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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

Legislative Assembly
OCT 1 1905
VICTORIA, B. C.

TWELFTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 27, 1905

—Now Showing—

AT THE

BIG STORE

In All Departments

Fall AND Winter Goods

In Endless Variety.

SIMON LEISER & Co.
LIMITED.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

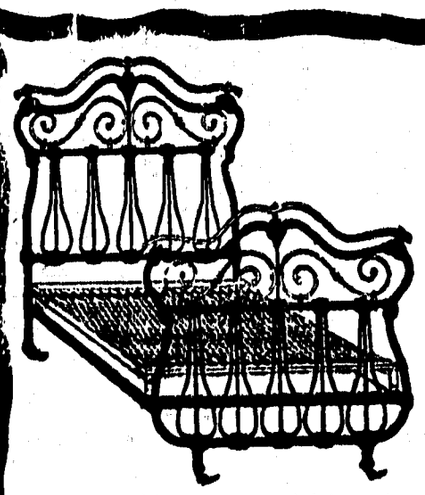
Just received large shipment of

IRON AGE

CULTIVATORS, SEED DRILLS, WHEEL HOES, Etc.
VERY LATEST IMPROVEMENTS

Call and see them or write for catalogues and prices.

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



ECONOMY MEANS

considerable to the careful housekeeper.

Here is a chance to save a little on that Iron Bedstead you promised yourself so long ago.

Enamelled IRON BEDS.

Brass Trimmed, head 60½ inches high, beautifully finished in Cream and Gold, Pink and Gold, Blue and Gold, 3ft. 6ins. and 4ft. 6ins. wide—$13 ea.

Brass Trimmed Iron Bedsteads, head 62½ inches high, finished Dull Black and Gold, 4ft. 6ins.....$20 each,

Send for illustrated sheets of Iron and Brass Beds.

Our general catalog. 230 pages, Free on request.

WEILER BROS.
HOME HOTEL AND CLUB FURNISHERS - VICTORIA, B.C.

We are agents for the celebrated "Souvenir" heaters and cook stoves. We have always a large stock of these goods on hand, which we shall be pleased to show you. Simon Leiser and Co. Ltd., Cumberland.

T. E. Bate has just received 1 ton of Wall Paper.

Special values in Blankets at the Big Store.

Potatoes $1.00 per sack at Napier & Partridge.

SEE "TAX SALE NOTICE" ON PAGE 4.

HOSPITAL CONCERT

The Concert given by the Comox troupe under Mrs Horace Smith's leadership was a huge success in point of attendance, which will mean a substantial sum towards the Hospital treasury. The programme was both amusing and entertaining. Mr Monte's trombone solo being a gem, while the highland fling danced by Miss Kathleed Kehoe was loudly applauded. The song and chorus "Society" was a drawing card, the young ladies being compelled to respond to an encore. There were several new members an the programme, among others Mr Ginsburg favored the audience with an old German folk song. The second part of the programme consisted of a farce entitled "Ici on Parle Francais" in which every performer acquitted themselves very creditably. The Hospital board and ladies auxiliary deserve the thanks of everyone for their efforts in assisting to make the concert the financial success that it was. Thanks are also due to Mrs Smith and the young ladies and gentlemen of Comox for the active part they took in assisting a worthy institution.

WRESTLING

A Match has been arranged to take place on 23rd Oct. between "Cuddy" Johnston and Geo. Gray, the articles of agreement being as follows.

Cumberland, B. C.
Sept. 21st 1905

This is to certify that John R Johnston, and Geo, Gray mutually agree to wrestle for one hundred dollars ($100) a side, winner to take all, under the following conditions viz—

1 Pin falls to govern the match.

2 To wrestle best two out of three falls.

3 In the event of either man refusing to wrestle, the other man to take the $25 on forfeit money

4 Match to take place on Monday the 23rd day of October.

Witness R. Strang
J. Humphrey
J. McLeod
Jno. R. McLeod Stake holder

ROBBERY IN CAMP

Saturday night, some one entered the dwelling of John Pirozzana, or Duca as he is better known by, and stole the sum of $127.80. Information was given as soon as possible and Con. Thompson visited the place, but up to the present, no possible clue to the identity of the thief presents itself. It was evidently the work of a person well acquainted with the premises.

H. M. S. Shearwater arrived in Comox harbour Friday evening. She left again for Vancouver yesterday, to be present at the New Westminster fair.

SHOOTING ACCIDENT

Last Wednesday, young Wilfred Smith, son of Mr R. J. Smith of Comox Road, while out looking for grouse near the house, met with an accident by the gun discharging as he was climbing a log, the charge tearing away the tops of the thumb and two fingers of his right hand. The lad had evidently not known of, or forgotten the hunters' maxim of keeping the body away from the gun muzzle. The injury was treated by the town surgeons and the patient is now doing well.

PASSENGERS LAST NIGHT

Messrs R, Hayward, C. G. Cavalsky, G. R. Robson, F. H. Franck, Jas Harvey with Mrs and Master Harvey, J. B. McLean, Mrs McLean and family and Miss Shaw.

Local and Personal

Miss B. Jackson, a niece of the late Sandy Clarkson, is visiting Miss Ethel Walker.

A call at C. H Tarbell's Stove and Hardware Store for prices will convince you tha. is the place to get your Heaters and Ranges and have them put up in the right and proper way.

Rev Lashley Hall and R. Ross-Napier were passengers to Cumberland on Thursday last.

Have you seen the new millinery at the Big Store?

Mr and Mrs Chas Ellis left on last Wednesday morning for Portland to attend the Exposition They will visit the New Westminster Exhibition with Mr and Mrs L. Mounce on the return home.

Call and see Our Mens and Boys Fall Suits, equal to tailor made at half the price. Napier & Partridge.

Bobby Thompson went to Nanaimo on Friday morning to consult Dr Hogle about his injured leg.

Mr and Mrs O H. Fechner drove to Nanaimo on Sunday morning, They will proceed to New Westminster to visit the Exhibition.

Owing to ill health Mr Ross Napier will retire from the firm of Napier & Partridge Mr Napier has just returned from Victoria where he consulted the best physicians who recommend a complete rest from all business cares. The firm will sacrifice their immense valuable stock from now until date of dissolution. Enormous discounts for cash will be given on everything except Flour, Feed and Sugar.

House Lining and Wall Paper at Cheap John's.

- 1905 -

WALL PAPER

JUST ARRIVED AT THE

The MAGNET CASH STORE.

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

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

T. E. BATE,
DUNSMUIR AVE, Cumberland

- 1905 -

WALL PAPER

AUCTION SALE

of about 30,000 feet Rough Lumber, red fir
On Tuesday October 3rd 1905
At Dr Beadnall's Ranch Comox
By direction of Mr H. Smith
Sale to commence at 2 p.m. sharp

H. A. Dillon
AUCTIONEER Cumberland B. C.

Judge Harrison paid the city and district an official visit last Tuesday returning to Victoria on Friday.

THE BEST STORE

JUST OPENED

New Goods! New Goods!

A large consignment of

LINOLEUMS

6ft. and 12ft. wide @ 50c per square yard.

Direct from the manufacturers, a full line of

WATERPROOF COATS

in all the Newest Styles and Shades. Prices, as usual, the Lowest.

New Flannellettes and Wrapperette Cloths.

Direct from Great Britain

Navy Serges,
Tweeds
and Dress Goods.

NAPIER & PARTRIDGE.

IT TAKES LESS

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea to make a satisfactory infusion than any other tea on the continent.

Black, Mixed or Green.

Sold Only in Lead Packets. 40c, 50c, 60c,. By all Grocers.

HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904.

WIGS BANISHED IN B.C.

VENERABLE USAGE OF BENCH PASSES FROM CANADA.

Pacific Province Judges Tamely Submit to a Demand That They Surrender the Insignia of Their Rank and Office—Other English Customs Honored in British Columbia Which Are Not Observed in Other Provinces.

British Columbia is the only Province which has preserved the old English custom which obliges judges to wear wigs. With the first week of April was reported the first wigless sitting of the British Columbia Appeal Court. This was the result of an enactment abolishing the wig, passed at the last session of the Legislature. The reason for this odd piece of legislation we do not know, although one need not seek far for arguments against the practice, says the Mail and Empire. At the same time we are surprised that the judges of a Province which so keenly regards English precedent in all matters should tamely submit to a demand that they surrender the insignia of their rank and office. This, apparently, they have done; and thus passes away from Canada a venerable usage of the bench.

English Customs In the West.

British Columbia is not, however, without other customs drawn from the Old Country, but not honored in other Provinces. In British Columbia, as in England, the rule of the road is "Keep to the left and you're sure to be right." If we had this custom here, all traffic going down Yonge street would be on the east side of the street, and all traffic west-bound on King street would be on the south side of that thoroughfare. The advantage of this practice lies in the fact that as the driver sits on the right side of the vehicle, he will be better able to meet and pass other conveyances. In railways this rule is almost universal. Another English custom in British Columbia affects the publication of morning newspapers. Acting on the theory that the real work for any given issue is done on the previous day, in the Pacific Province there is no Monday morning paper. There is, however, one on Sunday, for which the work is done on Saturday. These traditions are jealously preserved, although their learned friend, the wig, has vanished from among them.

Traditions of the Bench.

We do not fear that the British Columbia judiciary will suffer in influence and dignity by the loss of its horsehair, although it must be admitted that not long ago a judge in that Province made himself ridiculous in the way he handled a contempt case. This was merely an unpleasant exception to the established precedent of fearless fairness which has distinguished British Columbia judges. When court was first held there under judges who received their appointment under English warrant, there were few British subjects west of the Rockies. By far the predominating element was the American bad man, although there were many Americans of a law-abiding type. These, combining with the Canadians, under the direction of one or two notable judges, made war upon the roughs, and soon had the country cleared of them. So it came to pass that at a time when a traveler in the Western States owed his existence to his ability to shoot straight and speedily, he might go anywhere in British Columbia and never see a weapon. This reform was brought about without recourse to lynch law, and of it the British Columbia judiciary may well be proud. The tradition is more valuable and honorable than even that of the wig.

The Wigless English Judges.

The iconoclastic legislators who have laid sacrilegious hands on the judge's headgear need not flatter themselves that they are pioneers. A long time ago in England there were legal Nihilists who aimed at a similar reform, as the following clipping from The London Times, of July 24, 1868, proves:—

"During the last two days the learned judges and the bar have been sitting without wigs. In opening a case Sir Robert Collier called attention to the innovation, and apologized for not appearing in full forensic costume. His Lordship said he had set the example of leaving off the wig in consequence of the unprecedented heat of the weather, as he thought there were limits to human endurance. Sir Robert Collier expressed the wish that his precedent might be generally followed, and hoped that the obsolete institution of the wig was coming to an end—a hope in which many of the profession concur."

But though Sir Robert and Sir J. P. Wilde made themselves thus conspicuous, they died without seeing any further signs of the death of the practice.

The Wig and the Coif.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the wig dies hard, because it is so old. Strictly speaking it came in after the Restoration, and has ever since been worn on the English bench, but the wearing of a judicial cap is of earlier origin, and dates back as far as English courts of justice. It is not the wig itself which is the judge's proper insignia, but the coif, which is probably a survival of the time when priests were lawyers. The coif is a small piece of lace which was worn by judges before the advent of the wig. Members of the judiciary desiring to be fashionable, and yet not daring to conceal the sacred coif, were driven to the expedient of having a hole cut through the top of the wig, so that the coif might show. In the Lord Chief Justice's wig to-day may be seen a round space covered by black silk. This is the mark of the coif which has since disappeared. It is worth noting that the only time a coif could be concealed was when the judge, pronouncing sentence, donned the black cap, and that the original intention of this solemn ceremony was to hide the coif, not the face of the judge. In connection with this custom, it is interesting to observe that when an English judge attends State functions in his official capacity he is required to carry with him the black cap.

The Gowns and the Lapel.

In the black silk gowns of King's counsel we have a memorial of the death of a daughter of James II. The courts went into mourning, and the juniors, not having a distinctive garb at that time, were quick to fasten on the black gown, to which they have clung ever since, though the acute stage of their loyal grief must have passed ere this. In the triangular lapel which hangs from the back of the junior's gown we have a vestige of the golden age when lawyers gave their services freely. The piece of cloth was originally a pocket in which clients were wont to surreptitiously insert their fees, much against the lawyer's will, we may be sure. Every frill and furbelow, every form and ceremony in a court has its explanation, and however useless any of them may seem today, let us not forget that there was a time when it served a useful and perhaps an important purpose.

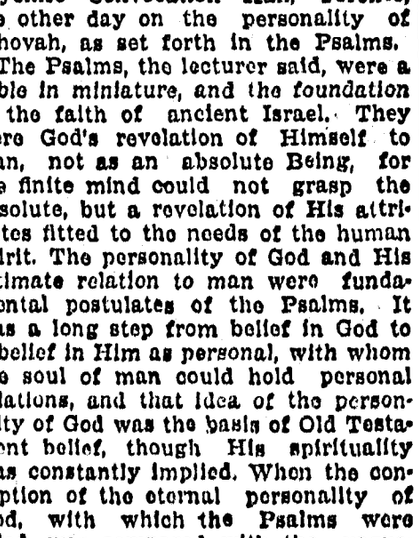
A BIBLE IN MINIATURE.

Lecture on the Psalms by Prof. Kirkpatrick of Cambridge.

Rev. Prof. Kirkpatrick of Selwyn College, Cambridge, delivered a lecture before a distinguished audience in Wycliffe Convocation Hall, Toronto, the other day on the personality of Jehovah, as set forth in the Psalms.

The Psalms, the lecturer said, were a Bible in miniature, and the foundation of the faith of ancient Israel. They were God's revelation of Himself to man, not as an absolute Being, for the finite mind could not grasp the absolute, but a revelation of His attributes fitted to the needs of the human spirit. The personality of God and His intimate relation to man were fundamental postulates of the Psalms. It was a long step from belief in God to a belief in Him as personal, with whom the soul of man could hold personal relations, and that idea of the personality of God was the basis of Old Testament belief, though His spirituality was constantly implied. When the conception of the eternal personality of God, with which the Psalms were filled, was compared with the vagueness of modern philosophic thought, that told of a something, "not ourselves that makes for righteousness," the strength of the book was seen.

The Psalms, the lecturer continued, considered in the light of the age and circumstances of their production, were the most powerful argument for the inspiration of their authors. There was much in them that belong to the time, but the progressive human element was evident, and presented difficulties, but they should never be exaggerated, for the wonders of the Old Testament were much greater than any difficulties it presented. The temporal relation of man taught in the earlier Psalms was replaced in the later ones by the conception of a spiritual relation. The poetical imagination of the writers, as in the eighteenth Psalm, clothed God in the material forms of the storm and the earthquake, for that language was ever the most vivid to convey the conception of God to the finite mind. The gross early ideas of sacrifice were emphatically reproved by the later writers, who taught the value of the sacrifice of penitent and contrite spirits.



Scarcity of Codfish.

Reports just to hand indicate that extremely high prices are being paid for bank codfish at Halifax which, by the way, is the largest fishing centre on the Atlantic coast. The enormous price of $6.25 per quintal was paid for a cargo of bank cod from Lunenburg, N. S., recently, which it is stated is the highest price paid for this class of fish for a number of years.

This condition of affairs is not confined to Canadian waters. By referring to the Norwegian cod fisheries it will be seen that the output there also is considerably smaller than that of last season, notwithstanding that 1904 was a very poor year for the cod fisheries.

In explaining the scarcity which exists, especially at the moment, Mr. A. H. Brittain, of Montreal, representing Messrs. Black Bros. & Co., Limited, Halifax, N. S., instanced the fact that his firm made all arrangements to secure a large quantity of codfish from Newfoundland, but owing to weather conditions there it was found impossible to sail on time. Furthermore, when the first vessel eventually succeeded in getting away at the beginning of last month, she was caught in the ice and badly damaged, and had to be put in St. Pierre Island for repairs. Through the courtesy of the Governor of the island the firm was allowed to tranship a portion of this cargo by the steamer Propatre, which has just arrived at Halifax.

The weather conditions all over the Atlantic coast for the month of March were most severe, the oldest captain of one of the largest schooners who has made over 150 voyages to St. Pierre having stated that he had never experienced such a quantity of ice so near the island as this season.

Some of the details of the Canadian fishing industry during the year ending June 30, 1904, are as follows: Total number of persons employed 1895, 84,364; do., 1904, 93,152.

Value of fish caught in Nova Scotia, $7,861,602; British Columber, $4,748,365; New Brunswick, $4,186,000.

Relative values of fisheries of Canada, 1904: Codfish, $3,778,430; lobsters, $3,625,382; herring, $1,998,950.

For Farm Reforestry.

Following out a decision to encourage farm reforestry, the Provincial Agricultural Department is looking for a plot of land in the vicinity of Toronto, says the Globe, from three to five acres in extent, with a view to establishing a nursery for seedlings, chiefly pine and spruce. A site is desired in this locality because the ground is more favorable for the purpose than that of the Agricultural College at Guelph, or in the neighborhood of that institution, where otherwise a plot would have been secured. It has not yet been decided by the department whether the seedlings will be sold to farmers who are interested in farm forestry, at cost price, but Hon. Mr. Monteith thinks that this will eventually be the result of the plan.

Obvious.

"What does he look like?"

"Oh, he dresses well enough—and yet—oh, you'd know directly you looked at him that he was a genius!"

Special Pins For Insect Collectors.

"Much care," said a taxidermist, "has to be taken in selecting the long, fine pins used in fastening the specimens in insect collections. For cheap collections of butterflies and bugs we use the ordinary brass pins mostly, but every one of these must be carefully examined before impaling the insect to see that it is well tinned, for were the tin coating imperfect or the slightest flaw evident it would be in nine cases out of ten liable to oxidize in the body of the insect and thus destroy it. We also use black varnished pins, but they are almost as bad, for the glazed coating soon cracks, leaving the metal exposed, and consequently it is not very long before oxidization sets in. Even the more expensive kind, the nickel plated pins, are not much better. The latest things we have now are solid silver pins and bronze pins, and there is being used as an experiment a nickel and aluminium alloy, which possesses decided advantages over all the other kinds used."

Nose Lore.

The classic Greek nose has been regarded as the ideal shape, though there are Roman, Caucasian, Mongolian and Ethiopian noses, each indicating a peculiar type of mental trait. Generally speaking, thick and flat noses denote material instincts, and turned up noses vanity. Wide nostrils are a sign of strength, while small nostrils indicate weakness. Napoleon's knowledge of human nature made him select generals with large noses, for this betokens intelligence, just as the eagle nose shows a firm, strong will. Possibly no nose speaks louder for itself than the alcoholic nose, and it is as much to be feared as the pointed nose and chin, which in conjunction proclaims general wickedness. Certainly the most interesting nose is the cogitative, for it expands with thought, which comes, according to rhinology, or the science of nose reading, from reflection. Instances of these noses from Homer to Wesley and Shakespeare can be quoted.

Dreaded Results of Kidney Disease

Ailments of the Most Painful and Fatal Nature Prevented and Cured by

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

When you think of the pain and suffering which accompany backache, rheumatism, lumbago, stone in the kidneys and bladder; when you think of the dreadful fatality of Bright's disease, dropsy, diabetes and apoplexy, you may well wonder why people neglect to keep the kidneys in perfect order, for all these ailments are the direct result of deranged kidneys.

Once the kidneys fail to filter from the blood the impure and poisonous waste matter there is trouble of a painful and dangerous nature. Among the first symptoms are backache, weak, lame back, pains in the legs and sides, deposits in the urine, impaired digestion, loss of flesh, energy and ambition, stiffness and soreness in the joints and feelings of weariness and lassitude.

Prevention is always better than cure, and hence the advisability of using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills on the very first indication of such derangement. Whether to prevent or cure, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the most effective treatment you can obtain, for besides their direct and specific action on the kidneys, they keep the bowels regular and the liver active, and hence purify the system and remove the cause of disease.

This medicine has long since proven its right to first place as a cure for the complicated and serious derangements of the filtering and excretory organs. It has the largest sale and is endorsed by more people than any similar treatment. You can depend on it absolutely to bring prompt relief and lasting cure. In view of these facts it is a waste of time and money and a risk to life itself to rifle with new and untried remedies when Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are at hand. One pill a dose, 25c. a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

"LOOK PLEASANT."

(O. S. Marden in "Success Magazine")

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

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

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

The man on the car looked around at his new acquaintance. "I've just been reading," he said, "that yawning is good for the health. Some German doctor says so. He claims that a generous sized yawn fills the lungs and expands the chest and is an all round good exercise." "I'm glad to hear this," said the new acquaintance. "It's quite a relief to me. The fact is, I've been a good deal prejudiced against the habit." "May I ask your business?" the other man inquired. "I'm a preacher," replied the new acquaintance.

"Man is Filled With Misery."—This is not true of all men. The well, sound of lung, clear of eye, alert and buoyant with health, are not miserable, whatever may be their social condition. To be well is to be happy, and we can all be well by getting and keeping our bodies in a healthful state. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will help all to do this.

Several years ago Dr. E. P. Henson delivered a lecture on the subject of "Fools" at the Lakeview Assembly grounds, South Framingham. Bishop Vincent, who was presiding, introduced the speaker, saying: "We are about to listen to a lecture on fools by one of the greatest—(here the Bishop paused, while the audience broke into an uproar of laughter, and then continued)—the greatest lecturers of modern times." Dr. Henson, nowise nonplussed, rose and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am not as great a fool as Bishop Vincent—(here a pause and more laughter from the audience, and then the doctor continued)—would have you believe."

There has just come to our table a very neat and up-to-date pamphlet from the offices of the Great Northern Railway, showing to advantage their recent extensions in North Dakota, viz: The Sarles, Thorne, Maxbass and Sherwood. It is replete with information regarding the desirable districts which have been opened up, and illustrated by several harvest and crop scenes. It contains also maps setting forth the new extensions and projected lines.

Lawyer (examining witness)—Where do you live? Witness—With my uncle. Lawyer—And where does your uncle live? Witness—With me. Lawyer—Um, yes. Where do you both live? Witness—Together.

Miss Angles—He was pleased to say, I believe, that I had many good points. Miss Cutting—Not exactly, dear. He said you had a good many points.

Nell—I don't see why she should go and marry that old man for his money. Belle—Why how else could she get it?

HIS GRAVEL WAS SURELY CURED

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS REMOVED THE STONES.

And now Reuben Draper is well and Strong After his long Suffering.

Bristol, Que., July 24—(Special)—Reuben Draper, a well-known resident here, keeps the proof right with him that Dodd's Kidney Pills will surely cure the much dreaded Gravel. The proof consists of two stones, one the size of a small bean and the other the size of a grain of barley. He passed three stones and was relieved of all the terrible pains they caused after using Dodd's Kidney Pills for a short time.

Mr. Draper is confident that Dodd's Kidney Pills and nothing else caused his cure, as he tried two doctors without getting help, and was fast getting weak and despondent when he stopped all other treatment and started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. In a week he passed the large stone and four days later the smaller one.

This cure causes a feeling of relief over people in these parts as it shows these terrible operations, long thought to be unavoidable in case of Gravel, are no longer necessary.

Sunlight Soap

is the best for washing clothes. It also does more thoroughly and easily every other kind of washing required in the household. Sunlight is a pure, powerful soap that you should always have at hand. Equally good with hard or soft water. No scrubbing, no boiling.

Try Sunlight.

Your money back for any cause of complaint.

Lever Brothers Limited
Toronto

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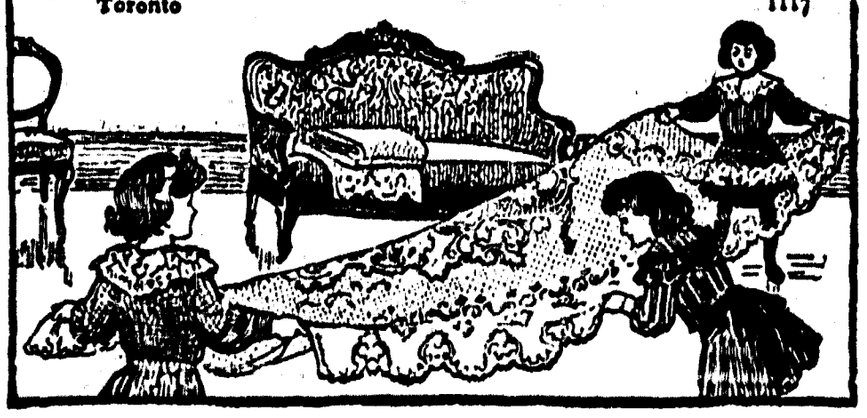


A Mood

By KEITH GORDON

Copyright, 1905, by T. C. McClure

"And no man can foretell what the future has in store for him."

Nature herself, to judge from appearances, had the dumps. A despairing sky looked gloomily down on a despondent earth through an atmosphere as damp and chilling as a wet blanket. With a little shiver of discomfort at the aspect of things, Katherine laid the book face downward on her lap in the way that one should not and, picking up the poker, gave the fire a thrust or so as a rider spurs his horse to greater effort.

"Ugh! What a day!" her thoughts ran. "One would think Joy were dead. Fire won't burn, sun won't shine, even the sparrows huddle together lumpishly without energy enough to scrap."

She picked up the book again and reread the last sentence, "And no man can foretell what the future has in store for him." This time she closed the book and placed it on the table beside her. Decidedly she was in no mood for reading, and with hands clasped idly in her lap she sat staring into the fire. But that last sentence dogged her thoughts. The past, with its smiles and tears, was left behind. The present seemed momentarily a thing to be endured as one might. But the future!

At this point her eyes turned from the grate and fixed themselves upon the ring that she wore upon the third finger of her left hand. It was a beautiful ring—a pink pearl that reminded one of tender dawns flanked by two diamonds—her engagement ring. Ordinarily she could not look at it without a kindling of the heart, a thrill of warmth and happiness. Today she eyed it with languid, restless interest.

That, then, represented her future. It was as fixed and irrevocable as the past itself. How well she knew what it would be like. Had she not seen dozens of her friends marry, bubble blissfully for a brief year or so and then subside into the stale beer of domestic existence? If she had ever thought that with Jack and her it would be different the illusion had vanished in the bleak light of this all revealing day, which brought out every sordid detail of existence with bitter emphasis.

Different? Of course they would not be different. There would be the brief, dazzling happiness of the honeymoon, the glamour of new possessions, and then some day they would both suddenly tire of the play and see each other for the first time plainly. Jack would squint his eyes critically and discover that she was not the most beautiful woman in the world after all—though, of course, he would be too well bred to say anything. He would simply be a trifle bored at the let-down and plunge into business to forget, kissing her absently in the morning and evening as a mere form—a matter of habit.

And she? Well, she would rub her eyes about the same time and see to her amazement that he was just a plain, ordinary, average man, without a single godlike attribute and with a painful and unmistakable tendency to grow bald and stout. But she, too, would be politely reticent and hold up her face for that perfunctory kiss and try to forget it all in a feverish enthusiasm over house and gowns. And they would grow more and more silent toward each other, conversing mostly in monosyllables. Never would they quarrel—her lips closed a trifle more firmly at the mere thought—but each would withdraw farther and farther into his own little world, and they would communicate with each other through small wickets, as the ticket sellers at the theaters do with the public.

The details of this gloomy picture were as clearly visible to her mind as though she saw them with her eyes, and she laughed ruefully. Was this sort of thing necessary? How did she know that Jack was the man? Might not the real person still be imbedded in the future, like a fly in amber?

At the thought she caught her breath and, leaning forward, dropped her face upon her hands and gazed into the fire with a new intensity. It was a tremendous thought, but what guarantee had she that he was her ideal? He seemed so, perhaps, merely because he approached it more nearly than any man she had yet met, but no one could tell what the future had in store for him. There was the rub.

She proceeded to develop the thought with applications unmistakably feminine. Like an index finger her mind pointed backward to the day when big sleeves had seemed the most entrancingly becoming things a woman could wear. Then inexorably it pointed again, this time to the sleeves she was then wearing, tight above the elbow, but with great pouches sagging below. And these were now chic, and the others impossible. The poor old fashions of yesteryear—how ugly and deforming they appeared! Could it be that by any possibility the likings, the loves of today would—

With a rush it came over her that one's loves did change. There was Prissy Clemons, whom she had worshiped when she wore her hair in pigtails and now could not endure. There was Aunt Grace, whom as a child she had considered cold and severe, and Aunt Ruth whom she had loved. Now their places in her esteem were exactly reversed. Aunt Ruth was kind, but uninteresting, while Aunt Grace was inspiring.

"It is possible," she murmured tensely to the fire. "Somewhere in the future there may be a man who is all that Jack is and more. And what if I should meet him?"

Her lips parted. Half unconsciously she drew off the ring. Its pressure had suddenly become unbearable. How could she wear it without knowing—without feeling sure in her own heart—that it meant finality in the matter of choice, meant that with all the world to choose from she would have him and no other?

And how could she know that? She might send back the ring and wait, but meanwhile what of Jack? It seemed scarcely probable that he would acquiesce mildly in such a proceeding. She laughed hysterically. She could imagine him under sufficient provocation informing her that there were just as good fish to be found in the sea as had ever been caught—aye, and finding them too! She winced as if something she regarded as wholly hers were slipping away from her.

Moreover, suppose she should break her engagement because of the uncertainty as to whether he was her final choice and the future should bring no other. What then?

She frowned in bewilderment. For the first time she realized with a gasp just how big a lottery marriage really is. She had heard that trite phrase many times, but it had never seemed significant before. Now she felt as if it were a lottery in which to a million tickets there was but one prize and she owned the tenth of a ticket.

With a sudden swish the rain washed smoothly down over the outside of the window pane as if the surcharged sky could no longer control itself. Katherine turned her head impatiently. She had no sympathy for any perplexities save her own.

Again she held the little bejeweled ring up before her with the tips of two fingers and gazed at it solemnly, but it seemed to have lost all meaning. It was no longer a ring ordered by Jack and designed especially for her. It had the "any man to any woman" look that always got upon her nerves. She stared at it long and fixedly and then jumped to her feet and dashed across the room impulsively, sitting down at the writing desk between the windows.

With nervous haste she pulled some paper from a pigeonhole, took up the pen and dipped it deep in the ink, as one always does in moments of intense feeling. Then she pushed the pen back and forth across the paper in those long, scratching strides that characterize the writing of the modern woman, and the sound was as balm to her nerves.

"You'll laugh and call it nonsense," she wrote, "but Jack, I'm not sure! And of course I must be sure, mustn't I—sure beyond any doubt, beyond any possible man that may come toward me out of the future? And so I'm sending back the ring"—

She was interrupted by a commotion in the street, where two rival fog horns seemed at first to be vying with each other. A moment later her dazed ears disentangled the sounds and she made out from the fearful din the one word "Uxtra! Uxtra!" She pushed up the window and leaned out.

"Dreadful smashup on th' 'L!'" roared the bigger of the paper boys, holding up a black lettered sheet invitingly, and Katherine nodded her head in vigorous assent and flew down to the door, her heart beats keeping time with her footsteps. Accident on the "L," and Jack always went up and down that way! It must have happened, too, at just about the hour he would have been going downtown to be in print now.

She fairly snatched the paper from the boy's hands, not even waiting to close the door as her eyes clutched at the print ravenously. A moment later she was at the telephone.

"031 John! Quick, central!" And a second later the thin, strident voice of the office boy was in her ears. "Is Mr. Langley there?" And the answer came, "Naw, hasn't been down today." She leaned limply against the telephone and there a moment later the maid found her.

"Mr. Langley, miss."

"Yes, what of him?" She turned toward the maid with staring, expectant eyes, and the latter looked back at her in amazement.

"He's in the drawing room. He wants to see you," she stammered out.

He was alive then! For one moment she stood still trying to realize the beautiful truth of it. Then with a queer choked laugh she ran lightly up the stairs and, snatching up the discarded ring, kissed it rapturously and put it on her finger.

More Expensive Still.

One night in midsummer a horse belonging to Mr. Sebree broke into Farmer Hatch's cornfield and did some damage to the growing corn. The next morning the owner of the cornfield went over to his neighbor's house and made complaint.

"That scrawny old mare of yours," he said, "got into my corn patch last night and done a lot of mischief. I reckon you're willing to do the square thing about it?"

"Of course I am," said Mr. Sebree. "About how much would be the square thing, do you think?"

"Well," meditated the other, "I don't want any more'n what's right. I guess it'd amount to $1.50 if it was all figured up."

"See here, Hatch," said his neighbor, "you know I've been trying for a year to sell that old mare. Suppose you take her and call it square."

A frosty, suspicious look came into Farmer Hatch's eye.

"Sebree," he said, "you can't drive no such bargain as that with me. I'd lose $3.50 anyway if I made that trade. You keep the old mare yourself. I'll take the cash."—Youth's Companion.

Iron Ore in Keewatin.

Thomas Gibson, of the Ontario Bureau of Mines, reports that word has reached Toronto of the discovery of iron ore on the English River, between Keewatin and Ontario, north of Kenora. This is the district which will be taken in when the boundary of Ontario is extended to the north.

The Wedding Cake.

The custom of having a special cake at weddings was introduced into England by the Romans. This cake, or, rather, biscuit, signified fruitfulness, hospitality and prosperity. The rice that was showered upon a bride had a similar meaning. For many centuries after the Romans left the custom was to break the biscuit over the bride's head, and then the fragments were picked up and piled before her for distribution to her friends. At the restoration Charles II. returned with a small army of French cooks, who speedily converted the ancient biscuit into a delicious piece of confectionery, iced it with sugar and gradually adorned it with emblematical devices, till it towered into the amazing structure which the luxury of later times has developed.—London Chronicle.

A Constant Reminder.

After many years of faithful service Maggie announced to her mistress that she intended to be married, and suddenly the whole domestic establishment was infolded in a sad, sad gloom. Maggie had been so good, so faithful in the hours of trial and tribulation over frozen gas and water and the vagaries of waterbacks and boilers that the house despaired ever of finding a worthy successor.

So it was a keen remembrance of all these things which entered into the consideration of Maggie's mistress as to what to give her for a wedding present. At last it was decided to give her a sum of money, with the request that she purchase something she would use and treasure long. The day before the wedding the present was accordingly given to the maid, and she was simply delighted. She beamed and bubbled and wept a little.

"Now, Maggie," she was told, "you must be sure to get something by which to remember us always."

"Oh, yis, mum, I know what I'll get; I'll get a new set of teeth."—New York Post.

The Drumming of Grouse.

Who has not heard the drumming of ruffed grouse while in the woods during the spring months? It is the most common sound of wooing, heard from every thicket at every hour of the day. There is still a misconception as to how the drumming is done. The general belief is that the bird produces the sound by working its wings rapidly, using them to strike its body or a log. It is true that the ruffed grouse, like most chickens, flaps its wings in the excitement of its love song, but that the drumming is produced in that manner is a myth. I have often watched a cock which, standing on a log and drumming for dear life, apparently did not move a feather, though I must state that the drumming was not so loud as if the wings had been flapped. Flapping the wings evidently fills with air the lungs and throat of the bird, but is not an indispensable agency in producing the drumming. If the ruffed grouse could work its wings as quickly as the closing strophe of the drumming it would be the swiftest motor in existence.—Country Life in America.

Bright Youngsters.

A teacher in a school at Stepney, east London, was giving her class an examination on the Scriptural work of the previous three months. Among other questions the lady asked, "With what weapon did Samson slay the thousand Philistines?" And one girl, jumbling her old and new testament knowledge, stood up and replied, "With the ax of the apostles." A woman teacher had been explaining the story of the casting adrift of the infant Moses. "Now, why was it, do you think, that the good mother daubed the little ark boat so carefully with slime and pitch?" "Oh, ma'am," said one little five-year-old girl, "to make the baby stick inside."

Billy's Celebration

By James Seymour

Copyright, 1904, by K. M. Whitehead

Daisy slammed down the lid of the typewriter desk viciously. It had been an especially trying day. Mr. Cartaret had been as disagreeable as only the head of the firm can make himself, and she was so out of sorts that she did not even smile upon Jimmie, the elevator boy. When she found Billy Teller waiting at the door she tried to pass without speaking.

"What's the matter, girlie?" he asked as he caught up with her and fell into step.

"Do go away," she said crossly. "I don't want ever to speak to a man again."

"Not even me?" demanded Billy in affected surprise. "I'm not the head of a firm."

"Don't you ever be such a horrid thing," she said, laughing, as she slipped her arm through his. "It's been an awful day, and I never knew a man could be so hateful."

"I don't seem to be in line for head of a firm," said Billy ruefully. "I asked the boss this morning if he could raise my pay, and he said I'd be lucky if he didn't find he'd have to cut my wages until after election."

"What did you say?" she asked.

"Told him I supposed the election would be as good an excuse for a cut as anything he could think of, and he fired me for being impertinent."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" she cried. "What did you do it for?"

"It was bound to come," he said cheerfully. "Y'see, he's got a nephew he wants to put in my place."

"I was dismissed, too," she said. "I simply couldn't stand some of Mr. Cartaret's language, and when I protested he told me he was going to get a man, so he could say what he wanted to."

"Bully!" said Billy. "Let's celebrate!"

"What for?" she demanded.

"For our liberty," he retorted. "Come on. We'll have supper downtown somewhere, and we'll go to the theater afterward."

HE LEANED OVER TO WHISPER SOMETHING TO BILLY.

"And you'll go broke after that," she supplemented.

"Oh, I'm used to that!" said Billy. "Come on in here."

"In here" was a table d'hote, where a seven course dinner with wine could be had for 40 cents, and, not being overparticular as to the minor details of service, they enjoyed the meal thoroughly. Billy insisted upon paying 10 cents extra for a better grade of claret, and the festivities were in full swing when the obsequious waiter pulled out a chair and John Cartaret sat down at their table—right between the two.

Matters calling for his attention had held him downtown, and he decided that he would make the best of the handiest restaurant.

The room was crowded, and he had taken his place at the table before noticing his companions. He flushed redly as his glance fell upon Daisy, but he would not retreat.

"You see," said Billy, breaking an awkward silence by the continuation of an imaginary conversation—"you see, this 'Society For the Encouragement of Explosives Among Employers' is bound to be a good thing. It will give the employer an excuse for swearing at his typewriter by letting him tell her that it's one of the rules of the organization."

"Billy," said the giggling Daisy as she stole a glance at Cartaret, who was apparently busy with the menu.

"Don't interrupt the orator," said Billy severely. "You see, I am going to have a button badge, sulphur colored, with little blue flames about the edge and a big red D in the middle. It will be very ornamental, and at the same time it will show a decent girl what to expect."

"They're not always bad just because they swear," protested Daisy, mindful of Cartaret's many kindnesses when his dyspepsia lay low.

"Well, their language is bad," insisted Billy, "or we wouldn't be celebrating our joint dismissal. Maybe we could initiate our former employers as members and get enough to pay our board bills next week."

"May I offer a suggestion?" broke in Cartaret. To their surprise, he was smiling.

"It's a little irregular," declared Billy before Daisy could speak, "but as founder of the society I am always ready to listen to suggestions."

"I would suggest," said Cartaret, pushing away his soup plate, "that instead you both make application for reinstatement."

"Ever hear of Blackton & Stone?" inquired Billy.

"I have often," said Cartaret, his eyes twinkling.

"Well, I worked for 'em," said Billy sententiously. "Would you like to make that motion again?"

"If the worthy president permits," said Cartaret, "I would suggest as an amendment that Mr.—er"—

"Teller," said Billy encouragingly. "Go ahead."

"That Mr. Teller make application to Miss Denning's late employer. I have reason to believe that some advantage may accrue."

"Motion carried," said Billy. "What time d'ye want me to come around?"

"If your duty to the 'society' permits, may I suggest at 10 o'clock Monday?" said Cartaret.

"I'll be there," Billy assured him. "Say, want to go to a show?"

"I beg pardon," said Cartaret, with an inquiring inflection.

"To the theater," explained Billy. "Y'see, we were going to celebrate losing our jobs. Now we can celebrate getting back at the same time. We're going to see 'Halted at the Altar.' It's a bully show."

"I am afraid," said Cartaret, "that a business engagement will occupy most of the evening, but if you will permit I should be glad to have you as guests at supper after the play."

"Say, we don't want to rub it in," expostulated Billy.

"I don't think you understand," said Cartaret a little wistfully, "that the favor is yours. It's been fifteen years since I've had young people about me, and I should really enjoy your company."

"We'll buy a seat for you and leave it at the box office," declared Billy. "Try to get in for the last act, where the villain's crazy wife kills him and three choir boys. It's great."

"I'll be there," said Cartaret laughingly. "Such intellectual joys are not to be despised. And if you will permit"— He ended with a glance at Daisy and leaned over to whisper something to Billy.

"Sure!" was the hearty answer, and Cartaret rose to return to his office.

"What did he whisper?" demanded Daisy as they again turned their attention to dessert.

"He says," answered Billy gravely, "that the job he wants me for needs a steady married man, and I told him I thought I could fix that."

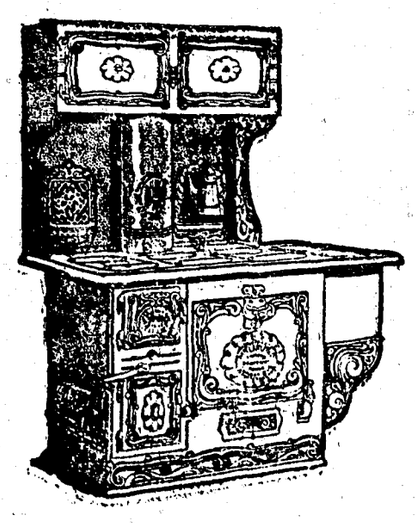
Biped Lobsters.

The word "lobster" as a slang term of ridicule and opprobrium is generally regarded as of recent origin. On the contrary, it would seem to go back at least to the seventeenth century. In John Baldwin Buckstone's play, "The Green Bushes," produced in London about seventy years ago, the scenes are laid at the time of the Irish rebellion of 1798. One of the characters mentions the English soldiers derisively as "lobsters," referring no doubt to the uniforms of the "redcoats." Eden Phillpotts in his novel, "The Farm of the Dagger," published last year, makes an American prisoner of the war of 1812 speak of the British soldiers as "lobsters." A fanciful etymologist might easily find a connection between the present day slang use of "lobster" and the sixteenth century word "lob," denoting a sluggish and stupid person, which occurs in Shakespeare and contemporary plays and poems, usually as a synonym for "lubber." But the earliest known instance of the derisive use of the slang term is the coupling of "lobsters and tatterdemalions," meaning soldiers and vagrants, by Tom Brown (1673-1704). Brown is the satirist who made the much quoted impromptu adaptation of an epigram by Martial, directing it against his instructor and beginning, "I do not like thee, Dr. Fell."—Philadelphia Press.

Turkeys hatched in July or August will lay just as early the following spring as May or June hatched birds, but, as a rule, their poults are not so strong and vigorous. Breeding from late hatched birds of any kind tends to decrease the size and vigor of stock.—Poultry Success.

Vigor in the Flock.

Do not use a male bird in the breeding pen that lacks strong constitutional vigor even though he may be extra good in other respects. Vigor is the foundation of a flock, and without this foundation good results cannot be expected.—Commercial Poultry.



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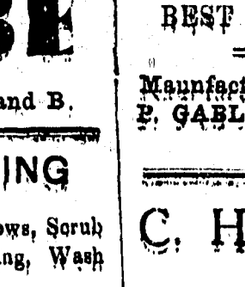

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Sale of Lands for Unpaid Delinquent Taxes in the Comox Assessment District, Province of British Columbia.

I HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that on Thursday, the twelveth day of October, 1905, at the hour of Twelve o'clock noon at the Court House, Cumberland, I shall sell by Public Auction the lands hereinafter set out of the persons in said list hereinafter set out, for the delinquent taxes unpaid by said persons on the 31st day of December, 1904, and for interest, costs and expenses, including the cost of advertising said sale, if the total amount due is not sooner paid.

LIST ABOVE MENTIONED.

Name of Person Assessed.	Short Description of Property.	Delinquent Taxes: Taxes	Interest to date of Sale	Statutory Costs and Expenses	TOTAL
Anderton, John	Lot 124	8 00	0 40	3 00	$10 40
Anderton, John	Lot 220	8 00	0 40	2 00	10 40
Andrews, Elizabeth Blanche	Part of Section 18, 30 acres	6 00	0 30	2 00	8 30
Aiton, John	Block 13 o Lot 186, 8 acres	4 00	0 20	2 00	6 20
Bayley, John	Sections 34, 50, 51, and Lot 175	50 00	2 50	2 00	54 50
Dorfman, Jacob F.	Lo 216	23 25	1 16	2 00	26 41
Lyttall, Matthew	Lot 91	9 00	0 45	2 00	11 45
Matthews, Clement W.	S ½ of Block E of Lot 194, 16½ acres	5 00	0 25	2 00	7 25
Rosborrough, Thomas	Lot 91	10 00	0 50	2 00	12 50
	NELSON DISTRICT.				
Williams, A. D,	N 33 acres of Section 36, Tp 10	8 25	0 41	2 00	10 66
	NEWCASTLE DISTRICT.				
Jenkins Estate, John Ellery	Section 5	24 00	1 20	2 00	27 20
	HORNBY ISLAND.				
Ford, Wm	SE ¼ of Sec. 2, and NE ¼ of Sec. 18	20 50	1 02	2 00	23 52
Ford, Joseph, Coburn Maria, Ford Elizabeth, Ford Louisa and Ford Martha.	N ½ of NW ¼ of Sec 2, S ½ of S ½ of SW ¼ Sec 5	3 60	0 18	2 00	5 78
	GROUP 1.				
McNutt, Peter Stewart	Lot 450 N of Powell River 1194 acres	149 25	7 46	2 00	158 71
Pimbury, Manson & Haslam	Lot 707	20 00	1 00	2 00	23 00
Carlson, John	Lot 1641	6 85	0 34	2 00	9 19
Thomson, Henry E.	Lot 1901 A	12 70	0 63	2 00	15 33
	SAYWARD DISTRICT.				
Taylor, W. J.	Part of Sections 29, 30 and 31, Tp 3	96 80	4 84	2 00	103 64
	RUPERT DISTRICT.				
McAllister, John	Section 11	48 00	2 40	2 00	52 40
McAllister, John	" 21, W ½	24 00	1 20	2 00	27 20
Schloss, Benjamin	" 30 and 31	280 70	17 20	2 00	305 90
McAllister, John	E ½ of E ½ of Section 33, Tp 3	12 00	0 60	2 00	14 60
Irving, John	Sections 11 and 12, Tp 4	123 40	6 17	2 00	131 57
Belyea, Arthur Lolus	S ½ of Section 22, Tp 4	32 00	1 60	2 00	35 60
Bullen, W. F.	Section 28, Tp 4	64 00	3 20	2 00	69 20
Pooley, C. E and Fisher, I. B.	Section 34 Tp 4	582 40	29 12	2 00	613 52
McAllister, John	E ½ of E ½ of Section 4, Tp 5	12 00	0 60	2 00	14 60
McAllister, John	E ½ of SE ¼ of 9 and SW ¼ 10. Tp 5	5 50	0 27	2 00	7 77
Eberts, Duncan W. Estate	N ½ and N ½ of S ½ of Sec 24, Tp 10	367 20	18 36	2 00	387 56
Healey, John May	SE ¼ of Sec 12, Tp 11	21 10	1 05	2 00	24 15
	COAST DISTRICT, RANGE 1.				
Harrison, Wm.	Lot 1	48 00	2 40	2 00	52 40

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

Dated at Cumberland, 1st September, 1905,

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

WEDNESDAY, September 27 1905

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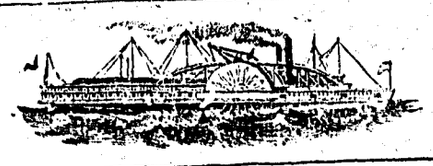

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Leaves Nanaimo Tuesday, 5 p.m., for Union Bay and Comox.

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

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

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" 9.28	Coldstream	" 3
" 10.24	Koenig's	" 4
" 11 00.	Duncan's	" 5
P M		P M.
" 12 35..	Nanaimo	" 6 4
Ar 12.53..	Wellington	Ar. 6

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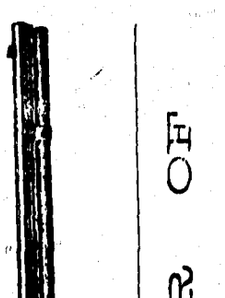

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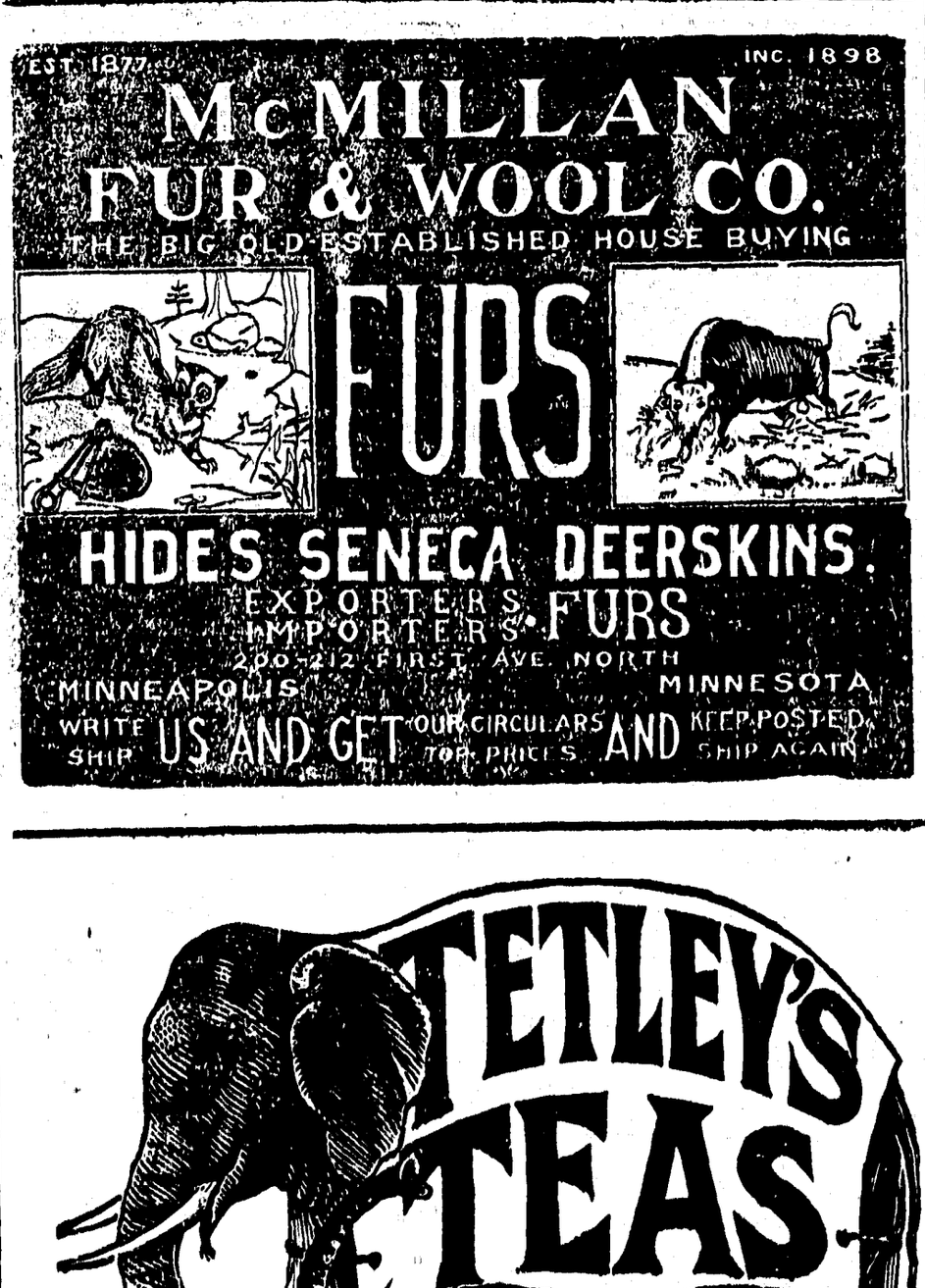

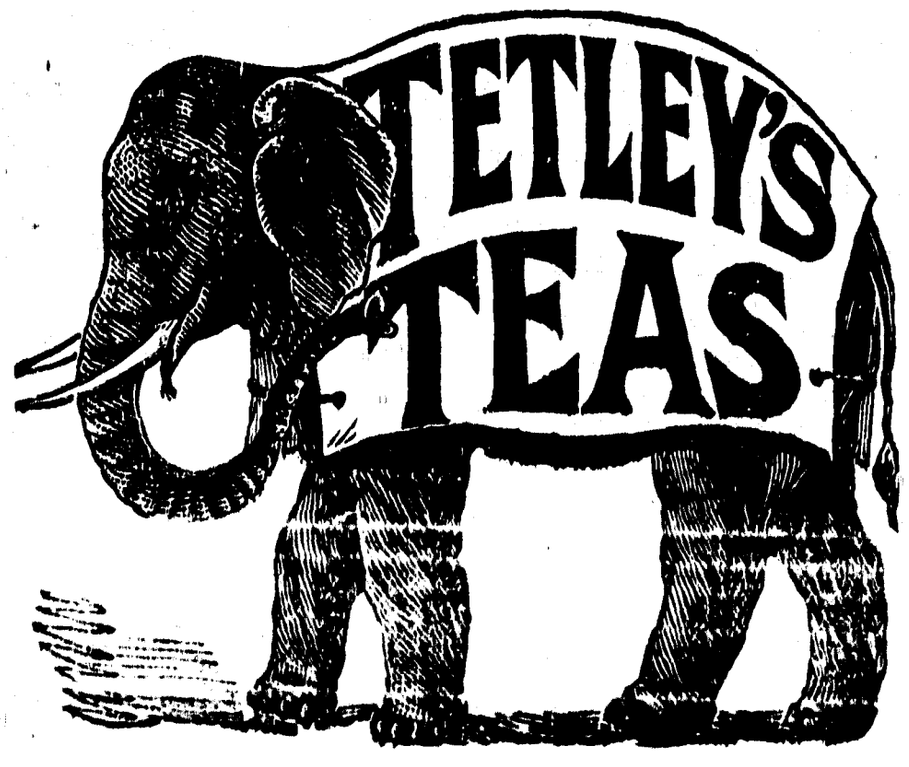

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Her Daughter's Gift

By INA WRIGHT HANSON

Copyright, 1905, by Ina Wright Hanson

"I suspect that she will cause me to end my days in a madhouse."

Mrs. Pemberton's words were tragedy itself, but her voice was calm, even colorless, and her head rested comfortably against the back of a scarlet cushioned easy chair. Knowing Mrs. Pemberton, I gauged the circumstances by her position rather than her manner of speech.

"What is Florence's latest?" I queried, sitting down on the top step and gazing up admiringly at Florence's youthful mother.

Mrs. Pemberton glanced at me furtively. "Do you love the child?" she suddenly asked.

"Sure," I answered laconically, musing the while on the harmony between delicate coloring and soft brown hair.

"Then why don't you marry her?"

I looked inquiringly at my interlocutor. Her coloring was quite vivid after all.

"You do me honor," I said dryly, "but I fear I'm too old for kindergarten work."

Mrs. Pemberton sighed. "She is seventeen today. I was only a year older when she was born."

I made a swift mental calculation.

"Of course I cannot coerce any one into marrying the child—I couldn't

"I TOOK OUT THE PAPER AND READ."

even mention it to any one but a tried friend like you—but I somehow fancied that you were fond of her. I do think that marriage might take these thousand and one foolish fancies out of her head."

"You haven't told me yet what"—

"I'm coming to it. As I said, today is her birthday. A year ago I promised her a string of pearls for her next gift. This morning I asked her what she wished, thinking, of course, that she would answer, 'That beautiful string of pearls, mamma.' Any other girl would, but not she!"

Mrs. Pemberton made a dramatic pause.

"Well?" I ventured, shifting my position a little that I might the better observe a pair of handsome eyes.

"'Of all things in the world, dear mamma, I do want a planchette!'"

I chuckled. Mrs. Pemberton frowned entrancingly at me.

"Now, don't pretend that you know what a planchette is," she reproved, "for I don't believe you do. I didn't, but you may be sure I didn't let my daughter know the ignorance of her mother. I told her to choose one herself and send the bill to me."

"Bravo!" I exclaimed. "And then?"

"As soon as she was gone I ran to the dictionary, just as you would have done." Her remark was pointed.

"What is a planchette?" I asked diplomatically. I even hesitated a little over the pronunciation.

Mrs. Pemberton leaned over and patted my shoulder.

"Honest little boy," she commended. Then she settled her cushions again, closed her beautiful eyes and recited:

"'A small board fitted with a pencil and two casters, made to move easily over a sheet of paper when hands rest lightly upon it; once believed by some to write independently of the volition of the person or persons touching it, but generally explained by the dominant idea.'"

"Ye gods! The memory of her!" I exclaimed.

Mrs. Pemberton regarded me complacently.

"Then of course I turned to dominant idea. It means 'an idea fixed in the mind of its subject by the power of habit or otherwise'"—

"Stay!" I interrupted hastily. "Is that the little beast in there on the table?"

Mrs. Pemberton turned her shapely head in the direction of my pointing finger.

"It is," she affirmed.

"Let's see if we can make it write," I wheedled, springing up and looking down into her brown eyes. Dear heart! Did she think I wanted Florence?

"I verily believe you would abet the child in her folly," she murmured, but she rose quickly and went into the parlor.

"First, a piece of paper," I said gayly. I found several leaves on the window seat. I put one under the planchette, and we seated ourselves at the table. Mrs. Pemberton laid one small hand on the heart shaped board, and I put my hand on her hand.

"That's not the way," she said hastily.

"It's the latest improved," I declared boldly. "I know more about these little animals than you think."

Now I was certainly possessed of a dominant idea, and I was very much excited in finding out whether the planchette would apprise Mrs. Pemberton of it, so excited, in fact, that I deliriously passed my free arm around her pretty shoulders and laid my face against hers. We both closed our eyes. She moved ever so slightly.

"Sh!" I warned. "It's writing!"

Sure enough, it was moving spookily over the paper. We held our breaths. Finally it gave two small jerks and stopped. Mrs. Pemberton threw off my arm and sat up ungracefully straight. I took out the paper and read:

"'I am sure dear mamma loves Mr. Paul, and he'"—

"Nonsense!" cried my lady.

"See for yourself," I protested, handing her the paper. "It is not your writing, and it is not mine. Something uncanny about it, isn't there? It ought to be true, dear," I went on as she studied the writing, "for Mr. Paul loves dear mamma with all of his unworthy heart. I don't want to be Florence's husband, sweetheart; I want to be her father."

The paper slipped from her hands. She turned toward me, her lustrous eyes tearful. I took her in my arms and was bending my head when we heard a voice singing in the hall. Mrs. Pemberton ran to the piano, and I sat down on the sofa.

"Hello, folks!" greeted Florence cheerfully, running into the room. "Please don't detain me. I just came for my letter. I want to get it out on this mail. Why, where's the rest of it?"

Mrs. Pemberton's nervous fingers were jerking out the chord of D. I sat speechless. Presently Florence's sharp eyes spied the missing sheet. She picked it up. She looked from her mother to me and laughed.

"I wouldn't try the planchette without sharpening the pencil," she suggested mockingly. "It won't work without graphite."

She ran out, and I went over to the piano.

"It did work, didn't it, best beloved?" I whispered, resuming where Florence's entrance had interrupted.

Fooled His Fond Father.

Little Harold was very shy before strangers, and when the hostess asked him questions he tucked his head down in his mother's lap and wouldn't answer.

"There is one good thing about our youngster," remarked Harold's father, who had been dragged unwillingly to the Sunday afternoon call. "He will never give away any family secrets. We can count on that."

But her hostess persisted in her questioning.

"What is your name, dear?"

No answer.

"What is papa's name?"

No answer.

"What does papa call mamma? Tell me that, and you shall have the prettiest cake on the dish!"

The imp of greed overcame the imp of dumbness, and Harold spoke promptly and distinctly:

"He calls her every morning, he does, 'Marfa, get up and make the fire.' And he called her just today now, 'Marfa, go by your own self to see your fool folks.' He called mamma that, he did."—New York Press.

Rats and Elephants' Tusks.

Many of the elephants' tusks brought to London for the use of workers in ivory are observed to have their surfaces grooved into small furrows of unequal depth, as though cut out by a very sharp edged instrument. This is done by rats, which are fond of the gelatin, or animal glue, in the substance. The ivory cutter selects for his purposes by preference those tusks which have been gnawed in this way, because they are the ones which contain the most gelatin and are therefore the best in material. Curiously enough, the trade, while giving this much recognition to the rats' work, has not recognized them as the authors of it, the common belief in the business being that the ivory has been thus gnawed by alligators. How it is imagined that alligators get a chance to chew elephants' tusks is a problem.—London Standard.

Who She Is.

"Father, what is 'the woman with a mission?'"

"In many cases, my son, she is the wife of the husband with dyspepsia and holes in his stockings."—New York Herald.

Jericho Has A Sensation

Pap Perkins Tells of a Case of Swearing Between Deacon Hardman and Deacon Goodhue.

SEVERAL events have happened since the town of Jericho was founded to shake it from center to circumference, but nothing ever produced greater excitement than Deacon Hardman's lawsuit against Deacon Goodhue. Both were steady old men who were looked up to by the community, and they had been friends for years.

One day Deacon Goodhue borrowed the other's hoe to work in the garden and a few minutes later broke it off

THEN AND THERE THEY CLINCHED AND ROLLED ON THE GRASS TOGETHER.

at the shank. While he contended that it was old and rusty and ready to break, he offered to buy a new one to replace it. Much to his surprise, he was allowed to do so, and he went home to say to his wife:

"Martha, I've known Deacon Hardman for thirty years and have just found him out. He's a human hog, and if he ever goes to heaven I want to go somewhere else."

For two weeks after that the two deacons nodded coldly to each other whenever they met, and it gradually became known to Jericho that their relations were strained. Then one morning Deacon Goodhue set out to drive five hogs over to the weighing scales. He had to pass the other deacon's house, and as he came along the gate was open and all the hogs made a rush for it. He was trying to drive them out of Deacon Hardman's yard when the latter came out and said:

"By gum, Deacon Goodhue, but this is goin' too fur—too fur! You opened that gate and driv your hogs in on me a-purpose!"

"I never did, and you know I didn't!" retorted Deacon Goodhue as he paused in his running.

"Yes, you did."

"No, I didn't."

"Do you call me a liar?"

"Yes, if you call me one!"

"Take it back or I'll mop the ground with you!"

"Come out here and I'll make you see stars!"

Then and there the deacons clinched and rolled on the grass together, and they were choking each other and breathing hard when Moses Schemerhorn came along and separated them. Deacon Hardman went straight to Justice Somerfield and swore out a warrant for assault and battery, and two days later the trial came off, and Jericho had a sensation to beat a landslide or a volcano.

Both men had their friends and the public was divided. The only person who had witnessed the fracas was Deacon Hardman's wife, but there were other witnesses sworn.

Old Mrs. Taylor swore that she had always suspected Deacon Goodhue to be a man of violent temper and that he only needed to be kicked to become a murderer. Moses Hunt was a mile away that morning looking for his cow, but he swore that Deacon Hardman was the sort of man to lose his temper and do awful things if he found a strange hog rooting up his hollyhocks. Abner Crossman, who had known both parties for thirteen years, swore that he had known Deacon Goodhue to fall off a haystack, get mired in a swamp and fight bumblebees for half an hour without losing the smile on his face, and he could not believe that he had begun this fuss. Opposed to him was Trueheart Johnson, who said he had seen Deacon Hardman kicked head over heels by a cow, run over by a hog and knocked down by a ram and that he preserved a humble spirit throughout and even asked the cow to forgive him if he had hurt her feelings.

Mrs. Hardman's testimony was that she was washing the dishes after breakfast when she heard her husband give a grunt and rush from the house. She followed him to the door and heard and saw all that subsequently passed, though in such a nervous state that she could not be sure of anything. She felt almost sure that Deacon Goodhue said "by gum" and "devil" and "old crank," but she wouldn't be positive of it. She was almost as sure that her husband started to sing a hymn and made some Scriptural quotation, but she might have been mistaken. She was not sure who grabbed the other first, but she could swear on the living Bible that they had trodden all the cucumbers into the earth and broken down most of her tiger lilies. She ended by saying that she had had rheumatism for twenty-six years and that whenever she returned a cup of borrowed sugar she always heaped the measure up.

It took two days to try the case, and meanwhile all business, including the sawmill, was suspended. There was no jury, and when almost everybody in town had sworn on one side or the other Justice Somerfield put on his most dignified look and said:

"This case seems to go back to the hoe and to Deacon Goodhue's garden. Was there any need of the deacon working in his garden that day? What had become of his own hoe? Was the borrowed hoe rusty in the shank or was it not? If Deacon Goodhue had not hit a stone with it would it have broken? He offered to buy a new hoe to replace the old one, but wasn't he hoping that Deacon Hardman would refuse it? Deacon Hardman had had that hoe for ten long years, and was he glad that it was broken and that he had a chance to get a new one in its place?

"Then there were the hogs. Any man who had ever set out to drive one hog along the road, to say nothing about five, knew that the animal wouldn't go straight for a rod at a time. He couldn't spy a hole in the fence without wanting to see if it was a fit. He wouldn't be a hog to pass an open gate without making a rush for the opening.

"Then the deacons confronted each other. They were feeling edgewise about the hoe, and it was to be inferred that it didn't take much to get their backs up. As to whether the lie was actually given and who gave it first is a matter in doubt. The same is true as to who grabbed first, but there can be no possible doubt that many cucumbers and tiger lilies were destroyed and that Deacon Hardman emerged from the conflict with a skinned nose. Taken full and by and back and forth, it was about an even thing. The costs will be divided between them, business resumed at 7 o'clock tomorrow morning, and if either has any hard cider in the cellar he will be expected to treat the other, and both make up and let hoes and hogs go to grass forever more." M. QUAD.

Giving Him the Facts.

A young man with a swelled head made a peremptory demand for an increase in salary. The head of the concern did not dispute his argument that he had done much to build up the business of the firm, but tried to convince the young man that every one's position could be filled.

"Suppose, for instance," said he, "you should die. Some one would take your place."

"Oh," replied the young man, "that is a supposition."

"Then you may suppose yourself discharged," was the answer of the employer, "and you will find that is a hard fact."—New York Press.

What is the Meaning of "Well Balanced" Flour.

A perfectly "balanced" flour is one which contains the greatest amount of nutriment in its most easily digestable form. No single variety of wheat will produce "well balanced" flour. It requires the careful selection of different kinds.

The makers of ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR have more than a hundred elevators, scattered throughout the greatest wheat growing country in the world, which enables them to secure the very pick of the wheat that will yield perfectly balanced flour—

—The kind of flour that produces the best, the largest and the strongest loaf—

—The loaf which contains the greatest amount of bone, muscle and brain-making protein and the lowest percentage of waste.

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD makes bread which reduces the labor of digestion—and gives greatest nutrition for least stomach effort.

It's the "balance" in flour that makes bread easier to digest and gives it many other qualities which are usually attributed to other causes.

Ogilvie's "Royal Household" Flour.

A Lady of Importance.

After a panic stricken search Dorothy's mother had found her three-year-old seated in state in the village station with her doll held tightly in her arms.

"Why, Dorothy, you naughty little girl, to get lost!" scolded her mother.

Dorothy drew herself up with a fine assumption of diguity. "I'm not lost," she insisted. "I know where I am; I am a big lady, with my baby, waiting to take the train."

The Instrument They Use.

"Haven't you got any toothpicks?" asked the tourist in the Arizona restaurant.

"Toothpick?" queried the cashier. "What's the matter? Didn't the waiter give ye a fork?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Literary Phrase.

"Let me introduce you to that debutante," said the hostess. "She is a poem."

"Yes," answered the eligible man. "I feel that she is one of the poems I ought to know."—Washington Star.

Clever.

Foreigner—Why do you call him your cleverest millionaire?

American—Oh, he has originated so many sensational ways of spending his money.—Brooklyn Life.

His Maxim Good.

The game was proverbs, and when it was four-year-old Harold's turn he offered, "It is never too late for men."—New York Globe.

Rushing the Growler.

—Leslie's Weekly.

Discouraging.

"What!" exclaimed Crittick. "Going on the lecture platform, are you?" "Yes," replied the conceited young author; "that is just to give readings from my own works, you know." "But suppose you should prove to be a poor reader too. It would be a double frost."

News to Her.

Mrs. James—My husband is a conservative. Mrs. Johns—Indeed! Why, I had no idea he was in that business. Does he have a large—er—conservatory?

CUMBERLAND NEWS

Cumberland, B. C.

A POINTER ON PERSONAL BEAUTY.

From "Success Magazine.")

There is a saying that every time a sheep bleats, it loses a mouthful of hay." Every time a woman worries she loses a little of her attractiveness and takes on marks of age.

If your servant scorches the soup or overcooks the meat, never mind. You cannot afford to worry about it, and if you scold her, you may make up your mind to lose some of your beauty, to let go some of your magnetism.

If the members of the family are habitually late, try to remedy it, but don't worry about it. If you do, you will grow older in the process.

If your husband or children do things that do not please you, do not nag at them. This will only aggravate the evil you complain of, and it will cost you some of their love and respect. Every time you nag you lose a little of your power to charm and attract them to you.

If the cleaners spoil your favorite dress, don't get angry about it. An outbreak of hot temper will take away much more of your attractiveness than your dress could supply.

If you lose your pocketbook, don't worry about it. Worrying will not bring it back, but it will take out of your face and disposition that which money can never replace.

If you meet with bitter disappointment, don't fret, don't cry over it. If you do, you pay a penalty which you can ill afford. No woman can fret and nag and worry and keep away the marks of age—or retain her beauty and power to please.

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 a deranged and unhealthy condition of the liver. Anyone subject to this painful affection will find a remedy in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Their action on the kidneys is pronounced and most beneficial, and by restoring healthy action they correct impurities in the blood.

A minister often has a hard time convincing a young man whom he has just married that there is no regular price for the ceremony and yet leaving such an impression that he will be sure to get a liberal donation," said the Rev. C. P. Smith, pastor of the North Side Christian Church in Kansas City, Kan., "and we often have some amusing experiences in connection with the matter. I remember one instance about ten years ago when I was preaching at Walla Walla, Wash. There was no negro preacher in town and I was often called upon to perform a ceremony between negroes. One afternoon after I had married a young negro couple, the groom asked me what was the price for the service. "'Oh, well,' said I, 'you can pay me whatever you think it is worth to you.' "The negro turned and silently looked his bride over from head to foot, then slowly rolling up the whites of his eyes to me, said: "'Lawd, sah, you has done ruined me for life.'"

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

An English debtor, on being sued, admitted that he had borrowed the money, but said that the plaintiff knew at the time it was a "Kahleen Mavourneen loan." "A Kathleen Mavourneen loan?" questioned the court, with a puzzled look. "That's it, your Lordship—one of the 'it may be for years, and it may be forever' sort."

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

The Foreigner—The Presidency, I believe, is the highest office within the gift of the American people, is it not? The Native—No; the highest office is the weather signal station on Pike's Peak.

Ayer's

Losing your hair? Coming out by the combful? And doing nothing? No sense in that! Why don't you use Ayer's Hair Vigor and

Hair Vigor

promptly stop the falling? Your hair will begin to grow, too, and all dandruff will disappear. Could you reasonably expect anything better?

"Ayer's Hair Vigor is a great success with me. My hair was falling out very badly, but the Hair Vigor stopped it and now my hair is all right."—W. C. Lockhart, Lindsay, Ont.

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

for

Thin Hair

Baby's Own Tablets

CURE HOT WEATHER AILMENTS AND SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

In the hot weather the little ones suffer from stomach and bowel troubles, are nervous, weak, sleepless and irritable. Their vitality is lower now than at any other season. Prompt action at this time saves a precious little life. Baby's Own Tablets is the best medicine in the world for little ones. They speedily relieve, promptly cure and give sound and refreshing sleep. And they are guaranteed free from opiates and harmful drugs. They always do good—they cannot possibly do harm, and no home should be without the Tablets, especially during the hot weather months, when dangerous troubles come suddenly and almost unperceived. Mrs. Adam Marticotte, Chlorydormes, Que., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for diarrhoea and stomach troubles and always with the most perfect success. They are better than any other medicine I know of." Sold by all druggists or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. See that every box bears the name "Baby's Own Tablets" and the picture of a four-leaf clover on the wrapper. Anything else is an imitation.

A young Virginia woman who recently moved to New York with her husband brought with her a typical colored servant. The lady was quite ill, and one morning after the physician had left the servant appeared, much concerned for the welfare of her mistress. Approaching the bedside she said: "Miss May, mah mothah dun had a cousin what had de same ailments what you dun got." "Is that so, Cora?" replied the lady. "Yessum," responded Cora, encouraged, "but mah mothah's cousin she died, 'deed she did." "Well, Cora," said her mistress, angry that she should tell her such a tale at such an inopportune time, "if that's all you have to say to me you can leave the room, and don't come in again. I don't want to hear such stories. You haven't the sense you were born with, and that was mighty little." Cora was thoroughly frightened at what she had done and wished to ameliorate her ill-chosen story, so she thought for a moment, and, turning to go, said: "Well, Miss May, mah mothah told me she died mighty easy."

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

Bjorkyns—Bad cold you have, Bjenkyns. How did you contract it? Bjenkyns—I didn't contract it. It was only a little one, and I expanded it.

Itch, Mange, Prairie scratches, Cuban itch on human or animals, cured in 30 minutes by Wolford's Sanitary Lotion.. It never fails. At all druggists.

A Private letter recently received in New York from a Russian woman, according to the Tribune, quotes the following little story as an illustration of the present situation and the popular attitude in Russia:—"Japan would have consented to peace with Russia some time ago if the Czar had been able to send the Mikado the following persons: Two functionaries not drink; one muojik who has never drink; one muojik who has never been whipped; one workman who has always had enough to eat. But the Czar was unable to find such persons in his whole country, and offered instead: Admiral Alexieff, Grand Duke Sergius, General Orloff, Admiral Ouchtomsky; and the priest, Jean de Cronstadt. But the Mikado would not accept these substitutes, and that is why the war still goes on."

WIRE WOUNDS.

My mare, a very valuable one, was badly bruised and cut by being caught in a wire fence. Some of the wounds would not heal, although I tried many different medicines. Dr. Bell advised me to use MINARD'S LINIMENT, diluted at first, then stronger as the sores began to look better, until after three weeks, the sores have healed and best of all the hair is growing well, and is not white as is most always the case in horse wounds.

F. M. DOUCET.

Weymouth.

Mr. Sloman—Is your sister at home, Willie? Willie—I heard her tell ma she expected a proposal tonight, an' if you're not the fellow I guess she ain't at home.

Minard's Liniment cures Garget in Cows

Flatbroke—I'm sorry I can't pay that bill now—you'll have to wait a while. And I'd like a suit right away, too. Tailor—You'll get it. I'm going to start one tomorrow.

"Pa, why do automobiles have numbers?" "So that those who are run over may read."

WHERE THEY LOST THEIR LUCK.

(Orison Swett Marden in "Success Magazine.")

In dawdling.
In indecision.
At the race track.
In poor judgment.
In worry and fretting.
In magnifying difficulties.
In a bad business location.
In trusting unworthy people.
In trying to get rich quickly.
In letting their ambition cool.
In over sanguine expectations.
"At the end of a fishing rod."
In not daring to take chances.
At cheap, demoralizing shows.
In not mastering their moods.
In getting into the wrong place.
In making a business a pleasure.
In not quite knowing their business.
In waiting for something to turn up.
It went down in drink and up in smoke.
In trying to take short cuts to success.
In working only when they felt like it.
In not working to a plan or programme.
In neglecting their personal appearance.
In looking on the dark side of everything.
In overconfidence born of a first easy victory.
In choosing a silly, extravagant girl for a wife.
In not being ready for the opportunity when it came.
In sampling every kind of investment scheme that came along.
In dreaming of things instead of doing the little ones at hand.
In being so disagreeable and selfish that they could not make friends.
It was burned up by a hot temper, which drove their employers and customers away.
In waiting for some one to help them or give them a boost, or for some rich uncle to die.
In refusing to take the positions they could get because they did not know whether they would like the work or not.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

"Don't you hire any servants at all to keep this hotel clean? My room is in an awfully dirty condition!'" complained the victim of the summer hotel "ad." "That is the fault of the wind," declared the proprietor blandly: "you know we advertise: 'Swept by ocean breezes!'"

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

An English prisoner, on being put into the dock in a London court, leaned over the front of the box and handed a "dock guinea" to a young member of the bar. "You defended me once before, sir; do you remember? and got me off. It was at Hertford Sessions, sir, for stealing a watch."

LET THE BABY SLEEP

USE

WILSON'S FLY PADS

KING OF THE ROAD

UNION MADE FOR THE TRADE OF THE GREAT WEST

Overalls, Smocks and Shirts.

Made to Fit and *Made to Wear.*

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

'King of the Road' Brand

ASK YOUR DEALER.

What You Want is a FLOUR that Combines

Strength, Color, Purity,

And These Qualities are Contained in

FIVE ROSES FLOUR

Lake of the Woods Milling Co., Ltd.

"For the alleged stealing of a watch, you mean," corrected the barrister, as he pocketed his fee. "Alleged be blowed!" replied the prisoner. "I've got the watch at 'ome now!"

Lifebuoy Soap—disinfectant—is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases.

"No, sir! This strike will go on until the cause of the oppressed triumphs. It can't be stopped, it can't be crushed. It is a struggle to the finish." "How would about $350 for your personal needs strike you?" "As I said before, this strike can't be crushed—but I didn't say it couldn't be called off. Where's the money?"

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, Etc.

Language doesn't stand still. Kansas people know a man is a tenderfoot when he talks about "cyclone cellars." People in the cyclone belt always refer to them as "fraid holes."

THE COST IS FORGOTTEN

You have realized how delicious a perfectly blended tea can be. Although *so far superior in quality*—the cost is no more than ordinary teas.

GOLD STANDARD TEA

In 1 lb. and ½ lb. Lead Packets; 3 lb. and 5 lb. Tins. 35, 40 and 50 cents

At the Grocers.

CODVILLE & CO., WINNIPEG.

BUT THE FLAVOR LINGERS

Ayer's Pills

Keep them in the house. Take one when you feel bilious or dizzy. They act directly on the liver. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

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

FIFTY CTS. OF DRUGGISTS OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

If it is a Question of Warmth use

E. B. EDDY'S BUILDING PAPER

It Retains Heat and Keeps Out Cold.

Write for Samples and Prices

TEES & PERSSE, Limited, Agents, Winnipeg.

WNU No 543

—GRAND—

FALL OPENING

AT THE

CORNER STORE.

Saturday, Sept. 16th.

Do not miss seeing the new Goods.

Riggs & Whyte.

One of the best Boy's Boots sold in Canada.

Boy's and Youth's rex chrome leather boots for wet weather wear. They are absolutely water tight; made over a fit form last and have a sole that will wear like iron.

Youth's sizes, 10's to 13's.

Boy's sizes, 1's to 5's.

Manufactured By

J. LECKIE, Co., Ltd.

VANCOUVER B.C.

DIAMOND RING

VALUE $75.00

GIVEN AWAY

On CHRISTMAS. One chance for every DOLLAR, Cash Purchase, from Sept 13th.

—Ring now on view at my store.—

Vanguard $27 00	Diamond and Precious Stone Rings.
Appleton Tracy & Co. $20 00	Quadruple and Plated Silverware.
17 Jewelled nickel Waltham, $10 00	Sterling Silverware.
15 Jewelled Waltham, $8 00	Rogers Flatware.
Solid Gold Watches, Ladies & Gents.	Cut Glass and Leather Goods.
Solid Gold Chains, Lockets, Brooches.	Everything at Eastern Prices.

P. STODDART

Watchmaker and Jeweller. All Engraving Free.

Royal Bank of Canada

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

T. E. KENNY, PRESIDENT. E. L. PEASE, GENERAL MANAGE

BRANCH AT CUMBERLAND,

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

A. W. HYNDMAN, MANAGER.

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

GO TO

CAREY

The TAILOR

for your next Suit of clothes.

—Look at these Prices—

Pants $3.00 up
Suits $13.00 up
Overcoats $12.50 up

Style, Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed.

DAVIS BLOCK.

A Fair Trial

IS ALL WE ASK

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

THE CITY

Meat Market,

W. W. McKAY, Proprietor.

New stock now in at the Big Store of Gents, Ladies, Youths rain coats. See these goods.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

The only safe effectual monthly medicine on which women can depend. Sold in two degrees of strength—No. 1, for ordinary cases, $1 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger for Special Cases, $3 per box. *Sold by all druggists.* Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound; take no substitute.

The Cook Medicine Co., Windsor, Ontario.

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

A Guaranteed Cure for Piles.

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

Dominion Exhibition

1905— September 27 to October 7 —1905

Under the auspices of the Royal Agricultural and Industrial Society.....

New Westminster

Stupendous and comprehensive array of Exhibits representing the resources of all Canada.

$100,000 IN PRIZES **$100,000**
& Attractions

Enlarged grounds, new, handsome and spacious buildings,

WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS in Rowing and Lacrosse, Horse Racing, Bronco "Busting", Military Parades and Exercises.
ROYAL IRISH GUARDS and other Famous Bands.
GRAND WATER CARNIVAL Parade of Fraser River fishing fleet, patrol boats, H. M. warships, Indian war canoes, etc.
Indian Sports.

For all information write W. H. KEARY, Secretary and Manager, New Westminster, B C.

Wood's Phosphodine,

The Great English Remedy.

A positive cure for all forms of Sexual Weakness, Mental and Brain Worry, *Emissions, Spermatorrhoea, Impotency,* Effects of Abuse or Excess, all of which lead to Consumption, Infirmity, Insanity and an early grave. Price $1 per pkg., six for $5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain package on receipt of price. Write for Pamphlet.

BEFORE AND AFTER

The Wood Medicine Co., Windsor, Ontario.

Choice Samples of

Cloths and Tweeds

Just To Hand,

Leave your order for a Suit.

Also to arrive in a few days an extra Choice Selection of Ladies, Misses and Childrens,

Coats and Skirts.

Advanced Styles from the best Costume makers of the Continent.

Wait and see them before making your purchases.

C. DAVIES

Royal Household Flour

$6.50 per barrel $1.65 per sack.

At the Big Store,

New Goods constantly arriving at Napier & Partridge.

Everything in the Ammunition line At the Big Store.

If you want to get satisfaction on your hunting trips, buy your Ammunition etc. "At The Big Store", where they carry a large stock of hunters requisites.

Advertisers who want their ad changed, should get copy in by 9 a.m. day before issue.

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

W. B. Anderson, Mgr.

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

It is difficult to realize the enormous extent of Alberta and Saskatchewan; in fact as far as that goes Western people themselves have no true conception of the vast extent of the two new provinces. To say that each of them contains more than 275,000 square miles conveys no definite notion of their real size. Each of the new provinces is nearly six times as large as New York state and each is larger than the German Empire. With this comparison in view is it any wonder that Canadians are optimistic over the country and that they have unbounded faith in its future possibilities.

Cities on this continent have grown so rapidly and access to the country has always been so easy that the need for parks and recreation grounds has not been brought home to our civic authorities within the last few years, however the absolute necessity of play grounds and breathing spots in our cities has been more clearly seen and greater efforts have been put forth to obtain better parks The gift of 9,000 acres to the city of Glasgow, Scotland, by Mr Cameron Corbett, as a great recreation park suggests one side of municipal development towards which the Canadian cities should direct more attention. When this becomes a great city we will pathetically wish we had such a park as Boston Commons or Hyde Park in London.

Few mothers will allow their children to visit for any length of time with someone they know nothing about; but how many take the trouble to become personally acquainted with their children's school teacher. Many a father and mother does not know the man who has charge of their children for the greater part of every day, even by sight, and this teacher is moulding the character of their children. The influence of some teachers upon the pupil is something that every parent should carefully consider.

Telegraphic News

Tokio, 26th—The Russian battleship Retvizan which was sunk at Port Arthur was re-floated by the Japanese engineers yesterday.

Nanaimo, W. L. Mackenzie King Minister of Labor from Ottawa, has arrived in an endeavor to bring about an amicable settlement of the strike.

London, 26th—The British Government has decided to establish a naval base at Singapore as a part of a vast new scheme of Imperial defence which includes the compulsory purchase of the Tanjongpagar docks.

Karlstad, 25th—After protracted sessions extending over some weeks the Norwegian and Swedish delegates have at last settled upon seperation and the two countries have agreed on all points

St Petersburg, 25th—The authorities here have received official reports from the Siberian coast that the Japanese are pursuing measures which are ruining the inhabitants of Sakhalien The Japs are forcing the people to sell their property at absurdedly low prices under threats of death. The people of the southern portion being forced to immigrate and those of the northern are being plundered of their horses, cattle and crops and driven from their farms without food. As an example of the extremity of the Japanese methods, General Senemovesky commanding the Alexandrovsk district reports that 180 Russians were led into marshes by Japanese and were beheaded.

Nanaimo, 26th—Mackenzie King had a conference with the Miners Union and Manager Stockett. The interviews were very satisfactory and there is a strong feeling that both parties will now be brought together and negotiations with end of the strike in view.

Paris 26th—Admiral Fournier stated today that the British naval station at Singapore gives a strategic base sufficient absolutely to prevent passage of naval forces within the China Sea and is capable of suppressing commercial communication between China and Europe. Thus Singapore becomes Great Britain's key to the door of the China Sea.

After fifteen years residence in Cumberland Mrs H. P. Collis and family will leave on Friday morning to reside in Victoria. Mrs Collis leaves a host of friends who regret to hear of her departure, but will feel that Cumberland's loss is Victoria's gain. Mrs Collis has always been an active worker in charitable and social affairs and her place will not be easily filled. With her many friends we wish her bon voyage.

A NEW BEDWARMER

One of our School staff one evening lately, thought of the excellent plan of placing a lighted incandescent globe between the sheets of his bed to warm them up for the night.

Leaving the patent warmer to do its work, he went out to spend the evening and, upon returning a little later, found a large hole burnt in the bedclothes and was just in time to save a blaze. Moral—Dont monkey with the lightning.

Wm Dalby, dentist, formely of this town was married recently in Seattle to Mrs Martha Tierny.

Several ladies have complained of the filthycondition of the sidewalks in front of certain resorts of this town. It is about time that the law prohibiting spitting on the sidewalks was enforced.

The talked of appointment of Geo Riley, M.P. to the Lieut Governorship is looked upon as a huge joke.

Two young strangers came to town last week, one to the family of Mr T. Wilson, the other to Mr Geo. Doughboys.

A site will shortly be chosen for the erection of the new Customs House in Cumberland to cost about $2,000.

Do You Want A PIANO?

We Can Save Money For You

WRITE AT ONCE TO

Fletcher Bros

93 GOV'T STREET

Victoria, B.C.

CUMBERLAND

Meat Market

Choicest Meats
Supplied at Lowest Market Prices

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

Fresh Fish
will be on Sale every Wednesday

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

J. McPhee & Son
PROPRIETORS.