

SPECIAL SALE OF Winter Overcoats AT "THE BIG STORE"

This weather makes a man think of a good warm overcoat. Step in and see what we have in this line.

Boys and Yonths Overcoats in plain and fancy cloths, from **\$2.50 to \$6.50**

Mens Overcoats in Tweeds, Meltons and Beavers. Up-to-Date Goods

We are clearing up a job line of Mens Irish Frieze Overcoats, All Sizes, in several colors, with high collar, nicely lined with tweed. Regular price \$7.50 Sale Price \$5 00



Plenty of Cloth in our Overcoats.

SIMON LEISER & CO LD.

Board Of Trade

This meeting was held in the Council Chambers on Monday evening after the Council meeting and was well attended. Mayor Willard being voted to the chair, explained the object, and benefit of an association of the kind, and hoped that all present would join. Mr J. A. Bates was voted secretary.

Moved T. E. Bate, seconded R. R. Napier, that a Board of Trade be formed. The question of fees being raised, the chairman stated that the fee in Victoria was \$10 00. He thought they could make it less here. Dr Quintan then informed the meeting that he had been a member of the Board of Trade in Nelson and the fee there was \$25 00. It was a mistake to think that it would be less here. It was just the reverse, the fee ought to be higher, on account of the smaller membership. A long discussion followed when finally Mr T. E. Bate moved seconded by Mr Partridge that the entrance fee be \$2 50

Moved in amendment by T. H. Carey seconded by L. W. Nunn, that fee be \$5 and \$6 per year dues, motion lost. Moved Mr J. Thompson, seconded by L. W. Nunn, that Mr Bate's motion be rescinded, carried. Moved Mr T. E. Bate, seconded Mr T. H. Carey, that fee be \$2 50 and dues \$1 per month, carried. An adjournment was then made to enable the clerk to canvass the meeting for names which afterwards resulted in a count of 17. It requiring 30 names to start the association the secretary and Mr T. E. Bate were appointed canvassers to procure names. The secretary was instructed to ascertain the cost for incorporating. The next meeting will be held in the same hall a fortnight from the last one. Meeting adjourned.

COUNCIL MEETING

Present, Mayor Willard, Alds, Bate, McDonald, McLeod and Tarbell.

Minutes of last meeting read and adopted.

Accounts:—B. Crawford, Hay, \$30.60; Grant & Co., lumber, \$11 12 M. Woods, 1/2 ton carrots, \$5 50; Enterprise, 1,000 scavenger receipts, \$5.00.

Communications:—From T. E. Banks, regarding unsanitary condition of the Roman Catholic dwelling house. City Clerk stated that he had spoken to Miss Nash, the agent, who had promised to attend to the matter. The Clerk also informed the Board that he was short of money to pay teachers salaries, and required an over draft of \$460. Moved Ald. Bate, 2nd Ald McLeod, that this be allowed. Carried.

Clerk presented Assessment Roll for 1906. Laid on table to be taken up next meeting.

Upon the report of Ald. McDonald, Chairman of the board of Works, that body was authorized to renew a drain on Penrith Avenue.

Continued on page 2

For Sale.

One Thorough-bred L. O. C. Boar 23 Sows and Hogs, also young pigs. H. Scott Portkova.

Hawkeshaw Sandwick.

d13

BENEFIT DANCE AT COMOX

The Hospital dance in the K. of P. Hall at Comox last Thursday evening was largely attended, the capacity of the building being strained to the utmost. The hall was tastefully decorated, and the dancers enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Thanks are due Mrs J. A. McKenzie and Miss Jessie McDonald particularly, who with others, were committee women for the occasion, for their untiring efforts to render the affair the success it was. The proceeds of the dance will be applied towards purchasing floor covering for the women's ward in the Hospital here.

The committee desire to thank, through the columns of the News, all those who so kindly assisted and who contributed viands for the supper.

The members of Grace Methodist Church presented Mr John Denton with a gold watch and chain, at his residence last night.

Passengers last night were Judge Harrison, C. H. Potts, A. Vaughan, G. Ballantyne, C. R. Bishop, L. Peake, W. F. Andrews, J. Youngheart, J. Mevers, H. C. Heisterman.

Peacey's for post cards.

Mr and Mrs Jack McNiven and child, and Messrs W. Whyte and T. Kirkwood are visiting friends in Cumberland.

Services were conducted at St. Georges Presbyterian Church on Sunday by Rev Mr McGillivrey and at the Methodist Church by Rev. Mr Wilkinson of Langley.

We regret to announce the illness of Mrs Lashley Hall who is an invalid at the Cumberland Hospital suffering from bronchitis.

Mrs Wm Marshall of Union Bay has been confined to her brother's residence here, with inflammatory rheumatism.

The name of Miss Bate was inadvertently omitted from our report of the Presbyterian Concert on the 20th. Miss Bate's rendering of "Because I love you" was greatly enjoyed.

1905 -

WALL PAPER

JUST ARRIVED AT THE
The MAGNET
CASH STORE.

100 Patterns to choose from.
2 Double Rolls for 25c, upwards.

House Lining, Mixed Paints, 50 Shades of Alabastine, Enamel, Stains, Varnish, Whiting, Brushes, etc.

T. E. BATE,
DUNSMUIR AVE., Cumberland

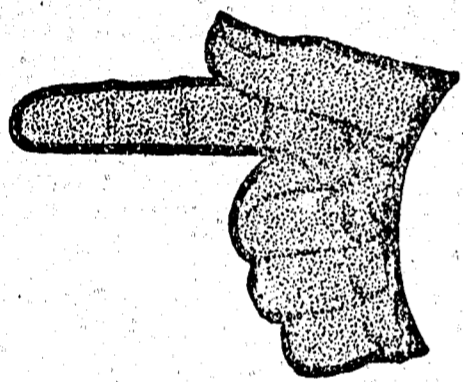
1905

WALL PAPER

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The Courtenay House under the management of Mr and Mrs J. Johnston is keeping up its reputation as a popular resort for travellers. The appointments are all first class and up-to-date, and the cuisine is said to be one of the best in the Valley.

Mr J Denton an old and respected pioneer of this town leaves this week for Revelstoke, where he will reside. The family will follow later.



Follow the Finger.

of Satisfaction and it will lead you to us when you want Home

FURNISHINGS

"QUALITY BEFORE PRICE" has ever been our motto, Compare—that's all we ask.

FACTORY FURNITURE

Although we are large importers of Eastern Canadian and American Furniture, there are a number of lines that we manufacture ourselves from Native woods, at a saving of one third. We guarantee the workmanship to be the best and designs equal to the imported article. For an example we will select our line of

— Fir Wardrobes —

Finished in Golden Oak—Large double panelled door with lower Drawer 7ft 9in high..... \$12.00 each

Smaller size without drawer, 7ft high 8ft 3in wide, ..\$8 00

Double Door Wardrobes finished Light Antique... \$12 00

WEIDER BROS
HOME, HOTEL AND CLUB FURNISHERS, VICTORIA, B. C.

Local and Personal

Everything in the Ammunition line At the Big Store.

Mrs Riley accompanied by her brother Mr T. L. Ray of Union Bay left on Friday last for Nova Scotia to visit their mother who was seriously ill. On arriving at Vancouver a wire reached them informing them of her death.

For stylish and reliable clothing go to the Big Store.

The Maple Leaf Club held their weekly dance on Friday evening at the Cumberland Hall. These dances are becoming more popular, a large number of new members being admitted last week. The club will celebrate with a Ball on Dec. 8th.

Special values in Blankets at the Big Store.

The Ladies of Grace Methodist Church have every reason to feel gratified with the success attending their Winter Fair on Thursday afternoon and evening. During the day at least one hundred and fifty sat down to luncheon, and all expressed satisfaction at the bill of fare presented. In the evening a concert under the management of Mrs Dr Gillespie, was enjoyed by a large audience. The principal performers were Miss Huxton, Mr Wm Hines and Messrs P. Monte, and K. J. ...

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H. Scott & Whyte are showing a large assortment of Xmas toys, books etc.

WE SAY Let your "TEAPOT" prove its vast superiority over all other teas, there's no evidence as convincing as this.

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea, Black, Mixed or Green

Sold only in lead packets, 40c, 50c, 60c per lb.

By All Grocers.

Mrs. Youngman—The idea Its very funny you can't give me any money. My husband has an account here. Bank Cashier. I know, madam, but if your husband wanted you to have some money he should have given you a check.

Mrs. Youngman—But, my gracious! If he's got an account here can't you charge it?—Catholic Standard and Times.

\$100 REWARD \$100.

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

Address: F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Fuddy—Grimes tells me he is not a candidate for any office. All he wants he says, is to make an honest living. Duddy—If that is all he wants, of course he isn't a candidate for office. Strange that a man will waste his breath uttering self evident truths.—Boston Transcript.

Carterhall, Nfld., Jan. 8, 1898.
MESSRS C. C. RICHARDS & CO.
Yarmouth, N. S.

Dear Sirs,—While in the country last summer I was badly bitten by mosquitoes, so badly that I thought I would be disfigured for a couple of weeks. I was advised to try your Liniment to allay the irritation, and expected, a few applications completely curing the irritation, and preventing the bites from becoming sore. MINARD'S LINIMENT is also a good article to keep off the mosquitoes.

Yours truly,
W. A. V. R.

"This milk is warm, mamma," said the city boy, tasting milk in the country for the first time.

"Yes, my son," replied the parent. "I suppose it is just fresh from the cow."

"Oh, I thought they'd made a mistake and put hot water instead of cold in it."—Yonkers Statesman.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Bleeker—Say, old chap, I'm in beastly hard luck, need money badly and haven't the least idea where I can get it. Baxter—Well, I'm glad to hear that I thought perhaps you had an idea you should touch me for it.—Puck.

Mrs. Wise—That clock's as eccentric as it can be. Yesterday it was fast, the day before it was slow, and now it

seems to be stopped altogether. I thought you were going to fix it.

Mr. Wise—I did.
Mrs. Wise—But it isn't going at all.
Mr. Wise—I know. I fixed it so it couldn't fool anybody any more.—Catholic Standard and Times.

"Thought it meant death

sure."—Mrs. James McKim, of Dunville, Ont., says of her almost miraculous cure from heart disease by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart: "Until I began taking this remedy I despaired of my life. I had heart failure and extreme prostration. One dose gave me quick relief and one bottle cured me. The sufferings of years were dispelled like magic."—3

"Senator, do you think it is natural of a man to get married?"

"Well," replied Senator Badger, "I don't know about that part of it, but I do know it produces such an effect afterward."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg'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.

The Caller—The man who wrote that poem you printed yesterday didn't know what he was writing about.

The Editor—Of course not. Otherwise it wouldn't have been written.—Chicago News.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

"Well, Willie," asked the preacher, "what are you going to be when you grow up?"

"A man."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Best Ironing Board.

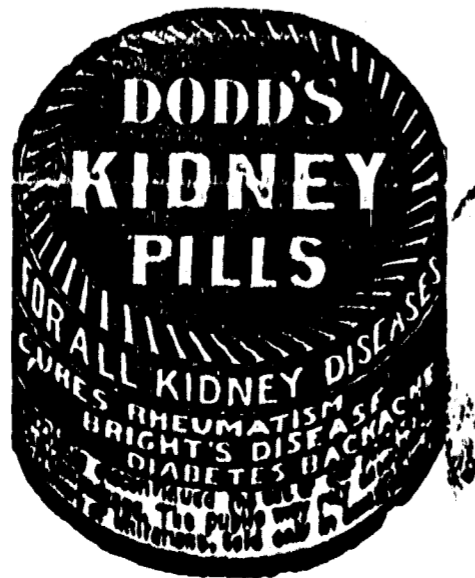
The best ironing board is made by covering a medium sized board with a pound of cotton batting after at least six strips of wood have been screwed on the under side to prevent the board warping. Be very sure there is no lump in the cotton, then cover with six thicknesses of very smooth old cotton cloth, fastening all at once with brass headed tacks close together at the edges. The final cover of firm new sheeting will outlast several made from old material, and the thick, springy surface will make ironing a joy, since there will be no aggravating wrinkles in the clothes such as come when a thinny covered board is used. Don't be "stingy" in the use of wax on the irons.

Bean or Button In the Nose.

I would like to tell of a little help given me by an old friend when my babies were very small. One of them had placed a bean far up in her nose (and what mother has not had the same experience with other beans, buttons or some other small object?). I was told to place my mouth close over the child's, excluding all air, and blow my breath as hard as possible, thus forcing the object, though tightly lodged, out of the child's nose. I have tried it many times, both with my own and other children, and it has always been successful.—National Magazine.

Salted Peanuts.

Salted peanuts are even more delicious than salted almonds. They are expensive to buy at the confectioner's and are rarely prepared at home for the reason that the nuts are difficult to remove from the shells without breaking the meats. It is said that this difficulty is entirely overcome by pouring boiling water over the nuts and letting the water cool on them. Crick by striking the small ends of the nuts.



DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Sarah Bernhardt has an almost superstitious affection for a necklace of gold nuggets given her by California miners.

Modjeska, it is said, will sell her ranch in California and will return to Poland to pass the rest of her life in her native land.

Mrs. Howard Gould has the finest private collection of birds in the United States, in some respects excelling the aviaries at the New York zoological gardens.

In Paris the Countess Boni de Castellane (one of Jay Gould's daughters), who continues to lavish money on all possible objects, is said to display more jewels than the old noble families approve.

Adelina Patti's explanation of keeping youthful is that she never loses her temper. Another fact in connection with this great singer is that she owns a parrot, which amuses her by trying to imitate her singing.

Miss Margaret W. Tantum of Trenton, N. J., has notified Booker T. Washington, principal of Tuskegee Normal and Industrial institute, that she will pay for the erection of a building at the institute in memory of her father, the late Dr. James B. Tantum of Trenton.

Mrs. G. M. Lake of Zanesville, O., has more enterprise and courage than many younger women. Although seventy years of age, she has taken a homestead in Idaho, and has just begun the five years' term of residence necessary to acquire a title to the property.

Miss Ida Smalley, daughter of George W. Smalley, the New York correspondent of the London Times, has accepted an appointment as stenographer for Charles W. Anderson, colored, the collector of internal revenue of the Second New York district. Miss Smalley is not yet twenty-seven years old.

Feminine Nerves.

We have learned how to increase our span of life, we have learned how to make ourselves beautiful, we have learned how to add cubits to our stature, but with all our cleverness we have not yet acquired the art of keeping our nerves in order. The more progress we make in other respects the less control we seem to maintain over our nerves.—Lady's Pictorial.

Handy Racks.

A rack for spoons, ladles, skimmers, dippers and other things constantly needed in the cooking of food, if hung or fastened near the stove, will prove a great convenience. And if each article has its own hook and is always hung on it it may be reached for "without the eyes."

Cash or Cure

If Shiloh's Consumption Cure fails to cure your Cold or Cough, you get back all you paid for it. You are sure of a Cure or the Cash.

If it wasn't a sure cure, this offer would not be made.

Can anything be fairer?

If you have a Cold, Cough, or any disease of the Throat, Lungs or Air Passages, try

SHILOH

25c. per bottle. All dealers guarantee it.

The Keeley Cure

Has restored to health, prosperity and happiness 500,000 people who were diseased and poisoned from the use of LIQUOR and DRUGS. Write To-day, now and get the necessary information about it.

ADDRESS

133 OSBORNE ST., FORT ROUGE WINNIPEG, MAN.

Cornishmen and Tails.

Natives of Devonshire, England, in past centuries used to say that Cornishmen all had tails, asserting that it was a sign of the divine disapproval of their infamy in cutting off the tail of Thomas a Becket's horse. A sixteenth century writer says: "So hath England in all other lands a perpetual infamy of taylor by thoye wrytton legendes of lyes, yet can they not well tell where to bestowe them truly. An Englishman now cannot travayle in another land by way of merchandise or any other honest occupyinge, but it is most contumeliously thrown in his tothe that all Englishmen have taylor."

Burial by Machinery.

The Army burial board at Leeds, in England, is considering the desirability of adopting a singular labor-saving device for interments, says The London Chronicle. The invention consists of an appliance for lowering the coffin into the grave, and it is claimed that there is nothing to offend the sensibilities of the mourners, the body being lowered slowly and reverently. When the coffin reaches its resting place the girths of the appliance release themselves automatically. The adoption of the invention, it is pointed out, will prevent the painful scenes that sometimes

The "Royal Household" Brand on Flour is your protection.

The "Royal Household" brand on a barrel or bag of flour means that Ogilvie guarantee that flour to be *the best*—that if it is not satisfactory you may return it and get your money back.

Ogilvie stand behind every pound of flour that bears their "Royal Household" Brand.

That is your protection.

Most people do not realize the necessity of absolute purity in flour—great care is taken to use only pure milk, pure water, etc., but flour, that one thing that forms the greatest part of their food, is taken on chance—but they are learning better.

As Royal Household Flour is the only flour in this country thoroughly purified and sterilized by electricity is it not worth while to give it at least a trial.

It bears the stamp of the most responsible makers. You can have no better guarantee than the Ogilvie Flour Mills Co.

Borax in the Household.
Do you know how useful borax is in the household? It is one of the most powerful antiseptics known. It is used to wash the head—as much as one can hold in the hollow of the hand to about a quart of water. It destroys dandruff, it allays the heat of sunburn, bleaches out tan and redness, helps freckles and moths to a great degree, and is an invaluable ingredient in almost every dentifrice and cure for canker in the mouth and for any gum boil. It cleans the brush and comb. It is a whitener and purifier everywhere when used with discretion. The laundress finds it softening hard water, whitening her clothes without destroying them. The table maid finds it giving new luster to her glass, lays her silver in a hot solution of it, and does not have to cleanse it laboriously half so often.

Saving His Money For Flour.
"Why do you think they are engaged?"
"He has quit bringing flowers every time he calls."

No Taint on It.
"I'll give," he wrote, "a million To help enlarge your scope, You'll find it good clean money, I made it selling soap."

Two years Aged.—For eight years I suffered as no one ever did with rheumatism; for two years I lay in bed; could not so much as feed myself. A friend recommended South American Rheumatic Cure. After three doses I could sit up. To-day I am as strong as ever I was.—Mrs. John Cook, 287 Clinton street, Toronto.—2

Dr. Penitz.—Yes, Browning is an M.D. I believe, but he is an M.D. without practice.
Wellman—And so does not have his sleep disturbed by the ghosts of departed patients.—Boston Transcript.

Do Not Delay.—When, through debilitated digestive organs, poison finds its way into the blood, the prime consideration is to get the poison out as rapidly and as thoroughly as possible. Delay may mean disaster. Parroleo's Vegetable Pills will be found a most valuable and effective medicine to assail the intruder with. They never fail. They go at once to the seat of the trouble and work a permanent cure.

Edna—Is Ethel going to send out invitations to her wedding?
May—No; she's going to send cards announcing the marriage. She says men are so fickle she's not going to run any chances.—Detroit Free Press.

Expert chemists carefully watch and test every step in the making of

Sunlight Soap

The fats and oils must be perfectly pure and at every stage of the process the soap must come up to Sunlight standard. It cleanses your clothes perfectly, makes your blankets soft and fluffy, does not destroy your most dainty linens or injure your hands. *Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto*

"A Great Tonic"

"PSYCHINE" is a wonderful tonic. It contains medicinal elements not found in any of the patent medicines. "PSYCHINE" is a regular practicing physician's formula. A tonic for weak people, for men of business worries, for the tired mother, the pale, languid girl, young girls just budding into womanhood; elderly people who feel that weakness due to old age find it a remedy they cannot do without. It restores vitality, creates rich, new blood, removes all impurities, strengthens the nerves. If you need a tonic, ask your druggist for "PSYCHINE."

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

FRUIT FLOWERS

DUST SPRAYING.

The New Movement and What a Missourian Says of Its Benefits.

The fruit growing regions of Missouri seem to be the center of the new dust spraying movement—i. e., the use of dust instead of water as a vehicle for poisons. Pacific fruit growers also report favorably upon it. Some of its advantages are touched upon as follows by J. R. Haldeman of Missouri:

In the first place, we use the fine dust of air slacked lime, which is a fungicide and insecticide in itself, and this dust blown out by the proper machine fills the air with fine dust and settles upon the foliage in such a way as to cover it completely and much more effectively than any liquid spray can do. And into this conveyor can be mixed all that can be mixed into a liquid spray and many other ingredients that will not dissolve in water.

Lime Dust an Enemy to Insect Life.

In the liquid spray the water is thrown up and falls upon the foliage, which forms of itself a shed much like the roof of a house. This gathers and runs off in drops and streams, carrying the very material that is to accomplish the work of killing insects to the ground, while the dust spray retains upon the foliage and there resting to accomplish its work.

Besides, it is thrown into the trees and up on the underside of the leaves, by which it reaches any eggs or insects that may be on the underside of the leaves, that it would be impossible to reach by the liquid spray, and kills them. You find lime dust is an everlasting enemy to all insect life. It chokes or closes the breathing organs of the insect and renders the foliage of the trees so offensive to them that they either migrate or die.

THE STATELY FOXGLOVE.

One of the Most Useful of Hardy Garden Perennials.

The stately spikes of the foxglove form a popular feature in the revived old fashioned garden. White and spotted foxgloves (*Digitalis alba* and *D. maculata*) are extremely effective in the garden, although by no means common. Groups of these noble plants, throwing up spikes of bloom to the height of sometimes four to six feet, stand remarkably well at the back of the herbaceous border, against an old red brick wall or the greenery of distant shrubs, as well as in a shady posi-



DIGITALIS MACULATA.

tion where few flowers will do well, or in a half wild part of the garden or the borders of a copse.

But the soil in which they are to grow must be rich and well dug. It is of little use to expect fine specimens of these plants when they are placed in the shrubbery, for their growth is so fine and so rapid during their flowering time that they must be well supported. The seed should be sown very thinly in drills, and the seedlings must be transplanted while young into a border of rich soil, when they will form strong growth and can be placed in their flowering positions in the early fall. Very good authorities consider it preferable to transplant them to a cold frame, where they will make extra strong plants for brilliant flowering the next season. They are most satisfactorily treated as biennials, sowing seed in rich deep soil.

Formula For Bordeaux Powder.

Fresh lime (unslaked), four pounds; copper sulphate, four pounds. Slake the lime and dissolve the copper sulphate separately, each in two and a half gallons of hot water. Slake the lime by pouring the water on slowly; let it cool; then pour the copper sulphate solution and milk of lime at the same time into a third vessel and stir thoroughly. Filter through two or three thicknesses of cloth. Two flour bags, one inside the other, will serve the purpose. Thoroughly mix the light blue pasty material obtained with from 60 to 120 pounds of dry, sifted air slaked lime and spread out to dry. When dry rub through a fine sieve

having 80 to 100 meshes per square inch, and it is ready for use.

Skin Protection When Spraying.

As protection from the lime, sulphur and salt wash there is nothing better than vaseline. Since our men have used it they have not had any trouble whatever. Put the vaseline upon your hands and face before you use the wash; be careful to rub it over the eyes so that the eyelids and eyebrows are well covered, and it will throw off the spray of lime, salt and sulphur like water off a duck's back.—E. S. Black.

Patiently Wait For Her.

A Missouri contemporary rises to remark: "Once I was young, but now I am old, and I have never seen a girl that was unfaithful to her mother that ever came to be worth a one eyed button to her husband. It is the law of God. It isn't exactly in the Bible, but it is written large and awful in the miserable lives of many unfit homes. I'm speaking for the boys this time. If one of you chaps comes across a girl that, with a face full of roses, says to you as she comes to the door, 'I can't go for thirty minutes, for the dishes are not washed yet,' you wait for that girl. You sit right down and wait for her, because some other fellow may come along and carry her off, and right there you lose an angel. Wait for that girl and stick to her like a bur to a woolly dog."

Model Wives.

In a wedding sermon entitled "The Rib Restored," preached in St. Dionis Back church, Fenchurch street, in 1655, by Richard Meggot, afterward dean of Salisbury, the preacher thus defined a good wife:

"A help she must be in her family, being not only a wife, but a housewife—not a field wife, like Dinah, nor a treet wife, like Thamar, or a window wife, like Jezebel, but a housewife."

And another preacher about the same date, the Rev. Simeon Singleton, said that a wife should be at once like and unlike three things. "First, she should be like a snail, always keep within her house; but she should not be like a snail, carry all she has upon her back. Secondly, she should be like an echo, to speak when she is spoken to; but she should not be like an echo, always to have the last word. Thirdly, she should be like the town clock, always keep time regularly; but she should not be like the town clock, to speak so loud that all the town may hear her."—T. P.'s London Weekly.

Cramp In the Legs.

People who are subject to cramp in the legs should always be provided with a good strong piece of cord, especially in their bedrooms. When the cramp comes on take the cord, wind it round the leg over the place where it is cramped, take an end in each hand and give it a sharp pull, one that will hurt a little, and the cramp will cease instantly. People much subject to cramp in bed have found great relief from wearing on each leg a garter of wide tape which has several thin slices of cork stitched on to it.

DRY SHAMPOOS.

Fragrant Powders That Will Cleanse the Hair and Scalp.

Dry shampoos are efficacious in cleaning both the scalp and hair, and the following powders for this purpose are fragrant and delicious.

Take white cornmeal as fine as can be ground. Perfume with a little powdered orris root and rub a quantity of it dry into the hair near the scalp. Massage well and bring the powder through the long part. Then with a long fibered brush remove all the meal.

Sullivan and Booth.

It is a pathetic as well as a humorous remark that Laurence Hutton in his reminiscences attributes to John L. Sullivan. When the news came of the death of Edwin Booth the great fighter in sincere sorrow remarked, "Well, there are only a few of us left!"

Asking Too Much.

Ho With the Whiskers—Say, feller, why don't you wear two glasses instead of only one? Ho With the Monocle—Why, duce take it, y' know, a feller has to see, doesn't he?

Law at Fault.



"They arrested him for assaulting the umpire."

"Arrested him? Don't they pay a reward for a thing like that?"

Developed It.

"Snythers has a remarkable vocabulary."

"Yes, he wore shoes that were too tight for him one whole season."

The Coming of Grandma

By BERTHA BLAKE

Copyright, 1905, by T. C. McClure

The man strode toward her with undisciplined pleasure in his eyes.

"Helena, this is indeed an unexpected—"

"Surprise?" broke in the girl, unmindful of the ambiguity her interruption lent to his remark.

"Pleasure," corrected Norton firmly. He did not fail to detect an undertone of sarcasm in Helena's tone.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Oh," she said simply, but that one word conveyed depths of incredulity.

"Going away?" asked Norton, looking about for some traveling impedimenta. And yet if Helena had been going away surely he would have known it.

The girl flung him a scornful glance. "No," she said, tapping her foot nervously on the tiled floor of the station.

"And you?" looking pointedly at the bunch of violets he carried.

"I've come to meet a train."

Helena glanced at the big clock on the wall. "It's six minutes yet," she informed him knowingly. Since his arrival her chin had been elevated perceptibly.

Norton's glance followed hers to the clock. "Jove, it's in now—my train!" he said, and, with a hasty adieu, he rushed off through the great doors, leaving her staring after him dazed.

Again her eyes sought the clock. No, she was not mistaken. Florence had wired that she would arrive at 3:10, and it was now only 3:04. "Never mind meeting me," she had added in her telegram, but Helena had only laughed away her friend's instructions. Florence had always been overthoughtful.

Now she sat down on the depot bench. Norton must have been misinformed as to the time of arrival—he—why, of course, Florence had sent him word too. It seemed quite unnecessary to Helena and yet—she suddenly recalled that he had stopped off at Poughkeepsie once or twice. She saw it all now. Norton had only been coming to see her, taking her out, keeping in touch with her, on account of Florence. He wished to be welcome at the Bradford home when the girl visited them. "Never mind meeting me"—the words in Florence's message rang in Helena's mind. Why were they so secretive about it all?

The girl brushed her hand over her eyes. Was she dreaming or—oh, she longed to be at home where she could bury her head in her pillows and—

She started. Coming toward her, attentively guiding an elderly woman, was Norton. He held her arm and look-



THIS WAS PERHAPS HIS GRANDMOTHER.

ed down into her wrinkled face with a tenderness Helena had never before seen in his eyes. Then—he did not come to meet Florence? This was perhaps his grandmother. She was too old for his mother.

Norton raised his hat and smiled as he passed her, but Helena stared at him stupidly, barely nodding her head. A dark flush mounted to his very hair, but as he followed her into the carriage Helena saw him hand the old lady the violets. The girl's brain cleared.

How she had misjudged him! Her heart beat wildly, and she longed now to rush after him and apologize for the way in which she had greeted him. But, even when she saw him, how could she explain her behavior?

In her excitement and in the rush of conflicting emotions which surged through her Helena almost forgot the train she was to meet. But, girl-like, her guest was looking everywhere for some one from the Bradford family, in spite of her suggestion that none of them should be there.

"I knew you'd come," she said after an egressive greeting.

"Of course, goosie," retorted Helena, hugging her friend's arm enthusiastically. "Not meet you when I haven't seen you for months?"

But all afternoon, above the chat and gossip incident to her guest's arrival, Helena's mind reverted to her conduct at the station. Would Norton ever come to see her again? And if he did not, could she afford to write him a note of apology?

That evening whenever the bell rang her heart did somersaults with undue energy. And when Norton was announced she could scarcely keep her joy within bounds. Never before today had she realized what a large part he played in her life; how much she had learned to believe him hers in spite of the indifferent manner in which she always treated him.

Florence was not ready to go downstairs, and her hostess, glad of the opportunity to see Norton for a minute alone, preceded her.

"Helena," began the man, holding out his hand just as he did that morning in the depot, "I had to come to-night." He searched her eyes, half looking for the scorn which he saw in them in the station. He was visibly relieved, if puzzled, when he discovered her old sauciness playing in them again.

"Why?" she asked hypocritically.

"It is for me to ask why—after this morning," he said softly and stepping closer to her.

"Florence arrived this morning," Helena began irrelevantly.

The man frowned—not at the news she had imparted, but at her persistence in changing the subject.

"And my grandmother, too, arrived," he said.

Helena nodded. "Yes, I saw you."

"I wouldn't have known it from your glance."

"Perhaps you are imaginative or—over-sensitive," the girl persisted, trying to make the outcome easier for herself. She felt—oh, so wickedly deceitful; she almost hated herself. Both cheeks burned, and she avoided his direct gaze.

"Look here, Helena," said Norton, laying one hand on her shoulder. "Why were you so—so different this morning? Was it because my dear old grandmother is so—so different from the woman we meet here?" Helena raised a protesting hand, but he hurried on. "My—father, as you know, was a self-made man—and his mother—but don't think I am ashamed of her!"

Helena's lips quivered and her eyes burned. "Oh, believe me, it wasn't your grandmother. I think she's lovely. I—I thought you had come to meet—Florence," she cried, throwing up her head and looking him squarely in the eyes at last.

"Helena," the man said, and his breath came quickly. "And you cared?" The girl nodded her head slowly.

A few moments later she raised her eyes shyly to his.

"Don't you think we might have a matron of honor instead of a maid?" "She shall be my best man if you say so."

Safer Games Than Chess.

Checkers is a less dangerous game than chess. Few checker players go crazy, although many are crazy to play. A safer game than any of them is seven up, and there is nothing the matter with four handed euchre. And then there are cribbage and sixty-six, both of which are almost entirely safe, as very few cribbage or sixty-six players ever get more than half crazy, and then only when they lose seven or eight games in succession. But perhaps the game that allows the most latitude for vigorous kicking without in any way affecting the mentality of the kicker is the game of spade hearts, occasionally played in Boston and other places down east, where the game originated. A man must be of sound mind to be able to play spade hearts. He can't keep the queens off him if he gets rattled, and a queen counts twice as much against him as a jack, king or any other heart. Men of ugly tempers never play the game. To be a good player one must be a cheerful loser and keep still about it.—Lafayette (Ind.) Journal.

Direct Preaching.

Uncle Isaac was a well known character in a Connecticut town. He was a butcher and a very blunt and outspoken man. Although a member of the Baptist church, his pastor was greatly tried by some of his business habits and finally resorted to what would seem heroic measures to correct them. His text on the Sabbath in question was, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

"Now," said he, "if a friend of a certain man had just \$700 and gave that man \$800 of it, and the man stole the seventh hundred, what would you do to the man?"

"Hang him!" rang out Uncle Isaac's voice in emphatic response.

"Uncle Isaac, you're the man," said the preacher. "The Lord gave you six days to sell meat in, and you stole the seventh."

"I won't do it any more," came the prompt answer, and the sermon proceeded. And Uncle Isaac kept his word.

Napoleon and Tobacco Smoke.

Although in later life Napoleon was a votary of the snuffbox, he was never

known to attempt smoking but once. The Persian ambassador having presented him with a magnificent oriental pipe, he wished to give it a trial. After being instructed how to proceed he desired his attendant, Constant, to light it. It was accordingly properly charged and lighted. We will let Constant tell the rest of the tale: "I obeyed and returned it to him. But scarcely had he drawn a mouthful when the smoke, which he did not know how to expel from his mouth, turned back by his palate, penetrated into his throat and came out by his nose, nearly blinding him. As soon as he recovered breath he exclaimed: 'Take that away! What an abomination! The brute! My stomach is quite upset!' In fact, he was so annoyed for more than an hour that he renounced forever all desire to try the experiment again."

A Streak of Good Fortune.

Bunker—Bloomer is looking pretty well lately. Has he had any luck? Hill—Why, haven't you heard? He married a widow, and her former husband's clothes just fit him.

When Balzac Stumbled.

A comical Balzac story is thus quoted from the Gaulois:

The novelist, it appears, flattered himself upon his skill in reading character from handwriting, and the story is of the test applied to his skill. A lady brought him an extract from the exercise book of a twelve-year-old school-boy and asked for an opinion as to the youngster's character and prospects. Balzac inquired whether the child was her own. Answered in the negative, he examined the exercise carefully and delivered his judgment. "Madame," he said, "this child is thick headed and frivolous. He will never come to any good. If he were my child, I would take him from school and put him to the plow." And then it had to be broken gently to the graphologist that the exercise on which he had pronounced so severely was one of his own which had been discovered hidden away between the leaves of an old lesson book.

You're Another.

A story is told about the smart sergeant of a crack English cavalry regiment. Whenever he had occasion to punish any of his men he invariably concluded the sentence by explaining, "And you are another." Every victim noticed this strange remark, but none could understand the meaning of it, and naturally they were afraid to ask. But one day a newly promoted sergeant determined to solve the mystery. He said to the sergeant:

"Sergeant, there is one thing I should like to ask you. I've often heard you say after inflicting punishment on a man, 'And you are another.' What do you really mean by that remark?"

"Well," said the sergeant, smiling, "I will tell you. I know that whenever I am obliged to punish an evildoer the victim always says to himself, 'What a stupid ass the sergeant is!' I get even with him by saying, 'And you are another.' Keep it dark."

"Look Pleasant."

What would be the effect upon civilization if everybody would keep constantly in mind that suggestion of the photographer, "Look pleasant?" The most difficult part of the photographer's work is the effort to get the subject before the camera to rid himself of the cold, stiff, set expression of his face and to replace it by a genial, kindly look or a smile. He is not willing to reproduce the sitter until he succeeds, because he knows that the change of expression will transform the photograph.

How the habit of looking pleasant would revolutionize our natures and civilization itself! If we could only get rid of the hard, eager, worried look habitual to many of us, not for the few seconds we stand before the camera, but for all our lives, how bright the world would grow!

His Selections.

Jay Cooke in 1800 told the following: "One day when I was putting government bonds upon the market I was greatly annoyed by the clerks tolling me that there was an old man in the office who would do no business with them and must see me. To get rid of him I went out. Said he:

"Mr. Cooke, I have got \$3,000 in gold in this bag. I can't do anything with it in the town where I live. They are circulating grocers' checks and everything else but money, and I am frightened because I think I will be cheated if I dispose of it. Will you toll me on your word of honor if these bonds are sound and right?"

"I replied: 'If they are not right, nothing is right. I am putting all I have in the world into them.'"

"After further conversation the man concluded to take them."

"What denomination will you have them in?" I asked.

"This was too much for the old man. He had never heard that word used in connection with business. He scratched his head and said:

"You may give me \$500 in old school Presbyterian, to please the old woman, but I will take the best of it in Baptist."

A good conscience is one that will roll over and go to sleep when you tell it to.

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WHIM-WHAMS.

A Bunch of Autumn Smiles From Old Yonkers.

Mr. Styles—Just look, dear, how spotted this coat of mine is!
Mrs. Styles—Never mind, love. The chrysanthemums will soon be here, and you can cover it.

Church—That fellow with the long hair has one of the brightest minds in town.

Gotham—Excuse me. Did you say lightest or brightest?

Doctor—I'm glad to see the football players' pictures appearing again in the papers.

Surgeon—I should think it was a little bit early for football cuts.

Patience—Did you say Bachelor is a self made man?

Patrice—No; I said a selfish made man.

Bill—Did you know that Muggs' hair turned white in a single night?

Jill—It would be a good thing if his shirt would.—Yonkers Statesman.

Annoying.



Sammy Monk—Oh, mother! Eddie's swing is swallowing him.—Chicago News.

Sir Thomas,
Sir Thomas feels full content
He'll lift the good cup from us
Whatever else this man may be,
He's not a doubting Thomas

Disheartening Discovery.
Nothing worries a girl more than to discover that the man after her own heart isn't after it at all.

The Woman of It.
If women were judged only
By other women, then
It's ten to one the angels
Would every one be men.
—Chicago News.

How Birds Migrate.
Many of the smaller and weaker birds, like the fly catchers, vireos, wrens, kinglets and bluebirds, in order to avoid their enemies, the hawks, make their long flights by night, stopping for rest and food in the daytime. The larger and bolder ones, like the hawks and crows, and those of extremely rapid flight, like the swallows and humming birds, migrate fearlessly by day, and there are some, like the Canada geese, which travel just when they choose, by day or night. Migrating birds usually fly at a height of from one to three miles, and this enables them to see the rivers, the mountain ranges and the coast line. By these they direct their course, the old birds remembering the way they came before and the young ones following.

Peculiar Table Customs.
In a book entitled "Domestic Manners of the Middle Ages" we are told that in those days dinner tables were covered by a "nappe," or tablecloth. Upon it were placed a large saltcellar, bread and cups for wine, but no knives or plates. The reason for the absence of the knives arose from the common practice in vogue of people carrying their own knives in a sheath attached to their girdle.

In an early work, written by Lydgate—"Rules For Behavior at Table"—the guests are told to bring no knives unsecured to the table, which can only mean that each one was to keep his own knife—that is, the one he carried with him—clean.

Notifying the God.
One of the odd things the visitor to Burma will notice is the large number of bells hung on sacred posts a few feet above the ground.

They are sweet toned, as all Burmese bells are, but they are not furnished with tongues. The worshiper who comes to pray before the pagoda strikes one of these bells with a wooden mallet. This is to attract the attention of the god.

Surprising Statements.
One account of an accident to a royal motor car near Arriccia announces that "fortunately a number of peasants were working close by, and with their help the motor car was righted." This surprising statement is only the reverse of the traditional printer's error by which "Lord X. was stated to have gone out with a party of hounds to shoot peasants."

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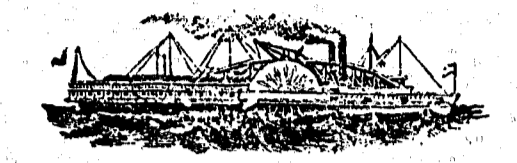
THE CUMBERLAND NEWS
 Issued Every Tuesday.
 W. B. ANDERSON, - - - MGR

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

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

WEDNESDAY, November 9 1905

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry



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

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

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TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE OCTOBER 21st 1905.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

| | |
|------------------------------|----------------------|
| No. 2-Daily, A.M. | No. 4 Sunday P.M. |
| Do. 9.00.....Victoria..... | Do. 3.00.....Do..... |
| " 9.28.....Coldstream..... | " 3.28....."..... |
| " 10.24.....Koenig's..... | " 4.24....."..... |
| " 11.00.....Duncan's..... | " 5.00....."..... |
| P.M. | P.M. |
| " 12.35.....Nanaimo..... | " 6.42....."..... |
| Ar 12.58.....Wellington..... | Ar 6.58....."..... |

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

| | |
|------------------------------|---------------------|
| No. 1-Daily, A.M. | No. 3-Sunday, A.M. |
| Do. 8.00.....Wellington..... | Do. 8.0.....Do..... |
| " 8.20.....Nanaimo..... | " 8.1....."..... |
| 10.02.....Duncan's..... | " 5.0....."..... |
| " 10.42.....Koenig's..... | " 5.30....."..... |
| " 11.38.....Coldstream..... | " 6.3....."..... |
| Ar 12.06.....Victoria..... | Ar 7.00....."..... |

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| Oram. Designer | Building Contractor |
| Illustrator | Architect |
| Civil Service | Architect |
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"NEWS" Ptg. & Pub. Co. Cumberland B. C.

Jollyng His Worship.
 The mayoral chair of a certain town, was occupied by a gentleman of great generosity. Among the applicants who sought relief from him during his tenure of office was a well known local character, who asked the loan of a few pounds to buy a donkey and cart and set up in the rag and bone business.
 "Well, Tim," said the mayor, "if I give you this money how are you going to pay me?"
 "This was a poser for Tim, but a thought struck him, and he blurted out:
 "Well, yer worship, if ye are kind enough to give me the money I'll tell yer what I'll do—I'll name the donkey after yer worship."—Tit-Bits.

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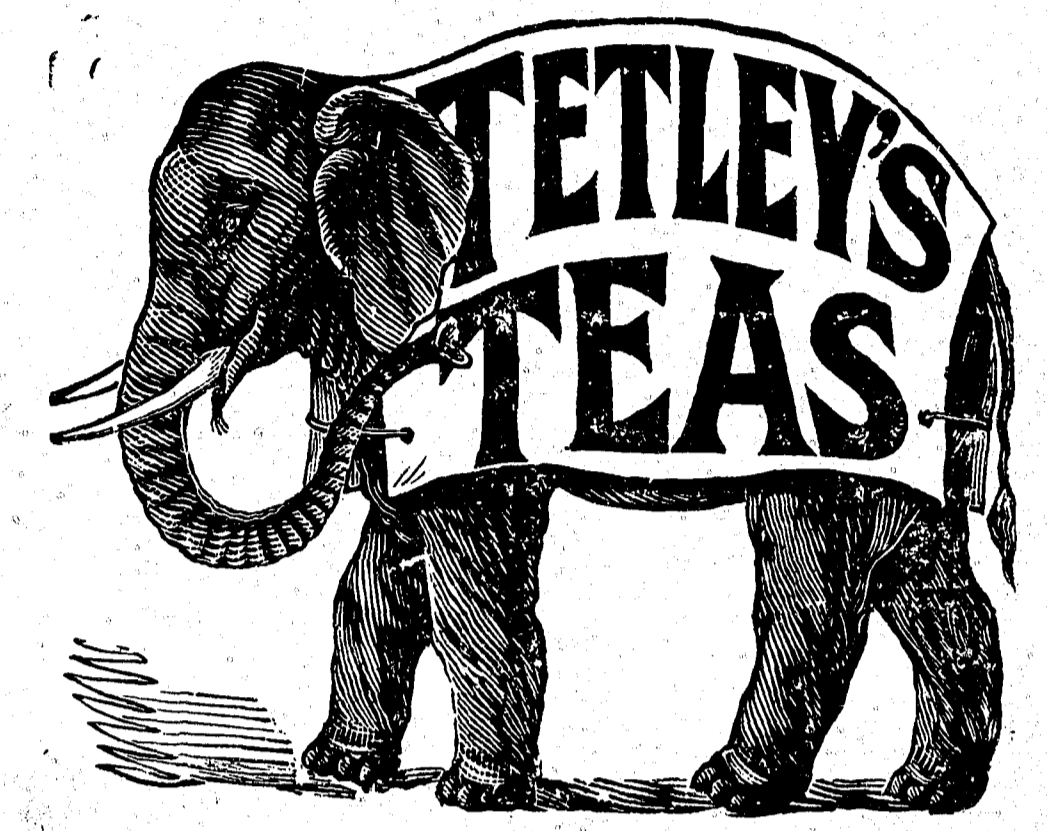
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The Heiress of Cameron Hall.

BY LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

Author of "Miss Middleton's Loves," "A Forbidden Marriage," "Daisy Brooks," Etc., Etc.

A faint, choking cry broke from Helena's white stiffening lips. She tried to turn and fly, but Heaven itself seemed against her; she had not even power to turn her face away, or to fall on her knees and bury it among the pitying crimson blooms at her feet. Like one fascinated, her strained, terrified gaze never left the stranger's face.

His eyes were fixed curiously upon the plant he had been admiring. One moment more he would raise his eyes to her face—and then! ah, dear Heaven, she dared not think what would happen then!

She knew him at the first glance. While the sun shone, the birds sang and the roses had wafted their perfume about her on the summer air, her doom had overtaken her! It was Mark Forrester, the reckless, passionate, artist lover, whose last words had been to her, "Never prove false to me, my darling; for, if you were, I should kill myself—perhaps both of us."

Slowly he raised his eyes to the girl's white, ghastly face. "My God!" he cried out hoarsely, in a voice that was scarcely human. "Helena Heathcliff, I have found you at last!"

And in another instant, with one bound he had cleared the low iron railings, and had gained her side.

CHAPTER XV.

"Helena Heathcliff, I have found you at last!" repeated Mark Forrester, hoarsely.

Then for an awful moment, while the birds were singing, and the sunshine drifted down upon her terrified face, there were profound silence between them.

As a frightened dove stands terrified, mesmerized, before a deadly serpent, Helena stood before Mark.

His anger-distorted face, livid with aroused passion, was terrible to see. Helena's was pitiful to behold in its pale, pathetic loveliness and unutterable fear.

A wild, insane idea flashed through her dazed brain to deny her identity—to cry out surprisedly: "You must be mad; we are strangers who have never met before. I am not Helena Heathcliff. I am Ollie Cameron!" She must do it to save herself.

But the words refused to leave her lips; she could only stand there in the sunlight, her large, dark eyes fixed upon his face, a world of unutterable horror and dread in them.

Before Mark Forrester had time to utter one word of the torrent of wrath that was raging in his heart, the door of the hall opened suddenly, and Vivian, stepping out upon the porch, called sharply:

"Helena! Helena! where are you? I want you at once!"

Vivian's voice had betrayed her. It was useless to deny her identity now—quite useless—and a deathly despair crept over her.

"One moment," cried Mark Forrester, grasping her white arm rudely, "and with a grim, set purpose in his glittering eyes. 'I must have an interview with you, my fair, false bride that was to be. Why did you fly from me, trample my love down, break my heart and love me?' he cried, sternly, his eyes fairly blazing down into her guilty soul.

"Helena! Helena! Are you coming, or shall I come down into the garden after you?" called Vivian's impatient, shrill voice.

"I—I—will tell you all, Mark; but not here—not now," breathed Helena, faintly.

"I shall ask you to invite me into the Hall," replied Mark, grimly, unconsciously tightening his hold of the beautiful white arm—his heart throbbing madly with grief and bitter pain.

"Oh, no, no! Not there!" cried Helena, faintly, "I will come to you in the rose-arbor to-night at eight," and in an instant she had wrenched herself free from his grasp and sped like a swift-winged bird over the greensward, across the rose-bordered terrace, and disappeared through the door-way.

Like one dazed, Helena groped her way along the corridor. She seemed like one stricken suddenly blind.

Vivian stood gaily chatting with a lady. She presented the lady to Helena, but the girl's brain was too benumbed to give a comprehensible name, and she added, carelessly:

"Look in at the parlors and reception room beyond, and see how you like the decorations; it is a perfect bower of roses.

Eager to escape Vivian's curious, keen gaze, Helena passed into the parlour; only the roses will bear witness what happened there. How she fell dizzily back against the bank of blooms, crushing them as she fell.

But their perfume stifled her. Wild, sobbing cries fell from her lips as she rocked herself to and fro on her bended knees, walling out that her sin had overtaken her, and fate had showered a deathly vengeance upon

her. Oh! if the hand of fate had been stayed but another day—only a few more hours—and she would have been Frederick Castleton's bride. And now her doom had overtaken her—cut her off from all joy or hope, just as the cup of happiness was held to her famished lips. And in that one hour of bitter repentance she suffered tenfold for that one thoughtless act of folly committed—ay, a hundred-fold. That one act of girlish folly—of wearing Miss Kirkwood's pink-silk dress to the skating carnival, and all the tragic sorrow that had accrued in consequence.

Fate had brought her face to face with Mark at last, and his revenge would be complete when he dragged the skeleton from the closet of the dark past and disclosed to the world that the girl whom they had known as Squire Cameron's daughter was an imposter, Helena Heathcliff. She who had dared claim a dead girl's heritage was but a poor New York sewing-girl, as ambitious as she was beautiful, and had made this daring strike for glittering gold and position.

Men would turn from her in wonder, and young girls in horror, while Frederick, her heart's love, would curse the day his fair, honorable name had been coupled with hers upon the lips of men.

Her prayers and her entreaties would be useless. The voice that had always had for her nothing but words of tenderest love would cry out against her as he spurned her from him and tore himself from her frenzied, clinging clasp, and left her an outcast at the world's mercy, praying for death.

An hour later, when Vivian entered the parlor, she found great clusters of roses torn from their fastenings and scattered about the room, their petals ground deep into the white velvet carpet and Helena lying as white as a snow-drop among the debris of rose leaves.

"Their stifling odor, must have overcome me, and I must have fallen against them," Helena explained, trying to speak calmly when she regained consciousness.

But Vivian knew it was something besides the odor of the roses that caused it, and that made her face so ghastly and her eyes so black with terror and caused her to cry out in nervous fright at every peal of the door-bell:

"Is it a stranger calling for me?" The dusk crept on; the stars fixed themselves in the sky, and the broad, full moon was riding like a luminous chariot high in the heavens, shedding a golden radiance over the earth, as Frederick Castleton wended his way, blithe and happy of heart, toward Cameron Hall.

On the steps of his club he met his old friend, Herbert Renwick.

"I am so happy with the whole world," he told himself, impulsively, "that I ought to make overtures of friendship to my old chum who has lost what I have won."

All the world seemed joyous, for was not to-morrow his wedding-day? and by that time on the morrow, please Heaven, he would have won beautiful, peerless Helena for his bride.

"Herbert," said Frederick, touching him lightly on the arm, "would you mind walking a short distance with me? I should like to let bygones be bygones; I would be pleased to renew the old friendship."

Herbert Renwick laughed a harsh, bitter laugh.

"Go your way, Frederick Castleton," he cried, fiercely; "you insult me by imaginings I could be friendly with the man who has wrecked my life and stolen from me the only woman I could ever love."

"I am sorry you look at it in that way," replied Frederick, with pained gravity. "If you had been successful in winning my Helena's love I should have bowed to it as the will of Heaven."

"I make no pretense of being a saint," retorted Herbert, "and I can not help hating you with all my heart, and I live with the one hope of revenge!" he cried, rashly, scarcely heaving, in his bitterness, the threat that he was uttering.

"It is useless to ask you to come to my wedding to-morrow, then?" asked Frederick, sorrowfully. "I am much obliged to you."

Herbert Renwick turned, with a muttered curse, and, without casting one backward glance at the handsome, pained Saxon face, strode angrily down the street, while in the clear, bright moonlight Frederick Castleton pursued his way thoughtfully to Cameron Hall. Helena met him at the door.

"How strangely nervous my darling is," he thought, but then he supposed that all young girls were just a trilling bit flurried on the eve before their wedding-day, with veils, orange-blossoms and bridal snary to attend to.

He noticed how Helena trembled

when he folded her in his loving arms, and how she shrank from him as he begged her eagerly for just one caress, and a song later on. "You must sing to me, Frederick," she whispered; and, when he laughingly consented, a vague wonder swept over his heart at the music she placed before him—one of Moore's pathetic melodies that has brought tears to many a one's eyes. Yet with his clear, ringing tenor voice he sang touchingly, while Helena listened with breathless attention:

"Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Though the herd that have fled from thee, thy home is still here.
Here still is the smile that no cloud can overcast;
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

"Oh, what was love made for, if 'tis not the same,
Through joy and through torment,
through glory and shame?
I know not, I care not, if guilt's in thy heart,
I know that I love thee whatever thou art.

"Thou hast called me thine angel in moments of bliss,
And thine angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this;
Through the furnace unshrinking thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too."

There were tears on Helena's dark lashes as he finished the sad love ballad.

"Oh, what was love made for, if 'tis not the same,
Through joy and through torment,
through glory and shame?"

quoted Helena, tremulously. "Oh, Frederick, my love, never forget those words!" she murmured, faintly, and with something like a moan.

"You are trembling and nervous, dear," said Frederick, drawing her white hand through his arm; "come out into the moonlight garden. I can talk to you best under the tender light of the moon, with the odorous roses about us."

"No, no!" cried Helena, drawing back in sudden terror; "the air is too damp for me!" She remembered the dreaded hour was drawing near.

"Very well, we will stay here," said Frederick, drawing the slender figure down beside him on the sofa. "Why, where is the ring, Helena?" he asked in surprise. "Why do you not wear it?"

"It is in my room," replied Helena, her face flushing and paling strangely; "pray excuse me. I will go to my room and get it."

As she spoke, the ornolu clock on the mantel chimed with slow, measured strokes, like the warning voice of doom, the dreaded hour of eight. And Helena knew that Mark Forrester would be waiting for her in the rose-arbor.

With a white face, Helena turned from the man she loved with such a mad, passionate, deathless love, and walked slowly from the room; on the threshold she paused and looked back with a world of agony in her eyes.

"I will know that you are waiting for me, Frederick," she said, "and I won't be long—no longer than I can help."

The words did not strike him as particularly strange or wistful then; he was thinking how dearly she loved him.

Like a vision she flitted down the corridor, unobserved, as she thought; but Vivian saw her, and heard her murmur, as she glided swiftly onward through the corridor and out into the rose-garden:

"Heaven help me, I must make haste to the trysting-place, or he will come to the house for me!"

CHAPTER XVI.

It was a clear, beautiful night; the moon was at the full, and by its bright rays Helena could see the tall figure of a man walking impatiently up and down the path that led to the rose-arbor.

He did not hear her light footsteps—the wind among the trees drowned them.

She went up to him timidly, put out her little cold white hand, tremblingly touching him on the arm as she said faintly, "I am here Mark."

He turned swiftly, and for an instant they stood facing each other in silence in the cold white moonlight.

He had come there to upbraid her in the stormiest words that a trampled heart can find, to come her for wrecking his life; but as he stood looking at the beautiful face in the moonlight, framed in the soft rings of glossy brown curls that the wind blew carelessly near him, all the old love returned a thousand-fold.

She was the idol of his broken heart, and blasted dreams of love; the one lovely girl whom he would love with every pulsation of his throbbing heart until the day he died.

He held out his arms to her with a yearning passionate cry. "Oh, Helena, my love, my beautiful love!" he cried, "why did you forsake me?" and before she could prevent him he was kneeling at her feet, clasping her ice-cold hands in his own trembling ones and covering them with burning kisses. "Oh, my love," he cried, unable to choke the bitter sob that rose to his lips, "how could

you write that cruel note that I must learn to forget you, for you never could be mine? I could not live without you, Helena, and my one thought was to find you and make you take back those cruel words that burned like letters of fire into my tortured brain. When I came back to New York, with my heart burning with love, to clasp you in my arms as my own little bride, to be parted nevermore—and Prudence put that cruel letter in my hand—I wonder it did not slay me as I read it through. Can you realize, Helena, what I suffered? Do you understand the fiery, awful pain that flooded my heart and drove me wild with despair? Oh, Helena, there has never been a love like mine. Night and day I prayed that I might find you and Heaven would give you back to me. You must redeem your promise to me—you must be my bride, for I can never give you up."

Oh, how the night wind seemed to thrill with his eager, impassioned voice!—the very hopelessness of his despairing love would have touched any other heart; but the face of the lover who was even then awaiting her in the parlor came between them. Without doubt Frederick was even then wondering why she did not return. "Speak to me, Helena," he cried, glancing up into her cold, white face, and dark, frightened eyes, "have you no word for me? let me hear your voice—say something."

"You have not given me time, Mark," she faltered, with a piteous quiver in her sweet young voice; "I am sorry—oh, so sorry that you love me as you do, Mark—for I—oh, how shall I say it—that little note told you the truth. I can never be yours, for I do not love you as you love me. In my heart there is only grief and pity for you, not love." He dropped her hands with a hoarse cry.

"You promised to be my wife, Helena!" he cried, "you have no right to break a solemn vow that was recorded on the angel's book in heaven. You dare not do it!"

"I know that I promised to marry you, Mark," she sobbed, "but I did not know my own heart then. It was a promise given upon the impulse of the moment. I had not given one thought to love or marriage. I did not comprehend what I was saying, no more than I understand what the wind is whispering to the sleeping flowers. No, no, Mark, it would be a sin to marry without each loving the other."

"But my great love would win yours in time," he cried, with pitiful eagerness. "I would be your very slave, Helena. I would work for you by night and by day; I would paint the greatest pictures that have ever been given to the world to win fame for your dear sake. You should have diamonds, silks and carriages, and all that women's hearts hold dear. Oh, Helena, I would lay down my life to win you, I love you so."

"Poor Mark!" sobbed the girl, frightened at the despairing cry that fell from his lips, "have pity and spare me."

And as she raised her clasped white hands in the moonlight he saw the diamond gleaming like a star on her finger, and the sight seemed to turn the blood round his heart to ice.

"That is not the ring I placed upon your hand, Helena!" he cried, hoarsely, "where is mine?" and he looked down upon her with dark, threatening eyes.

"I—I threw it away," she murmured, faintly.

"Did some more fortunate lover place the ring I see shining there upon your finger?" he asked, harshly. "Answer me!" She dared not answer him, she dared not tell him the truth, for, through the swaying branches of the trees, the night wind seemed murmuring the terrible words she had heard even in her dreams, "Never be false to me, Helena, for if you were I should kill myself, perhaps both of us." And now the man who had uttered that vow of vengeance stood before her with that fatal question upon his lips.

Again his hoarse voice broke the ominous silence: "The promise that you would be my wife stands registered in heaven," he repeated, with terrible earnestness, "and you must keep that promise. No other man shall ever claim you," he cried, hoarsely, "for you are mine—mine in life, and I will claim you by right of my great love in another world."

"Oh, Mark," she pleaded, "by your great love I ask you to spare me. I—I can not marry you."

"You shall marry me and keep your promise, Helena Heathcliff," he said, crushing in his hands still firmer the little ice-cold hand upon which Frederick's ring glittered like a star.

Helena Heathcliff—he had called her that—then he did not know that she was called Miss Cameron now—he had not found that out yet; how her poor heart fluttered at the thought! perhaps fate would deal kindly with her and let her outwit him yet.

If Heaven would but grant her a little time—only a few more hours—then she would be Frederick's bride, and he would take her far away out of harm's way, without ever knowing how near her feet had been pressed to a precipice which was crumbling beneath her.

"Give me time to think, Mark," she cried out, faintly, staggering to the nearest tree and leaning heavily against it for support, "give me a day or two to think clearly; you have bewildered, stunned me."

A gleam of joy pitiful to behold broke over his haggard face.

"I know you could not be so cruel

as to send me away, my heart's love," he murmured, brokenly, his voice thrilling with his great yearning love. "You shall have time to get over the surprise of this sudden meeting; I will come again in two days more," he cried, joyously, "and then, my darling, you must tell me that you are ready to be my wife."

It did not occur to Mark to ask why she was at Cameron Hall, or what she was doing there.

The next words he uttered almost made Helena's poor guilty heart cease beating, and cause her to fall in a dead faint at his feet.

"I hear there is to be a grand wedding at Cameron Hall to-morrow," he said, carelessly enough, "and I do not suppose you could give me any time until your friend's wedding is over, could you?" he asked, earnestly.

"No," returned Helena, speaking the word with a terrible effort. It was strange that he did not know by her quivering voice that there were something pitifully wrong.

"I shall not come until the morning after Miss Cameron's wedding, but I do not know how I am to pass the time—my heart will be on fire. Tell me all that passed since I saw you, Helena," he cried, putting one arm around her slender, trembling waist. "We will spend an hour together, walking amid the blooms in the sweet, soft moonlight, and I will tell you what I have bought for you on the Jersey Heights. Ah! an hour will be too short to tell you."

As he spoke the clarion tones from an adjacent belfry rang out the hour of nine in measured strokes.

A great cry broke from Helena's lips. She had been there an hour already. Heaven pity her! where was Frederick? what would he think? She tore her hands from Mark's grasp in terror too great for words.

"Not now," she gasped, "not now. I must go back to the house before they miss me," she was just about to add, "before Frederick, my lover, comes to search for me," but checked the words an her lips just in time. "I must go now, Mark," she cried out in agony, "in two days more you will be here again."

"Give me but a few minutes more, Helena; no man can part with his heart's love so hastily and coldly. Ah, Helena, what would I not give for but one kiss from those lips," he added, wistfully.

He was grieving to see how she shrank from him, still he did not mistrust.

Together they walked up the path, with the cold white moonlight falling pitilessly clear down upon them through the branches of the swaying shrubs and overarching trees.

Neither of them detected a slight motion among the shrubbery. Neither of them saw the tall figure of a man, with a dark-robed form clinging to his arm, who stood motionless among the shadows, watching them with the whitest of faces.

"Are you convinced of the fidelity of your beautiful love now?" cried Vivian, triumphantly, as she clung still closer to Frederick Castleton's strong arm that trembled ever so slightly; "what the eyes see the heart must believe," she added, with a little wicked laugh, "and you have seen for yourself, Frederick. You have given your love to a girl who would marry you for wealth and position. A girl who would stoop to a clandestine meeting with some lover whom she loves as she will never love you. You have been cleverly duped and drawn into love's alluring net, but none are so blind as he who would not see and be convinced."

"Stop! in Heaven's name stop, Vivian!" groaned Frederick. "I would sooner believe the white angels false than to believe Helena treacherous and faithless to me, and to-morrow our wedding day."

Civilization and the Kafir.
On bare feet, of which the skin grew so tough as to enable him to run over the sharpest rocks without flinching, the old Kafir could easily walk, as fast as a horse trots, fifty miles a day. The Kafir who still goes barefoot can do so today. He used likewise to be able to get a light—the "boy" who is constantly bothering one now for matches—by rubbing two sticks together. Now he is as helpless in the dark as ourselves.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Doubly Embarrassing.
Sulitor—Bog pardon for interrupting, but I—or—have just come—or—that is, I have just been speaking to your daughter, and she referred me to you. Old Gentleman—Gee crickets! I wonder if that girl thinks I am made of money. You are about the fortieth bill collector she has sent in today. If she doesn't marry pretty soon I'll be bankrupt.

European Powers Arming.
The tremendous demands for artillery which are reported from the great Krupp foundry in Germany cannot come alone from the actual belligerents in the far east. The very size of the orders mentioned indicates as much. It is apparent that other powers are arming themselves at renewed pressure, doubtless ordering new equipments of artillery as a result of lessons learned on the field in Manchuria. Germany would seem on the face of things the power chiefly concerned. Thus the ruinous waste goes on, and "the armed camp of Europe" grows more and more a reality.

HEAT AND TANNED SKINS.

The Miracle That Nature Performs When Sunburn Occurs.

There are certain arctic animals, dark coated in the short summer, that in winter turn pure white, thus matching the snow covered landscape and escaping notice and harm.

This change of color, this protection, effected no one knows how, is wonderful, as wonderful as a miracle, and yet a kindred change of color, a kindred protection, happens among mankind every summer, and nobody ever notices it.

When the pale city people go out in the summer sun at the seashore or the mountains the light attacks them fiercely, first reddening their skin, then swelling, blistering and scorching it. If they kept in the sun enough, and if no miracle occurred, the light would kill them finally, burning off the skin first and afterward attacking the raw flesh.

But a miracle does occur. The skin changes from a pale color to a tan and on this tan the sun has no effect. The sun may beat on tan colored skin for days and weeks, but such skin remains always sound, unblistered, whole.

Thus nature works a miracle. The white skin is suffering, and nature, aware, somehow, that a tan skin is sun proof, changes to tan the white. How does she do this? Where did she learn that it was wise to do this? No one knows. Only the fact of the miracle remains.

To prove this miracle—to prove that it is not the hardening of the skin, but the change in its color which protects it from sunburn—is an easy matter.

Let a pale person, unused to the sun, stain one side of his face yellow, and, leaving the other side untouched, go out in the bright summer sun for a couple of hours. The one side of his face is no tougher, no more hardened than the other, yet the unstained side will be inflamed, blistered, while the tan colored one will be quite cool and unburnt.

Sunburn is a miracle, a protection to mankind as inexplicable and as wonderful as the miracle of the arctic animals' change in the winter from dark coats to snow white ones.

DEADLY ANAEMIA

Leads to Consumption Unless Promptly Cured.

Many a young life might be saved from consumption if simple anaemia were promptly treated. Anaemia is the doctors' name for weak, watery blood. When the blood is in this condition the lungs have no strength. The whole system begins to break down. Then the growing girl slips slowly into decline, until at last the cough starts and her doom is sealed. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can cure all weak, anaemic people without doubt or difficulty. They actually make now, rich, health-giving blood—they cure anaemia and prevent consumption. This has been proved in thousands of cases. Mrs. Edward Cochran, Morriston, Ont., says:—"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured my daughter Matilda, when I felt that her case was almost hopeless. For more than a year she was a sufferer from anaemia. She gradually grew weak, was subject to violent headaches, and dark circles appeared under her eyes. She was melancholy, had no appetite and complained of being constantly tired. At different times she was treated by two doctors, but with no improvement. As her case progressed, she was attacked by violent palpitation of the heart, and a suffocating shortness of breath. She had a deathly pallor, took cold easily, and continued to decline in weight, until I felt that she was in a hopeless decline. At this time my attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I began giving them to her. She had not been taking the pills many weeks when her appetite was greatly improved, and this was the first sign that they were helping her. She continued the pills until she had taken eight or nine boxes, when she was again the picture of healthy girlhood. Every symptom of her trouble had disappeared, she has increased in weight, and is strong and robust. Her recovery is looked upon as marvellous, for the doctors thought her case hopeless."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure any case of bloodlessness just as surely as they cured this case. The pale, anaemic need only one thing—new blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do only one thing—they make new, rich life-giving blood. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure all common diseases like anaemia, headaches and backaches, indigestion, kidney trouble, palpitation of the heart, neuralgia, nervous troubles, and those special ailments that make the lives of so many growing girls and women miserable. Be careful to get the genuine pills with the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around each box. If in doubt, send direct to The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

THE POSTMASTER IS THANKFUL

Dodd's Kidney Pills Enabled Him to Sleep in Peace.

Grand Work They Are Doing For Thousands of Canadians Every Year.

Tabucintac, Cumberland Co., N.B., Sept. 25—(Special).—Mr. H. J. Lee, postmaster here, is one of the great army of Canadians who, rescued from pain and weakness by Dodd's Kidney Pills, are shouting the praises of the great Kidney Remedy.

"Yes," the postmaster says, "I want to express my thankfulness for the great benefit I have received from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"My trouble was having to urinate too freely. I had to rise eight or ten times each night so that my rest was broken. My feet and legs also swelled. Then I got Dodd's Kidney Pills and I took six boxes all told. Now I am all right."

"It will be a comfort to me if by making my case public I can lead some other sufferer to find relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure Bright's Disease. They also annually bring relief to hundreds of thousands of Canadians who are bothered with earlier Kidney Troubles.

BOSTON MAN IN BRANDON

Something about Mr. Vogt Who will visit the C. E. Convention.

Co-operation of Societies is requested To Make Meetings Splendid Success.

Those who have charge of the arrangements for the Christian Endeavor convention to be held in Brandon on October 17, 18, and 19, are looking forward with intense interest to the part to be taken by Mr. Von Oden Vogt, the General Secretary of the World's Union Boston. To Mr. Vogt was due in a large measure the success that attended the Baltimore convention in July of this year. With infinite care he arranged the details of the program and selected men from all over the Christian world to take the most important parts. Mr. Vogt, though only 26 years of age, is a man of remarkably matured and sincere ideas, and to this may be attributed the success that has placed him in a position of first importance in Christian Endeavor work. When it became necessary to select a successor to Mr. John Willis Baer as General Secretary, the Union executive the first consideration was to secure a young man. The further requisites were that the man should be a college graduate, a Presbyterian in faith, a Western man, and a layman. To find one embodying all these qualities was not easy. Mr. Vogt, who was born in Chicago, had taken a thorough course in the public schools there, and had graduated from Beloit College, Wisconsin. Some of Mr. Vogt's friends in Chicago recommended him for the position of Secretary. He was summoned to Boston to give an address on "Citizenship." It was his first public address, and he prepared it on the train, while on his way to the eastern city. It was a splendid success, and he was afterwards chosen for the position at a salary of \$2,500 a year with occasional increases.

Much of Mr. Vogt's time is taken up in visiting conventions in all parts of America where the work is active or needs strengthening. His extensive knowledge of Endeavor work, combined with his rare natural abilities as an organizer, has provided him with a vast fund of information, and makes him a convention worker of unusual value. He is a clear and fluent speaker combining practical suggestions with pleasing eloquence. His mind and soul is thoroughly engrossed in his work, and his enthusiasm is well sensed with sincerity. At the Brandon convention he will take a prominent part. On the second and third day of the convention he will conduct "Schools of Methods." These are features of the program which have never before been attempted at Manitoba conventions, and they are made possible only by the presence of Mr. Vogt.

After visiting Brandon and Winnipeg Mr. Vogt will proceed to Boston, where he will report on the respective merits of Kansas City, Los Angeles, and Minneapolis the four cities wanting the International Convention in 1907. Manitoba endevorers are all anxious that the Convention be held in Minneapolis and it is proposed that a petition be drawn up and endorsed by the Brandon Convention requesting that the "Flour City" be chosen. The co-operation of the Saskatchewan and Alberta Conventions are also being requested in this matter. Any communications on the subject should be addressed to Mr. J. L. Bond, Winnipeg, box 200.

The posters announcing the convention dates have been sent out to societies and to the railway agents. The society secretaries should see that they are prominently posted up in their meeting rooms.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

"Of course your wife always insists upon your doing her bidding." Henpeck—Gracious no! Whenever she takes me to an auction sale I have to sit perfectly still.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Prevent Disorder.—At the first symptoms of internal disorder, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills should be resorted to immediately. Two or three of these salutary pellets, taken before going to bed, followed by doses of one or two pills for two or three nights in succession, will serve as a preventive of attacks of dyspepsia and all the discomforts which follow in the train of that fell disorder. The means are simple when the way is known.

Tommy Figgjam—Paw, what is the connection between "burnt offering" and "sacrifice?"

Paw Figgjam—Close, my son, close. For instance, you will usually see the Wall streetor who has been burnt, offering to sell his stock at a sacrifice.—Baltimore American.

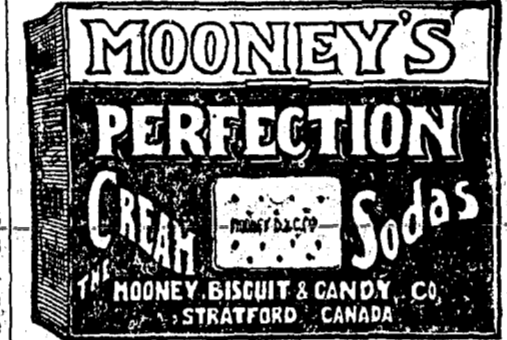
Catarrh for twenty years and cured in a few days.

Hon. George James, of Scranton, Pa., says: "I have been a martyr to Catarrh for twenty years, constant hacking, dropping in the throat and pain in the head, very offensive breath. I tried Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. The first application gave instant relief. After using a few bottles I was cured. 50 cents.—"

"What is the race problem, pa?" "How to get home from one."—Judge

A Medicine for the Miner's Pack.—Prospectors and others going into the mining regions where doctors are few and drug stores not at all, should provide themselves with a supply of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It will offset the effects of exposure, reduce sprains and when taken internally will prevent and cure colds and sore throat, and as a lubricant will keep the muscles in good condition.

"Do you really think I begin to show my years, Ella?" "Do you want me to answer frankly?" "Why, yes of course." "Then, let us change the subject."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



From the Ovens to You We bridge distance with our moisture-proof, dust-proof packages. Halifax and Vancouver are brought to the ovens' doors. Farms and small towns are put on the same plane with the big cities. Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas are packed in hygienic, air-tight packages, fresh, crisp, delicious—and reach you in the same condition, no matter where you live. AT ALL GROCERS



Nova Scotia Wool is famous for its softness and strength. The ocean air—the climate—the rich grazing land—gives an elasticity and silkiness and strength to the wool, that is missing in wool from other countries. The only Underwear in the world, made of Nova Scotia Wool, is

Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear

That is one reason why "Stanfield's Unshrinkable" is soft and comfortable—wears so well—holds its shape—does not shrink—and is absolutely unshrinkable. Wear "Stanfield's" this winter—



Bleeding Piles and Erysipelas

Two Severe Cases Which Illustrate the Extraordinary Soothing, Healing Virtues of DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Scores of people do not think of trying Dr. Chase's Ointment for bleeding piles because they have used so many other treatments in vain and do not believe their ailment curable. It is by curing when others fail that Dr. Chase's Ointment has won such a record for itself. It will not fail to promptly relieve and completely cure any form of piles, no matter how severe or of how long standing.

Mr. James Uriah Pye, Marie Joseph Guysborough Co., N.S., writes: I was bad with bleeding piles for about four years and could get no help. Dr. Chase's Ointment cured me in a very short time and I cannot praise it too highly for this cure. Mrs. Thomas Smith was troubled with erysipelas in the feet and legs and was all swollen up. I gave her some of the ointment, which took out the swelling and healed all the sores. She had tried many treatments before, but

none seemed to do her any good. I am telling my friends about the wonderful cures which Dr. Chase's Ointment made for Mrs. Smith and myself, and would say that it is only a pleasure for me to recommend so excellent a preparation."

Wherever there is irritation, inflammation, ulceration or itching of the skin Dr. Chase's Ointment will bring quick relief and will ultimately heal and cure. On this account it is useful in scores of ways in every house for the cure of eczema, salt rheum, tetter, scald head, chafing, itching peculiar to women, pin worms, piles, and all sorts of skin diseases and eruptions.

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box of his remedies.

OPEN A ONE-POUND PACKAGE OF GOLD STANDARD TEA and note the Pure Aroma of the Tea-Garden. No Tea can compare with GOLD STANDARD. That's why it is "Guaranteed the Best."

300 PRINTERS WANTED \$18.00 PER WEEK APPLY TO O. H. POLLARD 175 M'DERMOTT AVE., WINNIPEG

The master printers of Winnipeg having decided that they could not afford to work their plants only eight hours a day, have declared their shops to be from this time forward OPEN SHOPS, and will employ non-union or any union printer who will work the regular fifty-three hours a week.

All Women should assist Nature at those times when the system is upset, the nervous tone low and a feeling of depression or languor exists. An experience of over 50 years warrants the statement that no medicine gives such prompt relief as Beecham's Pills Sold Everywhere. In boxes 25 cents.

"What is the difference between history and fiction?" "Well," answered the unbelieving person, "one great difference is that fiction frankly owns up to being largely untrue."—Washington Star.

A modern weapon in the battle for health.—It also has taken your child of health, the stomach, and is torturing you with indigestion, dyspepsia, and nervous prostration, South American Noreline is the weapon to drive the enemy from his stronghold "at the point of the bayonet," trench by trench, but swift and sure, it always wins.—"

Moses (awakening with a smile)—I dreamed I was in bankruptcy! Abraham (excitedly)—For heaven's sake, dreams always go by contraries. You are going to have some misfortune. —Megendorfer Blatter.

Minard's Liniment for sale Everywhere.

"Ethel, I wish you wouldn't go out and play golf so much with that yount Phoodle." "Why, mamma, if I didn't do that he'd come here and talk it all the time."—Chicago Tribune.

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

"What a debt we owe to medical science," he said, as he put down the paper. "Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "Haven't you paid that doctor's bill yet?"

Just Common Sense and ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF will simplify many household difficulties, reduce your table expenses, and add several dishes to your daily menu without additional expense. "Culinary Wrinkles" tells how to use Armour's Extract of Beef in the kitchen, at the chafing dish, and in the sick-room. Sent postpaid on receipt of name and address and a metal cap from a jar of Extract of Beef. Sold by druggists and grocers. ARMOUR LIMITED, Toronto

P.O. Box 599 GRAIN Phone 2211 Canadian Co-operative Company, Ltd. John McVicar, Mgr. Commission Merchants and dealers in all kinds of GRAIN. Consignments Solicited. Write, Phone or Wire us for Particulars. Offices, 308 McIntyre Block, Winnipeg.

\$15 Special "Ryrie" Watch This 15-jewel "Ryrie" movement is fully guaranteed and good enough for a solid gold covering. But we have widened its opportunities for "serving mankind" by offering it for just \$15.00 in a 25-year gold filled case—ladies' or men's size. Diamond Hall's recent enlargement means increased values to customers. RYRIE BROS. LIMITED 134-138 YONGE ST. TORONTO - ONT.

AT THE CORNER STORE

You will find the most Complete line of

Rubber goods, Rain coats and Shoes

for Men, Women and Children in the district.
See our Mens Extra Heavy Duck Gum Boot, snag and crack proof, at \$7.50
This is a guaranteed boot and will give you satisfaction every day.

In Blankets our range is most complete.

We have them at \$2.50 a pair and the direct imported Scotch Blankets from \$5.50 a pair to \$8.50 a pair.
Also at \$3.00, \$3.75, \$4.00, \$4.50, and \$5.00 a pair.

RIGGS & WHYTE.

Advertisers who want their ad changed, should get copy in by 5 a.m. day before issue.

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

W. B. Anderson, Mgr.

Job Work Strictly C. O. D.
Transient Ads Cash in Advance.
ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.
Subscription.....\$2.00 a year

Petitions for the reinstatement of Miss A. D. Cameron one of the Province's greatest educationalists are being largely signed by some of Victoria's most influential citizens. It is the opinion of some that the present board will not accede to the request. After the elections Miss Cameron may carry a majority, while others venture an opinion that even if she defeats those whose term expires this year that a majority will still be against her. The drawing controversy is not the real grievance. It is claimed that Miss Cameron treats the board, inspector, superintendent, etc., discourteously and runs things as she thinks they should go. Sympathy seems pretty much with her at the South Park Ward, the parents think that she should not be dismissed but simply put in her place, —but there's the rub, Miss Cameron knows no place. We think however that the punishment is too severe to fit the crime. What would the Victoria School board have done in School master Editor Bates' case. Sent him to Siberia probably!

The present year has fifty-three Sundays, something that will not recur for another century. That day should be observed in a fitting manner.

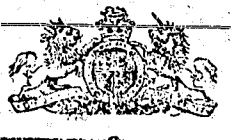
Thursday Nov. 30th is St Andrew's Day. Wherever there will be two or three Scots, they will never fail to foregather on the 30th and drink a health to Auld Scotia. We all owe a deep debt to Scotland and her institutions, and to one and all we say "dinna forget your auld mither, laddie, on the 30th. An effort will doubtless be made by all who hail from the "land of brown heath and ghaggy wood," to celebrate St Andrews Day in Cumberland.

Mr R. Grant will leave Friday for Vancouver, from whence he will return with the 60 horse power logging engine lately purchased by the firm.

Notice.

A Shooting Match at the Riverside Hotel, Courtenay, on Christmas day. Details in next issue.

LADIES
ARE INVITED TO CALL AND SEE THE VERY LATEST STYLES IN COATS AND SKIRTS
"MOST UP-TO-DATE POSSIBLE"
Misses & CHILDRENS as well
Just Received by Express
Also Complete Line of Rubber Goods
PRICES RIGHT
C. DAVIES



NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned have made application for a Hotel License under the provisions of the Statutes in that behalf.

RENEWALS.
Samuel C. Davis, Union Hotel, Union;
John H. Pickett, Spring Inn Hotel, Comox Rd
Samuel J. Cliffe, Lorne Hotel, Comox;
George G. McDonald, Elk Hotel, Comox;
Edgar W. Wylie, Bardwood Hotel, Read I.
John Humphrey, Wilson Hotel, Union Bay.
Jos B. Holmes, Pt. Augusta Hotel, Comox
Geo Howe, Nelson Hotel, Union Bay.
Emerson Hannan, Willows Hotel, Campbell River.
Chas. Thulin, Malaspina Hotel, Lund.
H. A. Bull, Heriot Bay Hotel, Valdez Id.
Peter McDonald, Waverly Hotel, Shoul Bay

TRANSFER.
from Dan. McDonald, Courtenay Hotel, Courtenay, to John Johnston.
from Andrew Chas. Hammer, Riverside Hotel, Courtenay, to Michael Perez.

NEW LICENSE.
Hugh Stalker, Bold Point Hotel, Valdez I.
The Board of License Commissioners will meet to consider the above application on Friday, the 15th day of December at the Court-house, Cumberland, at the hour of 1 p.m.

JOHN THOMSON,
Chief License Inspector,
Comox License District.
Cumberland, B.C.,
November 28th 1905.

NOTICE

Strayed on my premises, one red ox—marked. One red and white do—marked. One red and white heifer—unmarked. One dark Jersey heifer partly black and white—marked on both ears.

Owners may have same by proving property and paying expenses. If not claimed in two weeks from date will be sold to pay expenses.

Mrs W. Matthewson's private home Woodside Cottage Comox B. C. — Nov. 22nd 1905.

To clean up the stock of our Millinery, we will allow 10 per cent discount. Simon Leiser & Co. Ltd.

WEDDING

The marriage took place on Thursday, Nov. 25th at the Presbyterian Church, Sandwick of Mr John D. McEgnum of Revelstoke, son of Mr Allan McLennan of Cape Breton Nova Scotia, and Miss Georgina Gertrude Urquhart, second daughter of Mr and Mrs Wm Urquhart of

Maple Leaf Rubber Footwear

Maple Leaf Rubbers are made from Pure Para Rubber, over all styles and sizes of footwork lasts.

They
**LOOK WELL
FEEL WELL
WEAR WELL**
Are stylish, neat and durable

For Sale by all good shoe dealers.

J. Leckie Co. Ltd.
VANCOUVER B C
Selling Agents.

"Glenurquhart," Courtenay. The Church was filled with friends of the contracting parties when the bride entered, leaning on the arm of her father. The edifice had been beautifully decorated with chrysanthemums and snowberries by the young lady friends of the bride. The ceremony was performed by Rev T. Menzies. The organ presided over by Mr W. McPhee who played Mendelsohn's Wedding March on the entrance of the bridal party. The bride was very beautifully costumed in a travelling suit of blue cloth with picture hat to match.

She was attended by her youngest sister Miss Isabel Urquhart, who looked very charming in a dress of pale blue mohair cloth trimmed with applique, and white picture hat. The groom was supported by Mr A. McLeod of Revelstoke. After the ceremony which took place at 3.30, a reception was held at "Glenurquhart" which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion. The drawing room was turned into one grand showroom for the display of a magnificent array of presents, of which a list is appended.

The newly married couple left on Friday morning on the "City" by way of Nanaimo, Victoria, and Seattle for Revelstoke where they will take up their residence.

The following is the list of presents—

- Comox**
Mr and Mrs A. Urquhart cheque
Mr J. K. Urquhart a cheque, Miss M. Urquhart, one dozen silver dessert and teaspoons; Miss Isabel Urquhart, one dozen silver dessert knives and forks; Mr W. A. Urquhart, silver berry spoon; Dr and Mrs Millard, Silver marmalade dish; Miss Menzies, Crocheted fascinator; Mr and Mrs W. R. Robb, Silver mounted butter dish, Mr and Mrs G. G. McDonald and family, silver coffee spoons; Miss Holmes, half dozen table napkins; Mr and Mrs E. H. Davis, silver coffee spoons, Mr and Mrs Wm Matthewson, silver biscuit jar, napkin rings and salt cellars; Mr and Mrs T. Cairns, hand made pillows slip, table cover and curtain holders, Mr and Mrs Wm Roy, cheque; Mr and Mrs David Roy, cut glass vase; Miss Ida Piercey, set of clothes; Miss Piercey lace doily; Miss Fanny Piercey, pin cushion; Miss Gabriel, lace centre piece; Miss Halliday, embroidered centre piece; Miss McPhee, embroidered sofa

CUMBERLAND Meat Market

Choicest Meats
Supplied at lowest market prices
Vegetables
A Great Variety will always be in stock; also a supply of
Fresh Fish
will be on Sale every Wednesday
Your patronage is cordially invited and all orders will be promptly delivered.

J. McPhee & Son
PROPRIETORS.

It is not too soon to select your
GIFTS for CHRISTMAS

Dainty things in Sterling Silver, Cut Glass, and Leather.

Remember a Diamond Ring value \$75.00 to be given away.

Every Purchaser to the amount of \$1 gets a chance

STODDART The Jeweller.

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 9 p.m.

cushion; Miss Machin, souvenir spoon; Miss Berkeley, sofa cushion; Mr W. S. McPhee, brass piano lamp; Mrs Milligan and family, travelling case; Miss M. Milligan, silver thimble; Mrs Horace Smith, lace handkerchief; Mr and Mrs A. Salmond, bronze inkstand; Mrs Fletcher, pin cushion;

Cumberland
Mr and Mrs T. L. Davis, silver bonbon dish; Mr and Mrs W. B. Anderson, silver sugar tongs; Mr and Mrs C. H. Tarbell, silver pie knife and tea kettle; Mr and Mrs J. W. Bryden, cut glass vase; Miss Tarbell, silver photo frame;

Denman Island
Mr and Mrs A. McMillan, silver fish set; Mr John McMillan, silver butter knives; Miss McMillan, nut bowl; Miss Mabel McMillan, silver crumb tray and crumb scoop.

Nanaimo
Mr and Mrs Wm Sloan, silver tea service; Mr and Mrs H. McAdie, silver tray; Miss Cray, pin cushion; Miss Muir embroidered centre piece; Miss Garnett, pin cushion.

Ladysmith
Mr W. C. Akenhead, embroidered table cover and centre piece.
Victoria
Mr and Mrs J. Gibson, silver marmalade dish.

THE B.C. Headquarters

FOR
Everything in Music
From
A Piano to a Song

—IS AT—

Fletcher Bros
93 GOV'T STREET
Victoria, B.C.

Vancouver,
Capt and Mrs Patterson, silver cake plate
Mrs M B Letson, silver teaspoons; Master Leison, brass poker; Mrs J W Armstrong; sofa cushion.
Revelstoke
Mr A McLeod, carving set.

5c.

THE PRICE OF FLOUR having dropped lately and so that our Patrons may have the benefit of the decrease we will from Saturday, 25th inst. reduce the price of 4 read to Five Cents a Loaf or 21 for \$1 cash.

MINCE STEAK PIES
every Saturday
Three ... for 25 Cents.

CAMPBELL BROS.,
Dunsmuir Avenue.

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.

The Best Gifts for Xmas and New Years.

Japanese Goods etc

You will be amazed at these Beautiful Goods.

World Of Fine Arts.

Large stock to arrive about the first 10 days in December. I have a few samples in stock at present, 1 or 2 of some kinds.

Come and choose your goods and leave your order with me.

K. Shibata
WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER

CUMBERLAND B.C.