Library Legislative Assembly
JUL 7 - 1908
VICTORIA, B. C.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

A Journal Devoted Especially, to the Interests of Comox District.

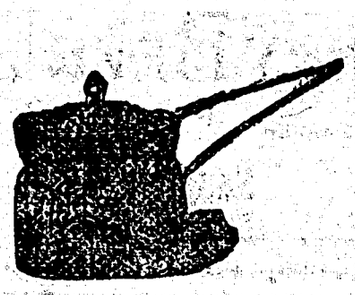
THE NEWS, SEVENTEENTH YEAR, | CUMBERLAND B. C., TUESDAY, JUNE 30, 1908 | SUBSCRIPTION $2.00 A YEAR.

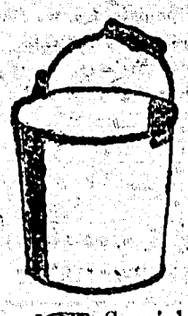
At The BIG STORE this ..Week..

Special Sale of Guaranteed Kitchen Utensils.

We have a Large Assortment of the famous 'DIAMOND' Brand Enamelware. Positively the best enamelware of the kind on the market. A beautilul blue mottled color triple coated inside and out, and the cleanest looking ware that can be produced.

Come in and inspect these goods you must see them to appreciate what extra good value they are.





Brighten Up Your Kitchen

☞ Special Prices on "Diamond" ware for this week.

Simon Leiser & Co., Ltd..

MEN'S LADIES and CHILDREN'S

BOOTS & SHOES

VARIOUS STYLES and SIZES

Groceries Five Per Cent Discount on General Groceries. - - - - - 30 Days. **Groceries**

Special attention paid to the Quality of our Goods.

CAMPBELL BROS., DUNSMUIR AVE.

THE CLOSING OUT SALE

COMMENCES

SATURDAY, JUNE 13TH

NOTHING RESERVED
EVERYTHING MUST GO

HURRY HURRY HURRY

SATURDAY MORNING AT 9 O'CLOCK A. M.

J. McPHEE & SONS,

Dunsmuir Avenue Cumberland, B. C.

Entertainment..

For Every Home

—By Purchasing an—

Edison : Phonograph

1000 Records in Stock

for you to choose from.

GEM PHONOGRAPH	$16 50
STANDARD PHONOGRAPH	32 50
HOME PHONOGRAPH	45 00

We sell the Phonograph and Records the same price as they are sold all over the world. We are sole agents for Cumberland and District. Records are sold at 40c. each. CASH ONLY

THE MAGNET CASH STORE

T. E. BATE, - - Cumberland

McLeod's New Store.

We are getting nicely settled in our new premises and have put in a fine line of

Latest Style | In Hats, In Clothing, In Boots & Shoes

Your inspection invited.

J. N. McLEOD, Dunsmuir Avenue, CUMBERLAND, B.C.

DANCE

DOMINION DAY

Wednesday, July 1st, 1908

CUMBERLAND HALL AFTER the SHOW.

Good Music

ADMISSION $1.00

LADIES FREE

The following was omitted in list of floral tributes to the late RW Cameron, in last weeks issue. Heart, Mr. and Mrs O.H. Tarbell, Pillow, Mr. and Mrs J. Humphrey Sr. and Jr. Union Bay, Sycle Mr. and Mrs. H. Drew, Horse Shoe, Mr. James Whyte, Jr., Anchor, Mrs. M. A. Munroe and family, Crescents:—Mr. and Mrs. R. Ray Mrs. G. Shillito, Eddie and Albert Shillito, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Robertson.

IN MEMORIAM

On Sunday last Mr. Samuel J. Cliffe, who had been ailing for quite a long time passed away at his home at Comox. Mr. Cliffe was one of the first white settlers in Comox. The funeral took place this afternoon for the Church of England cemetary at Sandwick.

THE PICTURE SHOW

The show at Cumberland Hall last evening was all that could be desired. The pictures were bright and a decided improvement over Saturday evening. The good sized audience amply applauded the pictures and songs which were rendered by Mr. Frank Ramsay. The colored picture showing a large Newfoundland dog saving a little girl from a burning house is certainly a beautiful thing and well worth seeing. "A Governess Wanted" is the best comedy picture. Mrs. W. Hudson is officiating at the piano. The same program will be repeated this evening at 9 o'clock.

Holy Trinity Church held a social and dance at the Cumberland Hall last Friday evening, at which a most enjoyable time was spent.

Mr. F. Bates left on his wheel Friday, for Nanaimo, to take part in an elocutionary contest held in that city.

Valley Notes.

The Comox Temperance and Mutual Improvement Society met on Friday night, last and elected the following officers for the coming six months: Mr. W. Duncan, Pres. Mrs. Dingwall, Vice, Pres; Mr. T. J. Barron, Secy; L. Dunham, Treasurer; Mr. James McKenzie, Chaplain; The Society is doing work throughout the Valley.

Mrs. Akenhead, of Ladysmith, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Urquhart.

Courtenay, has had the misfortune to, have no less than three runaways in one week.

Mr. John Piercy, has erected a new barn on his ranch.

Mr. Dingwall, of Vancouver is visiting his aunt, Mrs. Dingwall, of Sandwick.

Mr. G. Bristow, left on June 20th for the Nicola Valley; he will be greatly missed among the young folks.

WHARF NOTES.

Union Bay, June 26th—The steamers "Henrietta and Petrel coaled here today.

The dredge Mud Lark has been at work in the harbor the last few days. It is expected the work will be completed Saturday and the dredge will then proceed to Victoria.

A very enjoyable dance took place at Humphrey's Hall, on last Thursday evening, given by the Union Bay Social Club. Morgan, Roy and Monte composed the orchestra, and as usual, the music was charming, and the time perfection.

Mrs. T. L. Ray superintended the supper, [which was served on the Buffet plan] and she certainly excelled her usual skill in that line. The sandwiches and coffee, and was exquisite, and great praise is due to her for the way in which the supper was managed. Mrs. J. Humphrey made the jellies, which were pronounced the finest in that line seen at Union Bay.

CORRESPONDED.

MR. EDITOR

Dear Sir,—Re your article on petition for two days a week free from automobiles, although the following is presumably contrary to the opinion you stated. I hope in fairness you will allow some remarks on the other side. Did your business take you often on the roads I do not think that the petition referred to would appear to you to be "absurd". This fact remains that an important minority destroys the pleasure and interferes greatly with the business of the majority.

One of the few pleasures is taken away from the farmer's wife, who at one time could go out driving to the stores or visiting friends. This is now impossible. Should we be successful, as I see they have in other places, we could then hitch up, with the expectation of returning without broken limbs or destroyed property. You mention that "there are many horses that formerly were frightened at the autos, but have now become accustomed to them." You doubtless refer to livery or stage horses, continually on the road. The farmer's horse being on the road only once or twice a week will be a long time getting used to the machines. To say the least, they are a nuisance and I consider that as the farmers make and keep up the roads they should have some say as to the use of them, and not be driven off as they are at present.

If through the columns of your paper you would invite correspondence and get the wish of the people in this matter I am sure you will gain the gratitude of us all.

TAXPAYER.

Mrs J. Matthews left by Thursday's boat for Vancouver, to meet her daughters.

Mrs. T. Bickle and daughter left by Thursday's boat for Victoria.

Miss Maud McDonald and Mrs. McClusky arrived from Comox, on Thursday's train.

Hayman & Maxwell have just placed in their stable a fine new single top buggy.

FOR SALE—A young milch cow good milker apply to John Urquhart, Courtenay, B. C.

Miss Wilkinson arrived by Friday's boat and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. Wilkinson.

The Cumberland News

Issued Every Tuesday by the Comox & Cumberland Publishing Company.

TUESDAY, JUNE 30, 1908.

Synopsis of Canadian Homestead Regulations.

Any available Dominion Lands with'n the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situate. Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter brother or sister of and intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans;

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased), of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the revuirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

COAL.—Coal mining rights may be leased for a period of twenty-one years at an annual rental of $1 per acre. Not more than 2,560 acres shall be leased to one individual or company. A royalty at the rate of five cents per ton shall be collected on the merchantable coal mined

W. W. CORY.

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

ORIENTAL RUGS.

Why Those That Are Made by Hand Work Cost So Much.

The simple apparatus is still in use in outlying districts—home dye tubs filled with colors extracted from sheep's blood, larkspur, indigo, tumeric, saffron, mulberry, walnut husks, brass combs for carding and distaffs whirled by hand. Between two sticks *held horizontally by supports* at the ends are strong threads drawn taut, harp fashion. Then worsted yarn is passed over and under the strings twice. Songs are sung—songs transmitted from old to young, so ancient, some of them, that they are in a lost language—and these songs tell the weaver what colors to tie in as she progresses with the pattern. Each district has its own patterns and songs. After each knot the ends of the yarn are scissored off to form the pile.

In a close woven piece like a Kirman, measuring a mere 5 by 8 feet, there are 400 knots to the square inch. As the weaver's speed is about three knots a minute, four years of continuous labor would be required on such a rug. Within that time some fingers would stop weaving forever; others would go on with it. Was it any wonder, the rug hunter asked me, that no two old rugs, even from the same village and the same household, were ever just alike? A bereavement would induce a greater unconscious use of white; a bridal would turn the weaver's thoughts to scarlet and victories of war to yellow. Local environment, family happenings, removals from town to desert and desert to mountain, would each have effect. Gossip of harems, the tinkle of silver anklets, the alarms of brigands, the elations of religions, all would go into the rug.

"Then," I interrupted the hunter, "if they still dye and weave as of old, rugs are being made now that eventually will be beautiful and valuable?"

If the west were willing to say to the east, "We will give you five or ten years to make a rug," if it would say that, then age and gentle wear would do the rest. But the west won't. It asks mansions in increasing numbers to fit out at once. So it has introduced aniline dyes and machine carders and spinning jennies and collective weaving and is otherwise bustling production.—Franklin Clarkin in Everybody's Magazine.

INSURANCE.

Fire and Life

For Big Reductions for Fire Insurance call and get ates before insuring.

Wesley Willard

Agent for the Royal of Liverpool.

Red Saunders

By Henry Wallace Phillips.

[CONTINUED]

broken roof, crumbling chimneys, shutters hanging down like broken wings, the old house had the pathetic appeal of shipwrecked gentility. A house without people in it, even when it is in repair, is as forlorn as a dog who has lost his master.

Up the road were more houses of the nondescript village pattern, made neither for comfort nor looks. God knows why they built such houses! Perhaps it was in accordance with the old Puritan idea that any kind of physical perfection is blasphemy. Some of these were kept in paint and window glass, but there were enough poor relations to spoil the effect.

Down the road between the arches of the weeping willows came first the creek, with the stone bridge—this broken as to coping and threadbare in general—then on the hither side of the way some three or four neighbors' houses and opposite the blacksmith's shop and postoffice, the latter of course in a store, where you could buy anything from stale groceries to shingles.

In short, Fairfield was an eastern village whose cause had departed, a community drained of the male principle, leaving only a few queer men, the blacksmith and some halfling boys to give tone to the background of dozens of old maids.

An unsympathetic stranger would have felt that nothing was left to the Fairfieldians but memory, and the sooner they lost that the better.

Take a wineglassful of raspberry vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a cup each of boneset and rhubarb, a good full cup of the milk of human kindness, dilute in a gallon of water and you have the flavor of Fairfield. There was just enough of each ingredient to spoil the taste of all the rest.

Miss Mattie rested her elbow on the railing, her chin in her hand, and gazed thoughtfully about her. As a matter of fact, she was the most inspiring thing in view. At a distance of fifty yards she was still a tall, slender girl. Her body retained the habit as well as the lines of youth, a trick of gliding into unexpected, pleasing attitudes, which would have been awkward but for the suppleness of limb to which they testified and the unconsciousness and ease of their irregularity.

Her face was a child's face in the [illegible] sense of the word. The record of the years written upon it seemed a masquerade—the face of a clear eyed girl of fourteen made up to represent her own aunt at a fancy dress party; a face drawn a trifle fine, a little ascetic, but balanced by the humor of the large, shapely mouth, and really beautiful in bone and contour, the beauty of mignonette and doves and gentle things.

You could see that she was thirty-five in the blatant candor of noon, but now, blushed with the pink of the setting sun, she was still in the days of the fairy prince.

Miss Mattie's [illegible] filed over the year upon year of respectable stupidity that represented life in Fairfield, while her eyes and soul were in the boiling gold of the sky glory. She sighed.

A panorama of life minced before Miss Mattie's mind about as vivid and full of red corpuscles as a Greek frieze. Her affectionate nature was starved. They visited each other, the ladies of Fairfield—these women who had rolled on the floor together as babies—in their best black or green or whatever it might be, and gloves—this though the summer sun might be [illegible] down with all his might. And then they sat in a closed room and talked in a reserved fashion which was entirely the property of the call. Of course one could have a moment's real talk by chance meeting, and there were the natural griefs of life to break the corsets of this etiquette, although in general the griefs seemed to be long drawn out and conventional affairs, as if nature herself at last yielded to the system, conquered by the invincible conventionality and stubbornness of the ladies of Fairfield. It was the unspoken but firm belief of each of these women that a person of their circle who had no more idea of respectability than to drop dead on the public road would never go to heaven.

Poor Miss Mattie! Small wonder she dropped her hands, sat back and wondered, with another sigh, if it were for this she was born. She did not rebel—there was no violence in her—but she regretted exceedingly. In spite of her slenderness it was a wide mother lap in which her hands rested, an obvious cradle for little children. And instinctively it would come to you as you looked at her that there could be no more comfortable place for a tired man to come home to than a household presided over by this slow moving, gentle woman.

There was nothing old maidish about Miss Mattie but the tale of her years. She had had offers, such as Fairfield and vicinity could boast, and declined them with tact and the utmost gratitude to the suitor for the compliment, but her "no," though mild, was firm, for there lay within her a certain quiet valiant spirit which would rather endure the [illegible] and loneliness of old age in her little house than to take a larger life from any but the man who was all—a commonplace in fiction, in real life sometimes quite a strain.

The sun distorted himself into a Rugby football and hurried down as though to be through with Fairfield as soon as possible. It was a most magnificent sunset, flaming, gorgeous, wild—beyond the management of the women of Fairfield—and Miss Mattie stared into the heart of it with a longing for something to happen. Then the thought came, "What could happen?" Sh sighed again, and, with eyes blinded by heaven shine, glanced down the village street.

She thought she saw—she rubbed her eyes and looked again—she did see, and surely never a stranger sight was beheld on Fairfield's street! Had a Royal Bengal tiger come slouching through the dust it could not have been more unusual. The spectacle was a man; a very large and mighty shouldered man, who looked about him with a bold, imperious, keep the change regard. There was something in the swing of him that suggested the Bengal tiger. He wore high heeled boots outside of his trousers, a flannel shirt with a yellow silk kerchief around his neck, and on his head sat a white hat which seemed to Miss Mattie to be at least a yard in diameter. Under the hat was a remarkable head of hair. It hung below the man's shoulders in a silky mass of dark scarlet flecked with brown gold. Miss Mattie had seen red hair, but she remembered no such color as this, nor could she recall ever having seen hair a foot and a half long on a man. That hair would have made a fortune on the head of an actress, but Miss Mattie was ignorant of the possibilities of the profession.

The face of the man was a fine tan, against which eyes, teeth and mustache came out in brick relief. The mustache avoided the tropical tint of the upper hair and was content with a modest brown. The owner came right along, walking with a stiff, strong, straddling gait, like a man not used to that way of traveling.

Miss Mattie eyed him in some fear. He would be by her house directly, and it was hardly modest to sit aggressively on one's front porch while a strange man went by, particularly such a very strange man as this. Yet a thrill of curiosity held her for the moment, and then it was too late, for the man stopped and asked little Eddie Newell, who was playing placidly in the dust—all the children played placidly in Fairfield—asked Eddie in a voice which reached Miss Mattie plainly, although the owner evidently made no attempt to raise it, if he knew where Miss Mattie Saunders lived?

Eddie had not noticed the large man's approach and nearly fell over in a fright, but seeing, with a child's intuition, that there was no danger in this fierce looking person he piped up instantly.

"Y-y-yessir, I kin tell yer where she lives—yessir! She lives right down there in that little house. I kin go down with you jes' swell 's not! Why, there she *is now, on the stoop!*"

"Thankee, sonny," said the big voice. "Here's for miggles," and Miss Mattie caught the sparkle of a coin as it flew into the grimy fists of Eddie.

"Much obliged!" yelled Eddie and vanished up the street.

Miss Mattie sat transfixed. Her breath came in swallows, and her heart beat irregularly. Here was novelty with a vengeance! The big man turned and fastened his eyes upon her. There was no retreat. She noticed with some reassurance that his eyes were grave and kindly.

As he advanced Miss Mattie rose in agitation, unconsciously putting her hand on her throat. What could it mean?

The gate was opened and the stranger strode up the cinder walk to the porch. He stopped a whole minute and looked at her. At last!

"Well, Mattie!" he said, "don't you know me?"

A flood of the wildest hypotheses flashed through Miss Mattie's mind without enlightening her. Who was this picturesque giant who stepped out of the past with so familiar a salutation? Although the porch was a foot high, and Miss Mattie a fairly tall woman, their eyes were almost on a level as she looked at him in wonder.

Then he laughed and showed his white teeth. "No use to bother and worry you, Mattie," said he. "You couldn't call it in ten years. Well, I'm your half uncle Fred's boy Bill, and I hope you're a quarter as glad to see me as I am to see you."

"What!" she cried. "Not little Willy who ran away!"

"The same little Willy," he replied in a tone that made Miss Mattie laugh a little, nervously, "and what I want to know is, are you glad to see me?"

"Why, of course! But, Will—I suppose I should call you Will? I am so flustered—not expecting you—and it's been so warm today. Won't you come in and take a chair?" wound up Miss Mattie in desperation and fury at herself for saying things so different from what she meant to say.

There was a twinkle in the man's eyes as he replied in an injured tone:

"Why, good Lord, Mattie! I've come 2,000 miles or more to see you, and you ask me to take a chair just as if I'd stepped in from across the way! Can't you give a man a little warmer welcome than that?"

"What shall I do?" asked poor Miss Mattie.

"Well, you might kiss me for a start," said he.

Miss Mattie was all abroad. Still one's half cousin, who has come such a distance and been received so very oddly, is entitled to consideration. She raised her agitated face and for the first time in her life realized the pleasure of wearing a mustache.

Then Red Saunders, late of the Chanta Seechee ranch, North Dakota, sat him down.

"I'm obliged to you, Mattie," he said

Union : Hotel

SAMUEL C DAVIS, PROPRIET.

English 4-x BURTON always on tap... also, the famous MILWAUKEE BEERS—Anheuser, Bohemian, Schlitz, &c. "OLD GREY BEARD" SCOTCH WHISKY. **Best Wines and Liquors of all kinds.**

The Boarding and Lodging Department, under the immediate superintendence of Mrs Davis, will be found First-class in every respect.

RATES, ... $1 00 per day upwards.

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New GOODS & STYLES. New COLORINGS & IDEAS in DECORATION

The only thing not high-class about our magnificent collection is the price. To see costs nothing; to have it costs little. Borders same price per roll as hanging. A COMPLETE LINE of FURNITURE and HOUSE FURNISHINGS, BEDS and BEDDING, LINOLEUMS and CARRET SQUARES.

The Right Price Furniture Store, **J. H. COLLINS,**

BEER BEER

The drink of strong men and healthy women.

UNION BREWERY BEER

Drink U. B. C. Bohemian

The UNION BREWING Co., Nanaimo B. C.

When In Courtenay Stay

The Courtenay Hotel

Every convenience for guests.

The Central Hotel for Sportsmen

None but the Best of Wines and Liquors at the Bar.

RATES REASONABLE

John Johnston, Pro.

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CHOICEST Candy —AND— Fruits

in season at

D. HUNDEN'S

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JOHN McLEODS

FOR FIRST-CLASS

CANDY, FRUITS,

CIGARS & TOBACCOS

COLLGEIATE SCHOOL FOR BOYS

The Laurels, Belcher Street

Victoria B. C.

Patron and Visitor,

THE LORD BISHOP OF COLUMBIA.

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J. W. LAING, ESQ., M. A., OXFORD.

Assisted by three Graduates of the Recognized Universities of Great Britain and Canada.

Moderate terms for boarders.

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

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Livery Stable

Hayman & Maxwell.

Proprietors.

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

3rd St. Cumberland

C. H TARBELL

HIGH GRADE STOVES

And all KITCHEN INTENSILS

Sportsmens Goods

and

General Hardware

When in Cumberland

STAY AT THE.........

VENDOME.

ALL CONVENIENCES FOR GUESTS

THE BAR IS SUPPLIED WITH

Best Liquors and Cigars

J. R. BANNERMAN.

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and

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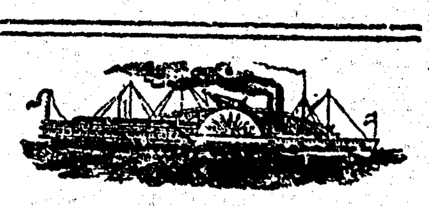

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry

S. S. "City of Nanaimo."

VICTORIA—COMOX ROUTE

Sail from Victoria Tuesday, 7 a. m for Nanaimo, calling at Crofton Kuper and Thetis Islands when freight or passengers offer.

Leaves Nanaimo Wednsday, 7 a. m., for Union Bay Comox and way ports

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

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

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

Sails from Nanaimo Saturday, 2 p.m., for Victoria.

VANCOUVER - NANAIMO - LADYSMITH ROUTE.

S. S. "JOAN."

Sails from Vancouver for Nanaimo daily, except Sundays, at 30 p.m.

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

VANCOUVER-NANAIMO-COMOX UNION.

"S. S. Queen City" (C.P.R.)

Leaves Vancouver, Sunday, 7 pm. Arrives at Nanaimo, Sunday, 11 p. m.

Leaves Nanaimo Monday, 3 a. m. Arrives at Union, Monday, 11 a. m. Arrive at Comox, Monday, 1 p. m.

Leave Comox, Monday, 7 p. m. Arrive at Union, Monday, 8 p.m.

Leave Union, Tuesday, 5 a. m. Arrive at Nanaimo, Tuesday, at 11.30 a. m.

Leaves Nanaimo, Tuesday, at 1 p. m. Arrive at Vancouver, Tuesday, at 5 p.m.

Calling at Way Ports when freight and passengers offer.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE

October 1st, 1907.

NORTH BOUND—Read Down

Passenger Trains

Stations.	Daily No. 1	Sunday Wed. Sat. No. 3
Victoria,	De. 9.00	De. 15.00
Russels,	9.04	15.04
Shawnigan,	10.17	16.15
"	10.22	16.18
Cobble Hill,	10.40	16.30
Cowichan,	10.48	16.41
Koksilah,	10.53	16.47
Duncan's,	11.00	16.58
Somenos,	11.07	17.10
Westholme,	11.18	17.22
Chemainus,	11 32	17 35
Ladysmith,	11.57	17.55
South Wellington,	12.18	18.19
Nanaimo,	12.35	18.30
Wellington,	Ar 12.53	Ar 18 45

SOUTH BOUND—Read Up.

	No. 2	No. 4
Victoria,	Ar. 12.06	18.55
Russels,	12.02	18.51
Shawnigan,	10.51	17.35
"	10.48	17.30
Cobble Hill,	10.40	17.22
Cowichan,	10.15	17.08
Koksilah,	10.08	17.03
Duncan's,	10 02	16.58
Somenos,	9.47	16 43
Westholme,	9.37	16 32
Chemainus,	9.25	16.22
Ladysmith,	De. 9.00	De. 15 58
"	Ar. 8.50	Ar. 15.48
South Wellington,	8.28	15.27
Nanaimo,	8.15	15.15
Wellington,	De. 8.00	De. 15.00

Thousand Mile and Commutation Tickets on sale, good over rail and steamer lines, at two and one-half cents per mile.

Special trains and steamers for Excursions, and reduced rates for parties may be arranged for on application to the Dist. Pass. Agent at Victoria.

The Company reserves the right to change without previous notice, steamers sailing dates and hours of sailing.

Excursion Tickets on Sale from and to all Stations, good for going journey Saturday and Sunday, returning not later than Monday.

J. W. TROUP, Gen. Sup. B.C. Coast Ser.

G. L. COURTNEY, Dist. Frt. & Pass. Ag.

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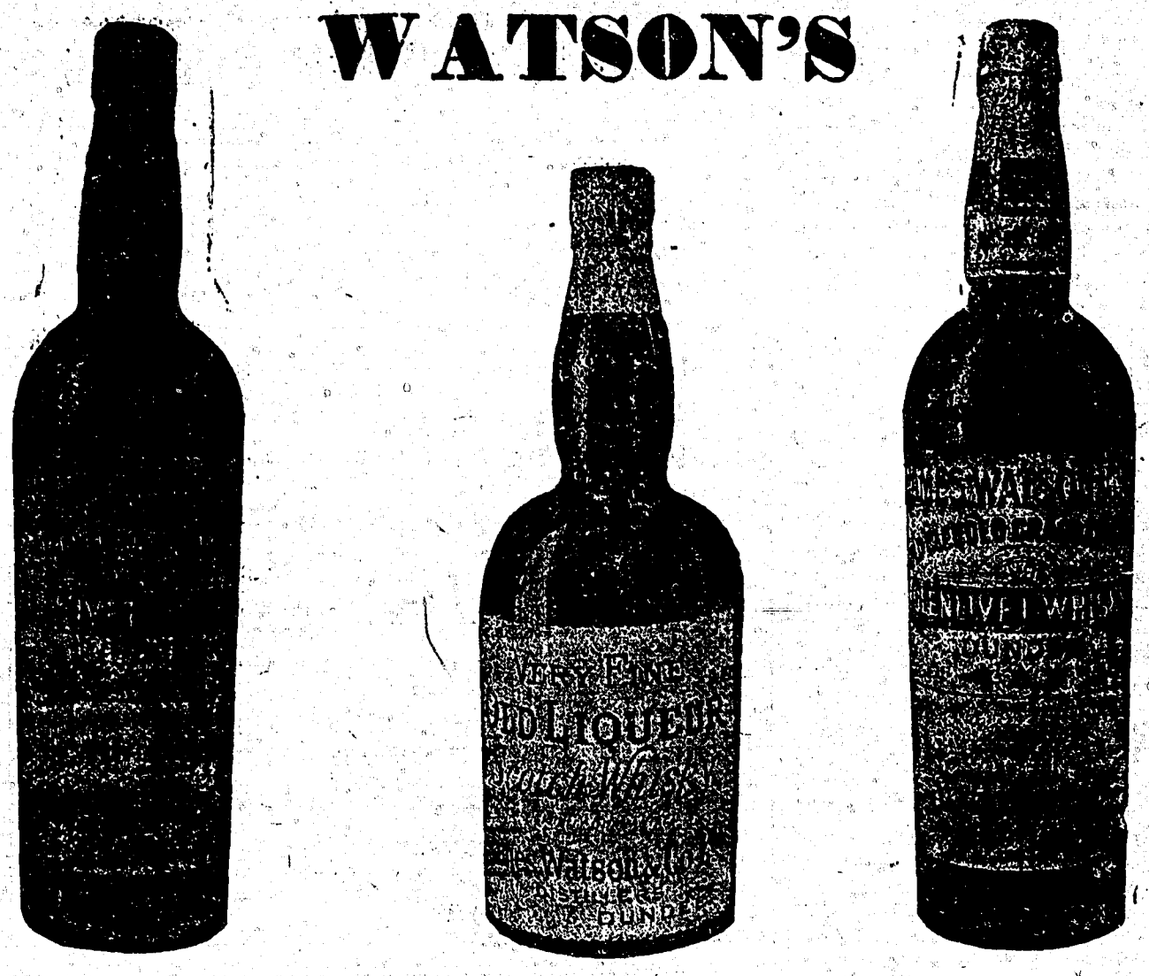

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Seeds, Plants, Trees,

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Reliable, approved varieties, at reasonable prices.

No Borers, No Scale, No Fumigation to damage Stock.

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Fertilizers, Bee Supplies, Spray Pumps, Spraying Material, Cut Flowers, etc.

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Every Tool For the Farmer.

Prices and Quality guaranteed

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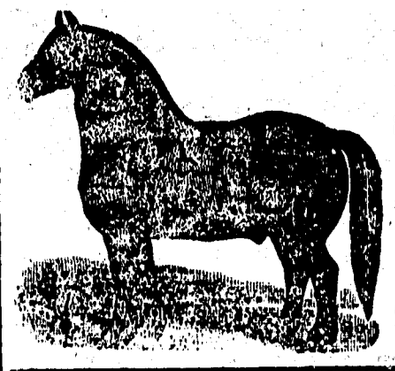

The splendid Percheron stallion
"JUST 41734"
(Color, Bay. Weight, 1875.)

See Posters for Route to begin APRIL 3rd, 1908.

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Painting, Paper Hanging, Kalsomining, Sign Painting, Buggy Painting.

Prices Lwoer than Elsewhere — Good Workmanship
Paint Shop Next Agricultural Hall,

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JOHN BRYDEN
Proprietor.

FIRST : CLASS
RIGS : OF : ALL
KINDS . . . . .

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

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.
The great Uterine Tonic, and only safe effectual Monthly Regulator on which women can depend. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, $1; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, $3; No. 3, for special cases, $5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: The Cook Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont. *Formerly Windsor*

Geo. Leighton of Courtenay has on hand a fine line of buggies, wagons, and farming machinery. Mr. Leighton is agent for McLaughlin Gear Buggies. Those desirous of getting anything in this line should see his stock before buying elsewhere. George Leighton Courtenay B. C.

THE CLEARING HOUSE

Methods of the Big Bank Exchange in New York City.

MARCH OF THE MESSENGERS.

The Way Millions on Millions of Dollars in Checks Change Holders in a Few Minutes in the Daily Balancing of Accounts Between Banks.

"Clearing!" That word is the order for the shuffling of many feet and the pattering of thick envelopes upon hard wood. Men with leather bags hung against their chests like bass drums pass up and down rows of desks at which other men sit and as they go by deftly hand out brown paper packages containing the equivalent of millions in gold. Thus do the banks of New York transfer money each business day.

As vast as the figures involved in the operation are, they do not make an impress upon the mind. One is more apt to wonder whether the gray haired messenger in the blue serge suit would succeed in disorganizing the line if he gave the wrong envelope to bank No. 49 and, if so, whether he would be condemned forever by his associates. But no one seems to make a mistake, and the visitor has no reason to worry about the possibility of misplacing $28,000,000 even for half a second. The machinery of the clearing house is almost too perfect to slip a cog.

The clearing house begins to show signs of activity as early as 9:30 o'clock, when the vanguard of bank runners makes its appearance. They travel in pairs and are mostly young men, although the veterans have not all retired. Their badge of office is a bag, any sort of bag, suit case, telescope, kit bag, canvas bag. Sometimes it has the name of the bank it came from printed across the end. More often it bears no distinguishing mark.

Further, its identity is frequently hidden behind an exceedingly shabby exterior. That is perhaps a virtue. At all events, it is not considered good form in banking circles to be ostentatious. A strong bag even though it be old and chafed is just as good a vehicle for a fortune as a new one and is less likely to produce burnings in the heart of a thug. So this is the reason why the young men who sweep up the marble stairs look as if they were carrying bags filled with their own clothing instead of other persons' checks. Self conscious they are not despite the loads they carry, and one might well imagine they were going upstairs to change their garments for gymnasium suits.

But when the visitor reaches the floor above and climbs to the little gallery at one end he realizes that not basket ball, but another game, is to be played. Already the players are preparing to take their positions. At the side walls are benches on which delivery clerks are sitting, their bags at their sides, and opposite is a solid counter divided into about seventeen compartments, to the front of which are affixed, if occupied, the name plates of different banks. Beyond the first is a second counter and between the two a rack for hats and overcoats. A broad aisle with more benches and hatracks separates the two rows of counters from duplicates on the opposite side of the room.

Settling clerks, who take their places on high stools behind the outer rows of counters, face the walls. Those at the inner counters face the center aisle. At the elbows of the settling clerks stand their assistants, who are required to sign the exchange slips presented with each package of checks.

As the clock nears 10 one glances from the high dome, with its row of electric lights, to the scene below. The clerks at the compartments have made themselves comfortable. The messengers standing at ease before them have slung their bags and are ready. A minute passes. A man appears at the rostrum in the gallery and rings a gong twice. Eyes below are uplifted as he makes an announcement about out of town banks that will hereafter clear through different correspondents. That is not of particular interest, but he pauses briefly and then utters the magic word, "Clearing!"

The messenger for bank No. 1 crosses the room at one end of the counters and takes the place of No. 97, who has moved down a pace. Simultaneously fifty other men have taken a step forward, and the tramping and scraping of feet come regularly. No. 1 has slapped an envelope down before the clerk at No. 97's compartment, dropped a ticket into a slot, offered an exchange slip for signing and passed on to No. 60 without uttering a word. Each of No. 1's fifty associates has duplicated his performance in every detail, and so the exchanges, as they are called, have been fairly started.

In the meantime the settling clerks are doing their share of the work. Long sheets of paper in front of them are being filled out with the total amounts of the checks presented by the men who are circling about the counters, making monotonous but not unpleasant sounds with their feet. Suddenly, when you are just beginning to understand what it is all about, a halt is called. No one says anything, but every one stops. You ask why, and some one says the exchanges have been completed. You ask how $300,000,000 can change hands in exactly fifteen minutes by the clock, and the same person looks at you with a pitying smile and remarks, "Why, you've just seen it done."

There is marked silence for a moment after the feet have stopped moving. The crowd in the room begins to thin out, for the delivery clerks are going, taking with them the packages of checks which have been deposited with the settling clerks. The latter still have work to do. Their assistants rescue the little tickets from the compartments into which they were dropped, and the settling clerks scan the amount of them to see if they agree with the totals on the exchange slips.

When first he entered the room the settling clerk gave the proof clerk in the manager's gallery the amount of the checks he brought with him. Now he ascertains the total of the amount deposited with him. Soon he is able to tell whether his bank has a debt or credit balance, and this information he communicates to the proof clerk. Then the clearing house knows exactly how much cash will have to be moved from bank to bank in adjusting balances.

Forty-five minutes is the limit allowed for making the exchanges and proving the balances, and fines may be imposed if the allotted time is exceeded. But it is rarely necessary to impose fines, so rapid is the work of the messengers and so simple the system of exchange. Most of the work is done before the messengers get to the clearing house. The checks for exchange with other banks are inclosed in separate envelopes, and these envelopes are arranged in consecutive order in the delivery clerk's bag, so all needless delay in depositing them is eliminated.

To make the clearing finally complete it is of course necessary to exchange the cash. "Accordingly," says James G. Cannon in his book on "Clearing Houses," "before half past 1 o'clock each debtor bank, in compliance with the requirements of the constitution, pays into the clearing house the amount of its debit balance and obtains a receipt for the same signed by the assistant manager. After half past 1 o'clock the creditor banks receive at the clearing house their respective balances and give their receipts for the same in a book provided for that purpose, but in no case can a creditor bank receive its balance until all the debtor banks have paid in."

A MARKET IN MOROCCO.

The Best Place to Study the Ways of the Wily Natives.

The place of all places to see the Moorish people is at their markets, for every class and kind of them is there, and when you have seen one market you have seen them all, for there is a racial similarity in the Moors the world over.

The first thing about a Moorish market that attracts the attention of a traveler is the farreaching odor or, rather, the multiplicity of odors, for there is a composite character about the smell of a Moorish market that cannot be equaled anywhere outside of China. Before you can even hear the continual wrangle and jangle of the market place you can smell it.

Once there the interminable jumble of things and folks is disconcerting, and the evidence of dirt everywhere takes from an American all desire to deal in eatables, for the Moors seem to be wholly insensible to dirt of any kind and every kind and have no objection to fruit and berries that have come in unprotected over miles of dusty and sandy roads.

These people are natural traders, second to none in their ability to obtain the highest possible price or equally ready willingness to let the article go for a mere pittance rather than miss making a sale.

They will begin the price of a lamp at 3 shillings and after a little haggling will come down to 1 shilling, but if you move on they will thrust the lamp into your hand and ask you to give them anything for it that you will, and it is a sale, no difference how small may be your offer.

In nearly all countries the everywhere present and always the same donkey is an inevitable adjunct of a Moorish market. The whole animal kingdom would be searched through in vain to find any creature more wholly devoid of impulse and sentiment than this imposed upon little beast.

Like a fatalist philosopher, he is wholly resigned to the order of things, and nothing can cause him to stir from the even tenor of his ways. Caressing and even food do not seem to add any to his satisfaction, and beating and abuse do not detract from his tranquility. His features are perfectly immobile.

As he stands in the market place one may pet him and give him bits of grass or fruit and he will not raise his head or even open his eyes. He is the supreme, ineffable resignation in flesh and blood. And no Moorish market is complete without him by the score.—World's Events Magazine.

How to Stick Stamps.

"Say," remarked the postoffice clerk who was *off duty as he watched a* friend affix two stamps to the corner of an envelope, "why don't you put those stamps on horizontally instead of vertically? Don't you know you would save a lot of work for us stampers if you put your stamps beside each other instead of under each other? We always have to make two strokes when canceling vertically pasted stamps by hand, and they don't work well through the stamping machines either."

"Is that so?" inquired his friend as he took another envelope and proceeded to affix two stamps to it in a vertical position. "Then, by the great horn spoon, why doesn't the government sell its stamps in horizontal lines? Look at these. Here I bought 20 cents' worth of two cent stamps, and they come to me in vertical lines. If I buy five twos, I get them attached one to the bottom of the other. Do you think I'm going to the trouble of tearing each stamp off just to please a government clerk by pasting them side by side? Guess again."—New York Press.

SPOILED THE SCENE.

When Kimball Pointed the Way to His Own Future Career.

As a delineator of the traditional Yankee character Mathias Currier Kimball, more widely known as Yankee Glenn, long stood without a rival.

Away back in the early forties, when he was a mere lad, a little incident with Junius Brutus Booth, the elder, started him in his career. Kimball was only seventeen years old at the time and was at work as an usher in the Lowell museum. Booth, who was then in the zenith of his power and fame, was billed there for three nights. The play was "Richard III." Kimball had thoroughly studied the play and was considered a young man of promising dramatic ability. On the opening night the actor who took the part of Lord Norfolk failed to show up. Booth was in despair. At last some one suggested that young Kimball knew the lines of that part, and he was cast for it by Booth.

Of the event Kimball himself said: "When I went on the stage, I was badly rattled. Booth was imperious and stern, which only complicated matters. However, I got along all right until we came to the battle of Bosworth Field. In my hurry I had taken the wrong place on the stage, when Booth hissed out in a whisper, 'Get into your place.' Then wheeling around he pronounced these words in thrilling tones: 'What thinkest thou now, noble Norfolk?' 'That we shall conquer, my lord,' was my reply, 'but on my tent this morning early was this paper found.' Booth was marking out the plan of battle on the sand. When I had finished the lines, he drew his sword and with terrific force struck the paper from my hands, saying, 'A weak invention of the enemy!'

"I was thoroughly frightened at his fearful expression and dodged back, nearly falling to the floor. Booth then repeated the words:

"'What thinkest thou, Norfolk, if the pardon was offered?'

"By this time I was completely rattled and forgot my lines. Booth stood glaring at me like a tiger. The audience were holding their breath for the next turn of affairs. Suddenly I realized that something must be done. My nerve returned, and I think it must have been the devil that prompted me to balance myself on one foot and drawl out with Yankee twang:

"'Well, I don't know, Mr. Booth. It may work!'

"Instantly the whole house was in an uproar. As shout after shout of laughter went up the black cloud on Booth's brow relaxed, and, wheeling on his heel, he left the stage, shaking his sides with merriment. After the play was over he came to me and, placing his hand on my shoulder, said in fatherly tones, 'Young man, you never played tragedy before, did you?' Without waiting for a reply he continued: 'Take my advice and never attempt it again. You are a natural comedian. Take a Yankee character and become identified with it, and fame and fortune will be yours.' And I followed his advice."

Cain's Wife.

"I never discuss marriage," said the late General Fitz-Hugh Lee, "without thinking of an old colored preacher in my state who was addressing his dark skinned congregation when a white man rose up in the back of the building.

"'Mr. Preacher,' said the white man.

"'Sir to you,' said the parson.

"'Mr. Preacher, you are talking about Cain, and you say he got married in the land of Nod after he killed Abel. But the Bible only mentions Adam and Eve as being on the earth at that time. Whom, then, did Cain marry?'

"The colored preacher snorted with unfeigned contempt.

"'Huh!' he said. 'You hear dat, brederen an' sisters? You hear dat fool question I am axed? Cain, he went to de land o' Nod, just as de good book tells us, an' in de land o' Nod Cain gits so lazy an' so shif'less dat he up an' marries a gal o' one o' dem no 'count poor white trash families dat de inspired apostle didn't consider fittin' to mention in de holy word.'"

Right in It.

Wigwell—Charley isn't a bad fellow socially, but he's a dead failure in money matters. Why, I actually believe he owes everybody in town! Wrightly—And you call that a dead failure? I should say that Charley is a Napoleon of finance.

The cheerful live longest in years and afterward in our regards.—Bovee.

Circumstantial Evidence.

During a discussion in regard to circumstantial evidence a lawyer told of a remarkable case which, he said, appears in the Virginia reports. It was this:

A man was discovered drawing a knife from the prostrate form of another man near a roadside. The witnesses rushed upon him and took the weapon from him. It was still dripping with the warm blood of the victim. He was accused of the murder, but asserted his innocence. He claimed that he had happened along the road but a few moments before and saw his alleged victim struggling with another man. Before he could come up the unknown had driven his knife home and had fled into some brush close by. Seeing the knife still in the breast of the fallen man, he stooped over and drew it forth just as his accusers came on the scene. That was his story. The knife being identified as the property of the accused, no credence whatever was placed in his tale. He was tried, convicted and hanged.

A year later the man who had really committed the crime while on his deathbed confessed that he was the murderer and told how he had stolen the knife from the innocent man who had been sent to the gallows.

WEDDING GIFTS

At Stoddart, the Jeweler

You have a Large Stock to Select From.

Cut Glass, Sterling Silver

..are the right goods for wedding gifts..

CUMBERLAND HALL

TONIGHT AND WEDNESDAY NIGHT

MOVING PICTURES

"The Four Footed Hero," (educational) "Bargain Fiends" (comedy:). "Governess Wanted" and four others.

ILLUSTRATED SONGS—"Arrah Wanna." "Mid the Green Fields of Virginia," sung by Mr. Frank Ramsay.

PERFORMANCE STARTS 9 SHARP

RESERVED SEATS . 35c.

ADMISSION - 25c.

CHILDREN - - 15c.

AN ENTIRE CHANGE PROGRAM THURSDAY

Seccombe Show Co.

The Man Not the Plan

We are prone to give credit to the plan as being the thing that makes a successful business. It is not the plan, it is the man behind the plan that is responsible for the success. The man who has a well defined ideal, who hews to the line who eliminates all deterrent influences, who concentrates his energy on his ideal, who bends his efforts toward the one thing is pretty sure to accomplish his purpose.

We often see a man make a market success in a field that others have considered barren.

Take a small town, for instance, where there are many retail stores. The people of the town will tell the prospective merchant that the town is already overcrowded with stores, that none of the stores seem to make more than a bare living, and that it would be impossible for another store to make a success, on account of the already overcrowded conditions, yet the right man comes along and starts a store in that town and makes a marked success.

If the plan were the making of success, all an enterprising business man would have to do would be to pick out some plan which was successful and then imitate it.

The great ocean of business has many derelicts on it as a result of copying plans. It is a part of law of compensation that the man who originates a plan and carries it to a successful conclusion has a patent on his business. This patent is his individuality and good business equipment.

The man who steals his plan physically is unable to steal the mental end.

Since men have recorded facts in the shape of history, we find that men have made successes of plans and businesses that have been discarded by their predecessors as played-out plans.

When a plan is presented to you do not calculate the outcome by the plan, but by the man.

Two banks may start side by side with exactly the same office furniture and exactly the same office furniture and exactly the same business operations. They use the same kind of money; they make loans on lands or on securities. The operations of these two banks may be as closely identical as possible, yet within ten years one bank will have considerable surplus and the other may be out of business.

If the plan were the measure of success these two banks should fare equally well, but the fact that they differed so materially is in itself evidence that the success is determined by the individuals and not the plan.

The illustration of a bank may be carried into other lines, merchandising, manufacturing or railroading.—Blade.

Princeton, N. J., June 24th—Grover Cleveland, twice president of the United States, died at 8.05 o'clock this morning at his home in Westland, in this college town, where he had lived since his retirement as the nation's chief executive almost twelve years ago.

St. John, N.B. Caterpillars are creating havoc in some sections of the province. A regular army of them it is reported from York county, between Tracy and Cork station, on the line between Fredericks and McAdam, on Thursday evening, started to cross the tracks and a heavy freight train that came along and rushed in amongst them was soon stalled. Three times in a distance not greater than a mile the train was stopped by the pests.

The train crew were forced to use shovels to clear the tracks. They report that there were millions of caterpillars, and that they had eaten almost every green thing in sight and wrought particular havoc among the trees. Over an hour was spent in getting the train over the spot shovelling the caterpillars off the line and sanding the rails.

The finest the world produces—Ridgways, the tea of quality: Sold by grocers everywhere.

Ottawa; June 24.—A bonus of ten per cent, will probably be allowed the entire Public Service this year. It will be based upon the increased cost of living throughout Canada.

A mail will come by S. S. Queen City on Monday,s and return Monday afternoon, until further notice.

Mrs. H. Murdock returned from Denman, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Walker returned from Vancouver, by Wednesday's b at.

L. Coe and R. Herd returned by Wednesday's boat.

Inspector Dick arrived on Wednesday and returned to Nanaimo, Saturday morning.

BOVRIL renovates the blood and builds up muscle and nerve. It is good for children, athletes and invalids—good for all.

BOVRIL

63

Robert Struthers and bride arrived on Friday,s boat.

Mrs. Ira garnes left by Saturday's boat for Seattle.

Capt., Damon of Hornby Island, arrived on Friday and returned Saturday.

TRUANTS HIDE IN TRUNK PARENTS FIND THEM DEAD

Fall River June 19,—After a long search the bodies of Joseph and Andre Beaudry, 8 and 5 years old, respectively, were found locked in a trunk in which the children are supposed to have hidden themselves in order to escape going to school in the morning. The trunk had a spring lock. The medical examiner decided that their deaths were due to suffication. The interior of the trunk and the clothing and bodies of the children gave evidence of the struggles which the little ones had made to escape. Joseph and Andre were the sons of Mr. and Mrs. Beaudry who work in the mills, and the little ones were left in care of their older brother, Wilfred, 11 years old, who was supposed to get them ready for school. He says that he thought Joseph and Andre had started for school.

Mr. A. Anthony and Mr. A. Grant left by saturday's boat on a vacation.

Mr W. Merrifield left by Saturday,s boat for Nanamo.

Mr. J. Bennie and Mr. John Horbury left by Saturday,s boat for Nanaimo.

Mr. and Mrs. Renolds left by Saturday,s boat for San Francisco.

TENDERS will be received up to the 1st of July.08 for the following work on the Cumberand Public School. painting and kalsomining two rooms, cleaning and repairing gutters and water drainage in roof; repairing school fence, and repairing platform in front of school. Seperate Tenders on this work preferred. For particulars apply to J. Stewart, School Trustee T. H. Carey, Sc'y.

Take notice, that Henry A. Dillon of Cumberland, B. C has no authority to collect accounts, or transact any business for or on my behalf, or in my name.

P. PHILLIPPS HARRISON.
Barrister-at-law Cumberland B.C.

Thos. E. Banks

Funeral Director and Embalmer

House Raising and Renewing n Foundations Carefully Attended to.

Cumberland, B. C.

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a licence to prospect for coal and petroleum under the foreshore and under the lands covered by water opposite the foreshore of Denman Island, Comox District, B. C., and described as follows:—Commencing at a post planted on the south-west coast of Denman Island, adjoining R. Kawamura's farm; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 70 chains, more or less, to high-water mark; thence following the sinuosities of the foreshore to point of commencement; containing 640 acres, more or less.

Dated Denman Island, B.C., June 23, '08

R. KAWAMURA,
K. KOTO, Agent

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and works for a licence to prospect for coal and petroleum under the foresite the foreshore of Denman Island, Comox District, B. C. and described as follows:—Commencing at a post planted on the south-west coast of Denman Island, adjoining S. Nakano's farm; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 45 chains, more or less, to high-water mark; thence following the sinuosities of the foreshore to point of commencement; containing 640 acres, more or less.

Dated, Denman Island, B.C., June 23, '08

S. NAKANO
K. Koto, Agent

NOTICE is herepy given that 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a licence to prospect for coal and petroleum under the foreshore and under the lands covered by water opposite the foreshore of Denman Island, Comox District, B. C., and described as follows:—Commencing at a post planted on the south-west coast of Denman Island, adjoining S. Nakano's farm; thence west 69 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 70 chains, more or less, to high-water mark; thence following the sinuosities of the foreshore to point of commencement; containing 640 acres, more or less.

Dated, Denman Island, B. C., June 23, '08

K. KOTO.

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a licence to prospect for coal and petroleum under the foreshore and under the lands covered by water opposite the foreshore of Denman Island, Comox District, B.C., and described as follows:—Commencing at a post planted on the south-west coast of thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 65 chains, more or less, to high water mark; thence following the sinuosities of the foreshore to point of commencement; containing 640 acres, more or less,

Dated Denman Island, B.C. June 23, '08

MOTO KOTO
K. Koto, Agent.

NOTICE is hereby given that 60 days after date, I intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a lease of the foreshore opposite the north-east ¼ fraction of Section 5, for wharfage purposes, Denman Island, Comox District, B.C.

Dated Denman Island, B.C. June 23, '08

S. NAKANO
K. Koro, Agent

Acclimatized Tested Stock.

Seed, Trees, Plants

FOR THE FARM, GARDEN LAWN OR CONSERVATORY.

Reliable varities at reasonable prices. No borers; no scale; no fumigation to damage stock. No windy agents to annoy you.

Extra choice lot of fruit trees now coming on for the fall trade, consisting of 50,000 Peach, Pear, Plum and Cherry; 70,000 Apple, in leading varities; 100,000 small fruit plants; strictly home grown and our own propagation from bearing stock; 50,000 Bulbs for fall planting Choice grass seeds always in stock. Buy direct and get stock that grows.

Fertilizers, Bee Supplies, Spray pumps. Spraying Materials, Cut Flowers, etc. Oldest established nurseries on mainland of B. C. Catalog free.

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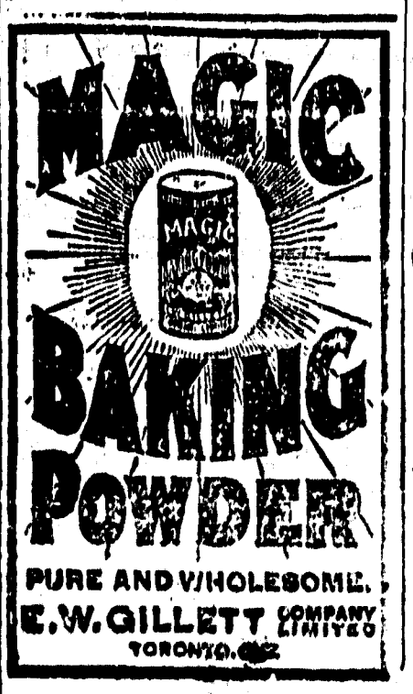

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA.

CAPITAL, $3,900,000 RESERVE, $4,300,000

ASSETS, $46,400,000 DEPOSITS, $33,700,000

Money Orders

RATES.

$5 and under	3 Cents
Over $5 and not exceeding $10	6 Cents
Over $10 and not exceeding $30	10 Cents
Over $30 and not exceeding $50	15 Cents

These Money Orders are payable WITHOUT COST in any Chartered Bank in Canada.

Interest Added Four Times a Year in Savings Bank.

A. B. NETHERBY, MANAGER.

K. AIDA Merchant TAILOR

LADIES' TAILOR MADE COSTUMES A SPECIALTY

SUITS MADE TO ORDER AND IN ANY STYLE YOU WISH.

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

Prices From $20 to $40.

CUMBERLAND, - - B. C.

TO THE PUBLIC.

We beg to inform the Public of Cumberland and District that on April 20th we purchased the milk business of Mr. S. Piercy of Sandwick, and are prepared to deliver pure milk daily, also butter, eggs and other farm produce. With careful attention we hope to retain most of Mr. Piercey's old customers.

Abe & Ito,

Photographs

F. WATTS, OF VICTORIA

is now in Cumberland, with his large portrait tent, but will visit Courtenay for two weeks, on or about the first week in June, where he will take portraits from 50c. per dozen. POST CARDS of yourself at $1.50 per doxen.

All those that want real good and cheap pictures are advised to wait for him. Farms and Family groups a specialty. Also lifelike pictures of your babies.

CLEARANCE SALE

Fishing Tackle and Rods

As I have no room for them I will now sell them at and below cost all my stock of Rods, Reels, Lines, and Flies, and everything I have got in that line. Now come and get first choice for everything must go at once at any price.

T. D. McLEAN

BUTCHER SHOP

Where are you going? I am going to the Comox Co-operative Meat Market, where I can get a Nice, Tender, Juicy Roast of Meat: No Bone, All Meat.

Comox Co-operative Society,

R. Webster, Manager.

MAROCCHI BROS.

GROCERS & BAKERS

AND PROPRIETORS OF

CUMBERLAND BOTTLING WORKS

Agents for Union Brewing Company's BEER and PORTER, Wholesale Dealers in all Kinds of Wines and Liquors.

SECOND STREET

Siddall, The Tailor,

Has opened Business in McLeod's Store.