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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

THIRTEENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY OCTOBER, 24 1906

Library Legislative Assembly
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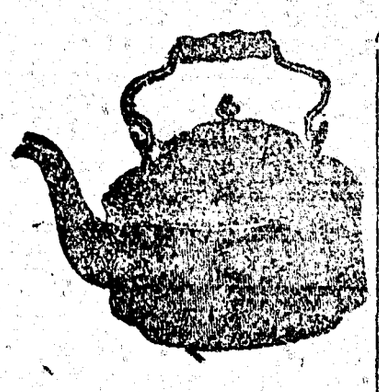
VICTORIA, B. C.



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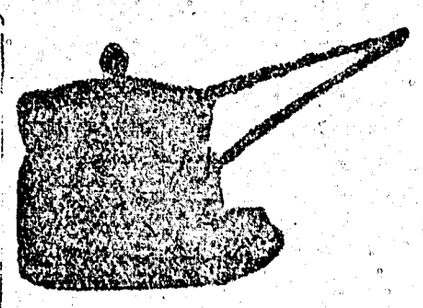

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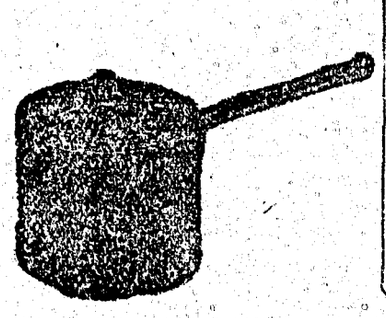
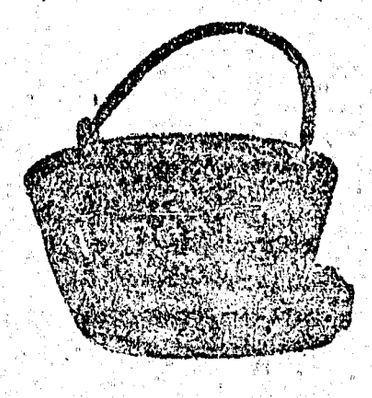
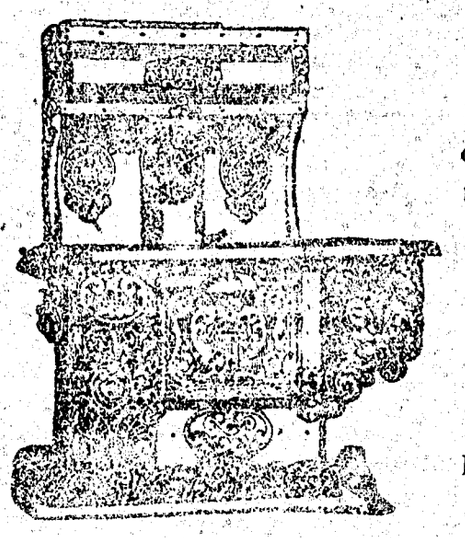




HEATERS

ers in Canada.



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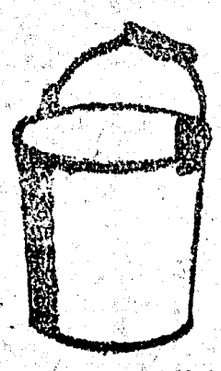

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If you want satisfaction in price and material PLACE YOUR NEXT ORDER WITH

T. H. CAREY, Tailor, Cumberland B. C.

Mens Suits
Mens Odd Pants
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We are showing as fine goods in the above as can be bought anywhere for the same price.

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DEATH OF LITTLE LILY HAYWOOD

A shocking accident occurred on Saturday afternoon whereby little Lily Haywood, the nine year old daughter of Mr and Mrs A Haywood, lost her life. She with several other children, was playing near a bonfire which had been lighted a distance from her parents residence. Going too close to the fire to warm her hands, the little one's skirts caught fire and in her fear she rushed down the hill toward home, the wind fanning the flames so, that before the unfortunate child had gone many yards her clothes were entirely consumed and her body and head so badly burned that no hope was entertained for her recovery. Dr Gillespie was instantly summoned and did every thing to alleviate the little sufferer's agony, but all was of no avail, the grim reaper bore away the best beloved, the little merry child that a few short hours before had been the sunlight of her home. The funeral took place from the parents residence, to the cemetery at Sandwick on Monday afternoon where all that was mortal of little Lily Haywood was laid to rest in the plot beside her sister. The services were conducted by Rev Mr McIntyre, and the funeral arrangements by Mr J Comis. The little casket was covered with beautiful floral emblems from [illegible] mates and friends. The following acted as pall-bearers,—Joe Reese, Chas Shellatoe, John Boyd, Ed Walker.

The heartfelt sympathy of everyone in the community will be expressed for the parents and brothers and sisters of the deceased child [illegible]

Canadian Rubbers are standard throughout Canada for quality and value You can buy them At the Big Store

FEATHERSTONE FOUND GUILTY.

Nanaimo, 22nd—Robert Featherstone was this afternoon found guilty of the murder of Mary Jane Dalton at South Wellington and sentenced to be hanged, The execution to take place on December 12.

The case has acquired a great amount of interest, the court being filled every day since the trial began. The Jury was out only 25 minutes and returned a verdict of guilty which meant death to the accused man. Absolutely no dramatic incident attended the sentencing of the prisoner for he heard the result of the jury's declaration and his fate with remarkable coolness when asked why the sentence should not be passed on him he replied in a firm voice like Capt Dreyfus, "I am apparently unable to prove my innocence, but as God is above me I am not guilty of this charge". It is reported that at midnight last night Featherstone was in high spirits and was merrily singing "Two little girls in blue", in his cell. He makes light of the punishment he he is soon to undergo. He will be taken to Victoria tomorrow where he will be hanged on the date set forth for execution.

Nanaimo, 22nd—Absoluely no exportation of fresh herrings to the United States will be allowed this year. It ie the intention to preserve the fisheries as much as possible this year.

Halifax, 22nd—The price of coal from the Nova Scotia mines wil. be increased this year.

Nanaimo, 22nd—A Chinaman suffering from an incurable disease committed suicide yesterday by hanging himself from the rafters of a shack in Chinatown.

CONCERT

The concert held on Monday evening for Trinity Church was well patronized, and proved a success in everyway. Mr H Grant, of Vancouver, was heard for the first time in Cumberland, and received a warm applause and an encore. His song was "The Admiral's Broom" and in encore, he sang, "The Last of the Boys". Miss D Ramsay played the audience with her playing and singing, receiving encores in both cases. White "Mr and Mrs Johnston," (Mr F, and Miss D Ramsay) brought the house down in their Character Coon duet "Scandalous Eyes" singing in response to an encore, "Not Because Your Hair Is Curly", Want of space forbids special mention of many other meritorious numbers, but that the audience were pleased with the whole programme was patent. The dance after was well attended and the hour of breaking up was late.

TAXIDERMY

Mr O H Fechner, in response to numerous requests, has decided to give a course of lessons in taxidermy the coming Winter. The art of preserving birds and beasts is a most fascinating pursuit, and one by profitable when practised as a profession. Mr Fechners plan is to give a course of lessons embracing the principal branches of the art. Anyone desirous of joining the class should leave their names with him without delay.

MAGNET CASH STORE

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STOVES &c. &c.

Wood and Coal

Heaters

of every description

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A Glance in Window or Show Case will convince.

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Sterling Silver, Westminster Chiming Clocks, Silver Plate Leather Goods, and New arrivals in Rich Cut Glass.

Bowls, Nappies, Cream and Sugar, Mustard Pots, Salt Cellars Decanters wine and sauce, Water Bottles, Finger Bowls, Tumblers, Celery Dishes, Marmalade Jars, Pitchers, Vases, &c. &c. &c.

STODDART
The Jeweller

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HIGH GRADE STOVES

And all KITCHEN UTENSILS

Sportsmens Goods
and
General Hardware

NOTICE

Those [illegible] wishing to qualify as voters in the Municipality of the City of Cumberland, for the year 1907 are required by statute to conform to the following regulations:

[illegible] must be registered [illegible] at or before the 30th day of October in each year, and be able to produce receipts showing that the applicant has paid all rates and fees due the City for the current year.

ALEX McKINNON, City Clerk.
Cumberland BC, October 15 h, 1906

OFFICE OF CITY CLERK:—Office Hours, Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, 7 p.m to 9 p.m

CARD OF THANKS

Mr and Mrs A Haywood desire to thank those who so kindly assisted them in their recent bereavement

Olive's Courtship

BY LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

Author of "A Cruel Revenge," "A Forbidden Marriage," "A Beautiful Coquette," "The Heiress of Cameron Hall."

(Continued.)

CHAPTER IV.

It was Judge Kneeland's custom to lunch at home with his daughter whenever his relaxation from official duties would permit it.

He was a very stern man, and no one had ever accused him of being anything else than a brave one, but somehow he dreaded going home to his lovely, imperious young daughter and telling her what had occurred at the office.

He opened the door with his latch-key very softly and stepped into the marble corridor, and as he proceeded toward his library the sound of girlish laughter floated up to him through the open stained-glass window from the lawn below.

The judge entered his library, crossed over to the window, and looked down into the grounds. The picture that he saw made his heart glow with warmth and pride. Ah! was there anything in this world that he loved as he did his fair young daughter Olive, the light of his existence, the treasure of his old age?

She was standing in the centre of the lawn watching the gardener at work over one of the flower-beds—a tall, slim young girl with large, laughing blue eyes looking out of a very fair face whose only fault was the curling lips which betokened more than the usual share of haughtiness and pride. The small head was crowned with a luxurious mass of nut-brown hair that glinted into gold where the sunlight fell on it.

There was too much character, too much fire and animation in her face for Olive Kneeland to be called beautiful, as poets and painters describe beauty. Graceful she certainly was from the crown of her fluffy brown head to the toe of her dainty slippered foot, and what was far better than beauty, she possessed, and all unconsciously on her part, the power that is God's best gift to woman, the power of fascinating with her wonderful vitality, which was revealed in every glance, tone and word to those with whom she came in contact, and brought every heart at her feet.

She wore only a simple white challie gown sprinkled over with tiny forget-me-nots, and a white straw sailor-hat with a swallow's wing perched gracefully on one side of it. Yet even in this simple dress no princess could ever have looked more to the manor born.

Glancing up, she saw the judge standing at the window, and called to him at once to come out into the garden and see how finely the pansy-beds were doing. She met him half-way down the garden walk, ran up to him playfully, and linked her arm through his.

"I am so glad that you broke away from that stuffy old court-room long enough to come home and take luncheon with me to-day, papa!" she said. "I wanted to see you particularly."

"I thought you always wanted to see me particularly, Olive," he remarked, dryly.

"So I do, papa," returned the young girl. "But I mean I wanted to ask you about something that I want to do very much, and I want to ask your consent to it;" and the eyes that had been looking up into his fell shyly, and a crimson flush stole over the dimpled, half-averted face.

"You must not bring up that subject again about putting your name down for a big sum to aid the heathens. You've done enough for them, if that's what you want," said the judge, frowning.

"It is not that, papa," said Miss Olive, quietly.

"Nor shall I encourage you in any feminine extravagance. In my days young girls were very plain; they did not care for diamond-studded lockets, bangles, and so forth. You must not ask me to allow you to wear the diamonds your mother left you. I shall give them to you later, not now."

"I am two-and-twenty, papa—quite old enough to wear diamonds, but you are wrong again as to what is in my mind."

"Eh!" said the judge, putting on his gold-bowed glasses and peering at his daughter.

"I said you had not yet guessed what is in my mind; and you pride yourself, you know, about being pretty well able to read what is going on in the minds of the people who are brought before you;" and she laughed a little low, clear laugh. "Seeing you are all at sea and in a dense fog, I will tell you, papa, that it is—about—a—young man."

The judge stood quite still and looked at her for fully a minute. She bore the scrutiny well.

"Come to the point at once, Olive," he said, impatiently. "I do not comprehend in the least what you are getting at."

"Of course you don't, you dear old darling!" returned Olive, creeping closer to him and nestling her brown head on his shoulder, that he might not see the blushes that she was sure would crimson her face when she made her request.

"Well, well," said the judge, "tell me what you want, Olive; what it is that you were so anxious to see me about and gain my consent to?"

She hesitated a moment, then said, coaxingly, as she slipped both slim white hands about his arm:

"I am invited to go sailing on Mr. Pointer's yacht to-morrow, with my friends Nannie and Jess; and Nannie wrote me a short note accompanying the invitation, saying, 'Be sure to bring an escort with you, Olive, if your papa will allow you to do so, for "the more the merrier" will be our motto.' Edith and Grace, and, oh, papa, all of the girls of our set will be there with escorts—and—and—I thought if you wouldn't mind, I would like very much to—to—ask Roger Glendenning."

The judge held his pretty young daughter off at arm's-length and looked into her blushing face, his own stern and grave, and the dark frown deepening on his brow.

"Why did you choose Roger Glendenning from among all your other acquaintances?" he asked, grimly.

"Because he is nicer than any of the rest," replied Olive, fearlessly; "and I hope you will try to spare him for the afternoon, papa. Won't you?"

"I want you to answer me one question truthfully, here and now, Olive," said the judge, huskily. "Are you interested in this Glendenning? Do you care for him, I mean?"

"Oh, papa!" cried the girl, blushing furiously, "how can you ask me such a question? You are perfectly dreadful!" and she tried to break away from her father's detaining grasp and hide her face in her handkerchief; but he held her fast.

"I want you to tell me, my little girl," he said. "Are you interested in my late private secretary, Roger Glendenning?"

"Your late secretary, papa?" repeated Olive, catching up the word at once. "Why, what can you mean by that?"

"You answer me one question by asking another," said the judge, impatiently. "You must give me a straight-forward reply."

"After you tell me what you mean by the words, your late secretary," murmured Olive, eagerly.

"I mean that Roger Glendenning is in my employ no longer," said the judge, slowly. "I discharged him this forenoon."

In all the long years of Judge Kneeland's after life he never forgot the expression that came over his daughter's face.

"Why, papa?" she asked; and all the joyousness and sweetness had died out of her young voice; it sounded like nothing human.

For a moment he hesitated. Was it best to explain the matter to Olive? She knew less of such affairs than a little child; he had always guarded her so zealously from learning aught of the great, wicked world outside that might taint her beautiful white soul; even the daily papers he excluded from his home. He had been very careful as to whom she should choose as companions.

The old judge had a great regard for the dainty, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed Miss Nannie, whom his daughter loved dearer than all the rest of her friends; she was so sweet, so refined, so gentle—quite his idea of what a lovely innocent young girl should be. Dark-eyed Jessie, too, was certainly a girl whose society he liked to have Olive cultivate. The Edith and Grace she referred to were equally as charming. Should he tell Olive of what Glendenning had done?

"It is you who do not answer now, papa," said Olive, with a great sob in her voice. "Why did you discharge him?"

"I had good reason to do so," returned her father, gravely. "I traced to him a great crime—a felony. He forged my name to a note for a thousand dollars, and when accused of it he could not deny it, but brazened it out with all the effrontery of a hardened old offender."

The girl broke away from his detaining hand with a low cry.

"I do not—I will not believe it, papa!" she cried, vehemently. "There must be some terrible mistake. If a trumpet-tongued angel cried it out from heaven I should still refuse to believe it. Roger Glendenning is too noble to stoop to a felony. He would cut off his right hand first. There is something terribly wrong about it."

Judge Kneeland made no attempt to argue the matter with her; it would be a mere waste of words, he told himself. Young girls were always carried away by romance; it was in their nature; they were not quite responsible for their lack of judgment where a young and handsome man was concerned.

"Where is he now, papa?" sobbed Olive.

"Where every man of his class should be," observed the judge, grimly; "behind the bars, my dear."

"Oh, how horrible!" cried Olive Kneeland, in the keenest anguish. "I am going to him at once to offer him my sympathy and tell him how implicitly I believe in his innocence."

"Hush!" cried the old judge, harshly. "You will do nothing of the kind. Offer sympathy to a man who has forged your father's name! I should say not. I order you, ay—do you hear me and take in my meaning?—I command you to never think of that rascal again or mention his name in my presence. Do you understand me?"

It was the first time in all his life that Judge Kneeland had ever spoken harshly to the girl he idolized. He saw her face grow white as death and her bosom heave convulsively. But she was too proud, too self-willed to allow the tears to come to her angry blue eyes.

"I fear I am going to have trouble with Olive over this unfortunate affair," the judge told himself, in alarm.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN HISTORIC GLENCOE.

Where Lord Strathcona Lives—Canadian High Commissioner Has Magnificent Property In Scotland.

Kinlochbeg, which includes Blackcorries, in the parish of Lismore and Appin and County of Argyll, has an area of about 10,000 acres. The small shieling known as Mealanruach (Meall nan Ruadhag), of triangular shape, which lies in the middle of the forest, forms part of Ballachulish estate, but is rented by Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, the proprietor of Kinlochbeg.

Twenty Merk Land.

Lord Strathcona's estate forms the bulk of what was in the seventeenth century known as the Twenty Merk land of Glencoan, in the old Lordship of Lorn, which formed the subject of a grant by James Earl of Perth to John Stewart of Ardsheal in 1685, and was then held in feu of the Earl of Argyll. In 1685 Stewart of Ardsheal subfeued part of it to Macdonald of Achtriachtan, and in 1693 another part to Macdonald of Glencoe, and he also seems to have feued other parts. In 1701 he sold the remainder to Robert Stewart of Appin. Subsequently the bulk of the property feued to Macdonald of Achtriachtan was acquired by the proprietor of the estate of Appin, and the proprietor of that state also acquired from the Duke of Argyll the superiority of the old Twenty Merk land.

Twenty Miles.

Lord Strathcona acquired the lands which were feued out in 1693 to Macdonald of Glencoe and also parts of the Twenty Merk land of Glencoan which formed part of Appin estate, including the superiority, so that Lord Strathcona holds the whole property of the Crown. His territory stretches twenty miles from east to west; from north to south the breadth varies from two to six miles. The large mansion erected by Lord Strathcona was designed by Sir Rowland Anderson, and is understood to have cost nearly £50,000, including the laying out of the grounds. It is lighted by electricity and built on the old and historical property of Glencoe, overlooking Loch Leven, with Loch Linnhe in the distance, and the Morven and Kingairloch hills in the background.

Made Three Lakes.

Lord Strathcona formed three lakes near the house, and has made a special feature of autumn flowering shrubs and plants, as well as autumn flowers, vegetables and fruit. There is also a nursery of trees from which extensive planting is made every year. The landing pier for yachts is within a few hundred yards of the house. There are two shooting boxes, one at Coallsnacoan further up Loch Leven, and another in the middle of the Blackcorries Moor. Blackcorries was afforested early in last century, but Kinlochbeg, Coallsnacoan and Strone were cleared comparatively recently, and only after it was found absolutely unprofitable to graze sheep.

Land Lies High.

The ground is high lying, Glencoe being one of the most mountainous districts in the west. On the south side Bidean nam Bian (3,756 feet) is the highest; on the north Aonach Eagach (3,168 feet), both favorite ascents among mountaineers. An outstanding member of the western group is Sgor an Oiche, the Pap of Glencoe, which lies behind Glencoe house and from the top of which there is a most wonderful view. Glencoe is entered from the west at Bridge of Coe, the village of Carnoch on the left bank of the river was the chief clachan of the Macdonalds. The massacre took place on 13th Feb., 1692. "The Devil's Staircase" is a rough track across the forest from the Coe At Alltnafeadh to the head of Loch Leven. The Coe is the Cona of Ossian, on whose banks, according to tradition, the poet was born. Ossian's Cave is on the south side of the glen on a spur of Bidean nam Bian.

A Polite War.

A little boy, with an interest in the meaning of unfamiliar words, said to his mother, "What is the meaning of 'civil?'" "Kind and polite," answered his mother. A puzzled look brooded for a second on the boy's face. Then he said, "Was it a kind and polite war that was in this country once?"

LACE BARK TREES.

The Beautiful and Serviceable Dress Materials They Yield.

There are in all about half a dozen lace bark trees in the world, so called because the inner bark yields a natural lace in ready made sheet form, which can be made up in serviceable articles of apparel. Only four of these curious species of trees are of much practical value. Tourists who have stopped at Hawaii or Samoa may recall the lace bark clothing of the natives—clothing of a neat brown color when new, of remarkable strength and of a fragrant odor, like freshly cured tobacco leaf. The native tapa cloth, as it is called, is made from the bark of the Brusonetia papirifera, but it is not usually included among the real lace bark trees. In its natural state the real lace bark is of a delicate cream white tint. It is probably a kind of fibrous pith. When the outer bark is removed it can be unfolded and unwound in one seamless piece, having a surface of a little more than a square yard. Washing and sun bleaching give it a dazzling white appearance. The fabric is airily light. It is used in the West Indies for mantillas, cravats, collars, window curtains—in a word, for every purpose that ordinary lace is used. In making up shawls, veils and the like it is customary to piece two sheets of lace bark together. Delicate and apparently weak as it is in single mesh, a bit of lace bark if rolled into a thin string will all but resist human strength to break it.

Hornet Nest Baskets.

The nests of South American hornets are used by the natives as baskets, being light, strong and so tight as to be waterproof. They are cleared of the partitions and cells in the interior and with handles affixed make useful domestic utensils.

Tuskless Elephants.

Elephants without tusks are numerous in Abyssinia.

Love when true, faithful and well fixed is eminently the sanctifying element of human life. Without it the soul cannot reach its fullest height or holiness.—Ruskin.

Do Not Crowd the Chicks.

Do not put too many chicks in a brooder. Between 50 and 100 will do, but 50 is best. Too much or too little heat, soft and sour food and not enough exercise are the causes of bowel trouble. At present the condition of things is such that we must depend to raise our chicks with the aid of brooders. The old way is getting too slow for most people now.

MILK MAKING

The old fashioned dairymen gather in open buckets held under the cow's body. The up to date fellow, who wants clean milk, keeps his cows clean and catches his milk in an improved covered pail. He uses a heavy cotton strainer over the top of the pail and keeps out the dirt and most of the bacteria. Such milk is cleaner. It will taste better and keep longer. It will sell for a little higher price than ordinary milk.—I. C. Weld of Better Farming Special Train, New England.

Quality and Quantity.

Farmers using the Babcock test frequently make the mistake of putting too much stress on quality and not paying enough attention to quantity. The Babcock test may show one cow's milk inferior to another, but the quantity may prove that the cow giving the richest milk is not the one paying the largest profit. Cows shrink their milk from various causes, which may often be avoided.—Ohio Farmer.

Washing Milk Utensils.

All milk utensils should be cleaned immediately after being used. First, rinse in cold water to remove the viscous albuminoids. If boiling water is first used it will cook this matter on the vessels, and it will be almost impossible to remove it by any means.—Farm Journal.

Ground Oats.

Ground oats produced by experiment 10 per cent more milk and butter fat than bran. Besides that, you can raise the oats on the farm, says an exchange.

Time of Greatest Milk Flow.

It has been found at the Minnesota experiment station that the second and third weeks of a cow's lactation in most cases prove to be the best. The records also show that a cow reaches her highest butter production at an earlier period in lactation than she does her greatest milk flow.

Milking Notes.

How is the milk testing?

Milk will assimilate foul odors about as readily as a sponge will assimilate water.

Don't leave the milk standing in the cans. The quicker they are cleaned the better.

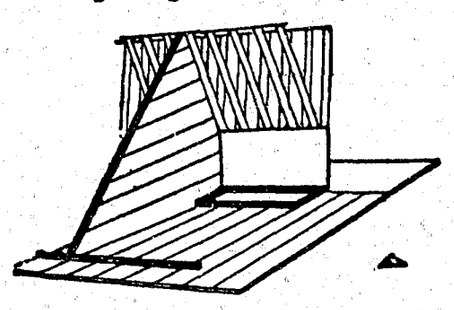
Nothing but a bright, solid pressed tin bucket is good enough to catch the milk as it comes from the cow.

Three essential things are to be observed in milking—regularity, neatness, kindness. Be prompt in your milking, but don't be hasty.—Kimball's Dairy Farmer.

Dairy and Creamery

There is a kind of stall known as the model stall. Some people call it Hoard's model stall, as Governor Hoard, through Hoard's Dairyman, has advocated this stall long and persistently. Below is given a cut of this stall, redrawn from King's Physics of Agriculture, with slight modifications. The manger in which the cow is fed ensilage and grain is on a level with the platform the cow stands upon. The feeding alley is in front, and the cow is fed her grain through the opening from the feeding alley. To prevent cows reaching through this opening into the feeding alley a door hung upon hinges is used to close the opening. This is swung up against the hay manger when the ensilage and grain are being fed. Two feet above this manger is the bottom of the hay manger. This bottom is made out of eight inch or ten inch plank and is boarded up on the alley side. The front part of the hay manger, or that part toward the cow, is made of slats, the top of which projects toward the cow at an angle of about forty-five degrees. She eats the hay through these slats.

It will be noticed that when the cow is eating the grain or ensilage out of



MODEL COW STALL.

the lower manger she is just as far ahead as she can possibly get. When she raises her head to eat hay the hay manger forces her back a step. Now, the philosophy of the stall is this: When she is eating grain or ensilage out of the lower manger the attendant notices where she stands with her hind feet, and he places a 2 by 4 edgewise across the stall just in front of her hind feet. It must be understood that the ensilage and grain manger is only four to six inches high on the side toward the cow. Now, the space between this manger and this 2 by 4 in front of the cow's hind feet is filled with straw for bedding. It gradually becomes packed in there so that the cow has a mattress of straw four inches deep to lie upon. This is her bed. When she stands up she cannot get into it with her hind feet to soil it. The manger prevents her from getting ahead, so that the droppings will not at any time fall in this bed; consequently it is always clean.

When the cow lies down she must lie upon this bed or else lie right over the edge of the 2 by 4, which is so uncomfortable that she soon learns to lie far enough forward to lie comfortably on the bed. The construction of the bed, then, compels the cow to keep herself clean. I have put into my barn fifty-two of these stalls. They are giving entire satisfaction. The cows can be tied with a halter to the plank which forms the bottom of the hay manger or with a rope around the neck or with a cow chain.—Michigan Farmer.

A Storm Above the Clouds.

Professor John Wise, the eminent aeronaut, who lost his life in making a balloon ascension on Sept. 28, 1870, gave the following description of a thunderstorm which he once viewed from the "top side:" "The view of a stormcloud from above is one of the most interesting sights ever beheld by mortal man. A storm viewed from above the clouds has the appearance of ebullition. The upper surface of the cloud is bulged upward and outward and has the resemblance of a vast sea of boiling, upheaving snow. Immediately above the stormcloud the air is not so cold as it is in the clearer atmosphere above or in the cloud itself. The falling of the rain can be distinctly heard, making a noise like a waterfall over a precipice. The thunder heard above a stormcloud is not loud, and the flashes of lightning appear like streaks of intensely white light on the surface of the gray colored vapor."

Some Strange Customs.

A very interesting account is given of the strange customs of the Bedouins of the Sinai peninsula in Lord Cromer's report on Egypt and the Sudan. If a man kills another in time of peace the relatives of the murdered man, beginning from the father to the fifth generation, have the right to revenge or pardon against the receipt of "blood money." This latter is fixed at forty-one camels. If the murdered man was of the same tribe as the murderer the latter or his near relatives have to give a girl in marriage to one of the victim's relatives without receiving the usual dowry. When she gives birth to a child she is free to go back if she chooses. In the latter case the marriage must be renewed and the usual dowry paid. Five camels may be substituted for the girl.

THE MODERN TORPEDO.

Its Wonderful Mechanism and How It Is Operated.

The principle of the torpedo is the placing of a very large charge of high explosive in a steel case fairly alive with mechanism and so ingenious that the missile fired from a tube with a small charge of cordite or gunpowder will automatically direct itself to a given target and there explode. The Whitehead torpedo of today is a steel cigar or automatic porpoise shaped weapon or projectile from twelve to seventeen feet long and eighteen inches in diameter at its widest. When ready for firing even a small one will weigh over half a ton. They are delivered in five sections, which contain upward of 2,000 pieces of machinery.

The wet gun cotton in the "war head" is inserted in slabs, each with a hole in its center to receive the core of dry gun cotton directly connected with the detonating primer, which contains fulminate of mercury and a percussion cap. In front of the primer is screwed the water "nose"—a very sensitive nose—which operates automatically when the weapon strikes and sets off the whole charge.

Behind the war head comes the chamber containing the compressed air that drives this singular projectile through the water. Into this chamber is pumped the air at a pressure of 1,500 pounds to the square inch. And this escaping through the valve leading to the little engines provides the motive power. Next comes the mechanism which automatically regulates the depth of the torpedo during its run. This ingenious apparatus has been kept a great secret and sold in turn to the various nations of the world. Not far from the tail of the torpedo are placed the driving engines.

There is also a controlling valve, which can be arranged so as to close automatically after the weapon has run a certain distance, thus obviating a futile explosion in the event of the torpedo missing its target.

At the end of the tail comes the rudder, which keeps the torpedo straight. But the most remarkable piece of mechanism is the gyroscope, like a child's top. It is set automatically by the release of a spring a moment or two after the torpedo is shot from its tube. It is the duty of this little device to correct the torpedo's course if it deviates in the slightest degree from its instructions.

France leads the world with her torpedo flotillas. Great Britain possesses about 110 torpedo boats of the first class, 114 "destroyers," 110 second class boats and 29 submarines built or building. Every nation is giving great attention to its torpedo boats. Even China has 44 of the first class and 50 second class torpedo craft.—Exchange.

The First Son.

Nodd—I can't make up my mind what college to send that boy of mine to. Todd—How old is he? Nodd—Nearly three weeks.

The Justs.

Banaram of Persia bore the enviable title of the Just. The righteousness of his decisions was seldom called in question. This title has been conferred on several monarchs, among them being Casimir II. of Poland, Ferdinand I. and James II. of Aragon, Haroun-al-Raschid of "Arabian Nights" fame, Khosron of Persia, Louis XIII. of France and Pedro I of Portugal.

Help your children to grow strong and robust by counteracting anything that causes ill-health. One great cause of disease in children is worms. Remove them with Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It never fails.

Surgeon G. J. H. Evatt, in a lecture in the canteen of the Yorkshire Royal Garrison Artillery, at the Tynemouth Training camp, said the extreme accuracy required by modern long distance rifles demanded sober men behind them.

The third conference of the International League of Women Suffragists is now meeting in Copenhagen.

Please Your Hair

Don't have a falling out with your hair. It might leave you! Then what? Better please it by giving it a good hair-food—Ayer's Hair Vigor. The hair stops coming out, becomes soft and smooth, and all the deep, rich color of youth comes back to gray hair.

"I was troubled greatly with dandruff until I used Ayer's Hair Vigor. It completely cured the dandruff and also stopped my hair from falling out. It serves me very nicely also in arranging my hair in any style I wish."—Miss Mamie Cook, Ewing, W. Va.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass., also manufacturers of Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

Condemned to Slavery.

Two hundred years ago, when men and women were condemned to death for trivial offenses, it was the custom in Scotland to commute the death sentence into perpetual servitude to specified masters. In other words, the condemned person became a slave. It was further ordained that he should wear a metal collar round his neck recording his sentence and punishment. The Society of Scottish Antiquaries owns one of these collars, fished out of the Forth above Alloa. It is brass, with this inscription: "Alexander Stewart, found guilty of death for theft at Perth, 5th December, 1701, and gifted by the Justiciars as a perpetual servant to Sir John Aresken of Alva."

Truthful.

"My dear," said a vain old man to his wife, "these friends here won't believe that I'm only forty-five years old. You know I speak the truth, don't you?"

"Well," answered the simple wife, "I suppose I must believe it, John, as you've stuck to it for fifteen years."—Exchange.

Toast.

The Lancet thinks that the increasing popularity of toast indicates that the public resents the insipidity of modern bread. If bread possessing the peculiarly attractive flavor which characterized it in the days of stone milling were placed on the modern breakfast table the preference for toast would, it thinks, very sensibly diminish.

WHY GIRLS ARE PALE.

They Need the Rich Red Blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make.

Three years ago Miss Ellen Roberts who holds the position of saleslady in one of the leading stores in Halifax, N. S., was a pale delicate looking young woman, who then lived at home with her parents at Amherst, N. S. She complained of general weakness and loss of appetite. Her blood was thin and watery and she grew thinner day by day until she looked almost a shadow. Her cheeks were sunken, all trace of color had left her face and her friends feared she was going into a decline. "I had no energy," says Miss Roberts, "and suffered so much from headaches and dizziness and other symptoms of anaemia that I fet I did not care whether I lived or died. One day, however, when reading our local paper I read a testimonial given by a young girl in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as her symptoms were almost identical with my own I determined to try this medicine. Before I had used the second box I began to find benefit, and I continued taking the pills until I had used seven or eight boxes, by which time I was fully restored to health." To-day Miss Roberts looks as if she had never been ill in her life, and she has no hesitation in saying she owes her present energy and health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Bad blood is the cause of all common diseases like anaemia, headaches, paleness, general weakness, heart palpitation, neuralgia, indigestion, and the special ailments that only womenfolk know. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure these common ailments because they make rich, red health-giving blood, bracing the jangled nerves and giving strength to every organ in the body. Do not take any pills without the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Safe Use of Lime.

Dr. Hopkins tells the farmers of his state (Illinois) that he never will recommend the use of any material on land that would injure it in the long run. He suggests only natural materials. The source of the lime now in the soil is limestone. The tendency of burnt lime—caustic lime—is to burn the soil. Ground limestone will correct acidity just as effectively as caustic lime if used in sufficient quantity. It is the cheapest form of lime for this purpose. It is absolutely harmless, and it does the work of destroying acidity.

The ground limestone cannot stimulate nor do any injury. On poor land it would not secure as much clover unaided as does caustic lime, but it would do all that may be required of it safely—it corrects the acidity and it feeds the clover directly when that is required. A ton of ground limestone is the equivalent of more than half a ton of caustic lime—"ground lime"—in neutralizing free acids in the soil. The price is low, usually $1 a ton at the works.—Alva Agee in National Stockman.

A Colored View.

"Mammy," said Pickaninny Jim as he watched the meteors falling, "does you see all dat brightness comin' down?"

"Yaas, indeed."

"I know what makes it. De cullud angels has been put to work sweepin' up de golden city."

His Way.

Mr. Hennypeck (peevishly)—When you tell me to do a thing, like a fool I go and do it. Mrs. Hennypeck (acridly)—No, you go and do it like a fool.

An African Sea Serpent Story.

Here is a sea serpent story from one of the great fresh water lakes of central Africa. The Globe Trotter of Nairobi, British East Africa, tells it: "According to natives on the shore and islands of Lake Victoria the real simon pure water python is a reality. Officers on board the Sibyl and the Winifred have time and again been unable to account for the unrest shown at times in the most tranquil waters. Sir Clement Hill in crossing the lake some years ago in a launch with one Macgregor, the engineer, saw this monster and described it as having a head resembling the hippopotamus, only three times broader, but much more flat and wedge shaped. The opinion of the natives regarding its length, etc., differs very much, but all agree that the reptile is amphibious and declare they have seen forty feet or more lying dormant on the bank, while the supposed tail, sixty or seventy feet from shore, created a commotion in the water resembling the wash of an ocean steamer."

HAVE YOU PILES?

Dr. Leonhardt's Hem-Roid is an internal Remedy that entirely removes the cause of Piles, and cures to stay cured any case, no matter how long standing.

If you have Piles, and Dr. Leonhardt's Hem-Roid will not cure you, you get your money back.

A thousand dollar Guarantee goes with every bottle of Hem-Roid sold.

$1.00. All dealers, or The Wilson-Fyle Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont. 22

London consumes only one-fourth of the amount of electricity used in New York, although its population is nearly double.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Since the reistration of motor cars was enforced by Act of Parliament two years ago 9,000 motor vehicles have been registered by their owners in London, while nearly 25,000 licenses have been issued to drivers.

Impurities in the Blood.—When the action of the kidneys becomes impared, impurities in the blood are almost sure to follow, and general derangement of the system ensues. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will regulate the kidneys, so that they will maintain healthy action and prevent the complications which certainly come when there is derangement of these delicate organs. As a restorative these pills are in the front rank.

The King and Queen may probably visit the Irish international exhibition at Dublin in May.

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

The Word "Cannibalism."

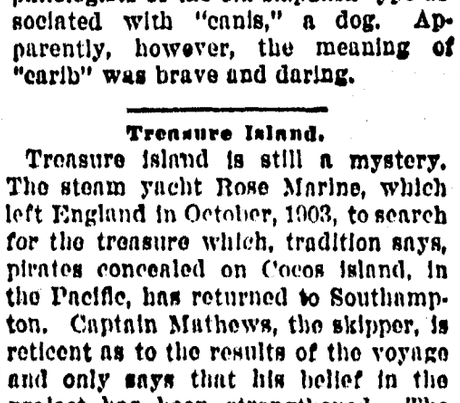
The word "cannibalism" is really the name of a people. It is identical with Carib, many of the Caribs, who formerly flourished in the West Indies, having been consumers of human flesh. The letters "l," "n" and "r" are interchangeable in certain aboriginal American languages, so that Columbus found one West Indian island saying "Caniba" where another said "Carib," while Shakespeare's Caliban is another variety of the same. Columbus' own conjecture was that the name was connected with the great khan, and later philologists of the old slapdash type associated with "canis," a dog. Apparently, however, the meaning of "carib" was brave and daring.

Treasure Island.

Treasure island is still a mystery. The steam yacht Rose Marine, which left England in October, 1903, to search for the treasure which, tradition says, pirates concealed on Cocos island, in the Pacific, has returned to Southampton. Captain Mathews, the skipper, is reticent as to the results of the voyage and only says that his belief in the project has been strengthened. The work of searching the island is very difficult.

A Mayor For the Babies.

James Broadbent, mayor of Huddersfield, England, is making the proper care of babies a leading feature of his administration. He issues instructions as to their food and says a baby should be weighed every fortnight to keep "tab" on its nutrition. A baby weighing machine is kept at the mayoralty office for the purpose



THE MOST COOLING

Of all hot weather beverages is ICED

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

It is Most Delicious

Lead Packets Only. 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At All Grocers.

Losing Your Hair?

And doing nothing to keep it? Most women like thick, heavy hair; long, luxuriant hair. Don't you? Then use Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer. You save what hair you have and get more at the same time.

For the whiskers and moustache we make BUCKINGHAM'S DYE. It colors a rich brown or a soft black. R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

A Railway Bull.

The recent intimation of an Irish railway that there would be "no last train to Cork" has apparently induced the Great Eastern Railway company to issue a placard stating that trains to Walthamstow will run "all through the night on week days."—St. James' Gazette.

Echoes.

Every one is familiar with the phenomenon of echoes. In a cave in the Pantheon the guide, by striking the flap of his coat, makes a noise equal to a twelve pound cannon's report. The singularity is noticed in a lesser degree in the Mammoth cave in Kentucky. In the cave of Smellin, near Viborg, in Finland, a cat or dog thrown in will make a screaming echo lasting some minutes.

A Natural Wonder.

Teacher—What are marsupials? Boy—Animals which have pouches in their stomachs. Teacher—What do they have pouches for? Boy—To crawl into and conceal themselves in when they are pursued.

A Cure for Rheumatism.—The intrusion of uric acid into the blood vessels is a fruitful cause of rheumatic pains. This irregularity is owing to deranged and unhealthy condition of the liver. Anyone subject to this painful affection will find a remedy in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Their action upon the kidneys is pronounced and most beneficial, and by restoring healthy action, they correct impurities in the blood.

It Pays to Caponize.

A gain of four pounds per head in weight and of 10 cents per pound in price is quite worth while when you remember that it can be done on about the same amount of feed. It is wise to caponize every cockerel not wanted for breeding. There is very little pain caused by the operation if done skillfully and at the right time—less pain than is often endured by cockerels in their fights with one another.—American Cultivator.

You cannot be happy while you have corns. Then do not delay in getting a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It removes all kinds of corns without pain. Failure with it is unknown.

Americans have fled from Mexico in fear of poisoning by house servants, who have joined the anti-foreign agitation.

A German lawyer was sentenced to serve a term in prison for blowing his nose while a captain was lecturing.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Lived to Be Ninety-Three.

The death occurred the other day at Oakville of Mrs. Thomas Jaffray Robertson, widow of the late Thomas Jaffray Robertson, first principal of the Normal School of Upper Canada, at the advanced age of 93 years. At the time of her death Mrs. Robertson was residing with her daughter, Mrs. Appelbe, where she had lived for the past thirty-nine years. Her husband died about forty years ago. Mrs. Robertson leaves three daughters and three sons. The latter are: Mr. Thomas Jaffray Robertson, barrister, Newmarket; Mr. L. H. Robertson, of the Imperial Loan & Investment Co., Toronto; and Mr. F. C. N. Robertson, auditor for the Pullman Co., Chicago. The daughters are: Mrs Bristol and Mrs. Appelbe, of Oakville and Mrs. Lewis, wife of Mr. A. B. Lewis, barrister, Toronto.

Where the Rub Comes.

"Well," said the good natured boarder, "there's one thing about our boarding house—you can eat all you like there."

"Of course; same as ours," replied the grouchy one. "You can eat all you like, but there's never anything you could possibly like."

Depends on the Man.

"What good is experience?" wailed the man who was looking for a job. "You can't cash it."

"Some people can," said his friend. "I bought some experience once that cost me $3,000."

THE SILENCED GRUMBLE.

[A tragedy in two tumbles.]

There was a humble bumble bee,
Who grumbled while he bummed,
But his grumble soon was humbled
By the tune he humbly hummed.

After rumble and much mumble
Was his humble grumble dumbed,
For "I Want You, Mah Honey,"
Was the tune he humbly hummed.
—Judge.

Cold Blooded.

Mary—Do you think one should marry for love or money? Chaperon—My dear, love is an excuse for marriage, but money is a justification.

Cholera morbus, cramps and kindred complaints annually make their appearance at the same time as the hot weather, green fruit, cucumbers, melons, etc., and many persons are debarred from eating these tempting things, but they need not abstain if they have Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial and take a few drops in water. It cures the cramps and cholera in a wonderful manner and is a sure check to every disturbance of the bowels.

Two thousand Sikh laborers are to be brought into British Columbia owing to the success which has attended the employment of 300 Sikhs in that province.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen.—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT on my vessel and in my family for years, and for the everyday ills and accidents of life I consider it has no equal.

I would not start on a voyage without it, if it cost a dollar a bottle.

CAPT. F. R. DESJARDIN.
Schr. "Storke," St. Andre, Kamouraska

When sinking artesian wells in different parts of British Guiana, men came across natural gas at a depth of slightly over eighty feet.

General Uku has been appointed to succeed the late General Viscount Kodama as chief of the general staff of the Japanese army.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON, (Seal.) Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation

Lord Minto's Daughters.

The English papers, to hand by mail, bring particulars of the last Court for the season, which was held by the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace on June 22. The interest of Canadians naturally centred in the presentation of the eldest daughter of the Governor-General and Lady Minto, and it will come as a surprise to most Canadians to note that Lady Ruby was also presented. It will also be surprising to notice that in the official account of the Court, published in The Times, the only mention of the presentation of the daughters of the Viceroy of Britain's greatest colony was "Ladies Elliott (2)." The Standard, however, had this description, which will interest the many Canadian friends of their Excellencies daughters. "Among the debutantes were the two elder daughters of the Earl and Countess of Minto, the Ladies Eileen and Ruby Elliott-Murray, who were dressed alike in white satin mousseline, trimmed with cream chiffon roses and touches of palest green. The trains of mousseline de soie, embroidered in silver, were trimmed with horseshoes of chiffon roses mixed with pale green."

SASKATCHEWAN'S LEGISLATORS.

Where They Meet—Legislative Buildings on the Prairie Described.

Out on the prairie to the northwest of Regina are the old, historic, legislative buildings, where the first sittings of the territorial assembly were held, and whence the first Parliament of the new Province of Saskatchewan this year met in session. It is a long tramp out to the buildings fully a mile and a half from the centre of the town. At the close of the day, when the great red sun is sinking below the prairie's horizon, touching up with the brightest hues the few stray clouds, it is a most enjoyable walk.

The building is a long, low structure, but one storey in height and built of white brick, now grimy and gray from the beating of many a summer rainstorm, and the assaults of many a winter blizzard. The wing in which Saskatchewan's legislators gather is a small room about the size of an ordinary country school. One lady visitor described it in the feminine way as "real cute."

During the session the work of the House is very interesting. It has almost seemed like playing at law making. The legislators' desks occupy a little over half the room, and the rest is reserved for the press and the visitors. At the south end is a small gallery, stuck up near the ceiling and reached by a steep, narrow stairway.

All the dignity, however, of the Federal Parliament is conscientiously preserved, and the customs and observances which have for generations been connected with the British House of Commons are rigidly followed. Mr. Speaker wears an ancient cocked hat and gown, while the sergeant-at-arms is garbed in most dignified costume with his plumed hat, military trappings and trailing sword. As he *pompously marches* in with the gorgeous new mace, not even Black Rod, in all his glory, could be more solemnly impressive.

The desks of the twenty-five members are ranged around a long table which is occupied by the clerk dressed in the traditional garb. The table has an interesting history, for it is the identical table around which the Fathers of Confederation sat when they drafted the constitution of the Dominion. Its ink-stained top alone indicates its age. The table after Confederation was stored away in one of the back rooms of the Ottawa Parliament buildings for a number of years. Some enterprising and economical official finally unearthed it. It was decided it should be put to use, so was shipped west, before the days even of the iron horse, to Regina for the Indian Department. When the first legislative assembly of the Northwest Territories was called into existence it became the clerk's table, and has been so used ever since.

The Value of a Name.

Rat Portage, having succeeded in changing its name to Kenora, other towns are now endeavoring to follow its example. And certainly in Canada there is need. While United Statesers call a mountain desert the Garden of the Gods, we call some beautiful spot Hog's Hollow or Bogg's Corners. The Smith's Falls News is again agitating this subject. A correspondent, it says, in this issue of The News deals with the subject of changing the name of Smith's Falls to "Rideau." Certainly the name Smith's Falls is ugly, and common, and a change has many times been agitated, but no definite action taken since the time mentioned by our correspondent, over twenty years ago. "Rideau" is a name that would be most appropriate and is besides a pretty name, easily pronounced, and easily written. Everything about us is "Rideau" and the town could be easily identified with the beautiful Rideau Lake of which we are so proud.

One on the Bank Manager.

The general manager of one of Toronto's banks paid a visit to Kincardine the other day, and during his stay there needed to have his boots cleaned. He has a friend in the town who is something of a practical joker, and so when the banker's desire was known he was piloted to one of the leading stores and told that he could get his "shine" there. He did, and secured a polish which would have done credit to any of Baxter's boys. It was only when he attempted to give a tip of the magnitude customary with a general manager that he discovered that the bootblack was one of the proprietors of the store. Then explanations were in order.

A Native of Canada.

James Creelman, journalist and author, was born in Montreal, Canada, Nov. 12, 1859. He was educated in the public schools and Talmage's Lay Theological College. He was in the service of The New York Herald as a reporter, correspondent and editorial writer 1887-89, editor of The London edition, 1890, and of the [illegible] 1891-2. Mr. Creelman then became editor of The New York Evening Telegram, which position he held until the close of 1893, when he became British editor of The Cosmopolitan Magazine. He was war correspondent for The New York [illegible] Japanese war and [illegible] Spanish [illegible] war, the Cuban and [illegible]. He captured a Spanish flag and was shot and almost mortally wounded in 1898. After he received the surrender of the Spanish Commandant at El Caney, Cuba, he had charge of the editorial page and was also Washington correspondent for The New York Journal. His books include "On the Great Highway" and "Eagle Blood."

Sale of Crown Granted Mineral Claims in Comox Assessment District

I HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that on Monday, the 5th day of November 1906, at the hour of 11 o'clock a m at the Court House, Cumberland, I shall offer for sale by public auction, the Mineral Claims in the list hereinafter set out, of which Crown Grants have been issued, for all unpaid taxes accrued due and payable on the 30th day of June, 1906, and remaining unpaid on the 30th day of June 1906, and for the expenses of advertising this notice if the total amount due is not sooner paid

List Above Mentioned

NAME OF PERSON	DESCRIPTION OF CLAIM	UNPAID TAXES	Expenses Of Advertising	TOTAL
Chi k, P J	Morning Star, Lot 343, G1	$ 6 75	$ 2 00	$ 8.75
Burns, W E.	Sunset, Lot 358	12 00	2 00	14.00
Burns, W E	Molly Gibson, Lot 359	12 50	2 00	14 50

Dated at Cumberland this 3rd day of October 1906

JOHN BAIRD, Deputy Assessor
Comox Assessment District, Cumberland P. O.

Oct31

A FANATIC.

He stood upon the world's broad threshold; wide
The din of battle and the slaughter rose;
He saw God stand upon the weaker side,
That sank in seeming loss before its foes;
Many there were who made great haste and sold
Unto the cunning enemy their swords,
He scorned their gifts of fame and flowery words
Heard the cold serpent hiss; therefore he went
And joined him to the weaker part,
Fanatic named, and fool, yet well content
So he could be the nearer to God's heart,
And feel its solemn pulses sending blood
Through all the widespread veins of endless good.

—Lowell.

OUR CANNED MEATS.

Investigation Into Canadian Products Finds Them Generally Pure.

The detailed report of Mr. Thomas MacFarlane, chief analyst of the Department of Inland Revenue, on the canned meats investigation has been issued. The samples obtained included not only meats packed in Canada, but also about an equal number of samples by manufacturers of the United States. The latter were obtained from dealers in Canada, but as regards Canadian products they were taken not only from retailers and wholesale merchants, but also at the factories. The samples were obtained in the course of June and July, the number from the various inspection districts being as follows:

Nova Scotia	32
Prince Edward Island	16
New Brunswick	27
Quebec	33
St. Hyacinthe	32
Montreal	33
Ottawa	32
Kingston	24
Toronto	32
London	20
Manitoba	10
British Columbia	32
Total	322

How They Were Tested.

Mr. MacFarlane says on opening the tins it was noted as to whether the meats appeared to be fresh and destitute of any disagreeable odor, and they were tested as to whether any preservatives had been used in packing them. Only four samples out of the total collection were found to give evidence of decomposition, a proportion amounting only to 1.4 per cent. The preservatives sought for were salicylic, benzoic, sulphurous, and boric acids, but only the last-named was detected in a comparatively small number of samples, in quantity not exceeding the limit fixed by the English Parliamentary Commission of 5 per cent., and probably added in the shape of borax. There were 51 such samples among the 322 collected, or 15.8 per cent. This proportion is less than in the collection of 1903, where the proportion of samples containing borax amounted to 21.2 per cent.

Some Preparations Fraudulent.

Full details regarding the nature and origin of the samples examined are given in the tabulated statement. Since its completion, however, Mr. MacFarlane's attention has been called to the number for June, 1906, of the Monthly Bulletin of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts, in which there is a [illegible] canned meats, with the following statement: "*In general it may be said that the results are favorable to the manufacturers, both in the West and in the East; but certain preparations*, the manufacture of which involves comminution, or grinding, are [illegible] fraudulent in character, in that they are not what they purport to be. These preparations involve the [illegible] chicken, beef, and ham, and devilled chicken, turkey, ham, and tongue."

Some of these are said to contain corn meal for which no search was made in the samples described in the report. Mr. MacFarlane says he will refer to the subject of adulterated potted goods in a future report.

M. J. Henry's
Nurseris and Seedhouses

Large stock of HOME GROWN Fruit and Ornamental Trees now matured for the Fall Trade.

No expense, loss or delay of fumigation or inspection.

Headquarters for Pacific Coast grown Garden, Field, and Flower Seeds in season.

BEE SUPPLIES, Spray Pumps Whale Oil Soap, Greenhouse Plants Cut Flowers, Bulbs for Fall Planting.

We do business on our own grounds—no rent to pay and are prepared to meet all competition.

Let me price your list before placing your order.

Catalogue Free,

M. J. HENRY
3010 Westminster Road
Vancouver B. C.

"STAR"
Livery Stable

RIGG and WHYTE Props.

TEAMSTERS, and DRAYMEN
SINGLE and DOUBLE RIGS
For HIRE. ALL ORDERS
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Ed. SWAIN Mgr.
Third Street Cumberland.

INTERESTING INSTRUCTIVE

"CORRECT ENGLISH—HOW TO USE IT."

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE USE OF ENGLISH.
JOSEPHINE TRUCK BAKER, Editor.

Partial Contents for this Month.
Course in English for the Beginner.
Course in English for the Advanced Pupil
How to Increase One's Vocabulary.
The Art of Conversation.
Should and Would: How to Use them.
Pronunciations (Century Dictionary).
Correct English in the Home.
Correct English in the School.
What to Say and What Not to Say
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Issued Every Tuesday.
W. B. ANDERSON, - - - MGR

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

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

WEDNESDAY, Oct 24 1906

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S. S. "City of Nanaimo."

VICTORIA-COMOX ROUTE

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

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

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

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

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

North Saanich when tide and weather conditions permit.

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Sails from Nanaimo for Vancouver daily, except Sundays, at 7 a.m

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE
Monday, October 1st, 1906

NORTH BOUND—Read Down

Passenger Trains

Stations.	Daily No. 1	Sunday Wed. Sat. No. 3
Victoria,	De. 9.00	De. 15 00
Russels,	9.04	15.04
Shawnigan,	26.2	10.17
"	2.8	10.22
Cobble Hill,	10.40	16.30
Cowichan,	10.48	16 41
Koksilah,	10.53	16.47
Duncan's,	11.00	16.58
Somenos,	11.07	17 10
Westholme,	11.18	17 22
Chemainus,	11.32	17.3
Ladysmith,	11.57	17.5
South Wellington,	12.18	18.1
Nanaimo,	12.35	18.30
Wellington,	Ar 12 53	Ar 18 4

SOUTH BOUND—Read Up

	No. 2	No. 4
Victoria,	Ar. 12.16	Ar. 18 55
Russels,	12 02	18 50
Shawnigan,	51.1	16 51
"	49 5	10.48
Cobble Hill,	10.40	17.0
Cowichan,	10.15	17 0
Koksilah,	10 06	17 0
Duncan's,	10.02	16 58
Somenos,	9 47	16 4
Westholme,	9.37	16 32
Chemainus,	9.25	16 22
Ladysmith,	De. 9.00	De. 15 5
"	Ar. 8.50	Ar. 15 48
South Wellington,	8.28	15 27
Nanaimo,	8.15	15 15
Wellington,	De. 8.00	De. 15 00

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Quick Lunch Service on Trains.

The latest innovation of the Canadian Pacific for the convenience of travelers on its lines is a quick lunch car, and it is said to be proving immensely popular. The new car is a regulation seventy-two-foot diner, but instead of being equipped with tables and seats for thirty-six people it is furnished with a lunch counter which will afford accommodation for fifty or more people at one time, just as in the best equipped quick lunch counters on city business streets.

The car is a marvel of economy in space and will be used chiefly for pilgrimages and long distance excursion trains, which carry more people than could possibly find accommodation in the one or two dining cars that are carried by a big train.

The new lunch car is equipped with cold storage and a big cooking range of the familiar grill room hooded type, and behind the counter there is plenty of room for the cooks and attendants. Moreover, the car has a cellar—an unusual equipment for a railroad train. The cellar is only two or three feet deep, but it is well refrigerated, and has accommodation for a quantity of provisions, enough for a two or three days' run. The interior of the counter is fitted up with cold storage facilities for carrying milk and other perishable foods. The water and other coarse supplies are carried in tanks on the roof. An excellent cheap quick lunch is furnished in the car, and wherever the car has been used it has been freely patronized.

A Land of Distances.

Your Canadian will hop up a couple or range ponies to his light buckboard or swing himself over the back of a home-bred horse and travel a trifle of fifty or sixty miles to a dance or a frolic of any kind without thinking it over a minute. And along the line of the railroad 'tis the same. I met a very genial gentleman while traveling over the Canadian Northern at the frightful speed of eight miles an hour, who, as he informed me, had "just been up the line a bit to take dinner with Aunt Hattie." The genial person lived at Prince Albert, and I found out after a little conversation that Aunt Hattie resided some 700 odd miles up away. Think of traveling from Washington to Chicago to take tea with sister Sue or anybody else! Isn't it a wonder?—Canadian correspondent Washington Star.

The Editor's Automobile.

No longer is the cry of the poor country editor heard in the land. Instead thereof there are paragraphs such as the following, from The Renfrew Mercury: "Renfrew this week received its first automobile license from the Provincial Secretary's Department. It is No. 2077, for an electric runabout purchased by the editor of The Mercury, a couple of months ago. Its motive power is electricity from storage batteries; and as there is no noise, and it leaves no gasoline scent behind it, the most of the horses pay little attention to it, and those which did are rapidly growing accustomed to its horseless appearance."

Wood's Phosphodine,
The Great English Remedy. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins, *Cures Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Sexual Weakness, Emissions, Spermatorrhea, and Effects of Abuse or Excesses.* Price $1 per box, six for $5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. *New pamphlet mailed free.* The Wood Medicine Co. *(formerly Windsor)* Toronto, Ont.

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And Undermining Health by Useless Worry--New Vitality Obtained by Using

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Brain and nerve force is squandered in a way which would be utterly condemned in the use of money. And of what value is money compared with health.

By useless fretting and worry, by overwork, and by neglecting to take proper nourishment, rest and sleep, strength and vitality are frittered away and no reserve force is left to withstand the attack of disease.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is valued because it actually increases the amount of nerve force in the body, overcomes the symptoms arising from exhausted nerves, and gives that strength and confidence in mind and body which is necessary to success in life.

Nervous headache, brain fag, inability to concentrate the mind, loss of sleep, irritibility, nervousness and despondency are among the indications of exhausted nerve force. These are the warnings which suggest the necessity of such help as is best supplied by Dr. Chase's Nerve Cure.

Mrs. J. S. Tardiff, Mariapolis, Man., writes:—"When I began the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food my health was in a terribly bad condition. My doctor told me that I was going into consumption and for nearly three years my bowels were so loose and watery that I was kept continually weak and run down. In spite of the many remedies used I gradually grew worse and worse. I could scarcely get about the house and suffered a great deal from backache, stomach and kidney troubles.

"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food proved to be exactly what I needed and by keeping up this treatment for a time I got so strong and well that I did my own housework and sometimes worked in the fields without feeling any the worse for it. It is a pleasure as well as a duty for me to recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

If you would be happy, healthy and successful, test this great food cure, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

NATURAL INCUBATION.

The Management of Sitting Hens. Their Feed and Care.

Hatching eggs under hens is a much simpler matter than artificial incubation, writes J. D. Mason in Reliable Poultry Journal. In some experiments we made in hatching out White Leghorn eggs under mongrel hens we got the best results from hens fed on corn while sitting, corn being the greatest heat producing food.

Hens should not have eggs put under them until they have remained on the nest for a day or so. If they do not leave the nest for the roost at night it is safe to put eggs under them. Our hens, which were set in the henhouses, did not do so well as those set where they were undisturbed by the laying hens. If it is necessary to move the hen she will generally accept the new nest provided the change is made at night. Dark nests give the best results, and they should be well filled with straw or dried grass.

From twelve to fifteen eggs are put under a hen, depending on the size of the hen. In cold weather it is best to put the fewer number of eggs, while late in the spring as many as seventeen can be put under her. It is just as necessary to select the eggs and use only well shaped eggs for sitting under hens as for the artificial method of hatching. In warm weather, when the chicks are liable to dry in the shell, it is a great help to thoroughly sprinkle the eggs. There need be no fear of chilling, for the heat of the hen will quickly bring them back to the proper temperature. If two or more hens are set at the same time it is advisable to give one of the hens both lots of chickens to mother and reset the other.

Before starting our hatchers we thoroughly fumigate our houses by burning sulphur candles in them, and as an extra precaution we sprinkle both hen and nest with lice powder. Lice will lower a hen's vitality, reducing her heat and causing in this way poor hatches.

Hens are inactive while sitting and therefore require less food than otherwise. It is not necessary to feed them on the nest. Have food and water accessible, but let their appetite be the judge of when and how much to eat. As far as possible let them be undisturbed while sitting.

Kept His Nerve.

An English clergyman had a rich parishioner, Lady Blank, who dictated to and hectored him outrageously. At length he declined to put up with this kind of treatment and told her ladyship so. Thereafter she refused to put anything in the offertory, merely making a stately inclination over the plate. This moved an elder to remark in her hearing, "We could do with less of her manners and more of her cash." The clergyman, dining at a lord's table, told this story with great success one evening. The host said with a frown, "Are you aware, sir, that Lady Blank is a relative of mine?" The clergyman smiled slightly. "No," he said, "I wasn't, but in future when I tell the story I'll always be careful to mention the relationship."

A Canadian Abroad.

Dr. Walter Courtney, chief surgeon of the Northern Pacific Railway since 1900, was born at Moore, Lambton County, Ont., Sept. 18, 1855. He was educated at the local public schools, Strathroy Collegiate Institute and the University of Michigan. Dr. Courtney was married at St. Clair, Mich., in 1885 to Hildegarde von Jasmund. He is an ex-president of the Minnesota State Medical Association, a member of the American Medical Association, the International Association of Railway Surgeons and of other medical organizations. He is an honorary member of the North Dakota State Medical Society and president of the Upper Mississippi Medical Society. He is a resident of Brainerd, Minn.

SHAVE WITH HOT STEEL.

An Old Cutler's Advice to Men Who Use a Razor.

"Whenever I hone a razor," said an old English cutler, "I always give some advice with it, free, gratis, and I take great satisfaction in knowing that I have made shaving easier and more comfortable for more than 10,000 men. Almost every barber will tell you how to strop a razor, but it takes a cutler to tell you how to care for your strop and how to get the best work out of your blade.

"A swing strop, canvass on one side and horse hide on the other, is the best. Always hold it taut and draw the razor lightly, but swiftly, from heel to point. If you let the strop sag you will put a round edge on your blade. Don't forget to cover your strop or put it away in a drawer after using. If it hangs in a bathroom near a window the dust and grime get into it and soon take the edge from your razor. Whether you keep the strop covered or whether you don't, rub your open hand over the two surfaces to free it from dust.

"But what I consider my most valuable advice is how to do away with shaving paper entirely and at the same time improve the cutting quality of the razor's edge. Nine men out of ten shave themselves in a room where there is running hot water. Now, the way to get a most gratifying result is this: Lather thickly and well and let it remain on the face half a minute before you begin to shave. If you have time wash it off, for with it will come the grit and dirt that you have loosened up in the pores of the skin, and then apply a second coat. It will be as soft, smooth and clean as new velvet.

"Now turn on the hot water faucet and let it run. Hold the razor under the stream until it is heated. Then take a slanting, or diagonal, stroke, like a farmer does with a scythe, not a square pull, and you will be amazed to find how beautifully and easily the hot blade cuts the beard.

"When it is filled with lather hold it under the running hot water instead of using shaving paper. This will wash off the lather and at the same time heat the blade again. Don't be afraid of taking out the temper. That would be impossible if you put the razor in a kettle and boiled it. Try the hot blade and you'll never shave with the cold steel again."

POISONS IN TOBACCO.

Tobacco destroys the taste, smell and digestion.

Tobacco kills mental, moral and physical vigor.

Tobacco paralyzes the mucous membranes and glands.

Tobacco's most dangerous poison, nicotine, is without antidote.

Tobacco contains prussic acid, ammonia, carbonic oxide and nicotine.

Tobacco contains stronger poisons than opium, alcohol, absinth or chloral.

A single leaf of tobacco or a single cigar contains enough of this poison to kill a man if applied properly.

Nicotine is the most deadly poison known to the pharmacopoea. A single drop or a grain will kill a large animal.

Nicotine resembles prussic acid in appearance, effects and activity. Nicotine's victims die in violent convulsions.

Mr. Markley—But, see here! If you insist upon getting another gown I'll have to go without a new suit this summer.

Mrs. Markley—Well, you're such a dear, unselfish thing—

Mr. Markley—Yes, but I should think you'd be unselfish occasionally.

Mrs. Markley—But I think I am unselfish in that I don't attempt to deprive you of the pleasure of being the unselfish one.—Philadelphia Press.

TOBY AND THE PANTHER.

How a Fox Terrier Saved His Master's Life In India.

The London Daily Mail has been publishing some true stories of missionary adventure. Here is one from central India: It was dark, and the windy darkness was full of the mysterious noises of the jungle. Two men were huddled silently on a platform built in the boughs of a tree on the edge of the jungle. Below them the undergrowth was black and still, for the moon had not yet risen. Suddenly there was a movement as though a portion of its blackness had detached itself from the rest and begun to creep away. Just at that moment the moon rose and revealed to the eyes of Mr. S. D. Price and his shikari the lithe body of a panther slinking through the undergrowth. A shot rang out, and, with a yelp of pain, the panther disappeared in the bushes.

With the sunrise, the missionary-hunter and his shikari descended from their platform, and began to examine the panther's trail. The effect of the shot was shown by the patches of blood on the ground, which led them through a couple of hundred yards of thick jungle. After crawling on hands and knees under the brushwood they reached a narrow nullah. A little beyond this they came upon the wounded panther scaling a tree. Mr. Price fired, but the range was too long, and the shot proved futile. The disturbance had the result, however, of startling the animal into falling from the tree to the ground, when it once more recommenced its flight.

The missionary and his shikari followed quickly on its track. It led them finally to a deep and thickly-wooded nullah, which had taken the form of a horse-shoe. The panther entered the nullah at the centre of the bend and turned along the left arm, growling angrily as it covered the ground in heavy strides. Its pursuers kept about twenty yards from the nullah and skirted it along the right until the top of the bend was reached. Here a halt was made while Mr. Price approached the nullah, the panther growling away at the other end about two hundred yards distant.

Then all was still. The animal seemed to have vanished. Suddenly it sprang out right under Mr. Price's feet, having doubled back along the watercourse without making the slightest noise. Mr. Price fired rapidly and stepped back to avoid the animal's spring, and in so doing fell into the nullah. The next moment the panther was on him, and had fixed his teeth in his arm.

Suddenly Mr. Price's little fox-terrier, Toby, flew at the panther and fixed itself on its back, tearing hard at its neck. This diversion caused the panther to leave the man and attack the dog, and Mr. Price was able to stagger up and out of the nullah and run to where the native trackers were cowering. There he fainted, and was carried back to his bungalow bleeding from fourteen wounds.

"Only Grandpa."

A good story is told of little Prince Edward of Wales, showing the simple manner in which the Royal children are trained. A children's outfitter had called at York House with a suit for the prince to try on; and, as she was waiting, the door suddenly opened and the little prince came running in, crying: "Oh, do come in; come in at once. Nobody is here."

The visitor hesitated, and then said it might not be convenient for her to go into the nursery just then.

"Yes, you can," said the prince "There's nobody here that matters—only grandpapa!"

Apology Unnecessary.

In the days when it was common for the younger son to go into the church one of these young gentlemen had charge of an outlying chapel. A Sunday or two after his ordination he found himself there in the afternoon with only the sermon in his pocket that he had preached there in the morning, and so the unfortunate curate had to give it over again. He began after service to make profuse apologies to the clerk, when that functionary politely stopped him by saying:

"Lor' bless ee, Master Charles, don't ee take on so! We never listens to ee!"—London Tit-Bits.

The Olympiads.

In forty olympiads there were four different kinds of years—first, a common year of 354 days; second, the embolismic year of 384 days; third, the last year of each alternate olympiad consisted of 387 days, and, fourth, the last year of each fortieth olympiad of 357 days.

The Dime.

The ten cent silver piece was authorized by congress in 1792, and its coinage was begun in 1796.

Satisfying Honor in India.

They had a peculiar way of going into bankruptcy among the Marawaris in India, now unhappily giving way to the less picturesque method of the white man. When a man could not pay his bills he would summon his creditors. They were ushered into a room in which the thakur, or household god, was enshrined, but covered up with a cloth and with the face turned to the wall in order that it might not witness the scene that was to follow. The insolvent would then, in garb of mourning, lie on the floor, presenting his back to his creditors, who, on a given signal, would fall on him with shoes and slippers and belabor him till their wrath was exhausted. The beating finished, honor was declared to be satisfied all around.

ORDERING A CUP OF TEA.

Two Methods as Shown In Case of a Man and Woman.

Buying a cup of tea may be a tragedy or a comedy. Much depends on the sex of the buyer. This is the way a man buys it. He slides sheepishly into the shop, takes the seat in the draught of the door that everybody else has avoided, and says to the waitress, with a diffident smile:

"Oh, would you bring me a cup of tea?"

The waitress, who returns the smile, or does not return it, according to the rule of the establishment in regard to tipping, brings him his tea, slams it down, scribbles out a check, and sails away.

The man tastes the tea, finds that it is bitter from long brewing, slips out of his seat, pays the bill, and hurries away from the shop.

Now let us see how a woman buys a cup of tea.

She marches in with a little boy on one side of her and a little girl on the other.

"I want a table for three," she says, in the manner of one about to order a dinner at ten guineas a head.

"Yes, madam," replies the meek attendant. "Will you kindly step this way?"

"Mummy," says the little boy, when at last the party is seated and the attendant is waiting to take the two-penny order, "Mummy, why has that lady got a turned-up nose?"

"Want a scone," complains the little girl.

"A pot of tea for one," orders "mummy," "and would you mind bringing an extra cup, so that my little girl can have some milk?"

"One tea and one milk?" asks the attendant.

"No, thank you I thought I gave my order quite distinctly. I want a pot of tea for one and an extra cup. That's all."

"Yes, madam," says the meek attendant, and drags herself away with the firm intention of becoming an actress, let the stage be what it may.

"Just one moment," says "mummy," when the tea is brought. "I should like to make sure that this is not too strong. Yes, it is much too strong. Will you let me have a pitcher of hot water, please? And I don't think you have brought quite enough milk." Half an hour later she marches proudly from the shop, having paid exactly the same sum for these privileges as the wretched man who could not swallow a mouthful and who sat in a draught.—London Sketch.

An Important Leper Experiment.

Important statements were made at the meeting of the governors of the London Hospital in regard to the opsonic department for the treatment of lupus.

The House committee's report stated that the work of the department was increasing. The governors were probably aware that it had been discovered that, by making certain tests of the blood, the patients' power of resistance against the disease of consumption could be measured.

These tests were, of course, made before the patients contracted the disease. If their power of resistance was found to be low, a means had been discovered of increasing that power, which would undoubtedly eventually be the means by which that dread disease might be stamped out of this country.

Lupus was caused by the same microbe. In the case of lupus, the bacillus attacked the skin, and in the case of consumption it attacked the lungs. It was a fact that the lupus patients had resisted all treatment by the Finsen lamp, having had as many as 600 sittings without effect, and in testing the blood of all these patients, the resistance was found to be so low that the patient undoubtedly got infected as fast as he got cured by the light.

Upon administering the new discovery and raising the patient's power of resistance, in every case the patients healed quickly and after a very few sittings.

The Hon. Sydney Holland, the chairman of the committee, said 100 cases were treated per day in the opsonic department.

A Legend of the Zulus.

The Zulus account for their origin by a story of a talking elephant who fed upon children. He met a women laden with an axe and bunch of faggots, accompanied by her child.

Seeing the elephant, she guessed his intention, and pleaded: "Spare my child, O elephant!" The elephant refused. "Then," said the mother, "if this evil must happen, swallow me, too, O elephant!" So the elephant swallowed mother and child, and they found themselves with all the other children, who were eaten previously.

By and by the child grew hungry, and the mother lit a fire with her faggots. She then, with her axe, cut away the elephant's flesh, cooked it, and they all ate. As the fire burned its great heat filled the elephant with pain, and he ran, and ran, and ran, till they felt the thunder of his hoofs racing over hill and valley.

At length, exhausted, he dropped down dead. Using her axe, the mother chopped until she made an opening in the elephant's side. After this they crept out, and became a new nation in a new country.—Country Gentleman.

Those Fool Questions.

"Hello," says the man, seeing his friend sallying forth with pole and net and bait basket. "Going fishing?"

"No," replies the friend, turning on him solemnly. "No; I'm going to stand on my head and keep my hair from falling out. What made you think I was going fishing?"

You Can't Cut Out A BOG SPAVIN or THOROUGHPIN, but ABSORBINE

will clean them off, and you work the horse same time. Does not blister or remove the hair. Will tell you more if you write. $2.00 per bottle, delivered. Book 4-O free.

ABSORBINE, JR., for mankind, $1.00 bottle. Cures Varicose Veins, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Ruptured Muscles or Ligaments, Enlarged Glands, Allays Pain. Genuine mfd. only by

W.F.Young, P.D.F., 137 Monmouth St. Springfield, Mass.

Can. Ag'ts: Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal

Marriage and Health.

Marriage is an institution highly conducive to the health of both husband and wife, says American Medicine. Statistics prove that among married men over twenty years of age and women over forty the mortality rate is far less than among those who remain single. Among the widowed and divorced the mortality is exceptionally great. Suicides among the unmarried are much more numerous than among the married. The matrimonial state promotes temperance in every form. Furthermore, the probable duration of life of a married man of thirty exceeds that of his unmarried brother by five years, and the wife may expect to live one year longer than a single woman of the same age.

Leeches.

Over 20,000,000 leeches were used annually twenty-five years ago, but now not 1,000,000 a year are used.

Birds' Nests.

The idea that birds select secluded places to build their nests has been proved false. Birds have been known to build in the noisiest or most conspicuous places. A sparrow's nest was discovered in an electric light on the Thames embankment, London, where the lamp was lighted and put out each day.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

It is estimated that there are fully 21,000 Europeans at present out of employment in South Africa.

Death Comes to All.—But it need not come prematurely if proper precautions are taken. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and to have prevention at hand and allow disease to work its will is ridiculous. Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil not only allays pains when applied externally, but will prevent lung troubles resulting from colds and coughs. Try it and be convinced.

A group of Berlin's richest and greatest industrial leaders will investigate motor-airship science.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds Etc.

The Snow King.

Gustavus Adolphus was the snow king, from the fact that his dominions were termed the Snow Kingdom.

Crowns and Heraldry.

In heraldry nine different varieties of the crown are recognized as insignia of rank—the oriental, the triumphal or imperial, the diadem, the obsidional crown, the civic, the crown vallery, the mural crown, the naval and the crown celestial.

FIRE PROOF SHUTTERS.

WRITE FOR PRICES

METALLIC ROOFING CO LIMITED WINNIPEG

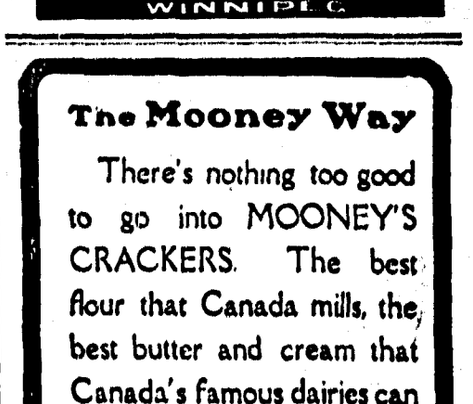
The Mooney Way

There's nothing too good to go into MOONEY'S CRACKERS. The best flour that Canada mills, the best butter and cream that Canada's famous dairies can produce, and the best equipped bakery in Canada, to convert them into the best crackers you ever ate—

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas

They are good eating any time and all the time.

Crisp, inviting, toothsome.



At all Grocers

An Angel In the Web

By Sidney H. Cole

Copyright, 1905, by P. C. Eastment

All day long the pitiless heat beat down on the pavements, and at night when Mather came home to his little room on the second floor he found it a veritable oven. Sleep in that place was out of the question. He turned out the single gas jet and went down to the street. On the stoop were noisy, chattering groups, waiting vainly for a breeze from the water. There was much banter between the occupants of neighboring stoops and much high pitched laughter. The steps of his own lodging house, like the rest, bore its quota, but he felt no inclination to join them. Instead he walked out to the avenue and turned aimlessly downtown.

He had proceeded but a short distance when the strident notes of a cornet and trombone and the pulsating boom of a bass drum fell on his ears. Above the din sounded shrill voices, quavering a hymn. He had never yet attended a street corner service of the Salvation Army, and it struck him that this would be an excellent opportunity to do so. He quickened his steps and soon came upon them, men and women alike kneeling on the dirty pavements, while a raucous voiced lieutenant offered a prayer. A flaring gasoline torch on a nearby fruit stand lighted the scene uncannily and threw into flickering relief the faces of varied types crowded about the kneeling figures.

Mather was country born and bred. Years of life on the farm had given him a big frame and a pair of shoulders that many an athlete might have envied. It was an easy matter for him to elbow his way through the crowd to the inner edge of the circle, where he stood quietly watching the little drama before him with mild curiosity and even milder amusement.

The prayer finished, the little band arose, and the men replaced their caps. The lieutenant announced a hymn, the cornet squealed, the trombone brayed, the drum boomed valiantly, and the quavering voices rose once more on the hot night air.

At the conclusion of the hymn the lieutenant announced that they would

"DON'T HURT HIM, PLEASE DON'T," SHE BEGGED.

listen to a few words from Sister Ruth. A slight, girlish figure stepped to the center of the circle from somewhere in the shadow. The light of the gasoline torch fell full upon her face—a face of wonderful purity and sweetness. There was a beauty in the level brows, the long dark lashes of the eyes and the full, red lips that the bonnet of the corps could not hide, and there was a supple grace of figure that the plain blue dress did not wholly conceal.

She began to speak in a voice full of earnest appeal. What she was saying Mather did not know, for he paid no heed to her words. He was not an impressionable young man—indeed, by his friends he was adjudged unusually hard headed and abundantly possessed of that quality generally termed "horse sense." But there was something that appealed to him strongly in that face beneath the regulation poke bonnet. He did not take his eyes from her while she was speaking, and when she had finished and stepped back into the shadow he was aware of a strange feeling, half of sadness, half of buoyancy. He elbowed his way out and walked homeward, strangely perturbed and strangely elated.

The following night and every night after that Mather attended the street corner meetings. If Sister Ruth spoke or prayed or sang he was supremely happy: if others filled her place he was aware of a feeling of disappointment. Being unskilled in the analysis of emotion, he did not recognize the trend of it all. He only knew that he wanted to be near her, to see her face, to listen to her voice.

One night as the women of the corps were passing the tambourines for the collection he beheld Sister Ruth coming in his direction through the crowd. She was smiling and nodding gratefully as the nickels and dimes fell jingling into the tambourine. Standing beside Mather were three young fellows, evidently the worse for liquor. As Sister Ruth approached them one of the three lifted his foot and kicked the tambourine smartly.

"Little h-higher, Gertie. I c'n kick higher 'n th-that," he hiccoughed familiarly.

Mather's hand fell on the fellow's coat collar with a grip of iron.

"Apologize for that! Hear me? Apologize!" he said in a voice shaking with anger.

"Eh? What?" said the other. He looked up at Mather. Mather towered inches above him. There was, moreover, something very sinister in his eyes.

"I 'pologized," began the captive hastily.

Mather felt a light touch on his arm. He turned to find Sister Ruth standing beside him.

"Don't hurt him, please don't," she begged.

Mather smiled grimly.

"It's just as you say," said he. "I'll kill him if you say so."

"Let him go, please," she said, and Mather pushed the man away.

"Thank you," she said. Her eyes met his squarely; she blushed and hesitated a moment. "Thank you," she said again and was gone. That night Mather walked home on air.

* * * * * * *

Mather climbed the dingy stairs to the little hall at the corps barracks. It was Sunday evening. Outside the rain was falling dismally and the gutters ran rivers of mud. He sat down quite alone on one of the rear settees. A handful of people nearer the platform were the only others in the bare, cheerless place.

There were hymns and prayers and testimony quite as usual, and during it all Mather sat back in the shadows feasting his eyes on the outlines of a pretty face beneath a poke bonnet at one side of the platform.

Presently during the singing of a hymn Mather saw her coming down the aisle toward him, and his heart stood still. She stopped beside him, and her face flushed.

"Were you looking for—for salvation?" she faltered.

"No," said he quietly, "I was looking for—you."

She looked a trifle frightened. He saw the color suddenly leave her cheeks.

"Please sit down for a minute," he begged. She hesitated, then reluctantly complied. The hymn still went on stridently. Mather looked thoughtfully at the unshaded gas jets above the platform for a time.

"I need you more than the army does," he said at length. "I want you to leave it."

"Oh!" she gasped, drawing away from him.

"I realize you know nothing about me," he went on hurriedly. "I'm foreman in a machine shop. I make good wages. So far I've lived a life I'm not ashamed of. But I want you to satisfy yourself as to the truth of all this, of course."

She looked at him curiously.

"What do you know of me?" she asked.

"That I love you," said he stoutly.

"Is that enough?"

"Yes, that's enough," he declared.

She turned away from him for a moment. When he saw her face again her eyes were filled with tears.

"This work is very dear to me," she said.

He was silent.

"But of all men you are the one I should trust."

"And love?" he asked breathlessly.

There was a long pause.

"And love," she said very softly.

They were starting the last verse of the hymn, but Mather heard nothing of it. The bare, bleak room had suddenly become a glorious paradise. The yellow gas jets were glittering stars in a blue velvet sky. Sister Ruth's hand was in his.

Dodging a Landlord.

An amusing account was given in the Shoreditch County Court of how a man had for six months past cleverly evaded his landlord, until, as counsel put it, the landlord had become positively distracted.

Counsel (to the landlord)—How did he keep out of the way The Landlord—Used to come to the front windows, blow me a kiss, and walk out at the back. (Laughter.)

And did he remain a prisoner in his house during that time? Not a bit of it; he had gone to Ramsgate for a holiday, I heard. (Loud laughter.)

Then I believe you tried the ruse of a registered letter to get at him? Yes, but he's up to every trick. We intended to get in when he opened the door, but he would not do it, as he signed the receipt after it had been handed through the letter box (Laughter.)

His Honor—I make an order for possession in two weeks.

BOY'S GREAT JOURNEY.

Travels 10,000 Miles Without a Ticket to See Canada.

Stanley Condor, a 12-year-old boy, of Seacombe, was taken before the stipendiary magistrate at Liverpool on the 21st May of this year, charged with traveling across the Atlantic without a ticket. His entire journey as a stowaway and train-jumper covered quite 10,000 miles.

This is the climax of a remarkable series of free journeys accomplished by the lad during the last twelve months. His first ride of this kind was under the guard's van of an express train running to Derby. On eleven other occasions he has run away from home and traveled free to Preston, Manchester and Bradford. He is said to be a bright scholar, and is a quiet, unimpressive looking lad.

Two months ago his parents were quietly conferring with the authorities about him. He was not vicious, but something had to be done to correct his roaming habit. It was decided to apprentice him to a Canadian farmer. Stanley, unaware of this plan, decided to see Canada for himself.

He stowed himself on a Dominion liner, where he was found when the vessel was two days at sea, but, on arrival at Halifax, he gave the authorities the slip, and by a series of train-jumping exploits went as far west as Winnipeg, some 1,800 miles inland.

There he turned about and started homeward, aiming first for New York. Before leaving Winnipeg he earned two dollars, with which he bought food. He caught many rides on trains, but had to walk 150 miles of the distance.

When he arrived at New York the boy was worn out, and his clothes were torn and ragged. A policeman who found him roaming at night, took him to the station, where he was provided with spare clothes and food.

The next day, when he was supposed to be sleeping, the young adventurer escaped from the room in which he had been detained, and made his way to the quay. During the night he stole on board a White Star liner, and concealed himself until the vessel was out at sea, when he walked into the forecastle to the amazement of the crew.

He was taken from the vessel to the Liverpool police station. The magistrate remanded him to the workhouse for seven days, and in the meantime the momentous question, what is to be done with him, will be considered. In the prisoners' box he looked worn, and said if they would let him off he would try not to go traveling any more.

His parents were in tears, and the greeting between them and their wayward child was pathetic.

Strong Fertile Eggs.

These depend a great deal on the amount of animal food the stock birds obtain. Just now there is nothing better than fresh cut bone in this line. Eight pounds of it will feed thirty-six fowls for a week and is all the animal food they need, so that a quarter of a dollar spent in this way will repay itself time and again in the extra eggs produced. Not only this, but such eggs will be the best possible for hatching purposes.

The Care of Poultry.

Coddling is as pernicious in the poultry yard as in the family. A coddled bird is as prone to disease as a neglected one, perhaps even more so, because the latter may develop a certain degree of self reliance which the former does not. Common sense and coddling are sworn enemies.

Silver Bathtubs.

At the czar's palace of Tsarskoe-Selo the nurseries provided for the care of children consist of eleven rooms. One feature is described by Miss Egar, the children's governess, as follows: "In the bathroom is a stationary bath of solid silver, used for the bigger children. There is a small silver bath for the use of whatever baby reigns. Each child's name is engraved upon it, so it forms a historical record. It was apparently bought for Nicholas I. and bears his name and those of his family. We also find the names of Alexander II. and of Marie, afterward Duchess of Edinburgh. The last name added was that of Alexis, the little baby who was born in August, 1904."

The Drama In Iceland.

In its march to the pole the drama has reached Iceland. It is a recent graft upon the intellectual life of the island, according to the London Globe. The first theater was founded so recently as 1897, and there is only one in the island—at Reikjavik—but it has taken firm root. The dramatic season opens in October and closes at the end of April, when the good folk go fishing, and the theater is open about three evenings a week. Bjornson and Ibsen are mostly drawn upon, but during the last season one or two native poets have recited their own compositions, which promise well. The municipality and the diet each subsidize the theater to the extent of 500 crowns.

Sarasate, Who Never Practices.

Sarasate, the great violinist, is in one respect very fortunate among musicians. He knows nothing whatever of the drudgery and weariness of practicing. Most well known singers and great executants go on practicing with more or less regularity all their lives. Not so Pablo Sarasate. He takes up his violin for his own amusement, but his fluency and facility are such that he can dispense with the irksome daily task of playing to keep his hand in.

HOT AND COLD WATER.

How to Use These Remedies to the Best Advantage.

Hot or cold water is excellent as an application for inflammation, congestions or abrasions, but how many people know which to apply in particular cases while awaiting the arrival of medical relief? Not many, and the mistakes made in some instances are ludicrous.

Take the barber, for example, who has cut his patron's face. He generally washes the face with a towel soaked in warm water, often pressing it right into the injury, and then wonders why the blood flows from the cut so freely. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred if he had used cold water, and the colder the better, the blood would have ceased to flow from the injury altogether, as the cold would have a tendency to contract the openings in the torn blood vessels. In all cases of such cuts or abrasions very cold water will at least reduce the amount of bleeding if it doesn't stop it altogether, and yet, singularly enough, boiling water will have the same effect.

Water below the boiling point increases the flow, but above that degree decreases it. In surface inflammations or congestions cold water ought to be used, while if the condition is situated below the surface hot water is necessary as an application because it draws the blood toward the surface and thus stimulates the circulation through the part where it is most needed.

In cases of abscesses or pimples with pus forming in them, but which have not yet come to a head, the secretion of pus can be rapidly increased and the duration of the annoyance thereby decreased by applying hot water to them at frequent intervals.

Where the eye is inflamed or smarts, after a period of eye strain, such as night work often induces, hot applications are the things for relief, but the water used should be gradually allowed to cool off toward the end. Tired eyes will invariably be rejuvenated by adopting this method of treatment, and many headaches resulting from such a condition may thereby be prevented or cured.

Mistress and Maid.

They had come to the parting of the ways, and at last Mrs. Tartly felt she could with safety indulge in a few trenchant and apposite remarks.

"And now you are going, Jane," she said, "allow me to say that I trust you will leave me in orthodox style—I mean in a proper conveyance. You remember when your mother helped you in with your box, which was brought on a wheelbarrow. I wouldn't mention it, but I am afraid some of our friends might see you."

"Yes," said Jane serenely, "that will be all right. My new master and mistress are coming for me in a motor car. I just caught sight of them waiting a little down the street."

"But," asked Mrs. Tartly, "why didn't they drive to the front gate?"

"Well, mum," said Jane, blandly, "I expect they didn't want people to think they were visiting here."—London Tit-Bits.

KEEP THE LIVER CLEAN.

Don't Overwork It and Give It a Rest Once In Awhile.

A man of common sense and a doctor at that said: "The liver is misunderstood and underestimated in its functions. If it can be kept clean and active there is no reason why we should ever be ill a day, and we should live to be 150 or 200 years old. It is not necessary to rip this organ all to pieces with ten grains of calomel to get it stirred up. The best thing to do is to shut off your food supply for two or three days, drop your whisky and claret, your tea and coffee, and give your liver a chance to rest. This should be done once a month."

It is well known, of course, that in olden times the liver was supposed to be the seat of the affections. Friends when they met in the morning did not salute each other with "How's your health?" but with "How's your liver?" Men take horseback exercise principally for their livers. A good shaking up every morning drives away the cirrhoticbilliary encroachment. It is an error to assume that whisky alone produces cirrhosis. Overfeeding is more often the cause. If the digestive organs would organize a union and work only eight hours a day all of us would be healthy and long lived. The trouble is we require the liver, stomach, bowels, heart, brain, muscles, nerves, kidneys, spleen, etc., to work all the time and overtime. Wrong. Give them a rest.

Meeting of Extremes.

The Irishman evidently had been drinking a little. He climbed into one of the two bootblack chairs in front of the corner building, and, after settling himself comfortably, glanced at his next chair neighbor. Then he laughed. His neighbor, who was a fat, pompous negro, about fifty years old, dressed in clerical garb, frowned.

"Well, Smoky," said the Irishman, ignoring the negro's look of disapproval, "this surely is a queer countree. Here I am, and there you are. It's not so long since I was a bog trotter, and I suppose you were a slave. And here we have two dago descendants of Julius Caesar shining our brogans."

THE RESTLESS MORO.

He Is Never Happy Unless on a Marauding Expedition.

The Moro is brave to fearlessness, a born pirate and essentially a first class fighting man. He is never happy unless on a marauding expedition and stealing from his neighbors, friends and foes alike. The chief who is the most successful thief is the most respected and the most powerful among chiefs.

The Moro trades with his neighbors on market days in the various coins of the realm and foreign moneys. At other times he is a free ocean rover, extending his trading voyages as far north as the islands of Negros and Panay, south to the Celebes and Borneo and westerly to the Palawan. He is the most successful of smugglers, and a little act of piracy when chance offers goes without mention. The Moro is the most perfect of aquatic beings, the most skillful small boat sailor or large "prau" navigator extant. He can no more drown than can a fish. There is no record of a drowned Moro. He can dive to the bottom of the sea at depths of from twenty-five to a hundred feet for the valuable mother-of-pearl shell, and his life is largely lived at sea from infancy. Along the coast many of the Moro villages are built over the water.—Colonel Owen J. Sweet, U. S. A., in Harper's Weekly.

WAYS OF FAR EAST.

Indian Princess and Western Nurse—Hamilton and Geisha.

A British trained nurse in the Far East writes as follows about a "case" on which she has been engaged recently: "I am on a case now, and am writing from the palace of ——. I am nursing Her Highness the Maharani of ——. She is suffering from fever and bronchitis, and two doctors are also in attendance. She is a most trying case to manage. I have such trouble! She suspects we wish to poison her so that the Government may seize her estates; and we have to taste every dose of medicine before she will take it. The palace is gorgeously furnished, and she lies on a golden bedstead. My own room is a marble hall, with Persian rugs and golden (not gilt) mirrors; but, alas, no bathroom. I have to go out in the garden and wash at the pump!"

Lieut.-Gen. Sir Ian Hamilton, in his book on the Russo-Japanese war, relates an amusing incident in connection with his stay at Tokio, where he was enchanted by the smiles of the geisha girls. He met one who was called Hon. Miss Sparrow, and asked an interpreter to say to her that he would like to carry her off in a beautiful golden cage. The compliment did not please the young person. She sulked and soon went away. Sir Ian took some pains to find out why, and he eventually discovered that his speech had been translated thus: "As you are a sparrow, I wish you would shut yourself up in a box!"

"Cabby's" Retorts.

A number of repartees of "cabbies" to victims who have offered a single shilling for a ride just within the two-mile limit are quoted by The Road. "Are you quite sure you can spare this?" one cabman asked. "D'ye think you'll be able to rub along on the other nineteen till next Friday? It's goin' the pace, y' know." Another cabby, who was an excellent actor, on receiving his shilling burst into tears, and between his loud sobs jerked out: "I'm sorry you force it on me, guv'nor, I am really. The hincome-tax people'll be down on me now."—"Thank yer, guv'nor," said a third driver, with emotion; "thank yer kindly. Yer offer is well meant, but I couldn't go for to do it." Saying which he made a pretence of handing the shilling back to the astonishing fare. "But I can't sell him, guv'nor, an' that's a fact. Yer 'andsome hoffer'd make me rich for life; but I tell yer, I can't sell 'im.

Coughing Hogs.

When hogs begin to cough put them where it is warm, clean and dry and feed sloppy food made with wheat middlings and water and for each hog put in a gill of water from a bucket containing a half pint of pine tar. The water will absorb only so much tar, therefore the tar will last some time.—National Stockman.

A Chesterfield Retort.

When Lord Chesterfield was in his last illness and his death was only a matter of a few weeks, his physician advised him to go for an easy drive in his carriage, and he went out. As the equipage was proceeding slowly along it was met by a lady, who remarked pleasantly to the great invalid, "Ah, my lord, I am glad to see you able to drive out!" "I am not driving out, madam," answered Chesterfield, "I am simply rehearsing my funeral."

Quarrying a Glacier.

The great glacier on Mont Blanc is being used for other purposes than furnishing an occupation to guides and an attraction for tourists. An ice trust has gone into the business on an extensive scale of quarrying the clear, hard ice at an altitude of 4,000 feet. The ice is blown out in great blocks by means of dynamite, after which it is sawed into regular sizes and sent down the mountain sides on a narrow gauge railway. Down in the valley it is loaded into freight cars and distributed through southern France. A warm winter has no terrors for the Mont Blanc iceman; he invests no money in icehouses, and the supply is inexhaustible.

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COLLEGIATE SCHOOL FOR BOYS

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Property consists of five acres with spacious school buildings, extensive recreation grounds gymnasium. Cadet corps organized.

APPLY TO HEAD MASTER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor News
Sir

A great deal has been said about the wickedness of certain American cities. It has also even been said that San Francisco's destruction, like Sodom and Gomorrah, was a mark of the Lord's displeasure. But we are prone to forget that here in this small town, Cumberland, within sound of the church bell and of the voices of the preachers who exhort us to lead better lives, ringing in our ears, there are faults to be corrected and vicious practices to be stopped It is, and has been, a well known fact that gambling has been carried on for a long time in certain resorts, and shall I say, under the very eyes of the police. It is also a well known fact that boys of tender years are allowed to participate with dice and cards This is indeed a startling state of affairs. The morals of our youth being destroyed in one of the most frequented streets where doors are wide open as though criticism or interference was invited. Why do not the police bestir themselves the situation is an exceedingly grave one. Parents should make it their business to ascertain where their children pass the spare hours of afternoon and evening, and no time should be lost by the authorities in putting an end to gambling houses. The money lost by these minors cannot be recovered. But a vigorous effort will prevent other children travelling the same road and may, perhaps, turn back some who have already crossed the threshold of crime. The vice is productive of every possible evil. It has been the ruin of many worthy families, the loss of many a man's honour and the cause of suicide. The losing gamester, in hopes of retrieving past misfortunes, goes on from bad to worse, till, grown desperate, he pushes at everything and loses all.

PARENT.

The Schoolmaster Editor endeavours to be facetious in his usual orang outang heavy style, regarding the City Clerks painful wading through 40 clauses of a liquor licences amendment for the "small city of Cumberland". Is there any good reason why the "small city" should not have proper Licence by laws?

UNION LODGE No. 11, I O O F

Cumberland B.C., Sept 21, 1906

Mrs T. W. Turnbull
Grantham, B. C.

Dear Madam:—We the officers and members of Union Lodge, No 11, desire to tender you our heartfelt sympathy in the severe trial that you have been called upon to pass through in the lamented death of your beloved husband.

We realize how helpless we are to lighten your burden of grief by anything we can say or do. But we are prompted by the hope that this expression of Fraternal sympathy may in some degree cheer and comfort you. Think not of your beloved one as dead but as having passed the portals of death to enter on a better life beyond, and when that union shall have been fully established within the blissful precincts of the Grand Lodge above. You will fully realize that he, whom we all mourn, is not dead but gone before May He who guides all human affairs comfort you and yours in this dark hour, is our earnest prayer

Signed on behalf of the Lodge
Thomas Whyte, Sec
John McLeod, Noble Grand

CARD OF THANKS

Mrs Turnbull and family desire to thank all friends who so willingly assisted in their recent bereavement.

CARELESS HUNTERS

Mrs Wm Lewis of Courtenay desires us to remind hunters that game, and not sheep are quarry for the gunner. Last Friday, some would-be sportsman, whose careless habits brand them as criminals, fired into a flock of sheep close to the barns on the Lewis farm. It was afterwards found that several were injured, one lamb having the bones of one leg fairly riddled with shot. Mr Lewis has never yet forbade people shooting on his lands, but if this is the sort of treatment he gets at the hands of those who do, he will be speedily forced to follow suit with the majority and put a stop to such vandalism.

For a good 75c umbrella Go to the Big Store.

NEWS NOTES OF THE CITY

* * *

The window of the Supply Co's store is dressed in harvest attire for Thanksgiving. Sheaves of grain fruit and vegetables make a pretty display, while a monster loaf of bread, baked by Campbell Bros, looks the ideal of plenty.

A few second hand heaters for sale At the Big Store.

Messrs Napier and Stinson returned from Vancouver on Thursday, the case of Partridge vs creditors being postponed until Monday last. They drove down Saturday to be on hand in Vancouver at the time appointed.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ruby E Short of Vancouver and Mr B Tullidge of this city. The marriage ceremony will take place on Tuesday Nov 6th at the First Congregational Church, Vancouver. The marriage of another popular young lady once a resident here also—Miss Mabel Grieve—will take place at her parents' residence Vancouver on Wednesday Oct 31st to Mr Henry J Hartmier of Vancouver.

New stock of carpets, floor cloths and linoleums just in At the Big Store.

Not long ago a little boy—a pupil in Editor Bates' class—was the victim of a runaway accident in which he sustained a fractured skull During his illnes the Editor-teacher failed to make any inquiry as to the cause of the boys absence, nor did he report the accident in his so called paper Bates is evidently only interested in the fat salary he makes out of the McBride Government, although he calls himself a "good Liberal". A teacher who is not sufficiently interested in his pupils as to care whether they absent themselves without good cause should "take a trip to Ireland with some of the famous Ladner potatoes"

Mrs L. C. McDonald and her little daughter Jessie returned last week from a visit to the Eastern provinces.

Miss Ethel Munroe successfully underwent an operation for appendicitis in the U. & C. hospital last Wednesday.

A very enjoyable Thanksgiving Social was held in St George's Presbyterian Church on Thursday evening. An impromptu programme was rendered after which refreshments were served by the ladies Revs McGillavray and McIntyre spoke mainly on starting a place of recreation for the young men during the winter months. This, no doubt, would receive the help of many in the town if that usual obstacle were removed—someone to start the ball roiling and then a good manager.

Miss Flora McKnight was a passenger to Victoria on Friday where she will reside with her parents, Miss Bessie McKnight will join them before Christmas Mr A. McKnight has been appointed Master Mechanic at Crofton. He will probably keep on his Victoria establishment, travelling back and forth.

McClary's Kootenay Steel Range grates are made extra heavy and strong

Kootenay Range

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

C. H. TARBELL Sole Agent

Mr McLeods premises were entered through a window, and a box containing about $80 removed. After the concert on Monday night Mr. McLeod went to the store with some friends, gathered the cash for the days sales, placing the bills in his pocket but leaving the silver beside the cash box behind the counter. He then escorted his friends home, and then returned, not being away over half an hour. Upon arrival at the premises. he found that the box containing the money and valvable papers was gone, a ladder outside, and an opened window showing the means of ingress employed. A second box with a larger sum of money, was fortunately overlooked by the thieves.

Hon R E Green and Mrs Green, and Mr Wm Manson and Mrs Manson arrived by last nights train. Messrs Green & Manson will visit the Valley

Lamb
Lamb
Lamb

Having Secured
200 Lambs
we will be in a position to fill your orders during the coming winter.

J. McPHEE & SONS

A Fair Trial

IS ALL WE ASK

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

THE CITY Meat Market,

W. W. McKAY, Proprietor.

P. PHILLIPS HARRISON

Barrister and Solicitor
and
Notary Public
Conveyancing

Offices over Post office.

ADVERTISE IN THE NEWS
IT GOES A LONG WAY

FOR SALE

A holding of 1 acre, planted 150 trees, good strawberry patch and small fruits. House and outhouses most desirable location, with good shipping facilities. A bargain

Apply this office

PLAN FOR A SAVINGS FUND FOR EVERYONE.

$1.00 Starts a Savings Account at
The ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Capital (paid up), $3,000,000 Rest, $3,437,162

Cheerful and careful attention will be given to all Depositors, whether their accounts are large or small.

We pay 3 per cent INTEREST on Deposits, compounded twice a year.

You can bank with us by mail.

A. B. NETHERBY Mgr. Cumberland B. C.

Open Pay Nights ... 7 p.m. to 9 p.m.

After a long residence at Union Wharf where Mr F. Beveridge has been a valued employee of the W. C. Co., that gentleman has severed his connection with them to take a position as manager of McDonald, Marpole Co's. coal bunkers at Vancouver. Mr and Mrs Beveridge and their charming young daughter have made hosts of friends everywhere and their departure is greatly regretted.

Mrs Kilpatrick and children returned on Thursday from an extended visit to relations at Vancouver and Victoria

A call at C H Tarbell's Hardware Store will convince you that he keeps the largest and best stock of Stoves and Ranges in the district.

Grace Methodist Church

Services on Sunday at 11 a m and 7 p-m. Sunday School at 2.30.

The Sunday School will hold its anniversary services throughout the day. Addresses appropriate to the occasion will be given and the children of the school will render [illegible]. In the evening part of a sacred Cantata will be given.

Everybody welcome at these services, strangers especially.

O.Y.B. Masquerade
Oct 31st, Halloween