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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

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

THE NEWS, TWENTIETH YEAR | CUMBERLAND, B. C., WEDNESDAY, NOV. 12, 1913 | SUBSCRIPTION $1.00 A YEAR

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Millinery

—AT—

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No reserve—every hat reduced. The season is only beginning, and you ought to take advantage of this opportunity to secure an up-to-date model at a fraction of its original price.

Here is where your dollar can do the work of two.

SIMON LEISER & Co

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Dunsmuir Avenue, PHONE 38, CUMBERLAND

We learn on good authority that Mr. T. E. Bate will in all probability be a candidate for mayor at our next civic elections. Mr. Bate has had several years experience at our council board, and as he is a progressive business man, should make a good chief magistrate. If he should be our next mayor, we think that he would be absolutely fair, and that no party or parties would have any strings on him. This is our opinion and not as a boost for Mr. Bate, as we have no intention in the coming elections of boosting for anyone.

Coroner Abrams left on Tuesday for Campbell River, to hold an inquest on the body of a man killed at Granite Bay.

Miss Sophy Walker arrived home from Seattle on Friday evening

Mrs. Joseph Walker of the New England Hotel, left by Sunday's boat en route for Spokane, Wash., on a hurried trip, in answer to a telegram from her sister, Mrs. George Westfield, who is ill at that place.

You never know the number of bald heads there are until vaudeville with the pretty girls comes to town.

We think that a supply of rubber necks would sell well, as the strain on the old ones must have been great last week.

A report of the last City Council proceedings will appear in our next issue.

When a good show comes to town, the dollars are forthcoming.

The manager of the Crown Theatre extends his thanks to the public of Cumberland for their kind support of Stock Co, and begs to announce that he has made arrangements for several more good companies to appear here, including the Royal Vin Moore Stock Co., Allen Players and others. In regard to pictures, a contract has just been signed for First-Run Films only to be shown at this theatre in the future. This includes all the best American and European films. It would be impossible to show this class of film in Cumberland alone, unless we had other houses to support us, owing to the high cost of these features.

Miss Phemie Hayman ("Aunty,) according to Monday's Vancouver Sun, has 93,155 votes to her credit, and she has a number of subscriptions to send in.

The Lord Bishop of British Columbia is expected in Cumberland on Friday evening next. Immediately upon his arrival, Evensong will be held in Holy Trinity church. On Sunday the 16th, His Lordship will preach at the morning and evening services, and will at the evening service administer the Apostolic Rite of Holy Confirmation. He will also preach at the afternoon service at Bevan. During his stay in district he will visit Denman Island and inspect the new church there, also the Missions of Bevan, Courtenay, Comox Bay and Lazo.

Dr. Kerr, dentist, will be in Cumberland November 19, and following week.

Representatives of The Law or an Enduring Craze.

To the Editor:—

This unfortunate old world is always encumbered with the "latest craze."

We have, or have had, as the case may be, 'The Bunny Hug,' 'The Tango Dance," "Tango Teas," "Doulton Cocktail," "Tango Cocktail," and forty thousand other crazes, not to mention the slit skirt craze, etc. We have always with us, as we have the poor and the arm chair critics, a particular craze, which though it, no doubt originated ages ago, is never-the-less well qualified to rank as the "latest" on account of its being always to the fore, I refer to the chronic and to say the least contemptable habit of a great number of, otherwise harmless individuals, mostly arm-chair critics, who on the slightest provocation, and as is more often the case withtout any provocation, harshly criticize, slander and libel our worthy constables and magistrates, to the full extent of their peevishnatures. These arm-chair critics, after a substantial meal, while smoking their usual allowance of baled hay, and with their pedal extremities firmly anchored upon the most convenient article at hand, will browse through a sheaf of newspapers, yellow and otherwise, mostly otherwise, and after this strenuous mental exercise will proceed for many moons to criticize and give their intelligent and mature views and opinions concerning every conceivable subject, matter or person; but nothing delights these strange peevish little yahoos, better than to find some flimsy pretext for abusing some person connected with the police force or the courts of justice. Now, without wishing to go through that acrobatic process, known as throwing bouquets at one,s self, I will, in all modesty say that personally, I am very slow to criticize the actions of the police and magistrates or any other person for that matter, unless I am in possession of all facts and such facts fully justify criticism, but in referring to that certain item appearing in one of the late issues of the "Courtenay Review," relative to one William Smith, I feel called upon to severely censure the police, etc., which will, no doubt delight the aforementioned yahoos. It appears that Smith, while driving, or attempting to drive a horse and waggon along the public highway, was considerably under the influence of intoxicating liquor and that some mean constable arrested him then and there. Now, though a drunken man driving or attempting to drive a horse is a decided menace to others who may make use of the highway, and though such conduct is contrary to the law of the land, yet as a tax payer, British Subject and lover of British fair play, plus all the other virtues possessed by the ordinary arm chair critic, I would like to know by what right this baleful constable had in arresting the person above referred to? The proper course to pursue would have been for the constable in question to give the delinquent a dozen or so tracts and an hour's lecture on the evils of drinking booze, and then let him go on his way. The item above referred to states that the accused was "relieved" of $15, without trial; now, though this is absolutely untrue (the fact being that the accused was arrested, locked up over night to sober up, brought before a magistrate next day, duly tried, convicted and fined) yet I would like to know what the deuce these rascals meant by treating the delinquent in such a manner? Their actions are a distinct outrage, why one would be almost forced to believe that the lock up was built and intended for the purpose of locking up lawbreakers and that magistrates were appointed to try such individuals.

And again this item shows a further outrage inasmuch that the jailer on default of the accused paying the fine imposed and notwithstanding the fact that a prominent, reputable, rich, good, upright, etc. etc. etc., busines man promised to pay such fine, was cruel enough to decline to allow the accused to leave the jail. According to law where the sentence awards a fine and in default imprisonment—as it was in Smith's case—and such fine is not actually paid in current coin, the convicted person must, in such event, remain in durance vile for the term mentioned in the conviction, unless such fine be sooner paid. Now, notwithstanding this trifling technical provision, I in the name of British Justice, Fair-Play, and in the name of all the arm-chair critics and Yahoos in in the whole universe, emphatically state that the jailer should have released friend Smith forthwith. And further the item in question states, in effect, that S., was not given a trial and immediately afterwards states, in effect, that S., did not have a fair hearing. It therefore appears that, on the one hand S., was fined without being tried for his offence, and on the other hand that he WAS tried for such offence, but such trial was unfair, which appears to me rather contradictory. As a matter of fact these allegations are absolutely false and without foundation in fact, and can only be classed as wild and reckless statements. The person who wrote the aforementioned item alleges, in effect, that it is reported that Blind Pigs are being operated within reach of the Constables stationed in this community. If such is the case, the person originally responsible for such reports and every person who has good and sufficient reason to believe the same to be true, should do his duty, as a law-abiding and reputable citizen, and advise the police of all material facts of which he is aware in connection with the matter, instead of contenting himself with throwing out vague hints. Surely a person, even with a sadly perverted sense of his duties as a citizen, would on acquiring knowledge of the serious breach of the laws of the land, take immediate steps to see the offender punished. It seems to be that the people who shout the most about that certain brand of of Justice known as "British Fair-play," are the very people who are the most lax in assisting to carry out and enforce that brand of law known as "British."

Thanking you for space,

I remain, yours truly

X.

MACFARLANE BROS.

We invite you to inspect the following:

NEW Arrivals

MEN'S FOOTWEAR Just to hand our First Fall Shipment of Ames Holden and McCready SHOES, in the newes shapes, colors black and brown, button and lace.

MENS SUITS—These are here in the newest shapes and styles, colors navy, brown, bronze, black, purple etc.

MILLINERY—First showing of Ladies' WinterMillinery

LADIES' BLANKET COATS newest shades and styles.

FOR THE CHILDREN—The famous "Margaret" Sweaters and Sweater Suits, in shades Navy Cardinal & white.

THE CORNER STORE

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH

The Vicar and Mrs. Franklin-Watson will be "at home" on Monday evening, Nov. 17th, from 7 to 9.30 o'clock, to give all the members of the congregation an opportunity of meeting His Lordship, the Bishop of Columbia.

The concert advertised for next Tuesday evening in the Cumberland Hall, promises an evening of more than ordinary interest in the musical and entertainment line. Bevan orchestra is a new organization in that ambitious little town and it is sure of receiving a cordial welcome in Cumberland. Other Bevan talent so distinguished itself at the recent concert there, that we are anxious to hear it. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, who will present a "one act comedietta," are experienced public entertainers, and in their individual acts as well as in the play, are certain to delight the audience. We hear a good deal of our Cumberland Gleemen, and our contemporary published something in reference to them which we imagine will hardly bear translating into English, but from what we hear we have no doubt the Gleemen will give a good account of themselves that night. Besides the above, we understand that several others of our best entertainers will lend their assistance to make this evening a real treat. Reserved seat tickets are on sale at the Drug Store. What more can we say but "God save the King"?

The officers and members of Union Lodge, No. 11 I. O. O. F. turned out fairly well on Friday evening last, to receive and entertain Mr. R. Dudley, Grand Master of I. O. O. F., B. C. He was introduced to the lodge by D. D. G. M. John Horbury. After lodge closed a committee consisting of J. W. Horbury, P. McNiven and W. C. Colling served supper in the lodge room, to which full justice was done. The remainder of the evening was spent in songs, recitations, toasts and speeches. James Smith, N. G. occupied the chair. The toast of the evening was the Grand Lodge, replied to by R. Dudley, Grand Master; John C. Brown, Grand Herald. In his remarks the Grand Master stated that the I. O. O. F. was one of, if not the greatest fraternal orders in the world. At the end of 1912 they had a membership of about 2,300,000, their total receipts $18,922,758.38, their total expenditure was $9,871,470.01, the total relief fund was $5,912,323 15, and their invested fund amount to $63,532,895.32.

There was present, Bros. James and John Connors, who have been in close confinement for the past three months. Everyone present enjoyed the social gathering, which was brought to a close in the "wee sma' hours" by singing "Auld Lang Syne."

Mrs. James L. Brown is seriously ill.

Miss Dollie Ramsay is one of the post office staff.

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY

20 PER CENT. DISCOUNT ON MEN'S READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHING.

CAMPBELLS

AMENDS FOR ALL

By E. R. Punshon

Ward, Lock & Co., Limited
London, Melbourne & Toronto

(Continued)

With the licence in his pocket and a curse with the thought of exacting an explanation from Green foremost in his mind—for this news had much disturbed him—Thorold started off for Jermyn Gardens. When he looked it was Green himself who opened the door for him, and with a gravity of countenance that would have attracted Thorold's attention at any other time told him that Miss Joan would be down in a few minutes immediately.

All right, said Thorold, crossing the hall towards the drawing-room which Green was ushering him, but just one word with you, my man. That house on the downs to which I set fire, how did you put out the fire? And why?

Eh? What? stammered Green, taken entirely aback at this sudden demand as he had not even known that Thorold had recognized him. Why? I don't know what you mean, he stammered.

Oh, yes, you do, said Thorold and his hand shot out and he seized Green by the collar. Oh, yes, you do, he repeated.

I—I don't, Green asserted again and tried to struggle, but Thorold shook him as a terrier shakes a rat, and then lifting him from the ground, carried him by the collar of his coat into the drawing-room where he dropped him on one of the chairs. Now tell me, he said standing over him, hug and threatening, tell me the truth now, and what became of my brother's body, and then as Green failed to answer at the moment he took him by the throat, and in the fury of his rage seemed on the very point of strangling him then and there.

Oh—h—h, gurgled Green, choking, Lemme go—oh!

Tell me, said Thorold in tones of a deadly intention. Tell quickly—or—

Oh, oh—h, groaned Green, thinking surely his last hour was come. Oh, it was buried, sir, under the trees behind. Oh, sir, you will kill me.

Perhaps, perhaps, said Thorold softly, but tell me why you put the fire out—the truth, mind—well, why did you put the fire out?

Because, groaned out Green as the pressure upon his throat increased until he felt his senses reeling and seemed to see lights dancing before his eyes, because she was there—because she was hidden there—upstairs where you never looked.

And Thorold's hands fell away from Green's throat, and there was a long moment of silence before at last Thorold asked in tones no less hoarse and indistinct than Green's had been the moment before.

She?—who?—now tell me—who was hiding there? Who?

Miss Joan, muttered Green, feeling his bruised throat, and in a whirl of rage Thorold plucked him up as though to dash him upon the ground again, and then seeming to recover his self-possession to some degree let him fall back upon the chair, where he lay trembling and frightened nearly out of his life.

You are lying to me, Thorold said.

But he knew here was no lie.

Green lay and trembled and made no answer, daring hardly to breathe under this fury of rage that had burst upon him so suddenly.

Do you say, Thorold asked, that all the time— He paused abruptly, and his memory pictured the scene to him with extraordinary vividness. Then all the time that he had brooded over the dead body of his murdered brother beneath, she, Joan, she was hidden in one of the rooms above. His dead brother murdered in the prime of his youth—and Joan whom he loved—Frank dead and Joan alive—Joan hidden—it seemed to him that he was going mad, and he groaned aloud. So you tell me, he said slowly, that all the time she was hidden in one of the rooms above?

Now when Thorold said hidden, he used the word in its active sense, and meant she was hiding herself of her own free will; but when Green, scared out of his life almost and trembling from head to foot, when he said hidden, he used the word in a passive sense and meant she was hidden by some one else. But this was a nicety of language far beyond the consideration of either of them in his present mood.

Yes, Green muttered, yes, she was hidden there—in the little room at the right of the stairs. I know, but I didn't dare tell you for fear of what you might do.

Thorold laughed harshly, and pressed one hand to his forehead which was throbbing painfully. He stood for some two or three minutes in this attitude, while Green crouched and trembled before him, and feared lest again his rage should come upon him. As clearly as his confused mind permitted, Thorold was asking himself what he would have done if he had known as he bent over his murdered brother that Joan was hiding above. It seemed to him she must be guilty; for if not, why had she hidden? Why had she even risked death by fire rather than show herself to him? His breast heaved with the violence of his emotion, and he tried to speak but could not. He remembered that that very *morning*—so long ago—it had seemed to him that he could stake his life on Joan's innocence—of Joan having been miles away at the time of Frank's death—but now he learnt she was hidden in one of the upper rooms. How she had fooled him, then, how she had fooled him since!

As for you, he said mildly to Green, you had better go.

Green slid from the room, and Thorold went and stood by the mantelpiece. He noticed that he was trembling and shaking violently, and by a great effort he forced himself into some kind of outer composure.

It seems to me, he said aloud, that neither she nor I—that neither of us is fit to live any longer—ah-h—, and she was hidden there while I stood by Frank's side and wondered who had murdered him—and all the time she was hidden up above.

He walked slowly to the door and opened it. He had no idea what he was going to do, and of this he was glad, for it seemed to him that if any purpose framed itself in his mind it would be dreadful.

But on the threshold, as he opened the door of the room, something seemed to check him, and he stood still for a moment or two, wondering what it was had brought him to a standstill. He raised one hand with a puzzled gesture, and then he realised that it was because Green was standing at the head of the kitchen stairs, watching him very intently and apparently quite prepared to run for his life at a moment's notice.

Seeing he was noticed, Green appeared to hesitate and then spoke, though with obvious fear lest the sound of his voice should produce in Thorold such another whirlwind of rage as that he had just experienced.

Begging your pardon, he said nervously, but she told me to telegraph it—and so I did, but perhaps you have not had it yet?

What do you mean? Thorold asked.

Why, Mrs. Durand—she's dead—she died this morning, answered Green shuffling his feet nervously.

Ah, so, Thorold said softly. Dead? but why not?—death is a common thing. Now, there is my young brother. Thorold paused to smile amiably. Now there is my young brother, he repeated; and he is dead also.

Oh, oh, muttered Green, in fresh panic, and turning, bolted down the kitchen stairs.

Thorold looked after him, mildly surprised at the abruptness of his departure, and then he heard a light, soft step moving above. He raised his voice and called, and Joan at once answered. He stood waiting at the bottom of the stairs, and she came swiftly down them, and while he waited there passed like lightning through his brain a thousand confused, tumultuous, frightful thoughts.

Now, if she were hiding there that day, he said to himself, she must be guilty, or else she would have shown herself, or fled, or anything rather than have hidden there—but, if she is guilty—ah, how well she has deceived me. Really, it seems to me, he muttered half aloud, that neither one of us is fit to live.

Edward! Joan called him softly as she came down the stairs, hearing that he muttered something but not knowing what it was. Edward, she repeated.

My God, he groaned, how much I love you.

Oh, hush, she said, though her face flushed. You must not talk like that now.

No, no, he agreed, no, I must not—not now.

But every fibre of his being yearned towards her, and when he put out his hand and took hers it seemed to him that all the life of his soul flowed from him into her.

It is nothing—I love her all the same he said to himself with a huge and swelling strength in his tones. No matter what she did—no matter if it were my brother—I love her still—more.

Edward, said Joan again, but he interrupted her with a gesture, and the pressure of his hand upon hers hurt her till she cried out with the pain.

Ah, forgive me, he muttered, but come with me.

She started quickly and looked at him, and she saw that his eyes were like fire.

Come with me, he repeated, it was your mother's bidding. I promised her—one must keep one's promises to the dying—to the dead—come with me, Joan.

She shrank from him for his manner terrified her, but using his great strength, he drew her near again.

Come with me, he said once more.

Oh, no; oh, no, she murmured, still resisting. How can I when my mother—when poor mother is only dead just now.

Have I not left my dead? he asked.

Oh, I do not know you when you are like this, she faltered.

Come with me, he repeated, and drew her still towards the door.

Her efforts ceased for he was too strong for her. She felt that he compelled her.

Slowly they went out together from that house, he leading her and she following slowly; and with a face like death, and eyes of horror, Green, who had crept up the stairway again, watched them from behind, as they went their way.

(To be Continued)

PILES

You will find relief in Zam-Buk! It eases the burning, stinging pain, stops bleeding and brings ease. Perseverance, with Zam-Buk, means cure. Why not prove this? *All Druggists and Stores.—50c box.*

Zam-Buk
FOR ALL SUMMER SORES

HOW LONDON GETS MILK

When the Biggest City Had a Famine

So much milk is sent up to London at the price is so high that poor people in country districts have simply to go without it, was the startling statement made by Lady Meyer at the conference of the National Food Reform Association the other day.

But it is not so surprising after all when we remember what a mighty volume of milk the people of the metropolis consume every year—about 112,000,000 gallons for which they pay annually about five million pounds. There is no city of magnitude in the world that can compete against London with its milk supply.

About fifty years ago the milk that was consumed in London mostly came from districts within the metropolitan area. But foot and mouth disease broke out among the cows, and it was then that London experienced a real milk famine. It was at this time that a far-seeing man—Sir George Barham—thought of getting milk from the healthy cows in Wilts and Hants.

London's greatest supply of milk comes from Wilts, but large quantities come also from Derbyshire, Staffordshire, Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, Hampshire and Surrey. Milk has come to London even from Wales, Ireland and Penzance, and in a few instances from Scotland. The following figures represent approximately the number of churns which are brought by different railways to London every year (each churn contains about 14 gallons of milk): Great Western Railway, 1,200,000 churns; Great Northern Railway, 400,000 churns; Midland Railway, 341,000 churns; London and Brighton Railway 255,000 churns.

All these railways took to the enterprise from the beginning and what then proved an ill-paying item is now one of the most flourishing, and keen competition exists in counties which are traversed by more than one railway company. Special trains led to the building of special milk vans and the movement towards sanitary insulation led to improvements which were not dreamt of at an earlier day.

Every line has its refrigerating vans with special accessories for excluding dust and all kinds of germs. The latest pattern of milk van belongs to the London and Southwestern Railway. They are fitted like modern Pullmans, with Westinghouse and vacuum brakes and oil gas lamps, and the inner ventilation is ever better than that of the best passenger coach.

The farmer, or his assistant, rises early in the morning, not solely out of consideration for the crowing of the cock or rising sun; it is the exigency of railway traffic which sets the alarm. The patient kine await in the sheds the milkmaid, or man, or boy, or automatic milking machine.

Patent strainers and coolers prepare the milk for transport. The cooler has taken the place of an old practice of surreptitiously dusting boracic acid into the churns.

In the summer, for an imperial gallon, the farmer receives 7d. and 8d., and in winter 9d. and 10d., delivered at the London terminus, and the transportation costs him one penny per gallon.

My husband doesn't care for grand opera.

But I notice he applauds vigorously.

He does that to keep awake.

New Orleans requires all bread offered for sale to be securely wrapped to protect it from flies.

THE DOCTOR'S GIFT

Food Worth Its Weight in Gold

We usually expect the doctor to put us on some kind of penance and give us bitter medicines.

An Eastern doctor brought a patient something entirely different and the results are truly interesting.

"Two years ago," writes this patient, "I was a frequent victim of acute indigestion and biliousness, being allowed to eat very few things. One day our family doctor brought me a small package, saying he had found something for me to eat.

"He said it was a food called Grape-Nuts and even as its golden color might suggest it was worth its weight in gold. I was sick and tired, trying one thing after another to no avail, but consented to try this new food.

"Well! It surpassed my doctor's fondest anticipation and every day since then I have blessed the good doctor and the inventor of Grape-Nuts.

"I noticed improvement at once and in a month's time my former spells of indigestion had disappeared. In two months I felt like a new man. My mind was much clearer and keener, my body took on the vitality of youth, and this condition has continued."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

WINCHESTER

Rifle, Revolver and Pistol Cartridges

THE RED W BRAND

Except the powder, everything that goes into Winchester cartridges is made in our own plant under our careful supervision. This system enables us to produce ammunition which is superior to all other makes. To get it anywhere 'tis but necessary to ask for Winchester make and look for the Red W on the package.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

W. N. U. 967

THE STANDARD ARTICLE SOLD EVERYWHERE
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

An Obliging Horse

A doctor and a clergyman were exercising their horses one morning in a country lane, when an argument arose between them as to which of the animals possessed the sweeter disposition.

I'll wager that if their respective tempers could be tried, said the doctor, mine would be far away the better.

That's all nonsense, retorted the clergyman. My mare has the best temper of any horse in the neighborhood.

Well, here's a stiff hedge, let us try their leaping capabilities, suggested the doctor.

Right you are, agreed his friend.

The doctor's hunter quietly refused the jump, although put at it again and again. The clergyman's little mare also refused, but at the same time threw back her ears and exhibited considerable ill-temper. When repeatedly urged to jump she finally accomplished a clever buck-jumping feat, which threw her master straight over the hedge. Strange to relate, the reverend gentleman was quite unhurt, and scrambling to his feet commenced to scrape the mud from his broadcloth, whilst the doctor laughingly remarked:

Perhaps you are convinced now that my animal has a better disposition than yours.

Not at all! replied the clergyman. My mare is such an unselfish little brute that, although unable to take the fence herself, she had no desire to keep me from going over. In fact, she facilitated the mode of my transit whilst your horse displayed a dog-in-the-manger temperament by not going himself and not allowing you to go either.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

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

Handicapped by Fashion

The time has passed, said the orator haughtily, when any man can hide himself behind a woman's petticoats.

You bet, commented the cynic in a back seat. Those X-ray skirts have stopped that.

Ought to Work

I'm afraid these boiled eggs ain't very fresh.

Write the name Genevieve on one of them, suggested the head waiter. Mr. Wopsey is romantic and that will distract his attention if the eggs are not so good.

Playing the Game

A pompous director of a large railway company once landed at a small station and requested the porter to carry his bag. The stationmaster was quick to notice the importance of the arrival, and as the porter passed him struggling with the heavy Gladstone, managed to whisper: Be careful, Bill! That's Lord Blank, one of the directors.

The porter's chance of a tip vanished with this information, but subsequently upon relinquishing the bag, he was astonished to find himself the recipient of a shilling.

Momentarily surprised, he stared at the coin in his palm, and the director thinking his behaviour savored of dissatisfaction, remarked: Under the company's regulations you are not supposed to accept gratuities.

Yes, sir — no, sir, stammered the porter, and then, recovering his self-control and closing his left eyelid, he said: But one employe never splits on another!

It was a crowded car. Among those who could not find seats was a young lady. Close to where she stood an old man was sitting. He struggled as if to arise. The young woman cast a glance of scorn at one of two men hiding behind newspapers. Please do not get up, she said to the old man, I beg you don't. The conductor rang the bell and the car went on. The old man's features worked convulsively and he mopped his face with his handkerchief. At the next stopping place he again tried to rise, and again the young woman tried to stop him. I would much rather stand, she said continuing to block his way. I don't care whether you would or not, said the old man crimson with fury, I want to get out. You've made me come half a mile too far already. Here you stop the car. But it was too late, the bell had already rung and he had to wait until the next stopping place was reached.

What is so rare as a day in June? asks the poet. We don't know—unless it is praise for a man who has been dead a year.

Where the Danger Was

The train was undoubtedly a record-breaker for speed. It held the slow-traveling championship of the States. The passenger who had been fidgeting in his seat for several hour got up at last and strolled along the corridor to the front of the train, where he came upon the guard playing marbles with the engine-driver.

Hallow, there! he called. I suppose you don't mind a bit of good advice if it's given in a friendly spirit?

The conductor pocketed two marbles and said he didn't.

Then why, said the pale passenger, don't you have the cow-catcher taken off the front and put on the back.

The conductor stared hard and suspiciously.

Why should we? he asked at length.

Why, responded the pale passenger, for fear a cow might come along the track and bite somebody.

Warts will render the prettiest hands unsightly. Clear the excrescences away by using Holloway's Corn Cure, which acts thoroughly and painlessly.

Oil the Future Fuel of Navies

There can be no doubt that the naval future lies with oil as against coal. A given tonnage of oil as against an equal tonnage of coal will enable the same ship to steam much faster, to get up speed quicker and to travel 40 per cent. farther; moreover, the supply can be replenished in a small fraction of the time, and on the high sea in nearly any weather instead of in port.

When you add that per knot steamed the cost is about the same, and that the world's visible supply seems as infinite for any near future as the coal supply, the case seems conclusive. The objection that coal is a home product while oil is imported, is of no relevance from a naval or strategical point of view, because if we were prevented from importing oil we could not import any other necessity of national existence.

This and other objections will no doubt continue to be urged, since the withdrawal of the British navy's consumption, followed as it must be by that of foreign navies, will be a serious thing for the steam-coal producers in our midst. Theirs are powerful interests, but not interests in whose favor the admiralty could properly forego the highest naval efficiency.—London Chronicle.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

Now, Johnny, said his mother, we shall have company to dinner today, and I don't want you to say a word while they are here, then no one need find out that you are so silly.

The guests came. After some desultory remarks, a gentleman, who is passionately fond of children, turned to Johnny, whose mother, being busily engaged in another part of the room, did not hear the conversation that ensued.

Well, my son, said the gentleman, pleasantly, how old are you?

Johnny, obeying orders, sat like a sphinx.

Can't you tell me your age? said another, thinking the boy a little diffident.

Still Johnny spake not.

I can make him talk, said a bright young lady. You like the girls better than you do those horrid men, don't you, Johnny? Now, come over here beside me and tell me how old you are.

Silent as the grave.

Why, I believe the boy is an idiot! said the gentleman who had first addressed him, in a bantering way.

There, ma, said he. 'Tain't no use! I hain't opened my mouth, and they all know it already!

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

A Budding Financier

Outside it was snowing hard and the teacher considered it her duty to warn her charges.

Boys and girls should be very careful colds at this time, she said, solemnly. I had a darling little brother only seven years old. One day he went out in the snow with his new sled and caught cold. Pneumonia set in and in three days he was dead.

A hush fell upon the schoolroom; then a youngster in the back row stood up and asked:

Where's his sled?

Clothe woman with the ballot! exclaims Senator Sheppary of Texas. Wouldn't you like to see a woman wearing a ballot?

Under the hedge sat Robert the reaper, taking long pulls at a beer-bottle. The new curate eyed him sadly, then approached and spoke. Tell me, my man, said the new curate, is that all you have to drink?

Robert nodded.

And you drink it all day, and every day?

Again Robert nodded, and the new curate cast up his hands. Then he extracted sixpence from his waistcoat and said: Take that, my man, it will buy you something better.

Thanks, guv'nor—thanks, murmured Robert, deeply affected. I reckon a pint o' beer is more friendlylike than this cold tea.

For Women Who Work

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

is the best tonic. It prevents headaches and biliousness by stimulating the liver and digestive organs to natural action.

Rosy Cheeks

follow its daily use—because this pleasantly bubbling drink is mildly laxative in its action and clears the blood of impurities.

Take a Bottle Home To-day. 3a

Sold by druggists and stores throughout Canada

Price 25¢ & 60¢

This Should Hold Him Awhile

Two Issouri editors who have waged a word battle for some time seemed to have about exhausted themselves. One of them hurls this bludgeon as a climax to the fend:

He now lies buried in his own mud. Not even a turkey buzzard remains above the horizon's ooze to mark his burial spot. A turkey buzzard has got some sense. It knows when it has got enough. Nobody would have gall enough to ask a buzzard to put a clamp on its nose and make a meal of pure mud. We feel it a high honor to be attacked by him in any way. If we had not been denounced by him and his sort we would feel that we had been derelect in our duty and had fallen short of life's ideals.

UPTON'S PURE FRUIT JAMS

Are Pure Jam improved by the addition of Pure Apple Jelly

Try It. All Grocers

Richest Spot in Canada

In Toronto, Canada, there are two blocks on King Street, between Yonge and Bay streets, and including the corners of these two cross streets, which composes the richest strip of property in Canada. The land alone in these two blocks is worth on an approximate estimate, $16,000,000, while the buildings are worth $9,500,000. New structures to cost $6,500,000 have been started, or will be under construction this year. Thus including the natural advance in land values that may be expected, this 1,500 feet of frontage in the heart of the city of Toronto will have, by the end of the year, a value closely approaching $35,000,000.

All Night with Asthma. Everyone knows how attacks of asthma often keep their victim awake the whole night long. Morning finds him wholly unfitted for a day of business, and yet, business must still be carried through. All this night suffering and lack of rest can be avoided by the prompture of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy, which positively does drive away the attacks.

Pat and Jim were trudging along the dusty road when a big touring car passed them with a whiz like a roar of a gigantic rocket, and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

Gorry! exclaimed Pat, thim chug waggons must cost a hape a cash. The rich in this country is fairly burning money.

Indade, thim, replied Jim, be the smell av it, it must be that tainted money we do be hearing so much about.

Towne—Do you make your cook pay for what she breaks.

Suburbs (in amazement)—Make her pay? I should say not. Why, every month, besides paying her salary, we reward her liberally for what she did not break.

Mrs. Bagrox—Tell me, professor, will my daughter ever become a great pianist?

Herr Vogleschnitzle—I cannot dell.

Mrs. Bagrox—But has she none of the qualifications necessary for a good musician.

Herr Vogleschnitzle—Ach! Yah, matam; she has two handts!

The Stomach Is the Target

Aim to make that strong—and digestion good—and you will keep well! No chain is stronger than its weakest link. No man is stronger than his stomach. With stomach disordered a train of diseases follow.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

makes the stomach healthy, the liver active and the blood pure. Made from forest roots, and extracted without the use of alcohol. Sold by druggists, in liquid form at $1.00 per bottle for over 40 years, giving general satisfaction.

If you prefer tablets as modified by R. V. Pierce, M. D., these can be had of medicine dealers or trial box by mail on receipt of 50c in stamps.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, Victoria for a license to sell liquor by wholesale upon the premises situated on Lot 6, Block 15, Cumberland Townsite, Cumberland, B. C

CIALI MUSSATTO, Applicant.

Dated this 1st day of October 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that on the first day of December next application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, Victoria, for the renewal of the hotel license to sell liquors by retail in the hotel known as the Lorne hotel, situated at Comox, B.C. GEORGE M. BARLOW

Dated October 1, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that on the first day of November 1913, application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, for a renewal of the wholesale liquor license upon the premises known as Lot 24, Subsection 1, Nelson District.

PILSENER BREWING COMPANY.

Dated October 1st, 1913

NOTICE is hereby given that on the first day of December next application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, Victoria, for a renewal of the hotel license to sell liquors by retail in the hotel known as the Union hotel, situate at Union, B.C. JOHN N. MCLEOD

Dated the 1st day of October, 1913

NOTICE is hereby given that on the first day of December next, application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, Victoria, for the renewal of the hotel license to sell liquors by retail in the hotel known as the Riverside hotel, situate at Courtenay, B. C. O. H. FECHNER

Dated October 1, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that on the first day of December next application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, Victoria, for the renewal of the hotel license to sell liquors by retail in the hotel known as the Wilson hotel, situated at Union Bay B.C.

ALFRED RAPER HORNE

Dated October 1, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that on the first day of December next application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, Victoria, for the renewal of the hotel license to sell liquors by retail in the hotel known as the Nelson hotel, situated at Union Bay, B.C. JOHN FRASER.

Dated October 1st, 1913.

The Courtenay Hotel

Every convenience for guests.

The Central Hotel for Sportsmen

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

RATES REASONABLE

John Johnston, Prop

WATER NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that W. C. Weeks and B. Dunell of Vancouver, B. C, will apply for a license to take and use one cubic foot of water out of Couger Creek, which flows in a North-easterly direction through Lot 48 Newcastle District and empties into Fanny Bay. The water will be diverted at the Government Road and will be used for manufacturing purposes on the land described as N. E. portion of Lot 48.

This notice was posted on the ground on the 25th day of August 1913. The application will be filed in the office of the Water Recorder at Nanaimo. Objections may be filed with the said Water Recorder, or with the Comptroller of water rights, Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B. C.

W. C. WEEKS
B. DUNELL
Applicants.

O. H TARBELL

HIGH GRADE STOVES

And all KITCHEN UTENSILS

Sportsmens Goods

and

General Hardware

Violin Strings, Talking machine needles and Victor Records for sale at the News office.

Don't forget to place your next order for printing with us.

Union Steamship Co. of B. C.

THE S. S. COWICHAN WILL SAIL AS UNDER

NANAIMO-DENMAN ISLAND-UNION BAY-COMOX ROUTE

Leave Vancouver, Monday, at 8 p. m.
Arrive Nanaimo, at 11.30 p. m.
Arrive Union Bay, Tuesday 6 a. m. Leave Tues n.
Arrive Comox, Tuesday 8 a. m. Leave Tuesday, 11 a. m.
Leave Nanaimo 6 p. m. Tuesday. Arrive Vancouver 9.30 p.m.
Leave Vancouver Saturday 8 p.m. Arrive Nanaimo, 11.30 p.m.
Arrive Union Bay, Sunday 6 a.m. Depart 5 p.m.
Arrive Comox, Sunday 8 a.m. Depart 4 p.m.
Subject to change without notice.

DRINK

'Pilsener'

The purest and best BEER, and made in Cumberland.

Union : Hotel

J. N. McLEOD PROPRIETor.

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

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

RATES, ... $1 00 per day

Crown Brand

Brewers' Dried Grains

Better, Cheaper Than Most Dairy Feeds

Vancouver Milling & Grain Company, Ltd.

Distributors NANAIMO, B. C.

THINK!

Little cubes of metal
Little tubes of ink,
Brains and the printing presses
Make the millions think,

There is no better way of making the people think of you than by placing an Ad in The NEWS.

"Nuff Said."

NOTICE

Any person or persons, cutting, removing or taking any blocks, timber or wood, of any description belonging to the Wellington Colliery Co'y., or from or off the land of the said Company, or anyone tipping rubbish of any description anywhere upon the company's land will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

W. L. COULSON,
General Manager,
Colliery Co,y.

NOTICE.

Riding on locomotives and rail way cars of the Union Colliery Company by any person or persons—except train crew—is strictly prohibited. Employees are subject to dismissal for allowing same.

By order
W. L. COULSON,
General Manager.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF NANAIMO HOLDEN AT CUMBERLAND

IN THE MATTER of Thomas Smith, deceased, intestate, who died in Nelson District on April 26th 1913.

AND

IN THE MATTER of the "Official Administrators Act."

TAKE NOTICE that by order of His Honor Judge Barker, made the 5th day of November 1913, I was appointed administrator of the Estate of the above mentioned deceased, and all parties having claims against the said estate are hereby required to furnish same, properly verified, to me on or before the 13th day of December, 1913. AND all parties indebted to said estate, are required to pay the amount of their indebtedness to me forthwith.

Dated this 11th day of November, 1913.

W. WESLEY WILLARD,
Official Administrator,
Cumberland, B. C

Investing for Dividends

SHARES IN THE

Canadian Loan & Mercantile Co. Ltd

offer you a safe and sound investment with a good return on your money as well as an enhanced value from now on.

A Company with No Promotion Shares.

A Company with [illegible] fiscal agency.

A Company that will look solely to the wellfare of its shareholders. Shares are now selling at $1 for all cash, or on the easy instalment plan.

Call or send for a Prospectus to-day

The Mercantile General Agency, Ltd.

Selling Agents for Canadian Loan & Mercantile Co., Ltd.

Head offices:

207, 208, 209 Union Bank Building, Corner View and Gov't., Streets, Victoria, B. C.

Phone 3243 Geo. Abbott, Managing Director.

"We Build Homes and Make Loans."

LIQUOR ACT 1910.
Section 42.

NOTICE is hereby given that on the 1st day of December next, application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial police for a license for the sale of liquor by wholesale in and upon the premises situated in the town of Courtenay, B. C, known and described as Lots 30 and 31, Section 61.

Dated this 11th day of October 1913.

UNION BREWING COMPANY Ltd.
John Marocchi, Manager
Applicant

LIQUOR ACT, 1910.
Section 42.

NOTICE is hereby given that, on the 1st day of December next, application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police for renewal of the hotel licence to sell liquor by retail in the hotel known as the Malaspina Hotel, situate at Lund, in the Province of British Columbia.

Dated this 8th day of October, 1913.

FRED THULIN
Applicant

LIQUOR ACT, 1910.
Section 42.

NOTICE is hereby given that, on the 1st day of December next, application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police for renewal of the hotel licence to sell liquor by retail in the hotel known as the Willows Hotel, situate at Campbell River, in the Province of British Columbia.

Dated this 8th day of October, 1913.

CHARLES THULIN
Applicant

ADVERTISEMENT.

NOTICE is hereby given that an Action has been raised against the Prudential Assurance Company Limited, 71 Renfield Street, Glasgow, for payment of the sum of £131, being the proceeds of the Policy No. 457846 with said Company on the Life of John Jack, 97 Langlands Road, Govan, Glasgow, and that the Sheriff of the County of Lanark, Scotland, has ordered advertisement of notice of said action by interlocutor, as follows:—

Glasgow, 19th September, 1913. Holds the fund correctly stated in the Petition, and in respect the Pursuers and Nominal Raisers have consigned the fund in the hands of the Clerk of Court Exoners and discharges them of all claims in the action. Appoints intimation of the Action to be made by Advertisement published once in a Newspaper circulating in Cumberland, Vancouver Island, British Columbia, Canada, and appoints claimants in the fund to lodge their claims with the Clerk of Court within one month from the date of such advertisement, and sends the case to the adjustment roll of 13th November next.

(Signed)
W. G. SCOTT MONCRIEFF
ARCHD. McMARTIN,
S.C.D.

A true copy.

In terms thereof notice is hereby given of said action and of said interlocutor.

LOWNDES & RENWICK
28 Bath Street, Glasgow, Solicitors for Real Raiser.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the next meeting of the Board of License Commissioners of the City of Cumberland, we intend to apply for a renewal of the hotel license held by us for the Vendome Hotel, situated on lot 5, block 3, Cumberland Townsite.

JOSEPH DAMONTE
JOSEPH TOBACCO

Dated October 29th, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the next meeting of the Board of License Commissioners of the City of Cumberland, I intend to apply for a renewal of the hotel license held by me for the Waverly Hotel, situated on lot 2, block 3, Cumberland Townsite.

FRANK DALLOS

Dated this 29th day of Oct. 1913.

Notice is hereby given that at the next meeting of the Board of License Commissioners I intend to apply for a renewal of the hotel license held by me for the New England Hotel, situated on block 3, lot 3, Cumberland Townsite.

JOSEPH WALKER

Dated Oct, 29th, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the next meeting of the Board of License Commissioners of the City of Cumberland, I intend to apply for a renewal of the hotel license held by me for the "King George" Hotel, situated on lot 9, block 7, Cumberland Townsite.

VICTOR BONORA

Dated this 29th day of Oct., 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the next meeting of the Board of License Commissioners of the City of Cumberland, I intend to apply for a renewal of the wholesale liquor license held by me, situated on lot 12, block 6, Cumberland Townsite.

JOHN MAROCCHI

Dated this 29th day of Oct., 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the next meeting of the Board of License Commissioners of the City of Cumberland, I intend to apply for a renewal of the wholesale liquor license held by me on block 15, lot 6, Cumberland Townsite.

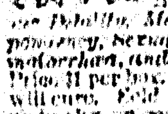
CIALI MUSSATTO.

Dated this 29th day of Oct., 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the next meeting of the Board of License Commissioners of the City of Cumberland, I intend to apply for a renewal of the hotel license held by me for the Cumberland Hotel, situated on lot 1, block 6, Cumberland Townsite.

WILLIAM MERRIFIELD.

Dated this 29th day of Oct., 1913.



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

When buying your Piano insist on having an
"OTTO HIGEL"
Piano Action

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY. No1. No2. No3.
THERAPION Used in French Hospitals with great success, cures chronic weakness, lost vigor & vim, kidney, bladder, diseases, blood poison, piles. Either no. druggists or mail $1. post 4 cts Fougera Co. 90, Beekman St. New York or Lyman Bros Toronto. Write for FREE book to Dr. Le Clerc Med. Co. Haverstock Rd. Hampstead, London, Eng. Try new dragee (tasteless) form of easy to take
THERAPION safe and lasting cure.
See that trade marked word "THERAPION" is on Brit. Govt. stamp affixed to all genuine packets.

Ideal Silver Cream is a scientific preparation specially adapted for cleaning all kinds of SILVER & GOLD PLATE, MIRRORS, CUT GLASS, or WINDOWS. It is a purely vegetable compound and does not contain any injurious substances. Any article polished with IDEAL will acquire a beautiful lustre that will not tarnish.
For sale by all Dealers.

REST AND HEALTH TO MOTHER AND CHILD.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. It is absolutely harmless. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

ARLINGTON
WATERPROOF COLLARS AND CUFFS
Something better than linen and no laundry bills. Wash it with soap and water. All stores or direct. State style and size. For 25c. we will mail you.
THE ARLINGTON CO. OF CANADA, 58 Fraser Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. Limited

WANTED at once
Persons to work for us in spare time at home. No experience required with our NEW ART COLORING PROCESS Easy and fascinating work. Good pay. No canvassing. Write for instructions (free).
COMMERCIAL ART STUDIO,
215 College Street. Toronto, Canada.

IMMORTALITY CERTAIN
Swedenborg's great work on Heaven and Hell and the life after death. 400 pages, only 25 cents postpaid. H. Law, 486 Euclid Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Readily Answered

The railway ticket collector in England put his head in at the carriage door and addressed the jolly individual inside:

Ticket, please! he said.

The smiling one looked at him with alcoholic sadness.

Got no ticket (hic); don't bother me, he said, settling down again.

The collector at once produced his receipt book and after consulting a table of fares exclaimed,

Five and six, please.

The other thought for a moment and looking up, said: Eleven.

Virtue is Its Own Reward

The above is an adage that is seldom repeated by the finder of lost property when a substantial money consideration is involved in the restoration of the thing found; but an Oklahoma hunter who trailed and found a little boy who had been lost for several days refused the reward of $500 that had been offered for the child's return; the father's and mother's joy, he said, was reward enough for him.

Salt is very necessary to the digestive processes of all animals and especially of those living on a green vegetable ration. The action of the salt in the digestive organs help to make quicker the assimilation of foods and animals that are without salt for any length of time in summer immediately begin to lose flesh. Their condition may be recognized almost at a glance. Arrangements ought to be made to keep salt continuously before all animals. In summer it is an easy matter to buy a couple of hundred pounds of ordinary rock salt and leave a few chunks of it around the watering place where the cattle, sheep, horses and hogs can reach it any time they happen to feel the craving.

Postmistress (to old woman) You letter won't go. It's overweight.

And what is that, my dear?

Postmistress—It's too heavy. You must put another stamp on it.

Sure, it's joking you are. Another stamp would make it heavier than what it is already.

Love may be blind, but it isn't deaf. It always hears husband when he comes in late and falls over the mission furniture.

50c. a box or six boxes for $2.50, at all dealers, or The Dodds Medicine Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada

Large Farming

It would, says a British Cloumbia paper, be a revealation to those accustomed to the small farms of Europe and the east to witness the harvesting operations on one of the big prairie wheat farms. On a 17,000 acre farm near Medicine Hat forty-one tractors, each hauling five binders, are engaged in cutting wheat.

Commenting on this statement the Vancouver Sun says that, in some ways this may be a matter for pride, but after all the land should support as many people as it can and while farming in a big way may surprise the stranger on the far-flung prairies, even there it would be better if the land were divided into small holdings.

In a new country like this the entire direction of affairs should be towards the greatest good for the greatest number and this principle is certainly not being carried out when capitalists are farming thousands of acres with hired help, who might themselves be independent cultivators. The ideal condition to which every country should look is that in which the small producer cultivates his acres to the best advantage; gets the most out of the soil and understands that to get that he must return as much as he gets.

A young dandy entered an optician's shop recently and asked to be shown some eyeglasses. He was given a pair to try on, but finding them unsuitable, remarked:

What will you do since these don't suit me?

Well, I'll give you a stronger pair.

Well—er—er—if they don't suit either?

Then I'll give you a stronger pair still.

And if they fail, said the dandy, what would you advise me to do?

Oh, snapped the irate optician, get an intelligent dog and a yard of string.

Large Field Shoots for Connecticut Championship

One hundred and thirty-one shooters faced the traps in the Western Trapshooters' League Tournament, held July 26 at Danbury, Conn. With a high score of 97 clay targets broken out of a possible 100, in the main event, W. R. Newsome, of Hartford, shooting Remington-UMC speed shells, became the Connecticut state champion.

Real Irish

One day an Irishman and an Englishman were standing at the corner of a busy thoroughfare, when a blind man passed close to them and walked straight into a public house.

Pat, who had watched the incident, remarked to his companion that he couldn't understand how one who had lost his sight could walk so unerringly. The Englishman began to point out to him that blind men had more of the other senses, such as touch, smell, etc.

In fact, he said to Pat, if a man is deficient in one way he always has it in another.

Then all of a sudden the light dawned over Pat's clouded brain, and he excitedly exclaimed: Begorra, you're right there, me boy! I saw a man today who had a short leg, and bedad, his other one was a little longer.

Useful in Camp.—Explorers, surveyors, prospectors and hunters will find Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil very useful in camp. When the feet and legs are wet and cold it is well to rub them freely with the Oil and the result will be the prevention of pains in the muscles, and should a cut, or contusion, or sprain be sustained, nothing could be better as a dressing or lotion.

Decrease in Cocoons

There is a steady decrease in silk cocoons in France. The large bounty paid by the government to foster the industry has not been sufficient to raise the average. France may send a commission to Japan to study the silk growing conditions there, as the Japanese silk crop increases every year.

The son and daughters of Dr. Sun, the former provisional president of the Chinese republic, are at school in the U.S. Mr. Sun is a freshman in the college of commerce at the University of California, and the two young women are students at Snell's seminary in Berkeley, Cal. One of them has lately sailed for home to recover her health, which was broken by a long illness and overstudy.

The magistrate had the misfortune to be cross-eyed the result of which at times was rather amusing. One day he had three prisoners before him.

What's your name? en enquired of one to the left.

James Paterson, promptly replied the man on the right.

The man on the bench turned round quickly. I was not addressing you, sir! he snapped.

At this the one in the centre quaking and trembling with fear, stammered: I—I—never open my mouth, sir!

No Flies on Boston

Boston, it is claimed, has been freed from the fly nuisance by the simple plan of requiring the removal of manure from stables every day and the covering closely of all garbage cans. The scheme of destroying the fly's breeding-places is surely better and more effective than swatting the fly after he has become large enough to require swatting.

March of Progress

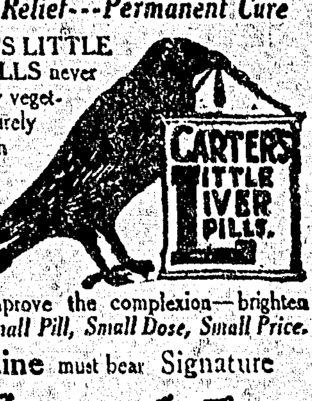
Everything is for progress these days. We must get our church into line.

All right. Shall we instal a gymnasium or a garage?

Landlord (who has caught a man trespassing on his ground)—Didn't you see my notice board—Private: Trespassers will be prosecuted?

Trespasser—Well, 'twere like this 'ere; I saw the board, but when I read Private, I didn't read any further, 'cos I thought it warn't any business of mine.

If the ticking of a watch disturbs your slumbers, try turning it upside down over it. This will completely deaden the sound



Constipation Vanishes Forever
Prompt Relief---Permanent Cure
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion—improve the complexion—brighten the eyes. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.
Genuine must bear Signature
Brent Good

Practical Education

Said a professional man the other day. Why do not our city schools teach the pupils how to write an ordinary business letter? Why do they not give them an education that will be sufficiently practical that they can be relied upon to copy a document with at least a redimentary idea of what it is about? He went on to tell how he had to have his typist make several copies of a documeent before she could get a correct one, because she insisted in writing words that sounded like those in the original, but had no sense at all in the connection in which she used them. He says that there is much ground for many such complaints.

Our personal experience does not enable us to express any opinion on this point, but a similar complaint has frequently been made to us. We hardly know what remedy to suggest but it is certainly beyond all questions that a pupil who has graduated from the High School ought to know how to write a letter, and know that precedent and president are different words. In view of the complaints referred to, we suggest to the school authorities that the matter may be worth a little inquiry, and that if a real evil exists, means should be taken to remedy it.

It is much more important that a clerk in an office or a counting room should be able to write a business letter or add up a column of figures correctly than to be able to tell how often Henry VIII. was married or how far it is to the moon. It is much more important to be able to copy a document with some intelligent comprehension of what the language means than to be able to analyze a sentence according to the latest tomfool notions as to the construction of sentences. We had occasion to look over a modern grammar the other day and undertake to say that Shakespeare, Milton, Addison or Macaulay could not have scored 3 out of a possible 100 if they were set to answer an *examination paper on it.* Possibly a little more of practical instruction in English and a little less theory might not be amiss.

The Victorious Captain

The captain was an eccentric of the first water, and numbered among his peculiarities the fact that he never gave the desired answer to a direct question. An amusing instance of this evasive habit is related.

One morning four of his friends who were aware of this trait in his character observed the captain going to market, and after some bantering entered into a bet as to the practicability of learning from him the price he paid for his purchase. They accordingly settled the preliminaries, and, stationing themselves at different points along the street which he had to pass on his way home, awaited his coming.

Very soon the bluff old salt made his appearance with several pigeons dangling from his hand.

As he approached, the first questioner accosted him with: Good morning, captain! What did you give for your pigeons?

Money! responded the captain, bluntly as he continued his journey.

The second gentleman a little farther on addressed him. How go pigeons this morning, captain? he asked.

They don't go at all—I carry 'em! was the unsatisfactory reply.

Shortly after that the captain met the third questioner, who having asked *the time of day, casually inquired:* How much are pigeons a dozen, captain?

I don't know. I only bought a half-a-dozen, said the old gentleman, still plodding on his way.

Finally, the fourth and last of the conspirators attacked the weary old mariner by observing in the blandest tones: A fine lot of pigeons you have there, captain. What did you get them for?

To eat! was the emphatic rejoinder.

The captain's eccentricity was *henceforth* left unchallenged.

Too Many Splinters

A new fast bowler was being tried for the cricket club. He stood seven feet high, and had a pair of Sandow arms.

Whizz! came the first ball, like a bullet from a rifle; there was a crash and one of the stumps was sent back to the pavilion with a request for a new one. Three other stumps were wrecked in the first over, but although the spectators cheered, the captain of the fielding side wore a very worried look.

Don't put 'em in quite so fast, if you can help it, he remarked to the new man.

Not so fast? queried the bowler, with a ten-horse power scowl. Why?

'Cos it's a 'ard-up club you're playing for, snapped the skipper, not a firewood factory.

A Good Trait

I am such a poor conversationalist, she said. What would you advise me to do?

Cultivate the habit, madam, cultivate the habit, he replied quickly.

A man seldom realizes how many friends he hasn't got until he runs for office

Aluminum Cooking Vessels are Safe

An investigation has been carried on by the laboratory of the London Lancet into the extent and way in which various aluminum cooking vessels were affected by the usual articles of food and flavoring materials used in cooking. The only case in which a deterogatory result worthy of consideration was obtained was in the use of baking soda, and this should therefore be avoided. However a warning to this effect is frequently issued when aluminum cooking vessels are sold. It appears, therefore, that the use of pure aluminum cooking vessels need occasion no misgiving as to possible evil effects.

Benham—I've got his goat.

Mrs. Benham—I will bet he will have you arrested for cruelty to animals.

The Barber (after the shave)—Hair dyed, sir.

Customer—Yes, it died about five years ago.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Dear Sirs,—I had a Bleeding Tumor on my face for a long time and tried a number of remedies without any good results. I was advised to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, and after using several bottles it made a complete cure, and it healed all up and disappeared altogether.

DAVID HENDERSON.

Belleisle Station, Kings Co., N.B., Sept. 17, 1904.

A young housewife was showing a new and inexperienced servant about the house, explaining the various duties that would be hers. In an upper hall they came suddenly to the head of the back stairs, and the lady said:

Nancy, you will go down this way, always! and with that the mistress slipped and tumbled, going all the way down with many lurches and bumps.

The new maid was aghast.

Lor, missus, I'm afraid I won't suit you at all. That way of goin' downstairs is a bit too dangerous for me.

Whenever you feel a headache coming on take
NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers
They stop headaches promptly and surely. Do not contain opium, morphine, phenacetin, acetanilid or other dangerous drugs. 25c. a box at your Druggist's. 125
NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.

The Culture of Good Speech

Culture is the result of the constant choice of everything that makes life beautiful. In manners, habits, thoughts, books, words or conversation the cultivated man or woman aims to choose the best. If one has been negligent in these matters a new start may be made.

It may be a surprise when we realize how very limited is our vocabulary and how we have been satisfied with it. A good vocabulary may be acquired by reading books which are worth reading, as well as by talking with those who express themselves in the speech of educated people.

It is neither pedantic nor it it affected to use well chosen words. It is not desirable to use long, difficult words. The simplest, most direct most vigorous words are usually convincing.

The habit of using slang destroys the taste for good English. A slang phrase may seem crisp or condensed, but it is not wit. Usually it is coarse and cheap and may be compared to a counterfeit coin.

We should be as careful to choose correct words as to be careful in dress. Women give much thought to the appearance of their dress, yet there are many pretty, well-dressed women who seem unconscious that their attractiveness suffers an eclipse when they speak.

Wind a towel wrung out of cold water about your lame knee when you go to bed at night. Cover that with a dry cloth, with a nice warm bit of flannel about the whole. In the morning your knee will feel almost well.

Teacher—What *is the force that* makes the world move?

Tommy—The landlord.

Marvelous Escapes

I was on the top floor of a skyscraper, said the first fict... expert, visiting a poulterer, when a fire broke out and cut off all retreat.

How did you escape? asked the second expert.

Oh, I simply plucked a goose and so got 'down.'

Well, said number two, whose professional pride was hurt, I was once in a similar position. The escapes were too short, and hundreds of people watched from the street, expecting every moment that the flames would reach me. But I did not lose my presence of mind; as they gazed up I walked down the 'stares.'

Complete in itself, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the assistance of any other medicine to make it effective. It does not fail to do its work.

Mauled a Bit

Two costers were in the British Museum, looking at the statute of a Roman gladiator. One of its arms was broken off, his left leg ended at the knee, his helmet was battered, and there were several chips from the face of the warrior. Underneath the statue was an inscription: Victory.

Lor' lumme, Bill, said the gentleman in pearlies, if that there bloke won the victory, what must 'a'bean the state of the bloke what lost?

Matches and Fire Losses

On this continent, matches are everywhere. Every room contains matches and even every pocket of a man's clothing contains matches. They are scattered about on desks and in drawers and are so common and are *handled so carelessly that it is not to* be wondered that we have a great many fires resulting from their use.

ON BOARD THE CUNARD LINER MAURETANIA

On 'A' deck. The names from left to right are:—Mr. Thomas Royden (deputy-chairman of the Cunard Company), His Majesty the King, Commander W. T. Turner, R.N.R. (Captain of the 'Mauretania'), Mr. A. A. Booth (Chairman of the Cunard Company) and Her Majesty the Queen. In the second row, to the right, may be seen Prince Albert and Lieut. F. G. Brown, R.N.R. (Staff-Captain of the 'Mauretania').

CANADA CEMENT COMPANY LIMITED
PORTLAND
CANADA
CEMENT
MONTREAL

Write for a free copy of this book

For a farmer's silo,
a county road, or a
railroad bridge,

CANADA Portland CEMENT

can be depended upon to make concrete that will last for generations.—There is only one grade—the best that science and skill can make.

The label on every bag is your guarantee of satisfaction.

Canada Cement Company Limited, Montreal

There is a Canada Cement dealer in your neighborhood—If you do not know him, ask us for his name.

REMINGTON UMC

METALLIC CARTRIDGES

Whether your arm is a Remington or any other standard make, whatever its calibre and the load you need, you want Remington-UMC metallics—not because they are necessarily stamped with the same name as your firearm, but because they give more accurate results.

This company has been making ammunition for fifty years. We produce metallics for every standard make of arm—and every Remington-UMC cartridge is tested in the arm for which it is made.

May we send you a booklet explaining simply many of the technical points of ammunition manufacture. Your name and address on a post card will bring it by return mail.

Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co., Windsor, Ontario 6

Life is Uncertain

---the life of a wooden tub or pail.

Save time---temper---dollars---by using utensils that seem to never wear out.

Made of

Eddy's Fibreware

Ask Your Dealer

Just as good as Eddy's Matches

CUNARD LINE TO EUROPE

Services from Montreal, Boston, New York

The Cunard Line has long been famous for the comfort and luxury of its passenger accommodation, and in this, as in other respects, the steamers of the Canadian Service which carry one class cabin (II) and third class only and sail for London, calling at Plymouth, maintain the high reputation of the Company.

For particulars and reservations on the Company's various services (Montreal, N.Y., Boston), including the World's fastest steamships, Mauretania-Lusitania, apply to local agents everywhere, or

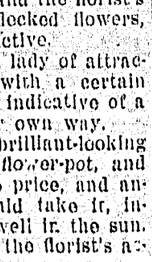
THE CUNARD STEAMSHIP CO., LTD., 304 Main Street, Winnipeg

CLARK'S

POTTED MEATS—

The child's delight. The picnicker's choice. Everybody's favorite.

Full flavored and perfectly cooked make delicious sandwiches.



W. CLARK, M'f'r., Montreal. 5

Had Her Own Way

It was a sunny day, and the florist's window, full of gaily-decked flowers, looked unusually seductive.

Soon there entered a lady of attractive appearance, but with a certain firmness of expression, indicative of a disposition to have her own way.

She selected a brilliant-looking plant, in a Japanese flower-pot, and having ascertained the price, and announced that she would take it, inquired if it would do well in the sun.

Certainly, miss, said the florist's assistant.

Don't say it will if it won't, she remarked, sharply. Now, if it grows well in the sun, will the shade hurt it?

Not in the least, mum, responded the assistant.

Ah, she said, with a tightening of the lips; here is a plant that is declared to do equally well in shade or sun, which to say the least, is neither natural nor probable.

Precisely, madam. You see, it's an artificial plant.

And then the lady, having paid for her purchase, went out, with a flushed face, and shut the door with a slam that nearly broke the glass panels.

A Safe Pill for Sufferers.—There are pills that violently purge and fill the stomach and intestines with pain. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are mild and effective. They are purely vegetable, no mineral purgative entering into their composition and their effect is soothing and beneficial. Try them and be convinced. Thousands can attest their great curative qualities because thousands owe their healthy and strength to timely use of this most excellent medicine.

I want a summer book.

Something light?

Oh! no. I have a young man here to carry it home.

He is a smart man who only makes mistakes at the other fellow's expense.

Regularity

of the bowels is an absolute necessity for good health. Unless the waste matter from the food which collects there is got rid of at least once a day, it decays and poisons the whole body, causing biliousness, indigestion and sick headaches. Salts and other harsh mineral purgatives irritate the delicate lining of the bowels. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills—entirely vegetable—regulate the bowels effectively without weakening, sickening or griping. Use

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills 56

W. N. U. 967

Self-Righting Airship

The new self righting flying apparatus invented by Lieutenant J. W. Dunnne, a retired British army officer, underwent most successful trials on the aerodrome recently in the presence of General Auguste Hirschauer, commander of the aerial corps of the French army.

Major Julian Felix, a French army aviator was the pilot. He ascended in a high, gusty wind, considered too strong to face by the other aviators present.

The apparatus displayed a degree of stability which drew expressions of amazement from all the expert witnesses. From time to time, Major Felix removed his hands from the levers and held them above his head to show the automatic equilibrium of the machine, which remained on a perfect level, even when it encountered eddies, air pockets or squalls.

NURSE'S YEARS OF EXPERIENCE

Proves Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Best Treatment for Kidney and Stomach Troubles.

The trained nurse has even greater opportunities than the doctor himself to watch the action of medicine in specific cases.

For years the writer of this letter has been recommending the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills among her patients, and is firmly convinced that no treatment is so prompt and effective.

This is the most valuable evidence obtainable, and we believe that all who know Mrs. Duffy will appreciate it to the full, knowing that she would not recommend anything in which she had not the fullest confidence.

Mrs. Duffy, nurse, 35 Lewis street, Toronto, writes: "I have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for years, and recommend them to my patients for all disorders of the kidneys, liver and stomach. In all my professional experience I have found nothing better." Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

A story Harry Lauder told was about an old Scotch gamekeeper who was being questioned by a rather inquisitive visitor who paid occasional visits to the neighborhood, and wanted to know all about the size and value of the estate.

Are there many deer on the place? was one of his questions.

Hundreds, sir! was the gamekeeper's reply.

Many hares? the other went on.

Thousands,—sir, the gamekeeper answered.

Is that so? Well now, are there many gorillas? the visitor asked sarcastically.

The gamekeeper hesitated for a moment, then he said:

Well, sir, they—they come noo an' then—just like yersel'!

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

The Law of Compensation

Been busy this morning raking off the leaves that fall from the trees of my right hand neighbor.

Don't you have any leaves of your own?

Yes; they go to my left hand neighbor.

John, dear, I want to ask you a question. You'll answer me truthfully, won't you?

Yes, dear. What is it?

If you had never met me, you'd have loved me just the same, wouldn't you?

Nest on a Sheep's Back

A well authenticated story of a starling's nest on a sheep's back comes from Buckland Brewer, near Hideford, on the authority of a Cardiff gentleman, who has just returned from a visit there. During sheep shearing operations on Gournwood farm, which is in the occupation of a Mr. Cox, one of the shearers cut in half a young starling which was in a nest that had been built in the sheep's wool. The nest, which contained two other fledglings still alive, was composed of moss and twigs. For some weeks previous to the shearing the sheep, with others, had had the run of three fields near the farm.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr. tells a story of his father:

Father tells many stories. Some times he tells a new one. Not long ago he related one to me that concerned a man who had imbibed too freely. The man in this condition fell into a watering trough. To the officer who came to help him out as he wallowed in the water he said:

Offzer, ken save self. You save women and children.

Traffic Problems In Japan

A taxicab service on the pattern of that of Tokio has been projected for the city of Hakata and Fukucka, in Fukucka Prefecture, and is expected to be in operation soon. As the city is more or less flat, taxicabs could be run economically but the narrow and crowded streets would make it difficult to attain even a moderate speed, says the American consul. Even the jinrikshas at times have difficulty in getting through the crowds, as everyone walks in the streets, and there are no sidewalks, and it seems more than likely that the service would prove unpopular, especially if there should be accidents and pedestrians should be injured.

NERVOUS CHILDREN

ARE OFTEN IN THE EARLY STAGES OF ST. VITUS DANCE

They Need a Tonic to Strengthen the Weak Nerves and Restore Them to Natural Health

Many a child has been called awkward, has been punished in school for not keeping still, or for dropping things, when the child is not really at fault, as the trouble is really St. Vitus dance, in its earlier stages. So common is this nervous disease in childhood that, in some schools one-fifth of all the pupils have been found suffering from it in one form or another. Before the presence of the disease is betrayed there is usually a disturbance of the general health. The child shows listlessness and inattention. Then it becomes restless, and twitching of the muscles and jerking of the limbs and body follow. A remedy that cures St. Vitus dance and cures it so thoroughly that no trace of the disease remains is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which make the new blood necessary to feed the starving nerves and gives them the nourishment they demand.

Mrs. Hiram Barnhart, South Junction, Ont., says: "About two years ago my oldest daughter, Mabel, then ten years of age, was stricken with St. Vitus dance. She could not keep still for half a minute, no matter how hard she tried. Her limbs would jerk and twitch and every little thing would start her crying. I gave her several bottles of medicine said to be good for the nerves, but instead of helping her she was steadily growing worse. Her voice would change so that we could hardly understand her, and her face became twitched until she did not look like the same child. I had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills myself when run down, and finally decided to give her these. When she had taken two boxes I could notice an improvement, and by the time she had used five boxes she was fully cured. However, I was determined to make the cure permanent if possible, and I gave her two boxes more, and I can truthfully say that she has never had a symptom of the trouble since, and is now as bright and active as any child of her age. I heartily recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all mothers as the result of what they have done for my child and myself."

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.

A tourist returning from an extended trip was about to cross the last river on the way to the railroad station for home.

Say, cap'n, he said, as he stepped timidly into the rickety old craft, this boat seems very shaky; was anybody ever lost in her?

Not to my knowledge, replied the boatman. There was three men drowned from her last Thursday, but we found them all next high tide the day after.

General Frederick D. Grant said to his servant one morning: James, I have left my mess boots out. I want them soled.

Yes, sir, the servant answered.

The general dressed for dinner that night, said again: I suppose, James, that you did as I told you about those boots.

Yes, sir, said he, and this is all I could get for them, though the sergeant who bought them said he would have given it if a dollar'd pay day hadn't been so far off.

Wanted a Tip

Perhaps Lord Haldane may give us a few tips on the British methods of hastening and cheapening litigation—divorce actions excepted—and help us relieve our system of its galling delays and prohibitive cost.

Try Murine Eye Remedy

If you have Red, Weak, Watery Eyes or Granulated Eyelids, Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, 50c. Eye Books Free by Mail.

An Eye Tonic Good for All Eyes that Need Care

Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

ARTISTS IN THE WORKHOUSE

Many Unfortunates Really Clever Turn Articles From Very Inferior Materials

Many inmates of British workhouses are clever, ingenious, brainy people, who through no fault of their own are down on their luck, homeless and friendless. Many of these are old, infirm, crippled, blind, deaf, or afflicted in some way or other. But where there's a will there's a way, and the ingenious man will generally find scope for his ingenuity even in a workhouse. A man in West Bromwich workhouse makes dainty hatpin stands, etc. from bones. His only tool is a penknife; his other accessories are sandpaper, glue and scraps of velvet. The bones are washed perfectly clean and after being cut the requisite size and shape they are rubbed and polished till they become as smooth and bright as ivory.

At Wolverhampton workhouse a helpless cripple—except with his hands—made a beautiful bed-spread. It was composed of small squares of linen. The man designed the pattern for each square, no two alike, and then embroidered them with blue thread. The finished article was valued at $25.

Three inmates of Chester workhouse one an imbecile, completed a handsome pulpit for the workhouse church. It is worth $400, although the cost of the material was an insignificant sum.

A pauper at Rockford workhouse carved a splendid baptismal font from a solid block of Bath stone.

Kensington workhouse contains a number of oil paintings which were executed by one of the inmates. Among them is an excellent copy of Reubens' Descent from the Cross; also portraits of the royal family.

An ex-member of the Scottish Academy was for some time an inmate of Carlisle workhouse. While there he painted several landscapes which now brighten the walls of the workhouse hospital.

The Wirrall guardians had a most troublesome inmate until he turned his attention to wood carving. Among other things he made an exquisitely carved, and polished oak tray. Another man in the same workhouse made a salt-cellar from a salmon tin and a piece of broken glass, and an artistic flower vase out of a soda water bottle and bent ironwork.

Many clever musicians find their way to the workhouse. For several years an inmate of the Dudley workhouse played the organ at all the services held there.

In Chelsea workhouse there used to be a paupers' newspaper called The Searchlight. It was in the form of four closely written pages of foolcap.

Ernest Stockdale, a blind inmate of Windsor workhouse, was paid $15 by a London publisher for ten hymns he had written.

An inmate of Newington workhouse certainly had an eye for business. After residing there six years he succeeded in accumulating $42, being made up of pennies which he earned by writing letters for other inmates, the charge being one penny a letter.

Quite recently a clever sculptor was discovered in the Southwark workhouse. He made a five-foot lectern for use in the workhouse chapel. Although made of rough yellow deal full of knots and cracks, it is a splendid piece of work. It is surmounted by an eagle with outstretched pinions. The bird revolves on a carved pedestal. The panels of the pedestal are works of art in themselves. One depicts an angel arising from the ground with a child, another an angel pointing heavenward. The same man also fashioned quite a number of small animals which he colored and stained in close imitation of the natural objects, and he is very clever with crayons, for he drew a peacock on one of the walls, every feather of which is beautifully colored with surprising naturalness.

Heard Enough

Young Giles, eager to join the Metropolitan Police Force, journeyed to London to pass the necessary medical examination. This he survived satisfactorily, and the next day the proud recruit was interviewed by a high official.

Well, my man, said the latter you look like a promising sort of fellow. What kind of education have you had?

Oh, sir, said the recruit, I was educated at a country school.

Ah, and you have a good general knowledge, I hope.

Oh, yes, sir.

I wonder—can you tell me, for example, how many miles it is from London to Edinburgh?

At this the recruit became nervously agitated, and at length he blurted out:

Loo: here, sir, if you're going to put me on that boat, I'm done with the force.

Corn Muffins and Reforms

A sociologist of practical temper thinks that educational and social reform can be helped greatly by corn muffins. Those who like corn muffins will instantly agree that he is right—whatever form his suggestions may take. It seems that he knows of a school teacher who brought wonders in the blue grass region of Kentucky by teaching school children how to be clean and their parents how to cook corn muffins. In other words the inhabitants had to be raised to the corn muffin stage. Will it be so easy to make those who believe themselves above it conform to its Spartan simplicity and un-Frenchified palatability?

For Company

First Pitman (to pal, who is wheeling a barrow along the street on Sunday)—Hallo laud! What be oop to with your barrow?

Second Pitman—It's like this, I lost my dog the other day, and I just bought my barrow with me for company. A man looks such a fool by himself!

A New Department

That new manager is a wonder, declared the department store head.

As to how?

Has a bargain sale every day, and sells nearly every woman an accident policy before the rush begins.

WELL SHINED SHOES

ARE THE FOUNDATION OF GOOD APPEARANCE

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISH

GIVES A QUICK, BRILLIANT POLISH THAT LASTS

EASY TO USE, GOOD FOR THE SHOES

SHIP YOUR GRAIN TO

PETER JANSEN COMPANY

Grain Commission Merchants — Winnipeg, Manitoba

Make Bills Lading read: Port Arthur or Fort William. Notify Peter Jansen Co., Winnipeg.

Liberal Advances — Prompt Returns — Best Grades

FREE

Daily Market Letter and Sample Grain Bags. Send us your name and address and we will put you on our mailing list—it's free. Let us keep you posted on market prices for grain.

Personal attention given to selling and grading of all cars. Our Car Tracing and Claim Departments work in our clients' interests. We have every facility for prompt service and we get best results for shippers.

Send to-day for a supply of sample bags and deal with a firm whose business has been built up by satisfied customers.

CENTRAL GRAIN COMPANY, LIMITED

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

GRAIN EXCHANGE - WINNIPEG, MAN.

Paid-up Capital, $150,000

References, any Bank or Commercial Agency.

SHIP YOUR GRAIN TO

CANADA ATLANTIC GRAIN COMPANY, Ltd.

Grain Commission Merchants, Grain Exchange, Winnipeg, Man.

Your consignments to us will receive immediate, efficient, and honest attention.

BEST GRADES, BEST PRICES, QUICK SETTLEMENT GUARANTEED.

KNOW YOUR MARKET. KEEP POSTED

Write for our Market Letter and Shipping Instructions

ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE

TEMPERANCE STREET, TORONTO

Affiliated with the University of Toronto and under the control of the Department of Agriculture of Ontario.

COLLEGE RE-OPENS OCTOBER 1ST., 1913

N.B.—Calendar on application. E. A. A. Grange, V.S., M. Sc., Principal.

'Hints For Western Grain Shippers'

Write us today for this interesting booklet, sent free to all farmers until stock exhausted.

HANSEN GRAIN COMPANY,

Licensed Grain Commission Merchants, Bonded, Winnipeg, Man.

Czar Paul's Little Whim

The law that bars the succession of women to the throne of Russia is comparatively modern. But for this law the eldest daughter of the Czar might succeed her father, or any of his daughters in natural order, failing the succession of the little Czarevitch. Catherine, the Great, beloved of her people, died after wearing the imperial crown for 34 years. Her brilliant reign came to a close about the beginning of the nineteenth century, and the succession fell to her son. The Czar Paul's rule was as corrupt as his mother's had been wise and liberal, and at the end of five years he was assassinated. Paul, the unpopular decreed that no woman should succeed to the throne. No doubt his subjects allowed him to infer that his political pies were nothing to those that mother used to make. At any rate the decree has remained in force up to the present.

Sleep is the great nourisher of infants, and without peaceful sleep the child will not thrive. This cannot be got if the infant be troubled with worms. Miller's Worm Powders will destroy worms and drive them from the system, and afterwards the child's will be undisturbed. The powders cannot injure the most delicate baby, and there is nothing so effective for restoring the health of a worm-worn infant.

A Hard One

Father!

Well, what is it?

It says here a man is known by the company he keeps. Is that so, father?

Yes, yes, yes.

Well, father, if a good man keeps company with a bad man, is the good man bad because he keeps company with the bad man, and is the bad man good because he keeps company with the good man?

College Suitor—All evening I have been waiting to say something to you.

Damsel (in despair)—It wasn't good-night, was it?

A drill sergeant was drilling the recruit squad in the use of rifle. Everything went smoothly until blank cartridges were distributed.

The recruits were instructed to load their pieces and stand at the ready, and then the sergeant gave the command:

Fire at will!

Private Lunn was puzzled. He lowered his gun.

Which one is Will, he asked.

Two girls occupied a seat on a car. Their conversation was sufficiently loud to be heard for several seats round. Yes, said one of them, Liza left this morning for the normal school. She is going to make a teacher out of herself. She is? said the other; what's she going to teach? Well, to see if the conversation was being fully appreciated by the other passengers, she's thinking about spiritualizing in mathematics.

Her father (sternly)—Young man, can you support my daughter in the style she's been accustomed to?

Lover (briskly)—I can, but I'd be ashamed to.

First Steam Bus

Lady Dorothy Nevill, who remembered when sedan chairs were used, remembers also, and mentions in her 'Reminiscences,' the first London steam bus which ran for the first time just 80 years ago. The inventor was Walter Hancock, and the first appearance of the vehicle, a cumbersome affair named the Era, created much excitement. It carried 14 passengers, and ran from Paddington to the Bank at a charge of 6d. all the way. Its success led to the introduction of several other buses, but they were withdrawn in consequence of the turnpike acts of 1840. I saw Sir Moses Montefiore go in a sedan chair to the prince of Wales' garden party at Marlborough house in 1878, writes a correspondent. Sir Moses was then 93. The party was on Saturday, so his Jewish principles prevented him from using his horses, but the men were not his servants. They were not forced to labor. So it was all right.

Minard's Liniment: Cures Dandruff.

Very True

Lodger—But you advertised that one could see for miles from this room!

Landlady—Well, so you can. You can see the moon through the skylight, and ain't that miles away.

The Best Treatment for Itching Scalps, Dandruff and Falling Hair

To allay itching and irritation of the scalp, prevent dry, thin and falling hair, remove crusts, scales and dandruff, and promote the growth and beauty of the hair, the following special treatment is most effective, agreeable and economical. On retiring, comb the hair out straight all around, then begin at the side and make a parting, gently rubbing Cuticura ointment into the parting with a bit of soft flannel held over the end of the finger. Anoint additional partings about half an inch apart until the whole scalp has been treated, the purpose being to get the Cuticura ointment on the scalp skin rather than on the hair. The next morning, shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Shampoos alone may be used as often as agreeable, but once or twice a month is generally sufficient for this special treatment for women's hair. Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. A liberal sample of each, with 32-page booklet on the care and treatment of the skin and scalp, sent free. Address "Cuticura," Dept. 21D, Boston, U. S. A.

The Cumberland News
issued Every by Wednesday the
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This paper will not hold itself responsible for the opinions of others, as may appear in its columns from time to time.

WEDNESDAY NOV. 12 1913

WATER NOTICE

FOR A LICENCE TO TAKE AND USE WATER.

NOTICE is hereby given that Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway, of Victoria, B. C will apply for a licence to take and use 100,000 gallons per 24 hours, of water out of Haines Creek, which flows in a northerly direction through Newcastle District and empties into Straits of Georgia near 3 miles west of Big Qualicum River. The water will be diverted at 2000 ft upstream from railway and will be used for general railway purposes on the land described as Railway Right of Way. This notice was posted on the ground on the 3rd day of April, 1913. The application will be filed in the office of the Water Recorder at Victoria, B. C. Objections may be filed with the said Water Recorder or with the Comptroller of Water Rights, Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B. C.

ESQUIMALT & NANAIMO RAILWAY
Applicant
H. E. BEASLEY
Agent

ap116 my7

WATER NOTICE

FOR A LICENCE TO TAKE AND USE WATER.

NOTICE is hereby given that Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway, of Victoria, B. C will apply for a licence to take and use 100,000 gallons per 24 hours, of water out of Sandy Creek, which flows in a northerly direction through Newcastle District and empties into Deep Bay, near Rosewell Creek. The water will be diverted at 2150 ft upstream from Railway and will be used for General Railway purposes on the land described as Railway Right of Way. This notice was posted on the ground on the 3rd day of April, 1913. The application will be filed in the office of the Water Recorder at Victoria, B. C. Objections may be filed with the said Water Recorder or with the Comptroller of Water Rights, Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B. C.

ESQUIMALT & NANAIMO RAILWAY
Applicant
H. E. BEASLEY
Agent

ap116 my7

WATER NOTICE

FOR A LICENCE TO TAKE AND USE WATER.

NOTICE is hereby given that Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway of Victoria, B. C. will apply for a licence to take and use 100,000 gallons per 24 hours, of water out of Hindoo Creek, which flows in a northerly direction through Nelson District and empties into Bayne Sound near Table River. The water will be diverted at 1100 ft upstream from Railway and will be used for General Railway purposes on the land described as railway right of way. This notice was posted on the ground on the 3rd day of April, 1913. The application will be filed in the office of the Water Recorder, Victoria, B.C. Objections may be filed with the said Water Recorder or with the Comptroller of Water Rights, Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B. C.

ESQUIMALT & NANAIMO RAILWAY
Applicant
H. E. EASLEY
Agent

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF NANAIMO HOLDEN AT CUMBERLAND

IN THE MATTER of John Smith also known as John Smyth deceased, intestate, who died at Reid Island on July 5, 1913.

AND

IN THE MATTER of the "Official Administrators Act"

TAKE NOTICE that by order of His Honor Judge Barker, made the 5th day of November, 1913, I was appointed Administrator of the Estate of the above-mentioned deceased, and all parties having claims against the said estate are hereby required to furnish same, properly verified, to me on or before the 13th day of December, 1913. AND all parties indebted to said estate, are required to pay the amount of their indebtedness to me forthwith.

Dated this 11th day of November, 1913

W. WESLEY WILLARD,
Official Administrator,
Cumberland, B. C.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF NANAIMO HOLDEN AT CUMBERLAND

IN THE MATTER of Sarah Ellenor Tyson deceased, intestate.

AND

IN THE MATTER of the "Official Administrators Act."

TAKE NOTICE that by order of His Honor Judge Barker, made the 5th day of November, 1913, I was appointed Administrator of the Estate of the above-mentioned deceased, and all parties having claims against the said estate are hereby required to furnish same, properly verified, to me on or before the 13th day December, 1913. AND all parties indebted to said estate, are required to pay the amount of their indebtedness to me forthwith.

Dated this 11th day of November, 1913.

W. WESLEY WILLARD,
Official Administrator,
Cumberland, B. C.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF NANAIMO HOLDEN AT CUMBERLAND.

IN THE MATTER OF Daniel Mugan deceased, intestate, who died at Cumberland, B. C. on June 25th 1913.

AND

IN THE MATTER of the "Official Administrators Act."

TAKE NOTICE that by order of His Honor Judge Barker, made the 5th day of November, 1913, I was appointed Administrator of the Estate of the above-mentioned deceased, and all parties having claims against the said estate are hereby required to furnish same, properly verified, to me on or before the 13th of December. 1913. AND all parties indebted to said estate, are required to pay the amount of their indebtedness to me forthwith.

Dated this 11th day of November, 1913.

W. WESLEY WILLARD,
Official Administrator,
Cumberland, B. C.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF NANAIMO HOLDEN AT CUMBERLAND

IN THE MATTER of Daniel O'Connell, also known as Daniel John O'Connell, deceased, intestate, who died at Cape Commerell, Rupert District on January 26, 1913.

AND

IN THE MATTER of the "Official Administrators Act."

TAKE NOTICE that by order of His Honor Judge Barker, made the 5th day of November, 1913, I was appointed Administrator of the Estate of the above mentioned deceased, and all parties having claims against the said estate are hereby required to furnish same, properly verified, to me on or before the 13th day of December, 1913. AND all parties indebted to said estate, are required to pay the amount of their indebtedness to me forthwith.

Dated this 11th day of November, 1913.

W. WESLEY WILLARD
Official Administrator
Cumberland, B. C.

WATER NOTICE

FOR A LICENCE TO TAKE AND USE WATER

NOTICE is hereby given that Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway, of Victoria, B. C. will apply for a licence to take and use 100,000 gallons per 24 hours, of water out of Roy Creek, which flows in a northerly direction through Comox District and empties into Comox Harbour, near Trent River. The water will be diverted at 2250 ft upstream from Railway and will be used for General Railway purposes on the land described as Railway Right of Way. This notice was posted on the ground on the 3rd day of April 1913 The application will be filed in the office of the Water Recorder at Victoria, B. C. Objections may be filed with the said Water Recorder or with the Comptroller of Water Rights, Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B. C.

ESQUIMALT & NANAIMO RAILWAY
Applicant
H. E. BEASLEY
Agent

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BUSINESS CARDS
WEDDING STATIONERY
BALL PROGRAMMES
ETC., ETC., ETC.

The
CUMBERLAND NEWS
Dunsmuir Avenue Cumberland, B. C.

FEELING AFTER THE GOD OF LOVE

Divine Character Misrepresented by the Creeds.

DARKNESS COVERS THE EARTH

Pastor Russell Thrills Believers and Skeptics by His Picture of the True God—The Pastor's Early Teaching of Hell—He Became a Skeptic—His Recovery of More Than He Lost—God's Wisdom, Justice, Love and Power — Soul Satisfaction In None Other.

Glasgow, Scotland, ——.—Pastor Russell preached today from the text, "God so loved the world that He gave His Only Begotten Son, that whosoever believed on Him might not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3:16.

The Pastor declared that the doctrine of total depravity is totally wrong. The likeness of God, which was perfect in Father Adam, still persists in some degree in all of Adam's children, sadly fallen though they be. Indeed, no one is so fallen as not to have a reasonable conception of his own debasement, a feeling that he is justly out of touch with his Creator, and worthy of some kind of punishment. In every human breast there is also a sentiment of pity, and a feeling of the need of Divine pity. But just there serious errors, received from our forefathers in the Dark Ages, bar the way and discourage those who desire to return to fellowship with their Creator.

Many Christians are benevolent, sympathetic, ready to lend a helping hand and to give a word of encouragement. Many are ready to help the unfortunates, to sing them songs of God's love and sympathy and pity. But these helps are discounted by the great central thought supported by all the various creeds called orthodox; namely, that God is indeed very angry in sending nearly every member of our race to an eternity of torture—ninety thousand every twenty-four hours being the present schedule.

Creeds Drive Away From God.

While the Christian forgets the atrocious misrepresentations of the Divine character given by the creeds, and remembers chiefly the loving words of encouragement given in the Bible, it is not so with the sinner, who has not yet tasted that the Lord is gracious. His thoughts revert to the fact that he is a sinner, and to the teaching that eternal torment is his doom. If he can live for awhile a decent life, he begins to hope that he may escape the threatened torture; but when he falls again into trespasses and sins, he strives to forget everything, and especially God and the future torture of which he has been told. He escapes best from all religious thought in the bar-room, at the gaming table, and in general surrender to sin. He has a fear of God, which he seldom confesses, and which he belies with his profanity. He is miserable in the presence of the pure, the holy, and fears the Bible.

Well did Satan know how to turn the hearts and minds of humanity away from God and from the Bible! With what cunning did he introduce these wicked misrepresentations of God's character into the creeds of Christian people during the Dark Ages! St. Paul gauges the matter properly in the words, "The god of this world hath blinded the minds of those who believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the Image of God, should shine unto them."—2 Corinthians 4:4.

Even in the blessed twilight of the Apostolic times, when the Church was guarded from Satan's delusions, St. Paul realized that comparatively few of the brethren had a clear insight into the love of God. Hence his prayer: "I pray God for you, that the eyes of your understanding being opened, ye may know what is the hope of your calling, that ye may be able to comprehend with all saints the breadth and length and depth and height, and to know the Love of God, which passeth all understanding." If this knowledge of the Love of God is the great need of Christians, if their eyes of understanding can only partially appreciate, oh, what is the need of the poor world, thoroughly blinded by Satan and unable to see anything?

How Can We Be Otherwise Than Indignant?

And let us not forget that Satan has used Christian tongues and Christian pens to do this blinding of the world. The Message of God's Love in the Bible is clear, plain, beautiful. The misrepresentations and contradictions of that Love by our forefathers, as represented in the creeds, evidently was the inspiration of Satan, as the Apostle declares. Not only so, but our Adversary was assisted by his corps of fallen angels, as S. Paul again declares that some give heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of demons.—1 Timothy 4:1.

We owe it to ourselves, to our families and to the world in general to utterly destroy these blasphemous misrepresentations of God's Character and Plan. Since our eyes are gradually opening to see the real situation, how can we be otherwise than indignant and jealous for the honor of our God and for the influence of His Truth amongst our fellowmen.

The Pastor's Personal Experience.

I speak from experience. Not that I have had the experience of being an alien, a stranger from God, but I have had the experience of losing my God. The child of believing parents, and indoctrinated along Calvinistic lines to believe that only the Elect, a handful, would ever reach glory, and that all the remaining non-elect would reach a perdition of torment, I was accustomed to thinking of myself as one of the Elect, and appreciating the Love of God, which had provided for the salvation of the Elect.

As a boy of seventeen, a member of the Y.M.C.A., I engaged, as did other members at that time, in what we called Gospel preaching—not realizing the meaning of the word Gospel—that it signifies "good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Like the others, I exhorted and threatened, pictured Hell, and shook my hearers over it. Then came sober thought. Reason began to assert itself over superstition. I inquired of myself, Where is this Hell which you preach? And what do you really know about it?

Confessing my own ignorance on the subject, I went to my teachers and elders, and was amazed to find that they knew no more about it than myself. I stopped preaching, and began to think and to examine the creeds. I found that the differences between them were trivial; they all had the one foundation of Heavenly salvation for the saintly few, and eternal torture for the thousands of millions in heathen and in Christian lands. The more I investigated, the more I felt sure a great mistake had been made; that a real God could not have such a plan; such an arrangement as our creeds declared. I threw them all away; and thinking the Bible the basis for them all, I threw it after the creeds.

Soul-Hunger For God.

Having once known God as my Heavenly Father, I could find no soul rest without Him. My soul hungered for His love and care. I still held to the great fact that our Universe has an intelligent, personal Creator. His Wisdom and Power were before me on every starry night. My studies in anatomy convinced me that I myself, all humanity, yea, every creature, is fearfully and wonderfully made. The more I studied, the more I became convinced that the eye could never have come by chance, could not have been evolved by a nature god; and so with every other function of my body—the muscles, the nerves, and the power to move in response to the mere thinking, willing. I worshipped the God of Wisdom and Power, confident that I would find Him good.

Left to the resources of my own brain, I asked, Could others and myself possess, as gifts of our Creator, the qualities of Justice and Love, which we esteem the very highest, and yet that Creator Himself be destitute of these? The answer of my mind was, Surely, as He that formed the eye can see, He that gave humanity the qualities of Justice and Love, must possess these qualities in infinite measure.

Thus I beheld with the eyes of my understanding the great God of the Universe, infinite in His Wisdom, in His Power, in His Justice, in His Love. I worshipped again, rejoiced that I could have confidence in my God, and realize that He had made neither the world nor our race in vain—that He had some wise, just, loving purpose in connection with our creation.

Intelligent Peoples Most Thoroughly Seduced.

My next thought was, Would not a just and loving God be pleased to make known His purposes to His creatures who desired to know and do His will? The answer of my mind was, that I might confidently seek God's Message. Thinking that I had already sufficiently examined the Bible, I turned my attention to heathen religions, only to find them less rational in some respects than my own. Evidently the most intelligent peoples of the world have been the most thoroughly seduced by Satan and his "doctrines of demons," into believing the most horrible things respecting the Creator and His purpose toward His human creatures.

Finally, I resolved on a fresh study of the Bible, assuring myself first that my colored spectacles and those of my friends were thoroughly broken, and my mind entirely untrammeled. Not without stumblings and difficulties did the Lord gradually lead me to clearer and yet clearer light upon His word, until I found that the basis of all difficulty lay in our following Satan's lie, "Ye shall not surely die."

From that time the entire Bible gradually became illuminated, beautiful, grand, harmonious! Now, beloved hearers, it stands pre-eminent before my mind as the Word of God. Realizing this, I use my reason freely within the limits of its declarations, but never outside of its authority.

Mankind Need to Be Encouraged—Not Browbeaten.

No pen can tell the peace and joy and blessing that a clear knowledge of the true God has brought into my own heart and life. "It satisfies my longings as nothing else can do." I am seeking no further. There is nothing more to be desired—except to get this wonderful Story more clearly before my mind and to appreciate more and more the Divine Character, as illustrated by the Divine Plan, which God is gradually working out for the blessing, first of the Church, and afterwards for the world. Can you wonder that I have sympathy for honest skeptics, who like myself have lost their way, and sympathy, too, for the great mass of mankind, who have never known God!

Perhaps I can appreciate better than some others of the Lord's people what it means to be "without God and without hope in the world"—how lonesome, how solitary the way, how aimless the wandering, how bitter the disappointments that find no solace in hope of a better day! I am persuaded that mankind need more to be instructed and encouraged than to be brow-beaten, threatened, alarmed. At any rate, the decreasing church attendance, in spite of operatic music and sensational topics, proves that the masses of the people refuse longer to be scared into the Heavenward road by threats of eternal torment.

And do not all Christian ministers to some extent discern this? Is not this the reason some of them give for discontinuing to preach the creeds of a darker time? Is not this the reason that, in defiance of the creeds, and in contradiction thereof, every funeral service is a white-washing affair to make out that the deceased is a saint and gone to Heaven, even if his life has been discreditable, and he has never made even a profession of Christianity? Such hypocrisies—holding one standard and preaching another — are bringing Christianity into reproach. Fraud is the word which in the conception of many fits their own formalism and that of others. They recognize the Apostolic picture of our times, "Having a form of godliness, but denying its power."—2 Timothy 3:5.

The Love of Our Text.

The entire Bible tells us of God's Love and Sympathy. Only a few texts twisted, mistranslated, or interpolated during the Dark Ages, even seemingly contradict the great statement that God is Love—the very essence and embodiment of this grandest of all elements of character. Our text is one of these loving tributes to the heavenly Father's mercy and grace. It is one, therefore, which especially appeals to the worldly, the unmindful Christian and the repentant sinner—"God so loved the world that He gave His Only Begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Yet see how we have twisted this good Word of God to make out of it something evil. We seized upon the word perish, knowing well that it signifies to destroy, to annihilate, to render lifeless. Satan persuaded us that such a penalty would not sufficiently terrify, and not rapidly enough fill the rolls of church membership. He induced our forefathers, through the "doctrines of demons," to say that perish here means the reverse of what it means in ordinary conversation—that it means to go to endless woe, to be met by fire-proof devils, and be confined to all eternity in horrible sufferings. Well did Satan succeed in deceiving us until we did not even think of questioning his lies and absurdities.

If any one suggested that perish means to destroy, the Adversary would stir up persecution, and brand such a one a heretic. If the heretic asked how any one could be tortured forever in fire and not be consumed, he was denounced as both a fool and a knave for not appreciating the fact that God could inject life into the poor sufferer for the millions upon millions of years of eternity.

How foolish we were! How stupid not to see the origin of such nonsense—not to perceive the simplicity of God's Word that the penalty upon sinners was to perish — not to see that God sent His Son to redeem man from his perishing condition; and to open up for Adam and all his race a way to life—everlasting life!

Quite true, this life can come only through the Life-giver, the Redeemer. Quite true, none can receive it in ignorance, and comparatively few see with the eyes of their understanding or hear with the ears of their understanding the Message of grace in the present time. But God's provision through Christ is a resurrection for the dead—not only the just, who now by faith are justified, but also the unjust, who are still aliens, foreigners, strangers from God.

"The Gospel of the Kingdom."

Thus it is that by Divine arrangement none can now understand the Divine Plan for human salvation from perishing, except as they come to understand respecting the Kingdom—that God has promised that the Redeemer, who purchased the world by His sacrifice, shall become the world's Great High Priest, Prophet and King, and for a thousand years grant to Adam and his family the blessed opportunity of knowing and accepting the Divine terms whereby they may be saved from perishing, from death — whereby they may be fully resurrected, raised up, out of present sin and death conditions to the fulness of life attainable at the end of Messiah's Reign.

It is only incidental to this great Plan of the world's salvation that the Church is now called in advance to walk by faith in the footsteps of the Redeemer and to become His Bride and Joint-heir in the Heavenly Kingdom. The great work of Christ is for the world, the blessing of all the families of the earth, by the resurrection work of the thousand years of His Messianic Kingdom.

This is the great hope the world needs, which thrills the hearts of all who hear it. And although their eyes and ears of understanding be still hindered by Satan, the Divine promise is, that in the coming Messianic Day, when the shadows of the dark night of sin are past, all the blind eyes shall be opened, all the deaf ears shall be unstopped, and the knowledge of the glory of God shall fill the whole world, and be a Message of Hope to every creature.

Three Cheers.

Brown: "Have you seen the latest invention?"

Jones: "No, what is it?"

Brown: "A collar-button with a little phonograph inside that will call out when it rolls into a dark corner under the bed, 'Here I am! Here I am!'"

An Off Day.

First Horseman (to second ditto, who has had several nasty falls): "Beginner, like myself, I see."

Second Horseman: "Oh, no, I've followed the hounds off and on for years!"

First Horseman: "I see—I see! This, then, is merely one of your 'off' days."

Superficial.

"What do you think of a friend who would not venture to plunge into a river for you when you were drowning?" asked the sentimental member of the club.

"I should say," replied Spicer, "that his friendship was all on the surface."

Phonograph Clocks.

Clocks without hands or faces are now common in Switzerland. The timepiece stands in the hall, and when a button is pressed, by means of phonographic arrangements, it calls out "Half-past five," or "Five minutes to nine," as the case may be.

A Long Record.

Forty years in the workhouse is the record of a man living at New Ross (County Wexford.) The inmate is seventy years old.

When I Left School.

I remember, I remember the day that I quit school.
I got a nice diploma for minding every rule.
I was the wisest mortal who ever left the place,
There was no person like me in all the human race.
I had old Homer faded and Solomon as well,
The real reach of my knowledge would take too long to tell,
And I was downright sorry, it really seemed a shame
That I should have to go out and teach the world its game,
For I was tender hearted and couldn't bear to see
The looks of jealous anger when people heard of me.

The teacher, to assure me, was kind enough to say
The other folks would manage to get along some way.
I couldn't quite believe him. You see, that was before
I'd taken my first toddle outside the college door.
Then I set forth to conquer the poor, old, easy world
With wind and weather charming and every sail unfurled.
'Twas several long years ago, how many I forget,
But still I don't mind ownin' the world ain't conquered yet.
I remember, I remember the day that I quit school;
Since then I have been learnin' how not to be a fool.

—Anaconda Standard.

A Redeeming Distinction.

Berton was sent to school for the first time. At the close of the first day he came home wearing a very happy expression.

"Well, Berton," said his mother, "you look so pleased that I'm sure you got on very well indeed. How did you get on with the spelling?"

"I couldn't spell many of the words, mother," admitted Berton, "an' I couldn't read much of anything either."

"Why, that's too bad," said the mother, rather shocked. "Did you do well with the other studies?"

"Not very," replied the boy. "I couldn't remember the 'rithmetic or joggerphy very well."

Berton's mother's face wore a look of disappointment. Berton, rushing to her, exclaimed joyfully:

"But that don't make any difference, mother. The girls all like me, an' I've got the biggest feet of any boy in the room!"—New York Evening Post.

The Modern Polonius.

My son, you start away today,
Your own career beginning,
And there are triumphs which you say
You're eager to be winning.
Your heart is brave, your aim is high,
And may no change defeat you.
May fortune, ere your proud hopes die,
Come sweetly forth to meet you.

My son, the way is hard and long
That you must be pursuing,
And many cunning foes and strong
Will scheme for your undoing.
But cling to hope and try to learn
To keep from idle fretting,
Nor ever fear that you may earn
More pay than you are getting.

My son, be ready for your chance,
Nor linger hesitating,
Yet do not recklessly advance
Where reason counsels waiting.
Be wise, be strong, nor smoke nor drink,
Deem every cent a rare one.
If you'll obey these rules I think
Your chance may be a fair one.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Random Reflections.

The tongue is boneless, yet it can strike harder than the fist.

Speech is not silver in the settlement of the grocer's bill.

You may be expert in steering your auto and not run into debt.

The purse proud man doesn't object to putting his pride in his pocket.

The self made man is not infrequently like other amateur productions.

When opportunity knocks at the door it is almost certain to require a little ready cash.

Never meet trouble halfway. Let it travel the full distance and it may wear itself out.—Boston Transcript.

Oh, Don't You Remember?

Oh, don't you remember the ball games, Ben Bolt,
The ball games we played years ago?
We played in a humpy old two by four lot
And walloped the ball to and fro.

And don't you remember the runs, Ben Bolt,
The runs that were made by the score?
The count at the end of the glorious fray
Was one hundred to seventy-four.

And don't you remember the chill, Ben Bolt,
The chill that went through every vein,
When a home run went over the neighbor's fence
And bing! went a big window pane!

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A Hint.

A little girl came down to dessert at a dinner party and sat next to her mother. The lady was much occupied in talking to her neighbors and omitted to give the child anything. After some time the little girl, unable to bear it any longer, with sobs rising in her throat, held up her plate and said, "Does anybody want a clean plate?"—Newark Star.

Don't-ology.

When your doctor is busy
For the days of summer heat
Don't forget the temper twisted
That you're liable to meet.
As you dodge the microbes working
In the things you eat and drink
Don't forget the dangers lurking
In the things you chance to think.

The sun that blazes torrid
May develop, you will find,
Speeches small but very horrid
In the superheated mind.
So when seeking the prevention
Of a state of health infirm
Don't forget to give attention
To the active trouble germ.

—Washington Star.

An Evasive Answer.

"What do you think of our envoy extraordinary?" asked the tourist.

"He suits the title admirably," replied the courteous and discreet diplomat. "He is one of the most extraordinary envoys I ever saw."—Baltimore American.

What's He Waiting For.

"Why don't you ask her to marry you? You've been calling on her for two years now."

"I know, but I'm waiting."

"You've heard her sing hundreds of times, and you like her voice."

"That's true."

"You've heard her play the piano. You know she's an accomplished musician."

"Yes."

"You've eaten meals she has cooked. You're seen her handiwork about the house. She'd make a splendid housewife."

"I know all that, but"—

"She's a delightful hostess. You've seen her when she was entertaining friends."

"I admit that."

"Then why wait any longer?"

"I'm waiting to see her in a quarrel with her mother. I want to see how she acts when she loses her temper."—Detroit Free Press.

Grandpa.

Grandpa never sits around
When the earth is steaming;
Grandpa never may be found
In a corner, dreaming;
Grandpa may not carelessly
Hear his grandchild cooing;
Poor old grandpa has to be
Always up and doing.

Grandpa may not calmly lie
In a nook that's shady;
Grandpa has to keep his eye
On a certain lady;
Grandpa has to sit up late
When he longs to slumber;
Many troubles, small and great
Grandpa's joys encumber.

Grandpa ceased long, long ago,
To be young and sprightly;
He must make pretentions, though,
To step forward lightly;
Grandpa finds the joys of life
Too obscure to mention;
Grandpa has a fair young wife
Who demands attention.

—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

Green First.

An Irishman who was too old for active work was offered the position of crossing tender at a small railroad station. He looked dubious as the duties of the office were explained to him and the meaning of the various flags was clearly stated.

"In the case of danger with a train coming, of course you wave the red flag," said his friend, proceeding with his explanation.

A hard old hand grasped his arm.

"Man, dear, it'll never do," said Patrick, shaking his head solemnly. "I could never trust myself to remember to wave a red flag whin there was a green wan handy."—Current Literature.

The Suffragist's Dilemma.

I shall not vote for Mrs. Briggs,
I do not like her gown;
And I remember well the digs
I got from Clara Brown.
Jemima Patterson Magee
Shall get no vote of mine;
A horrid, stuckup thing is she—
And also I decline
To vote for Anastasia Bunce,
I fairly boil with rage
When I recall that more than once
She lied about my age.
And Mabel Jones and Agnes Carr
And Clementina Ball
I'll scratch, because they never are
"At home" the days I call.
I cannot vote, you understand
For Angelina Pratt,
Because she isn't stylish and
She wears a last year's hat.

Oh, goodness me! That brings me through
The list. This ballot's small.
There's no one left. What shall I do?
I cannot vote at all!

—Springfield (Mass.) Union.

Brotherly Affection.

The volunteer regiments had gone into camp for the usual summer maneuvers and the commissary department had arranged with a neighboring farmer for the delivery of certain supplies.

One day the farmer's boy arrived driving a team of mules. One of the regimental bands was out rehearsing, so the boy jumped from his wagon and held the mules until the band had marched past.

"Why do you hang on to your brothers so tightly?" said one of the officers. "Don't they like music?"

"Oh, it isn't that," replied the boy. "I'm afraid they might enlist."—Fun.

The Dance.

When she ran in and danced for me
Across the dusty place
The very motes were glad to see
Her sweet and eager grace;
When she danced in, so quaint, so light,
Across the dusty floor
She made the darkest corners bright,
This little maid of four.

So might the fays in fairy days
Have danced across the lea
And down the mystic moonlit ways,
So light, so quaint, so free.
The music of those baby feet
Across the dusty floor
Brings back in echoes faint and sweet
The little maid of four.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A New Version.

Teacher — Now, Johnny Bluks, get up and tell the class what you know about William Tell.

Johnny—William Tell was some [illegible] shot with a bowandarrow and and—

Teacher—And whenever he drew his bowstring—

Johnny—And whenever he drew his bowstring he—he—

Teacher—He what?

Johnny (making a wild hazard)—He rung the bell and got a punk cigar.—St. Louis Republic.

Line 'Em Out.

Look back three thousand years ago
We find, if we inquire,
They played good ball in Jericho
And better ball in Tyre.

Then Nineveh set quite a pace,
Some clans had Babylon,
But when they closed the pennant race
The Hittites always won.

Mere signals, steals or inside plays
Just make the rankers grin.
Today, as in those ancient days,
The hittites always win.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Milady's Mirror

Care of Hands In Summer.

The hands in summer, if they are to be kept soft, white and smooth, require almost as much care and attention as during the colder months, for the sun and hot air have a most drying effect on the skin, making it hard looking and wrinkled. Few women realize that it is almost as easy to tell the age by the hands as the face, although some hands have been so neglected by their owners that they look old long before they should, and the same may be said of some faces.

Never judge a woman's age either by her hands or her face, for both are so largely influenced by the treatment they have received in the past that it is never quite fair to do so. Hands do not age and wrinkle in a day or a week. The process is so gradual that it is not noticed till the owner of a pair of aged hands suddenly awakens to the fact that, whatever may be said to the contrary by kind and indulgent friends, her hands stamp her as past forty, although her face may not look thirty.

To keep your hands in really good condition during the summer you must feed them by giving them a liberal supply of oil or cream every night.

For this you may use cocoa butter, pure almond oil, mixed with a little fine oatmeal, or a paste made from the yolks of two eggs, a tablespoonful of pure almond oil, one of honey and a teaspoonful of simple tincture of benzoin. Mix all these together, beating the yolks of the eggs first, then stirring the honey, then the oil and lastly the benzoin. Beat to a cream, smear over the hands, then slip on a pair of old chamois leather gloves with holes cut in the palms and wear them all night.

Once a week is sufficient for this treatment when the hands are in fairly good condition, but when they have been much neglected it should be given every night for two or three weeks till they are soft and smooth; then the weekly treatment will be ample to keep them nice and youthful looking.

Hands which turn red and appear swollen in hot weather should be washed in warm water (never cold), and a few drops of liquid ammonia should be added to the water. After washing they should be dusted with starch, and all gloves should be quite loose fitting.

Many women suffer with moist, clammy hands during summer, and nothing is more uncomfortable or more disastrous to gloves, which become stained and spoiled with one wearing. To remedy this, sponge the hands after washing in warm water with a lotion made by mixing one part eau de cologne with two parts rosewater and dust with boric acid powder mixed with half its quantity of starch. Brush the powder off and the hands will feel dry and fresh.

When choosing gloves for summer wear choose a size which will be too large rather than too small. Squeezing the hands in tight gloves makes them look larger rather than smaller and causes them to become swollen and red, as it impedes the proper circulation. Before putting on the gloves dust a little boric powder into the fingers and palms, as this not only makes them slip on more easily, but keeps the hands dry and cool.

To Reduce Double Chin.

The greatest of all inventors has become a beauty specialist.

After revolutionizing industry, threading nations together with his quadruplex telegraph wire and his electric railway lines, after increasing the value of the country's products until $7,000,000,000 is invested in industries founded or touched by his inventions, Thomas A. Edison has removed a double chin.

Joking? Not at all. Ask Mrs. Edison.

If you have ever met the white haired master of things electric you know his willingness to laugh. It's usually at himself. You will not be surprised, then, to learn that Edison smilingly announced he would brighten eyes, peachify cheeks, fill out neck hollows and abolish surplus chins, all by his new and infallible process—cutting down sleep and food!

"I have proved to my wife, at least," he said, with a twinkle, "that women who would keep young and slender must never sleep but six hours. Less would be better, but six will do.

"Funny, isn't it, how you can talk yourself black in the face trying to demonstrate science to a woman? She won't listen. Talk beauty to her and her attention sticks like glue. Funny, isn't it? Anyhow, I've proved my point, banished the chin and taught her to sleep six hours instead of nine."

Mrs. Edison is so far the only family disciple of the new beauty theory. [illegible], recently betrothed to a young inventor, is not bothering much about extra chins, says her father. Neither are the boys, Theodore and Charles. "But wait," says Papa Edison. "They'll all come round to my way of thinking some day."

For Perspiring Hands.

Hands that are always damp from perspiration may be relieved if treated each day with a preparation made of ninety grams of cologne and fifteen grams of tincture of belladonna. This should be applied three times a day with considerable friction. It has the desired effect if properly used.

WALLPAPER BARGAINS

To make room for our new stock of 1914
- - paper, balance of old Stock - -

MUST BE CLEARED OUT

at once. Call and get prices.

A new lot of Cabinets, Buffetts and Malleable Beds just opened out..

A full line of Pillows, Blankets, Stoves and Ranges to choose from.

The Furniture Store

McPhee Block, A. McKINNON Cumberland

NOTICE

Any person or persons intending to register as voters, as holders of agreement of sale of land or real property, must file with the Municipal Clerk a Statutory declaration, proving that he or she is the holder of the last agreement of sale to purchase land or real property, or the last assignee thereof, and that the current year's taxes are paid, before the closing of the voters list at five p. m., on Nov. 30th 1913, otherwise their name or names shall not be inserted on the list of municipal voters.

A. McKINNON,
City Clerk.
City Hall, Nov. 11th 1913.

NOTICE
(Court of Revision)

A Court of Revision to revise the voters list for the year 1914, will be held in the Council Chambers, on Wednesday, December 10th, 1913 at 7.30 p. m. The Court shall hear and determine any applicaton to strike out or add any name or names which may have been improperly inserted or omitted from the list, of which, all persons are hereby required to take notice.

A. McKINNON,
City Clerk.
City Hall, Nov. 11th, 1913.

NEW PASSENGER SCHEDULE.
(October 20th 1913.)

Train leaves Cumberland:

Tuesday	7 a. m
"	12 15 p. m
"	8 p. m
Wednesday	5 p. m
Thursday	7 a. m
Friday	5 p. m
Saturday	7 a. m
Sunday	7 a. m
"	1 p. m

Judging by the crowds that attended the Crown Theatre last week, the Colonial Company must have been all right, They were sparkling and funny. The best company of entertainers that has been here for a long time.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

Last Tuesday evening about twenty-five boys and girls met at the home of Alderman and Mrs. Aspesi to celebrate the eighth anniversary of their daughter, Vivian's birthday. After games of all kinds had been indulged in, the party adjourned to the supper room, where the youngsters did ample justice to the good things set before them. The party broke up about 10 o'clock, tired, but as happy as clams. The fair hostess was the recipient of many pretty presents from her chums.

See notice in this column of Court of Revision of Voters, also cast your eye over the Agreement of Sale notice, and get your names on quick, for there's going to be something doing.

GO TO—
HUGH MITCHELL
FOR YOUR
Gen'l Blacksmithing
—AND—
Horseshoeing
Third St. Cumberland,

Wood Wood Wood
Now is the time to place your order for SLAB WOOD
$2.50. . . per double load
$1.50. . . per single load
From The
Star Livery Stables

LOOK OUT!
for the Milk wagon with the Green Box
FRESH MILK AND FARM PRODUCE
Our Milk is the product of the Best Fed Cows
FRESH MILK
Delivered morning & evening
I. MARUYA

TIMBER SALE X 67

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the Minister of Lands not later than noon on the 21st day of November, 1913, for the purchase of Timber Licence X 67, covering Lot 484, Cracroft Island.

Two years will be allowed for the removal of the timber. Particulars of Chief Forester Victoria B. C.

NOTICE is hereby given that on the first day of December next application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police for the renewal of the hotel license to sell liquors by retail in the hotel known as the Woodhus Stopping Place, down on Oyster River, in the province of British Columbia. ANNIE WOODHUS.
Dated October 1, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that on the first day of December next application will be made to to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, Victoria, for a renewal of the hotel license to sell liquors by retail the hotel known as the Courtenay House, situated at Courtenay, B C.

JOHN R. JOHNSTON.
Dated October 1, 1913.

It is understood that Mr. F. A. Acland, deputy minister of labor, is at Nanaimo, where he will spend several days trying to arrive at a basis on which to settle the strike.

Mr. John Thomson left by Sunday's boat for Vancouver.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

The great Uterine Tonic, and only safe effectual Monthly Regulator on which women can depend. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, $1; No 2, 10 degrees stronger, $3; No. 3 for special cases, $5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE CROOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor, Ont.)

AUTOMOBILES FOR SALE

Cameron Auto CLEARING
Phone 1074, 521 Superior St
Victoria, B. C.

We have for sale a few slightly used and rebuilt cars in first class condition, which must be sold to meet real estate payments.

Buick, 4 passenger,	$275
Ford Touring Car,	$325
Ford Touring Car,	$350
Ford Touring Car (1912)	$425
Galt, Five Passenger (1912) Demonstrator, slightly used, electric starter, and lights.	$1750
Ford Touring Car	$275

and several other Touring Cars and Trucks.

MAROCCHI BROS
GROCERS & BAKERS
AND PROPRIETORS OF
CUMBERLAND BOTTLING WORKS

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

SECOND STREET

DONG BROS.
MERCHANT TAILORS
Ladies' & Gentlemen's Fashionable Tailor
SUITS MADE TO ORDER from $25 to $35 for the Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing.
Davis Block, Cumberland.

Get Your Shoes Fixed on Time, It's Your Gain And Mine.

Leslie J. Aston
PRACTICAL BOOT and SHOE-MAKER
Dunsmuir Avenue, Cumberland.

Colonial Musical Stock Company
will play a return visit to the
CROWN THEATRE
Friday and Saturday,
November, 14 and 15.
"THE HOTEL FLIM FLAM"
Popular prices, 25, 50 & 75c

FEED! FEED! FEED
A. B. CRAWFORD BARN
A large stock of shorts, bran, crushed oats, hay a poultry feed for sale at exceptionally low prices.
Phone 32 **Courtenay**

The 'Ideal' Store
Watch For The BIG SALE on Saturday November 15th.
Everything in store reduced.
STORE CLOSED FRIDAY
THE "IDEAL" STORE Next to Tarbells

Capital Paid Up $11,560,000. Reserve $13,000,000
The Royal Bank of Canada.
DRAFTS ISSUED IN ANY CURRENCY, PAYABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD.
SPECIAL ATTENTION paid to SAVINGS ACCOUNTS & interest at highest Current Rates allowed on Deposits of $1 and upwards.
CUMBERLAND, B. C., Branch, Open Daily
UNION BAY, B.C. Sub-Branch, Open Tuesdays & Fridays
D. M. MORRISON, Manager.
COURTENAY, B. C., Branch, Open Daily.
R. H. HARDWICKE, Manager.

P. PHILLIPPS HARRISON
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR
NOTARY PUBLIC CONVEYANCING
DUNSMUIR AVENUE CUMBERLAND.

V. BONORA
Manufacturer of MINERAL WATER
P. O. BOX 432
PHONE 29.... CUMBERLAND

IF YOU GET IT AT PLIMLEY'S IT'S ALL RIGHT
Big Fall in Cycle Prices
During stock-taking we have found that we have quite a number of second-hand shop-soiled and "returned from hire" machines and are holding an end of season clearance at big price reductions. Look into this.
Thos. Plimley
739 YATES STREET VICTORIA, B. C.