiloh. We gave it to the children when they went to bed, and they slept all night. It cured them completely. I shall always keep it in the house." 605

SHILOH

25c. with guarantee wherever medicine is sold.

Royal Household Flour Is Always Uniform —Why?

It is one thing to make flour pure, well balanced and strong, it is another thing to have it uniformly so—to make flour that is precisely the same in purity and nutriment on Saturday as on Monday—in May as in November.

Because the "Royal Household" mills have the finest *testing* equipment available and unlimited resources for securing *perfect* wheat, they *can* and *do* produce—every working day in the year — flour of precisely uniform strength, nutriment and purity.

That is why Royal Household Flour makes always the very best bread and pastry, year in and year out.

That is why Royal Household Flour is the most reliable—the most successful flour—and being scientifically purified by electricity it is the purest—the best of all flours.

The next flour you buy ask for "Royal Household"—and try it for yourself.

Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour.

Imperial Maple Syrup

ALWAYS SATISFACTORY

Ask your dealer for Imperial Maple Syrup. Do not allow him to substitute an inferior article because it is cheaper.

Lady's or Gent's

At your choice.

FREE TO YOU!

Send us your name and address, and you will receive FREE ON APPROVAL, a parcel containing 12 Rings and 12 Thimbles (Our 1906 patterns) made of Real Aluminium. They are beautifully enamelled in colours, and embossed with the inscriptions "*Mizpah*," "*Good Luck*," etc. They are lighter and tougher than real Silver articles sold at 1/6, and never tarnish.

WE TRUST YOU—NO MONEY REQUIRED.

Sell the 24 articles at 6 cents each, making $1.44 altogether, which forward to us, and we will send you at once, as a reward, a Magnificent Lever Watch, guaranteed for 5 years, or other Presents of High-class Jewellery, which you can select from our list.

GOLD & CO., No. 2, *The Watch House*, Delamere Crescent, London, W., England.

The Goal Izedic Hebrew Congregation, Toronto, will erect a $40,000 synagogue.

Sunlight Soap is better than other Sunlight way. Buy Sunlight Soap soaps, but is best when used in the and follow directions.

Hamilton board of education has abandoned the tonic sol fa system of teaching music, in favor of staff notation.

Pains, Like the Poor, are Always With Us.—That portion of a man's life which is not made up of pleasure is largely composed of pain, and to be free from pain is a pleasure. Simple remedies are always the best in treating bodily pain, and a safe, sure and simple remedy is Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. You cannot do wrong in giving it a trial when required.

The income of London, Ont., from water-takers this year totals $113,353.93, an increase of $5,981.83 over last year.

A new wholesale drug company is being formed in Montreal with a capital of $75,000.

Sarnia has accepted another $5,000 from Andrew Carnegie, making $20,000 in all, for library purposes.

To Prevent is Better Than to Repent.—A little medicine in the shape of the wonderful pellets which are known as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, administered at the proper time and with the directions adhered 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.

The rich, Fresh Fragrance of GOLD STANDARD TEA Never varies. It will please you always. Sold by all grocers in one pound and half pound lead packets. 35, 40, and 50c per lb. "Guaranteed the best."

Send a postal card for our new booklet, "In the Interest of Good Living." It's free on request.
CODVILLE & CO., Dept. M., Winnipeg, Man.

Donald's Interference

By W. W. HINES

Copyright, 1903, by W. W. Hines

Miss Lettice was crying. It was in the mind of Donald Ordway, a brave hearted gentleman, aged fourteen, that this fit of tears had to do with the visitor who had just left her. Therefore it was befitting that this visitor should return and make prompt apology to Miss Lettice for anything in his words or actions which might have caused tears. It seemed to Donald that it was both his peculiar duty and much to be valued privilege to bring back this visitor and see that the apology was made, even if it should be necessary to resort to force to accomplish the desired end.

There would be odds against him, he reflected, as he thought of the stranger's broad shoulders and athletic appearance, but odds in battle were not to be considered by an Ordway, nor was it well that one of the family should contemplate the bare possibility of defeat in any warlike undertaking. Of course defeat was possible, but one could and did put it out of his mind in going into battle.

Therefore Donald set out hastily along the oak arched driveway which led to the big gate. It was his calculation that he would be able to overtake the late visitor just outside the boundary of the Ordway demesne, and this cheered him, for it would not do to attack a guest within your gates. Once outside the gates the duties of hospitality do not shield the offender. This was in the code of Donald's blue grass country and was not to be questioned by one who was raised upon the lessons furnished by that code.

And just beyond the big gates he did overtake the visitor, who was walking along the roadside toward the station, slashing angrily at weeds with his cane. Donald had not figured on the cane and wished that he had thought to provide himself with a weapon of some sort. But there was no time to hesitate, and he made haste to put himself alongside his adversary to be.

"Pardon me, sir," said Donald, "for interrupting you." The whole procedure must be carried through with perfect politeness. Rudeness, even to an enemy, was never justifiable. Donald recollected having heard his father often say that.

The man with the cane came to a stop.

"Well, what is it, young man?" he said, somewhat brusquely. This brusqueness was very ungentlemanly, thought Donald, but the man was a northerner, and this, in Donald's eyes, showed that he knew no better.

"You are Mr. Douglass?" He had seen the card on the tray in the hall.

"Yes. What of it?" this brusquely, as before. Then, "Did Miss Mason send you after me?" with a trace of eagerness in his voice.

"Certainly not, sir," said Donald, with dignity. "I have come on my own account, sir." It was not in the code that one should drag the name of a woman in the quarrels of men.

"Well, what do you want?" The brusqueness was again quite evident.

"It will be necessary for you, sir, to apologize to my cousin, Miss Lettice Mason."

"Apologize to Miss Mason!"

"You have heard me correctly, sir." Donald was greatly rejoiced at the firm dignity of his own tones. He felt that he was carrying through his part in the affair in a way which would have won the sincere commendation of his father and even of his grandfather, who had been the most famous duellist of his day and state.

"But, young man, I don't owe Miss Mason any apology."

"That, sir, is a question which you must permit me to decide. Miss Mason is, as I have said, my cousin. We Ordways"—there was a quiver of pride in the way which Donald pronounced the name—"are not accustomed to receive instructions from outsiders upon matters of etiquette."

"What makes you think I owe Miss Mason an apology?"

"Is it not enough, sir, for you to know that I deem an apology necessary?"

Now his prospective antagonist threw back his head and laughed loud and long. Donald waited patiently until the fit of laughter had passed—it was merely another item to be added to Mr. Douglass' count of rudeness. There had been nothing in the Ordway blood or the Ordway upbringing to teach this fourteen-year-old descendant of the cavaliers that there was anything ridiculous in his demanding, without condescending to explain, an apology from a bearded man of thirty.

"No," said Mr. Douglass, still half choked with laughter. "It is not enough for me to know that you consider an apology necessary. I must catch my train and will bid you good afternoon." With this he turned and would have walked forward, but that Donald laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"Then you must fight me, sir."

"Now, look here, you young savage, why don't you pick out a man of your size instead of trying to pick a quarrel with a little fellow like myself?" Evidently Mr. Douglass was inclined to consider the whole affair a joke, for he threw up his arms in a position of defense which Donald could readily see was burlesqued.

All that could be demanded of even the Ordway courtesy was passed, and, the limit reached, Donald struck with all his might at the head of his antagonist. But the antagonist would not fight fairly. He simply grasped both of Donald's small hands in his own big palms, held them fast, and when the upholder of the Ordway name attempted to kick he found himself lying flat on his back.

"Now, youngster, come down off your high horse a bit and tell me what is the matter with you."

Searching his memory for some precedent of his own condition, Donald found none. His ancestors had, some of them, been imprisoned for upholding what they believed to be their right or their honor, but none, so far as Donald knew, had ever been so ignominiously treated as himself. The big tears welled up to his eyes and were prevented from overflowing only by pride. His opponent caught sight of the tears and at once released him. This was putting Donald on honor not to renew hostilities without due warning. He drew himself up with all the remains of dignity which he could command.

"You have the better of me, sir, in the matter of strength. But rest assured that I shall not permit the matter to drop. You will hear from me again, sir."

"Now, youngster, tell me what is the matter. If I owe an apology, you can bet I will make it at once."

Truly this northerner was not so entirely deficient in courtesy. It might be well to explain.

"Miss Mason, my cousin, upon whom you called a few minutes ago, went to her room in tears as you left. I naturally take it for granted that you said something to offend her."

"In tears! Something to offend her! Are you quite sure about the tears, my boy?" There was eagerness in the questioner's tones.

"Certainly I am sure."

"Then come with me and watch me apologize."

And Donald's rather short legs found much difficulty in keeping pace with the longer ones of Mr. Douglass. In fact, Mr. Douglass reached the house a good five minutes before Donald came up, puffing and blowing. He could not understand why his cousin should be standing there in the doorway with her head on Mr. Douglass' shoulder and crying at the same time. He pushed forward fiercely.

"Oh, Donald, Donald, dear!" said Miss Lettice, smiling most happily through a mist of tears. Donald went forward more slowly, confronting something now which he did not pretend to understand.

"I've apologized, Donald," said Mr. Douglass.

It was not to be expected that Donald, at the age of fourteen, should have arrived at an understanding of woman nature sufficient to comprehend that Miss Lettice had rejected Mr. Douglass and that the tears which she shed were tears of regret at her own action. Nor did he understand exactly the part he had himself played in bringing back the man who had been rejected—bringing him back to be accepted.

But, despite the fact that he was only fourteen, Donald was the best man at the wedding.

Monkeys Earn a Living.

Monkeys are more than pets in some parts of the world. At Malabar, India, they are taught to work and have actually made themselves almost indispensable in the homes of the wealthy. The Malabar monkey is of the fine species known as the langur. It is very warm in Malabar, and there is a fan called the punka, which used to be kept in motion by a slave. It required a slave to work each punka, but now every punka in Malabar is worked by a monkey. It was an English officer who conceived the idea of making the langur work in that manner. The fan is a movable frame, covered with canvas and suspended from the ceiling. The motion is caused by pulling a cord. The officer tied the hands of the langur to one of the cords and then by means of another cord put the machine in motion. Of course the monkey's hand went up and down, and the animal wondered what kind of a game was being played. Then the officer patted its head and fed it with candy till soon the langur thought it fine fun to work the punka. The experiment was successful, and now thousands of monkeys are in harness. Exchange.

A Meat Diet.

There is just one little, tiny, infinitesimal error in the assumption that our primordial ancestors lived entirely upon uncooked fruits and nuts, a trifling miscalculation which vitiates the conclusion that what met our wants when we dangled head downward from a tree limb will meet our wants now that we have been turned t'other end up. The error is this: They didn't. No animal lives exclusively on vegetable or animal food. What's a chicken, carnivorous or graminivorous? Graminivorous, of course. It lives upon corn and oats and wheat, the seeds of plants, grass blades, the lettuce that you expected to eat, and all such. Yes, well. You keep them on that diet and see how many eggs you get. And then you give them beef scraps with their grain and notice the difference.—Everybody's Magazine.

Very Good Soup.

There was a sound of revelry by afternoon in the barrack room, and it was quite evident that something had grievously offended the gallant sons of Mars. Presently the door was flung open and an officer entered. "What is the meaning of this disgraceful noise?" he snapped, and in reply the orderly handed him a basin. "Would you mind tasting that, sir?" he said. The officer did so. "Why, you ungrateful lot of rascals," he cried, "it strikes me you want something to growl about. I think this is very good soup indeed, and if it's good enough for me"—

"Yes, sir; that's just it," interrupted the orderly. "They want to persuade us it's tea, sir!"

Music Under Difficulties.

The first conductor who played with a large orchestra in New York was Louis A. Jullien. One of his pieces was a "Fireman's Quadrille," during the performance of which an alarm of fire was regularly sounded and a brigade of firemen appeared in the hall! Theodore Thomas was one of Jullien's violinists for a time, and this may help to explain why he himself in 1867, when he gave his New York Terrace Garden concerts, once created a sensation by making the piccolo players climb up into the trees before the piece began. On another occasion the tuba player had been sent behind the audience into the shrubbery. When he began to play the police mistook him for a practical joker who was disturbing the music and tried to arrest him. "I shall never forget the comical scene," Thomas writes in his "Autobiography," "as the poor man fled toward the stage, pursued by the irate policeman, and trying to get in a note here and there as he ran."

A Publisher's Little Joke.

In Twenty Years Ago it is related that when one of Dowling's Christmas tales had sold very well Tinsley, the publisher, thought he might be pardoned for "taking a rise" out of the author. He introduced Dowling to a stranger at the Gayety and then whispered to him: "Dick, my boy, do your best to make yourself agreeable to our friend. He is the largest buyer of those Christmas stories of yours. I must be off."

Dowling spoke for awhile on general topics to the stranger, and at last he ventured on the subject of books. "I suppose you know," he said, "that I am the unfortunate man who wrote Tinsley's last annual?" "Yes, I recognize your name, Mr. Dowling," said the stranger. "Mr. Tinsley tells me you are a large buyer of books," said Dowling. "Yes, I buy a lot of stuff of one kind or another. I am a waste paper merchant."

Discredited.

There is a man in Westchester county, N. Y., who is known as the most untrustworthy person in the place. He has never been caught in a malicious lie or in circulating even an unkind fact, only it seems an impossibility for him to distinguish between fact and fiction once his tongue is loosed. He is humbly aware of this shortcoming. Not long since a small outbuilding caught fire. He hurried for the water bucket and called to his wife, "Run out to the road and holler 'Fire!'"

"Holler yourself!" she shouted back, while she ran with another pail.

"Me!" he returned. "Who'd come if I hollered 'Fire!' I'd like to know? If they did they'd bring matches and kindling!"

A Wise Owl.

First Owl—Blow my feathers! Wouldn't you like to be a peacock, dear?

Second Owl—No, thanks. Fancy making love with all those eyes on one! I should be too bashful.—Punch.

From Life.

He—Miss Passay is wonderfully well informed on ancient history.

She—Yes, she was always a great observer.—Detroit Free Press.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

WHY HE IS BRAVE.

Did you ever stop to figure
That the man behind the trigger
Is no braver than the shaver
Who is looking down the muzzle;
That the fellow with the rifle
At his service has a trifle
The advantage o'er the pilgrim
At the wrong end of the puzzle?

Oh, yes, the man behind the gun;
He is the brave and daring one,
The hero of the action
And later the attraction
When he is showing ladies how 'tis done!
But will you please explain to me
Just why it is he shouldn't be,
That's what he has the gun there for,
You'll find on reading rules of war.

When he's in the trenches lying,
Though the balls above are flying
And much louder than the powder
Comes the order to advance,
Then perhaps he sometimes wishes
For the woods and little fishes,
But an order is an order,
And he has to take a chance.

Oh, then the man behind the gun
Can only rise and forward run!
But still he must be human,
Although a tried and true man,
And it isn't always what you'd class as fun
When advancing to the charge
To discover that a large
Enemy opposing you
Also has a gun or two.

Working Both Ends.

"He thinks he has a fortune in his bees."

"Is there that much money in honey?"

"No, but he has a scheme to put the stings on the market for a new variety of extra strong pepper."

They Get In.

Because of the fact that there is only an imaginary line instead of a high-board-fence between the United States and Canada there is many a Chinaman smuggled in who couldn't get across the line if he were to get off the boat at Detroit and inquire of a policeman the location of the nearest laundry.

There are, as the scientist has observed, sixteen or forty-seven ways of removing the sealskin covering from the domestic cat, and the intelligent Chinaman has learned forty-eight of them and every few days runs across a new one.

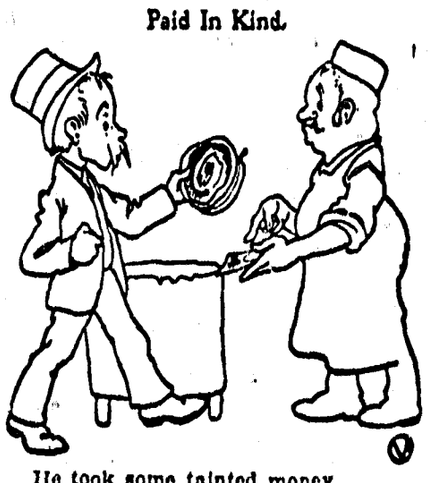
Not every sack of potatoes that comes across the border is exactly what it seems. Down below the innocent tubers may be stowed away a Chinaman in search of a new country to love and to launder. In about one day he looks so innocent that the ordinary observer might think he had been here ever since the year before the flood.

When It Runs to Football.

"What is the meaning of higher education?"

"I think it must be the training of the feet."

Paid In Kind.



He took some tainted money
And went down to the store.
The butcher gave him tainted meat,
And, oh, but he was sore!

His Idea of Training.

"Johnny, the lady who called is a trained nurse."

"Can she jump through a hoop?"

With a Little Help.

"There is such a thing as grinding men down too hard."

"Yes, even a cuff will turn."

Not if He Knows It.

One thing a wise man
Will not do
Is bite off more
Than he can chew.

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

It is a wise man who can make use of secondhand experience.

No matter how hard a man tries, he cannot make a boy think that turning the grindstone is some new kind of game.

Nothing succeeds like success, although you hear of a brilliant failure occasionally.

SELECTIONS

POORLY PAID TEACHERS.

The Salaries That Professors and Tutors In Harvard Receive.

Only a few Harvard professors get $4,000 a year. The cost of living and the demands of life in general have greatly increased, but no increase has come in the stipends of these able and hardworking men.

In 1868 a full professor got from $3,800 to $333.32, with an average of $2,273; tutors were paid an average of $1,097.22; instructors, an average of $548; assistants received salaries between $875 and $416.67.

Today a full professor's salary is $4,000, an associate professor's $3,500, an assistant professor's $2,000, an instructor's $1,000 or less, an assistant's between $250 and $400.

In the course of the thirty-seven years which have passed since 1868 almost all other persons on salary have had their compensation raised to suit the times. It costs a professor much more to live now than it did then, and it takes him longer to become a full professor, which means a shorter working life. And he does not hold a position which may be filled by the first comer, but is a learned, experienced scholar, always eminent in his especial branch of study and often one of the masters of it. There is no other occupation where first class ability is so poorly paid, and few make more exacting demands upon the intellect and the nerves. It can be only a genuine love of learning and of teaching for their own sakes which could induce a gifted man to work so hard for so insignificant a reward.

The alumni of Harvard, however, have taken the matter up and are endeavoring to bring about a better state of things, believing that in so doing they are working in the interest not only of their own college, but of every other in the country. Several large subscriptions are said to have been promised, and Harvard professors may soon be paid as well as bank clerks and commercial travelers.

Odd Bets.

Some extraordinary bets have been made on the Japanese-Russian war. A number of Japanese officers have bet that they would be killed in battle. The money was to go to their widows. One officer, on starting for the front, made the following wager: If he were killed within a month his heirs were to receive $500. After that date he was to pay his opponent 10 yen (5) a day until he had survived 100 days, after which the bet was to cease. He undertook to expose himself to danger only when military conditions demanded it—in other words, he was not wilfully to let himself be killed.

In a moment of excitement Lomakin, a Moscow merchant, undertook to "eat his boots" if Japan were not forced to sue for peace by July 1 last. Against this his opponent bet 500 rubles. Lomakin ate the boots. But as no time limit was imposed he cut off and swallowed only a tiny strip each day, completing the achievement on Nov. 20. His opponent absolved him from eating the nails.

The King's Gloved Hand.

It was noticed in Paris when King Edward was there that he always appeared in public with his right hand gloved, but not his left. As it is a common practice to carry the right glove loose, and not the left, much speculation has been excited by the king's reversal of this custom. One learned writer suggests that it is due to a sound perception of hygienic propriety. The object of a glove, he says, is not to adorn, but to protect the hand. Which hand has the more constant employment and is therefore brought into closer contact with microbes? Why, the right hand. It follows that in keeping that hand gloved the king shows his unfailing sense. Vive le Roi!—London Chronicle.

His Twelfth Birthday.

The late Lord Russell of Killowen, the well known judge, was, during the early days of his career, a victim of an amusing piece of repartee on the part of a witness.

"What is your age?" asked the great counsel.

"Is it my age you are asking?" replied the witness.

"Yes, sir. Now speak up and be exact!"

"And be exact? Well, of all the—"

"The court does not desire to hear any comments of yours. Tell the court your age."

"Well," said the man, "I celebrated my twelfth birthday last week."

"Do you mean to tell the court that you are not more than twelve years of age? Why, you look more than three times that age!"

"Four times would be exact."

"And yet you venture to tell me—and remember you are on oath—that you celebrated your twelfth birthday last week?"

"And it's quite true, but then, you see, I was born on Feb. 29, in leap year, and my birthday only comes once in four years."

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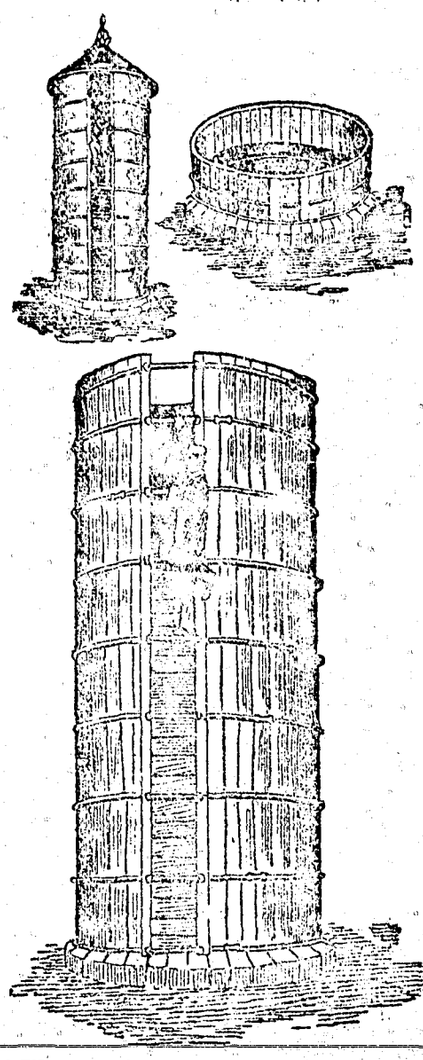
THE ROUND SILO.

Advantages of the Continuous Open Front Construction.

The most satisfactory silo is the one made of one thickness of two inch staves, planed on both sides and heavily tongued and grooved, says F. H. Ryder in National Stockman. The bevel on the edges of the staves conforms to the circle, and the staves should also be matched according to the bevel. I have in mind a certain make of silo I have seen in which the staves are beveled, but the groove is not put in at right angles to the bevel, so that when the tongue or fin is inserted it is almost certain to split, leaving the lumber practically unmatched. The object of having the staves matched is twofold—to secure a tighter joint and to prevent the building from blowing



OPEN SILO, SHOWING BASE AND ROOF COMPLETE.

down when empty. I know of at least six unmatched round silos that have blown down in the last two years.

Cypress lumber is undoubtedly the best lumber that grows for silo uses. It shrinks very little and warps scarcely at all.

The patent silo, if it be a first class one, is both cheaper and better than any homemade one, no matter how well built.

Not only are they cheaper, but if bought from a first class firm a patent round stave silo is the best in the world. Ensilage being such a heavy product, the easy, economical handling of it should be considered. With a door silo the plan usually followed is to have about one-half of the front open, the rest closed. This plan, of course, requires much lifting as the ensilage is being taken out. The most desirable way is to have the silo of the continuous open front construction, whereby the entire front can be opened up one board at a time as the feeding from the silo is being done. This makes the door on a level with the feeding surface all the time, and to me this method seems to possess the greatest merit.

Merit In Farm Separators.

The increased value of skimmilk direct from the separator when fed to pigs or calves will in a very short time make a large payment on the machine. Then, too, the very best butter is made from cream direct from the separator. This was shown at the recent creamery butter makers' show at St. Paul, where the first prize butter, scoring 97½ points, was made at a creamery where 15 per cent of the cream came from the farm separator. The separator saves work in the house and is much easier to clean than a lot of sour cans or pans. It requires but little room and does away with handling a lot of ice to cool the milk. In July and August, when it is almost impossible to raise good cream or make good butter by gravity methods, the separator works as usual and by proper handling of the cream as good butter can be made as during cooler weather.

[illegible]

[illegible] ister for pedigrees and now proposes to open another competition for performance, or rather, for all proved work coming up to or exceeding a certain standard.

The matter has been under consideration by the Guernsey Cattle club for some time. Owners of Guernsey cattle having felt an injustice to the breed that there were only their own tales of performance to show for the merits of their animals, and, as the better the performance was the greater the doubts might be, therefore the less they were inclined to give figures.

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For Year Ending Dec. 31st 1905.

Jan 1. 1905, Cash in Bank		$ 804 93
Trade Licences,	$1,757 50	
Road Tax,	$ 374 00	
Real Estate Tax	$1 103 90	
Sale of Horse,	$ 20 00	
Scale Account,	$ 43 75	
Scavenger Account	$1,033 00	
Hall Rent,	$ 47 00	
Rent Isolation Hospital	$ 7 75	
Police Court,	$ 100 50	
Side Walk,	$ 84 30	
Dog Tax,	$ 54 00	
Pound Account,	$ 6 00	
		$4,631 70
TOTAL,		$5,436 63

EXPENDITURE

Advertising Account,	$ 68 70
Dog Tags,	$ 3 00
Drain Account,	$ 37 95
Tool Account,	$ 9 40
Council Chamber,	$ 2 50
Election Account,	$ 72 00
Fire Protection Account,	$393 89
Refund Road Tax	$ 12 00
Scale Ac. for 1 Horse,	$225 00
Water Rates,	$ 6 00
Blacksmith's Rep.,	$ 21 45
Horse Feed,	$142 50
Lighting Account:—	
Court House,	$ 12 00
Hall	$ 63 00
Streets,	$360 00
Supplies,	$ 58 70
Scavenger Account,	$ 14 30
Hall Account,	$ 24 81
Health Ac., Officer,	$125 00
Health Ac., Sundries,	$ 2 15
Isolation Hospital,	$ 62 81
Office Account:—	
Auditor, 1904,	$ 10 00
Premium Clerk's Bond,	$ 6 00
Supplies,	$ 22 63
Police Court,	$ 28 05
Interest on overdraft,	$ 5 35
Coal,	$ 16 00
Insurance Premium, 1908	$ 53 90
Inquest,	$ 10 00
Donation July 12,	$ 25 00
Advertising,	$ 2 00
Sundries	$ 5 95
E. Price, surveying,	$ 25 00
School Account	$001 05
Sidewalk Account,	$305 59
Refund R. T.	$ 7 00
Wages Account:—	
R. Homal	$960 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
James Abrams,	$300 00
	$5 305 78
	$ 130 85

ASSETS

Due on Scavenger Acc't,	$105 00
" on Real Estate Acc't,	$[illegible] 80
" on Sidewalk Acc't,	$ 26 00
	$ 82 80

I hereby certify that I have examined the books and vouchers of the City of Cumberland and find them correct as set forth above.

F. A. ANLEY, City Auditor,

Cumberland B.C. Jan. 8, 1906.

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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.

WEDNESDAY, February 28 1906

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S. S. "City of Nanaimo."

VICTORIA—COMOX ROUTE

Sails from Victoria Tuesday, 7 a.m., for Nanaimo, calling at North Saanich Cowichan Bay, Maple Bay, Crofton, Kuper and Thetis Islands when freight or passengers offer.

Leaves Nanaimo Tuesday, 5 p.m., for Union Bay and Comox

Leaves Comox Wednesday, 8 a.m., for Union Bay and Nanaimo.

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

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

Sails from Nanaimo Friday, 2 p.m., for Victoria, calling at Kuper and Thetis Islands, Crofton, Maple Bay, Cowichan Bay and North Saanich when freight and passengers offer

North Saanich when tide and weather conditions permit.

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Sails from Nanaimo for Vancouver Saturdays, at 8 a.m.

Sails from Nanaimo for Ladysmith Fridays and Saturdays 5.30 p.m.

Sails from Ladysmith for Nanaimo Saturdays at 6 a.m.

Sails from Vancouver for Nanaimo daily, except Saturdays and Sundays 4.30 p.m.

Sails from Vancouver for Nanaimo Saturdays at 2.30 p.m.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE OCTOBER 21st 1905.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No 2—Daily. A.M.		No. 4—Sunday. P.M.
De 9 00	Victoria	De 3 [illegible]
" 9.28	Goldstream	" 3 [illegible]
" 10.24	Koenig's	" 4
" 11 00	Duncan's	" 5.[illegible]
P.M.		P.M.
" 12 35	Nanaimo	" 6 4[illegible]
Ar 12.53	Wellington	Ar. 6 [illegible]

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1—Daily A.M.		No. 3 Sunday A.M.
De. 8 00	Wellington	De 3 0[illegible]
" 8.20	Nanaimo	" 3 1[illegible]
10 02	Duncan's	" 5.0[illegible]
" 10.12	Koenig's	" 5 36
" 11 38	Goldstream	" 6.3[illegible]
Ar 12 06	Victoria	Ar 7.0

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From Different Standpoints.

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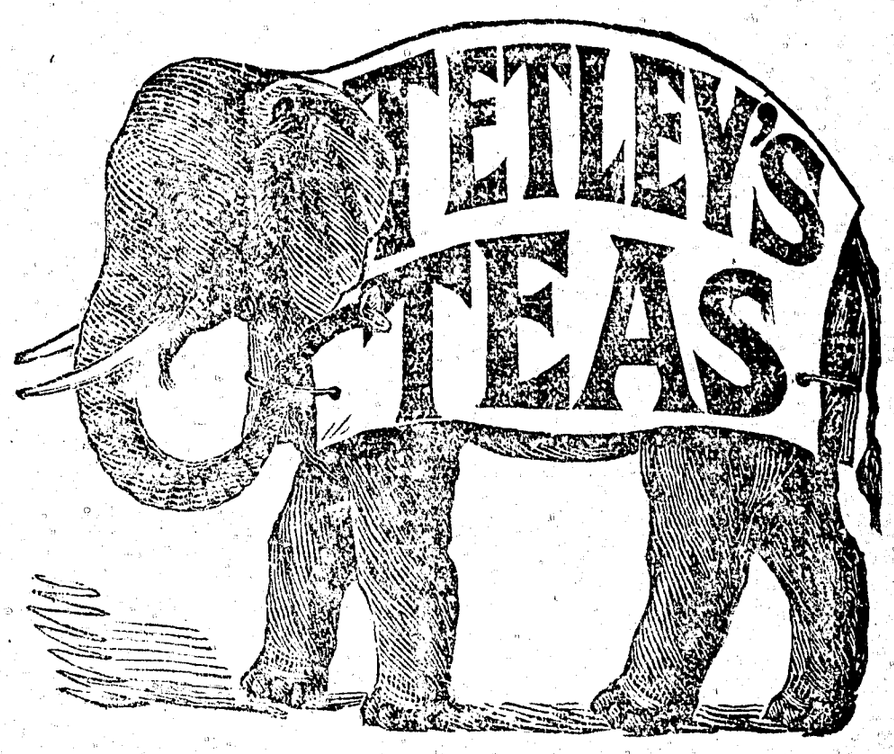

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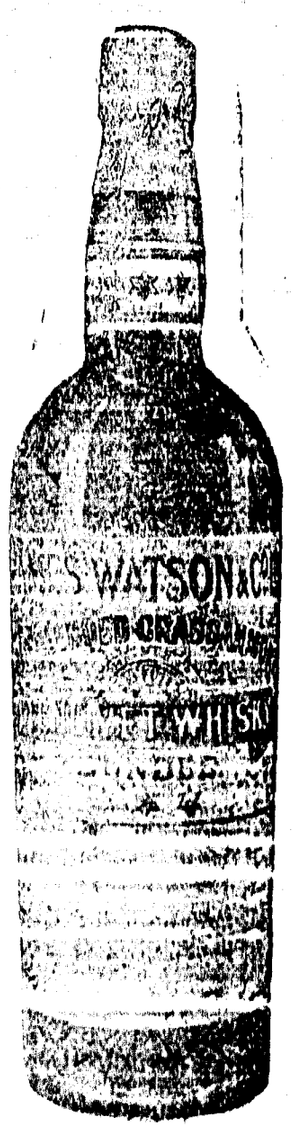

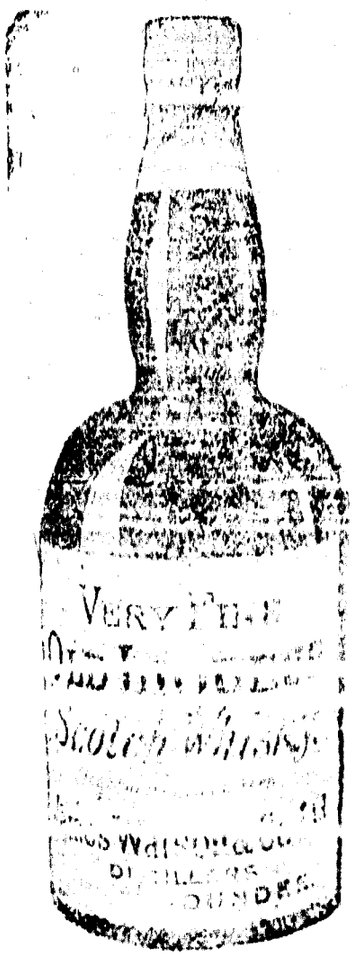

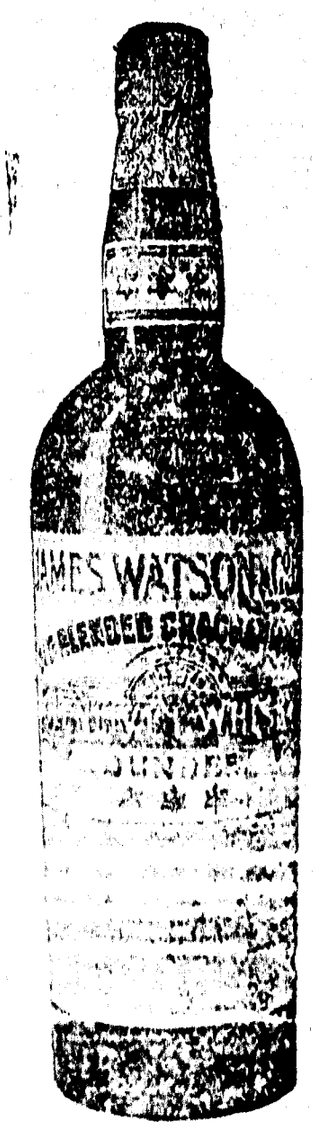

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EBEN HOLDEN

By IRVING BACHELLER

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Continued from last week.

"You shiftless cuss! I'll put a kink in your neck fer you if ye don't walk up," said Uncle Eb as he looked back at the dog in a temper wholly unworthy of him.

We had crossed a deep valley and were climbing a long hill in the dusky twilight.

"Willie," said Uncle Eb, "your eyes are better'n mine. Look back and see if any one's comin'."

"Can't see any one," I answered.

"Look way back in the road as far as ye can see."

I did so, but I could see no one. He slackened his pace a little after that, and before we had passed the hill it was getting dark. The road ran into woods, and a river cut through them a little way from the clearing.

"Supper time, Uncle Eb," I suggested as we came to the bridge.

"Supper time, Uncle Eb," he answered, turning down to the shore.

I got out of the basket then and followed him in the brush. Fred found it hard traveling here, and shortly we took off his harness and left the wagon, transferring its load to the basket, while we pushed on to find a camping place. Back in the thick timber a long way from the road we built a fire and had our supper. It was a dry nook in the pines—"tight as a house," Uncle Eb said—and carpeted with the fragrant needles. When we lay on our backs in the firelight I remember the weary, droning voice of Uncle Eb had an impressive accompaniment of whispers. While he told stories I had a glowing cinder on the end of a stick and was weaving fiery skeins in the gloom.

He had been telling me of a panther he had met in the woods one day and how the creature ran away at the sight of him.

"Why's a panther 'fraid o' folks?" I inquired.

"Waal, ye see, they used t' be friendly, years an' years ago—folks an' panthers—but they wan't eggszac'ly cal'lated t' git along t'gether some way. An' ol' she panther gin 'em one uv her cubs a great while ago jes' t' make frien's. The cub he grew big an' used t' play an' be very gentle. They wuz a boy he tuk to, an' both on 'em got very friendly. The boy an' the panther went off one day 'n the woods—guess 'twas more'n a hundred year ago—an' was lost. Walked all over an' fin'ly got t' goin' round an' round 'n a big circle till they was both on 'em tired out. Come night they lay down es hungry es tew bears. The boy he was kind o' 'fraid o' the dark, so he got up clus t' the panther an' lay 'tween his paws. The boy he thought the panther smelt funny, an' the panther he didn't jes' like the smell o' the boy. An' the boy he hed the leg ache an' kicked the panther'n the belly, so 't he kin' o' gagged an' spit an' they wan't neither on 'em reel com-f'table. The sof' paws o' the panther was jes' like pincushions. He'd great hooks in 'em sharper'n the p'int uv a needle. An' when he was goin' t' sleep he'd run 'em out jes' like an ol' cat—kind o' playful—an' pur an' pull.

"All t' once the boy felt sumthin' like a lot o' needles prickin' his back; made him jump an' holler like Sam Hill. The panther he spit sassy an' riz up an' smelt o' the ground. Didn't neither on 'em know what was the matter. Bime by they lay down ag'in. 'Twan't only a little while 'fore the boy felt sumthin' prickin' uv him. He hollered an' kicked ag'in. The panther he growled an' spit an' clumb a tree an' sot on a limb an' peeked over at thet queer little critter. Couldn't neither on 'em understan' it. The boy c'u'd see the eyes o' the panther in the dark; shone like tew live coals eggszac'ly. The panther'd never sot 'n a tree when he was hungry an' see a boy below him. Sumthin' tol' him t' jump. Tail went swish in the leaves like thet. His whiskers quivered; his tongue come out. C'u'd think o' nuthin' but his big empty belly. The boy was scairt. He up with his gun quick es a flash, aimed at his eyes an' let er licker. Blew a lot o' smoke an' bird shot an' paper waddin' right up int' his face. The panther he lost his whiskers an' one eye an' got his hide full o' shot an' fell off the tree like a ripe apple an' run fer his life. Thought he'd never see nuthin' c'u'd growl an' spit s' powerful es thet boy. Never c'u'd bear the sight uv a man after thet. Allwus made him gag an' spit t' think o' the man critter. Went off tew his own folks an' tol' o' the boy 'at spit fire an' smoke an' growled so't almos' tore his ears off. An' mos whenever they hear a gun go off they allwus think it's the man critter growlin'. An' they gag an' spit an' look es if it made 'em sick t' the stomach. An' the man folks they didn't hev no good 'mission o' the panthers after thet. Hain't never been frien's any more. Fact is a man he can be any kind uv a beast, but a panther he can't be nuthin' but jest a panther."

Then, too, as we lay there in the firelight Uncle Eb told the remarkable story of the gingerbread bear. He told it slowly, as if his invention were severely taxed. And here is the story:

"Once they wuz a boy got lost. Was goin' cross lots t' play with 'nother boy an' hed t' go through a strip o' woods. Went off the trail t' chase a butterfly an' got lost. Hed his kite an' cross gun, an' he wandered all over till he was tired an' hungry. Then he lay down t' cry on a bed o' moss. Purty quick they was a big black bear come aloug.

"'What's the matter?' said the bear.

"'Hungry,' says the boy.

"'Tell ye what I'll dew,' says the bear. 'If ye'll scratch my back, fer me I'll let ye cut a piece o' my tail off t' eat.'

"Bear's tail, ye know, hes a lot o meat on it—hearn tell it was gran' good fare. So the boy he scratched the bear's back, an' the bear he grinned an' made his paw go patitty pat on the ground—it did feel so splendid. Then the boy tuk his jackknife an' begun t' cut off the bear's tail. The bear he flew mad an' growled an' growled so the boy he stopped an' didn't dast cut no more.

"'Hurts awful,' says the bear. 'Couldn't never stan' it. Tell ye what I'll dew. Ye scratched my back, an' now I'll scratch your'n.'"

"Gee whiz!" said I.

"Yes, sir, that's what the bear said," Uncle Eb went on. "The boy he up an' run like a nailer. The bear he laughed hearty an' scratched the ground like Sam Hill an' flung the dirt higher'n his head.

"'Look here,' says he as the boy stopped, "I jes' swallered a piece o mutton. Run yer hand int' my throat an' I'll let ye hev it.'

"The bear he opened his mouth an' showed his big teeth."

"Whew!" I whistled.

"Thet's eggszac'ly what he done," said Uncle Eb. "He showed 'em plain The boy was scairter 'n a weasel. The bear he jumped up an' down on his hind legs an' laughed an' hollered an' shook himself.

"'Only jes' foolin'," says he when he see the boy was goin' t' run ag'in. "What ye 'fraid uv?"

"'Can't bear t' stay here,' says the boy, "'less ye'll keep yer mouth shet.'

"An' the bear he shet his mouth an' p'inted to the big pocket 'n his fur coat an' winked an' motioned t' the boy.

"The bear he reely did hev a pocket on the side uv his big fur coat. The boy slid his hand in up t' the elbow. Wha' d'ye s'pose he found?"

"Dunno," said I.

"Sumthin' t' eat," he continued. "Boy liked it best of all things."

I guessed everything I could think of, from cookies to beefsteak, and gave up.

"Gingerbread," said he soberly at length.

"Thought ye said bears couldn't talk," I objected.

"Waal, the boy 'd fell asleep, an' he'd only dreamed o' the bear," said Uncle Eb. "Ye see, bears can talk when boys are dreamin' uv 'em. Come daylight, the boy got up an' ketched a crow; broke his wing with the cross gun. Then he tied the kite string on t' the crow's leg, an' the crow flopped along an' the boy followed him, an' bime by they come out 'n a cornfield, where the crow 'd been used t' comin' fer his dinner."

"What 'come o' the boy?" said I.

"Went home," said he, gaping, as he lay on his back and looked up at the tree tops. "An' he allwus said a bear was good comp'ny if he'd only keep his mouth shet—jes' like some folks I've hearn uv."

"An' what 'come o' the crow?"

"Went t' the ol' crow doctor an' got his wing fixed," he said drowsily.

And in a moment I heard him snoring.

We had been asleep a long time when the barking of Fred woke us. I could just see Uncle Eb in the dim light of the fire kneeling beside me, the rifle in his hand.

"I'll fill ye full o' lead if ye come any nearer!" he shouted.

CHAPTER IV.

We listened awhile then, but heard no sound in the thicket, although Fred was growling ominously, his hair on end. As for myself, I never had a more fearful hour than that we suffered before the light of morning came.

I made no outcry, but clung to my old companion, trembling. He did not stir for a few minutes, and then we crept cautiously into the small hemlocks on one side of the opening.

"Keep still," he whispered. "Don't move er speak."

Presently we heard a move in the brush, and then quick as a flash Uncle Eb lifted his rifle and fired in the direction of it. Before the loud echo had gone off in the woods we heard something break through the brush at a run.

"'S a man," said Uncle Eb as he listened. "He ain't a-losin' no time nuther."

We sat listening as the sound grew fainter, and when it ceased entirely Uncle Eb said he must have got to the road. After a little the light of the morning began sifting down through the tree tops and was greeted with innumerable songs.

"He done noble," said Uncle Eb, patting the old dog as he rose to poke the fire. "Purty good chap I call 'im! He can hev half o' my dinner any time he wants it."

"Who do you suppose it was?" I inquired.

"Robbers, I guess," he answered, "an' they'll be layin' fer us when we go out mebbe; but, if they are, Fred 'll find 'em, an' I've got Ol' Trusty here, an' I guess thet'll take care uv us."

His rifle was always flattered with that name of Ol' Trusty when it had done him a good turn.

Soon as the light had come clear he went out in the near woods with dog and rifle and beat around in the brush. He returned shortly and said he had seen where they came and went.

"I'd a-killed 'em deader 'n a doornail," said he, laying down the old rifle, "if they'd a-come any nearer."

Then we brought water from the river and had our breakfast. Fred went on ahead of us when we started for the road, scurrying through the brush on both sides of the trail as if he knew what was expected of him. He flushed a number of partridges, and Uncle Eb killed one of them on our way to the road. We resumed our journey without any further adventure. It was so smooth and level underfoot that Uncle Eb let me get in the wagon after Fred was hitched to it. The old dog went along soberly and without much effort, save when we came to hills or sandy places, when I always got out and ran on behind.

Uncle Eb showed me how to brake the wheels with a long stick going downhill. I remember how it hit the dog's heels at the first down grade and how he ran to keep out of the way of it. We were going like mad in half a minute, Uncle Eb coming after us calling to the dog. Fred only looked over his shoulder with a wild eye at the rattling wagon and ran the harder. He leaped aside at the bottom, and then we went all in a heap. Fortunately no harm was done.

"I declare!" said Uncle Eb as he came up to us, puffing like a spent horse, and picked me up unhurt and began to untangle the harness of old Fred. "I guess he must 'a' thought the devil was after him."

The dog growled a little for a moment and bit at the harness, but coaxing reassured him, and he went along all right again on the level. At a small settlement the children came out asking me questions. Some of them tried to pet the dog, but old Fred kept to his labor at the heels of Uncle Eb and looked neither to right nor left. We stopped under a tree by the side of a narrow brook for our dinner, and one incident of that dinner I think of always when I think of Uncle Eb. It shows the manner of man he was and with what understanding and sympathy he regarded every living thing. In rinsing his teapot he accidentally poured a bit of water on a big bumblebee. The poor creature struggled to lift himself, and then another downpour caught him and still another until his wings fell drenched. Then his breast began heaving violently, his legs stiffened behind him, and he sank head downward in the grass. Uncle Eb saw the death throes of the bee and knelt down and lifted the dead body by one of its wings.

"Jes' look at his velvet coat," he said, "an' his wings all wet an' stiff. They'll never carry him another journey. It's too bad a man has t' kill every step he takes."

The bee's tail was moving faintly, and Uncle Eb laid him out in the warm sunlight and fanned him awhile with his hat, trying to bring back the breath of life.

"Guilty!" he said presently, coming back with a sober face. "Thet's a dead bee. No tellin' how many was dependent on him er what plans he hed. Must 'a' gi'n him a lot o' pleasure t' fly round in the sunlight, workin' every fair day. 'S all over now."

He had a gloomy face for an hour after that, and many a time in the days that followed I heard him speak of the murdered bee.

We lay resting awhile after dinner and watching a big city of ants. Uncle Eb told me how they tilled the soil of the mound every year and sowed their own kind of grain—a small white seed like rice—and reaped their harvest in the late summer, storing the crop in their dry cellars under ground. He told me also the story of the ant lion—a big beetle that lives in the jungles of the grain and the grass—of which I remem- ... only an outline, more or less imperfect.

Here it is in my own rewording of his tale: On a bright day one of the little black folks went off on a long road in a great field of barley. He was going to another city of his own people to bring helpers for the harvest. He came shortly to a sandy place where the barley was thin and the hot sunlight lay near to the ground. In a little valley close by the road of the ants he saw a deep pit in the sand with steep sides sloping to a point in the middle and as big around as a biscuit. Now, the ants are a curious people and go looking for things that are new and wonderful as they walk abroad, so they have much to tell worth hearing after a journey. The little traveler was young and had no fear, so he left the road and went down to the pit and peeped over the side of it.

"What in the world is the meaning of this queer place?" he asked himself as he ran around the rim. In a moment he had stepped over, and the soft sand began to cave and slide beneath him. Quick as a flash the big lion beetle rose up in the center of the pit and began to reach for him. Then his legs flew in the caving sand, and the young ant struck his blades in it to hold the little he could gain.

Upward he struggled, leaping and floundering in the dust. He had got near the rim and had stopped, clinging to get his breath, when the lion began flinging the sand at him with his long feelers. It rose in a cloud and fell on the back of the ant and pulled at him as it swept down. He could feel the mighty cleavers of the lion striking near his hind legs and pulling the sand from under them. He must go down in a moment, and he knew what that meant. He had heard the old men of the tribe tell often how they hold one

We were going like mad.

helpless and slash him into a dozen pieces. He was letting go in despair when he felt a hand on his neck. Looking up, he saw one of his own people reaching over the rim, and in a jiffy they had shut their fangs together. He moved little by little as the other tugged at him and in a moment was out of the trap and could feel the honest earth under him. When they had got home and told their adventure some were for going to slay the beetle.

"There is never a pit in the path o' duty," said the wise old chief of the little black folks. "See that you keep in the straight road."

"If our brother had not left the straight road," said one who stood near, "he that was in danger would have gone down into the pit."

"It matters much," he answered, "whether it was kindness or curiosity that led him out of the road. But he that follows a fool hath much need of wisdom, for if he save the fool do ye not see that he hath encouraged folly?"

Of course I had then no proper understanding of the chief's counsel, nor do I pretend even to remember it from that first telling, but the tale was told frequently in the course of my long acquaintance with Uncle Eb.

The diary of my good old friend lies before me as I write, the leaves turned yellow and the entries dim. I remember how stern he grew of an evening when he took out this sacred little record of our wanderings and began to write in it with his stub of a pencil He wrote slowly and read and reread each entry with great care as I held the torch for him. "Be still, boy; be still," he would say when some pressing interrogatory passed my lips, and then he would bend to his work while the point of his pencil bored farther into my impatience. Beginning here, I shall quote a few entries from the diary, as they cover with sufficient detail an uneventful period of our journey:

"August the 20th. Killed a patridge today. B'iled it in the teapot for dinner. Went good. 14 mild.

"August the 21st. Seen a deer this morning. Fred nt ag'in. Come near spillin' the wagon. Hed to stop an' fix the ex. 10 mild.

"August the 22nd. Climb a tree this morning after wild grapes. Come near falling. Gin me a little crick in the back. Willie hes got a stun bruze. 12 mild.

"August the 23d. Went in swimmin'. Ketched a few fish before breakfus'

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE NEW EMPRESS.

Ceremonies at Launching of the Latest C. P. R. Atlantic Liner.

The passenger traffic manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Mr. Robt. Kerr, has just received from Glasgow, Scotland, details regarding the successful launching, at the Fairfield shipbuilding yards upon the Clyde, of the first new passenger steamships which the company intends adding to its Atlantic fleet next season. The new liner is called the Empress of Britain, and will make her first trip from Liverpool to Montreal when navigation opens on the St. Lawrence next May. The Empress of Ireland, a sister ship, is now receiving its finishing touches in the Fairfield yards, and will be launched in January. She will make her first trip from Liverpool to Montreal in June next.

The Empress of Britain is the largest vessel ever launched from the Fairfield yards, has a displacement of 20,000 tons and ranks as one of the largest leviathans upon the North Atlantic. The ceremony of launching was performed by Mrs. Arthur Piers, the wife of the manager of the Canadian Pacific steamship lines, who struck the blow which started the huge vessel down the ways with an ivory mallet, presented by Admiral Sir Digby Morant. Among those present upon the launching platform were Sir William Pearce, Chairman of the Fairfield Co.; Dr. Francis Elgar, the architect of the new ship; Mr. Alexander Gracie, the managing director; Admiral Sir Digby Morant, Colonel Paget Mosley, Mr. W. M. Rhodes, (directors), and Mr. A. W. Sampson, secretary of the Fairfield Company; Lord McLaren, Sir Samuel Chisholm, former lord provost of Glasgow; Sir David Richmond, Admiral Wilson, Professor Purvis, of the Imperial University, Japan; Dr. Robt. Gourley, Mr. R. Hunter Craig, M.P.; the Right Hon. Parker Smith, M.P.; Mr. Robert Strachan, Mr. George P. Dodwell, Mr. G. B. Dunlop; Mr. Neil Munroe; Mr. J. Currie; Professor John Wylie, Mr. Archer Baker and Mr. Arthur Piers.

At the luncheon, in proposing the health of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and wishing success to the new ship at a luncheon which followed the ceremony of launching, Sir William Pearce said that the enterprise of the Canadian Pacific Co. in establishing this last splendid link in their chain of communication between England and the Orient had done a great deal, not only to increase the prosperity of Canada, but also to promote the interests of the British Empire.

Mr. Archer Baker, manager of the Canadian Pacific Company in London, replying on its behalf, referred to the conviction which was expressed in many quarters twenty-seven years ago, when the transcontinental railway across Canada was completed that the enterprise would never earn enough to pay for the axle grease used in the operation of the railway. The company had grown to be one of the largest corporations in the world. It had established an all-British route from London to the Orient and Australia under a single management. He paid a tribute to the foresight, intelligence and untiring energy of the company, to which much of the success which had attended the enterprise was due.

Admiral Sir Digby Morant proposed the health of Mrs. Piers, and presented her with the ivory mallet, encased in a silver casket, with which the new ship had been launched.

Mr. Arthur Piers, responding to the toast, dealt at some length with the gradual evolution of the present Canadian Pacific route from England to the Far East. The company had taken great chances in extending the scope of its operations, and the success which had attended those operations was simply an indication of the rapid increase which had taken place in the trade between Great Britain, her greatest colony, and the Far East.

Mother Livesey's Well.

In the grounds of Livesey Hall, near Blackburn, there is a spring called "Mother Livesey's well." The curious thing about this well is that the water only flows during nine months of the year and is quite dry during the other three months—June, July and August—however wet the weather may be. The water always commences to flow on the same date each year, and never freezes even during the hardest frost.—Leeds (England) News.

Like a Miracle.

"The age of miracles has gone," declared the cynic.

"No, it hasn't," said the woman. "My husband told me this morning that he noticed I was wearing last season's hat and gave me money to buy a new one."

Heredity.

"Oh, hubby, dear, what do you think are the first words our baby will say?" gurgled Mrs. Matron.

"Well, if she takes after you, they will probably be, 'This is a nice time to come home,'" said the brute.

Very Much Happier.

A boy reading the verse, "And those who live in cottages are happier than those who sit on thrones," startled the crowd by reading thus: "And those who live in cottages are happier than those who sit on thrums."

The new $27,000 station at Revelstoke, B. C., has been completed.

CUMBERLAND NEWS

Cumberland, B. C.

THE STORY OF A SUCCESSFUL MAN

He Found His Lost Health in Dodd's Kidney Pills

Leading Business Man of Welland Gives His Experience with the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Welland, Ont., Dec. 25.—(Special).—There is no better known or more highly respected man in Welland than Mr. J. J. Yokom. Born and brought up in the neighboring township of Crowland, by his own industry and sterling honesty he has grown to be one of Welland's leading merchants. Consequently when Mr. Yokom comes out with a statement that he was cured of a serious illness by Dodd's Kidney Pills,everybody knows it must be so.

"For a year or more I had Kidney Trouble in all its worst symptoms," says Mr. Yokom. "My head was bad, I had no appetite and I lost weight fast. At times I was entirely incapacitated. I doctored with a physician of vast experience but got no good results.

"I became despondent of ever being well again, when by good luck I chanced to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and from the first they seemed to suit my case. Five boxes cured me completely."

Bounty For Scalps.

During the French-Indian war of 1754 the French offered a bounty for British scalps. In the same year a bounty of £100 each was offered by the authorities of the several colonies. In 1755 Massachusetts granted a bounty of £40 for every scalp of a male Indian over twelve years of age and £20 each for the scalps of women and children. In 1764 John Penn, grandson of William Penn and governor of Pennsylvania, offered a bounty of $150 for every "Indian buck" killed and scalped.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

is better than other Soaps but is best when used in the Sunlight way. Follow directions.

SUNLIGHT WAY OF WASHING

FIRST.—Dip the article to be washed in a tub of **lukewarm water**, draw it out on a washboard and rub the soap lightly over it. Be particular not to miss soaping all over. THEN roll it in a tight roll, lay in the tub under the water, and go on the same way *until all the pieces have the* soap rubbed on, and are rolled up.

Then go away for thirty minutes to one hour and let the "Sunlight" Soap do its work.

NEXT.—After soaking the full time rub the clothes lightly out on a wash board, **and the dirt will drop out**; turn the garment inside out to get at the seams, ***but don't use any more soap***; don't scald or boil a single piece, and **don't** wash through two suds. If the water gets too dirty, pour a little out and add fresh. ***If a streak is hard to wash, rub some more soap on it,*** and throw the piece back into the suds for a few minutes.

LASTLY COMES THE RINSING, which is to be done in lukewarm water, taking special care to get all the dirty suds away, then wring out and hang up to dry.

For Woolens and Flannels proceed as follows:—Shake the articles free from dust. Cut a tablet of **SUNLIGHT SOAP** into shavings, pour into a gallon of **boiling water** and whisk into a lather. When just lukewarm, work articles in the lather **without rubbing.** Squeeze out dirty water without twisting and rinse thoroughly in two relays of lukewarm water. Squeeze out water without twisting and hang in the open air.

☞ The most delicate colors may be safely washed in the "Sunlight" way.

$5,000 REWARD will be paid to any person who proves that Sunlight Soap contains any injurious chemicals or any form of adulteration.

Your Money Refunded by the dealer from whom you buy Sunlight Soap if you find any cause for complaint.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO

551

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

Strong Words From Toronto Pulpit On a Recent Sunday.

Rev. J. T. Sunderland spoke on a recent Sunday morning on the text "It is more blessed to give than to receive." He strongly condemned that spirit, too common in our day, which wishes to get what does not belong to it, and receive what it does not pay for. He said, in part: What is a worthy aim of life for a man? Is it to receive without rendering a full equivalent? Does any really high-minded man want to get more than he gives? What do we call a man, who, in business matters, obtains what he makes no proper return for? We call him a rogue or a swindler. Is it worse to be a rogue or a swindler in business than in other things? Is it more criminal to rob a man than to rob society? Or to rob in matters which the law takes cognizance of than in matters which it does not? Says a distinguished and honored statesman: "The darkest hour in the history of any young man is that in which he first consciously cherishes the desire to get something for nothing." History bears out the saying is true. Such a young man has set his foot on a downward road. No human being, at least, no one that has health and strength has any right to want to get something for nothing. He who cherishes such a desire is nourishing in himself either the pauper or the criminal habit of mind. He who, being able to support himself, is willing to be supported by another, is in spirit a pauper. He who is willing to get a living by any practice or business, no matter how legal it may be, which does not involve the rendering of a just and full equivalent for what he receives, is at heart a criminal; all that he lacks is either the opportunity or the courage to make him a criminal de facto.

Here lies the greatest evil of lotteries and gambling. It is not so much that men lose such or such sums of money. That is bad enough. But the worst evil lies in the demoralizing and degrading influence of what is done, on men's characters. It lies in the fact that gambling and lotteries cultivate in men a willingness and a desire to obtain something for nothing; to get something that is not rightly theirs; to gain possession of money which they render no just equivalent. That spirit always and everywhere undermines the integrity and rots the moral fibre of the man or woman who harbors it.

We often find success in life measured by what men get or accumulate, without reference to the return they make to society. No standard of measure could be more false. It is the standard of the robber. Are we to call that man successful who, by his financial shrewdness, amasses millions, and does nothing with his wealth to benefit the world? Rather should we call his life a lamentable and disgraceful failure.

Are we to call that man successful who has found a lucrative sinecure—a place with large pay but with little or nothing to do, and little or no service to render to anybody? Rather ought we to pity any man, and pray God to have mercy on his poor, poverty-stricken, selfish soul, who desires any such pauper place. A true man wants to pay for all he gets in this world; he is not a mendicant. The kind of place a real man seeks is one of activity, of influence, of achievement, of service, where he can be something better than a leach living on the blood of others. He wants to do his proper part—his own, right, strong part—in the world's work. He wants to be of some use. He wants to lend a hand in assuaging the world's sorrows, righting its wrongs, and bringing for humanity a better day. No one who is a man can for one moment be willing to be a pauper, or a parasite, or a cipher, much less a robber.

The only rule of action that is for a moment worthy of a true man is, not to give as little as he can, but as much as he can; not to give merely as much as he receives, but more. He who is really a man desires to make some positive contribution to the world's advance. He is not content to leave the world as good as he found it; he wants to leave it better than he found it.

Consolidation of Country Schools.

One remedy for the lack of trained teachers and the dearth of scholars where teachers can be found for the small district schools is the consolidation of sparsely peopled school districts. The consolidation has been begun in this country. The plan is to unite two or more feeble schools and provide transportation for children living at a distance. The advantages of the system of consolidation are evident. It substitutes for a mixed, ungraded school in a poorly ventilated room with a single, underpaid teacher a graded school in a suitable building with modern appliances for giving instruction and competent teachers. Wherever centralization has been carried out and given time to develop it is found that it decreases the per capita cost of education and gives longer school years and better teachers and equipments. The old time district school was seen at its best where the inhabitants were settled in proximity. The extension of roads has distributed the population, and the modern improvement of roads makes it possible to gather the children from widely-scattered homes to a central point for lessons.

The Conditions Different.

Husband (with newspaper)—When I'm at home you are forever hammering at that piano or else your tongue is running like a trip hammer. It wasn't so before we were married. Wife—No, it wasn't. Before we were married you held my hands so I couldn't play and kept my lips so busy that I couldn't talk.

THE UGLY OCTOPUS.

It Is One of the Most Repulsive and Hideous of Creatures.

A greedy, voracious, relentless creature is the octopus, and a most formidable enemy even to man, for it is easier to cut or tear off one of those terrible long arms with its two rows of suckers than to induce the creature to relinquish any prey it has laid hold of.

These suckers also enable it to drag its body into very narrow crevices, from which scarcely any force will avail to remove it.

Like its beautiful brother the argonaut, it defies its enemies by ejecting ink, but the octopus is so subtle and clever that he can vary the color of his ink according to the color of the ground he is passing over, and, as he is very active and darts about at lightning speed, he constantly escapes being caught.

He is an unsociable creature, apparently quite satisfied with his own society, as he roams about alone, seeking what he may devour on rocky shores, where he may be met with of all sizes, varying in length from an inch to two or more feet.

The octopus has one very curious habit—when resting he coils up some of his arms into a semblance of the shell of the argonaut.

A MARKET PRIMER.

It Tells About the Butcher and the Way He Sells His Meat.

What is the man doing behind the counter?

He is selling meat. Let us watch him.

What is the lady going up to the counter for?

To buy meat from the greasy man with the white apron.

What does she ask for?

A five pound roast of porterhouse.

What does he give her?

A seven pound roast.

Then does he charge her only for what she asked for?"

No, indeed. He charges her for what he chose to give her.

Didn't the lady know what she wanted?

Evidently the man didn't think so.

Can't he tell the weight of a piece of meat when he picks it up?

Certainly he can. Otherwise he would never be able to know that he is always selling you a piece of meat several pounds bigger than you wanted.

Why does the man do this?

It is impossible to associate constantly with greasy things and not become pretty smooth yourself. Now run and play.

FISHING LINES.

The Very Finest Are Those Formed From Silkworm Gut.

Silkworm gut forms the best line for fishing purposes, partly on account of its great tenacity and partly because it is so transparent. Every year a sufficient number of Spanish silkworm grubs are selected for this purpose. After they have eaten enough mulberry leaves and before they begin to spin they are thrown into vinegar for several hours. Each insect is killed, and the substance which the grub in the natural course would have spun into a cocoon is forcibly drawn from the dead worm into a much thicker and shorter silken thread.

The threads are then placed in pure water for about four hours and afterward dipped for ten minutes in a solution of soft soap. The fine outer skin is thus loosened so that the workman can remove it with his hands. The threads must be dried in a shady place and are often bleached with sulphur vapor until they acquire the bright appearance of spun glass.—London Telegraph.

Foreign Circus Performers.

Although the circus is an institution peculiarly and typically American, over 90 per cent of the circus performers and specialists are foreigners. Mr. Bailey calls attention to this in his prospectus, stating that in Europe the struggle for existence is so sharp that people will attempt things in which failure means death and which no American would think of undertaking in order to fit themselves for the trapeze or the ring of some American circus, where they are certain of a good salary.—E. S. Hallock in Century.

The Exchequer.

In past times it was the custom for the king's justiciar and his subordinates to make up the royal accounts twice a year, at Easter and Michaelmas, on a table which was the most striking object in the chamber in which they assembled. This table was covered with dark russet cloth divided into squares, which gave it a checkered, chessboard-like appearance, and in the columns and spaces the accounts rendered by the sheriffs and great landowners who attended for that purpose, were entered and reckoned up. It was the checkered cloth, so conspicuous throughout the proceedings, that gave rise to the name exchequer, just as the stars painted on the ceiling of another historic room originated the name "star chamber."—London Globe.

For Delicious Flavor "SALADA" CEYLON GREEN TEA is absolutely Matchless

Sold Only in Lead Packets. 40c, 50c, and 60c per lb.
Highest Award St. Louis, 1904.

If it is a Question of Warmth use
E. B. EDDY'S BUILDING PAPER
It Retains Heat and Keeps Out Cold.

Write for Samples and Prices
TEES & PERSSE, Limited, Agents, Winnipeg.

The Keeley Cure

Ask the lawyers, the physicians, the congressmen, the clergymen, the clerks, the book-keepers, the skilled mechanics who have patronized us and you will find that the Keeley treatment is all and more than is claimed for it, and that it is the "stitch" a drinking man needs to save property, reputation, family, sanity and even life itself.

Write today, now, and get the necessary information about it.

133 Osborne St., Fort Rouge, WINNIPEG.

J. W. Commeford, a resident of Robert street, Toronto, who has saved 33 lives in 14 years, has applied to the city council for the position of official life saver.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the help of any purgative medicine to complete the cure. Give it a trial and be convinced.

The British gunboats in the bottom of the River Thames, near Chatham, Ont., and at the mouth of the Grand river, will remain there, the Ontario government finding the expense of raising them too high. Chatham's offer of $500 was a mere bagatelle.

A Tonic for the Debilitated.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills by acting mildly but thoroughly on the secretions of the body are a valuable tonic, stimulating the lagging organs to healthful action and restoring them to full vigor. They can be taken in graduated doses and so used that they can be discontinued at any time without return of the ailments which they were used to allay.

Montreal's ordinary income for next year will reach $4,305,117, an increase of $427,341.

D. Kilpatrick, a farm hand, was slashed with a knife by another farm hand, on a farm near Crookston.

Dr. J. D. Kellog's Dysentery Cordial is prepared from drugs known to the profession as thoroughly reliable for the cure of cholera, dysentery, diarrhoea, griping pains and summer complaints. It has been used successfully by medical practitioners for a number of years with gratifying results. If suffering from any summer complaint it is just the medicine that will cure you. Try a bottle. It sells for 25 cents.

Why We Can't Be Great.

Emerson defined greatness as simplicity. "Indeed, to be simple is to be great." The question emerges, Is life simple today? If not, will it be simpler tomorrow? If not, then how can there ever again be such greatness as in the past in a world of ever increasing complexity?

UNION MADE.
OVERALLS, SMOCKS and SHIRTS

Made to Fit and Made to Wear

You will never have Comfort and Satisfaction and Wearing Qualities in your Working Clothes until you wear

"King of the Road" Brand

ASK YOUR DEALER.

Packed at the Oven's Mouth

We do things right at the Mooney bakery. Crackers are packed piping hot from the ovens. The moisture-proof paper and air-tight tins retain all the freshness and crispness, no matter where or when you buy them.

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Soda

They come to your table just as inviting and delicious as though you ate them at the ovens in the bakery. At all grocers in air-tight packages.

Aleck Lamers, a Polk county, Minn., farmer, was found dead on his farm northeast of Grand Forks.

Don't Neglect A Cough

Many a case of chronic Bronchitis, Pneumonia and even dreaded Consumption itself, may be traced directly to "only a cough." When the first cold comes, start in on

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM

IT CURES COUGHS — heals the inflammed surfaces — strengthens weak throats — puts the lungs in the strongest possible condition to resist the trying effects of a Canadian winter.

25c. bottle

New Goods

for Early Spring Sewing

We have received our first shipment of

Lawns, Nainsook, Organdies, Persian Lawn, Tucked Nainsook, Colored Dimities, Embroideries, Lace, Allover Lace Allover Embroideries, etc.

These goods are direct from the old country and are a beautiful lot.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

RIGGS & WHYTE

Campbells

5c. LOAF.

Plain and Currant SCONES 15c Dozen

Minced Steak Pies on Saturdays 3 for 25c.

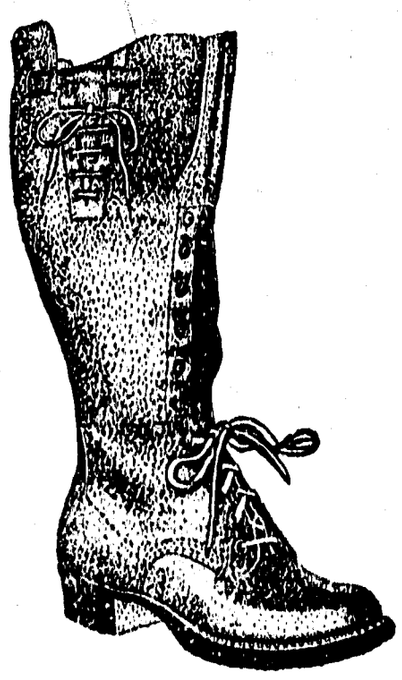
DUNSMUIR AVENUE.

Before Ordering YOUR SINGLE **HARNESS** CALL AND GET **MY PRICES**

X. C. MOUNTING, $10.00
DAVIS HARD RUBBER $15 00
NICKEL MOUNTING $15 00
SOLID NICKEL $20 00
GENUINE RUBBER $20 00

Place your order early and avoid the rush If you purchase one of the above sets and after using it there is any defect, I am prepared to make it good.

Wesley Willard.



MEN'S 16-INCH TAN

CHIPPEWAN

SPORTING BOOT

[illegible] and slip. It is standard screw, slugged around the forepart and heel and has silver eyelets and steel hooks. This line will stand more rough usage than any boot you ever put on your foot.

[illegible]

VANCOUVER [illegible]

The Colonist of Feb. 18th published the following letter:—

INFORMATION WANTED.

Sir:—In looking over the amendments to the School Act at the present session of the legislature, I notice the following section:- "5 Income of regularly employed teachers and salaries and wages of persons under 21 years of age exempted from assessment." Now, can anyone inform me why a teacher should be exempted from paying the income tax any more than a mechanic, accountant, clerk, etc.? On the side of the teacher, he has shorter hours compared with those I have mentioned above, and can put his spare time in doing something else and earning more: while, on the other side, there are longer hours and no time to do anything else. Can you call this class legislation? If some person will advance a good reason why teachers should be exempted from the income tax he will enlighten the intellect of

One Who Pays Income Tax

The question asked in this communication is pertinent. If schoolteachers are allowed to "put their spare time in doing something else" they should certainly be made to bear a share of the expenses of education. If not, then rigidly prevent them from practicing work that other people—unsalaried—have to depend on for their daily bread. If men are not earning enough as teachers, let them leave the craft to the women, take off their coats and hire out as farm laborers for which some of them would be better adapted than attempting to run a newspaper.

AT THE HOCKEY PARTY,

Lady, (hockey player) I am looking for a partner for the party tomorrow night. Will you accept?

Gent—Why sure, with the greatest of pleasure.

Gent, (arriving at party) Please excuse me for an hour. I have a friend to drive home.

Lady—Don't be longer than one hour.

Gent—Oh no, I will be back immediately

Outsider (at 1 a.m) Have you any way of getting home Miss — ?

Outsider—May I have the pleasure?

Lady—Thank you. I will be obliged.

Lady, (hockey player) Would you oblige me by being my partner for this party?

He—It would afford me the greatest of pleasure.

(He, night of party arrives at house in time to see lady departing with another gent)

Contributed From the Joke Artist.

Ottawa, 26th—J.J. Cowie, Scottish herring expert, reporting to the Department of Fisheries on the experiments at Nanaimo, says B. C. herring is fully equal to that produced on the Atlantic. He predicts a great future for the industry in the Pacific Provinces.

Port Townsend 26th—The long over due steamer Dora which was given up as lost by her owners and her crew long since mourned as dead, reached Port Townsend yesterday [illegible] several thousand miles out of her [illegible] and can about [illegible] to get back after a tedious task. She was reinsured at 90 per cent.

Dull Evenings Are Banished WHEN YOU OWN A

Columbia Graphophone

It Will Provide THE BEST MUSIC THE FUNNIEST SONGS THE MOST LAUGHABLE STORIES

RIGHT AT YOUR OWN FIRESIDE, AT A MODERATE COST. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE OR CALL AT

FLETCHER BROS.

VICTORIA, NANAIMO VANCOUVER.

Sole Agents For B.C.

NOTICE

"A meeting of the shareholders and patrons of the Comox Creamery Assn will be held in Agrictural Hall Courtenay, Mar. 1st at 8 p.m sharp. Important business on hand with regard to moving creamery."

R. H. Hurford, Sec.

Boise City, Idaho, 26th—Charles E. Moyer, President of the W. F. M. Wm D. Haywood, Sec'y of the same body and G. A. Pettibone a former member of the Executive Board was arrested in Denver yesterday charged with being complicated in the assassination of Frank Stumeberg former Governor of Idaho.

Paris, 26th—The failure of the Algiers Conference will leave a permanent bone of contention between France and Germany. It is openly asserted that France prefers war to surrender.

London, 26th—King Edward can never walk out again without the aid of a cane. The King fell while shooting last November and broke a tendon which has not completely healed.

Victoria, 26th—In House today a bill introduced in response to a petition signed by 3600 persons to regulate the sale of patent medicines The petition is the largest ever presented to the House.

GEORGE E. MARTIN
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR
Canadian Bank of Commerce Bldg.
Nanaimo B. C.

Royal Bank of Canada

Capital (paid up).....$3,000,000
Reserve Fund.....3,000,000
Undivided Profits.....302,743

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

BRANCH AT CUMBERLAND,

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

A. P. WILSON, Manager.

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

VALE! BROTHER ANLEY

Brother F. A. Auley was entertained by the I.O.O F. lodge at a banquet in the Waverly Hotel last Monday evening, and a farewell token of esteem presented him on the eve of his departure as organizer for the Woodmen. The gift, a beautiful leather dressing case, was presented by Past Grand T E. Bate, who adressed the recipient in the following well chosen words—

Bro Anley

The members of your lodge have assigned to me the agreeable duty of expressing their high appreciation of your past services as Secretary, and their assurance that in retiring, you take with you their earnest wishes for your future welfare and happiness. They have also desired me to solicit your acceptance of this token of remembrance, intended to mark their sense of your sterling worth as a Brother Oddfellow. Brother Auley, I join with them most heartily, in their wish to pay a just tribute to you, and would ask you to receive this token of our friendship and Brotherly love.

Bro Anley being taken by surprise said in reply—

Mr Chairman and Brother Oddfellows

I cannot find words in which to thank you for this token of your esteem and goodwill. It has come as somewhat of a surprise to me although I had a slight hint that there was going to be a social gathering of Oddfellows on Monday evening. I supposed that was all and was perfectly satisfied. I have been an Oddfellow for 24 years, 13 of which has been spent in Union Lodge No 11. I have had the honor to be Secretary of the Lodge for 9 years and have always been used right by the Lodge and well recompensed for anything I have done. I belong to different Lodges but can say that I have a warmer side for the Oddfellows than for any of the others. It may be for the reason that I have always taken a more active part in the Oddfellows than the others and when I was ill and in need of help and sympathy, Union Lodge responded so hearrily to my needs it is needless for me to say that I am sorry to leave this place and people for no one can live in a place for 15 years without making friends and I can assure you that I would be far more sorry leaving if I did not think that at some future time I would have the pleasure of visiting this place again and meeting the old familiar friendly faces. In my new position I will have the privilege of superintending the working of the various Camps of the Woodmen of the World in my District and it will not be my fault if I cannot make an excuse to visit this place as often as possible. I wish Union Lodge every prosperity and hope that they will have as much success this term as they had last and that the Lodge will grow in membership and that peace and harmony will prevail in the Lodge room. That is one thing that Union Lodge can be congratulated on in the past and this being the case they will surely prosper. I must thank Bro. John Matthews for his kindly words and wishes for my future welfare and to know that you have all been pleased and do appreciate my endeavors I am satisfied and for all your kindly wishes I thank you sincerely.

The following is the programme:

Instrumental selection, Victor Bonora
Song, Joseph Hudson
Toast, President of U S.A., H. Drew
Instrumental sect., Wm Potter
Toast, Dom. of Canada—"The Maple Leaf"
Song, Jas. Walker
Instrumental, V. Marinelli
Song, Thos. Piket
Toast, W. C. Co, J. Matthews
Instrumental, V. Bonora
Toast, Kindred Societies, Jolly good fellows
Song, Samuel Vass
Toast, The Ladies, W. Connors
Song, John Kesley
Toast, City of Cumberland, Ald. Whyte
Song, Hugh Mitchell
Song, Jas Walker, enc'd.
Toast, Host and Hostess, J. H. Piket

Auld Lang Syne

K. AIDA

Japanese Tailor.

Gents' Suits and Ladys' Tailored Costumes neatly finished in Latest fashions. Charges Right.

No. 1 JAPANESE TOWN.

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

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.

SOW

RENNIE'S

SEEDS

THE LARGEST SEED MERCHANTS In Canada

BRITISH COLUMBIA OFFICE, 66 Hastings St. W., Vancouver. Write for Catalogue

A Special Offer E3 12 Packages Leading Vegetables and Flowers for 25c—Onion, Cucumber, Beet Lettuce, Carrot and Radish: Asters, Sweet Mignonette Pansy, Petunia, Sweet Peas and Wild Garden All For 25c

Order Today **Wm. RENNIE Co. Limited** VANCOUVER, WINNIPEG and TORONTO Order Today