THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

TENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY, JANY 26, 1904.

GREAT CASH

Clearance Sale

At the BIG STORE

....COMMENCING....

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23rd, 1904.

CONSISTING OF:—

FURNITURE, DRY GOODS, SHOES, CLOTHING,

AND MANY OTHER LINES.

Hundreds of Remnants.

The : Greatest : Bargains

EVER OFFERED IN CUMBERLAND.

For further particulars see Bills.

S. LEISER & CO, Ltd

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

51 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

As a Reminder.

WHAT YOU MAY WISH TO CHOOSE FOR THE HOLIDAYS .. .. ..

OUR NEW CATALOGUE

Will give you more ideas and suggestions than a week of shopping could, and at your own fireside .. ..

1568 ILLUSTRATIONS

Printed on Fine Tone Paper and fully described and priced. Suggestions how to furnish every room in the house—all free for the asking.

WEILER BROS., Victoria, B.C.

HIGH-CLASS FURNISHINGS.

CUMBERLAND

Meat Market

CHOICEST MEATS KEPT IN STOCK.

AT THE FOLLOWING PRICES:—

BEEF, Fore Quarter.....8½. per lb
BEEF, Hind Quarter.....10c. per lb
SHOULDER STEAKS.....12c. per lb
ROUND STEAKS.....14c. per lb
SURLOIN STEAK.....16c. per lb
BOILING BEEF.....8c. and 10c. per lb
MUTTON, VEAL and PORK—at equally low prices.

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

J. McPhee & Son

PROPRIETORS.

NOTICE.

I beg to inform the public that on and after January 1st, 1904, my business will be strictly cash, by so doing I can give my Patrons better satisfaction.

T. H. CAREY, TAILOR.

NOTICE.

Any person found taking Timber from Block A of Lot 76, and Block B, of Section 76, Comox District, will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

GEO. STEVENS

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

52t 14 1 03

Local and Personal

Mr S. Craig, of Nanaimo, has been in Comox for a few days.

Call and see the watches at the Big Store.

Mrs S. C. Davis returned from Nanaimo last week, considerably improved in health.

We sell Force, Malta Vita, Shredded Wheat Biscuits, Grape Nuts, and Postums Cereal Mixture.—Stanley H. Riggs.

J. B. McLean returned from a visit to the Fraser River and Vancouver last week. He reports bad weather on the Mainland.

G. R. Robson, of the H B.Co., made his customary trip here last week. Mr Robson narrowly missed taking passage on the "Clallam" on her last fatal voyage, the fact of his not being able to get through business at Port Townsend alone preventing him.

An entertainment and social will be given in the Presbyterian church on Thursday evening, 28th inst., at 7.30 p.m. A collection will be taken up during the evening. Refreshments will be served in the basement.

The entire stock of furniture of S. Leiser & Co, has been purchased by Capt. Nickerson, who has taken the premises lately occupied by P. Dunne, where he will sell at prices away down.

Mr T. W. Martindale, representative of the I.C.S., was in town Wednesday and Thursday in the interests of the school. He has been fortunate in securing the assistance of Mr F. Waller (son of H. Waller of this city).

A 10 round mill, under Queensberry rules, took place at Courtney last week, between "Butch" and the "Fur-trader." Butch got put out of business in the fourth, Fur-trader getting in a short hook on the bread basket, and following up with a double tatoo on the spot where it did most good. Gate receipts divided.

The illustrated Farm and Home, of which a clubbing notice appears elsewhere in these columns, is the most comprehensive farm and horticultural paper it has been our fortune to receive. It is of inestimable value to the farmer, stock-raiser, orchardist, beekeeper and others. All paid-up subscribers will receive the two papers for $2.50 per year in advance.

The train of cars which went over the Transfer slip last week are being hauled out, and it is believed the most, if not all of them will be raised without much trouble. The main damage done is to the hoisting gear of the slip, it being necessary to get duplicates of castings from San Francisco. These, however, have probably been shipped before this and will shortly arrive, when they will at once be placed in position and the landing made ready for work.

At a meeting of the Medical Board last evening, the tenders for supplies for the new Alexandra Ward in the Hospital were considered—Messrs Waller & Partridge and S. H. Riggs capturing all, being the lowest tenderers.

A CORRECTION.

In the report of the Water Works meeting in our last, Mr Clinton should have been placed as treasurer, and Mr L. W. Nunns, as secy. Larry was wondering if we intended to give him the job of labourer, as his name did not appear in proper place

Telegraphic News

EXPLOSION

160 MEN ENTOMBED

Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, Jany. 25—An explosion occurred in the shaft of the Carwich Colliery at Cheswick, about 8.30 this morning. There are 160 miners entombed. All escape cut off and no way of reaching entombed men has yet been found. Excitement is intense at Cheswick where miners reside. Great crowds surround mouth of pit, and the wails of the women and children of the entombed men are pitiful to hear. When the explosion occurred the concussion was so great that it is said a mule was blown out of the shaft to the surface. Cause of explosion not yet learned.

Later.—None of the imprisoned miners have yet been rescued. Several hundred men are at work trying to liberate those inside. The shaft is filled with debris, completely shutting off all means of escape. There is no way yet of finding out the number killed. If the mine entrance cannot be cleared out so that the men can get fresh air, all will have perished in a few hours. Supt. Sheet stated he fears the worst. A rescue party has been organised but no one has yet been able to get into the mine.

Victoria, Jany 22—At the "Clallam" inquest to-day Mr Tyson, who had been mate of this steamer told of some practices for inspection purposes. On Danube he told of carrying life-preservers on armpits preparatory to inspection and taking them off afterwards. On the Amur a life raft was taken on for same purpose.

Ladysmith, Jany. 22—Last night Cariboo Sinclair met Wm. Hannay in a 20-round contest for $200 and percentages gate receipts, fight lasted 8 seconds. Left handed punch by Sinclair knocked Hannay out. Sinclair has accepted challange from Dan. Godfrey at 160 pounds.

A lad named Robertson who fractured his skull by colliding with a stump while coasting on Wednesday died yesterday from the result of his injuries.

Port Arthur, Jany. 23.—After a hurried conference of all departments of Manchuria adminstration orders were issued that a list of every available army and navy reserve men in Manchuria be drawn up. The reserves total 80,000. Warlike preparations are being carried on day and night.

Tokio Jany. 23.—No reply has yet been received from St. Petersburg.

An extraordinary issue of the Gazette has been published containing an important ordination approving various coast defence regulations and forbidding the navigation of private vessels and fishing within specified limits. The decree is regarded as being highly signifant.

Port Arthur Jany. 23.—High officials here say war or peace will be decided upon to-morrow. The Dowager Empress of China has decided at all costs to fight for freedom of Manchuria from foreign control.

Calgary, Jany. 25th—E. Cashel, condemned murderer, who made such daring escape from police barracks last month, was captured this afternoon by police, after a hard fight, six miles northeast of Calgary, and will be hung to morrow.

The MAGNET

CASH STORE.

5 Prizes

GIVEN AWAY

Every 25c. purchase in my Store entitles you to one guess as to—How many Beans there are in the bucket that is in my window.

1—Handsome Meat Platter and Vegetable Dish, value..... $2 55
2—Doz. Cups and Saucers, Cream Jug and Sugar Basin, value... 2 25
3—Hair Brush, Comb, and Pin Cushion, value..... 2 25
4—Box Toilet Soap, Broom & Wash Board, value..... 2 25
5—Box Cigars, value..... 2 50

Beans to be counted Saturday evening, February 27th, 1904, at 8 p.m.

1st nearest guess gets first choice of the above prizes; 2nd nearest gets second choice; 3rd &c, &c.

T. E. BATE,

DUNSMUIR AVE., Cumberland

ENTERTAINMENTS.

The Kanota Medicine and Concert Co., of Woodstock, have been giving entertainments in the Cumberland Hall during the past few nights. The Company have given entire satisfaction. Mr Campbell the manager, has won his way in the good graces of the people by the frank way he transacts the business. The Company go from here to Courtenay for one week.

In the entertainment part, Mr Campbell has shown himself to be a most versatile comedian, and takes the character of the Emerald Islander to perfection. His songs are greeted with shouts of laughter, as also his anecdotes. Mr A. Duplessie, an accomplished musician, delighted the audience with his clever trick violin playing, in many positions. Mr J. A. Casselle, performs some clever slight-of-hand tricks with cards, and also balancing a huge pyramid of chairs on his chin without apparent effort. His phenomenal shooting is a feature of the show.

The vote for ladies is now—Miss Grey, 3879; Miss F. Piket, 3613; Miss Lewis, 1899; Miss Maxwell, 562.

The dance last evening was well attended. Messrs Duplessie and Campbell rendering excellent music.

Mrs. Yeatman, of Valdez Island, desires, through the medium of the "News," to thank the people of Cumberland and vicinity for their timely help in her sad trouble. Below is a list of collections made by Mr A. Joyce. Mr. James Knight's list is still to hear from.

J. Baird, $2.50; L. A. Mounce, $2.50; R. Grant, $2.50; W. B. Anderson, $2.50; G. W. Clinton, $2; J. H. Piket, $1; J. Thomson, $1; J. Bruce, $1; B. Moore, $1; Dan Kilpatrick, $1, D. McKay, $1, S. Shaw, $1; T. E. Bate, $1; J. B. Bennett, $1; A. Nickerson, $1; F. Partridge, $1; J. Roe, $1; A. H. Peacey, $1; R. S. Robertson, $1; W. Robb, $1; S. W. Nunns, $1; J. Reid, $1; W. Willard, $1; H. Mitchell, $1; H. P. Collis, $1; C. H. Tarbell, $1; W J McQuillan, $1; C.B., 50c; cash, 50c; S Davies 50; O. H. Fechner, 50c; R. Hornal, 50c; W. Riley, 50c; F. Williams, 50.

For Preserving Jars, all sizes, Rubber Rings for same, and Sugar, enquire prices at the Big Store; by so doing you can save money.

QUAINT STATUTES IN FORCE.

Man Who Maintains That There Are More Gods Than One or Denies Divine Inspiration Liable for Three Years.

Were a citizen of Ontario to be told that for asserting or maintaining that there are more Gods than one or for denying the Divine inspiration of the Old or New Testaments, he would be liable to three years' imprisonment, he would be unable to express his amazement or incredulity; yet if he should consult his lawyer, he would learn that such is probably the case.

Such was stated to be the law by no less a personage than the Hon. Robert Alexander Harrison, Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, in 1878.

The grounds for this opinion were that, by a statute passed by our Parliament in the year 1792, it was provided that in all matters of controversy relative to property and civil rights, resort shall be had to the laws of England or the rule for the decision of the same. At that time, an Act passed in the year 1698, the tenth year of the reign of William III., "for the more effectual suppression of blasphemy and profaneness," was still in force. By our statute of 1792, this therefore became embodied in our laws, as affecting "civil rights."

This Act of William III., which is recorded at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, in the quaint lettering of a hundred years ago, has since been repealed in England, but not in Canada: "Whereas, many persons have of late years openly avowed and published many blasphemous and impious Opinions," enacted the shocked legislators, "contrary to the Doctrines and Principles of the Christian Religion, . . . if any person having been educated in the Christian Religion within this realm, shall, by writing, printing, teaching or advised speaking . . . shall assert or maintain there are more Gods than one, or shall deny the Christian Religion to be true, or the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be of Divine Authority. . . . such person shall be adjudged incapable . . . to have or enjoy . . . any office civil or military;" and for a second conviction such person "shall be disabled to sue, prosecute or plead . . . in any court of law, . . . and shall also suffer imprisonment for the space of three years."

Leniency of the Times.

The leniency and mercy of the times is shown by the provision that on renunciation of such "erroneous opinions" within four months after his conviction he shall be discharged.

The penalties provided by this statute are sufficiently severe to delight the most puritanical spirits.

Another statute which is considered by many lawyers to be still in force here is the Act of Uniformity. This Act recites the "Act for the Uniformity of Common Prayer of Edward the Sixth's Time," which was repealed by "our late Sovereign Lady Queen Mary, to the great decay of the due honor of God," and enacts that the Book of Prayer authorized by Edward the Sixth shall be restored. The vicar or parson using any form of prayer or song other than set forth in that book was, for the first offence, to lose his remuneration and promotion for a year, and suffer six months' imprisonment; for the second offence, imprisonment for one year and loss of all "spiritual promotions;" and for the third offence, imprisonment. Thus were discouraged the schismatic tendencies of Anglican clergymen.

The Prayer Book.

The due respect of the masses for the prayer book was retained by a provision that if any person should "speak anything in the Derogation, Depraving or despising of the said book," he shall be liable for the first offence to a fine of 100 marks, for the second a fine of 400 marks, and for the third, imprisonment for life.

The problem of how to get the masses into the church, which is causing endless worry to present-day pastors, was solved in a simple manner by the legislators of Elizabeth's time. By this Act, the people were ordered to attend church "under pain of punishment by the censures of the church." For the benefit of those wicked persons who did not stand in proper awe of the "censures of the church," a fine of 12 pence for each offence was added. As this statute may be still in force in Ontario, citizens prone to slumber while the church bells are chiming on a Sabbath morn, should reform before their sins and the Lord's Day Observance man finds them out.

Some people make money by spending it.—Atchison Globe.

Forethought.

Husband—You don't mean to say you paid $250 for that gown?

Wife—Oh, no! I left that for you

Birds That Lay Four Eggs.

The spotted sandpiper and killdeer plover and most of the other snipe and plover lay four eggs at a clutch. The eggs are arranged in the nest or on the bare ground with their small ends together, and as they are pyriform in shape they join in to perfection. The eggs of the snipe and plover groups are proportionately exceedingly large for the size of the bird, and the saving of space by this arrangement undoubtedly answers a purpose.

England may be the mother country, but the United States seems to be the father-in-law country.

In the opinion of the health department of Chicago, every school in that city should be provided with apparatus to sterilize drinking water.

Character is the poor man's capital.

If you hate another, it is slow suicide for yourself.

Men call their own carelessness and inactivity fate.

The lucky man is the one who grasps his opportunity.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

"What do you go to Sunday-school for, little girl?"

"Because my mamma makes me."

"What do you do when you get there?"

"I wait till it's out."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Gypsy Smith well says that he believes in a fence at the edge of a precipice rather than a hospital at the bottom.

Ayer's

One dose of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral at bedtime prevents night coughs of children. No croup. No bronchitis. A

Cherry Pectoral

doctor's medicine for all affections of the throat, bronchial tubes, and lungs. Sold for over 60 years.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for eight years. There is nothing equal to it for coughs and colds, especially for children."—MRS. W. H. BRYMER, Shelby, Ala.

25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for

Night Coughs

Keep the bowels open with one of Ayer's Pills at bedtime, just one.

HAS NO EQUAL

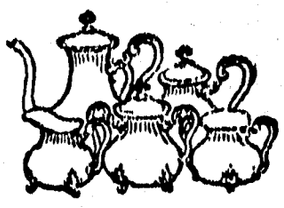
For Spavins, Ringbone Splints, Curbs, and all forms of Lameness, bunches or bony enlargements.

Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., I have used your Kendall's Spavin Cure for 20 years and have found it an *infallible remedy*. *Please mail me your book at once as I have a colt I am now having trouble with.* Yours truly, L. L. JARVIS, Dayton, Texas.

As a liniment for family use it has no equal. Price $1; six for $5. Ask your druggist for KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE; also "A Treatise on the Horse," the book free, or address Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Enosburg Falls, Vt.

Silver Ware

A selection made from our Catalogue will be delivered at your door at precisely the same cost to you as if purchased in person at our store.



No. 11—Price, $25.00

This handsome 5-piece Tea Set—non-heat-conducting handles, finest quality silver plate—is a marvel of good value.

Our new Catalogue will be ready Nov. 15th. Write for a copy.

RYRIE BROS.
JEWELERS
118, 120, 122 and 124 Yonge St., Toronto

Infants Rubber Diapers

These Diapers are made of the finest quality, thin white rubber cloth, are very pliable and may be adjusted over cloth diaper to protect bed clothes and dresses. They fasten with buttons. Made in small, medium and large sizes. A blessing to mothers. One of our Rubber Diapers lasts longer than a doz. ordinary ones. Price by mail post paid—75 cts. *Write for illustrated catalogue of sanitary supplies.* French and American rubber goods, Toilet Sundries, etc. It is free. Address

THE SANITARY RUBBER CO.
198 VICTORIA ST., TORONTO, CAN.

Lady agents wanted)

Marriage In the Orient.

In the east—in India, China and Japan—girls are married very young. With us they would still be considered children and would be in bibs and pinafores. But over there girls of twelve are considered of full marriageable age, and it is not at all uncommon to find wives of six or eight or ten years. When a proposal of marriage is made the father of the young girl is applied to, and the following style of answer is considered stylish and elegant:

"I have received with respect the marks of your goodness. The choice that you deign to make of my daughter to become the wife of your son shows that you esteem my poor daughter more than she deserves. My daughter is coarse and stupid, and I have not had the talent to bring her up well. Yet I shall nevertheless glory in obeying you on this occasion."

This is the proper and accepted mode of reply. But, fortunately for the girl wives of the east, individuals are often kinder than the law itself, so that a family is often bound together by happy and cordial relations, such as could not exist if a man really felt his wife to be coarse and stupid.

Weather Wisdom.

A very curious method of making weather predictions has been discovered by an old French farmer.

"On Christmas eve," he says, "when the bells begin to ring for midnight mass, take twelve onions and place them in a row on a table. The first onion will represent January, the second February, and so on. Next make a large slit in each onion and pour some salt into it. If at the end of an hour you find that the salt in the March onion has melted you will know that there will be much rain in March, and, on the other hand, if the salt in the April onion is not melted you may be certain that April will be a dry month. Moreover, if the salt in any onion is melted at the top, but not at the bottom, the first fortnight of the month will be wet and the second fortnight dry."

Wild Animals In Captivity.

"Are wild animals happy in captivity?" said the keeper of the zoological gardens, in answer to a question asked by a visitor. "Well, at first thought it may sound strange, but they are happy, and some of them are very, very happy.

"It seems to be the general opinion that when the liberty of an animal used to a free life in the wild woods is taken away the animal will pine away and die. That's a pretty bit of sentiment, but apparently it's all wrong. You would naturally think that a wild animal in captivity would become dangerous, but such is not the case.

"Take the monkeys, for instance. They look very unhappy, don't they? Why, those little imps play from morning till night, and they're as cheerful as larks, excepting when they are ill. Go in the bird house and listen to the songs, the chirps and trills, then look around for an unhappy bird. Watch the bears play and the leopards and other members of the cat tribe roll over each other like little children on a nursery floor."

Generosity.

Johnny—I asked Tom for the core of his apple, and he gave me the whole apple.

Mamma—And what did you say to Tommy?

Johnny—I didn't say nothing, but I did the right thing. I gave him the core.

In Hamburg a dog is taxed according to his size; a little tax for a little dog, and a big tax for a big dog.

The first prune tree was planted in California in 1870 by a Frenchman, who brought the tree to this continent from France. The first orchard—of 10 acres—began to yield in 1875.

A brilliant signal light at Atlantic City is visible nineteen miles at sea. Each year it burns 2,200 gallons of oil.

Twelve million pounds' worth of leather is required every year to provide boots and shoes for the inhabitants of Great Britain.

IS THERE POISON IN YOUR BLOOD?

Then the Liver and Kidneys Have Failed to Perform Their Mission and You Need

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

If you are not well there must be a reason for it. Most of the common ills of life arise from poison in the system. If you would be well you must remove this cause of disease.

The work of the blood is two-fold. It supplies nourishment to the body and collects the impure and poisonous waste matter. This poisonous material is removed from the blood by the action of the liver and kidneys. When these organs fail the poison is carried back through the system in the circulation of the blood and causes disease.

Where is your weak spot? Just there you may first expect to feel the effects of poison in the system. It may be stomach trouble or lung trouble, kidney disease or heart disease, but the beginning is with the inaction of the great filtering organs—the liver and kidneys.

Nine-tenths of the ills of everyday life may be cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, because they set the liver, kidneys and bowels right, and so cleanse and invigorate the system.

Have you come to realize the importance of keeping the bowels regular and the liver and kidneys active? You will appreciate Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, not only on account of their wonderful promptness, but also for their lasting effect on the system. They get at the very foundation of ill-health, and by removing the cause bring cure.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, the comfort of old age, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

OVER A HUNDRED YEARS MILLING EXPERIENCE

"Well begun is half done."

Start the day well. Much depends on eating a good healthful, hearty breakfast. Food Fads, Flakelets, Pre-digesteds, etc., served cold with cream to "excuse haste," will not serve the place of a good hot dish of thoroughly cooked

OGILVIE OATS

Tasty and invigorating.

The OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS Co. Ltd.
WINNIPEG CANADA MONTREAL

Sometimes it is difficult to distinguish between contentment and laziness.

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

The woman who is first to adopt a new fad is also the first to draw the at a new wrinkle.

It's useless for some women to deny that they married for money after you see their husbands.

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

Some men trust to luck in this world, and some others are lucky to get trusted.

(Liquozone was formerly known in Canada as Powley's Liquified Ozone.)

We Paid $100,000

For Liquozone—Yet We Give You a 50c. Bottle Free.

This company, after testing Liquozone for two years in the most difficult germ diseases, paid $100,000 for the American rights. That is by far the highest price ever paid for similar rights on any scientific discovery.

We publish this fact to show you the value of Liquozone. The most worthless product may have great claims made about it; but men don't pay a price like that save for a discovery of remarkable worth to humanity.

Kills Inside Germs.

Liquozone alone kills germs in the body without killing the tissues, too. It is so certain that we publish on every bottle an offer of $1,000 for a disease germ that it cannot kill. Liquozone destroys at once and forever the cause of any germ disease.

And there is no other way to do it. Any drug that kills germs is a poison to you, and it cannot be taken internally. Liquozone alone can attack a trouble that is caused by inside germs; and it cures diseases which medicine never cured.

Liquid Oxygen.

Liquozone is simply liquid oxygen—no drugs, no alcohol in it. It is the discovery of Paull, the great German chemist, who spent 20 years on it. His object was to get such an excess of oxygen in staple form into the blood that no germ could live in any membrane or tissue.

Liquozone does that. Oxygen is Nature's greatest tonic—the very source of vitality. Its effects are exhilarating—purifying, vitalizing. Nothing else in the world is so good for you. But germs are vegetables; and this excess of oxygen—the very life of an animal—is deadly to vegetable matter.

We spend 14 days in making each bottle of Liquozone; but the result is liquid oxygen—a product which will cure diseases which no medical skill can cure without it. It is now employed in every great hospital, and indorsed by every medical authority, the world over.

Germ Diseases.

These are the known germ diseases. All that medicine can do for these troubles is to help Nature overcome the germs, and such results are indirect and uncertain. Liquozone kills the germs, wherever they are, and the results are inevitable. By destroying the cause of the trouble, it invariably ends the disease, and forever.

Asthma	Hay Fever—Influenza
Abscess—Anæmia	Kidney Diseases
Bronchitis	La Grippe
Blood Poison	Leucorrhœa
Bright's Disease	Liver Troubles
Bowel Troubles	Malaria—Neuralgia
Coughs—Colds	Many Heart Troubles
Consumption	Piles—Pneumonia
Colic—Croup	Pleurisy—Quinsy
Constipation	Rheumatism
Catarrh—Cancer	Skin Diseases
Dysentery—Diarrhœa	Scrofula—Syphilis
Dandruff—Dropsy	Stomach Troubles
Dyspepsia	Throat Troubles
Eczema—Erysipelas	Tuberculosis
Fevers—Gall Stones	Tumors—Ulcers
Goitre—Gout	Varicocele
Gonorrhœa—Gleet	Women's Diseases

All diseases that begin with fever—all inflammation—all catarrh—all contagious diseases—all the results of impure or poisoned blood.

In nervous debility Liquozone acts as a vitalizer, accomplishing what no drugs can do.

50c. Bottle Free.

If you need Liquozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then mail you an order on your local druggist for a full-size bottle, and we will pay your druggist ourselves for it. This is our free gift, made to convince you; to show you what Liquozone is, and what it can do. In justice to yourself, please accept it to-day, for it places you under no obligation whatever.

Liquozone costs 50c. and $1.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

for this offer may not appear again. Fill out the blanks and mail it to the Liquid Ozone Co., 221-229 Kinzie St., Chicago.

My disease is .....

I have never tried Liquozone or Powley's Liquified Ozone, but if you will supply me a 50c. bottle free I will take it.

.....

67. .....

D C A .....

Give full address—write plainly.

Liquozone—our trademark name—now appears on every bottle of genuine liquified ozone.

THE SMOKERS' ROOM

WHERE MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS GO TO "SMOKE UP."

Where My Lady Nicotine Holds Sway Over Canada's Legislators—The Favorite, Old, Ill-Smelling Pipe of the Oldsters Holds the Dress Parade Cigars and Their Habitues in Awe in This Sleepy Den.

One of the best places to study human nature is the smoking-room of the Canadian House of Commons. It is such a cunningly hidden little room, so remote from the maddening crowd, so quiet and sleepy, that you might almost stumble over it without seeing it. It is a lost, Lotos-eating island in the high seas of human endeavor that surge all around. It wouldn't be fair to chart it on any plan for fear some noisy roysterer might come along and break its tradition of silence and introspection. It is very jealous of its customs, this little oasis of poppies, where the smoke is always curling in blue wreaths to the ceiling.

Here My Lady Nicotine holds gentle sway, her devotees worshiping her with incense of every sort from Canadian shag to Cuba's choicest leaf; using all sorts of thuribles from the short stemmed Irish cuddy to the stately churchwarden. Some of them, many of them indeed, affect briar-root pipes, strong, full-flavored bowls endeared to their owners more by the earnestness than the sweetness of their odor. The younger members who have not gotten beyond the stage of always being on dress parade burn cigars and cigarettes which exhale fragrance like a

Chinese Joss Stick.

No doubt this is a grateful savor in My Lady Nicotine's nostrils, but, all said and done, she prefers the rank, ill-smelling pipe that the oldsters cherish. It reaches her, I have no doubt, when fancy perfectos fail, just as the widow's mite influenced high heaven when more ostentatious largesses fell short. At any rate, there is an understanding that the smoking-room is the place for the pipe, for the juicy, wheezy, foul, but favorite old pipe that you are ashamed of being seen with on the street—the kind of pipe, in short, that a man carries in his pocket to "smell-up" his clothes, but brings out finally when he is alone with nature. The smoking-room says to the member who is itching to dig up something that ought to be smoked in a gas-house, "Here you are welcome. Fear not, but trot out your odorous abomination with the petrified dottel and the acrid solutions of a year; fill it with tabac Canadien, and light it with a blue sulphur match. Be at your ease. Cigars are only tolerated here. Make a fog that you can cut. Pipes are the thing, and all kinds get the glad hand except the hookah, which is Oriental and effeminate." And the harassed member, disgusted with doubtful Havanas and suspicious domestics, falls in with the invitation and smokes up like a pavement furnace mending a hole in the asphalt.

The Old Tobacconist.

This land of Nod and garden of the Hesperides is bestowed in a tight little corner between the private room of the Finance Minister and the entrance to the library. Thus it is in touch with the present and the great thought of the past, without being oppressed by either. It seems to partake of the nature of both, the general atmosphere being, as it were, a contemplative liveliness, a subdued, reflective gaiety which requires few words for expression. In the far corner is a tobacco cabinet, and with it an ancient Pistol who has come down from the period before Confederation. This quaint old fellow parts his scanty hair clear to the nape of his neck, dressing it carefully over his ears lest some loud word should penetrate there and jar the quietude he has lived in for a generation.

He has never been seen to smoke himself, and very rarely does he ever sell anything from the old tobacco box. When he does, it is something of a ceremony. He approaches it as reverently as the High Priest might the Ark of the Covenant. You may even imagine a genuflection or two. He unlocks it with a rusty little key, pokes mysteriously into it, and resurrects therefrom two boxes of withered, discouraged-looking cigars, whose quality is as the difference between five cents and ten, and whose age and ex-succulence are unquestionable. Perhaps he does a bit of business. Perhaps he doesn't. He cares little. His chief duty is simply to brood over this quiet scene like a Thibetan yogi waiting for his trance. When Death removes this venerable servant, he will take it unkindly, if he be not translated to some Elysian field where the angels hit the pipe and say nothing. 'Twill be no Heaven for him if there isn't a cozy fumoir among the many mansions. Eternity will be dull if he can't catch a whiff of good old Virginia from the asphodel meadows, or if he can't hear, once in a while, the bubbling of an over-ripe pipe, and, perhap, an occasional request for a light to break down the stricture. Remember, he doesn't want to smoke himself, but he wants to see the other smoking, and there is not so much malice in this wish as you might conceive. He wants to see them smoke, not to burn. He will feel more at home, too, if there are a number of quiet, intellectual games in progress—preferably whist, piquet, and draughts.

In Subdued Tones.

The smoking-room always harbors a Quakers' meeting. The undertone is a friendly, encompassing, almost spiritual silence. But it is likely to be broken in fierce gusto when the spirit moves. This happens when a trick is taken, a crucial trump is played, or a pawn gets into the king-row. Otherwise you might infer that this little hermitage was filled with jolly coenobites who had taken a Trappist vow never to talk again. So complete are these intermittent silences that the stranger would pass the room unnoted even, if not for the gentle click of the draughts as they are shoved or lifted from square to square. Then, perhaps, he would look up and see the sign, "None but members admitted here," and curiosity might tempt him to step inside. Perhaps it is a rainy Saturday, and on such a day the smoking-room does big business. It is crowded with little tables, here a partie carree, there a game of deux. Through the windows is a view of the silver, misty reaches of the Ottawa, and the cloud-basked ridges of the Laurentians bowing their heads to the blessed rain as to a benediction. He may almost see the trees budding and the grass springing under these warm showers, and the valley fairly steeping. But these joyful, vernal tears of Nature are merely an accompaniment, a sort of gracious obligato to the quiet fellowship within.

Ghosts Haunt It.

On the bench in the corner a young member from Nova Scotia is curled up reading a red-covered romance, one of these tales of derring-do in which love and valor flourish in an elemental way unknown to our artificial age. He will observe, too, that the smoking-room is a great place for ghosts. By ghost I mean those good fellows who have hung on too long and have been finally cast aside by the electors. These ghosts must revisit the scenes of their former splendor, but the atmosphere of No. 16 is too strenuous for them. They feel out of touch there. But in the smoking-room where everything is seen through a haze and the events of yesterday are as if they were written a hundred years ago, he finds the balm his soul seeks, the Nepenthe he craves, and the thick vapors that ghosts properly clothe themselves with. And so the ghosts flock to the smoking-room, where they play patience, solitaire, cribbage, and other things that stimulate calculation while they take the edge off the past.

All Good Friends There.

The casual observer will be interested, moreover, to note the groupings. Here politics are laid aside. The lion lies down with the lamb, the eagle coos with the dove, and all is as peaceful and refreshing as the flowers of May.—H. F. G., in Toronto Star.

TYPES OF CANADIAN WOMEN.

Exercise of Rare Tact in Dealing With the Interesting Subject.

The first volume of the long-awaited magnum opus of Mr. Henry James Morgan, LL.D., F.R.S.,N.A., has issued, "after four years of almost uninterrupted work, mainly of research," as he says in his introductory words. The work has entailed the writings of thousands of letters and the exercise of rare tact and judgment in dealing with the vast amount of material that research and inquiry disclosed. Mr. Morgan confesses frankly that not the love of book-making and biographic investigation, nor patriotism, nor gallantry, sustained his prolonged labors, but the contagion of the current of the age, "the urgency of one of its most vital movements," the "liberation of women from old trammels, educational and material." In our own country, as he says, "where the status of women had always been high, the needed changes were brought to pass with less acrimony than elsewhere, and were furthered by the chivalrous generosity, both of our men of learning and our men of wealth." In consequence our annals are rich with names of women who have been and are distinguished in all social gifts, in literature, the arts and the professions. One name, enshrined in many hearts as a splendid pioneer in this liberation of the spirit of the women of Canada that Mr. Morgan approves, is unaccountably missing from these pages. The reference is to the late Dr. Emily Stowe, the first physician of her sex in practice in Ontario, the untiring friend of womanhood struggling for expression and expansion in Canada, and the first courageous interrogator of the closed doors of our Provincial university. To her, literally, the opening of the opportunity for "higher education" to her sex is largely due. Her inclusion in the second volume will not appease her devoted friends. She was worthy of the Colonial Decoration that Mr. Morgan wisely suggests should be open to women who achieve in the colonies, from the Imperial power. To return, after this belated tribute, it may be said that the "types" included here are mainly of the two races that once met in deadly conflict for possession of the continent. The list includes the "maids and matrons of New France," as well as those of Canada under British rule, and covers each period up to the present time. The portraits and biographical notes are alphabetically arranged, and full indexes to names and subjects make reference easy. About five hundred individuals are portrayed in the volume. This is a very handsome, large octavo, printed on highly calendered paper. The letter-press is admirable, and the half-tone work a credit to local workmanship. The work is unique, a contribution to both history and art, and will prove of popular and perennial interest.

Belief of Dr. Goldwin Smith.

In a letter to the editor of The New York Sun, Goldwin Smith thus gives expression to his belief: I need hardly say that I do not pretend to orthodoxy. But I plead for a fair consideration of all real phenomena, whether they appear to fall within the domain of physical science or not. Christianity in itself and apart from its unhappy entanglements with imperial despotisms and Papal usurpation, seems, by the principles which it has propagated and the characters which it has produced, to have been up to the present time a great power, to say the least of moral progress, and one which is not easily explained by physical evolution.

Very Near Winning.

"I proposed to Miss Gladys Beautigirl last night."

"Ah! And she accepted you?"

"Well, no-o-o, not exactly, but she came so near doing so that a great deal of the sting was taken out of her refusal. She said she would have accepted me if I had had plenty of money and a perfect disposition, and my eyes were brown instead of blue, and my hair curly, and I was two inches taller, and was winning fame in my profession, and possessed personal magnetism, and came of an old and blue blooded family, and would always let her have her own way, and never smoked or wanted to stay out late at night, and did not belong to any lodge, and would keep a stylish turnout and plenty of servants, and really wanted her mamma to live with us, and a few other things which I have forgotten. But if a fellow must fail in an undertaking it is encouraging to him to think that he came very near winning."

Balancing an Egg.

All the world knows how Columbus on a historic occasion made an egg stand on end. After many learned theories had been advanced for balancing the egg he set the egg on end by, of course, mashing down hard enough to form a base, but the problem is capable of still another solution. It is an easy matter to set an egg on a plate, for instance, if you know how. The trick is impossible until the egg has been boiled in an upright position. The position of the hardened yoke at the end of the shell lowers the center of gravity until the sphere can be spun or even balanced with ease.

An Ominous Symptom.

"A good wife is heaven's greatest gift to man and the rarest gem the earth holds," remarked Mr. Jarphly the other morning. "She is his joy, his inspiration and his very soul. Through her he learns to reach the pure and true, and her loving hands lead him softly over the rough places. She is"—

"Jeremiah," said Mrs. Jarphly solemnly, "Jeremiah, what wickedness have you been up to now?"

Sufficient Reason.

Mr. Borem—I can't imagine why she was out when I called.

Miss Pert—Why, didn't you just tell me she knew you were coming?

What He Got.

"Gracious! How the critics are tearing Pennington's new novel to pieces!"

"Yes; it's very bad. He wrote it according to directions furnished by the critics who, in reviewing his former book, threw out hints as to how a story ought to be told."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Envy.

"I never saw him so gloomy as he is these days. He looks as if he had lost a lot of money."

"Next thing to it. One of his friends has just inherited a lot."

No Infringement.

"Why, Freddie, that isn't the way Constantinople is spelled in your geography."

"I know it ain't, but the geography's copyrighted."

Glory Enough.

Mr. Wabash—Which do you think was the greater, Lowell or Emerson?

Mr. Beacon Streete—What difference does it make? They were both Bostonians.

PRIVATE JONES' CHEATING

By LEO CRANE

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"'E was a coal passer, was Jones, an' 'e slung a shovel on the bloomin' tramp Koolah until his mouth got him inter serious trouble affairs by recklessly slippin' lurid names toward the chief engineer. O' course we men knew 'e didn't mean anythink outer the way by the langwidge, but the chief engineer was a wicious man, an' 'e allowed his turrible anger to become uncontrolled.

"So we men laid Jones away in the free ward o' a leetle horspital that half hid itself shylike behind a row o' seraggy palms. Then we men went off on a hoot, eight o' us. Seven got back to the ship in time to sail with her. The eighth man, 'e was left on the wharf deserted amid a multichude o' coolies. Hi was that man.

"An', being as Hi wouldn't shift cargo fer a livin' wage, Hi presented meself, body an' soul, to a recruitin' officer who was out after one devil called Juan Torres. This same Juan Torres was up country some'res hidin', an' 'e didn't have no idear o' bein' ketched; hence it needed men, an' Hi was a man.

"Now, on the mornin' afore we marched away who in all the worl' o' rascals should heave in sight but Jones. 'E had a rag about his head, an' 'e wanted to 'list. Now, Hi had never expected to see Jones again in this worl' an', bein' pious inclined, didn't want to meet him in the next. Hi always watched my terbacker when 'e was about. Sam Rawlins had tol' me o' that, an' Sam Rawlins had lost terbacker.

"Well, they needed men, an' Jones was one, so 'e went along. 'E tol' me that the doctors at the leetle horspital had been wery confident that 'e would die, but in spite o' it 'e fooled 'em.

"Anyway, up country we goes after Juan Torres, an' the first beastly town we gets inter down goes Jones with the fever. The doctor o' the regiment said 'e would die certain, but Jones didn't. 'E scraped through, s'elp me if 'e didn't. Two weeks after 'e began to creep about the camp mule kicks him a reg'lar smasher in the side, an' away to the leetle horspital they carries him to mend up.

"Hi didn't see Jones no more for near a half year; neither did Hi see Juan Torres. One day when we thought we had 'em spotted at last inter camp 'e walks, smilin' grimly. 'E goes to the colonel an' says, 'Hi'll show ye just where they are,' says 'e. An' in ten minutes out we marches, Jones leadin' the way.

"'How have ye been?' asks the colonel, leggin' it 'longside o' Jones.

"'Wery well,' says Jones back to him, pleasant-like. 'Hi ain't been outer the horspital more 'n ten days.'

"'Guns!' cries the colonel. 'Did it take 'em all that time to patch up three broken ribs?'

"'No,' explains Jones. 'They fixed up them ribs in six weeks, but after Hi got discharged from that spell Hi went inter town on a leetle smootch arouns, ye know, an' some William knifes me. In fact, 'e knifed me two or three times afore 'e was satisfied with his contract, an' so they bustles me back to the leetle horspital without any great loss o' time. That were a four month job, but they did it, an' nary a grumble. 'Oh, this gettin' well is my long suit,' says Jones, proud-like. 'What troubles me most,' says Jones solemnly, 'is that maybe when the blow comes again Hi'll be too far up country an' won't reach the horspital in time, but Hi hopes not.'

"'Why, you must like bein' sick,' says the colonel, s'prised.

"'It ain't the bein' sick,' says Jones; 'that's nasty. But the soup—my, the soup! Delicious!' says Jones, smackin' his lips 's if 'e could taste it. 'Hi've been in forty-two horspitals in my time an' have been discharged cured nigh on to sixty-seven times, so Hi know.'

"'Sixty-seven times,' echoed the colonel.

"'Return wisits,' explained Jones quickly. 'But Hi don't despair o' betterin' that record, 'cause Hi knows my vitality an' what Hi can stand.'

"On we men went silently. The reports 'll tell yo how we cornered them rats in the center o' a thick forest, but the reports won't tell ye how one Jones carried fire an' sword into the habitation o' Juan Torres.

"It stood in a clearin'. Jones beat us to the inclosure by a good twenty feet, an' Jones was first to show his leg over the top. Some native feller punched a bayonet through the calf o' it, but that native feller troubled no other man. Jones fought like a demon, an' we lost him in the smoke o' battle.

"Late in the day, when the struggle had ceased an' the smell o' rank powder was beginnin' to sleve away through the forest, we started to hunt up our men. We found Jones lyin' acrost a pile o' severely used natives over again a secluded portion o' the stockade. There he had cornered six desperate men, an' the sight o' his handiwork was exceedin' fair to look upon. We carried Jones tenderly away. The doc, 'e looked at him, an', says doc softly, ''E's dead, poor feller,' an' there were tears in more eyes than one.

"But that night a man came racin' inter the colonel's hut an' bawls out, ''E ain't dead!'

"'Who ain't dead?' yells the colonel.

"'Jones!' cries the man. ''E's come to life again!'

"Down to the surgeon's hut rushes the colonel, all excited an' puzzled. Doc meets him at the door an' cautions him to be quiet.

"''E's kinder wild in his head,' says the doctor, 'an' he's makin' all sorts o' crazy requests.'

"'What does 'e want?' asks the colonel.

"''E's mumblin' all the time about goin' beck to the leetle horspital,' says the doc.

"''E's a hero,' cries the colonel, 'an' 'e shall go.'

"'Why, man,' says the other, ''e's got three bola wounds, shot twice through the body an' has been clouted acrost the head. 'E can't possibly live till mornin'.'

"But Jones heerd him say it, an' he calls out weakly, does Jones, 'It's a lie,' says he, 'an' Hi'm goin' back to the leetle horspital!'

"Well, 'e didn't die a bit. At the end o' a week two natives shouldered his bed an' started for the coast. Hi an' five men went along to guard 'em. Five paces in the rear more natives sullenly wrestled with the heavy coffin. Our orders were to plant him decently wherever 'e died, an' we determined to do it. After we had marched a week the town came inter sight. By that time Jones was able to sit up an' take notice, but when 'e saw the town an' the leetle red roof o' the horspital 'e started to wave such a frantic welcome with his hand that a hemorrhage resulted. We ordered the two sullen natives to hustle to the front with their burden. But Jones rallied.

"'It's no use,' says he, grittin' his teeth. 'Ye can't bury me in this worn-out soil. If Hi don't reach the leetle horspital throw me overboard inter clean water.' An' we promised. 'E seemed to be sinkin' again, so we takes the shortest cut to the sea. When we got in view o' the docks we saw a vessel loadin' there. Jones peeked at it, then yelled an' set bolt upright. 'It's the Koolah,' says he. 'Get me aboard, men; get me aboard! I'll be cured to onct if ye'll only heave me up the gangway!'

"'What 'll cure ye?' Hi queried.

"'Spite,' says Jones, mutterin' a curse.

"So we did. The chief engineer saw us comin' an' nearly had a stroke. But the fun o' all was to see them two sullen natives. They had hustled an' wrestled with that coffin all the way from up country, an' they were all fagged out. With a rich burst o' tropic oaths they cast it out inter the water an' waved their maledictions at the ring o' expandin' ripples that marked its burial.

"'Was that for Jones?' asked a voice.

"Hi looked up to see Sam Rawlins starin' at him. Hi nodded.

"'It don't s'prise me,' 'e says slowly an' thoughtfully. ''E'd cheat anythink. 'E'd cheat the goats that 'd feed over his grave! Hi guess Hi'll go an' lock up my terbacker,' says Sam Rawlins. An' he did it."

A Skull as Big as a Bushel Basket.

One of the most remarkable finds of gigantic human remains of which we have any record was that made at Palermo, Sicily, in the year 1516, when an entire skeleton of unheard of proportions was unearthed by some marble quarry men. These mammoth remains measured exactly 31 feet from head to foot and 9 feet 7 inches from point to point of the shoulders. A stone ax buried with this old time giant may still be seen at Palermo in section "Z" of the St. Isorent museum. It is made of a bluish looking, fine grained bowlder and appears to be about 2 feet 8 inches long by 1 foot broad and 9 inches through in the thickest place. A musty, rusty looking tag attached to the relic informs the visitor that it weighs fifty-two pounds, but the general verdict is that it could not weigh over thirty or thirty-five pounds.

The skeleton was burned by a mob in the year 1662, during the prevalence of the black death at Palermo, the ignorant, superstitious people believing that it was connected in some mysterious way with the death dealing distemper. The skull of this giant, according to Abbe Ferregus, "was largely excessive of the baskets sayd to hold the bushel, being fitted above and below withe teeth to the number of sixteenne, the each of which would have weighed two ounces." Cavalier Scrov claimed to have found a skull on Teneriffe that had sixty teeth.

The Unquestioned Proof.

The multimillionaire frowned darkly as he strode to and fro in his luxurious office.

"I am tired, deadly tired, of all these petty ways of showing one's extravagance," he muttered. "What I want to do is to prove to everybody that I am a discreet buyer and an eager spender, and that I've got the money that talks loud."

He suddenly paused and a smile irradiated his face.

Then he went out and bought a full pound of radium.

QUAINT STATUTES IN FORCE.

Man Who Maintains That There Are More Gods Than One or Denies Divine Inspiration Liable for Three Years.

Were a citizen of Ontario to be told that for asserting or maintaining that there are more Gods than one or for denying the Divine inspiration of the Old or New Testaments, he would be liable to three years' imprisonment, he would be unable to express his amazement or incredulity; yet if he should consult his lawyer, he would learn that such is probably the case.

Such was stated to be the law by no less a personage than the Hon. Robert Alexander Harrison, Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, in 1878.

The grounds for this opinion were that, by a statute passed by our Parliament in the year 1792, it was provided that in all matters of controversy relative to property and civil rights, resort shall be had to the laws of England or the rule for the decision of the same. At that time, an Act passed in the year 1698, the tenth year of the reign of William III., "for the more effectual suppression of blasphemy and profaneness," was still in force. By our statute of 1792, this therefore became embodied in our laws, as affecting "civil rights."

This Act of William III., which is recorded at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, in the quaint lettering of a hundred years ago, has since been repealed in England, but not in Canada: "Whereas, many persons have of late years openly avowed and published many blasphemous and impious Opinions," enacted the shocked legislators, "contrary to the Doctrines and Principles of the Christian Religion, . . . if any person having been educated in the Christian Religion within this realm, shall, by writing, printing, teaching or advised speaking . . . shall assert or maintain there are more Gods than one, or shall deny the Christian Religion to be true, or the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be of Divine Authority, . . . such person shall be adjudged incapable . . . to have or enjoy . . . any office civil or military;" and for a second conviction such person "shall be disabled to sue, prosecute or plead . . . in any court of law, . . . and shall also suffer imprisonment for the space of three years."

Leniency of the Times.

The leniency and mercy of the times is shown by the provision that on renunciation of such "erroneous opinions" within four months after his conviction, he shall be discharged.

The penalties provided by this statute are sufficiently severe to delight the most puritanical spirits.

Another statute which is considered by many lawyers to be still in force here is the Act of Uniformity. This Act recites the "Act for the Uniformity of Common Prayer of Edward the Sixth's Time," which was repealed by "our late Sovereign Lady Queen Mary, to the great decay of the due honor of God," and enacts that the Book of Prayer authorized by Edward the Sixth shall be restored. The vicar or parson using any form of prayer or song other than set forth in that book was, for the first offence, to lose his remuneration and promotion for a year, and suffer six months' imprisonment; for the second offence, imprisonment for one year and loss of all "spiritual promotions;" and for the third offence, imprisonment. Thus were discouraged the schismatic tendencies of Anglican clergymen.

The Prayer Book.

The due respect of the masses for the prayer book was retained by a provision that if any person should "speak anything in the Derogation, Depraving or despising of the said book," he shall be liable for the first offence to a fine of 100 marks, for the second a fine of 400 marks, and for the third, imprisonment for life.

The problem of how to get the masses into the church, which is causing endless worry to present-day pastors, was solved in a simple manner by the legislators of Elizabeth's time. By this Act, the people were ordered to attend church "under pain of punishment by the censures of the church." For the benefit of those wicked persons who did not stand in proper awe of the "censures of the church," a fine of 12 pence for each offence was added. As this statute may be still in force in Ontario, citizens prone to slumber while the church bells are chiming on a Sabbath morn, should reform before their sins and the Lord's Day Observance man finds them out.

Some people make money by spending it.—Atchison Globe.

Forethought.

Husband—You don't mean to say you paid $250 for that gown?

Wife—Oh, no! I left that for you

Birds That Lay Four Eggs.

The spotted sandpiper and killdeer plover and most of the other snipe and plover lay four eggs at a clutch. The eggs are arranged in the nest or on the bare ground with their small ends together, and as they are pyriform in shape they join in to perfection. The eggs of the snipe and plover groups are proportionately exceedingly large for the size of the bird, and the saving of space by this arrangement undoubtedly answers a purpose.

England may be the mother country, but the United States seems to be the father-in-law country.

In the opinion of the health department of Chicago, every school in that city should be provided with apparatus to sterilize drinking water.

Character is the poor man's capital.

If you hate another, it is slow suicide for yourself.

Men call their own carelessness and inactivity fate.

The lucky man is the one who grasps his opportunity.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

"What do you go to Sunday-school for, little girl?"

"Because my mamma makes me."

"What do you do when you get there?"

"I wait till it's out."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Gypsy Smith well says that he believes in a fence at the edge of a precipice rather than a hospital at the bottom.

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As a liniment for family use it has no equal. Price $1; six for $5. Ask your druggist for KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE; also "A Treatise on the Horse," the book free, or address Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Enosburg Falls, Vt.

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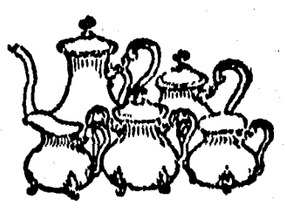

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Lady agents wanted)

Marriage in the Orient.

In the east—in India, China and Japan—girls are married very young. With us they would still be considered children and would be in bibs and pinafores. But over there girls of twelve are considered of full marriageable age, and it is not at all uncommon to find wives of six or eight or ten years. When a proposal of marriage is made the father of the young girl is applied to, and the following style of answer is considered stylish and elegant:

"I have received with respect the marks of your goodness. The choice that you deign to make of my daughter to become the wife of your son shows that you esteem my poor daughter more than she deserves. My daughter is coarse and stupid, and I have not had the talent to bring her up well. Yet I shall nevertheless glory in obeying you on this occasion."

This is the proper and accepted mode of reply. But, fortunately for the girl wives of the east, individuals are often kinder than the law itself, so that a family is often bound together by happy and cordial relations, such as could not exist if a man really felt his wife to be coarse and stupid.

Weather Wisdom.

A very curious method of making weather predictions has been discovered by an old French farmer.

"On Christmas eve," he says, "when the bells begin to ring for midnight mass, take twelve onions and place them in a row on a table. The first onion will represent January, the second February, and so on. Next make a large slit in each onion and pour some salt into it. If at the end of an hour you find that the salt in the March onion has melted you will know that there will be much rain in March, and, on the other hand, if the salt in the April onion is not melted you may be certain that April will be a dry month. Moreover, if the salt in any onion is melted at the top, but not at the bottom, the first fortnight of the month will be wet and the second fortnight dry."

Wild Animals In Captivity.

"Are wild animals happy in captivity?" said the keeper of the zoological gardens, in answer to a question asked by a visitor. "Well, at first thought it may sound strange, but they are happy, and some of them are very, very happy.

"It seems to be the general opinion that when the liberty of an animal used to a free life in the wild woods is taken away the animal will pine away and die. That's a pretty bit of sentiment, but apparently it's all wrong. You would naturally think that a wild animal in captivity would become dangerous, but such is not the case.

"Take the monkeys, for instance. They look very unhappy, don't they? Why, those little imps play from morning till night, and they're as cheerful as larks, excepting when they are ill. Go in the bird house and listen to the songs, the chirps and trills, then look around for an unhappy bird. Watch the bears play and the leopards and other members of the cat tribe roll over each other like little children on a nursery floor."

Generosity.

Johnny—I asked Tom for the core of his apple, and he gave me the whole apple.

Mamma—And what did you say to Tommy?

Johnny—I didn't say nothing, but I did the right thing. I gave him the core.

In Hamburg a dog is taxed according to his size; a little tax for a little dog, and a big tax for a big dog.

The first prune tree was planted in California in 1870 by a Frenchman, who brought the tree to this continent from France. The first orchard—of 10 acres—began to yield in 1875.

A brilliant signal light at Atlantic City is visible nineteen miles at sea. Each year it burns 2,200 gallons of oil.

Twelve million pounds' worth of leather is required every year to provide boots and shoes for the inhabitants of Great Britain.

IS THERE POISON IN YOUR BLOOD?

Then the Liver and Kidneys Have Failed to Perform Their Mission and You Need

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

If you are not well there must be a reason for it. Most of the common ills of life arise from poison in the system. If you would be well you must remove this cause of disease.

The work of the blood is two-fold. It supplies nourishment to the body and collects the impure and poisonous waste matter. This poisonous material is removed from the blood by the action of the liver and kidneys. When these organs fail the poison is carried back through the system in the circulation of the blood and causes disease.

Where is your weak spot? Just there you may first expect to feel the effects of poison in the system. It may be stomach trouble or lung trouble, kidney disease or heart disease, but the beginning is with the inaction of the great filtering organs—the liver and kidneys.

Nine-tenths of the ills of everyday life may be cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, because they set the liver, kidneys and bowels right, and so cleanse and invigorate the system.

Have you come to realize the importance of keeping the bowels regular and the liver and kidneys active? You will appreciate Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, not only on account of their wonderful promptness, but also for their lasting effect on the system. They get at the very foundation of ill-health, and by removing the cause bring cure.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, the comfort of old age, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

OVER A HUNDRED YEARS MILLING EXPERIENCE

"Well begun is half done."

Start the day well. Much depends on eating a good healthful, hearty breakfast. Food Fads, Flakelets, Pre-digesteds, etc., served cold with cream to "excuse haste," will not serve the place of a good hot dish of thoroughly cooked

OGILVIE OATS

Tasty and invigorating.

The OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS Co. Ltd.
WINNIPEG CANADA MONTREAL

Sometimes it is difficult to distinguish between contentment and laziness.

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

The woman who is first to adopt a new fad is also the first to draw the at a new wrinkle.

It's useless for some women to deny that they married for money after you see their husbands.

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

Some men trust to luck in this world, and some others are lucky to get trusted.

(Liquozone was formerly known in Canada as Powley's Liquified Ozone.)

We Paid $100,000

For Liquozone—Yet We Give You a 50c. Bottle Free.

This company, after testing Liquozone for two years in the most difficult germ diseases, paid $100,000 for the American rights. That is by far the highest price ever paid for similar rights on any scientific discovery.

We publish this fact to show you the value of Liquozone. The most worthless product may have great claims made about it; but men don't pay a price like that save for a discovery of remarkable worth to humanity.

Kills Inside Germs.

Liquozone alone kills germs in the body without killing the tissues, too. It is so certain that we publish on every bottle an offer of $1,000 for a disease germ that it cannot kill. Liquozone destroys at once and forever the cause of any germ disease.

And there is no other way to do it. Any drug that kills germs is a poison to you, and it cannot be taken internally. Liquozone alone can attack a trouble that is caused by inside germs; and it cures diseases which medicine never cured.

Liquid Oxygen.

Liquozone is simply liquid oxygen—no drugs, no alcohol in it. It is the discovery of Paull, the great German chemist, who spent 20 years on it. His object was to get such an excess of oxygen in staple form into the blood that no germ could live in any membrane or tissue.

Liquozone does that. Oxygen is Nature's greatest tonic—the very source of vitality. Its effects are exhilarating—purifying, vitalizing. Nothing else in the world is so good for you. But germs are vegetables; and this excess of oxygen—the very life of an animal—is deadly to vegetable matter.

We spend 14 days in making each bottle of Liquozone; but the result is liquid oxygen—a product which will cure diseases which no medical skill can cure without it. It is now employed in every great hospital, and indorsed by every medical authority, the world over.

Germ Diseases.

These are the known germ diseases. All that medicine can do for these troubles is to help Nature overcome the germs, and such results are indirect and uncertain. Liquozone kills the germs, wherever they are, and the results are inevitable. By destroying the cause of the trouble, it invariably ends the disease, and forever.

Asthma	Hay Fever—Influenza
Abscess—Anæmia	Kidney Diseases
Bronchitis	La Grippe
Blood Poison	Leucorrhœa
Bright's Disease	Liver Troubles
Bowel Troubles	Malaria—Neuralgia
Coughs—Colds	Many Heart Troubles
Consumption	Piles—Pneumonia
Colic—Croup	Pleurisy—Quinsy
Constipation	Rheumatism
Catarrh—Cancer	Skin Diseases
Dysentery—Diarrhœa	Scrofula—Syphilis
Dandruff—Dropsy	Stomach Troubles
Dyspepsia	Throat Troubles
Eczema—Erysipelas	Tuberculosis
Fevers—Gall Stones	Tumors—Ulcers
Goitre—Gout	Varicocele
Gonorrhœa—Gleet	Women's Diseases

All diseases that begin with fever—all inflammation—all catarrh—all contagious diseases—all the results of impure or poisoned blood.

In nervous debility Liquozone acts as a vitalizer, accomplishing what no drugs can do.

50c. Bottle Free.

If you need Liquozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then mail you an order on your local druggist for a full-size bottle, and we will pay your druggist ourselves for it. This is our free gift, made to convince you; to show you what Liquozone is, and what it can do. In justice to yourself, please accept it to-day, for it places you under no obligation whatever.

Liquozone costs 50c. and $1.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

for this offer may not appear again. Fill out the blanks and mail it to the Liquid Ozone Co., 221-229 Kinzie St., Chicago.

My disease is .....

I have never tried Liquozone or Powley's Liquified Ozone, but if you will supply me a 50c. bottle free I will take it.

.....

67 .....

D C A .....

Give full address—write plainly.

Liquozone—our trademark name—now appears on every bottle of genuine liquified ozone.

THE SMOKERS' ROOM

WHERE MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS GO TO "SMOKE UP."

Where My Lady Nicotine Holds Sway Over Canada's Legislators—The Favorite, Old, Ill-Smelling Pipe of the Oldsters Holds the Dress Parade Cigars and Their Habitues in Awe in This Sleepy Den.

One of the best places to study human nature is the smoking-room of the Canadian House of Commons. It is such a cunningly hidden little room, so remote from the maddening crowd, so quiet and sleepy, that you might almost stumble over it without seeing it. It is a lost, Lotos-eating island in the high seas of human endeavor that surge all around. It wouldn't be fair to chart it on any plan for fear some noisy roysterer might come along and break its tradition of silence and introspection. It is very jealous of its customs, this little oasis of poppies, where the smoke is always curling in blue wreaths to the ceiling.

Here My Lady Nicotine holds gentle sway, her devotees worshiping her with incense of every sort from Canadian shag to Cuba's choicest leaf; using all sorts of thuribles from the short stemmed Irish cuddy to the stately churchwarden. Some of them, many of them indeed, affect briar-root pipes, strong, full-flavored bowls endeared to their owners more by the earnestness than the sweetness of their odor. The younger members who have not gotten beyond the stage of always being on dress parade burn cigars and cigarettes which exhale fragrance like a

Chinese Joss Stick.

No doubt this is a grateful savor in My Lady Nicotine's nostrils, but, all said and done, she prefers the rank, ill-smelling pipe that the oldsters cherish. It reaches her, I have no doubt, when fancy perfectos fail, just as the widow's mite influenced high heaven when more ostentatious largesses fell short. At any rate, there is an understanding that the smoking-room is the place for the pipe, for the juicy, wheezy, foul, but favorite old pipe that you are ashamed of being seen with on the street—the kind of pipe, in short, that a man carries in his pocket to "smell-up" his clothes, but brings out finally when he is alone with nature. The smoking-room says to the member who is itching to dig up something that ought to be smoked in a gas-house, "Here you are welcome. Fear not, but trot out your odorous abomination with the petrified dottel and the acrid solutions of a year; fill it with tabac Canadien, and light it with a blue sulphur match. Be at your ease. Cigars are only tolerated here. Make a fog that you can cut. Pipes are the thing, and all kinds get the glad hand except the hookah, which is Oriental and effeminate." And the harassed member, disgusted with doubtful Havanas and suspicious domestics, falls in with the invitation and smokes up like a pavement furnace mending a hole in the asphalt.

The Old Tobacconist.

This land of Nod and garden of the Hesperides is bestowed in a tight little corner between the private room of the Finance Minister and the entrance to the library. Thus it is in touch with the present and the great thought of the past, without being oppressed by either. It seems to partake of the nature of both, the general atmosphere being, as it were, a contemplative liveliness, a subdued, reflective gaiety which requires few words for expression. In the far corner is a tobacco caninet, and with it an ancient Pistol who has come down from the period before Confederation. This quaint old fellow parts his scanty hair clear to the nape of his neck, dressing it carefully over his ears lest some loud word should penetrate there and jar the quietude he has lived in for a generation.

He has never been seen to smoke himself, and very rarely does he ever sell anything from the old tobacco box. When he does, it is something of a ceremony. He approaches it as reverently as the High Priest might the Ark of the Covenant. You may even imagine a genuflection or two. He unlocks it with a rusty little key, pokes mysteriously into it, and resurrects therefrom two boxes of withered, discouraged-looking cigars, whose quality is as the difference between five cents and ten, and whose age and ex-succousness are unquestionable. Perhaps he does a bit of business. Perhaps he doesn't. He cares little. His chief duty is simply to brood over this quiet scene like a Thibetan yogi waiting for his trance. When Death removes this venerable servant, he will take it unkindly if he be not translated to some Elysian field where the angels hit the pipe and say nothing. 'Twill be no Heaven for him if there isn't a cozy fumoir among the many mansions. Eternity will be dull if he can't catch a whiff of good old Virginia from the asphodel meadows, or if he can't hear, once in a while, the bubbling of an over-ripe pipe, and, mayhap, an occasional request for a cigar to break down the strictures. Remember, he doesn't want to smoke himself, but he wants to see the others smoking, and there is not so much malice in this wish as you might conceive. He wants to see them smoke, not to burn. He will feel more at home, too, if there are a number of quiet, intellectual games in progress—preferably whist, piquet, and draughts.

In Subdued Tones.

The smoking-room always harbors a Quakers' meeting. The undertone is a friendly, encompassing, almost spiritual silence. But it is likely to be broken in fierce gusto when the spirit moves. This happens when a trick is taken, a crucial trump is played, or a pawn gets into the king-row. Otherwise you might infer that this little hermitage was filled with jolly concobites who had taken a Trappist vow never to talk again. So complete are these intermittent silences that the stranger would pass the room unnoted even, if not for the gentle click of the draughts as they are shoved or lifted from square to square. Then, perhaps, he would look up and see the sign, "None but members admitted here," and curiosity might tempt him to step inside. Perhaps it is a rainy Saturday, and on such a day the smoking-room does big business. It is crowded with little tables, here a partie carree, there a game of deux. Through the windows is a view of the silver, misty reaches of the Ottawa, and the cloud-basked ridges of the Laurentians bowing their heads to the blessed rain as to a benediction. He may almost see the trees budding and the grass springing under these warm showers, and the valley fairly steeping. But these joyful, vernal tears of Nature are merely an accompaniment, a sort of gracious obligato to the quiet fellowship within.

Ghosts Haunt It.

On the bench in the corner a young member from Nova Scotia is curled up reading a red-covered romance, one of these tales of derring-do in which love and valor flourish in an elemental way unknown to our artificial age. He will observe, too, that the smoking-room is a great place for ghosts. By ghost I mean those good fellows who have hung on too long and have been finally cast aside by the electors. These ghosts must revisit the scenes of their former splendor, but the atmosphere of No. 16 is too strenuous for them. They feel out of touch there. But in the smoking-room where everything is seen through a haze and the events of yesterday are as if they were written a hundred years ago, he finds the balm his soul seeks, the Nepenthe he craves, and the thick vapors that ghosts properly clothe themselves with. And so the ghosts flock to the smoking-room, where they play patience, solitaire, cribbage, and other things that stimulate calculation while they take the edge off the past.

All Good Friends There.

The casual observer will be interested, moreover, to note the groupings. Here politics are laid aside. The lion lies down with the lamb, the eagle coos with the dove, and all is as peaceful and refreshing as the flowers of May.—H. F. G., in Toronto Star.

TYPES OF CANADIAN WOMEN.

Exercise of Rare Tact in Dealing With the Interesting Subject.

The first volume of the long-awaited magnum opus of Mr. Henry James Morgan, LL.D., F.R.S.,N.A., has issued, "after four years of almost uninterrupted work, mainly of research," as he says in his introductory words. The work has entailed the writings of thousands of letters and the exercise of rare tact and judgment in dealing with the vast amount of material that research and inquiry disclosed. Mr. Morgan confesses frankly that not the love of book-making and biographic investigation, nor patriotism, nor gallantry, sustained his prolonged labors, but the contagion of the current of the age, "the urgency of one of its most vital movements," the "liberation of women from old trammels, educational and material." In our own country, as he says, "where the status of women had always been high, the needed changes were brought to pass with less acrimony than elsewhere, and were furthered by the chivalrous generosity, both of our men of learning and our men of wealth." In consequence our annals are rich with names of women who have been and are distinguished in all social gifts, in literature, the arts and the professions. One name, enshrined in many hearts as a splendid pioneer in this liberation of the spirit of the women of Canada that Mr. Morgan approves, is unaccountably missing from these pages. The reference is to the late Dr. Emily Stowe, the first physician of her sex in practice in Ontario, the untiring friend of womanhood struggling for expression and expansion in Canada, and the first courageous interrogator of the closed doors of our Provincial universities. To her, directly, the opening of the opportunity for "higher education" to her sex is largely due. Her inclusion in the second volume will not appease her devoted friends. She was worthy of the Colonial Decoration that Mr. Morgan wisely suggests should be open to women who achieve in the colonies, from the Imperial power. To return, after this belated tribute, it may be said that the "types" included here are mainly of the two races that once met in deadly conflict for possession of the continent. The list includes the "maids and matrons of New France," as well as those of Canada under British rule, and covers each period up to the present time. The portraits and biographical notes are alphabetically arranged, and full indexes to names and subjects make reference easy. About five hundred individuals are portrayed in the volume. This is a very handsome, large octavo, printed on highly calendered paper. The letter-press is admirable, and the half-tone work a credit to local workmanship. The work is unique, a contribution to both history and art, and will prove of popular and perennial interest.

Belief of Dr. Goldwin Smith.

In a letter to the editor of The New York Sun, Goldwin Smith thus gives expression to his belief: I need hardly say that I do not pretend to orthodoxy. But I plead for a fair consideration of all real phenomena, whether they appear to fall within the domain of physical science or not. Christianity in itself and apart from its unhappy entanglements with imperial despotisms and Papal usurpation, seems, by the principles which it has propagated and the characters which it has produced, to have been up to the present time a great power, to say the least of moral progress, and one which is not easily explained by physical evolution.

Very Near Winning.

"I proposed to Miss Gladys Beautigirl last night."

"Ah! And she accepted you?"

"Well, no-o-o, not exactly, but she came so near doing so that a great deal of the sting was taken out of her refusal. She said she would have accepted me if I had had plenty of money and a perfect disposition, and my eyes were brown instead of blue, and my hair curly, and I was two inches taller, and was winning fame in my profession, and possessed personal magnetism, and came of an old and blue blooded family, and would always let her have her own way, and never smoked or wanted to stay out late at night, and did not belong to any lodge, and would keep a stylish turnout and plenty of servants, and really wanted her mamma to live with us, and a few other things which I have forgotten. But if a fellow must fail in an undertaking it is encouraging to him to think that he came very near winning."

Balancing an Egg.

All the world knows how Columbus on a historic occasion made an egg stand on end. After many learned theories had been advanced for balancing the egg he set the egg on end by, of course, mashing down hard enough to form a base, but the problem is capable of still another solution. It is an easy matter to set an egg on a plate, for instance, if you know how. The trick is impossible until the egg has been boiled in an upright position. The position of the hardened yoke at the end of the shell lowers the center of gravity until the sphere can be spun or even balanced with ease.

An Ominous Symptom.

"A good wife is heaven's greatest gift to man and the rarest gem the earth holds," remarked Mr. Jarphly the other morning. "She is his joy, his inspiration and his very soul. Through her he learns to reach the pure and true, and her loving hands lead him softly over the rough places. She is"—

"Jeremiah," said Mrs. Jarphly solemnly, "Jeremiah, what wickedness have you been up to now?"

Sufficient Reason.

Mr. Borem—I can't imagine why she was out when I called.

Miss Pert—Why, didn't you just tell me she knew you were coming?

What He Got.

"Gracious! How the critics are tearing Pennington's new novel to pieces!"

"Yes; it's very bad. He wrote it according to directions furnished by the critics who, in reviewing his former book, threw out hints as to how a story ought to be told."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Envy.

"I never saw him so gloomy as he is these days. He looks as if he had lost a lot of money."

"Next thing to it. One of his friends has just inherited a lot."

No Infringement.

"Why, Freddie, that isn't the way Constantinople is spelled in your geography."

"I know it ain't, but the geography's copyrighted."

Glory Enough.

Mr. Wabash—Which do you think was the greater, Lowell or Emerson?

Mr. Beacon Streete—What difference does it make? They were both Bostonians.

PRIVATE JONES' CHEATING

By LEO CRANE

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

"'E was a coal passer, was Jones, an' 'e slung a shovel on the bloomin' tramp Koolah until his mouth got him inter serious trouble affairs by recklessly slippin' lurid names toward the chief engineer. O' course we men knew 'e didn't mean anythink outer the way by the langwidge, but the chief engineer was a wicious man, an' 'e allowed his turrible anger to become uncontrolled.

"So we men laid Jones away in the free ward o' a leetle horspital that half hid itself shylike behind a row o' scraggy palms. Then we men went off on a hoot, eight o' us. Seven got back to the ship in time to sail with her. The eighth man, 'e was left on the wharf deserted amid a multichude o' coolies. Hi was that man.

"An', being as Hi wouldn't shift cargo fer a livin' wage, Hi presented meself, body an' soul, to a recruitin' officer who was out after one devil called Juan Torres. This same Juan Torres was up country some'res hidin', an' 'e didn't have no idear o' bein' ketched; hence it needed men, an' Hi was a man.

"Now, on the mornin' afore we marched away who in all the worl' o' rascals should heave in sight but Jones. 'E had a rag about his head, an' 'e wanted to 'list. Now, Hi had never expected to see Jones again in this worl' an', bein' pious inclined, didn't want to meet him in the next. Hi always watched my terbacker when 'e was about. Sam Rawlins had tol' me o' that, an' Sam Rawlins had lost terbacker.

"Well, they needed men, an' Jones was one, so 'e went along. 'E tol' me that the doctors at the leetle horspital had been wery confident that 'e would die, but in spite o' it 'e fooled 'em.

"Anyway, up country we goes after Juan Torres, an' the first beastly town we gets inter down goes Jones with the fever. The doctor o' the regiment said 'e would die certain, but Jones didn't. 'E scraped through, s'elp me if 'e didn't. Two weeks after 'e began to creep about the camp mule kicks him a reg'lar smasher in the side, an' away to the leetle horspital they carries him to mend up.

"Hi didn't see Jones no more for near a half year; neither did Hi see Juan Torres. One day when we thought we had 'em spotted at last inter camp 'e walks, smilin' grimly. 'E goes to the colonel an' says, 'Hi'll show ye just where they are,' says 'e. An' in ten minutes out we marches, Jones leadin' the way.

"'How have ye been?' asks the colonel, leggin' it 'longside o' Jones.

"'Wery well,' says Jones back to him, pleasant-like. 'Hi ain't been outer the horspital more 'n ten days.'

"'Guns!' cries the colonel. 'Did it take 'em all that time to patch up three broken ribs?'

"'No,' explains Jones. 'They fixed up them ribs in six weeks, but after Hi got discharged from that spell Hi went inter town on a leetle smootch arouns, ye know, an' some William knifes me. In fact, 'e knifed me two or three times afore 'e was satisfied with his contract, an' so they bustles me back to the leetle horspital without any great loss o' time. That were a four month job, but they did it, an' nary a grumble. 'Oh, this gettin' well is my long suit,' says Jones, proud-like. 'What troubles me most,' says Jones solemnly, 'is that maybe when the blow comes again Hi'll be too far up country an' won't reach the horspital in time, but Hi hopes not.'

"'Why, you must like bein' sick,' says the colonel, s'prised.

"'It ain't the bein' sick,' says Jones; 'that's nasty. But the soup—my, the soup! Delicious!' says Jones, smackin' his lips 's if 'e could taste it. 'Hi've been in forty-two horspitals in my time an' have been discharged cured nigh on to sixty-seven times, so Hi know.'

"'Sixty-seven times,' echoed the colonel.

"'Return wisits,' explained Jones quickly. 'But Hi don't despair o' betterin' that record, 'cause Hi knows my vitality an' what Hi can stand.'

"On we men went silently. The reports 'll tell ye how we cornered them rats in the center o' a thick forest, but the reports won't tell ye how one Jones carried fire an' sword into the habitation o' Juan Torres.

"It stood in a clearin'. Jones beat us to the inclosure by a good twenty feet, an' Jones was first to show his leg over the top. Some native feller punched a bayonet through the calf o' it, but that native feller troubled no other man. Jones fought like a demon, an' we lost him in the smoke o' battle.

"Late in the day, when the struggle had ceased an' the smell o' rank powder was beginnin' to sieve away through the forest, we started to hunt up our men. We found Jones lyin' acrost a pile o' severely used natives over again a secluded portion o' the stockade. There he had cornered six desperate men, an' the sight o' his handiwork was exceedin' fair to look upon. We carried Jones tenderly away. The doc, 'e looked at him, an', says doc softly, ''E's dead, poor feller,' an' there were tears in more eyes than one.

"But that night a man came racin' inter the colonel's hut an' bawls out, ''E ain't dead!'

"'Who ain't dead?' yells the colonel.

"'Jones!' cries the man. ''E's come to life again!'

"Down to the surgeon's hut rushes the colonel, all excited an' puzzled. Doc meets him at the door an' cautions him to be quiet.

"''E's kinder wild in his head,' says the doctor, 'an' he's makin' all sorts o' crazy requests.'

"'What does 'e want?' asks the colonel.

"''E's mumblin' all the time about goin' beck to the leetle horspital,' says the doc.

"''E's a hero,' cries the colonel, 'an' 'e shall go.'

"'Why, man,' says the other, ''e's got three bola wounds, shot twice through the body an' has been clouted acrost the head. 'E can't possibly live till mornin'.'

"But Jones heerd him say it, an' he calls out weakly, does Jones, 'It's a lie,' says he, 'an' Hi'm goin' back to the leetle horspital!'

"Well, 'e didn't die a bit. At the end o' a week two natives shouldered his bed an' started for the coast. Hi an' five men went along to guard 'em. Five paces in the rear more natives sullenly wrestled with the heavy coffin. Our orders were to plant him decently wherever 'e died, an' we determined to do it. After we had marched a week the town came inter sight. By that time Jones was able to sit up an' take notice, but when 'e saw the town an' the leetle red roof o' the horspital 'e started to wave such a frantic welcome with his hand that a hemorrhage resulted. We ordered the two sullen natives to hustle to the front with their burden. But Jones rallied.

"'It's no use,' says he, grittin' his teeth. 'Ye can't bury me in this worn-out soil. If Hi don't reach the leetle horspital throw me overboard inter clean water.' An' we promised. 'E seemed to be sinkin' again, so we takes the shortest cut to the sea. When we got in view o' the docks we saw a vessel loadin' there. Jones peeked at it, then yelled an' set bolt upright. 'It's the Koolah,' says he. 'Get me aboard, men; get me aboard! I'll be cured to onct if ye'll only heave me up the gangway!'

"'What 'll cure ye?' Hi queried.

"'Spite,' says Jones, mutterin' a curse.

"So we did. The chief engineer saw us comin' an' nearly had a stroke. But the fun o' all was to see them two sullen natives. They had hustled an' wrestled with that coffin all the way from up country, an' they were all fagged out. With a rich burst o' tropic oaths they cast it out inter the water an' waved their maledictions at the ring o' expandin' ripples that marked its burial.

"'Was that for Jones?' asked a voice.

"Hi looked up to see Sam Rawlins starin' at him. Hi nodded.

"'It don't s'prise me,' 'e says slowly an' thoughtfully. ''E'd cheat anythink. 'E'd cheat the goats that 'd feed over his grave! Hi guess Hi'll go an' lock up my terbacker,' says Sam Rawlins. An' he did it."

A Skull as Big as a Bushel Basket.

One of the most remarkable finds of gigantic human remains of which we have any record was that made at Palermo, Sicily, in the year 1516, when an entire skeleton of unheard of proportions was unearthed by some marble quarry men. These mammoth remains measured exactly 34 feet from head to foot and 9 feet 7 inches from point to point of the shoulders. A stone ax buried with this old time giant may still be seen at Palermo in section "Z" of the St. Isorent museum. It is made of a bluish looking, fine grained bowlder and appears to be about 2 feet 8 inches long by 1 foot broad and 9 inches through in the thickest place. A musty, rusty looking tag attached to the relic informs the visitor that it weighs fifty-two pounds, but the general verdict is that it could not weigh over thirty or thirty-five pounds.

The skeleton was burned by a mob in the year 1662, during the prevalence of the black death at Palermo, the ignorant, superstitious people believing that it was connected in some mysterious way with the death dealing distemper. The skull of this giant, according to Abbe Ferregus, "was largely excessive of the baskets sayd to hold the bushel, being fitted above and below withe teeth to the number of sixte-foure, the each of which would have weighed two ounces." Cavalier Seroy claimed to have found a skull on Teneriffe that had sixty teeth.

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He suddenly paused and a smile irradiated his face.

Then he went out and bought a full pound of radium.

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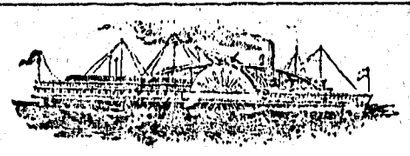

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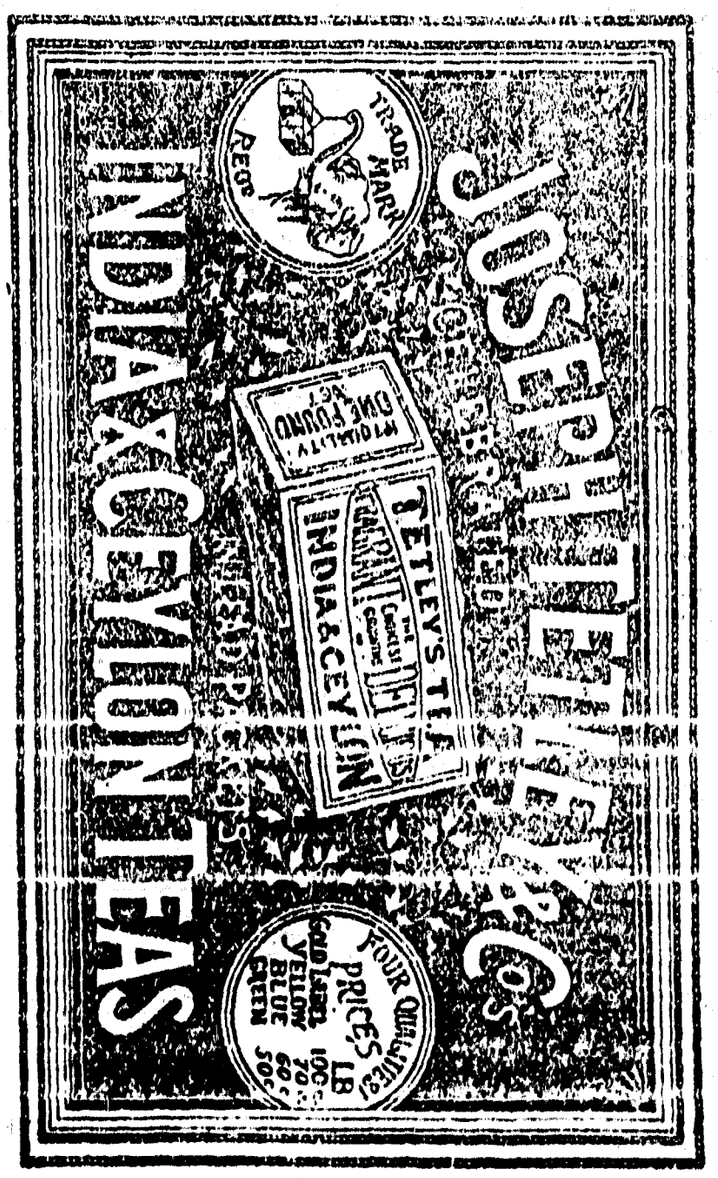

The TEA OF THE TEAS

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

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

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

TUESDAY, JANY. 26, 1904.

HE UNDERSTOOD.

An Old Backwoodsman Gives His Idea of an Oath.

"A number of years ago," said the well known attorney, who was in a reminiscent mood, "I was called up in the northern part of the state on an important lumber suit. I was anxious to win it for a number of reasons, and I strained every nerve to get a verdict in my client's favor. I had every hope that I would succeed till the opposing counsel put an old backswoodsman on the stand whose testimony was particularly damaging to my client's case. I believed then, and I believe now, that the old man was lying, but to prove it was another matter, as he told a straight story and stuck to it, so I was rather discouraged when he was handed over to me to be cross examined.

"'You understand, of course,' said I, 'the solemn obligations of the oath you gave when you took the stand?'

"He merely grunted in reply.

"'I suppose,' said I blandly, 'that you understand the nature of an oath?'

"'I guess I do,' he growled.

"'Well, give me an illustration of your idea of an oath,' said I.

"I was totally unprepared for what followed. The old man shifted his quid of tobacco, took a firm grip on his chair and ripped out a string of oaths that threatened to raise the roof. It was simply awful. I have heard hard swearers in my life, but nothing to compare to that. The profanity he used would have kept a six mule team on the jump for a week. His expletives were highly picturesque, abounding in fertility of invention and unlimited lung power.

"When the judge caught his breath, he fined the fellow for contempt of court, and when I addressed the jury I made the point that he couldn't be believed under oath and won my case. I could afford to be charitable, so I prevailed upon the judge to remit the fine against the old man."—Detroit Free Press.

Salvage.

The stranger stopped on Madison street bridge to take a look at a tug that was passing.

A sudden puff of wind blew his hat off and it fell into the river.

Into the Chicago river!

And it was a new hat.

Instantly a boy ran down the ladder at the east end of the bridge, and as the hat came along he managed by means of a pole to fish it out of the water.

He brought it to the grateful owner.

The grateful owner took a look at it.

"My boy," he said impulsively, "you may keep the hat as your reward."

Then the boy took a look at it and slowly shook his head.

"Mister," he said, "couldn't you give me a dime?"—Chicago Tribune.

Getting Even With Her.

"You may tell him," she said haughtily, "that I do not care to meet people who deal in dressed beef."

Naturally this proud eastern aristocrat thought she had him properly put down, but she was in error.

"You may tell her," he said by way of reply, "that whatever I put on the market is at least dressed."

Then he looked long and fixedly at her decollete daughter.—Chicago Post.

His Mother's Explanation.

"Mamma, what's the difference between reality and imagination?"

"The difference between reality and imagination is explained by the difference between your papa and your Uncle Abner. Your Uncle Abner takes the sawbuck, goes out in the back yard, says nothing and saws wood, and your papa takes the easy chair and a pillow, goes out in the front yard, says nothing and saws wood."—Indianapolis Sun.

Rules and Exceptions.

"Politeness is never wasted," remarked the man of Chesterfieldian manners.

"Well, mister," answered the roughly clad, weather beaten person, "that may be true in your part o' town, but if you was in the canalboat business you'd know that there ain't any use whatever of sayin' 'please' to a mule."—Washington Star.

One Big Advantage.

"Dumbwaiters," said the architect, "are becoming more and more common and more and more necessary."

"I wish to thunder they had them everywhere," returned the man who lives at restaurants. "That's the kind I'd like to see. A dumb waiter couldn't ask you for a tip."—Chicago Post.

Not Guilty.

"What are you doing there?" shouted the night watchman to the fellow who had broken into a tobacco store.

"Well," replied the burglar, "I didn't really think there was any law against a fellow taking a little sample."—Louisville Statesman.

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MY HEART'S DARLING

BY W. HEIMBURG.

"I must, I must," she whispered. "I will stay by you, Anne Mariechen; go to sleep so that your headache will be better."

"Dear, dear Tante!" and a little arm was flung about her neck.

She did not dare to move until the child was asleep. Then she rose and crossed over to the seat by the stove, where she sat motionless for hours struggling with herself.

"Ah, merciful God!" she cried at last. "I can not do it, I can not do it." And her head sunk heavily against the stove.

* * * * * *

Tante Dettchen had walked into her sister-in-law's sitting-room where in honor of the fete three lamps were burning and a suffocating heat was reigning, mingled with a smell of almond soap, freshly ironed skirts, pomatum, perfumes of a doubtful quality, lilies of the valley and white roses.

Fraulein Selma looked vexed; she had been scolded by her mother. When the hair-dresser had arrived, who of course to-day was in great demand, she was nowhere to be found, and only appeared just at the moment when that lady, not accustomed to being kept waiting, was taking her departure with the remark that she could not tell whether she would be able to come again. She had only been getting a little glove powder from the druggist's, said the girl, excusing herself, so that her gloves would go on more easily.

"At the druggist's again," scolded the Frau Counselor. "Nobody knows how much you spend there, Selma. Day before yesterday you got a carbonic acid powder there, and yesterday Hoffmann's drops. I can not understand how you allow it," she said, turning to Selma's mother; "besides, it is bad to dose one's self so, and so unnecessary when there is, so to say, a physician in the family."

"Tante," said Selma from under the hair-dresser's comb, "you take Konigstrank yourself; I have seen you; and there are four empty bottles in the cellar."

The Frau Counselor colored deeply, but did not answer. "Just wait," she thought, "you will do very differently—when—you—are—once—Alfred's wife."

At this moment the little maid brought in a large bouquet of red camellias and white primroses tied with a red satin ribbon. Fraulein Selma turned as red as the flowers themselves.

"Who sent that?" asked the Frau Counselor, rushing over to the door in her gray silk.

"A man brought it; he did not say who sent it."

Frau Adler held the bouquet for a moment meditatively in her hand.

"I do not understand Alfred," she whispered to Dettchen. "He knew perfectly well that Selma was to wear a green dress. Look at this combination; it is like a peasant's wedding; but she must carry it, I suppose."

Dettchen shook her head incredulously.

"From Alfred?" she asked, in a doubting voice, "He is not at all so—so—"

"You think he should have asked you beforehand, Dettchen? Men like to do these things without telling any one."

As the Frau Counselor sprinkled the flowers from a pail of water, she said aloud to Selma's mother, who was standing before the mirror putting in a pair of ear-rings adorned with diamonds:

"See, my dear cousin, we can not say it is very pretty, but if the heart is only right—"

"The bouquet is very pretty," interrupted Selma, angrily, in her peculiar deep, somewhat rough voice, and she rose to her full height, for the hair-dresser had just put the last hair-pin in the blonde puffs.

Her mother said nothing. She was a stout little person and short-breathed, and would much rather have gone to bed than to the ball, as he had assured them many times that day.

Dettchen took immense pains with the young lady's toilet; one minute she was up on a footstool, the next kneeling on the floor. At last the Water Nymph, as the little maid admiringly called her, stood ready—nothing more, either better or worse, could be thought of—with the water-lilies, reeds, and wax pearls. She had now only to cover her satin slippers with a pair of thick woolen socks which had belonged to the late Herr Counselor, and over these a [illegible] with a scarf, and her clouds of green gauze with a cloak. And now the three ladies, accompanied by Tante Dettchen, whose way led past the ball-room, set out for the Goldenen Krone followed by the little maid carrying the bouquet and some wraps for the ball-room.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Dettchen took leave, wishing Clara "much pleasure" and promising to keep [illegible] lady doctor in good time to the Krone. She went on through the slippery streets where the snow had already turned into mud, toward her home. Yet, indeed, the light was still burning in Alfred's studio. The little lady hurried through the garden and into the house and knocked at his room door.

"But, Alfred," she cried out to the man who was busily writing, "they are already dancing the polonaise at the Krone, and you are sitting here in your morning-coat forgetting everything! And I had laid out your shirt and cravat and coat all ready for you in your room."

He looked up at her quite bewildered.

"Is it so late already, Tante? Well, then, I must make up my mind to it. But really it requires great strength of mind, I can tell you. Tante, I would rather drive out many miles into the country this evening—"

"Come, Alfred do come!"

"Were you at mademoiselle's, Tante?"

"Yes."

"Was it pleasant?"

He put up his books as he asked this question, and looked at the book-case.

"Oh, yes, Alfred; at first, when we eat in the twilight and talked; but then—"

She came up nearer to him and clasped her hands.

"Oh, Alfred, what is the matter with that girl? So pale! so thin! and her eyes so large—poor little Lucie!"

He put the key hastily in his pocket.

"Why do you say that to me, Tante?" he said quietly. "Let that alone—it is over. Besides, I observed the same thing myself this morning, and hope with all my heart I may not see it again. We can not help her—it is is her own choice."

"It makes me feel so badly," said Dettchen, turning away and straightening the cloth on the table, and then picking up a piece of coal that had fallen out of the stove. Then she turned the latch of the door softly and went out, wiping her eyes as if by stealth.

He seemed to take an eternity for his toilet that day. Once he found himself, cravat in hand, before the mirror, and had to think some time before he could remember what he was about to do.

As he entered the door of the ball-room of the Goldenen Krone, several couples floated by him in a waltz.

Dazzling lights, gay walls, laughing eyes, and rosy eyes under wreaths of flowers, and added to all this the soft melody of the "Fledermaus," that was what he next saw and heard. Then he saw his mother across the room piloting her way toward him with a festive expression and pink cap-ribbons flying.

"Alfred, won't you come and speak to the Mahnerts? Alfred, have you engaged Selma for supper? As you do not dance, that is the only thing that—"

He nodded absently, and followed her, trying to keep out of the way of the dancers, to the sofa at the end of the room, where the matrons were sitting in long rows.

"Who is that eager little man who is dancing for the second time with my daughter?" asked Frau Mahnert, sleepily.

"He is the head clerk at the Elephant drug store—a good fellow."

"H'm! scarcely the height of three cheeses. How it looks!" muttered the mother, angrily.

The Frau Counselor had her lorgnette at her eye and followed the tall green figure which the little dancer steered so easily and lightly through the crowd. The red bouquet appeared like a fiery rocket, first here, then there.

"Where did you order the bouquet, Alfred?"

But her son did not answer. He was speaking to some gentlemen. His mother heard the word "Skat," and they disappeared into the adjoining room. He was soon seated at a card table with the Circuit Judge Bohm, the burgermeister, and the kreisphysicus. But before they had even taken up their cards they were in a dispute about the new hospital.

"You doctors would most likely have preferred we should give you the best site in the town in the new villa street?" said the burgermeister, as he arranged the cards in his hand.

"We simply will not take the place that you offer us," said the kreisphysicus, "you may be sure of that; so the turf may stay there till you dig it up to heat the Bathhaus. Adler, you know how, when we were there yesterday, the water was standing all over the grass that grows there so much more luxuriantly than anywhere else?"

"Certainly," said Dr. Adler, absently, but he looked as if his thoughts had been far away. He was thinking of a pair of brown girlish eyes, that he had seen that morning when talking on this same subject that looked at the same time angry and sad. He had certainly acted badly; but what good would it be to him to act indifferently? "Certainly," he repeated, "the government can be persuaded with a few words."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The First Glass Cups.

The first glass cups were made at Alexandria. Some were colored like Bohemian glass and decorated with glass pastes, imitating precious stones and cameos. Some were opaline, others clear as crystal and still others formed of opaque layers welded together like the famous Portland vase, in which the white upper layer had been cut away like that of a cameo, leaving a blue ground around the figures.

When All's Fair

By RICHARD BARKER SHELTON

Copyright, 1905, by T. C. McClure

It was a quiet little stream lagging along between banks lined with alders, with here and there a pine looming its giant cone above its lesser neighbors. Thin bladed flags fringed the shallows at its edges, and in the swampy places where the banks were low there was a riot of purple blossoms. Yellow hammers winged to and fro in swift flight, and dragon flies hung above the water, surveying themselves in the limpid depths.

In one place for some score of yards the banks were higher, the alder green was broken and the green meadow land gained the water's very edge. In the center of this open space and close to the banks stood a solitary beech. Against the trunk of the beech reclined a girl as she dangled a line in the brook. Her head was bare, her brown hair in fine disarray, and her sleeves, rolled to the elbows, displayed a pair of well tanned and shapely arms. Her head rested easily on the trunk of the beech. She was thinking her pose must be quite fetching.

So thought the young man who broke through the alders on the other side of the stream. He was a tall, well knit young man. His face was cast in a solemn mold, but a twinkle in the deep set eyes and a restive twitching of the corners of his mouth gave assurance of a saving humor.

At the sight of the young man the girl sat primly erect, a flush of annoyance rose to her cheeks, and after a sudden flash of anger from her eyes she gazed steadfastly at the point where her line made little eddies in the water. On his part, the young man started and cast in her direction a glance of undeniable surprise—he had practiced it all the way down from the road. Then, as he noted it had been lost to her downcast eyes, he seated himself on the bank directly opposite her, at the same time giving utterance to a sigh which was entirely unfeigned and unpracticed. He was

FROM THE OTHER BANK CAME A SCREAM.

thinking what several kinds of an immortal idiot he had been to quarrel with her. Then he produced a rod and line and without undue ostentation began his angling.

Now there was a vast difference between the outfits of the opposite Waltons. The girl's rod was of split bamboo. An oil silk line ran through its little rings and was wound about a reel of the latest design. Moreover, attached to the line was a hook on which a wriggling angleworm was impaled. The man's rod, on the contrary, was merely a newly cut and trimmed alder shoot. His line was nothing more than bundle twine, and had one observed carefully he would have found at its end no hook at all, but merely a fair sized pebble.

The young man fished faithfully. He gave the line sundry quick jerks and then lowered it again. He trolled it to and fro. He worked it under the bank, and all the time the girl on the opposite bank sat immovable, her eyes glued on the eddies. Hard lines appeared about her mouth—lines which said this spot was hers by the right of possession and that she intended to hold it against all intrusion. The man began watching these lines and found them far more engrossing than active fishing. Presently he uttered another ponderous sigh. Then he quietly laid aside the rod and observed loud enough for the girl to hear:

"Nothing biteth in this place save the foul mosquito and the stings of an oversensitive conscience. I will read me my tome."

At the sound of his voice the girl looked up, but as quickly lowered her eyes. He fancied he caught the sound of a scornful sniff. Undismayed, he drew a small brown volume from his pocket and began to read aloud:

"Yet it behooveth not always a man to give way to unreasonableness. Meekness, being leavened by an element of firmness"— Here he paused and evidently turned back to the title, for he said, "On the Fatuity of Quarreling." Then he turned several pages and began afresh:

"For, lo, she doth but lead thee forth to mock at thy discomfiture. Thou art even as a lamb led to the slaughter." Again the reverting to the title with the result, "The Inconsistency of Woman."

An angry flush overspread the girl's cheek. The rod trembled in her hands, and the line cut little circles in the water. Could she have read the title of the disquieting volume—which, by the way, the young man held upside down—she would have found it "An Abridged Edition of Hood's Poems."

Again the man turned the pages slowly, and this time he read the title first, "How to Escape the Snares of Matrimony." There was an angry swish. Her line came out of the stream, and she rose in wrathful determination. But as she did so an alarmed and tremulous "O-oh!" escaped her lips. The young man risked a covert glance over the top, or, rather, the bottom, of his book. Some rods beyond the girl was a cow peacefully surveying the landscape. Immediately his eyes were on the book again, and he was mumbling away rapidly. From the other bank came a smothered scream. The cow was approaching. The young man sprang up.

"Don't be alarmed!" he called cheerfully. "I'll be over in a second."

He waded into the brook. Half way across he sank to his knees, and then, although he had to drop to his elbows to do it, he disappeared beneath the water. The girl watched breathless. The young man took his time about reappearing. Little breath bubbles came to the surface. She clutched her hands and set her teeth. Was it mud or cramps? Just as she felt she must cry out his name he appeared close to the bank and scrambled wet and dripping to her side.

"Walk over to the wall," he said. "I will be close behind you." Arrived at the wall, he swung her over and vaulted it himself. They stood in a wide orchard, the girl rather shaken, the man grave and self possessed.

"Don't let me intrude further," he said coldly. "There will be no more cows between you and the house."

He bowed and turned on his heel, but the girl said chokingly, "Tom, don't go like that—please."

It ended by Tom starting back for a little box which had been returned to him the previous evening. When he reached the brook the cow lay beneath the beech contentedly chewing her cud. He stopped to pat her.

"Poor old boss!" he observed. "That trail of green apples from the pasture worked like a charm, eh? Hope you don't get the colic, old lady," he added sympathetically.

Brain Weight.

The brain cannot do its work without an abundance of pure, well nourished blood. Other things being equal, a heavier brain implies greater mental power, and one scientist finds that persons employed in industries where the nourishment of the body is apt to be insufficient and the muscular exercise slight show, as a rule, higher brains than do more favorably circumstanced persons.

Blacksmiths and metal workers in general have heavier brains than coachmen, but the latter exceed carpenters in brain weight, and carpenters exceed persons employed in clothing industries, while at the bottom of the scale stand those who are engaged in the manufacture and sale of alcoholic drinks, who are apt to do more or less drinking themselves.

It would also appear that the weight of the brain may be increased by the direct exercise of its own function, men of mental training showing, as a rule, greater brain weight than others. It should be remembered that the size of the head cannot be taken as a trustworthy index of the weight of the brain. The organic quality is the main thing.—London Express.

Above and Below Proof.

Before the means of determining the true quantity of alcohol in spirits were known dealers employed a very rude method to form a notion of the "strength." A given quantity of the spirit was poured upon gunpowder in a dish and set on fire. If the gunpowder continued dry enough, it took fire and exploded, but if it had been dampened by the water in the spirits the flame of the alcohol went out without setting the powder on fire.

This was called the "proof." Spirits which kindled gunpowder were said to be "above proof," those that did not set fire to it were said to be "below proof," but this did not fix the strength.

Clark, in his hydrometer, which was invented about the year 1730, fixed the strength of proof spirits on the stem, at the specific gravity of 0.920, at the temperature of 60 degrees. This is the strength at which proof spirit is fixed by act of parliament, and at this strength it is no more than a mixture of forty-nine pounds of pure alcohol with fifty-one pounds of pure water.—London Standard.

Preferred the Men to Talk.

A Philadelphia writer who belongs to the Society of Friends is a charming story teller. Here is one from his store of Quaker anecdotes.

"The story goes," he said, "that loud talking among the congregation once interrupted a certain Friends' meeting. The women at this meeting sat on one side of the room, the men on the other. The speaker, when the talking became intolerable, paused and looked at the audience reproachfully.

"A woman, rising, said to him:

"'I beg thee to take notice that the talking you object to comes not from our, but from the men's, side of the house.'

"The speaker smiled upon her. 'So much the better, good woman; so much the better,' he said. 'It will be the sooner over.'"

A . . .

Perhaps no clergyman save Dean Stanley ever knew less of music than Dean Farrar.

"I am told," he said one day to the leader of the choir, "that when I preach to-morrow, I shall have to preach on the note of the building, and that the note of the building is E flat. What is E flat?"

"The organist will play a short interlude ending on E flat," was the answer.

"Yes, yes, I know that. But how am I to transfer the note E flat from the organ to my voice?"

This was a question no choir-leader could answer.

Again Dean Farrar referred, in an early poem, to an amazing boy named Ronald, singing on a lake.

"With exquisite falsetto now and then."

But his own voice, in the reading of majestic passages, was beautiful and, when he launched into invective against schoolboy misdemeanors, very dramatic. One day he took some friends on a "surprise" visit to one of the college houses, fully expecting to find his good boys hard at work. But alas! they were enjoying a "brew," an impromptu meal of cocoa and roast potatoes. The next day in class the dean began, in a low and mournful voice, to narrate the story of his disillusion.

"I confidently expected to be able to point with pride to my sixth-form boys absorbed and immersed in a study of some Attic masterpiece.

"'Presenting Thebes, or Pelop's line,
Or the tale of Troy divine.'"

Then, gradually raising his voice, he continued, "But what was my indignation, vexation and shame when I discovered them greedily engaged in ravenously devouring the fragments of a barbaric repast!" The last words, uttered fortissimo with intense vigor, launched him on a speech of long-winded eloquence. For five minutes he was like "a bitten dictionary," and at the end of that time his good humor was quite restored.

English Governing Capacity.

Public Opinion republishes from The London Times the following summary of a review of a recent blue book dealing with Indian affairs: The details of ten years of Anglo-Indian administration are of a character which no Englishman can read without pride in the governing capacity of his race, or without satisfaction in the thought that this capacity has been continually exerted in prompting the happiness of subject peoples, in securing to them at once the blessings of liberty and of order, in promoting their industry and material prosperity, and in educating them to take a constantly increasing part in the management of their own municipal affairs. The increase of population has indeed been seriously checked, but the extension of irrigation has added enormous tracts of land to those previously under cultivation, and, especially when taken in conjuction with the extension of railways, affords the best possible security against famines as consequences of dry seasons in future. The difficulties which were brought about by the steady depreciation of the rupee have been successfully encountered, and the adoption of a new monetary system has enabled the Government to conduct its financial transactions without uncertainty and without loss, and to bear the heavy expenditure incidental to famine charges and to little wars. The internal organization of the native or protected States in the meantime been improved, and there have been many indications of the increasing degree in which the native rulers and the native nobility have come to regard themselves as members of the great British community, and as being interested, equally with ourselves, in all that contributes to its greatness. The English as conquerors and rulers of India have now outlived the time at which they could be looked upon as aliens, and may fairly claim to be regarded as the natural representatives of the great dynasty whose place they have taken.

German Wines.

Without the addition of sugar to the grape juice most German wines are so acrid as to be of little commercial value.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

London is supposed to have 170,000 inhabitants to the square mile, but on the East side, New York, there are 345,000 people to the square mile.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diphtheria.
Riverdale. MRS. REUBEN BAKER.

I Believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will produce growth of hair.
MRS. CHAS. ANDERSON.
Stanley, P.E.I.

I Believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best household remedy on earth.
MATTHIAS FOLEY.
Oil City, Ont.

Women are bound to have the last word, even if they have to turn to the last page of a book.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other powders, as it is both soap and disinfectant.

"Whatever is, is right," says Pope. So a woman must be right when she says she is.

Dr Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets.—Medical science by accident discovered the potency of the pineapple as a panacea for stomach troubles. The immense percentage of vegetable pepsin contained in the fruit makes it an almost indispensable remedy in cases of dyspepsia and indigestion. One tablet after each meal will cure chronic cases. 60 in a box, 35 cents.—32

It is easier to imagine the world owes you a living than it is to collect it.

$100 Reward $100.

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

In New Jersey there is a saloon for every 179 persons—men, women and children.

No man knows what it is to be a woman—and ought to be glad of it.

PAINS, LIKE THE POOR, ARE ALWAYS WITH US.—That portion of man's life which is not made up of pleasure is largely composed of pain and to be free from pain is a pleasure. Simple remedies are always the best in treating bodily pain, and a safe, sure and simple remedy is Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. You cannot do wrong in giving it a trial when required.

A boil in the pot is worth two on the back of your neck.

A woman's idea of a secret is something worth telling.

People seldom appreciate anything they can afford.

A CLEAR, HEALTHY SKIN.—Eruptions of the skin and the blotches which blemish beauty are the result of impure blood caused by unhealthy action of the Liver and Kidneys. In correcting this unhealthy action and restoring the organs to their normal condition, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will at the same time cleanse the blood, and the blotches and eruptions will disappear without leaving any trace.

There are 380 packs of hounds maintained in the United Kingdom for hunting the fox, the stag, the hare, and the otter.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Some children comfort their parents when old age overtakes them, and some prevent old age from overtaking them.

When a minister has a praying congregation behind him he doesn't have to lay awake at night worrying about his back salary.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

A man seldom knows when he is well off until he is away off.

Worry won't cure a cough.
When you find a cough holding on —when everything else has failed—try

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

It is guaranteed to cure.
Try a bottle—
If it doesn't cure you we'll refund your money.

Prices 25c., 50c. and $1.00

S. C. WELLS & CO.
Toronto, Can. LeRoy, N.Y.

WHEAT — OATS — BARLEY — FLAX

FT WILLIAM & PORT ARTHUR

SHIP to a strictly commission firm—TRY
THOMPSON, SONS & CO.
Write to-day for particulars. GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS Winnipeg.

Do You Want SOME ONE TO HANDLE YOUR SHIPMENTS TO CONSIGN YOUR GRAIN TO A RELIABLE FIRM PROMPT SERVICE AND CAREFUL ATTENTION ?

If so, the undersigned wants your business and will endeavor to give satisfaction. Cash advanced on consignments. Reference: Union Bank of Canada.

The oldest established Grain Commission Merchant in Winnipeg.
Grain Exchange, Winnipeg.

S. SPINK

Maclennan Bros.,
GRAIN MERCHANTS,
TELEPHONE 1490. P. O. BOX 585
McIntyre Block, 304, Winnipeg.

Wheat and grain of all kinds. Car Load Lots a Specialty. Regular advances on Bills of Lading.
Write or wire us for Track Bids, or Consign Your Grain to us, which we will sell for your account, on your approval to highest bidder.

MARKET REVIEW

(Compiled from The Commercial).

Last week recorded a gradual decline in the American speculative market, but this week the tide of the market has been running the other way, and a gradual advance has taken place since Monday, which has resulted in prices showing 3c to 3½c higher than a week ago. The sentiment in these markets from being moderately bearish and inclined at the end of last week to look for lower prices, has turned quite bullish and strong. The general view taken of the Northwestern spring wheat situation is the cause of the strength in speculative markets, and there is also the comparatively small visible supply, and the continued good demand for cash wheat. There are great possibilities in this situation for the wealthy and experienced speculative operators manipulating the market, and whip-sawing the wide-spread army of small speculators who forever continue to come forward to be shorn. In the trade of actual wheat the action of speculative markets is having a strengthening effect over America, but makes little difference to the trade abroad. The interior movement of wheat in the States during the week has been about the same as a year ago, but this week's exports show considerable falling off. In the meantime Europe keeps well supplied from other countries, and it is reported new crop from Argentine and Australia for January-February seaboard shipment is freely offered to Liverpool and other ports. Russia is also reported as offering freely and stocks at Black Sea ports are extraordinarily heavy Every day at present the news from Argentine is eagerly watched for. Late reports are that harvesting is progressing satisfactorily. It is estimated that the Argentine will have a probable surplus for export of around 110,000,000 bushels if harvest is completed under ordinary conditions, but there is always the risk of weather setting in to damage the crop. In the year ending the actual exports from Argentine have been around 60,000,000 and last year only 18,000,000 bushels. The crop situation in other countries is generally favorable. Seeding conditions have improved in Europe, and the winter wheat crop in the United States seems generally to be in very favorable condition, with the area planted about the same as last year.

Manitoba wheat has been firm all the week and prices have advanced under the influence of the American advance. The demand, however, is not so active as it usually is at this time of year, there being a lack of life in the export trade. Winter weather set in suddenly and sharply on Sunday and caused a sharp falling off in the movement by rail. It is becoming more evident that the extent of the crop has been overestimated, and the quantity of grain badly damaged by frost in the west and northwest districts is quite extensive. Friday afternoon prices closed at No. 1 northern 79½c, 2 northern 77½c, 3 northern, 73½c No. 4 wheat 64½c, feed wheat 51½c, feed No. 2 41½c, spot or delivery by 25th inst., in store Fort William or Port Arthur. Navigation at Fort William will probably close not later than in two weeks time.

WINNIPEG JOBBING PRICES.

The following are the Winnipeg jobbing prices:—

Flour—Ogilvie's Hungarian patent, $2.35 per sack of 98 pounds; other grades accordingly.

Oats—No. 2 white, 31c, in car lots; 28 to 29 cents for feed grades; at country points farmers are receiving 25 cents per bushel.

Barley—Malting grades 37c to 37½c; feed, 30 to 33c.

Flaxseed—80c per bushel for farmers' loads at country points.

Spelts—35c per bushel.

Hay—Baled, $8 to $9 per ton

Butter—Creamery, 22½c per pound; dairy, best in bricks, 20c; tubs, 16c; ordinary grades, 12 to 14c.

Cheese—13½c per pound.

Poultry—Chickens, ducks and geese, 10c per pound; turkeys; 12 to 13c

Potatoes—45 to 50 cents per bus.

LIVE STOCK.

Cattle—Butchers' cattle, 2½ to 2¾c. per pound.

Sheep—3½ to 4c per pound; lambs, 5c per pound.

Hogs—Choice weights, 5½c per lb.

MANITOBA GIVES STRIKING PROOF

That Dodd's Kidney Pills Cure when Other Means Fail.

Mr. J. J. Perkins Disabled by Kidney Pains Finds New Health in the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Tyndall, Man., Nov. 23.—(Special)—All over Manitoba and the Territories people are telling of benefits received from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and this place furnishes a striking example of how they will cure when all other means have failed in the person of Mr. J. J. Perkins.

"For two years I was troubled with my Kidneys," Mr. Perkins says. "I got so bad that the doctor attending me declared me incurable.

"At times, I had such severe pains in my back that I thought I would have to give up hopes and die. I was unable to work and was becoming destitute.

"One day a friend asked me, 'Have you ever tried Dodd's Kidney Pills?' I answered 'No,' and he persuaded me to try them.

"The first box made me feel like a new man; five boxes cured me completely. Dodd's Kidney Pills saved my life."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the Kidneys. Sound kidneys take all impurities out of the blood. Thus Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Rheumatism, Sciatica, and other diseases caused by uric acid in the blood.

It isn't the shortcomings of a young man that the girl's father objects to; it's his long stayings.

As a rule an heiress is more interesting than she looks.

BE THERE A WILL, WISDOM POINTS THE WAY.—The sick man pines for relief, but he dislikes sending for the doctor, which means bottles of drugs never consumed. He has not the resolution to load his stomach with compounds which smell villainously and taste worse. But if he have the will to deal himself with his ailment, wisdom will direct his attention to Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which, as a specific for indigestion and disorders of the digestive organs, have no equal.

When a fleet goes on a cruise the crews go on the fleet.

If a play has a short run it usually means a long walk for the players.

A physician who is a specialist in nervous diseases says that nervous women should sleep at least nine hours at night and one in the daytime.

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favorite with ladies and children.

The secretary of the Aeronautical Society of Great Britain expects the kite to be the base of the future instrument of aerial navigation, the aeroplane.

There was a decrease of over 30 per cent. in the exports of cheese from the United States in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1903, as compared with the year preceding.

No matter which way an election goes, the members of a brass band are usually sure of a job.

Love usually renders a man colorblind as to complexions.

Results from common soaps: eczema, coarse hands, ragged clothes, shrunken flannels.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

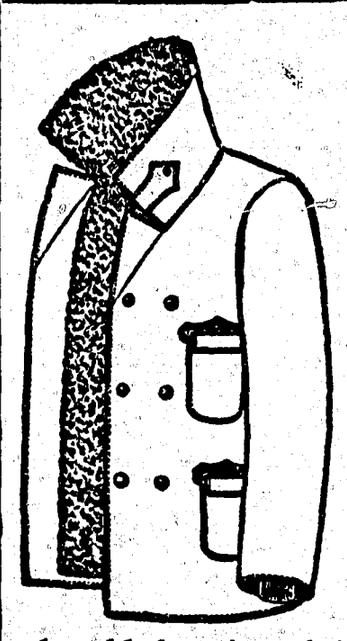
Ask for the Octagon Bar

Pinto Shell Cordovan Mitts and Gloves

—Toughest wear, flexible, warm, light
—Boil and scorch proof
—Rip and tear proof
—Rain and wind proof
—That's what H.B.K. Pinto Shell Cordovan mitts and gloves are
—Made from the hide of the Western Bronco, the toughest animal with the toughest hide, light enough to make mitts and gloves.
—Sold by dealers everywhere.
Genuine only with this brand.

H.B.K. BRAND

Write for "Strayed," the funniest piece of literature ever written about a Bronco—Free



H. B. K. Warm Duck Coats

H.B.K Duck Coats are warm, hard wearing garments. They are made in scores of styles—fleece lined, mackinaw wool lined, leather reversible—high storm collars, large "Kantilever" unsagable pockets.

Made to keep out the wind and the cold, the rain and the sleet. Made to keep people warm

Branded with this brand.
Sold by up-to-date dealers everywhere.

H.B.K. BRAND

Hudson Bay Knitting Co.

MONTREAL. WINNIPEG.

MAKERS OF WARM WEARABLES FOR EVERYBODY

CHAMBERLAIN

IS THE PREFERENTIAL 10c CIGAR
You'll Enjoy Every Bit Of It.

MADE BY J.M.FORTIER LTD., MONTREAL

Reliable Jewelry by Mail

We make all our Jewelry in our own factory, hence the reason for our extraordinary values. We mention a few items:

4181	Amethyst Ring,	$2 50
4276	Ladies' Signet Ring, 14 k. Gold,	3 00
4247	Opal and 6 Fine Pearls,	5 00
4222	14 k. Ring, 3 whole Pearls,	10 00
4062	14 k. Ring, 3 Turquoise and Pearls,	10 00
3959	Diamond Ring, 3 Fine Diamonds,	25 00

SEND FOR OUR NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST.

156 AMBROSE KENT & SONS LIMITED YONGE ST MANUFACTURING JEWELERS. TORONTO.

The largest room in the world is the room for self-improvement.

Character has a commercial as well as an ethical value.

ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY.
u scription.....$2 oo a year,

W. B. Anderson, Editor.

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.

Job Work Strictly C. O. D.
Transient Ads Cash in Advance.

THE B.C. YEAR BOOK

The B.C. Year Book has lately come to hand. Much credit is due Mr Gosnell, and the printing office, for their efforts, which have resulted in the production of a publication which for neatness of text, beauty of illustrations, and general useful information, cannot be surpassed.

Physical characteristics of the Province are first given. Then follows geology. Rivers and lakes take up the next section, followed by the political divisions. Climate, giving temperature, rainfall, &c.. and seasonal notes comes next; then agriculture, which important subject is dealt with most exhaustively, and which is a valuable guide to all intending settlers, and contains much information for the oldest resident. Mining follows, and this again receives the attention the importance of the subject warrants, both metallifer us and coal mining being well written up. Fisheries and fishing make interesting reading in the next section, followed by forestry, with lumbering statistics. Education follows, then health laws, travelling libraries, taxation, municipal and municipalities, Indians, towns and cities, census, railways, game and game laws, labour and wages, and much more of interest to all. The illustrations, prepared by the B. C. Printing and Engraving Co., of Victoria, from photos, are exquisitely done, and one feels sorry that the City of Cumberland, and district of Comox, is unrepresented in this way, save for a halftone of the Union Bay works.

The Year Book should be in every library, and we again compliment Mr Gosnell on his success.

THE ESTIMATES.

The estimates brought down for 1904-05, show an estimated receipt of $2.522,076.66, against an expenditure of $2,442,354.31, as follows:—Public Debt, $668,979 31; Civil Government (salaries) $248,650; Administration of Justice (salaries) $118,544; Legislation, $48,895; Public Institutions (maintenance), $154,840; Hospitals and Charities, $93,850; Administration of Justice (other than salaries) $98.250; Education, $444,846; Transport, $27,000; Revenue Services, $17,000. Public Works—Works and Buildings, $77,800; Government House, $4,550; Roads, Streets, Bridges and Wharves, $248,900; Surveys, $12,000; Contingencies, $22,000; Miscellaneous, $156,680.—Total, $2,442 354.31.

Comox District gets $6,500, for roads and bridges, a good average, the highest amounts being $10,000, in two districts only, Cariboo and Lillooet.

The cradle of the human race is still being sought. The widely accepted theory of Max Muller, based on language, teaches that man's early home was in India; but some ethnologists are now inclined to agree with Prof. Hirt, that the Aryans first lived in the territory north of the Carpathian Mountains near the boundary line between Austria-Hungary and Russia, now occupied by Letts and Li huanians.

FUNERAL.

The funeral of the late Samuel M. Grieve, took place last Thursday from the residence of his brother, Isaac Grieve, followed to the Presbyterian cemetery at Sandwick, by a large gathering of relatives and friends, the following officiating as pallbearers—S. Craig, F. Swan, E. Swan, J. Tigue, W. McPhee and W. R. Clarke. The Rev. Mr Menzies officiated, and all that was mortal of the deceased was lowered into the grave amid general sorrow. The young man, who was reared in the Comox Valley, had been a sufferer for over two years, and came from Vancouver, where he was working, to stay with his relatives here some time ago, his health being so that he was forced to stop work, when he gradually got worse until death ended his suffering last week. He leaves a widow, a sister of Messrs G. and A. McLaughlin, of Union Wharf, and three young children to mourn his loss.

Have you seen our short Erect Form Corsets at fifty cents. The same quality is usually sold at nearly twice the price.—Stanley H. Riggs.

FOR SALE BY TENDER.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned at the undermentioned address up to noon of Friday, the 22nd day of January, 1904, for the purchase of any or all of the undermentioned properties:—

(A) Lot 66 map 311 Courtenay Townsite.
(B) Lot 1 of part of Lot 126 map 621 Comox District—10 acres.
(c) Lots 19 and 20, Block 233, District Lot 526, Vancouver.

The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

HENRY P. COLLIS,
Official Administrator.

Cumberland, B.C.,
January 7th, 1904. 2t

TENDERS.

For the purchase of the Logs belonging to the H.C. Lucas estate, will be received by the undersigned until Saturday, January 23rd inst.

Highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

H. P. COLLIS,
Cumberland.

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

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH SERVICES.

Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 pm. —first Sunday in the month, 11 am.; Morning service, 11 a.m.; Sunday School, 2.30 p.m.; Evening service, 7 p.m.; Choir Practice every Friday at 7.30 p.m.

F. G. CHRISTMAS, Pastor.

COAL MINES REGULATION ACT.

BOARD OF EXAMINERS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following constitute the Board of Examiners for the Cumberland Mine during the year 1904:—

Appointed by the Owners—1, Richard Short, 2, David Walker. Alternates—1, James Strang, 2, Chas. Matthews.

Appointed by the Lieut.-Governor in Council—John Kesley.

Elected by the Miners—1, James Reid, 2, John Comb. Alternates—1, Wm. McLellan, 2, Thomas Ripley.

NOTE.—Alternates act as Members of the Board in the absence of those regularly appointed or elected to act thereon.

All persons interested may obtain full information by applying to the Secretary of the Board, Mr John Kesley, of Cumberland, B.C.

Dated this 31st day of December, 1903.

RICHARD McBRIDE,
2t Minister of Mines.

STRAYED, on Piercy's Ranch, Heifer, about 2 years old (white)—Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses. Apply, JOHN PIERCY, Courtenay.

School Statement

For Year ending December 31, 1903

RECEIPTS.

Brought forward,	$128 90
High School Fees,	271 00
Government Grant—High School	300 00
" " Public School,	4746 90
Total Receipts,	$5,446 80

EXPENDITURE.

Teachers Salaries	$4,742 50
Janitor	288 00
Scavenger	60 00
Coal	80 00
Teaming	6 40
Science Supplies for High School	26 10
Stoves, Pipes, etc,	26 35
Water Pipes and Labor,	20 45
Chalk, Soap, Brooms and Mops,	25 55
Water	13 75
T. H. Carey—Postage for 2 years.	4 00
Advertising	4 40
Renewing 5 Blackboards	10 00
Telegrams	2 10
Letting Seats for High School	7 50
Cupboard and Shelving for High School	7 90
Repairs to School Building	31 25
Total Expenditure,	$5,356 25
Total Receipts	$5,446 80
Total Expenditure	5,356 25
To Balance,	$90 55
High School Fees due—Fall Term	$13 00
To Balance Cash	90 55
Total Balance,	$103 55

Respectfully submitted,
THOMAS H. CAREY,
Secretary.

I hereby certify that I have audited the Books and Vouchers of the City of Cumberland School Board and find them correct and properly kept.

F. A. ANLEY, Auditor.

Cumberland, B.C.,
Jany. 11, 1904.

To the Mayor and Council
of the City of Cumberland,

Gentlemen,—I beg to certify that I have carefully examined and audited the Books, Vouchers, and Receipts of City of Cumberland for year ending December 31, 1903, and find them as follows:—

RECEIPTS.

Balance cash on hand 1st of year,	$ 19 59
Received from Trade Licences	1795 00
Real Estate	1328 50
Road Tax	314 00
Sidewalk Tax	30 35
Dog Tax	3 00
Scavenger Account	921 50
Scale Account	42 25
Police Court	54 00
Sale of Lime	0 50
Pound Account	1 00
Hall Rent	118 50
	$4628 19

EXPENDITURE—1902.

Health Account	$142 25
Drain Account	16 00
Street Account	12 90
Municipal Buildings	290 50
Stable Account	29 50
Office Account	7 75
Street Light and Hall Account	50 82
Hall Account—Furniture	69 45
Isolation Hospital	14 50
Crossing Account	50 70
Tool Account	1 75
Police Court	5 00
Bonus to Clerk	25 00
Salaries Account	155 00
	$871 12

EXPENDITURE—1903.

Election Account	$ 51 50
Refund of Road Tax	22 00
Premium City Clerk's Bond	6 00
Auditor	10 00
Office Account	13 00
Advertising Account	95 15
Street Account	6 35
Sidewalk Account	79 94
Grant to Fire Department	200 00
Incidentals—Fire Department	22 90
Tool Account	6 75
Rent of Pound	4 50
Dog Tags	3 15
Refund Dog Tax	3 00
Drain Account	21 34
Stable Account—Feed	118 40
Stable " Blacksmith	27 15
Water Rate	6 00
Refund Trades Licence	2 50
Street Lighting to Nov. 30, 1903	344 00
Health Account	4 50
Hall Account	7 25
Solicitor's Costs re Marocchi, &c	15 00
Police Court	4 00
Magistrate's Salary	240 00
Clerk's Salary	240 00
T. E. Isank's Salary	780 00
R. Hornal's Salary	840 00
Bank Expenses	10 00
	$4056 40
Balance cash on hand	$571 79
Arrears of Taxes Due	99 20
" Sidewalk Taxes Due	18 35
" Scavenger Account Due	137 25
	$826 59

LIABILITIES.

Cumberland Electric Lighting Co.	$40 15
Total Assets	$786 44

Respectfully submitted,
F. A. ANLEY, Auditor.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE
..SCHOOL..
Scranton, Pa., Will help you in a practical way to solve the social question

1—Teaching Mechanics the Theory of their Trades. In nearly every machine shop, drafting room, industrial plant, etc., we have students that have procured promotion and advance in salary through study in our Schools. The increased value of an employe that masters the theory of his trade or profession brings prompt and substantial recognition. If you are dissatisfied with your salary, you can increase your earning capacity by home study, and fit yourself for a high position in your line of work.

2—Helping Misplaced People to change their Work. Many a man that would make a success in the engineering professions, or in architecture, chemistry, or business, is working to-day for very low wages, or is in a distasteful position. Many a woman that would be valuable in an office, drafting room, or laboratory position is eking out a scant living as clerk housekeeper, or seamstress. They do not know of any practical plan to change to the occupation of their choice. We have solved the problem. We have prepared hundreds of salaried positions in new lines of work, at their homes, in spare time, at small expense.

3—Enabling Young People to Support themselves while learning professions. Young men and women obliged to earn their own living are not debarred from a successful career because they have not the means or time to attend college. By the I.C.S. method, they can prepare at home for positions in which they can earn good salaries.

LOCAL AGENT—T. W. MARTINDALE, P.O. Box. 249, Victoria, or, W. WALLER, Nanaimo, B.C.

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TO THE PUBLIC,
We have opened a Fish and Meat Market and keep only the Best of Meats in Stock. We can supply Beef by the Quarter at 9cts. and we desire all Boarding Houses and Hotels as well as private houses to enquire our prices.

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THIS PAPER and the Illustrated Weekly NORTHWEST FARM and HOME published at North Yakima, Wash., with branch offices at Seattle, Wash., Portland Oregon, and Vancouver, B.C., will be sent one year for $2.50 The NORTHWEST FARM and HOME is the third oldest agricultural paper in America. It was established in 1847. All farmers meetings, fairs and market reports are published in full. Every department is replete with matter that is adapted to the local conditions prevailing in the New Northwest. Dairying, Live Stock Breeding, Fruit-growing, Poultry Raising, Book-keeping, The Household Young People's page, The Grange, etc., are among the regular departments. The price of that weekly is $2 a year by itself, but we club our paper and the NORTHWEST FARM and HOME for $2.50 a year.

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