

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

FOURTEENTH YEAR.

CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY MAY. 1, 1907

MAY 6 - 1907

You Will Find

at the Big Store.
NEW LINES in.

WALL PAPER

MIXED PAINTS
STAINS
BRUSHES

VARINSHES
ENAMELS
ETC. ETC.

All kinds of garden tools and summer hardware

SEEDS SEEDS

Fishing Rods and Tackle

Simon Leiser & Co

LIMITED
CUMBERLAND

Death of Joseph Stuart.

Word was received by Constable Thompson last Friday of the death of J Stuart an old pioneer of the Oyster River section and a man well known throughout the district and in Janaimo. Constable Thompson and Coroner Abrams left at once for Oyster River, and found that the deceased had been in Courtenay the day preceeding his death. Leaving there to drive home he was later overtaken by Mr Perdue, of the Oyster River logging camp, who noticing that Stuart was the worse for liquor, tied his horse behind Stuart's wagon, and drove the rig up to the logging camp where he put Stuart's horse into the stable and tried to get Stuart himself to go to bed in the bunk house. He however said he would go and stay at McIvor's close at hand, and finding he had made up his mind to this Perdue left him and went to camp. When morning came, upon entering the stable, a shocking sight presented itself to the horrified men. Stuart's body lay under the horse's feet, he evidently having been trampled to death during the night. Examination revealed the fact that he had torn off some of the shake siding of the building and crawled through the hole when the horse had either kicked or trampled his head, and later, at the post mortem, it was found that the animal had also trod on his body, the body injuries being the direct cause of death. Why deceased had changed his mind about going to McIvor's or if he had all along intended to go into the stable will never be known. The remains were removed to Courtenay where Dr Gillespie held a post mortem, and an inquest was held, the following gentlemen acting, foreman, T J McPhee; B Mullen, J McIvor, Alex Seuter, M Perez, W F Casey, the verdict being that deceased came to his death by blows or kicks from his horse, under conditions stated. The funeral took place in Sandwick cemetery later, many friends following the remains to the grave. Deceased leave a wife and family, the Storey brothers being stepsons.

MAY, SPECIALS

Offer No 1—
To all subscribers of the Enterprise who are two years or more in arrears, and who will pay all arrears, at this office, on or before June 1st, 1907, we will mail the CUMBERLAND NEWS nine months free.

Offer No 2—
To all subscribers of the Enterprise who are one year in arrears, and who will pay all arrears, at this office, on or before June 1st 1907, we will mail the News for four months free.

Offer No 3
To all new subscribers who will pay us 75 cents on or before June 1st 1907, we will mail the News to December 31st 1907.

Put up subscribers to the Enterprise will receive the News for the remainder of their year.

The News is being advertising medium for Comox District. Established 1889.

Support the home paper; its prosperity means your pleasure, and the editor's profit.

All Enterprise subscriptions to be paid to J. A. Bates, editor and proprietor of Cumberland News.

VALEDICTORY

With this issue my connection with the Cumberland News will cease and the editorial mill hereafter will be ground by Mr J. A. Bates, owner of the Enterprise office plant, which paper, as is known, ceased publication last Saturday, and who has now purchased the News. In making my conge, I beg leave to offer the few following remarks to the patrons and to the non patrons of the News—

To the business men, I would suggest, now you have one paper to represent you, that you so give support and patronage to that paper that it will be the powerful instrument you desire it to be when fighting for your rights as you expect it to do. The News always has been ready and willing to make your wants known and to air your grievances. Give your hearty co-operation to the upholding of it if only for that reason.

To the public—Do not forget that a newspaper is the mouth piece of the times. The better a paper you have, the better can your district be advertised, the better your wants be made known to those in the proper quarters. A newspaper may not exist on air alone, therefore give your support, and pungle up the necessary mazuma to make it go, and go hard. Do not be offended if at times an article does not suit you. Remember that those whom God loveth he chasteneth that's why I have got it in the neck so often.

To the leaders of sects, societies and cliques—Don't throw down the newspaper because the editor happened to notice Mrs Next-door (who isn't in our set, you know) when she gave a pink tea and invited her own friends. The paper is for her just as well as for Mrs Parvenu or Miss Nuritch.

To my friends, and I am thankful I have many warm ones in the district I am about to leave, a warm shake hand and a hope to meet after over the traditionary bottle and bird.

To my enemies I say ta-ta, and tell them that so long as I am on the outside of this little globe of mundane matter I shall be ready and willing for them to try a whirl out of me in any old time, and place and manner.

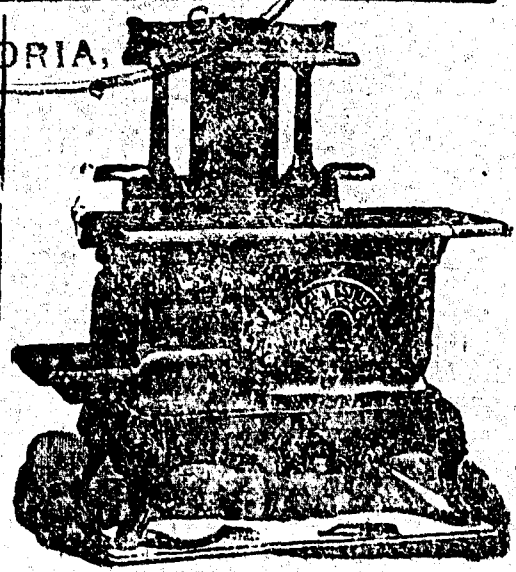
And in expressing my thanks to all who have given their patronage to the News in the past, I beg for a continuance of those favours, in an increased degree, for my successor.

W. B. ANDERSON

BUSH FIRES

Fires have already started after the last few dry days; the Victoria L, and M. Co's logging camp on the Courtenay having a narrow escape. Every precaution should be taken against fire from now on. It is well to warn parents against the extremely dangerous pastime indulged in by children of starting fires in the city limits. Not only is the danger of some child being burnt to death imminent, but there is also great danger to buildings from flying sparks etc. Too late perhaps, the evil will be checked.

The Rev Thos Menzies of Sandwick will officiate in the Presbyterian Church next Sabbath evening, May 5th, in the absence of the pastor, Rev D. McGillivray who goes to Synod at Westminster this week.



- Stoves -

Tinware, Enamelware,
Knives, Forks, &c.,
The Magnet Cash Store
Leads Them All.

T. E. BATE,

NOTICE

All persons having accounts against W. B. Anderson or the Cumberland News, kindly present same on or before April 30th 1907, and all accounts owing to same must be paid by same date.

W. B. ANDERSON

OPERA HOUSE.



1 WEEK starting May 2
Matinee Saturday
Return of the Favorites
The Pringle Stock
Co.

In a repertoire of standard plays.
Thursday night
"TRAPPED by TREACHERY"
Prices 25 50 and 75c
Seats now on sale at Peaceys
Drug Store.

Change of bill nightly.

BUSINESS CHANGE.

As hinted last week in these columns, Messrs Riggs & Whyte have made a radical change in their business, Messrs Leiser & Co purchasing their entire stock of groceries, boots and shoes. The firm will continue their dry goods and gents furnishing departments for a time and will later move to Stettlor. Alberta; where they already have business connections.

VICTORIA DAY CELEBRATION

At a public meeting held in the City Hall on Monday evening it was decided to celebrate Victoria Day in Cumberland. Next general meeting Friday evening, at which everyone interested will be welcome. Fuller particulars later.

IN THE MATTER of Chapter 115 of the Revised Statutes of Canada 1906 AND IN THE MATTER of the Improvement of the Kennedy River, Vancouver Island

TAKE NOTICE that the Sutton Lumber and Trading Company, Limited, has on this day, in pursuance of section 7 of the Navigable Waters Protection Act, Chapter 115, of the Revised Statutes of Canada, 1906, filed a plan and description of the proposed site with the Minister of Public Works at Ottawa, and a description thereof in the office of the Registrar of Titles for the District in which such work is proposed to be constructed.

AND TAKE NOTICE that on Friday, the 17 day of May 1907, application will be made to the Governor General in Council for approval thereof.

Dated this 2nd day of April 1907.

BODWELL & LAWSON
Solicitors for the Sutton Lumber and Trading Company, Limited,
St 15my.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that, on Monday, May 29th, 1907, the court of Revision for the Municipality of the City of Cumberland, B.C., will be held in the Council Chambers on the above date at 7.30 p.m. Any person or persons desiring to make complaint against his or their assessment must give notice in writing to the undersigned stating the grounds of their complaints, at least ten days before the above date.

Alex. McKinnon.

C. M. C.

Cumberland, B.C. Apl. 16, '07.

NOTICE

To rent on such terms as may be agreed on, 160 acres on Lake trail, good house and barn and also 2 acres of orchard.

apply
Wm. Duncan, Sandwick
St 1m

IN THE MATTER of Chapter 115 of the Revised Statutes of Canada 1906.

AND IN THE MATTER of the Improvement of Campbell River, Vancouver Island.

TAKE NOTICE that the International Timber Company has on this day in pursuance of Section 7 of the Navigable Waters Protection Act, chapter 115 of the Revised Statutes of Canada 1906, filed a plan and description of the proposed site with the Minister of Public Works at Ottawa, and a description thereof in the office of the Registrar of Titles for the District in which such work is proposed to be constructed.

AND TAKE NOTICE that on Friday the 17th day of May, 1907 application will be made to the Governor General in Council for approval thereof.

Dated this 10th day of April, 1907.

BODWELL & LAWSON,
Solicitors for the International Timber Company.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that, 30 days after date, we intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described land, situated on Thurston Bay, Valdez Island, and particularly described as—Commencing at S.W. corner of Timber Limit 1150; thence west following the shore line 40 chains to the S.E. corner of Timber Limit 1143; thence north 40 chains to the shore on Thurston Bay; thence easterly along shore to N.W. corner of Timber Limit 1150; thence south 80 chains to place of commencement.

RED FIR LUMBER COY., LTD.

Per J. M. LAUGH

Victoria, B.C., March 28th, 1907.

St 8my

NOTICE

TENDERS are hereby called for the purchase of Lots 65, 67, 68, 72 and 74, in the townsite of Courtenay B.C. part of the estate of Alexander J. Mellado deceased. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Tenders subject to the approval of the Court.

"Bruno Mellado"

Administrator of the estate of
A J Mellado deceased.

Cumberland, B.C., April 17th 1907

14c 17jy.

DARREL of THE BLESSED ISLES

By IRVING BACHELLER.

Author of "Eben Holden," "D'ri and L," Etc.

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(Continued.)

As the door swung open all greeted the young man. Loosening his snow-shoes, he flung them on the step and came in, a fox tail dangling from his fur cap.

He shook hands with Polly and her mother and lifted Paul to the ceiling. "Hello, young man!" said he. "If one is four, how many are two?"

"If you're speaking of new boots," said the widow, "one is at least fifteen."

The schoolteacher made no reply, but stood a moment looking down at the boy.

"It's a cold day," said Polly.

"I like it," said the teacher, lifting his broad shoulders and smiting them with his hands. "God has been house cleaning. The dome of the sky is all swept and dusted. There isn't a cobweb anywhere. Santa Claus come?"

"Yes," said the younger children, who made a rush for their gifts and laid them on chairs before him.

"Grand old chap!" said he, staring thoughtfully at the fannel cat in his hands. "Any idea who it is?"

"Can't make out," said Mrs. Vaughn; "very singular man."

"Generous, too," the teacher added. "That's the best cat I ever saw. Tom. If I had my way the cats would all be made of fannel. Miss Polly, what did you get?"

"This," said Polly, handing him the locket.

"Beautiful!" said he, turning it in his hand. "Anything inside?"

Polly showed him how to open it. He sat a moment or more looking at the graven gold.

"Strange!" said he presently, surveying the wrought cases.

Mrs. Vaughn was now at his elbow.

"Strange?" she inquired.

"Well, long ago," said he, "I heard of one like it. Some time it may solve the mystery of your Santa Claus."

An ear of the teacher had begun to swell and redden.

"Should have pulled my cap down," said he as the widow spoke of it. "Frostbitten years ago, and if I'm out long in the cold I begin to feel it."

"Must be very painful," said Polly, as indeed it was.

"No," said he, with a little squint as he touched the aching member. "It's good. I rather like it. I wouldn't take anything for that ear. It—it—" He hesitated, as if trying to recall the advantages of a chilled ear. "Well, I shouldn't know I had any ears if it weren't for that one."

CHAPTER XIII.

REMARKABLE figure was young Sidney Trove, the new teacher in district No. 1. He was nearing nineteen years of age that winter.

"I like that," he said to the trustee, who had been telling him of the unruly boys, great, hulking fellows that made trouble every winter term. "Trouble—it's a grand thing—but I'm not selfish, and if I find any I'll agree to divide it with the boys. I don't know but I'll be generous and let them have the most of it. If they put me out of the school-house I'll have learned something."

The trustee looked at the six feet and two inches of bone and muscle that sat lounging in a chair—looked from end to end of it.

"What's that?" he inquired, smiling. "That I've no business there," said young Mr. Trove.

"I guess you'll dew," said the trustee. "Make 'em toe the line; that's all I got to say."

"And all I've got to do is my best. I don't promise any more," the other answered modestly as he rose to leave.

Linley school was at the four corners in Pleasant valley—a low frame structure, small and weathered gray. Windows, with no shade or shutter, were set, two on a side, in perfect apposition. A passing traveler could see through them to the rocky pasture beyond. Who came there for knowledge, though a fool, was dubbed a "scholar." It was a word sharply etched in the dialect of that region. If one were to say "skollar-r-r" he might come near it. Every winter morning the scholar entered a little vestibule which was part of the wood shed. He passed an ash barrel and the odor of drying wood, hung cap and coat on a peg in the closet, lifted the latch of a pine door and came into the schoolroom. If before it would be noisy with shout and laughter, the buzz of tongues, the tread of running feet. Big girls in neat aprons would be gossiping at the stove hearth; small boys would be chasing each other up and down aisles and leaping the whitened desks of pine; little girls in checked fannel or home-

spun would be circling in a song play; big boys would be trying feats of strength that ended in loud laughter. So it was the first morning of that winter term in 1850. A tall youth stood by the window. Suddenly he gave a loud "Sh-h-h!" Running feet fell silently and halted; words begun with a shout ended in a whisper. A boy making caricatures at the blackboard dropped his chalk that now fell noisily. A whisper, heavy with awe and expectation, flew hissing from lip to lip. "The teacher!" There came a tramping in the vestibule, the door latch jumped with a loud rattle, and in came Sidney Trove. All eyes were turned upon him. A look of rectitude, dove-like and too good to be true, came over many faces.

"Good morning," said the young man, removing his cap, coat and overshoes. Some nodded, dumb with timidity. Only a few little ones had the bravery to speak up, as they gave back the words in a tone that would have fitted a golden text. He came to the roaring stove and stood a moment, warming his hands. A group of the big boys were in a corner whispering. Two were sturdy and quite six feet tall—the Beach boys.

"Big as a bull moose," one whispered.

"An' stouter," said another.

The teacher took a pencil from his pocket and tapped the desk.

"Please take your seats," said he.

All obeyed. Then he went around with the roll and took their names, of which there were thirty-four.

"I believe I know your name," said Trove, smiling, as he came to Polly Vaughn.

"I believe you do," said she, glancing up at him, with half a smile and a little move in her lips that seemed to ask, "How could you forget me?"

Then the teacher, knowing the peril of her eyes, became very dignified as he glanced over the books she had brought to school. He knew it was going to be a hard day. For a little he wondered if he had not been foolish, after all, in trying a job so difficult and so perilous. If he should be thrown out of school he felt sure it would ruin him—he could never look Polly in the face again. As he turned to begin the work of teaching it seemed to him a case of do or die, and he felt the strength of an ox in his heavy muscles.

The big boys had settled themselves in a back corner side by side, a situation too favorable for mischief. He asked them to take other seats. They complied sullenly and with hesitation. He looked over books, organized the school in classes and started one of them on his way. It was the primer class, including a half dozen very small boys and girls. They shouted each word in the reading lesson, labored in silence with another and gave voice again with unabated energy. In their pursuit of learning they bayed like hounds. Their work began upon this ancient and informing legend, written to indicate the shout and skip of the youthful student:

The—sun—is—up—and—it—is—day—day?—day.

"You're afraid," the teacher began after a little. "Come up here close to me."

They came to his chair and stood about him. Some were confident; others hung back suspicious and untamed. "We're going to be friends," said he in a low, gentle voice. He took from his pocket a lot of cards and gave one to each.

"Here's a story," he continued. "See; I put it in plain print for you with pen and ink. It's all about a bear and a boy, and is in ten parts. Here's the first chapter. Take it home with you tonight."

He stopped suddenly. He had turned in his chair and could see none of the boys. He did not move, but slowly took off a pair of glasses he had been wearing.

"Joe Beach," said he coolly, "come out here on the floor."

There was a moment of dead silence. That big youth, the terror of Linley school, was now red and dumb with amazement. His devilry had begun, but how had the teacher seen it with his back turned?

"I'll think it over," said the boy sullenly.

The teacher laid down his book calmly, walked to the seat of the young rebel, took him by the collar and the back of the neck, tore him out of the place where his hands and feet were clinging like the roots of a tree, dragged him roughly to the aisle and over the floor space, taking part of the seat along, and stood him to the wall with

a bang that shook the windows. There was no halting—it was all over in half a minute.

"You'll please remain there," said he coolly, "until I tell you to sit down."

He turned his back on the bully, walked slowly to his chair and opened his book again.



The teacher tore him out of the place.

"Take it home with you tonight," said he, continuing his talk to the primer class. "Spell it over, so you won't have to stop long between words. All who read it well tomorrow will get another chapter."

They began to study at home. Wonder grew, and pleasure came with labor as the tale went on.

He dismissed the primer readers, calling the first class in geography. As they took their places he repaired the broken seat, a part of which had been torn off the nails. The fallen rebel stood leaning, his back to the school. He had expected help, but the reserve force had failed him.

"Joe Beach, you may take your seat," said the teacher in a kind of paren-

(To Be Continued.)

A City of the Past.

Rimini is full of associations with thrilling people of the past. It was here that Caesar crossed the Rubicon. We crossed ourselves on the very bridge his feet had touched. It was here, too, that St. Anthony came to preach and, finding no people who would give heed to him, turned in despair and preached to the fishes, who raised their heads out of the water to listen to him. There is a chapel which marks the spot where he stood by the water. In Rimini lived Paolo and Francesca, the tragedy of whose love every one knows.—Travel Magazine.

The Grand Canyon.

Vast as the bed of a vanished ocean, deep as Mount Washington risen from its apex to its base, the grandest canyon in the world lay glittering below in the sunlight like a submerged continent. At my very feet, so near that I could have leaped at once into eternity, the earth was cleft to a depth of over 6,000 feet—not by a narrow gorge, but by a gulf within whose cavernous immensity Niagara would be indiscernible and whole cities could be tossed like pebbles.—E. W. G. Weston in The Wide World Magazine.

Like the Mythical Dragon.

In the Malay archipelago is a reptile much like the mythical dragon. It has false ribs that extend the loose skin and form its wings. There is also a frog with spreading feet that makes a parachute which enables it to flit from tree to tree, and a flying lemur that can spread out its whole body like an umbrella and leap and fly a hundred feet at a time, from the top of one tree to another.

Gold and Silver Gospels.

"The Gold and Silver Gospels" is the name of a very peculiar book now preserved in the Upsala library in Sweden. It is printed with metal type on violet colored vellum, the letters being silver and the initials gold. When it was printed, by whom or what were the methods employed are questions which have great interest for the curious, but have never been answered.

An Economist.

"Billy, you've been fighting again." "Yes, mum, I've saved half a crown, though. You know that tooth I'd got to go to the dentist to have out? Well, Jimmy Sluggers has just punched it out."—Ally Glines.

Facial Horticulture.

"A new milkman left our milk today," announced Dorothy. "Did he have whiskers?" asked her mother, thinking perhaps it was the proprietor. "No," said the four-year-old; "he didn't have whiskers, but he had the roots."

Why She Couldn't.

"No, I didn't have a very good time," she said. "I wanted to talk, and there wasn't a man there."

"But there were plenty of other girls."

"Oh, of course, but that was no satisfaction, for they all wanted to talk and—"

NAILS AND NAILING.

They Figure In Speech As Well As In Trade and Building—Burns' "Nail 't Wi' Scripture."

To nail a thing is to fix or fasten with a nail or nails; to drive nails into for the purpose of fastening or securing, such as to nail up a box, to nail a shelf to the wall, to nail down the hatches, etc.; to stud with nails; figuratively, to nail a thing is to pin it down and hold it fast, such as to nail a bargain or secure by prompt action. It was Burns who said:

Ev'n ministers, they ha'e been ken'd, In holy rapture, A rousing whid at times to vend An nail 't wi' Scripture.

Passing into the colloquial, to "nail to the counter" is to put a counterfeit coin out of circulation by fastening it with a nail to the counter of a shop; hence, figuratively, to expose as false.

Other definitions referring to the nail are: Nailer, one who nails, who makes nails or who sells them, while a female nailmaker is referred to by Hugh Miller as a naileress. A nailery is described as an establishment where nails are made. A nail head is the head of a nail, and anything is said to be nail headed when so shaped as to resemble the head of a nail.

A nailing machine is one for forcing or driving nails into place; in carpentry, a feeding tube for the nails, connected with a plunger or reciprocating hammer; in shoemaking, a power machine closely allied to the shoe pegger, used to drive small metallic nails or brads into the soles of shoes.

The nail machine is a power machine for making nails, spikes, brads or tacks.

A nailmaker is one who makes nails; a nailer, a person connected in any capacity in the manufacture of nails.

A nail plate is a plate of metal rolled to the proper thickness for cutting into nails.

A nail rod is a strip split or cut from an iron plate to be made into wrought nails. A nail selector is a machine, or an attachment to a nail machine, for automatically throwing out headless or otherwise ill-formed nails and slivers.

A countersunk nail is one having a cone shaped head like that of a screw; a cut nail, one made by a nail machine, as distinguished from a wrought or forged nail.

"On the nail" means on the spot, at once, immediately, without delay or postponement, as, to pay money on the nail. This phrase is said to have originated from the custom of making payments, in the exchange at Bristol, England, and elsewhere, on the top of a pillar called "the nail."

An Elaborately Prepared Crime.

This story of an elaborately prepared crime was told by Sir Robert Anderson of Scotland Yard, London. A criminal marked a millionaire as his quarry and rented a bedroom near the railway station from which the rich man took the train for town. Well dressed and well groomed, he took his seat in the same compartment, attracting notice only by his apparent desire to remain unnoticed while he dealt with the papers he carried in a stylish handbag. One morning after a few such journeys he gave vent to his annoyance at having forgotten his keys. A stranger sitting in the opposite corner politely offered him his bunch in the hope that he would find on it a key to open the bag. But none of them would fit the lock. At the suggestion of the stranger, who, of course, was an accomplice, the millionaire then produced his bunch of keys, and a few seconds sufficed to enable the thief to take a wax impression of the key of the rich man's safe. A few weeks later the safe was rifled, and before the crime was discovered the chief was across the channel with his booty.

Why He Hesitated.

Why does this man stand upon the pavement trembling with terror, afraid to enter his own home? Listen and I will tell you:

This afternoon at 3 o'clock he received a letter from his bank asking him to step around and pay a note that was due. He scribbled the following answer upon a slip of paper:

"Can't possibly do it. Got to meet another little thing this afternoon that won't be put off."

About the same time a messenger boy brought him a note from his wife asking him to meet her at his office at 4 to go with her to the dentist's.

Of course he got the answers mixed, and he is wondering whether he had better attempt an explanation or set out for Australia.—Strand Magazine.

Full Satisfaction.

A musician and a young banker were dining at a continental restaurant, and a dispute ran high between them. At last the musician, a muso hall "star," sprang up and pulled out a card, which the banker at once accepted and put in his pocket. Two days later they met in a public park. At once the musician exclaimed: "Sir, you have not yet given me satisfaction!"

"That I have, and to the fullest extent," was the cool answer. "You gave me a ticket for your concert last night. I went and sat out the performance to the end. What more do you want?"—London Answers.

The Siamese Walk.

High born Siamese walk with the elbow joint turned inward and the thumbs out.

THE DEVILFISH.

Its Ability to Change Its Own and the Water's Color.

"I was lying on a rock watching the movements of some land crabs which kept retreating from the water as the tide rose, when suddenly a crab dashed frantically from the water, and out after it galloped—there is no other word for it—a devilfish nearly two feet across," writes an observer from Avalon, Cal. "The animal continued the chase a short distance, lifting its tentacles in the air in a sort of overhead motion; then, finding pursuit hopeless, it withdrew with a peculiarly unpleasant, writhing, gliding motion characteristic of these animals. Upon reaching the water it stationed itself just at the edge, so mimicking the color of the bottom that when I glanced away and looked suddenly back I could not at once distinguish it. This devilfish had the appearance of a cat watching for mice, and when a crab was seen it would shoot out a long, attenuated tentacle and attempt to seize it. By carefully insinuating my way to the water's edge I quickly grasped the specimen and after a short struggle tore it from the rocks and secured it."

"At various times I had from three to five devilfishes in an inclosure where I could watch them change color and test their strength. In confinement, if the tank bottom was dark, they assumed various tints, generally a dark reddish brown, but the largest one was a tigerlike creature, about three feet across, with a ground of livid white covered with black or dark gray blotches, giving it a truly fiendish appearance, especially as the eyes were conspicuous and appeared to emit lambent gleams. The change of color was marvelous in its rapidity. In a special tank in which two of these prisoners were confined they occupied the corners, facing outward, with arms either coiled under or above them. At any offensive movement on my part, presenting my hand under water, the color scheme would change. A blush appeared to pass over the entire surface, and in a large squid I can only compare it to heat lightning—a rapid and continued series of flushing and paling, from deep brick red to gray."

"It was very evident that the animals differed much in pugnacity. Some did not resent my touching them; others merely threw a tentacle in my direction, while one never touched me, but directed its siphon at my hand under water and sent a violent current in that direction, apparently endeavoring to blow my hand away. It was fascinating to observe the range this water gun had and how by seeming intuition the devilfish could direct it at my hand as I slowly moved it about while attempting to attract the animal's attention in an opposite direction."

Related Testimonials.

If the testimonials of love and faith on our tombstones were uttered in our daily life, how often would they have helped us over the briery fields and rocky roads of existence!

Speaking of signs, when you wake up and find a burglar in the house it is a sign that unexpected company has arrived.—Pittsburg Gazette Times.

Warmed by Their Perfume.

According to the results of experiments by Dr. Jean Oudon, aromatic plants charged with essential oils which exhale a perfume that spreads like an atmosphere about them when touched by the rays of the sun are to a slight degree warmed by the presence of this agreeable atmosphere. It acts in retaining the solar heat like the glass covers of a hothouse, although of course far less effectively. Professor Spring has shown that the relatively high temperatures of large cities is probably due, at least in part, to the carbonic anhydride in the air above them acting as a retaining screen for heat rays.

Spots on Leather.

Oxalic acid in weak solutions is the best thing to use when removing spots from leather. Two or three crystals of oxalic dissolved in warm water, then applied with a bit of cloth to the spots, will do the work. Watch closely, and when the spots begin to disappear apply clear water to overcome the acid, which is a powerful bleach. Dry the leather with a clean cloth. For bright leather make the solution weaker.

Right In His Line.

Irate Father—I'm getting tired of this nonsense. You've been engaged to that young man for six months. Does he ever intend to marry you? Daughter—You must have patience, papa. Remember, he's an actor. Irate Father—What has that to do with it? Daughter—He's fond of long engagements.

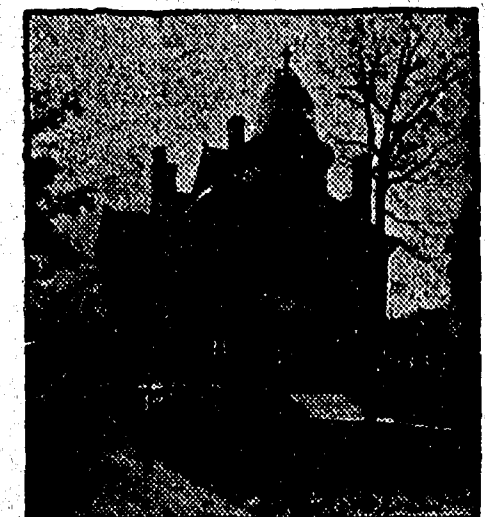
He Made Them Read It.

Daughter—Have you found out yet what it was that papa cut out of the paper? Mother—Yes, I bought a copy. I've read it all through, but to save my life I can't see anything wrong in it. It's an article on the vulgarity and silliness of buying gowns that are beyond one's means.

Mrs. Cora B. Miller Makes a Fortune

Started a Few Years Ago with No Capital, and Now Employs Nearly One Hundred Clerks and Stenographers.

Until a few years ago Mrs. Cora B. Miller lived in a manner similar to that of thousands of other very poor women of the average small town and village. She now resides in her own palatial brown-stone residence, and is considered one of the most successful business women in the United States.



Mrs. Miller's New Residence, Earned in Less Than One Year.

Several years ago Mrs. Miller learned of a mild and simple preparation that cured herself and several friends of female weakness and piles. She was besieged by so many women needing treatment that she decided to furnish it to those who might call for it. She started with only a few dollars capital, and the remedy, possessing true and wonderful merit, producing many cures when doctors and other remedies failed, the demand grew so rapidly she was several times compelled to seek larger quarters. She now occupies one of the city's largest office buildings, which she owns, and employs one hundred clerks and stenographers are required to assist in this great business.

Million Women Use It. More than a million women have used Mrs. Miller's remedy, and no matter where you live, she can refer you to ladies in your own locality who can and will tell any sufferer that this marvelous remedy really cures women. Despite the fact that Mrs. Miller's business is very extensive, she is always willing to give aid and advice to every suffering woman who writes to her. She is a generous, good woman and has decided to give away to women who have never used her medicine \$10,000.00 worth absolutely FREE.

Every woman suffering with pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing-down feelings, nervousness, creeping sensations up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, or piles from any cause, should sit right down and send her name and address to Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box 5697, Kokomo, Ind., and receive by mail (free of charge in plain wrapper) a 50-cent box of her marvelous medicine, also her valuable book, which every woman should have. Remember, this offer will not last long, for thousands and thousands of women who are suffering will take advantage of this generous means of getting cured. So if you are ailing, do not suffer another day, but send your name and address to Mrs. Miller for the book and medicine before the \$10,000.00 worth is all gone.

A Korean Pillow.

Those who are not acquainted with the appointments of a Korean bedroom will be surprised to learn that the other day in the Town of Anak one gambler who was down on his luck threw a pillow at the head of the winner, and fractured his skull. —Corean Daily News.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

"Pa!"
"Well?"
"What's woman's rights?"
"Everything they want. Run away."
—Cleveland Leader.

Desperate Coughs

Dangerous coughs. Extremely perilous coughs. Coughs that rasp and tear the throat and lungs. Coughs that shake the whole body. You need a regular medicine, a doctor's medicine, for such a cough. Ask your doctor about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

We publish our formulae. We wish to show you how to cure your cough. We want you to see that your doctor is right.

Any good doctor will tell you that a medicine like Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cannot do its best work if the bowels are constipated. Ask your doctor if he knows anything better than Ayer's Pills for correcting this sluggishness of the liver.

What Shall I Do for this strained muscle?

RUB ON BRISKLY
**Johnson's
Anodyne Liniment**

It was originated 34 years ago to remove inflammation and take the soreness out of strains and bruises. Use three times a week. All dealers. L. B. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

Amends Honorable.

"We want to do the square thing," wrote the editor of the Hickory Ridge Missourian, "to old Spike Thunderbush, of the McKinstry neighborhood. Our readers will remember that we have spoken of him sometimes 'as the ragtag and bobtail of all creation."

"That old scallawag has played more mean tricks on us than he has warts on his hands, and we've given it to him hot and heavy every time. We don't allow no man to get the bulge on us without coming back at him."

"But we've forgiven old Spike. A short time ago he dropped into our sanctum and asked how much he was behind on subscription. We told him eleven years, and he dug down in his jeans, fished up a dirty wad of bills, and squared up. It's the dearestest thing he ever done since we've been running a paper in this town."

"The old scarecrow was drunk when he done it, but we don't lay that up against him. Old Spike has some good points, and we shan't say another word about him until he tries to run for office again. We'll show him up then in all his hideous deformity, but in the meantime him and us are good friends."—Chicago Tribune.

Elephant Dies of Grief.

Paris.—Said, the largest elephant in the Paris Zoological Gardens, died of grief a few days ago.

He was bought by the Jardin des Plantes from the London Zoo, and brought over to Paris by Keeper Neef 24 years ago. Neef remained Said's keeper, and the elephant loved him dearly. The brute was sweet-tempered, as a rule, but last year, in a fit of ill-temper brought about by illness, he killed his friend and keeper, Neef.

Since then the elephant has literally been shrinking away until he became little but skin and bone. There is no doubt whatever that Said knew what he had done, deeply regretted it, and died of grief.

Passing of Historic Fair.

London.—The historic Mitcham fair, which dates from the time of Queen Elizabeth, is a thing of the past. The showmen have consented to a declaration that they are not entitled to go on the fair ground and to an injunction being applied for by the Mitcham Common Conservators restraining them from doing so.

The Earthly Explanations.

"My dear," murmured the sick man to his wife, "I am nearing the golden streets. I hear strains of sweetest music, unearthly in its beauty." "John," said his wife, "what you hear is a photograph in the next flat." "So it is. Darn those people, anyhow. No consideration for their neighbors. Go and tell 'em to stop that infernal racket at once."—Cleveland Leader.

LETTERS FROM MOTHERS.

Every day we get letters from mothers telling of the benefit Baby's Own Tablets have been to their little ones. Some praise them for constipation, stomach and bowel troubles; others for breaking up colds and simple fevers; some as a great help to teething babies, while others go so far as to say that the Tablets have saved their little one's life. We have thousands of letters—all praising the Tablets, for they never do harm—always good. Mrs. Robert Pierce, Bell's Rapids, Ont., writes: "I would not be without Baby's Own Tablets in the house for a day. When anything ails my little one I give her a Tablet and she is soon all right. I am sure other mothers will find them quite as satisfactory." Sold by druggists or by mail at 25 cents a box, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Small Willie was playing with two ragged urchins in front of the house, when his mother called him in. "Willie," she said, "don't you know that those boys are bad associates for you?"

"Yes, mamma," replied the little philosopher, "but I'm a good associate for them."—Deseret News.

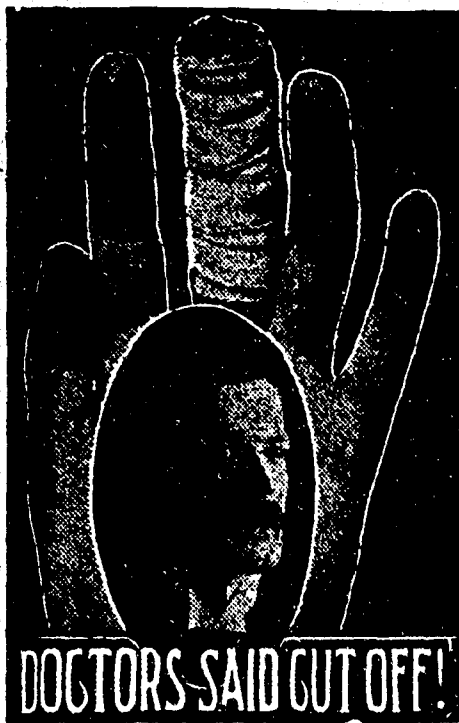
The Cause of Trouble.

She—I can't understand why Lord Busted wants a divorce. His wife had half a million when he married her. He—Yes, and she's got every penny of it still. That's the trouble.

Constant complaints never get pity.—German Proverb.

To Thoroughly Cleanse the Face. Every night before going to bed apply a good cold cream. Leave it on for a few minutes, then remove with a soft linen rag. You will be surprised and horrified to find how dirty the rag has become. Next wash the face thoroughly in warm water, using a good soap; rinse in warm water and end by dashing cold water well over it. Then rub in a very little cold cream, wiping off any that the skin will not absorb.

We Draw the Line. Mr. Cribbs—Mrs. Cribbs, I have borne with resignation—nay, even cheerfulness—antique chairs that wobbled, antique clocks that were always thirteen hours behind time, antique rugs that some prehistoric Turk wove, antique china, antique bowls, pens and kettles. All this I have smiled at; but when you give me antique eggs for breakfast, I draw the line, madam—I draw the line.



ZAM-BUK SAVED HIS FINGER.

Mr. Wm. C. Bamford, F.D.C., O.F., P.M., I.O.O.F., and P.O.A. Shepherds one of the most widely known men in friendly society circles and who lives on Peter street, says: "I cut the middle finger of my left hand and blood poison set in. Not only the finger but the whole hand became swollen and inflamed. In a few weeks one of the leading doctors in Toronto said the only way to save my hand was to have the finger amputated. A second doctor confirmed this. I had to face an operation. At that stage Zam-Buk was brought to my notice and I got a supply."

It seemed to soothe it and draw the soreness completely away. Within a few days I could do away with the sling in which I had carried the hand, and in a few weeks' time there was not a trace of the wound to be seen. Today my finger is as sound as a bell, whereas, had I not used Zam-Buk, I should have been a finger less. I paid over \$20 in doctors fees, and when I think of the trifling cost of Zam-Buk I am amazed at its wonderful value.

For all poisoned wounds, chronic sores, ulcers and abscesses, Zam-Buk is especially suitable because of its high antiseptic power. Zam-Buk also cures eczema, itchy scalp, ringworms, blotches on the face and body, chapped places, spring eruptions, piles and enlarged veins. As an embrocation it cures rheumatism and sciatica, and rubbed over the chest relieves the tightness due to severe colds. All stores and druggists sell at 50 cents a box, or post free from the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. 6 boxes for \$2.50.

FREE BOX: Send one cent stamp and name and date of this paper and dainty sample box will be mailed you.

Nationality Changed Without Moving.

A curious illustration of the ups and downs of international politics comes from the Savoy village of Saint Jean de Maurienne, where a woman has died at the age of 93 in the village in which she was born, and without ever leaving it has had her nationality changed three times. She was born in 1814, and as Bonaparte had then seized the territory she was "French." When the Kingdom of Sardinia was reconstituted the same year, after his fall, she became "Italian," and, finally, on Nice and Savoy being ceded to France in 1860, she once more found herself French. —London Globe.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm. WALTERS, KIRWAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Ben Franklin was experimenting with his kite and key.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the curious throng, when they saw the electric spark on the key. "But could you perform the same experiment at night?"

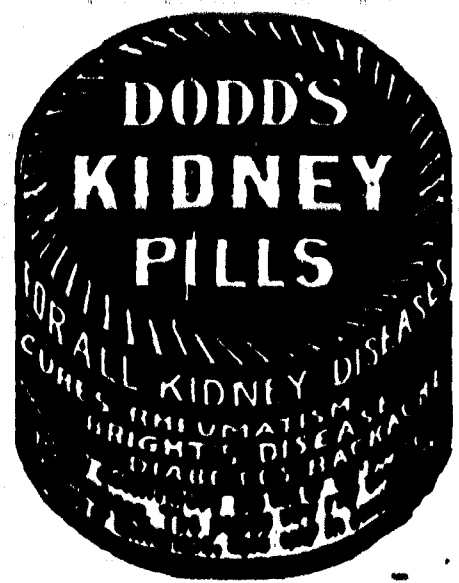
"Oh, yes," replied Franklin, "but I suppose I would have to use a night key."

For even in those days Poor Richard was known as the man who wrote jokes for his almanac.—Chicago News.

It Is Known Everywhere.—There is not a city, town or hamlet in Canada where Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is not known—wherever introduced it made a foothold for itself and maintained it. Some merchants may suggest some other remedy as equally beneficial. Such recommendations should be received with doubt. There is only one Electric Oil, and that is Dr. Thomas'. Take nothing else.

Rare Coin in Collection Box.

London.—A gold coin—one-third of a guinea—bearing the date 1802, was found in a collection box in Peterborough Cathedral, with a request that it should be sold and the proceeds given to the Cathedral Restoration Fund.



May See Over Telephone.

Paris.—At the Bureau d'illustration, Prof. Korn, the inventor of a system of telephotography, conducted a number of experiments, and an announcement of the highest importance was subsequently made.

The principle by which the problem of long-distance vision might be solved with the aid of telegraphy had, it was stated, been solved. Several members of the government participated in experiments, which they declared to be absolutely conclusive.

President Fallières' photograph was during the evening reproduced faultlessly over the telephone wire from Lyons in the space of six minutes by telephotography.

Von Moltke's Taciturnity.

Von Moltke's objection to the waste of words is illustrated by German army officers, who tell this story: Just before the train pulled out of the station a captain of hussars entered the general's compartment, and, recognizing him, saluted with "Guten morgen, excellenz." Two hours later the train slowed up at a way station. The captain rose, saluted, and with another "Guten morgen, excellenz," left the train. Turning to one of his companions Von Moltke said, with an expression of the greatest disgust—"Intolerable gasbag."

The Poisoned Spring.—As in nature so in man, pollute the spring and disease and waste are bound to follow—the stomach and nerves out of kilter means poison in the spring. South American Nerve is a great purifier, cures Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and tones the nerves. The best evidence of its efficacy is the unsolicited testimony of thousands of cured ones.—76

A witness was being examined as to the sanity of one of the inmates of the asylum.

"You hold that this inmate is insane, do you?" a lawyer asked.

"I do," was the firm reply.

"Why are you so sure?"

"The man," the witness said, "goes about asserting that he is Santa Claus."

"And," said the lawyer, "you hold do you, that when a man goes about asserting that he is Santa Claus it's a clear proof of his insanity?"

"I do."

"Because," said the witness, in a loud, indignant voice, "I happen to be Santa Claus myself."—San Francisco Argonaut.

It is easier to prevent than it is to cure. Inflammation of the lungs is the companion of neglected colds, and once it finds a lodgement in the system it is difficult to deal with. Treatment with Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will eradicate the cold and prevent inflammation from setting in. It costs little, and is as satisfactory as it is surprising in its results.

At the hospital just opposite the entrance to the East India docks and the Blackwell tunnel—under the Thames—notice boards are set up asking the drivers, for the sake of those who are ill within, to walk their horses past the building.

That is a common enough request, but what gives it a peculiar interest here is that the carter, having complied or not with the modest demand, is confronted at the other corner of the building by another board, saying, "Thank you, driver." —A Wanderer in London.

"My Kidneys are all Wrong!—How shall I insure best results in the shortest time?" It stands to reason that a liquid specific of the unquestionable merit of South American Kidney Cure will go more directly and quickly to the seat of the trouble than the "pill form" treatment, and when it strikes the spot there's healing in an instant.—75

Butler for Channel Tunnel.

London.—General Sir William Butler, writing on the channel tunnel scheme, remarks that if sea power means anything, it means that it could knock into bits the entire area in which a tunnel under the sea emerges upon the land surface. The French people are not afraid of this channel scheme, and they are right.

Heart-Block People.—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is a heart tonic that never fails to cure—its effects go closer to the "border land" and snatches from death's grip more sufferers than any other remedy for any family of diseases and ailments in the category of human sufferings. Gives relief in 30 minutes.—75

Faultless Diamond Found.

Capt. Town.—A magnificent diamond faultless in color and shape, and weighing twenty-two and one-half carats, has been found by a digger on the south bank of the Vnal river at Christiansa. It is regarded as a perfect gem, and the digger refused \$80 a carat for it.

"Dear, I wish you would lay down your novel and come and button my shirt for me."

"Dear me! I never saw such a helpless man! I'd like to know how you buttoned your shirts before you were married?"

"My shirts had buttons on them 'n those days."—Indianapolis Star.

"Well, sir?" said the great lawyer. The other spoke truthfully.

"I am a defaulter," he said, "and I want you to defend me."

"Certainly, I will defend you, my friend," he murmured, kindly. "And how many hundred thousand did you say?"

"Hundred thousand!" the client interrupted. "Oh, sir, don't think me worse than I am. It is only \$490 in all, and I expect to pay back every cent before I die."

"George," he said to the office boy, "show this dishonest rascal out."—Kansas City Journal.

Dear Mother

Your little ones are a constant care in Fall and Winter weather. They will catch cold. Do you know about Shiloh's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, and what it has done for so many? It is said to be the only reliable remedy for all diseases of the air passages in children. It is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. It is guaranteed to cure or your money is returned. The price is 25c. per bottle, and all dealers in medicine sell.

SHILOH
This remedy should be in every household.

High Prices for Old China.

London.—High prices were realized for old china at Christie's recently. A Chinese porcelain vase, enameled with flowers, about nine inches high, was sold for 98 guineas, while 88 guineas was paid for an old Worcester dark blue vase, eight inches high.

Itch, Mange, Prairie Scratches and every form of contagious Itch on human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Wolfford's Sanitary Lotion.

Little Johnie—Mother, tell me how papa got to know you.

Mother—One day I fell into the water, and he jumped in and fetched me out.

Little Johnie—H'm; that's funny; he won't let me learn to swim.—Tit-Bits.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE PRAISE PSYCHINE

(PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)
A Marvellous and Triumphant Record of Victory Over Disease.

No medicine has ever effected as large a number of wonderful and almost marvellous cures as Psychine. It has had one continuous record of victories over diseases of the throat, chest, lungs and stomach.

Where doctors have pronounced cases incurable from consumption and other wasting diseases Psychine steps in and rescues numberless people even from the very verge of the grave. Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Chills, Night Sweats, La Grippe, Pneumonia, and other like troubles, all of which are forerunners of Consumption, yield quickly to the curative powers of Psychine.

Mrs. Campbell, one of the many cured, makes the following statement:

I cannot refrain from telling all who suffer of my remarkable recovery with Psychine. In April, 1902, I caught a heavy cold which settled on my lungs and gradually led to consumption. I could not sleep, was subject to night sweats, my lungs were diseased, my doctor considered me incurable. Rev. Mr. Mahaffy, Port Elgin Presbyterian Church, recommended Dr. Slocum's Psychine to me, when I was living in Ontario. After using Psychine for a short time I ate and slept well, the night sweats and cough ceased. Months ago I stopped taking Psychine, as I was perfectly restored to health; and to-day I never feel better in my life. Psychine has been a god-send to me.

Mrs. Anna Campbell, Cottonwood, N.W.T.

PSYCHINE never disappoints. PSYCHINE has no substitute. There is no other medicine "Just as good."

At all dealers, 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle. If not write to

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, 179 King St. W., TORONTO

Dr. Root's Kidney Pills are a sure and permanent cure for Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Pain in the Back and all forms of Kidney Trouble. 25c per box, at all dealers.


BROOKS' NEW CURE

FOR RUPTURE
Brooks' Appliances. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salve. No lymphol. No lotions. Durable, cheap. Pat. Sept. 10, '01. Send for FREE CATALOGUE. C. B. BROOKS, 3717 Brooks Bldg., WASHINGTON, D.C.

Gombault's Caustic Balsam



Has Imitators But No Competitors. A Safe, Speedy and Positive Cure for Cuts, Sprains, Swollen, Capped Neck, Strained Tendons, Puncture Wounds, Burns, and all lamenesses from Spavin, Ringbone and other bony tumors. Cures all skin diseases of Scalding, Thrush, Diphtheria. Removes all Swabs from Horse or Cattle. As a Human Remedy for Rheumatism, Sprains, Sore Throat, etc., it is invaluable. Every bottle of Gombault's Balsam sold is warranted to give satisfaction. Price 50c. per bottle. Sold by druggists. Write for free prospectus, with full directions for use, to the Lawrence-Williams Co., Toronto, Ont.

 **Wood's Phosphorine,**
The Great English Remedy.
Once and for all cures the whole
nervous system, makes new
blood in old veins, cures *Nervous
Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondence, Sexual Weakness, Rickets, Spasmodics, and Effects of Excessive
Drinking* per box, six for \$5. One will please, &c
without fail, on receipt of price. *New purest
malted free.* **Two Wood Medals Co.**
Toronto, Ont.

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WILLIAM H. B. BOWMAN, New York
BROADWAY, 295 N. E. Washington, D. C.

BILEANS SHOULD BE ON ALL FARMSTEADS

"HANDIEST AND BEST HOUSEHOLD MEDICINE."

Farmers and farmers' wives say that Bileans are the handiest and most effective family medicine ever discovered. You have indigestion? Two Bileans taken after each meal will rid you of the pains like magic! Constipation, per haps, is your trouble? Bileans cure it without causing a single pang of griping! Headache, biliousness, heart trouble, piles, and all disorders arising from faulty liver and stomach action, are cured quickly and surely by Bileans.

Mrs. V. Laventure, of Beaumont, Alberta, says: "For over ten years I was ailing—could not sleep, had pains after food, constipation, headache, and seemed without energy. A few boxes of Bileans gave me back my health."

All druggists and stores sell Bileans at 50c per box, or from Bilean Co., Toronto, for price. 6 box for \$2.50.

Relic of the Romans Found.
London.—A beautiful tessellated Roman pavement was discovered at Colchester during the leveling of a new green for the Colchester Bowling club.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Mrs. Griggs—So you managed to get to the bargain counter for me. Did you see anything real cheap there?

Griggs—Yes; I caught a glimpse of myself in a mirror.—Boston Transcript.

A NIGHT CAP

Take two Beecham's Pills on retiring and avoid any ill effects from a late meal. Then you will sleep soundly, awaken with a clear head and a high opinion of the great stomach remedy,

Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 25 cents.

OSHAWA Galvanized Steel SHINGLES

The cheapest good They do shingle is the costless "Oshawa." Good for a century's weather-wear. Guaranteed for 25 years without your even painting—"Oshawa" double-galvanized shingles need no paint to outlast any roofing there is. Make roofs fire-proof, too,—guaranteed in every way you want. Cheap in first cost as common wood shingles, yet more durable than slate. Sold under a written guarantee that really means something to the buyer.

You can't afford any other kind.



With a hammer, a snipe, and horse-pot on sense anybody can roof buildings right with "Oshawa" Galvanized Steel Shingles. They need no cleats. They look on all FOUR sides. Made in only one grade—of 28-gauge semi-hardened sheet steel in the patented "Oshawa" way.

"Oshawa" Shingles are an investment, not an expense.

More than 100 farm buildings were proof, too damaged in Ontario alone last year by lightning. Not one of them would have been harmed if they'd been "Oshawa"-roofed. These shingles insulate a building—make it safe against every element. Let us tell you what it will cost you to roof the "Oshawa" way. Get our free book "Roofing Right" before you roof a thing.

The Pedlar People of Oshawa

Montreal 1111 College St. Toronto 1111 College St. London 1111 College St. Ottawa 1111 College St. Vancouver 1111 College St.

The Gambler's Hands.

"That man is a 'night worker,' probably a faro dealer," said a detective to a friend, as the two stood on a street corner the other afternoon, while the person alluded to by the detective passed by. "Know him?" asked the friend. "Not yet," replied the detective, "but I may later." "How do you know he's a faro dealer, then?" "I don't know it," was the reply, "but that he is in some such business is evident from the peculiar pallor of his face, which you may have noticed. You wouldn't get that particular shade if you worked in a bank or at a desk all day long. It's the artificial light and the bad ventilation that does it, I guess. Keeping in the noise of the rattling chips keeps out the air in most cases, and those dealers work as steadily and as regularly as anybody else. Perhaps you noticed, too, that his hands were smooth and clean, in far better condition than yours or mine, or the average business man's. The professional gambler may not like his pallor, but he takes great pride in his hands."—Philadelphia Record.

A Recognized Regulator.—To bring the digestive organs into symmetrical working is the aim of physicians when they find a patient suffering from stomach irregularities, and for this purpose they can prescribe nothing better than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which will be found a pleasant medicine of surprising virtue in bringing the refractory organs into subjection and restoring him to normal action, in which condition only can they perform their duties properly.

An alumnus of St. Stephen's college said of the late Bishop George F. Seymour:

Bishop Seymour founded St. Stephen's and we treasure here many anecdotes about his wardenship.

The bishop was very fond of trees, and one day, walking with a young lady, he pointed out to her some of the fine trees in the neighborhood. She professed great interest and delight. She cried:

"How the noble aspect of beautiful trees stirs up the keenest emotions of the soul!" Then patting a great, rough tree trunk, she went on, "You superb oak, what would you say if you could talk?"

The bishop smiled. "I believe I can be his interpreter," he murmured. "He would probably say, 'I beg your pardon, miss; I am a beech.'"—Rochester Herald.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen,—My daughter, 13 years old, was thrown from a sleigh and injured her elbow so badly it remained stiff and very painful for three years. Four bottles of MINARD'S LINIMENT completely cured her and she has not been troubled for two years.

Yours truly,

J. B. LIVESQUE.

St. Joseph, P.O., Aug., 1900.

"Why, William!" exclaimed Mrs. Jorkins the other morning early, as she met Jorkins at the door. "How dare you come home in this condition at this outrageous hour? You promised faithfully that at New Year's you would stop your loose conduct and turn over a new leaf!"

Catching at an extenuating suggestion he thought he saw in these words Jorkins hastened to explain: "Thash just it, Mavi. I did turn over a new one, but it belonged to the looshleaf syshtem."—Chicago News.

Good Digestion Should Wait On Appetite.—To have the stomach well is to have the nervous system well. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disarranged no better regulator is procurable than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

Thought It Was Something New.
The bartender was from Boston. "Is this my whiskey?" enquired the patron, as he tapped the bottle the white-aproned expert had pushed toward him.

The bartender smiled. "That is your alcoholic distillate from fermented grain," he replied. "The patron frowned," he said, "but if you recommend this new stuff I'll take a chance and try it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A number of railway men were once discussing the question of accidents.

"The roads in Scotland," said one, "used to have a bad name, indeed, in respect to accidents. No one thought of embarking on a railway journey unless he had provided himself with an accident policy of insurance."

"The famous Dr. Norman Macleod was once about to set off on a long journey through the Scotch country. Just as the train was pulling out the clergyman's servant put his head in through the window and said:

"Ha'e ye taken an insurance ticket, sir?"

"I have," replied the doctor. "Then," replied the servant, "write ye'er name on it and g'ie it to me. They ha'e an awful habit of robbin' the corpses on this line."

Indefinite.

A well known New York lawyer says that in his earlier professional days he was glad to expand his slender income by bill collecting. On one occasion he had a bill against a man who, incidentally, has since achieved a success which puts him beyond the necessity of such an indefinite statement as he made on that occasion. The young lawyer found him with his feet propped up on his desk, while he gazed dreamily at the ceiling through a cloud of tobacco smoke.

"But, really, sir, I must insist that you give me some definite idea as to when you will settle," the lawyer said, after having been gently rebuffed.

The author consented to lower his eyes and to wave his pipe languidly. "Why, certainly, sir—though there seems to me to be a rather unnecessary commotion about this trifle," he drawled.

"I will pay the bill as soon as I think of it after receiving the money which a publisher will pay me in case he accepts the novel which I will write and send him just as soon as I feel in an energetic mood after a really good idea for a plot has occurred to me!"—Harper's Weekly.

WEAKENED BY LA GRIPPE.

Health and Strength Regained by Taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The after effects of la grippe are more serious than the disease itself. Its victims are left low spirited and depressed; they are tortured with headaches and backaches; fever and chills. It leaves the sufferer an easy prey to bronchitis, pneumonia, rheumatism and often that most dreaded of all diseases, consumption. For the after effects of la grippe there is absolutely no medicine can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose helps make new, rich, red blood that drives disease from the system, and makes weak despondent men and women bright, cheerful and strong. Miss Eugenie Donaldson, of St. Jerome, Que., found a cure through these pills after other remedies had failed to help her. She says: "I took a grippé and did not seem able to shake it off. It developed into bronchitis; I coughed day and night and grew so weak that I could hardly move about. I tried remedy after remedy, but as nothing seemed to help me I began to dread that consumption was developing and that my case was incurable. A friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and following that advice I took the pills faithfully, following the directions given for their use. I am thankful I did so for they fully restored my strength and I have since enjoyed perfect health. I will always advise sick and ailing people to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial for I firmly believe they will find great benefit from their use."

Rich, red blood is the one thing needed to maintain health and strength. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make rich, red blood. That is the reason of their great popularity in every country in the world. That is why they cure anaemia, general weakness, rheumatism, neuralgia, indigestion, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis and the ills of girlhood and womanhood, with all its distressing headaches. See that you get the genuine pills with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

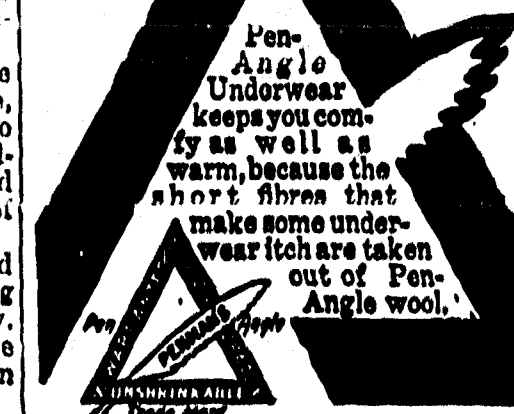
The Dad—My son, I want to tell you that the secret of my success, as it must be of any man's, is hard work. I—

Son—Sh! Dad, I don't care to hear other people's secrets, and I am too much of a gentleman to take advantage of information gained that way. Say no more.—Cleveland Leader.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

"Our postman," says a Philadelphia business man, "always rings our doorbell good and hard when he leaves any mail. He comes along regularly as clockwork at 8 a.m., but does not always leave mail for me, and, consequently, the doorbell does not always ring. When I want to get up early I just buy a postcard in the afternoon and mail it to myself."

Before you get Pen-Angle garments all the shrink is taken out.



Pen-Angle Underwear keeps you comfortably as well as warm, because the short fibres that make some underwear itchy are taken out of Pen-Angle wool.

In a variety of fabrics, styles and prices, in all sizes for women, men and children, and guaranteed by your own dealer.

W. N. U. No. 828.

EXHAUSTED NERVES LEAD TO INSANITY

It is Wise to Keep the Nervous System in Full Health and Vigor by Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

The leading artist of a great New York newspaper committed suicide recently because on his return home he found his apartments in disorder, the painters and decorators being in possession.

This is an illustration of overwrought nerves leading to insanity, and, whatever may be the last straw to unbalance the mind, there can be no doubt that exhaustion of the nerves is always a cause of mental collapse.

Diseases of the nerves are common to all walks of life, and the earlier symptoms are sleeplessness, nervous headaches, loss of memory, inability to concentrate the mind, indigestion, tired, languid feelings, discouragement and despondency.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cures diseases of the nerves in the only natural way, by actually increasing the amount of nerve force in the body.

By its regular and persistent use the most severe forms of nervous exhaustion, such as partial paralysis, prostration, and locomotor ataxia, are thoroughly and completely cured.

Mrs. J. Hatcher, 224 Sherbrooke

street, Peterboro', Ont., and whose husband is a moulder at the Hamilton Foundry, states:

"I had an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, which left me in a very rundown state of health, and in fact my whole nervous system seemed exhausted and worn out. I could not sleep, and at times the pains in my head were almost unbearable. As a result of these symptoms I was unable to attend to my housework, and felt miserable most of the time. On the advice of a friend I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and can say that it has proved a very great benefit to me. I am able to do my own work now, and feel stronger and healthier than I have for years. I can truthfully state that this is due to the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which I consider a great health builder."

If you would feel strong and well and avoid all the ills and weakness so common at this season, enrich your blood and revitalize your nerves by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

No One Sued.

"It's too bad about young Gold-locks and the girl he is engaged to. Neither of them is good enough for the other." "Why do you think that?" "I've been talking the matter over with both families."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Pile Terrors Swept Away.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment stands at the head as a reliable, healer and sure cure for piles in all forms. One application will give comfort in a few minutes, and three to six days' application according to directions will cure chronic cases. It relieves all itching and burning skin diseases in a day. 35 cents.—79

The Boy—Please, sir, I've come for the job of errand boy at this shop.

The Boss—But I don't want an errand boy. I've got one already.

The Boy—No, you ain't, sir. He's just bin run over by that cab over there.—Pick-Me-Up.

Towne—She says you're "an impertinent cad." What have you said or done?

Browne—Nothing; that's the trouble. When we were out walking yesterday the wind blew her hair about her face most becomingly, and she said, "I know I'm a perfect fright." I didn't say a word.—Philadelphia Press.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

"You are a liar," declared a member of the Constitutional convention. "You are another," retorted the accused.

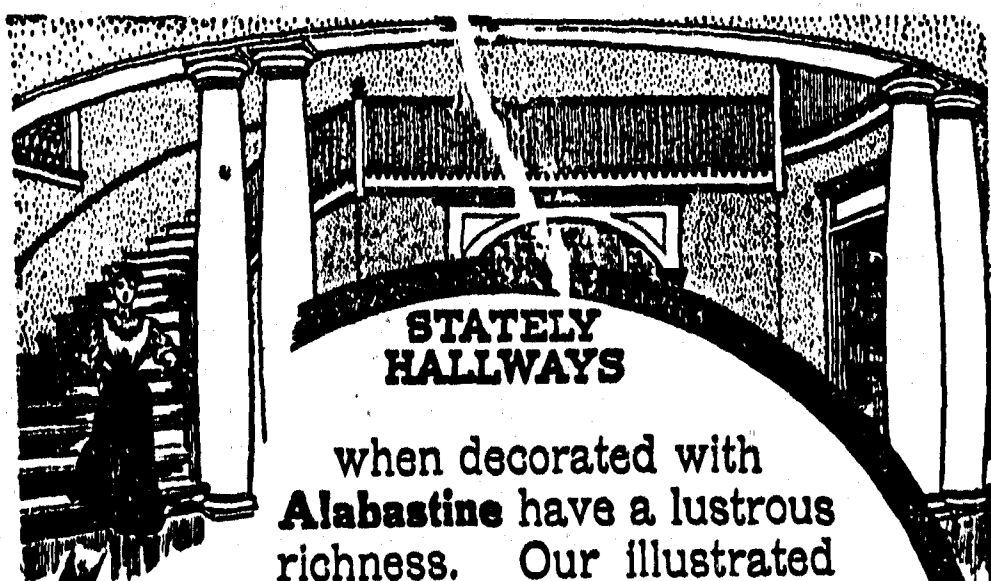
"Gentlemen, gentlemen," expostulated the Chair mildly, "just pair, and let us have peace."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when purchasing.

Young Husband—Don't you think, darling that my smoke is likely to spoil the curtains?

Young Wife—You are the best and most considerate husband that ever lived, dear. Of course it would.

Young Husband—Well, then, you had better take them down.—Illustrated Bits.



STATELY HALLWAYS

when decorated with Alabastine have a lustrous richness. Our illustrated book, "Homes, Healthful and Beautiful," tells why Alabastine is the most durable of all wall-coverings—how it destroys disease germs, and how you can decorate your home with Alabastine at much less cost than with any other material.

Send ten cents for a copy of "Homes, Healthful and Beautiful," with many dainty, new ideas for the decoration of your home.

Alabastine is sold by hardware and paint dealers everywhere—a 5 pound package for 50 cents.

Ask your dealer for tint card.

NEVER SOLD IN BULK.

THE Alabastine Co.

103 WILLOW STREET, PARIS, QNT.

PEANUTS! WHO LIKES PEANUTS?

WAS there ever a boy, or girl, either, who didn't like peanuts? If there was, I am sure Polly Evans has never met him. What fun would a circus be without a bag or two of peanuts to feed the animals, two-legged and four?

How many of you really know more about this delicious nut, except that it is so mighty good to eat that when we get started it is very hard to stop?

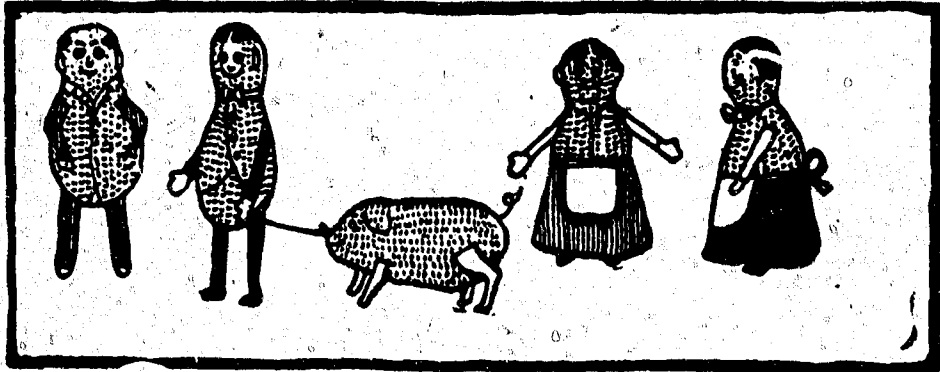
Some children would not even know what you meant if you went down to a stand and asked for five cents' worth of fresh roasted peanuts. For they perhaps call them groundnuts or goobers or earth nuts or pindars, according to the part of the country in which they live. You see, the peanut is a plant of many names.

say next summer, when inclined to get cross, "This is good peanut weather." It will make you feel more cheerful.

Did you ever think what a lot of work it takes to have this peanut crop, of which Americans are so fond that they use from 4,000,000 to 6,000,000 bushels a year?

First, the ground must be weeded very carefully; then early in October, as soon as the nuts show they are ripe, the farmer runs a plow under each row to cut off the main roots. Then he pulls up the vines all covered with nuts and heaps them in great piles, seven or eight feet high, around a stake. Not for three or four weeks are the nuts ready to be picked off.

Nor does this picking end the work. All these millions of shells must be



Playthings Made of Peanuts

Did any of you ever see great fields of peanuts growing on thick green, hairy stems about two feet high? After the flower has fallen the stem which supports it bends down till it pushes into the ground, where the fruit or pod develops.

The peanut's native home is down in Brazil, but soon after South America was discovered it was taken back by the explorers to Europe, and every one there found it so good it was soon cultivated in all the warm countries. For the peanut, you must know, loves an early spring and a hot, moist summer. As this is just the kind of weather that makes boys and girls feel cross and growl over the humidity, you must remember to

sorted, the broken and discolored ones thrown away, and the others cleaned and polished. Thousands of boys and girls earn their living by getting the peanuts ready and packed up to send all over America and Europe for the roasting machine.

Nice, hot roasted nuts are not the only way we can use peanuts. Some people in Europe press the oil out of them to use for a salad dressing, and then the meal is fed to cattle or pigs. Who doesn't like peanut butter sandwiches? Peanut soup is very nourishing, while peanut toys and dolls are such sport to make that you must be sure to make some of these.



IN THE month of September, at the time of full moon, devout Japanese villagers are accustomed to wend their pilgrim way, by moonlight, along a beautiful, winding path, to the ancient shrines on the mountain-tops and there make their pious offerings to the moon.

One such shrine stands on the top of Usui Pass. By the pass for many, many centuries—indeed, up to a brief half-century ago—passed and repassed east and west the armed cavalries of warring Samurai. Poor Samurai! Their day is over. No longer are they to be seen crossing Usui in pursuit of enemy or support of friend. For now they must follow the paths of peace with the rest of their countrymen.

One evening we joined the pilgrimage to the shrine on Usui Pass, and near the top we came to a village, where we halted for a view of the misty, moonlit valleys at our feet and the black, rugged mountains beyond and about us. We could almost touch the sea-like clouds that broke about the mountain peaks, and almost see the silver streams that wound their way among the hills.

Climbing a long flight of steps, we came to an old temple, from which is the finest view of all. It is interesting to look at this bare Shinto temple, with no burning incense, a polished metal mirror and a bronze bell, which worshippers ring when they come to do homage to their ancestors.

But it has a monument—one rude, moss-grown stone set up on another and larger stone, with an inscription in Chinese characters too old and worn to read—and about this monument the following legend runs:

There lived long, long ago a warrior King, and this King had the misfortune to offend one of the jealous gods, who immediately decreed that the King must die unless he could find a friend to die in his stead. Now, the King was not

afraid to die, but he knew that his life was more valuable than most men's lives. So he called his comrades about him and asked which one of them was willing to give up his life to save the King's. One after another he asked, but although every last man was a mighty warrior and ready to die if need be in the midst of battle, not a single one of them could be found who was willing to give up his life in place of the King.

The King then wept bitterly, and it chanced that the Queen came upon him as he grieved.

"Why are you so sorrowful?" she asked. And when he told her, she, too, wept and mourned; but a little later she recovered her composure and begged her lord to attend a feast which she intended preparing for him.

The royal tents were found pitched close by a cliff which overhung the sea, their silk banners fluttering in the breeze. Here, to the minor music of the koto, the King and his comrades feasted and conversed, the Queen sitting by her lord dressed in royal brocade that was embroidered all over with cherry flowers and golden peacocks and blue waterfalls, while in her hair she wore a golden comb. After the meats and other heavy foods came rich dainties, which were spread before them on the beautifully lacquered tables—drum, persimmons, bean paste, sweetmeats moulded into the shape of gay chrysanthemums and rose petals and stars, and bowls of rice-made sake, which the warriors lustily quaffed.

Then the Queen stole unnoticed from the scene of revelry and made her way alone to the top of the cliff which overlooked the sea.

Here she gazed at the sun slowly setting amidst a blaze of glorious gold.

"Royal like myself!" murmured the Queen, "and though setting now, 'twill rise again. So, though I die, shall I not live again, because I have saved the life of my lord?"

She was young and strong and happy, and life was sweet to her; but great love gave her courage to die. And so, when morning came and they searched for her, no sign of the Queen did they find, until, at last, far down on the sands at the foot of the cliff, they came upon her golden comb.

And then the King knew that the Queen had given up her life, a sacrifice for him; and he mourned for her bitterly many weary days, and made a sad pilgrimage to this very temple on the way to Usui Pass; and here he erected this monument, and on it inscribed the story of the noble death of his Queen. Then, gazing over the plain below, he said twice in a melancholy voice, "A-fu-ma ya ya!" (Alas! my wife) and from this eastern Japan came by its name, Azuma.



Down From the Cliff

Polly's Wash Day

"DEARIE ME, this town is getting so disgraceful dirty, I'll have to ask Mr. Mayor to get out a conjunction against the soot," said Polly, with such a funny imitation of what the children called "Aunt Sue's club meeting manner" that mother laughed heartily.

"What's the trouble, child, that the soot bothers you? Has nurse been doing too much scrubbing to hands?"

"Tain't that, mother, though it is horrid to have some one say fifty-seventy times a day, 'Oh, such dirty little paws. Jest scamper off and give them a bath; but it's my children's clothes! My washes is awful! Violet Rose and Adeline, can only wear a white dress once, while Babkins will break me up if I try to keep him sweet and clean."

"Cook is cross when I only ask her to

"Is that so?" said mother. "Suppose you go and look and perhaps some one else will be 'sprised!'"

Sure enough! there in the nursery was the cunningest, most complete washing set, a gift from mother, who had taken pity on Cook Norah.

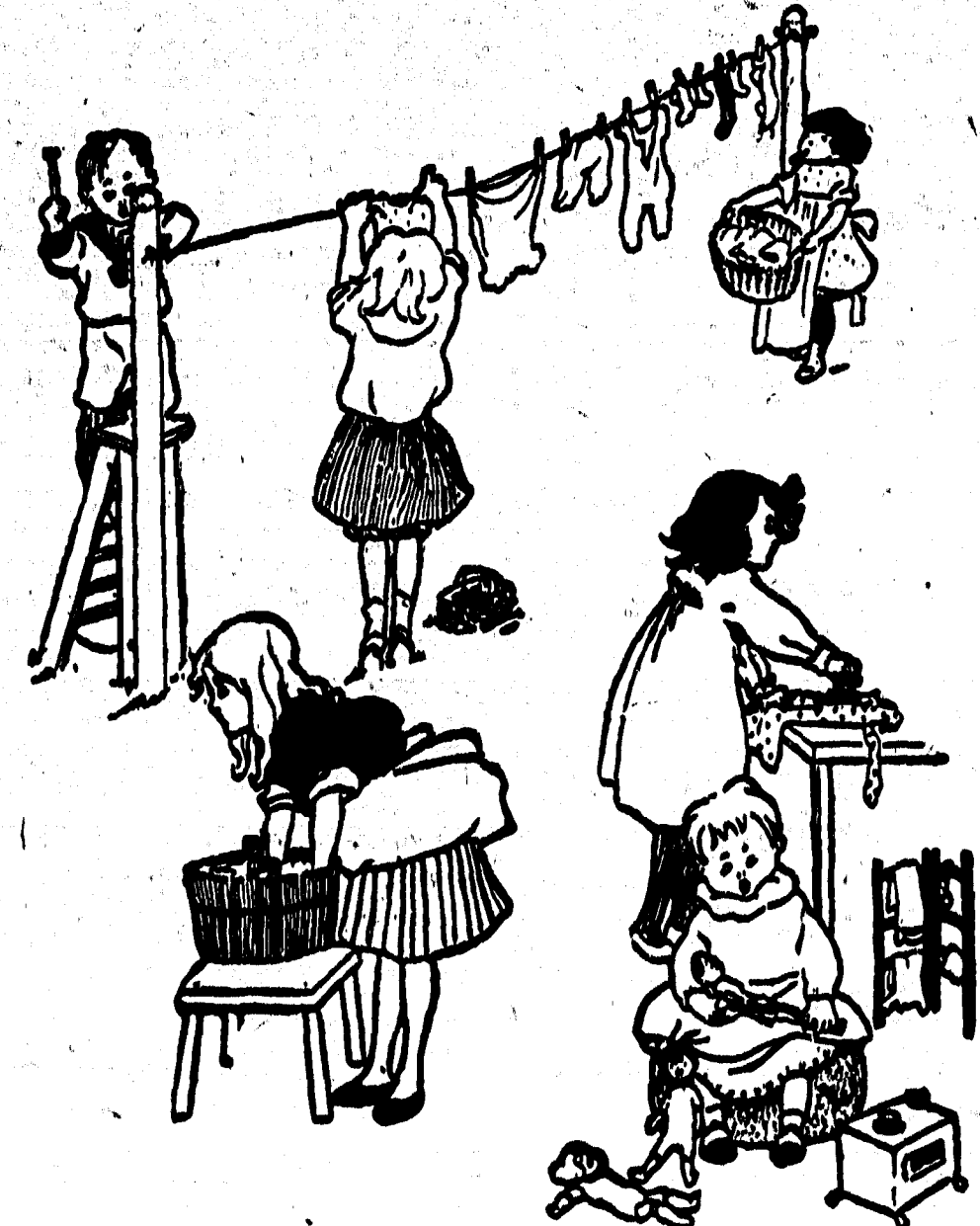
Polly immediately decided to have a washing party, to get all her children's clothes clean at once.

Mary, Nettie and Bess came in from next door, and even Polly's brother Tom decided to help.

Such a splendid wash day as it was. No cross laundresses were found there to growl about "the big wash."

Nora was so pleased with the new arrangement she gave them all the soap and blue and starch they wanted.

Polly made a splendid lather and scrubbed away with a will; Tom fasten-



Several Incidents of Polly's Washday

please to wash my children's things. She shows me out of the kitchen and says, 'Belabers, do ye think it'sy day in the wake should be Monday?' 'Too bad,' said mother. 'This laundry question is a serious one. Why not do your own washing?'"

"Why, Mother Gwynne, as if I could; Norah would just take the broom to me and 'call the cop' right off. She'd be so mad to have me 'botherin' round. She'd chase me awful!"

"I'm afraid she would," laughed mother; "but I was not thinking of the stationary tub in the laundry; the play room ones will do better, I'm sure."

"Why, Mother Gwynne, as if there was tubs in the play room! I'm jest 'sprised at you."

ed up the line for Mary to hang out the clothes; Nettie carried back the dry garments for Bess to iron on the new table, while baby Willie sat by the stove, on which the irons were heating, cuddling Violet Rose and the other children, that they did not take cold, since all their clothes had gone to the wash at once.

When the washing and ironing were finished and every doll dressed in fresh, clean clothes, they all looked so lovely that mother was brought to see them.

"I knew Nora was just cross," Polly said. "Why, washing is splendid, and not 'blue Monday' at all. I'm goin' to have my whole family wear white all the time, so every day can be wash day."

BEAUTY AND COMFORT IN THE BATH ROOM

A BATH ROOM got up in all white—from ceiling to floor covering—is a delight to the woman who has plenty of time or assistants to keep that room in exquisite order. If she has neither, let her choose instead a blue and white room, which is almost as clean looking and a great deal easier to keep in order.

For the walls use one of those papers which have an oilcloth finish. This, if properly hung, can be wiped off with a damp cloth as often as spots or soil make it necessary. Very pretty all white or cream white paper—absolutely plain except for its polished surface—comes. White oilcloth paper, with markings of pale gray, which divide into delicate patterns, makes a hanging for an uneven wall that is better than a plain paper, yet which doesn't take at all, for some peculiar reason, from the general impression of all white.

Some of the new oilcloth papers imitate tile so perfectly that it needs a close glance to tell the difference, especially those in blue and white, with the "tile" patterns copied directly from tiles. And the beauty about fixing a bath room in blue and white is that the woodwork can be left unchanged, while for an all white room it must be sandpapered until every bit of the colored paint is off, then get a good coat of white paint, followed by a coat of enamel. If you are careful about the sandpapering, the white paint will look as though nothing else had ever been upon the woodwork. Yet the walls, white all the way down to the floor, effect a perfect transformation of the room.

Your bath tub should be, of course, of porcelain, to carry out the idea of the room in its prettiest fashion; but if you've the old-fashioned kind, in its setting of wood, remove the paint from that wood, as well as from the surround, and paint and enamel it, too. Treat the tub with the sort of enamel especially prepared for just such work. Don't use the ordinary enamel paints for such work as painting a tub, whatever you do. It has a way of coming off in streaks and spots.

BATH CONTRIVANCES

White wood for the floor shows every mark too readily to prove satisfactory, yet some very attractive rooms have had the floor painted white like the rest of the room. A better way is to cover it with white oilcloth, or, if possible, to match oilcloth and oilcloth paper exactly. White bath rugs, suspiciously like Turkish towels, but mighty comfortable for all that, or those interesting ones evolved by artistic workers from apparently the crudest of materials—white woven rags—make inexpensive and easily cleaned rugs. But don't get anything that is heavy. Everything should be of a kind that will plump into a tub and wash, instead of getting so heavy the instant it gets in the water that an ordinary cleaning is practically impossible.

For a blue and white room, those blue and white bath rugs are as satisfactory as anything could be.

Nickel fixtures are less expensive and more easily kept in order than those of brass, while those combinations of glass and nickel give a pretty little light touch to the room. Glass shelves, mounted with nickel, hold brush and comb and hand glass; glass bars, also mounted with nickel, make splendid towel racks, and soap dishes and sponge racks, and a thousand and one half necessities, half luxuries, come in some form of glass, with supports and trimmings of the nickel.

Duplicates of nearly all of these little things come made of metal or of hardwood, enameled in white, for that, all white room. With them are used white china or heavy white crockery.

Of course, there are hundreds of things made for the extravagantly pretty bath rooms which are built into new, beautiful houses—exquisite tiles, made to fit together, something after mosaic designs, into patterns which a single tile out of place would mar; sets of silver and of silver and crystal, which are quite in keeping with the beautiful tiled rooms which they are intended to grace, and even exquisite marble toilettes made to put into tiny alcoves and corners (set around with mirrors) by way of decoration.

And, besides, there is an indescribable number of bath contrivances, from those rooms fitted with a bath sunk in the floor and approached by steps to the simplest of shower baths making a sort of tubing which fits on to an ordinary spigot.

But for the ordinary bath room, perhaps papered in some "left-over" paper, perhaps dark and tiny—a sort of eyesore to the housekeeper who takes a genuine pride in every other part of her house—oilcloth papers and a treatment of a simple color scheme carried out in every detail make a delightful change.

Women's Ways of Making Money—News Writing

Experts Tell of the Requirements for Success

By Cynthia Westover Alden

Copyright, 1908, by A. S. Barnes & Co.

MRS. ISABEL WORRELL BALL, one woman writer who has been admitted to the press galleries of the Congress of the United States, says:

"A newspaper woman must be blessed with good common sense; not uncommon sense, for then she will want to go on the managing editor's desk the first thing. She must have powers of observation, command of good newspaper English—not dictionary English. If you please—and be able to sit down in the middle of a copy to note her impressions of the same."

"She must have sound health, a good temper, fitness, above all things, must learn to work, that she is a woman, when she is at work among men at men's work. It does not mean that she must be unwomanly. Nothing would do more to ruin her than to let a man want to smoke in her presence when she is at work, or keep his hat on, or take his coat off, or put his feet on the desk, or do any of the things which she would order him out of her parlor for doing, she must remember that it all goes with the place she is in. When she meets them at a reception, they both can put on their casual society manners for their evening dress. She must not ape mannish actions, or she will make herself thoroughly disliked."

"Men like womanly women, but still they don't want any 'clinging vine' business about a newspaper office. If a woman will only be natural—pleasant—nature has made her very disagreeable—and use common sense, she will get along all right; but if she does otherwise, she will complain all the time, as

so many would-be newspaper women do, that the newspaper men treat them badly. There never was a newspaper man mean to me in all my experience."

Mrs. Ball stated, Harper, one of the best newspaper women in the United States, gives her views as follows:

"The longer one is engaged in newspaper work the more fully she recognizes the truth of the assertion, 'There is no training, no acquisition, nor form of knowledge or experience which is not useful to the beginner in journalism, and to the lifelong practitioner.' She never 'knows it all,' except when she begins in her 'profession.' If, however, we may particularize as to a few of the leading requirements, the same question we will say that before the practical experience begins, there must be the foundation of a fair education, an understanding of spelling, punctuation, syntax, the construction of sentences. If to this is added a more extended knowledge of rhetoric, purer and stronger English will be the result."

Leading Requirements.

"The rule adopted in many of our large offices, to accept no copy which is not in typewriting, makes a knowledge of this art a necessity; while she who adds that of stenography is doubly equipped, and will find both of the greatest advantages."

"Some time ago I received a letter, ungrammatical and badly spelt, from a young woman desiring an interview. When she came she stated that she had left school and decided to take up 'journalism.' After I had explained to her that she could not hope to do so unless she acquired a better education, she said, 'Well, I've been trying to decide whether to be a writer or get married, and this is the result.'"

riage, that popular refuge for income-potent women.

"The woman who wishes to be a newspaper reporter should ask herself if she is able to toil from eight to fifteen hours a day, seven days in the week; for this may be required of her, and she will have to take whatever assignment may be given; to go wherever sent, to accomplish what she is delegated to do, at whatever risk, or rebuff, or inconvenience; to brave all kinds of weather; to give up the frivolities of dress that women love and confine herself to plain, serviceable suit; to renounce practically the pleasures of social life; to put her relations to others on a business basis; to subordinate personal desires and eliminate the 'ego'; to be careful always to disarm prejudice against and create an impression favorable to women in this occupation; to expect no favors on account of sex; to submit her work to the same standard by which a man's is judged."

Journalism proper, as a field for the activities of women, offers many rewards, objective and subjective. At the beginning, let me explain what I mean by journalism proper. I can only repeat what I have said over and over again, when asked my opinion on this subject.

It is not the mere writing of pieces for the weekly, monthly or daily newspaper, or the mere drawing of a salary in a position held by strictly extrinsic pull or influence. It is the conscientious, continuous earning of a living, as reporter or editor, in the collection or handling of daily news. The objective rewards, summarized, mean an honest, creation of a better education. The subjective rewards, summarized, mean a perpetual broadening of the intellect, and a better position of the worker.

Do Not Miss The Winter Clearing Sale Riggs & Whyte

ger—well he is no stranger in Cumberland and district—we can only say that he will do his best to make the News a welcome visitor in as many homes as possible, and every effort will be made to retain for its present patrons their confidence and esteem.

In conclusion we bespeak the co-operation of all so that we may have that support essential to make the News a more successful home journal.

Oyster River,
April 25 1907

Editor News—

I desire to publicly express my thanks to those gentlemen who circulated, and who signed a petition in my behalf in the recent police case against me. That the petition did not reach the authorities until too late does not lessen my feeling of gratitude, the more so that the action was taken entirely without my knowledge.

James McIvor.

SEEDS, TREES, PLANTS.

FOR THE
FARM, GARDEN, LAWN
or CONSERVATORY

NO seedless plums, NO pitless apples, NO colorless corn—just old reliable varieties at reasonable prices

Fertilizers Spraying Materials
Etc., Etc.

Oldest established nursery on the Mainland of B. C. Catalog Free

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Greenhouses and P. O. Address—3010 Westmost Road.
BRANCH NURSERIES—South Vancouver

P.S.—If your local merchants do not handle my seeds, send direct. We prepay 50 packets assorted varieties of GARDEN SEEDS in ordinary 50 papers (tested stock) to your nearest post office for \$1—20 packets for 50c, trial collection

P. PHILLIPS HARRISON

Barrister and Solicitor
and
Notary Public
Conveyancing
Cumberland B. C.

Lamb
Lamb
Lamb



Until further notice we quote beef by the quarter as follows

FORE QUARTER . . . 90c
HIND QUARTER . . . 100c

J. MCPHEE & SONS

DUNSMUIR AVE. CUMBERLAND.

BIRTHS.

BIRTH—AT Hospital, last Wednesday, Mrs L. G. Thomson of a girl.

BIRTH—On Saturday last, Mrs Wm McLellan, a boy.

REAL ESTATE

Mr P. Phillips Harrison has formed a business connections with Mr J. A. Bates Editor and Proprietor of the "Cumberland News" for the purpose of selling and otherwise dealing in Real Estate, Timber Limits, Coal Lands, Farms etc.

Properties listed with them will be advertised for sale in the principal cities and towns in British Columbia and in Winnipeg, Toronto and London, Ont. For full particulars apply to either of the above-named parties.

TENDERS

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to Wednesday 8th for the erection of a building for the Electric Light Co. Plans and specifications may be seen at office of R. Grady & Co, Saw mill.

L. A. MOUNCE.

A Chinaman employed as a trimmer at Union Bay hanged himself to a tree by means of his queue on Monday.

Dr H P Millard left for the East Friday, the serious illness of his father being the cause of a hurried visit to his home there.

Messrs W. Hayman and Alex Maxwell have purchased the Star Livery Stables.

C. H. TARBELL

HIGH GRADE STOVES

AND ALL KITCHEN UTENSILS

Sportsmens Goods
and
General Hardware

will be able to enjoy, with their wives and families, a few of those harmless pleasures which go to make life worth living as a human on at least one day in the week, and not have to live on that day in deadly fear of being arrested as did the New England mothers in olden time if they so much as kissed their children on the Lord's Day. Attorney General Fulton could not in the face of the public opinion of B. C., and in fact of all Canada, do otherwise than discountenance the Pharisaical trend of this obnoxious legislation.

W. B. ANDERSON.

WEDDED

With this issue we are pleased to announce to our readers and patrons of both the News and the Enterprise that the interests of both papers become one. We expect to better serve our readers and advertisers.

Under the present arrangement the News has a well equipped jobbing department and work will be carried on that will speak for itself.

As for the new editor and manager—well he is no stranger in Cumberland and district—we can only say that he will do his best to make the News a welcome visitor in as many homes as possible, and every effort will be made to retain for its present patrons their confidence and esteem.

SUNSHINE FURNACE

UNBREAKABLE FIRE-POT

The lower portion of a fire-pot is usually nearly or partly filled with dead ashes, leaving the live, red-hot coals in the upper part. The result is that the upper portion expands much more than the lower.

This uneven expansion causes a strain too great for a one-piece fire-pot to stand. Sooner or later it will split, allowing precious heat and sickening gases to escape.

But the fire-pot of the Sunshine is constructed to meet this condition. It is in two sections. The upper half expands, as much as necessary, independently of the lower. When cool, it contracts back to its original size, fitting to the lower half perfectly.

And this strong, unbreakable, gas and heat-tight, two-piece fire-pot is just one of the many superior features of the Sunshine.

If your local dealer does not handle the "Sunshine," write direct to us for FREE BOOKLET.

McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.E.

C. H. TARBELL.

Sole Agent.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA.

Capital and Reserve, \$8,000,000. Total Assets, \$43,000,000

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

\$1.00 will open an account. Interest allowed and no delay in withdrawals.

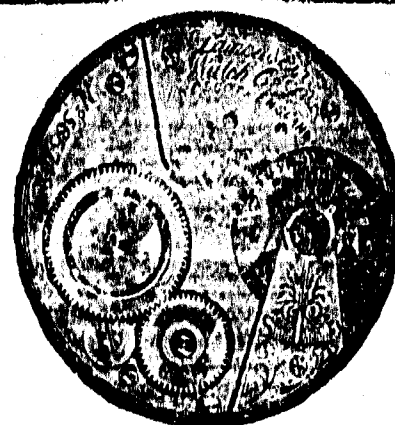
OFFICE HOURS 10 to 3
Saturdays, 10 to 12
Pay Nights, 5 p.m. to 9 p.m.

A. B. NETHERBY, Manager.

Arriving To Day

A large stock of Straw Hats in Ladies trimmed and untrimmed, also some lines in mens & childrens.

J McPhee & Sons



Is Your Patriotism Dead?

A BRITISH WATCH

Movement made in England
Case made in Canada.
At the same price as American Watches.

P. STODDART, the Jeweler.

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.

CAMPBELL'S

TURNOVERS, TARTS,
CHEESE CAKES,
FRUIT SQUARES
25cts. per doz.
CREAM PUFFS, 30c. doz.

MEAT PIES
Every Saturday
3 for 25c

BAKERY

COLLEGIATE SCHOOL

FOR BOYS

Belcher Street
Victoria B. C.

Patron and Visitor,
THE LORD BISHOP OF COLUMBIA.

Head Master

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 quarters, etc.

APPLY TO HEAD MASTER.

According to Victoria advices, Attorney-General Fulton has decided that no prosecutions shall take place in British Columbia under the "Lord's Day Act." This is a wise move and will meet with the approval of the great majority of people of this province.

No doubt the alliance people will feel disappointed at this decision, but this to a great extent due to themselves, endeavoring to thrust on the people legislation which is to say the least, intolerant. That this opinion is not solely that of the bad men of the wild West has been proved by the action of a large body of influential and celebrated men in the East, Prof. Goldwin Smith among them, who have lately formed themselves into an association for the moderate observance of the Sabbath, and sharply criticize the Alliance for attempting to coerce the rights of the people under an intolerant religious guise. The association referred to is a recreation; and it will aim to provide healthful and instructive means of recreation on the Sabbath so that those who are unable to enjoy the ordinary privileges of human beings through being kept at steady work,