THOMAS' WHITE LINIMENT
25c. and 50c. per bottle.
Prepared and sold only by
WALTER BEWS, Phm. B.
DRUGGIST & STATIONER

# The Mail-Herald

Library, Legislative Assembly
JAN 29 1906
VICTORIA, B. C.

CHEST PROTECTORS
AND CHAMOIS VESTS
—AT—
WALTER BEWS, Phm. B.
DRUGGIST AND STATIONER

Vol. 12.—No. 46 REVELSTOKE, B. C. JANUARY 27, 1906 $2.50 Per Year

Mail Order Dept. **C.B. Hume & Co.** Write For Samples
LIMITED.
DEPARTMENT STORE.

STOCKTAKING BARGAINS

The persistent argument of this Business is "QUALITY" and "STYLE," and when we announce New Styles or Fine Quality Goods we mean it. Just now we are on the Eve of Stock-Taking and have some lines we desire to get rid of. We will make a price concession.

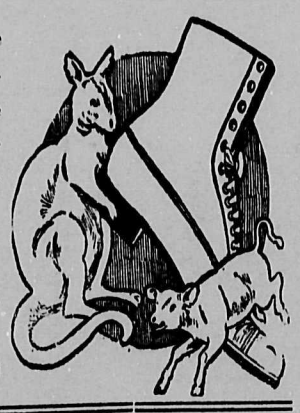
READ THIS LIST! COME AND SEE!

GROCERIES

Here is the Biggest $1.00 worth of Canned Goods in B. C. We will mix them up for you—9 tins of Corn for $1.00; 9 tins of Peas for $1.00; 9 tins of Beans for $1.00; 7 tins of Tomatoes for $1.00; 8 tins of Pumpkins for $1.00; 6 tins of Strawberries for $1.00; 6 tins of Raspberries for $1.00; 6 tins of Plums for $1.00; 5 tins of Peaches, Pears, Pineapples, $1.00.

*100 lbs. Best Mount Royal Flour $2.90*
*100 lbs, Royal Household $3.00.*
*Queen City Catsup, per Bottle—20c.*
*Rowat's Pickles, per Bottle, 20c.*

Boots and Shoes



A Mixed Lot of Ladies' Fine Shoes, all sizes, Laced and Buttoned, all kinds. These are worth from $2.50 to $4.00 per pair. There is a Basket for easy picking.

YOURS NOW FOR $1.95

A bunch of Boys' Boots, a Mixed Lot, too.

$2 and $2.50 Shoes $1.50

DRYGOODS

A line of Ladies' Kimonas, $1.75 and $2.00 Goods, all sizes, Lace trimmed. - - - - $1.00

A lot of Ladies' Skirts, $5.00 to $7.00. These Skirts are a good bargain at - - - $3.25

A Lot of Dress Tweeds, swell goods, 56 in. wide, Sure to be something here you can use. $1.50 goods for - - - - - - - - 75 cts.

Misses' White Wool Gloves, all wool, sizes 3 to 6. 40c. Gloves for - - - - - 20 cts.

Corsets—a mixed lot—all sizes. $2.00 and $2.50 Corsets for - - - - - - - - $1.00

Belts—A line of Cloth and Patent Leather Belts at 50c. Yours now for - - Twenty-Five Cents

Ram Lal's Tea, 5 lb. Pckts., $2.50

Special O. O. Coffeee ground here for 45c.

DRESSMAKING AND MILLINERY—SECOND FLOOR.

C.B. Hume & Co., Ltd
DEPARTMENT STORE.

## FIRE AT ARROWHEAD

### G. T. Chapman's Store Burned—Union Hotel Scorched.

On Thursday night a fire broke out in the building belonging to G. T. Newman at Arrowhead, and occupied on the ground floor by G. T. Chapman as a store and post office. Mr. Newman and family, who occupy the upper floor, were out at the time. It is not known how the fire originated, but it spread so suddenly the whole building was enveloped in flames in a short time and the stock and contents destroyed.

The Union Hotel, owned by Mr. Lightburn was badly scorched.

The loss was mainly covered by insurance, but Messrs. Newman and Chapman will be considerable losers.

The following were the insurances: G. T. Chapman, on stock $5000 distributed as follows: Canada Fire, Sibbald & Field agents, $2000; Western, W. A. Morris agent, $1000; Equity, H. N. Coursier agent, $2000.

G. T. Newman, on building, $2000 in Montreal Canada, and $1000 in Anglo-American, H. N. Coursier agent.

Household furniture, G T. Newman, $350 in Western, W. A. Morris agent.

The Union Hotel was insured with Sibbald & Field, Revelstoke Insurance Agency, and H. N. Coursier.

## NAKUSP.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hector, who have been residents of Nakusp for a number of years, have removed to Vancouver, where they expect to reside for some time.

The heavy fall of snow last Monday completely blocked the passenger train, no train getting through until Tuesday.

The masquerade ball to be given by the Dramatic Club on Feb. 14th promises to be the event of the season.

Chinese New Year passed off with the usual festivies and explosions of fireworks.

The saw mill has closed down for extensive repairs. The management expect to resume operations in about two months.

Dr. Brouse, of New Denver, was in town attending Mrs. D. Craig, and Mrs. J. M. Russell who are very ill.

The tug Columbia, which has been on the ways at the ship yard undergoing repairs to her hull, was launched last week.

## COMAPLIX.

From our own correspondent.

Messrs. Hall and Lewis, insurance men of Revelstoke, were in this week looking after their respective business interests.

A heavy fall of snow came the first part of the week followed by continued rains.

The Bowman Lumber Company is rapidly pushing forward the construction of their new mill at this place and it is rapidly taking the aspect of a sawmill. The frame work is up and the roof on. The frame is substantial in every respect. The roofing is of corrugated iron. The piling for the foundation was started Dec. 1st, and already over 900 piles are driven. More than 1200 piles will be required for the foundation. The top of the foundation will be several feet above high water level. The mill site is perfect the mill abutting on the lake.

The mill is to be a double cut band with an 8 ft. resaw. There is also to be a lath and shingle mill in connection, also a planing mill and dry kiln. When finished this will be the most up-to date and thoroughly equipped sawmill in British Columbia, having a capacity of 150,000 ft. every two shifts.

The main building is 200 x 48 ft. Power will be furnished by boilers with a capacity of 500 horsepower.

The mill is designed and being built by G. F. Rice, of Minneapolis, the lumber city of America. Mr. Rice is the best man in the business today. The work is under the efficient superintendency of A. F. Dudgeon, the well known lumberman. Mr. Dudgeon is also superintendent of the company's interests at Revelstoke. When in operation the mill will be in charge of M. J. Gleason, who knows the sawing business from A to Z, having spent many years in lumbering. The mill is expected to be in operation by April 1st.

## DR. DAY'S ORPHANS.

Rev. Dr. Day, Methodist missionary from Macedonia, when here a few months since, promised to bring out a number of orphaned children from his country for adoption in families in this city and elsewhere in the province. Money was advanced to Mr. Day to defray the railway and steamship fares of the children. Those who desired to adopt the children expected they would be here by this time. Rev. C. H. M. Sutherland, of Revelstoke, makes the following statement regarding the difficulty:

"I had a letter from Dr. Day to the effect that the demonstration of the allied European fleets against Turkey had stirred up trouble near the orphanage. Dr. Day's brother was imprisoned, and the doctor's presence is desired by the authorities. Some parties of the children on their way out here were turned back from the coast. Dr. Day says he will come back this way to see the people, and the money given him for the purpose of paying the passageway of children will all be returned. Of course, there is yet a possibility of their getting out, I trust they will. Poor souls, it is a miserable country they are in."

## CAMBORNE MINING CO.

### Preparing to Work.

All stock in the Northwestern Development syndicate or the Gold Finch Mining company which has not been exchanged for stock in the Camborne Mining company, with the assessment of five cents a share on the Camborne stock paid, is now delinquent and is being sold by the Camborne Mining company for the price of the assessment, five cents a share on the Camborne stock, which is equivalent to 2½ cents a share on the Northwestern stock.

Secretary John B. Curtis, of Calumet, reports that there is equivalent of about 75,000 shares of Camborne stock delinquent, and of this amount between 15,000 and 20,000 shares were sold on Dec. 12th, and 13th, these being the first two days of delinquency.

He says that the financial condition of this concern is now better than it or any of its predecessors has been since December, 1902, when the Northwestern Development syndicate first began to incur an indebtedness. From that time forth the financial situation grew gradually worse, until entire liquidation was averted only by a few of the heaviest stockholders forming a trustee's company which issued a blanket mortgage, and paid off the indebtedness, at the same time preventing a sheriff's sale.

This mortgoge of $15,000 is now the only claim of any nature against the property, quit claim deeds to the entire group of claims and all equipment having been secured. The property is entirely out of danger from foreclosure, as the mortgage syndicate is composed of the stockholders who have the greatest interests at stake, being composed, at the same time, of some of the strongest and most trustworthy financial interests of the copper country.

There is now in the company's treasury a fund of between $5,000 and $6,000, derived from the present assessment and delinquent stock sale. There are no plans to begin any work on the property until this fund is materially strengthened and enough is on hand to make an attack that will promise some definite results.

The stampmill is said to be in good condition and a watchman is looking after its safekeeping.

There are two methods by which more money may be raised—the further sale of stock or the calling of another assessment. It has not been determined which method shall be followed.

The stock in the Camborne Mining company is issued in the names of the stockholders but is not delivered to them at present. It is turned over to the First National Bank in Calumet and a receipt for it is issued by the bank to the stockholders, while the bank will hold the stock in escrow until such time as the mining company has satisfactorily financed the undertaking—Mining Gazette, Calumet, Mich.

## CHURCHES.

ST. ANDREW'S.—Sunday, Jan. 28th, 11 a.m. Communion. 7:30 p.m., Rev. J. C. Herdman, D.D., Superintendent of Missions will conduct service.

KNOX—J. R. Robertson, B. A., Pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Sunday school and Bible class at 2:30. Prayer meeting on Wednesday night at 8 o'clock.

Rev. Dr. Herdman, Superintendent of Missions in the Synod of B. C. and Alberta will preach at the morning service, and will also address the Sunday school in the afternoon. The Pastor will preach at the evening service on the subject: "The High Calling of our Church in Canada."

METHODIST.—Pastor, Rev. C. H. M. Sutherland. Special service for the Sunday School scholars at 11 a. m. Subject: "Five Giants, and How to Slay Them." P. M.—"The Great Salvation." Anthem by the choir,—"Christian, the Morn Breaks Sweetly O'er Thee."

## C. P. R. OFFICIALS

There will be an important meeting of C. P. R. officials at Calgary about Feb. 1. Second Vice-President Whyte and all the general superintendents, division superintendents and all officials interested in transportation between Vancouver and Port Arthur will be there.

## THE LATEST TELEGRAMS

### The Wreck—114 Lives Lost—Terrible Sufferings of the Survivors—Another Wreck Feared.

VICTORIA, Jan. 27.—Forty survivors. That tells in brief the rest of the story of Valencia. The ghastliest of all tales in connection with the wreck is related by survivors this morning. They say that just as the rescue party from the land side reached the cliff above the wreck and were received with cheers by the crowd, the vessel broke up and fifty-five people went down into the maelstrom with the doomed vessel.

A new element of anxiety in connection with the wreck of the Valencia presents itself by reason of west coast beaches being littered with cases of liquor. Indians have broached some of these and origies are resulting. It is asserted that the Valencia's life boats and gear were rotten.

Among the passengers on the ill-fated Valencia were G. W. Taylor, a well-known rancher of Kootenay lake, and his wife, and Harry Ward, formerly bookkeeper for Brydges, Blakemore & Cameron, of Nelson, B. C. G. H. Jesse, another passenger, was also at one time a resident of Nelson and Kamloops.

For miles the beaches constitute a long succession of open graveyards, being dotted above the water line with the remains of men, women and children which have so far been recovered. So many bodies were thrown up that it was impossible to do more than haul them to places of safety.

Many bodies have been so terribly pounded and bruised by contact with the rocks that identificatisn may be difficult even if such were possible.

Four more survivors were located last night on a small island in Barclay Sound and rescued. The drowned number was 114. Not one woman or child was saved.

An epidemic of suicide broke out on the second life raft which got away from the wreck. There were nine people on it. Third Engineer Wilson and three others jumped into the sea, while just as the island beach was reached another went insane and rushed into the ocean.

Twenty-two others were picked up on a raft.

The condition of the survivors was pitiable.

They were half frozen and practically unconscious from the exposure.

The sight of the poor creatures on the raft brought tears to the eyes of the sailors on the rescuing vessel.

In the stern of the raft sat an old man. His snow white hair and pallid features were creased and torn by the flying spray.

OTTAWA, Jan. 27.—The marine department have ordered an inquiry into the Valencia wreck.

Major Wicksted, aged 94 died this morning.

The starch business of Canada has been formed into a merger with a capital of $2,500,000.

The cabinet vacancy will be filled next week. Senator Templeman will be given the portfolio of Inland Revenue. Legislation will be necessary to create a mining department. This will come later. In the meantime the branch may be placed under Senator Templeman's charge.

ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 27.—A despatch from Gomel says half of the town is in flames and fighting is going on between the troops and revolutionists. The pacification of Baltic provinces has reached the final stage. Nearly 250 revolutionists have been shot and several thousand jailed. Three generals are operating in the district with ten thousand troops. The revolutionists have burned 200 castles valued at $4,000,000.

LOWELL, Mass., Jan. 27.—Three lives were lost in a fire this morning which destroyed the Richardson hotel. Thirty people suffered injuries.

LONDON, Jan. 27.—The British Admiralty denies that the battleship Dominion, now at Halifax, is to be sent to Venezuela.

## GRIP AND PASSWORD.

I. O. F.

Bro. Hand, Deputy of the S. C. R. for the Western States and Provinces, with headquarters at Portland is visiting Revelstoke in the interests of the Independedt Order of Foresters. A meeting of members and their friends will be held at 8 o'clock this evening in the Oddfellows Hall over post office.

## CURLING.

O. D. Hoar in writing to one of the local curlers regarding the bonspiel at Golden next week says:

"We are making very elaborate arrangements to entertain our friends from across the 'Great Selkirk Divide,' and trust that you will put yourself out and come and enjoy Golden's hospitality. This bonspiel will be our greatest effort to make life happy for our Revelstoke friends."

BUY QUAKER BRAND CANNED VEGETABLES AND FRUITS if you want the best.

Christies' Biscuits, Webb's, Fry's and Robertson's Chocolates, Chase and Sanborne Coffee, Tetley's Teas, etc.

BOURNE BROS.
GROCERIES, HAY, OATS, FEED, &c., STORES.

E. J. BOURNE,
Boots and Shoes, Men's Furnishings.
Ready-Made Clothing.
FIRST STREET, REVELSTOKE.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA
Capital Authorized, $4,000,000 Capital Paid Up, $3,500,000. Rest, $3,500,000.
Head Office, TORONTO, ONTARIO.
Branches in the Northwest Territories, Manitoba, Ontario and Quebec. And the following points in British Columbia: Cranbrook, Golden, Nelson, Revelstoke, Trout Lake, Arrowhead, Vancouver and Victoria.
T. R MERRITT, President. D. R. WILKIE, Vice-President and General Manager.
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Revelstoke Branch, B. C.—A General Banking Business Transacted
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Drafts sold available in all parts of Canada, United States and Europe.
Special attention given to collections. A. E. PHIPPS, Manager

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Reserve, $3,000,000
Everything in way of banking business transacted without unnecessary delay.
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GROCERS, PROVISION & PRODUCE MERCHANTS.
ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED AND DELIVERED.

Stock Taking Cash Sale
To reduce our large stock we will give most LIBERAL DISCOUNTS FOR CASH
Howson's Furniture & Carpet Store

ALUMINUM GOODS AT COST
Have you overlooked our offer of English Enamelled and Steel Ware? All our stock of ALUMINUM GOODS, SAUCEPANS, TEA KETTLES, etc.
Do you think that we advertise this merchandise at cost only to bring you into the Store and sell at the same old price? NOT A BIT! COME IN AND SEE!!
When we say selling at cost, we mean at cost.
Every merchant overstocks in some lines anticipating larger business, and we have a number of enamelled and steel Saucepans, Tea Kettles and Aluminum Kitchen Utensils which must go to make room for New Spring Goods. During our Stock-Taking Season these goods will be offered at Cost Price.
Lawrence Hardware Co., Ltd.
Mail Orders Promptly attended to. P. O. Box 181.

# Was She Justified?

BY LOUIS CHARLES.

At a small kitchen table in a farm house, two women sat one cool afternoon in the early Autumn, drinking tea and discussing a recent murder that had occurred in a nearby city, and aroused considerable interest on account of the prominent position held by two of the families connected with the affair.

Two young men had quarrelled about a girl high in social life, whom each claimed as his sweetheart. Remarks made by one were resented by the other, and although the lads' friends, who witnessed the scene, felt that the defender was quite justified, yet, because he was in such a violent temper they separated the pair, who would probably have settled in a hand to hand encounter. The following day the whole town was shocked by the startling news that Arthur Homer, the young man of good reputation and respectable, though humble parentage, who previously defended the name of the girl, had deliberately taken aim and shot his rival, the son of a millionaire, in cold blood.

A newspaper lay on the table at which the women were sitting, on the front page being a wood cut of the youthful murderer. "He has not a hard face," said the visitor, a somewhat timid, gentle and forgiving little woman. "No doubt he is suffering intense remorse now."

"Serves him right, too, Mrs. Turner, he was smart enough to make good his escape, but I hope he will soon be caught and suffer the penalty of his crime. There are enough criminals running around the country now. Laws are altogether too lax," and the hostess, after taking a sip of tea put her cup back into the saucer in such a manner that the clatter of china added emphasis to her remarks.

Mrs. Turner looked up with astonishment; then gravely glanced around the cosy kitchen. A wood fire was burning in the brightly polished stove, and the nickle-plated tea-kettle seemed to contribute its share towards the afternoon's entertainment by singing merrily. Shelves of the dresser in a corner were neatly arranged with white scalloped paper; standing against the wall in rows were blue willow pattern plates, while cups hung by their handles from little brass hooks on the shelves. A fresh white muslin curtain on the spotless window added a daintiness, while the tea and cookies gave an air of hospitality to the place.

"He had a home, and is somebody's son," suggested Mrs. Turner. "Poor lad his passion had not subsided until the deed was done, and he realized that he must either escape or remain at the mercy of a few narrow-minded men, who will meet and determine whether that soul, belonging to the Almighty, shall remain in this world or be sent back to its Creator. If he could evade the gallows, he would no doubt live a life of repentance, and probably do some good in the world."

"Not he," protested Mrs. Clifford. "It was a cold-blooded murder; of that there is no shadow of a doubt. He must forfeit his life for the life that is gone. If your son lay dead by the hand of an assassin, would you think the villain should go free?"

"Well, not exactly," replied Mrs. Turner; "still nothing could bring my son back to me. A man committing one great sin is never freed from his conscience. A hardened criminal should certainly not be allowed to roam at will among unsuspecting people until reformed."

"Tut! tut!" sneered Mrs. Clifford, "it is no use having such sentimental views of life. We have it as we find it. What would the world be like if there were no horros of punishment for the wicked? Think of the expense to the country in boarding a lot of worthless criminals. If I could get the $2,000 offered for reward, that young Homer would suffer the penalty of his crime with dispatch, and my son take a college course, without having to first work for his fees."

"He will make a better man," said Mrs. Turner, kindly. "Don't worry about him dear; an only son is better of some hardships in early life. Now it is time I was going home to prepare supper for my hungry boys."

After her guest had gone, Mrs. Clifford busied herself tidying up. The few dishes were carefully washed and put in their places, when a knock was heard at the kitchen door. On opening it she gave a start and suppressed an exclamation, for standing there was the very young man described in the newspaper. The resemblance flashed across her mind quickly, as she had it all so lately impressed upon her: the brown suit and christy, dark hair, reddish moustache and blue eyes, with a slight cast in one of them. "Now for a little diplomacy and the $2,000 is mine," she reasoned, for the afternoon sun shone brightly, and she was a woman of facts, not fancies.

"Could you oblige me," he asked in a gentle voice for a murderer, "with something to eat? I am tired and hungry, but will do some work for you in payment."

"You should be working steadily at an honest living, an able-bodied young man like you. My son has to."

"So did I," interrupted the lad. "Lately I have been unfortunate and feel worn out and discouraged, so cannot continue my journey, although it will lead me to new employment."

He did look tired, observed Mrs. Clifford, the poor boy, about the age of her own son. Then there was that prospect of the reward. She hesitated no longer. "Come right in, and I will give you a cup of tea. That will soon revive you."

She seated him near the window, and again busied herself by broiling a piece of steak, making toast and fresh tea.

There was something horribly uncanny about being alone in a house with a murderer, although he looked pathetic enough, with his head in his hands and elbows resting on the window sill. "The poor lad," she thought, "I don't suppose he ever intended to do that act one day before the deed was done; now his whole life is ruined. I wish the men would come home, and advise me what to do with him. John will say justice must be maintained at all costs. I am like some of those brave diplomatic women of long ago," she soliloquized, "doing a service for my country. He will surely be found out, so I may as well have the reward as anyone; $2,000 is more than we can save in twenty years. This is an opportunity, the like of which I may never have again. When men start out to become rich and famous, they don't stop to consider bodies and souls of other men. Thousands of lives are cut down mercilessly in battle for sake of the country's laws; then why should I have misgivings about one young man, and he a murderer? I must do what is best for my country at all hazards, just the same as in war. It is a blessing Mrs. Turner is not here with her tender heart and gentle ways."

The meal was on the table. "I hope you will have enough," ventured Mrs. Clifford, setting the steak and buttered toast before him.

The lad's eyes filled with tears as he tried to thank her. "Never mind," she said kindly, "after you have had something to eat, you will feel stronger. If you want anything else, call me. I am going out to feed the chickens, and will be near enough to hear you."

With a dish of corn in her lap, Mrs. Clifford sat in an old garden chair, while the fowls gathered around her. She threw out a handful of corn. It was her custom to throw another at once so as, while the more aggressive were busy eating, timid ones had the chance of gathering a few kernels from the latter supplies. Instead of which, she ran her hands through the corn, over and over again, covering the palms and then the backs of her hands with the golden grain; occasionally taking some in the palm of one hand, she let it slip through her four fingers; over another handful she would close her fingers, and let it drop piece by piece back into the pan. In vain the chickens cackled, for they were sorely puzzled and their mistress was in a deep reverie.

Two spirits were clamoring for mastery. She could not discern the good from the evil. One told her the lad was young, impulsive, at her mercy, and this experience would be a life-long lesson to him. The other insisted that Providence had helped others in a most unexpected fashion, and to her, he had sent this boy, so that she could have the means to satisfy an intense longing to help her son, which would be an earthly recompense for a life of devotion. It was quite useless to try and determine the temptation from the inspiration. At last, her decision being made, she scattered the corn promiscuously to the fowls and went in the house.

"Would you like to lie down and rest?" she asked the boy, who was preparing to leave.

"No, I must start on my way again, but I wish I could stay and rest forever."

"Here is a quiet little room," she intimated, opening a door leading off the kitchen. "We have had no hired man sleeping at the house since spring. You will not be disturbed as my husband does not return this evening until nine."

Arthur Homer could scarcely believe that he heard aright. It was quite evident, he surmized, she did not know whom she was harboring. He wanted to confide in someone, why not in her?

"Then she will shrink from me," he thought. "I can almost see her look of horror as she tells me how she has been deceived, and declares she will report to the detectives or probably stand at the door and scream, 'Help! help! murder! murder!'"

He raised his eyes. Mrs. Clifford was looking straight at him, and, as if in answer to his thoughts, asserted, "I don't want you to tell who you are, nor the nature of your difficulty, but I know you are in trouble, and I am going to help you."

His eyes looked frankly into hers, but his face flushed hotly as he confessed: "I am trying to escape a debt that never outlaws. If you will help me, God must have sent me here, for I am worn out from exhaustion and remorse, and would gladly rest if certain of causing you no anxiety."

"My anxiety is only for you." Then requesting him to wait she hurried upstairs, and in a few moments returned, carrying on her arm, a navy blue suit. "This is a little too tight for my son," she explained hastily, "if you can wear it I will be glad to know that some use may be made of it."

"You don't mean to say," he gasped——

"I mean just what I say," she interrupted, her matter of fact nature coming to the rescue. "That brown suit is much too heavy for walking in warm weather, besides looking dusty and shabby. If you like to leave it, I can give it to some poor man in the Autumn."

"No one else will wear this suit," he stammered. "It is infected; let me burn it."

"Alright, you may do so when you find out if the blue one will answer."

He entered the little room, and she handed him a pail of warm water, a razor, soap, towels and clean linen.

After clearing away all evidence of the meal, she went to a little cupboard and taking out a coal oil can, an old tin dish, and a pair of scissors, placed them near the stove. It was all done so methodically and calmly that an onlooker might suppose it was part of her occupation for every afternoon.

She had only just finished and sat down to wait, when the bedroom door was opened, and the lad appeared, clean-shaven and dressed in her son's clothing. "Looking like a new man," she told him, with a bright smile, "and I have everything ready for you to burn the old man," she added, pointing to the utensils.

"You must not touch the infected suit," he protested, as she grasped the scissors in her right hand, and held out the left for the coat. "If you want to help you may pour the oil."

He could not have her stand and watch him, but imagined if both were busy, neither one would be so nervous. Arthur cut a sleeve out of the coat, and put it in the tin dish; Mrs. Clifford, standing beside him, poured the oil over it. The lad put that in the stove, and while it was burning cut out the other sleeve. In preparing it for cremation Arthur glanced at the window, and both of them instantly became nervous.

Neighbors, although living at some distance, occasionally called in the afternoon, and walked in the kitchen door, without the ceremony of knocking.

Mrs. Clifford fancied she would admit her knowledge of Arthur's guilt, if she pulled down the blind and locked the door, yet she realized the risk incurred, by standing opposite the window during her husband's absence with a strange young man, making bonfires of his clothing. If someone should call, it certainly would be a rather difficult situation to explain satisfactorily.

No doubt the same idea occurred to the boy, who quietly suggested as he noticed the uneasiness expressed in her face: "The fumes of this kerosene are too much for you, I fear, it will be better for you to sit in the open air until I have finished.'

She needed no second bidding, and soon breathed more freely sitting outside where she could watch the road from all directions. It was not long before Arthur was at the open door carrying the tin dish, full of ashes and charred clothing, and asking for a spade. While he was burying the remains of the brown suit, Mrs. Clifford hurried into the house to open all the doors and windows so that the place might be aired of the odor of burning oil.

She insisted on him resting as it was then only half past five, saying, if he took a nap, she would waken him at eight, and he might start on his journey at dusk.

He went back to the little room, and being completely worn out by exhaustion and the nervous strain, as well as somewhat relieved by his anxiety, the lad slept soundly.

Mrs. Clifford packed a little hand satchel with a lunch of hard boiled eggs, bread and butter, some cookies, a small bottle of homemade raspberry vinegar, a tin mug, three fresh linen collars, some handkerchiefs, two pair of socks and a grey federa hat. She was kept busy getting the things together, and did not have time to worry herself into uneasiness.

At eight o'clock she knocked at the boy's door. Arthur awakened with a start, wondering where he was, a heavy weight appeared as if resting on his heart, then it flashed across his mind how, in one hour, his whole nature had changed into a being entirely different from other men.

At first he felt tempted to return, give himself up, and take his chance on a trial, but the thought of his poor old father being dragged through the courts and further disgraced by his son decided him to push on. In imagination, he saw the brilliant legal talent, retained by the murdered boy's wealthy parents, arrayed against one struggling lawyer, working for a contingent fee, and the hope of a name gained by notoriety, vainly trying to convince a jury that his guilty client was innocent.

There appeared to be no prospect of freedom outside of the plea of insanity—a living tomb or ignominious death. Rousing himself he made a vow that neither should claim his body while he breathed the air of freedom and could live to atone for his sin.

When he entered the kitchen the wood fire was crackling as if telling him that the secret of his infected clothing was safely lodged in the bosom of the little black stove, while the cheerful blaze encouraged him to rise out of the ashes of the past to a nobler future.

Mrs. Clifford had in her hands a pair of smoked eye-glasses, which she explained, were ones her husband used, when his eyes were weak. "I think they would be some help to you," she continued, looking up at him, and trying them on herself. "Your eyes looked so sore when you came in that I thought, instantly I came across these, they would be fine for you when the sun is hot. A grey fedora I packed in your sachel will be easier than that christy."

"No, you must not put it on now," she demanded, as he made an attempt at opening the grip, "for I would not know what to do with the brown one. If you think it is not worth keeping, and don't want to be so extravagant as to throw it away, just lean over the bridge when crossing and accidently, let it fall into the river. Here is a little change I don't need to use at present, take it as a loan," and she pressed into his hand seven dollars.

"If you never have an opportunity of returning, keep it as a fund for helping someone else in distress."

"I may in time return the loan with interest, but I can never, never return your kindness."

"You can," she declared, looking earnestly at him, "if you will promise to do one thing for me."

"Anything in my power," he said simply taking her extended hand.

"Every day of your life I want you to make one little prayer, asking God to forgive me for my sin of omission.'

"I will, and further promise solemnly that it will never appear against you on the day of judgment if I am spared to atone for my sin of commission."

She stood at the door watching him start away as if he were her son, when at some little distance he turned, raised his hat, and she waved her handkerchief.

The next anxiety was telling her husband. She thought of waiting until the following day for fear he might feel it his duty to inform the authorities, but, the secret weighed on her conscience like a sin that must be confessed. On their return home she made a clean breast of it. Her son, giving her a hug, exclaimed, "I am proud of my plucky little mother."

Mr. Clifford, not so sanguine, pointed out to her the great risk she had taken, and with a look of affection, which rather belied his words said sarcastically, "You have certainly missed your calling by spending your life feeding men and chickens, when the country is in need of diplomats. It will be necessary however, to change your tactics, for you are at present, what might be termed, a diplomatic traitor. With a few hints on boodling finance, you could become a successful politician; or, if to your faculty of scheming and knowledge of human nature, were added some up-to-date methods of making use of people in your power, it would only be a question of time until you were quoted as a great financial magnate. Having so ably planned the deal, you had better invent a story, to be told in case the youth was seen in this neighborhood and we are questioned. Jack will watch his opportunity to take a run into town, and relieve the poor old father of some of the anxiety he is enduring." Pointing his forefinger, and giving an emphatic nod he added, "You must not tell a living soul; not even Mrs. Turner."

Mrs. Clifford knew by his gestures and the tone of her husband's voice, that he had good reasons for being decided, therefore, was greatly disappointed as she had looked forward to the pleasure of telling Mrs. Turner her adventure when they next drank tea together.

Two days later a brown christy, in which was a hat band bearing the initials "A. H." and identified by Arthur's father and friends as having belonged to him, was found, caught in between some boards, floating in the river, about half way from either shore, and two miles beyond the bridge.

It was hard to say how far it had drifted, or where the body of the owner might be lying, as the current was very swift.

After some investigation, the matter was dropped. Public opinion having decided that the country was saved the great expense of a trial and execution.

Now the question arises if Mrs. Clifford did what was right in aiding a criminal to escape justice, or would she have done a greater kindness by persuading Arthur Homer to return and stand his trial?

Whether he should have been condemned or pardoned must he left for a jury of readers to decide.

## FEEDING SCHOOL CHILDREN.

### London County Cuncil Will Sell Meals at Cost.

A notable experiment is to be tried in the London County Council schools, though not on a large scale.

At five selected schools, which include a "cookery centre," meals are to be provided for the scholars at the remarkably low price of three-halfpence. It is stated officially that this scheme is to involve no burden on the rate-payer, and that the three-halfpence will really cover the cost of the meal.

The food, which will include soup, meat, and pudding, will be prepared by the little cookery students, which, as a member of the Education Committee pointed out, will have an additional value, for the cooking and management must necessarily be of a most economical description, and also suitable for children.

The parents have been informed of the preparations, and it will be interesting to note the response.

Those responsible for the experiment have endeavored to make it clear that there is to be nothing philanthropic about the scheme. The children of the well-to-do are as welcome to take advantage of the arrangement as the poorest scholars. "It is a convenience for the children," as a high official remarked yesterday.

## HARD ON HARRY.

"Now, Harry, go to Smith's, the grocer, and get a quart of the best treacle," said his mother.

And she handed the young hopeful a couple of good-sized jugs.

When the boy had gone, I said to the mother.

"You didn't tell him to get anything in the other jug. Is he going to leave it at the shop?"

"No, ma'am; he's going to bring it back again," she replied.

"But why send two jugs to get a quart of treacle?"

"Well, you see, it's this way. If he has a jug in each hand, he can't go dipping his finger in the treacle and eating it as he comes along."

He who is ashamed of his calling has no call to follow it.

# About the House

## CHESTNUT COOKERY.

Chestnuts must be blanched before they can be used in any recipe. Remove the shells, place the nuts in boiling water, and let them stay ten or fifteen minutes. Pour off the water when they will easily slip from the covering. Do this before beginning with any recipe.

Chestnut Soup.—Put a quart of chestnuts in a soup kettle and cover with a quart of stock. Add a slice of onion, a bay leaf, a pinch of celery seed or a celery top, and cook slowly until the chestnuts are tender. Press through a colander first and then through a sieve. Thicken a pint of milk with a tablespoonful each of butter and flour rubbed together, stir in the chestnut pulp and add pepper and salt to taste.

Chestnut Croquettes.—Boil a pint of shelled and blanched chestnuts until tender, drain and put through the colander or potato masher while hot, add a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of red pepper, a tablespoonful of butter, and a little onion juice if liked. Mix and shape in tiny squares, dip in egg and bread crumbs, and fry in smoking fat.

Baked Chestnuts.—Boil one quart of blanched chestnuts fifteen minutes in salted water. Put in a baking dish, pour over them a white sauce, adding cream to the drawn butter instead of milk when convenient. Cook in the oven until they are tender enough to be pierced with a fork.

Chestnut Marrons.—Chop boiled chestnuts fine, with a little orange water, and press through a sieve. To each pint add one ounce of dissolved gelatin, four tablespoonfuls of firmly whipped cream, and one tablespoon of granulated sugar. Serve chilled.

## MEAT DISHES FOR TWO.

Stewed Kidneys—Draw the thin white skin from one beef kidney or two pairs of sheeps' or lambs'. Wash and soak for an hour in salted water. Put them in a stew pan with a pint of water and skim carefully when they begin to boil. Turn down the flame so that the water will only bubble slightly for two hours. Put one tablespoonful of butter over the fire in a small pan, add a level tablespoonful of flour, and stir until smooth and brown. Stir this into the pan containing the kidneys, add seasonings, and cook for half an hour longer. It may be necessary to add a little more water. Serve on slices of toast.

Fricassee of Veal—Have two ounces of pork cut in thin slices and a pound of veal cut into small pieces. Fry the pork to a good brown and take out of the pan, putting the veal, which has been rolled in flour, into the hot fat. Brown well on both sides, take out, draining carefully, and stir in two scant tablespoonfuls of flour, rubbing it smooth in the fat and stirring until brown. Add a pint and a half of water gradually, stirring all the time. Put the browned veal into it and simmer for half an hour.

Chicken Pie.—Cut up enough cooked chicken to make a pint and a half. Season it with salt and pepper and put two tablespoonfuls of butter into a frying pan and place on the fire. Stir into this two small tablespoonfuls of flour. Add to this gradually a pint of stock or water in which you have stirred cold gravy. Stir the chicken into the sauce and set away after turning into a shallow baking dish. When it is cool roll the paste in the same shape as the top of dish only a little larger. Make a hole in the center, cover the meat, and bake slowly for one hour.

## MISCELLANEOUS RECIPES.

Omelette Soufflé—Beat the yolks of three eggs until light, add one-fourth teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat the whites of six eggs to a froth, add gradually three rounding tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and beat until stiff. Pour over this the yolks and mix carefully. Place in escallop dishes or on small sauce dishes; sift powdered sugar lightly over the top, place in a moderate oven for from three to five minutes, according to size. Serve at once.

Twin Biscuits—Sift together one pint of flour, three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt. Add one rounding tablespoonful of butter and rub through carefully; add three-fourths of a cup of milk, stir quickly to a dough with a knife; turn out on the board, roll gently back and forth until nicely floured. Roll out about half an inch thick, brush each one lightly with melted butter, put two together, one on top of another, and place in a pan about half an inch apart. Bake in a quick oven about twelve minutes.

Fruit Muffins.—Sift together two cups of sifted flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and two rounding tablespoonfuls of sugar. Beat one egg until light, add to it a scant cupful of milk, and pour them over the dry ingredients; add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, stir just long enough to mix; add one cupful of dried currants or any kind of fresh berries, drop in greased gem pan and bake fifteen minutes in a quick oven.

Salt Rising Bread.—Dissolve a half teaspoonful of salt in a pint of scalding water and heat in gradually enough flour to make a soft dough. Beat for ten minutes, cover, and set in a warm place for eight hours. Now stir a teaspoonful of salt into a pint of lukewarm milk and add enough flour to make a stiff batter before working it into the risen dough. Mix thoroughly, cover, and set again in a warm place to rise until light. Turn into a wooden bowl of the consistency of ordinary bread dough. Make into dough, set these to rise, and when light bake.

Graham Muffins.—Mix with thin cream to a stiff batter a pint of gragam flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a teacupful of brown sugar and one egg. If cream is not obtainable, use milk and butter as large as an egg. Bake in small tins or muffin rings.

## HOW TO FINISH A SKIRT.

"What kind of a finish would you make for the bottom of a cloth skirt," asks a correspondent, "and would you put in any bottom stiffening?" The finish would depend very largely on the weight of the material in the skirt. For a very heavy cloth I should put the bottom of the skirt exactly as it should be in the finished garment, leaving about an eighth of an inch longer than the desired length. This narrow margin would have stitched to it a facing of Italian cloth or some material which, while light in weight, would stand a good amount of wear. The bottom of the skirt would then be turned over and basted firmly into place, after which it would be pressed with a hot iron, on the wrong side, of course, and with a damp cloth between the iron and the goods. Then the facing would be basted to it, taking small plaits in the top wherever necessary. The top of the facing would be turned over a half inch to the inside. If the facing is to be stitched on, it is now ready for the machine and two rows of stitching, only an eighth of an inch apart, one close to the top of the facing and the other lower down, would be put on. Then, after the bastings are withdrawn, the centre facing would be again thoroughly pressed. In case stitching was not desired, the facing would be hemmed to the skirt, care being taken to put in plenty of small stitches and not to have them show through on the right side of the skirt.

If the skirt is made of medium weight cloth I would make a self hem on the bottom of it, but instead of turning the hem in at the top, which would make it bulky, I would stitch a row of silk binding over the raw edge of the hem after the latter had been carefully basted and plaited to it perfectly flat. This finish is the best for all but quite light weight goods. Such material may have a turned-in hem. With a circular skirt however, a hem is not always practicable, and in such a case a facing of the material, cut to fit, may be used. Very great care must be taken in applying such a facing not to have the skirt draw at all, and to be sure that it is quite smooth and flat before any stitching is put in. For a skirt with a facing, a stitched finish at the bottom is generally preferable, though the facing may be first stitched to the bottom of the skirt and then turned up and hemmed. With regard to the interlining, few are being used, and I should advise leaving it out, unless the skirt will not hang well without it. In most of the plaited skirts the plaits are pressed to the bottom of the skirt, and an interlining would be apt to infere with the graceful hang of the garment.

## THE CARE OF LAMPS.

Lamps, like grate fires, are still admired for their picturesque qualities, despite the modern luminaries of gas and electricity.

To clean a lamp, one duster is necessary for the stand and one for the chimney and globe, a lamp mop, an old pair of gloves, soft tissue paper, oil filler, and a little bristle brush.

Lamps should always be attended to by daylight, to avoid accidents. The materials should be kept apart on account of the odor of the oil.

For this reason it is wise to spread a piece of oilcloth on the table.

Proceed with the cleaning in this order:

1. Remove the dust globe, washing it when necessary.
2. Dust and polish chimney, using a woollen chimney mop or a stick with a pad of chamois leather at the end.
3. Remove and dust the frame.
4. Dust and brush any charred bits off the reflector.
5. Rub the top surface of the wick with paper to remove the charred particles and leave it even, turning the wick up just above the level of the burner whilst attending to it, afterwards lowering it to prevent the oil from oozing out.
6. Fill the reservoir to within half an inch from the top, adding a lump of salt about the size of a walnut, as this produces a better light.
7. Wipe the oil from the burner with paper until quite free from grease.
8. If the stand is of brass, polish it with a duster, washing it occasionally with sour milk, lemon juice or vinegar and water. If of bronze rub with a little vaseline, then polish it with a duster. If of china, it may be cleaned with soap and water.

If kept carefully dusted chimneys require only occasionally washing. For this purpose put a little ammonia in the water, not soap suds; allow the chimneys to drain until dry, as drying with a cloth causes a daubed appearance.

Half an inch air space should always be allowed at the top of the reservoir to allow for expansion of the oil when heated and to prevent the oil from oozing through the mouth of the reservoir. The oil should be poured from an oil filler.

Occasionally the burner should be allowed to boil in a little soda water, then rubbed clean and dried with a soft cloth.

## DURING STONE AGE.

"Ostend," said the teacher, "before stoves were invented how did people cook?"

"I guess they cooked on mountain ranges," remarked Ostend, who had been reading about the stone age.

Caller (to child, whose mother has left the room for a moment)—"Come here to me, my dear." Enfant Terrible—"No. I mustn't do that; Mamma told me I must stay sitting in the chair, because there's a hole in the cushion!"

# KEEP TOWER OF SILENCE

## PARSEES REFUSE TO ABANDON THEIR CUSIOMS.

### Say Their Way of Burying the Dead Is More Sanitary Than the Christian.

Among the Parsees of India the recent agitation to induce them to dispose of their dead by cremation instead of exposing them to be devoured by vultures on their "towers of silence" has awakened only indignation, says a Bombay correspondent. They are not prepared to abandon a custom which is hallowed to them by hoary antiquity and associated with their most hallowed religious rites.

Though in European minds the thought of allowing feathered scavengers to feast on the bodies of their beloved dead would excite the deepest feelings of repugnance and disgust, as practiced by the Parsees this method of getting rid of the fleshly tenement is far from being so horrible as is generally imagined. Indeed, to the Parsees themselves—and they are the most cultivated and intelligent of all the sects found in India—it seems far preferable to burying the dead as practiced by Christians.

### DEFENSE OF CUSTOM.

"Your people," said a Parsee to me, "put your dead underground, where they provide a banquet for worms. We put ours above ground, where their flesh is eaten by vultures. The ultimate result is the same. The bones alone are left. But there is a great difference in what takes before the skeleton stage is reached, and that difference is all in favor of our method. Before consigning the bodies of your dead to the earth you inclose them in coffins. You dare not allow your imaginations to picture the horrible changes that there take place before nature recovers what she gave. We do not seek to retard the process. The vultures do their work expeditiously. There is no putrefaction. Christian burial grounds, so I have read, are often sources of disease. Parsee dokhmas, or "towers of silence" as you poetically call them, are never such. From a sanitary point of view they are incomparably superior to your cemeteries, and with us they are equally sacred."

"But," I suggested, "fire would do the work even better than vultures."

"Or worms," said my Parsee friend. "When you Christians take to cremation we Parsees may possibly follow your excellent example. There are far weightier reasons why cremation should take the place of burial than can be urged in favor of its substitution for our towers of silence."

The towers of silence crown the summit of Malabar hill, near Bombay, and are situated in the midst of a beautiful garden whose tropical trees swarm with vultures. They are built of stone and are about twenty-five feet high. A small door is provided for the entrance of the body. When a Parsee dies, after the performance of solemn and imposing funeral rites, the body is borne upon an iron bier to the towers, followed by a procession of relatives and friends of the dead headed by a number of priests. Upon arrival at the gardens the bier is laid dow and prayers are said at the "sagri," or house of prayer, near the entrance to the garden. The attendants then carry the body to the towers of silence, lay it on its stony bed and retire. Then the vultures gather about it and do their grewsome work unseen. The bones are soon denuded of flesh and fall through an iron grating into a pit beneath, from which they are afterwards removed by a subterranean cavern.

### DEATH ANNIVERSARY.

On the third day after the death friends and relatives again assemble at the house where the dead man lived, and thence proceed to the "temple of fire." Standing before the urns in which the "celestial fires" are kept burning, priests recite prayers for the soul of the departed. His son, or adopted son, kneels before the high priest and promises due performance of all religious rites and obsequies to the dead. Friends and relatives then hand the priest a list of contributions to various charities which have been subscribed as a memorial offering. This concluded the ceremony of "rising from mourning," or the "resurrection of the dead." On each recurring anniversary of the death of a Parsee memorial funeral ceremonies are performed. In an iron framework erected in the house shrubs and flowers are cultivated, thus literally keeping the memory of the dead man green. Before these iron frames prayers are said two or three times a day.

The Parsees are a small set. They number altogether about 82,000, of whom 72,000 live in or near Bombay. Most of the remaining 10,000 are found in Persia. As a people they are remarkably intelligent and trustworthy, with a genius for business which fairly rivals that of the Jews. They are highly prosperous, much given to charity, and beggars are unknown among them.

Fussy Old Gentleman (to chance travelling companion)—"Have you any children, sir?" "Yes, sir; a son." "Ah, indeed. Does he smoke?" "No, sir. He has never so much as touched a cigarette." "So much the better, sir; the use of tobacco is a poisonous habit. Does he frequent clubs?" "He has never put his foot in one." "Allow me to congratulate you. Does he never come home late?" "Never. He goes to bed directly after dinner." "A model young man, sir, a model young man. How old is he?" "Just six months."

Dr. Gorem—"Oh, yes, my boy, I have fought for my country." Boy—"Weren't you scared, pa?" Dr. Gorem—"Scared? I guess you wouldn't have thought so if you had seen me charge the enemy." Boy—"You charged 'em all right, I bet, but you couldn't make 'em pay, could you?"

## FARROWING TIME

Is as critical a time as any in hog raising.

The litter eating of many sows is largely due to bad feeding, causing a constipated and irritable condition.

The sows digestive organs should be kept free and open to prevent this fevered and litter eating condition by feeding

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Besides making a better flow of milk owing to the better blood circulation.

This means more and better pigs, as a healthy apple tree gives more and better fruit than a diseased tree.

For young pigs it makes more bone and muscle on which to put flesh, and nothing better for starting and keeping Runts growing.

Its ingredients are absolutely harmless and pure, and if you are not satisfied with results your money cheerfully refunded by the dealer.

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# About the Farm

EXPERIENCES WITH THE SILO.

I have three silos holding, when full, about 300 tons, writes Mr. E. Van Alystyne. It is seldom that we get in this amount, as they usually settle from 2 to 6 feet, depending on the rapidity with which they are filled. Two of these silos are constructed so that we can fill either without moving the cutter. Frequently we are able to get these filled quite solidly. This fall, we have put up 250 tons. This amount will feed 45 to 50 cows about seven months. We have no fixed date to begin feeding silage. This depends somewhat on how much silage we have as compared with other feeds and the condition of the late pasture. If our supply of silage is insufficient to last until the pasture is ready in the spring, we aim to supply a sufficiently succulent food of some other sort.

Sometimes we have pumpkins and feed them until well into November. In my experience the most difficult time to make milk is the latter part of October and early November when the grass begins to suffer from frost and the cold winds chill the cows. Silage fills this gap admirably. If pasture is short, we sometimes feed right along from the time we fill the silos. This year we began feeding October 15. We had been feeding pumpkins to the cows when they came in at night. When these were gone, we substituted a feed of early cut hay. The shrinkage in the milk flow was very marked, being nearly a quart per animal. This happens, even with good pasture at our command. Our first severe frost did not come until October 25. We then opened the silo and began feeding a half bushel or about 15 silage lbs. per cow. In 48 hours the flow of milk was again increased to normal.

SILAGE FED AFTER MILKING.

The amount of silage to be given a cow, depends largely upon the animal. When silage is abundant and the cows are in the stable, I find my Guernseys will average, in the two herds, about 35 to 40 pounds silage per day with an additional grain ration of about six pounds which is supplemented with a small feed of five or six pounds of hay at noon. It is our custom to feed the grain just before milking. The silage is also given the cows after the milking is done, while the hay is given them at noon. This is largely a matter of convenience. Cows will do just as well after they get accustomed to it without the noon feed, if they have all the roughage they want at night and morning. This period is no longer than from six o'clock at night to five o'clock in the morning. I have never known of anyone getting up at midnight to feed cows, nor that the cows suffered for lack of it.

Theoretically I believe it is better to feed the grain on the silage, but practically I have never been able to detect any difference. The important factor is to be regular and have the right sort of feed at the right time. I have no set rules as to the amount of feed necessary to balance the silage. When I use early cut hay, I can get alone with one pound less grain per cow each day than when I feed hay that has been allowed to fully mature. In my experience I also find that there is about a pound of grain difference between clover and timothy. Oats and pea hay call for from one to two pounds less grain daily than clover. I have all the carbohydrates I need in the silage, but for protein, I depend on the purchased grain. I usually buy grain that will give me the most digestible protein

FOR THE LEAST MONEY.

When the prices are right, I have never found anything better than 28 p.c. protein and 17 p.c. protein ships mixed half and half by weight. Last year these two materials were too high and I used malt sprouts, dried brewers' grain and cottonseed meal. Sometimes I substitute and use linseed meal, if the price is right.

When there is sufficient corn in the valley, say about 50 bushels of ears to each ten tons of feed, I find about six pounds grain daily is about as much as can usually be fed with profit. More grain will usually produce more milk, but quite often not enough to pay the increased cost of production. This will depend on the cow, the price of feed and the amount obtained for the product. Milk at 3½ cents per quart will admit of more extensive feeding than when it is worth only 2½ cents. I have fed silage for nearly 18 years with most excellent results. My cows have always been in perfect health. My calves thrive on silage better than on clover hay. I have some cows in my herd 13 years old, that have always eaten silage. Their general health is good and their teeth are in most excellent condition. I do not think it wise to feed silage before milking and always guard against this.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

It will not hurt the brooding sow to squeal for her breakfast once in awhile Better that than to have her too fat to get up and eat.

When you go to buy a new horse collar, take your horse along and fit him. You would not think of getting a new suit of clothes for yourself unless you could be there to try it on. Don't depend on letting out a strap here and another one there to make it set well.

The term "feeding," correctly interpreted, means supplying the work horse with that amount and quality of food which will maintain its body in perfect order for labor. Fed thus, the horse should not become fat should not lose or increase materially in weight, should have life, snap, vigor and stamina, a healthy appearing coat, and muscles well developed and free from surplus adipose tissue. These ends cannot be attained by simply stuffing the horse upon good food of various kinds. It is as easy to overfeed as to underfeed, and either extreme is equally detrimental.

In the average case the farm horse is overfed, hence lessened in value for labor and maintained at unnecessary expense. This is surely the case when his manger is kept stuffed with hay from one end of the year to the other on the "self-feeder" principle. The hay-stuffed manger means a hay-stuffed horse, and in that condition he is unfit to do a maximum amount of work easily and without appreciable loss of strength and vitality. So, too, the corn-stuffed horse is well fed, but rendered partially unfit for his best effort in work harness. Yet hay and corn, being the most plentiful foods upon the average form, are as a rule too liberally supplied by the farmer who wishes to treat his horses kindly and liberally.


## Consumption

¶ There is no specific for consumption. Fresh air, exercise, nourishing food and Scott's Emulsion will come pretty near curing it, if there is anything to build on. Millions of people throughout the world are living and in good health on one lung.

¶ From time immemorial the doctors prescribed cod liver oil for consumption. Of course the patient could not take it in its old form, hence it did very little good. They *can* take

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**

and tolerate it for a long time. There is no oil, not excepting butter, so easily digested and absorbed by the system as cod liver oil in the form of Scott's Emulsion, and that is the reason it is so helpful in consumption where its use must be continuous.

¶ We will send you a sample free.

¶ Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

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50c. and $1; all druggists


# Marian Mayfield

## Or, The Strange Disappearance

CHAPTER XVII.

It was late in February before the party reached home. Thurston's business finished he also hastened back and sought out Marian. One memorable episode must be related. Thurston had met Marian not many yards down the lonely forest footpath, leading from the village school to Old Fields one evening.

After a walk of about a quarter of a mile through the bushes they descended by the natural staircase of moss-covered rocks, and sat down together upon a bed of violets at its foot.

Before them, through the canopy of over-arching trees, was seen, like a picture in its frame of foliage, a fine view of the open country and the bay now bathed in purple haze of evening.

But the fairest prospect that ever opened had no more attraction for Thurston than if it had been a view of chimney tops from a back attic window. He passed his right hand around Marian's shoulders, and drew her closer to his side, and with the other hand began to untie her bonnet strings.

"Lay off this little bonnet. Let me see your beauteous head uncovered. There!" he said, putting it aside and smoothing her bright locks. "Oh, Marian! my love! my queen! when I see only the top of your head, I think your rippling, sunny tresses your chief beauty; but soon my eyes fall to the blooming cheek—there never was such a cheek—so vivid, yet so delicate, so glowing, yet so cool and fresh—like the damask rose bathed in morning dew—so when I gaze on it I think the blushing cheek your sweetest charm—ah! but near by breathe the rich, ripe lips, fragrant as nectarines; and which I should swear to be the very buds of love, were not my gaze caught up to meet your eyes—stars!—and then I know that I have found the very soul of beauty! Oh! priceless pearl! By what rare fortune was it that I ever found you in these Maryland woods? Love! angel! Marian! for that means all!" he exclaimed, in a sort of ecstasy, straining her to his side.

And Marian dropped her blushing face upon his shoulder—she was blushing not from bashful love alone—with it mingled a feeling of shame, regret, and mistrust, because he praised so much her form and face, because he seemed to love her only for her superficial good looks. She would have spoken if she could have done so; she would have told what was on her heart as earnest as a prayer by saying:

"Oh, do not think so much of this perishable, outward beauty; accident may ruin it, sickness may injure it, time will certainly impair it. Do not love me for that which I have no power over, and which may be taken from me at any time—which I shall be sure to lose at last—love me for something better and more lasting than that. I have a heart in this bosom worth all the rest, a heart that in itself is an inner world—a kingdom worthy of your rule—a heart that neither time, fortune, nor casualty can over change—a heart that loves you now in your strong and beautiful youth, and will love you when you are old and gray, and when you are one of the redeemed of heaven. Love me for this heart."

But to have saved her own soul or his, Marian could not then have spoken those words.

So he continued to caress her—every moment growing more and more enchanted with her loveliness There was more of passion than affection in his manner, and Marian felt and regretted this, though her feeling was not a very clearly defined one—it was rather an instinct than a thought, and it was latent, and quite subservient to her love for him.

"Love! angel! how enchanting you are," he exclaimed, catching her in his arms and pressing kisses on her cheek and lips and neck.

Glowing with color, Marian strove to release herself. "Let me go—let us leave this place, dear Thurston," she pleaded, attempting to rise.

"Why? Why are you in such a hurry? Why do you wish to leave me?" he asked, without releasing his hold.

"It is late! Dear Thurston, it is late," she said, in vague alarm.

"That does not matter—I am with you."

"They will be anxious about me, pray let us go! They will be so anxious!" she said, with increasing distress, trying to get away. "Thurston! Thurston? You distress me beyond measure," she exclaimed in great trouble.

But he stopped her breath with kisses.

Marian suddenly ceased to struggle, and by a strong effort of will she became perfectly calm. And looking in his eyes, with her clear, steady gaze, she said:

"Thurston, I have ceased to strive. But if you are a man of honor, you will release me."

His arms dropped from around her as if he had been struck dead.

Glad to be free, Marian arose to depart. Thurston sat still—his fine countenance overclouded with mortification and anger. Marian hesitated; she knew not how to proceed. He did not offer to rise and attend her At length she spoke.

"Will you see me safely through the woods, Thurston?"

He did not answer.

"Thurston, it is nearly dark—there are several runaway negroes in the forest now, and the road will not be safe for me."

"Good-night, then," she said.

"Good-night, Marian."

She turned away and ascended the steps with her heart filled nearly to bursting with grief, indignation and fear. That he should let her take that long, dark, dangerous walk alone! it was incredible! she could scarcely realize it, or believe it! Her unusually excited feelings lent wings to her feet, and she walked swiftly for about a quarter of a mile, and then was forced to pause and take breath. And then every feeling of indignation and fear was lost in that of sorrow, that she had wounded his feelings, and left him in anger. And Marian dropped her face into her hands and wept. A step breaking through the brushwood made her start and tremble. She raised her head with the attitude of one prepared for a spring and flight. It was so dark she could scarcely see her hands before her, but as the step approached, a voice said:

"Fear nothing, Marian, I have not lost sight of you since you left me," and Thurston came up to her side.

With a glad smile of surprise Marian turned to greet him, holding out her hand, expecting him to draw it through his arm and lead her on But no, he would not touch her hand. Lifting his hat slightly, he said:

"Go forward if you please to do so, Marian. I attend you."

Marian went on, and he followed closely. They proceeded in silence for some time. Now that she knew that he had not left her a moment alone in the woods, she felt more deeply grieved at having so mortified and offended him. At last she spoke:

"Pray, do not be angry with me, dear Thurston."

"I am not angry that I know of, fair one; and you do me too much honor to care about my mood. Understand me once for all. I am not a Dr. Grimshaw, in any phase of that gentleman's character. I am neither the tyrant who will persecute you to exact your attention, nor yet the slave who will coax and whine and wheedle for your favor. In either character I should despise myself too much," he answered coolly.

"Thurston, you are deeply displeased, or you would not speak so, and I am very, very sorry," said Marian in a tremulous voice.

"Do not distress yourself about me, fair saint! I shall trouble you no more after this evening!"

What did he mean? What could Thurston mean? Trouble her no more after this evening! She did not understand the words, but they went through her bosom like a sword. She did not reply—she could not. She wished to say:

"Oh, Thurston, if you could read my heart—how singly it is devoted to you—how its thoughts by day, and dreams by night are filled with histories and images of what I would be, and do or suffer for you—of how faithfully I mean to love and serve you in all our coming years—you would not mistake me, and get angry because you would know my heart." But these words Marian could not have uttered had her life depended on it.

"Go on, Marian, the moor is no safer than the forest; I shall attend you across it."

And they went on until the light from Old Field Cottage was visible. Then Marian said:

"You had better leave me now. They are sitting up and watching for me."

"No! go on, the night is very dark. I must see you to the gate."

They walked rapidly, and just as they approached the house Marian saw a little figure wandering about on the moor, and which suddenly sprang toward her with an articulate cry of joy! It was Miriam, who threw herself upon Marian with such earnestness of welcome that she did not notice Thurston, who now raised his hat slightly from his head, with a slight nod, and walked rapidly away.

"Here she is mother! Oh! here she is!" cried Miriam, pulling at Marian's dress, and drawing her in the house.

"Oh! Marian, how anxious you have made us! Where have you been?" asked Edith, in a tone of love, half of vexation.

"I have been detained," said Marian, in a low voice.

The cottage room was very inviting. The evening was just chilly enough to make the bright little wood fire agreeable. On the clean hearth before it sat the tea-pot and a covered plate of toast waiting for Marian. And old Jenny got up and sat out a little stand, covered it with a white napkin, and put the tea and toast, with the addition of a piece of cold chicken and a saucer of preserves, upon it. And Marian laid off her straw bonnet and muslin scarf, and sat down and tried to eat, for affectionate eyes had already noticed the trouble of her countenance, and were watching her now with anxiety.

"You do not seem to have an appetite, dear; what is the matter?" asked Edith.

"I am not very well," said Marian, rising and leaving the table, and refraining with difficulty from bursting into tears.

"It's dat ar cussed infunnelly party at Lockemup—last Toosday!" said Jenny, as she cleared away the tea service—"a-screwin' up tight in cusseds an' ball-dresses! an' a-dancin' all night till broad daylight! 'sides heavin' of ever so much unwholesome 'fectionery trash down her t'roat—de constitution ob de United States hisself couldn't stan' sich much less a delicy young gall! I 'vises ov you, honey, to go to bed."

"Indeed, Marian, it was too much for you to lose your rest all night, and then have to get up early to go to school. You should have had a good sleep this morning. And then to be detained so late this evening. Did you have to keep any of the girls in, or was it a visit from the trustees that detained you?"

"Neither," said Marian, nervously, "but I think I must take Jenny's advice and go to bed."

CHAPTER XVIII.

From that miserable night, Marian saw no more of Thurston, except occasionally at church, when he came at irregular intervals, and maintained the same coolness and distance of manner toward her, and with matchless self command, too, since often his heart yearned toward her with almost irresistible force.

Cold and calm as was his exterior, he was suffering not less than Marian; self-tossed with passion, the strong currents and counter-currents of his soul whirled as a moral maelstrom, in which both reason and conscience threatened to be engulfed.

And in these mental conflicts judgment and understanding were often observed and bewildered, and the very boundaries of right and wrong lost.

His appreciation of Marian waved with his moods.

When very angry he would mentally denounce her as a cold, prudent, calculating woman, who had entrapped him into a secret marriage, and having secured his hand, would now risk nothing for his love, and himself as a weak, fond fool, the tool of the beautiful, proud diplomat, whom it would be justifiable to circumvent, to defeat, and to humble in some way.

At such times he felt a desire, amounting to a strong temptation, to abduct her—to get her into his power, and make her feel that power. No law could protect her or punish him—for they were married.

But here was the extreme point at which reaction generally commenced, for Thurston could not contemplate himself in that character—playing such a part, for an instant.

And then when a furtive glance would show him Marian's angel face, fairer and paler and more pensive than ever before—a strong counter-current of love and admiration approaching to worship, would set in, and he would look upon her as a fair saint worthy of translation to heaven, and upon himself as a designing but foiled conspirator, scarcely one degree above the most atrocious villain. "Currents and counter-currents" of stormy passion, where is the pilot that shall guide the understanding safely through them? It is no wonder, that once in a while a mind is wrecked.

Marian, sitting in her pew, saw nothing in his face or manner to indicate that inward storm. She only saw the sullen, freezing exterior. Even in his softened moods of penitence, Thurston dared not seek her society.

For Marian had begun to recover from the first abject prostration of her sorrow, and her fair, resolute brow and sad, firm lips mutely assured him that she never would consent to be his own until their marriage could be proclaimed.

And he durst not trust himself in her tempting presence, lest there should be a renewal of those humiliating scenes he had endured.

Thus passing a greater portion of the summer; during which Thurston gradually dropped off from the church, and from all other haunts where he was likely to encounter Marian, and as gradually began to frequent the Catholic chapel, and to visit Luckenough, and to throw himself as much as possible into the distracting company of the pretty elf Jacquelina. But this—while it threw Dr. Grimshaw almost into frenzy, did not help Thurston to forget the good and beautiful Marian. Indeed, by contrast, it seemed to make her more excellent and lovely.

(To be Continued.)

FARM NOTES.

The genuine, full-blood, thoroughbred scrub farmer never likes high-class stock, fine varieties of fruits, a pretty home, or improved premises. To him any old thing is good enough.

There should be no communication between the stable and the carriage house, and the manure heap should be located as far away from the latter as possible. Ammonia fumes crack and destroy varnish and fade the colors both of painting and lining.

When milk has been found to contain impurities, or sours more quickly than it ought to, the fault is laid at the door of the milkman, the dealer, the milk station, the farmer or the cow; but in many instances it does not occur to the person who finds the fault to lay it just where it belongs, but where it is seldom brought home, and that is to the housekeeper.

The chief fertilizing element in poultry manure is nitrogen in the form of ammonium compounds. If wood ashes or lime or any alkaline compound is mixed with the poultry manure, the nitrogen passes off into the form of ammonia. Chemically stated, the transformation is something like this: The ammonium nitrate of the manure uniting with the caustic potash of the wood ashes is resolved into potassium nitrate, water and free ammonia. Now soil or gypsum with the hen manure has just the opposite effect, because these materials mechanically absorb and conserve the volatile ammonium compounds.

Many a man who boasts that he does not know the meaning of fear is still young enough to get married.


## THE UNRIVALLED FLAVOR OF "SALADA"

Natural Green Ceylon Tea has Placed it on top. Packed only in sealed lead packets, the same as delicious Salada Black Tea.

40c, 50c and 60c per lb. AT ALL GROCERS.

Highest Award St. Louis, 1904

## KENTUCKY'S GREATEST THOROUGHBRED SALE

WILL BE THE

**Fasig-Tipton Co's Sixth Annual Sale,**

TO BE HELD AT WILSON'S HORSEMEN'S HEADQUARTERS
LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY,

**DECEMBER 12-16, 1905.**

Entire disposal sale of Maj. B. G. Thomas & Thos. R. Gardner; Dixiana Stud, Col. W. L. Simmons; Ashgrove Stud, Estate of E. W Lee. R. S. Payne.

ALL THE PROMINENT BREEDERS have made entries, comprising Stallions, Brood Mares, Yearlings and horses to race.

**Commencing Monday Morning, December 4**

FASIG-TIPTON & CO. will sell at VANTASSELL and KEARNEY'S, New York City, the entire

**Rancho del Paso Stud, of California**

Comprising Stallions and Brood Mares of extreme quality.

FOR CATALOGUE OF LEXINGTON SALE ADDRESS Thos. F. Kelly, Lexington, Ky.

FOR CATALOGUE OF RANCHO DEL PASO SALE ADDRESS Fasig-Tipton Co., Madison Square Gardens, N.Y.

MAGNIFICENT

**Blue Fox Ruff**

**FREE**

NO MONEY REQUIRED

Think of it, a beautiful Ruff of Blue Fox, the most fashionable fur worn, given absolutely free. Such an offer was never made before. The only reason we can afford to do it is that we arranged for these handsome Furs during the dull season in the summer and got them nearly at cost. The Ruff is 41 inches long, nearly 4 inches wide, made of the handsomest Blue Fox Fur, very rich, soft and fluffy. It is warmly padded, lined with the same shade of satin and ornamented with four long tails of blue fox also. Such a handsome Fur has never before been given away, and you can get it so easy. Just send us your name and address, plainly, and we will mail you 2 doz. sets of

**Picture Post-Cards**

to sell at 10c. a set (4 cards to a set.) They are beautifully colored, all the rage, and sell like hot cakes. Such an opportunity was never offered before to the women and girls of Canada You couldn't buy anything in the Fur Stores that would look richer, be more becoming or more stylish, and remember, it won't cost you one cent. Write today We trust you and send the Picture Post-Cards post paid. Colonial Art Co., Dept. 82, Toronto


# THE HOBBIES OF KINGS

## EMPERORS AS BLACKSMITHS AND CLOCKMAKERS.

### Peter the Great Was Fond of Shipbuilding—Louis XVI. Liked Blacksmithing.

In a small brick building close to the Cathedral of St. Peters and St. Paul in St. Petersburg may be seen one of the most interesting naval relics in the world, in the form of a two-century-old boat which bears the proud name of the "Grandsire of the Russian Fleet," and of which this romantic story is told.

One day Peter the Great was wandering with a companion over one of his estates when, on peeping into an old storehouse, he saw in a dark corner a boat turned upside down. "What is that?" the Emperor asked, his curiosity aroused at finding a boat in such an unexpected place. "That," answered his companion, "is an English boat; and if you had sails in it, it would go not only with the wind, but against it."

For Peter to have the discarded vessel removed, fitted with masts and sails, and launched on the river Yauza was the work of but a few days; "and mighty pleasant it was to me," he declared, "to navigate it." So delighted was the Emperor with his new toy that he forthwith returned in haste to Lake Pleshcheyevo and, "in a small one-story wooden house, with windows of mica," set to work to build a similar vessel

WITH HIS OWN HANDS;

and thus commenced his hobby of shipbuilding, which, as we know, led him to Holland and to London to learn the whole mystery of shipcraft, working as a carpenter and blacksmith. A favorite pastime of his later years was to visit the forges of Muller at Istia and to forge iron with his own hands, branding each bar with his own particular mark.

Louis XVI. spent thousands of happy hours with his forge and anvil and the various tools of a blacksmith in a room above his private library. "He was fond to excess of lock-making," records his instructor and fellow-workman, Gamin, "and he concealed himself from the Queen and the Court to file and forge with me. In order to convey his anvil and my own backwards and forwards we were obliged to use a thousand stratagems, the history of which would never end." Louis was also expert in making timepieces as well as locks, and was ideally happy when constructing or repairing clocks and watches.

CHARLES V. OF SPAIN

had also a passion for timepieces, with which he loved to surround himself; and the greatest ambition of his life was to make them all keep time together—a feat which, needless to say, he never succeeded in accomplishing. So notorious was his craze for clocks and watches that when one day his chef was at his wits' end to devise a novel dish for the Royal palate he suggested to Charles that "he really did not know what to do unless he were to serve up His Majesty a fricasse of watches." Another hobby which gave Charles V. many pleasant hours was the making of mechanical toys—soldiers who would march and present arms, dancing girls, flying birds and so on—a pursuit in which he exhibited quite marvellous skill.

Alexander III. of Russia chose a more robust hobby. His favorite pastime was the felling of huge trees and sawing them into planks, and it is said that not one of his subjects could bring a forest giant to the ground with such terrific blows of the axe or so expeditiously as he. He was, indeed, the strongest man of his time in all Russia, and loved to startle his courtiers by such feats as bending bars of iron round his neck, crushing pewter tankards in his hands, or forcing open the stoutest doors with a push of His Herculean shoulders.

FREDERICK THE GREAT

had a mania for collecting snuff-boxes, every one of which he used, and of which he left behind him no fewer than 130, valued at much more than $1,250,000. Louis XIV. had more than a woman's passion for jewels, and spent fortunes on collecting the dazzling baubles, which he would exhibit with a child's delight for the admiration and envy of the ladies of his Court. Augustus the Strong of Saxony had a similar craze for china, and it was in pursuit of this hobby that the secret of the world-famous Dresden china was discovered; while Ludwig of Bavaria lavished millions on building lordly pleasure-houses, castles, and palaces for his delight.

WHAT WAS IN THE PAPER?

"I see in the paper this morning," began Mr. Gates at the breakfast table, "that——"

"There's too much milk in my oatmeal," cried the youngest member of the Gates family.

"I see in this morning's paper," began the head of the house again, "that the——"

"King's house is up for sale again ma," remarked the eldest daughter. "I noticed the bill on the fence when I looked out of my window this morning. I don't believe Mr. King can afford to go for any holidays this year if that house isn't sold. What did you start to say, pa?"

"I see in this morning's paper that the British——"

"Must be in an awful hurry this morning, Willie," said the second daughter, Bessie, to her small brother. "You're stuffing like a big pig. Stop making such a noise with your lips."

"Children, I'm ashamed of you," said Mrs. Gates reprovingly. "What is it you see in the paper this morning Henry?"

"Type," said Mr. Gates savagely. "Pass the salt."

A lazy man seldom punctures his tire.

# Bargains! Bargains!

*After Stock-Taking.*

Remnants and Ends offering less than Cost.
This is Our House-Cleaning Time.

**BOYS SUITS**

All-Wool Tweed. Reg. $4, $4.50. Now $1.75. Not a Suit in the lot that did not cost more to turn out. Sizes 21 to 26.

**BOYS' REEFERS** selling at $1.50.

**MEN'S OVERCOATS** at just wholesale prices.

**LADIES' SKIRTS**

All Wool Skirts at just half price—$3.00—Now $1.50.

**SEE OUR BARGAIN TABLE**—Your money will go further at this Store just now than ever before. . . . . .

**Reid & Young.**



## For Stock-Taking Sale

We are selling for a few days Books, Perfumes, Photo Frames, Vases and a thousand other things

FOR JUST HALF PRICE.

DON'T MISS THIS CHANCE

**The Canada Drug & Book Co.'y**


### BORN.

ANDERSON—On Jan. 21st, at Revelstoke, to Mr. and Mrs. John Anderson, a son.

## Local and General.

Thos. Munroe, motorman at Coleman, was killed at work.

D. McPhadden left last night on a business trip to the coast.

Celebration of the Chinese New Year was in full swing Wednesday.

The C. P. R. will spend $3,000,000 in improvements in the west this year.

F. Kane was killed and Dan Tobby will lose his sight as the result of an explosion on V. V. and E. construction.

At Westminster the four year-old boy of Mr. and Mrs. Lever fell in a bath of boiling water and was scalded to death.

J. A. Kernaghan has practically completed his contract for builbing the Y. M. C. A. and it will be opened next month, on arrival of the secretary.

The temperature at Dawson is 70 to 80 below zero. The weather was so cold horses could not be taken out as their lungs froze up and they dropped dead.

Some public inconvenience has been caused by the telephone being disconnected with the C. P. R. Telegraph office. This should be replaced pending the office being removed to the business centre of the city.

Nelson, B. C. takes position as the third city of the province. The gross postal revenue from the Nelson post office for the year ending June 30th was $16,292. New Westminster comes next with $12,343. Vancouver leads with $98,016, and Victoria follows with $56,771.

A social evening will be arranged at the High School next week when Miss, Beck who won Rev. C. A. Procunier's prize for highest marks in the Christmas entrance examinations, and Master Jack Sibbald, who won Chief Bain's prize for the highest marks in arithmetic, will be awarded their prizes.

A. McDonnell returned from Ferguson Wednesday and reports having had a pretty hard trip owing to the heavy snowfall. In the fire ot the Hotel Ferguson, in which Mr. McDonnell was interested, the building was completely destroyed, and "Dad" Black had a narrow escape. No other buildings were burned. The fire originated in the furnace room.

The opinion of the shareholders committee of the York County Loan is that the company should be reorganised and equipped with officials appointed by the shareholders at large, their duty being to develop the company's property by improvement, selling portions of it when satisfactory prices were offered, and in this was ultimately closing the affairs of the company.

The Kamloops Sentinel says: "W. R. Hume and E. Adair (of Revelstoke) have on view at Beaton's store a useful household appliance that will appeal to energetic housewives who occasionally do a little ironing of fine linen, etc., at home. The article is a portable ironing board that can be attached to or removed from any table or shelf in a moment. It is light, convenient, easily handled, cannot get out of order, and has the merit of being inexpensive. A patent has been applied for.


# SCHOOL BOOKS

DON'T FORGET US
NEXT WEEK

**Red Cross Drug Co.**


## Social & Personal.

A dance will be given at the Club Monday night.

E. L. Kinman returned from the coast Thursday.

Dr. and Mrs. Morrison returned Friday from Salmon Arm.

Dr. Rheinhard, recently of Vernon, has removed to Salmon Arm.

Dr. Robinson, of Ferguson, is appointed Coroner for the province.

It is proposed to tender Sir Wilfred Laurier a great banquet at Toronto on Feb. 21st.

Gold Range Lodge K. of P. has appointed A. J. Howe Grand Lodge representative.

W. C. Wells, M. P. P., is again prominently mentioned in connection with the Lieut-Governorship.

The regular meeting of the Ladies Hospital Guild will be held at the City Hall Tuesday at 3 p. m.

The officers and members of Kootenay Lodge A. F. and A. M. intend giving a grand Masonic ball after Lent.

The postponed Basket social, under the auspices of the Ladies Aid of St. Andrew's church, will be held in the Selkirk Hall on Monday evening, 19th February.

The dance under the auspices of the Ladies Hospital Guild took place at Selkirk Hall Wednesday evening. The music was supplied by the Independent Band.

The many friends of Larry Doran will be pleased to learn that the popular co ductor, who is now at Vancouver, is getting on nicely, and will, perhaps, be able to resume his work in about two months.—News.

J. McVay, formerly chief of the C. P. R. accounting staff at Revelstoke and lately in charge of the Bowman Lumber Company's office at Comaplix, will succeed A. Y. Anderson as accountant at, the Bowman Lumber Company's office at Revelstoke.

### THE MINES.

W. B. Pool is in Nelson and has secured an option on the famous Chisholm property at Poplar creek, and is now preparing for operations in connection with it and his other holdings as early as possible in the spring.

## Business Locals.

CALL AT BROWN'S CIGAR STORE.

Patronize home industry—smoke Revelstoke Cigars.

Howson's stock taking sale is a leader in cut cash prices.

Call and get some of our new prices on groceries, C. B. Hume & Co.

Tasteless Codliver Oil, $1 a bottle at Canada Drug Store.

BROWN WANTS YOUR BUSINESS.

BROWN SAYS:—You want to smoke in this world, not in the next.

Cough medicines and lozenges, the very best always sold at The Canada Drug Store.

It will pay you to consider discounts at Howson's stock taking sale of house furnishings.

Smelling salts, good and strong for clearing out the head, all size bottles at the Canada Drug Store.

Stock taking sale at Howson's Furniture Store, a rare opportunity to furnish at cut cash prices.

A stock-taking sale is advertised in connection with the dry goods business of the A. E. George Company, Limited.

Don't forget if you are looking for any drugs or patent medicines you can always get them at the Canada Drug Store.

We're giving you bargains every day of the great sale. We have some special eye-openers for Saturday. J. G. Macdonald.

Iron sinks—of course it does, but our Iron Sinks float above all others for quality and appearance—Lawrence Hardware Company, Limited.

You want to see the line of Men's Shoes we are selling during the great sale for———. If you see them you'll buy. J. G. Macdonald.

We always sell games of all kinds, crib boards, playing cards, whist markers, poker chips, checkers and boards, chess, crokinole and carrom, or any game you may want at the Canada Drug & Book Store.

It is not a question of can you afford a new suit? It's a question of can you afford to miss the bargains we are giving in suits. Suits that sold for sacrifice prices during the great sale at J. G. Macdonald's.

Mr. Pace, of the firm of Hebrich & Pace, returned Thursday from an extended trip east. The firm have secured several large contracts for ventilating, heating and sawmill exhaust plants, and have a busy season ahead of them.

W. J. Twiss, the well-known manager of the Mutual Life of Canada, was in the city Thursday, and appointed Messrs. Kincaid and Anderson district managers of the company's business for Eastern British Columbia, covering Kootenay and Yale.

### BASKETBALL.

The City and Militia Basketball teams played one of the series of games last night in the Drill Hall before quite a few spectators, including a number of ladies. The city team won by 17 to 10. From start to finish it was a very fast game, the militia in the first half being ahead by 2 goals. The city team got down to business and notched a few goals to their credit and ran out winners as stated above after a hard game. The return match will be played next week. The teams were: City—D. A. McDonald, W. A. Smythe, C. Kerfoot, C. P. Latham, Geo. Knight. Militia—Dr. Morrison, Fisher, Cameron, Mulholme, Scotty. Jack Lyons made an impartial referee.


**Every Day is a Bargain Day at Brown's**

Cigars, Tobaccos, Confectionery, Pool


### New Company.

Woolsey, Lefaux & Co. Limited have taken over the mercantile business heretofore carried on by David Woolsey and W. W. Lefaux The capital stock of the new company is $25,000 divided into 2,500 shares of of $10 each The following are the directors and officers of the company: President, W. W. Lefeaux; vice president and managing directo, David Woolsey; secretary-treasurer, Arthur Lefeaux; directors, F. R. Mitchell and J. H. Lyons. The company has acquired a good paying concern and a large number of local people have taken shares in the company, feeling assured that under competent management the business can be built up into a prosperous concern. We wish the new company every success.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"VOTER."—All anonymous correspondence must have the name of the writer endorsed, not for publication but as a guarantee of good faith.

Pleases every smoker—the "Marca Vuelta."

## CITY COUNCIL.

The first regular meeting of the new council was held last night. Present: The Mayor, Ald. Palmer, Trimble, Tapping, Howson, Caley, Abrahamson

C. P. R. WANTS ELECTRIC POWER

A letter was read from W. Cross, who is in charge of C. P. R. mechanical department, asking quotations for 50 h. p. electrical power.

R. Gordon was called in and said an expenditure of $6,500 to put in a new machine and equipment would enable the power to be provided. A sluicegate would be required to allow of continuous running. A steam plant would cost $19,000 to $20,000 to install and would require an income of $9,000 to maintain it. It would be a long time before the city could get that revenue. It was a mistake they did not put in a power machine instead of the new one they bought. He pointed that out to the late Mayor but he was opposed to it.

The Mayor suggested referring the matter to the Fire, Water and Light Committee to go fully into with Mr. Cross.

Ald. Abrahamson pointed out it would be necessary to ascertain what minimum power would be used daily, as it would not do for the city to go to the expense of putting in a plant and then find they were not getting enough revenue from it to make it pay.

On motion of Ald. Palmer, seconded by Ald. Tapping, the matter was referred to the committee to investigate and report.

CORRESPONDENCE

From C.P.R. re information for their folder.—Referred to Tourist Association.

From Canadian Woodmen, asking city to purchase copies of paper with 20-line notice of the city.—Refused.

WORKS

Ald. Tapping reported the snow plough had been run and put the streets in good shape. He had expended the money voted, except $1.75, for shovelling snow from fences, &c. He recommended a brand be used for city tools.

Ald. Palmer asked him whether he would recommend a brand to work by electricity or fire.

FIRE WATER AND LIGHT

Ald. Trimble reported Mr. Gordon had everything running satisfactory at the power-house, and the work was being pushed ahead but was waiting logs. A shed was required for storing fire wood.

CITY SOLICITOR

Ald. Tapping: If any legal advice is required what do you propose to do about it?

The Mayor said that could be arranged when they had any matters requiring legal attention.

REDUCING ELECTRIC LIGHT RATES

Ald. Tapping gave notice of motion for next meeting to reduce electric light rates.

BYLAWS

The city clerk submitted resolution and bylaws as drawn by Mr. McCarter for discounts with Molsons' Bank against unpaid taxes and these were adopted.

A bylaw was also put through to borrow $7000 from Molsons Bank against this year's taxes.

UNPAID TAXES

The city clerk said there were $4000 of taxes still unpaid for the period between 1899 and 1904 and $4000 due from last year.

Ald. Palmer asked if there was no way of getting in these taxes?

The city clerk stated a tax sale could be held for taxes due over two years.

MAYOR'S SALARY

On motion of Ald. Palmer, seconded by Ald. Tapping, a bylaw was adopted unanimously to pay the Mayor's salary of $500 for year in monthly portions.

SEWAGE SYSTEM

Ald. Tapping said if it was advisable to start a sewer system, he would urge it being done on the frontage tax system and they should get Mr. Taylor, M. P. P., to have the law amended to allow this.

Ald. Abrahamson said Ald. Tapping was out of order.

The Mayor said this was a matter for the ratepayers to take up.

GAOL AND ISOLATION HOSPITAL

Ald. Howson urged the necessity of better arrangements and advocated an effort to enlist the co-operation of the Government in putting up a good building.

The Mayor said the matter had been before the Council for two years and they had been unable to get any satisfaction from the Government.

Ald. Palmer thought it a pity they could not get some members of the Government put in there for six weeks.

Ald. Abrahamson said for the past five years the matter had been advocated and the Government had said the city must provide its own gaol.

Ald. Caley said the grand juries had several times condemned the present gaol which was an old building.

Ald. Howson said the Government should also assist in providing an isolation hospital. They had already had a serious lesson when they had to clean out the tool house for a child which died there. Such inhumanity as that could not be tolerated.

Ald. Abrahamson also urged the necessity of such a hospital.

Ald. Howson urged that the Board of Trade be asked to take up both the matter of the gaol and isolated hospital and that pressure be brought to bear on the member for Revelstoke to have these matters attended to. There had been two of the most heart-rending cases they had ever heard of here on account of no proper accommodation for infectious cases.

On motion of Ald. Howson, seconded by Ald. Trimble, a resolution was passed asking Mr. Taylor, M.P.P., Board of Trade and Hospital committee to urge on the Government the provision of a gaol and isolation hospital for the city.

FRONTAGE TAX.

Ald. Tapping again urged the City Clerk should communicate with the member for the district to have the law amended to permit of the frontage tax system being adopted.

The City Clerk pointed out that a new municipal law was now before Parliament.

After passing accounts the meeting adjourned.


## A FEW MORE DAYS OF
# THE BIG JANUARY SALE

We have sold so many goods and made so many new customers during the Sale that we intend to continue it till the end of the month. Everything in the Store at greatly redneed Prices, and this week

## A BIG LOT OF SPECIAL BARGAINS

### READ CAREFULLY THE FOLLOWING:

185 Suits for Men. Regular Price $12.00.....Now $6.85
318 Pairs of Men's Extra Quality Pants in Special Tweeds, Worsteds and Serges, all sizes and patterns. Regular Price $2.50. .....Now $1.75
262 Suits of Seasonable Underwear, the "just right" weight. Regular Price $2.00.....Now $1.25

**IF YOU BUY** Gloves, Sox, Neckwear, Trunks, Mackinaws, Shirts, in fact anything a man wears, buy it now and get it one-third cheaper than you ever did before.

## AND YOUR FOOTWEAR

We intend paying special attention this week to Boots, Shoes and Rubbers. We are heavily stocked in these lines and intend making this the GREATEST SHOE SALE EVER HELD IN REVELSTOKE. Shoes and Rubbers at unheard of prices for the next few days.

**THE LAST WEEK! THE LAST CHANCE! DON'T MISS IT!**

**J. G. MACDONALD** STORE FIRST STREET


## WANTED

WANTED—A girl not over 25 to do general house work. Wages $30 per month. Must be good worker. Apply at this office.

BOYS WANTED to sell the Canadian "Graphic," a National Illustrated Weekly, on Saturdays. Price 5 cents. Twelve copies to start with sent free. Address: The Canadian Graphic Publishing Company, 176 Victoria Street, Toronto, Ont.

FOR SALE—House 14x18, on Lot 50 x 100, cleared; good garden and woodshed. Beautiful building site. Apply at MAIL-HERALD office.

FOR SALE—A Piano and Player. Apply P. O. Box 137, Revelstoke.

WANTED—Situation in Hardware or General Store, good salesman and stock keeper. Married. Could invest some capital. Write Box 1273, Calgary, Alta. f3

Chamois Chest Protectors, etc., sold at the Canada Drug Store.

CIGARS you like to smoke at prices that don't burn, at BROWN'S.

### FOR SALE

One Second Hand Singer Sewing Machine.
One Second Hand Williams' Sewing Machine.
One Raymond Sewing Machine, practically new.
One Wanzer Sewing Machine
You can have these machines at your own price.

SEE **H. MANNING**,
Singer Agent, Revelstoke


# Special Bargains for the Next 2 Weeks

STOCK-TAKING in the Old George Store is now over and under New Management, and to stir up a little excitement we have decided to offer some Special Bargains for the next two weeks:

## NOTE THE FOLLOWING:

Flannelette.....Reg. Price 8½. for 5c.
Flannelette.....Reg. Price 25c. for 20c.
French Flannels....Reg. Price 60c. for 45c.
Dress Tweeds 56 in. wide, $100....for 75c.
Plaids, all wool, $1.00 .....for 75c.
Dress Goods, Melton 25c.....for 20c.
Dress Goods, Barrette...20 per cent. disc't.
Fancy Stripe Silks.....Reg. 35c. for 25c.
Stock Collars.....Reg. 35c. for 20c.
Stock Collars .....Reg. 15c—2 for 15c.
Silkine. Reg. 10c. per yd....5 yds. for 25c.
Crochet Cotton. Reg. 10c.....4 for 25c.
Knitting Cotton, Reg. 10c.....4 for 25c.
Corsets $1.25 per pair .....for 90c.
(only a few odd sizes left.)
Black sateen blouses. Reg. $1.50. Now $1.10
Blk Sateen Skirts $1.75c.....Now 1.45
Childrens' Fur Caps. Reg. 90c ..Now 60c.
Ladies' Jackets, 1 only, $15.....for $9
" " " $20.....for $12
" " " $13.50..for $8.50
" " " $8.00..for $5.00

Ladies' Jackets 1 only $12.....for $7
" " " $9.00..for $6.50
" " " $15.00..for $9.50
" " " $7.50...for $4.75
" " " $16.00..for $9.00

30 per cent. discount off all Furs. You will save money by buying now.

### MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

Way's Mufflers. Reg. 50c.....for 35c.
Men's Braces.....Only 25c. per pair.
Men's German Sox. Reg. 75c.....for 50c.
Men's German Sox. Reg. $1.....for 75c.
Men's German Sox. Reg. $1.25....for 90c.
Overcoats $25.....for $17
Overcoats $12.50.....for $8.00
Overcoats $15.00.....for $10.00
Overcoats $18.00.....for $10.00

Kindly pay us a call and inspect our goods. We will be pleased to show you through our Store whether you buy or not. We want you to make this your Dry-goods House in the future. Your money back if you are not satisfied with your purchase providing the goods are returned in a reasonable time after purchase.

REMEMBER THE OLD

**TAYLOR BROS.' & GEORGE STAND.**

# SLAVE TRADE OF TO-DAY

## HORRORS OF TRAFFIC IN HUMAN BEINGS.

### Henry W. Nevison Journeyed Through the Most Dangerous Part of Africa.

Henry W. Nevison, in command of the Harper's Magazine expedition into darkest Afri a designed to determine the extent of the slave trade after suffering great hardships and many dangers has returned to England. With the exception of the De Brazza expedition, that in command of Nevison was probably the *greatest since Stanley's in point of* interesting conditions uncovered.

Plunging into "The Hungry Country," the accursed stretch of land which reaches from just beyond the Cuanzo River almost to the Portuguese fort at Mashiko, the explorer relates one of the remarkable features of this territory as follows:

REGION OF SALT FAMINE.

"All living creatures in this region are crazy for salt, just like oxen on a 'sour' veldt. Salt is far the best coinage you can take among the Chibokwe. I do not mean our white table salt. They reject that with scorn, thinking it is sugar or something equally useless, but for the coarse and dirty 'bay salt' they will sell almost anything, and a pinch of it is a greater treat to a child than a whole bride cake would be in England.

"I have tested it especially with the bees that swarm in these forests and produce most of the beeswax that goes to Europe. I first noticed their love of salt when I salted some water one afternoon in the vain hope of curing the poisoned sores on my feet. In half an hour the swarms of bees had driven me from my tent. I was stung ten times and had to wait about in the forest till the sun set, when the bees vanished as if by signal.

"Another afternoon I tested them by putting a heap of sugar, a paper smeared with condensed milk and a bag of salt tightly wrapped up in tar-paper side by side on the ground. I gave them twenty minutes, and then I found nothing on the sugar, five flies on the milk, and the tar-paper so densely covered with bees that they overlapped each other as when they swarm. For want of anything better, they will fight over a sweaty shirt in the same way; and once, by the banks of a stream, they sent all my carriers howling along the path by creeping up under their loin-cloths. The butterflies seek salt also. If you spread out a damp rag anywhere in tropical Africa, you will soon have brilliant butterflies on it. But if you add a little salt in the Hungry Country the rag will be a blaze of colors, unless the bees come and drive the butterflies off.

BURN GRASS FOR SUBSTITUTE.

"As I said, the natives feel the longing too. Among the Chibokwe the women burn a marsh grass into a potash powder as a substitute; and if a native squats down in front of you, puts out a long pink tongue and strokes it appealingly with his finger, you may know it is salt he wants. The scarcity has become worse since the Belgians, following their usual highwayman methods, have robbed the natives of the great salt-pans in the south of the Congo State and made them a trade monopoly."

Portugal's assurance to the world that the slave trade has been stopped through the establishment of Portuguese military stations along the slave-trade route is discounted by Mr. Nevison in his language:

"There are two ferries over the Cuanza, one close under the Portuguese fort, the other a comfortable distance upstream, well out of observation. It is a typically Portuguese arrangement. The commandant's duty is to stop the slave trade but how can he be expected to see what is going on a mile or so away! Even as you come down to the river you find slave shackles hanging on the bushes. You cross the stream in dugout canoes, running the chance of being upset by one of the hippos which snort and pant a little farther up. You enter the forest again and now the shackles are thick upon the trees. This is the place where most of the slaves, being driven down from the interior, are untied. It is safe to let them loose here. The Cuanza is just in front, and behind them lies the long stretch of Hungry Country, which they could never get through alive if they tried to run back to their homes. So it is that the trees on the western edg) of the Hungry Country bear shackles in profusion—shackles for the hands, shackles for the feet, shackles for three or four slaves who are clamped together at night. The drivers hang them up with the idea of using them again when they return for the next consignment of human merchandise; but, as a rule, I think, they find it easier to make new shackles as they are wanted.

"A shackle is easily made. A native hacks out an oblong hole in a log of wood with an axe; it must be big enough for two hands or two feet to pass through, and then a wooden pin is driven through the hole from side to side, so that the hands or feet cannot stir until it is drawn out again. The two hands or feet do not necessarily belong to the same person. You find shackles of various ages—some quite new, with the marks of the axe fresh upon them, some old and half eaten by ants. But none can be very old, for in Africa all dead wood quickly disappears, and this is a proof that the slave trade did not really end after the war of 1902, as easy-going officials are fond of assuring us.

MEN'S BONES STREW PATH.

"The footpath is strewn with dead men's bones. You see the white thigh-bones lying in front of your feet, and at one side, among the undergrowth, you find the skull. These are the skeletons of slaves who have been unable to keep up with the march, and so were murdered or left to die. Of course the ordinary carriers and travelers die too. It is very horrible to see a man beginning to break down in the middle of the Hungry Country. He must go on or die. The caravan cannot wait for him, for it has food for only the limited number of days.

"Every bone scattered along the terrible footpath from Mashiko to the Cuanza is the bone of a murdered man. The man may not have been killed by violence, though in most cases the sharp-cut hole in the skull shows where the fatal blow was given. But if he was not killed by violence, he was taken from his home and sold, either for the buyer's use, or to sell again to a Bihean, to a Portuguese trader, or to the agents who superintend the 'contract labor' for San Thome, and are so useful in supplying the cocoa drinkers of England and America, as well as in enriching the plantation owners and the government.

"I think that the old caravan system has been reduced within the last three years. The shock to public feeling in Portugal owing to the Bailundu war and its revelations—the disgrace of certain officers at the forts, who were convicted of taking a percentage of slaves from the passing caravans as hush-money—the strong action of Captain Amorim in trying to suppress the whole traffic—the instructions to the forts to allow no chained gangs to pass—all these things have, I believe, acted as a check upon the old-fashioned methods. There is also an increased risk in obtaining slaves from the interior in large batches. The Belgians strongly oppose the entrance of the traders into their state, partly because guns and powder are the usual exchange for slaves, partly because they wish to retain their own natives under their own tender mercies. The line of Belgian forts along the frontier is quickly increasing. Some Bihean traders have been shot. In one recent case, much talked of, a bullet from a Maxim gun struck the head of a gang of slaves, marching as usual in single file, and killed nine in succession. In any case, the traders seem to have discovered that the palmy days when they used to parade their chained gangs through the country, and burn, flog, torture and cut throats as they pleased, are over for the present.

THE TRAFFIC GROWS.

"For many months after the war even the traffic to San Thome almost ceased. It has begun again now, and is rapidly increasing. An order was issued in December, 1904, requiring the government agents to press on the supply. But at present the slaves ae coming down in smaller gangs. They are not, as a rule, tortured; they are shackled only at night, and the traders take a certain amount of pains to conceal the whole traffic, or at least to make it look respectable.

"As to secrecy, they are not entirely successful. A man whose word no one in Central Africa would think of doubting has just sent down notice from the interior that a gang of 250 slaves passed through the Nanakandundu district, bound for the coast, in the end of February (1905), shackles and all. The man who brought the message had done his best to avoid the gang, fearing for his life. I ought to have met them near Mashiko if they had not taken a by-path or been broken up into small groups.

"It was such a small group that I met within a day's journey of Caiala, the largest trading-house in Bihe. I was walking at about half an hour's distance from the road, when suddenly I came upon a party of eighteen or twenty boys and four men hidden in the bush. At sight of me they all ran away, the men driving the boys before them. But they left two long chicottes or sjamboks (hide whips) hanging on the trees, as well as the very light loads they had with them. After a time I returned, and they ran away again. I then noticed that they posted a man on a tree-top to observe my movements, and he remained there till I trekked on with my own people."

STOLEN FROM THEIR PEOPLE.

Of his meeting with another slave caravan the writer says:

"My carriers detected them at once, and I heard the word "apeka" (slaves) passed down the line even before I came in sight of them. The caravan numbered seventy-eight in all. In front and rear were four men with guns, and there were six of them in the centre. The whole caravan was organized with a precision that one never finds among free carriers, and nearly the whole of it consisted of boys under 14. This in itself would be almost conclusive, for no trade caravan would contain anything like that proportion of boys, whereas boys are the most easily stolen from native villages in the interior, and, on the whole, they pay the cost of transport best.

"The importation of slaves from the interior into Angola may not be what it was. It may not be conducted under the old methods. There is no longer that almost continuous procession of chained and tortured men and women which all travelers who crossed the Hungry Country before 1902 describe. For the moment rubber has become almost as lucrative as men. The traffic has been driven underground. There is now a feeling of shame and risk about it, and the military authorities dare not openly give it countenance as before. But I have never heard of any case in which they openly interfered to stop it, and the thing still goes on. It is, in fact, fast recovering from the shock of the rebellion of 1902, and is now increasing again every month.

"It will go on and it will increase as long as the authorities and traders habitually speak of the natives as 'dogs,' and allow the men under their command to misuse them at pleasure. To-day a negro soldier in the white Portuguese uniform seized a little boy at the head of my carriers, pounded his naked feet with the butt of his rifle, and was beating him unmercifully with the barrel, when I sprang upon him with two javelins which I happened to be carrying because my rifle was jammed. At sight of me the emblem of Portuguese justice crawled on the earth and swore he did not know it was a white man's caravan. That was sufficient excuse."

# GREAT ANCIENT HIGHWAY

## FROM PALESTINE TO THE EUPHRATES.

### Route of Modern Mail Carriers on Dromedaries — Game in River Valley.

The number of modern Europeans or Americans who have crossed the Arabian desert from Palestine or the Mediterranean coast to the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates hardly exceeds a score, and that score consists mostly of explorers; yet the route, from the very dawn of history until the decline of the Arabian civilization, was one of the world's greatest highways, says Dr. Edgar J. Banks in the Sunday School Times.

Four thousand years before our era Sargon, the old Semitic king, who but a decade ago was considered a mythological character because of his great antiquity, marched his armies across the desert and launched his fleet upon the Mediterranean. The armies of Babylonia and Assyria, of the mysterious Hittites and Egyptians, of Alexander, of Greece, of Rome, of Persia and of the fair Zenobia, the wild hordes of the mongols and the seljukes and the fierce Moslem troops have passed and repassed the great desert highway, have fought throughout its length, and there they have perished from hunger and thirst. Probably no other highway in the world has witnessed so many passing armies, such a diversity of peoples and such scenes of suffering and loss of life, yet a picture as touching as any was the long line of Hebrew exiles dragged into captivity, and of their descendants of a generation later while wandering back to the ruins of their homes and temple.

THE MODERN TRAVELLER

who would visit the ruins of the Babylonian cities prefers the long water route through the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf; yet there are three desert routes between Palestine and Babylonia The shortest, the most difficult and dangerous of the three is from Damascus directly through the heart of the desert to the town of Hit on the Euphrates, thence along the river to Feluja and a day's journey across the valley to Bagdad on the Tigris.

This is the route of the modern mail carriers. These hardy Arabs, mounted upon their fast dromedaries set out alone across the great desert. For ten or twelve days they ride eighteen hours a day, halting only long enough to take interrupted sleep or to kindle fire for the coffee. During the dry season they are tormented with thirst and the broiling sun, in winter by the severe cold. Frequently one fails to arrive, or, belated, he comes in on foot, stripped of his clothes and robbed of his mail and of his beast. He is forbidden to guide across the desert the traveller who would venture to accompany him, yet occasionally one may provide himself with a dromedary, start alone, and when at some distance from the city await the mail carrier, to whom he gives his animal as bakhsheesh. An Englishman, the last to take the journey, as far as I know, arrived at Damascus alone, afoot and naked.

The route most frequented by the native traders leads from Alexandretta along a good carriage road to the interesting city of Aleppo, and down the eastern slope of the mountain to the point on the Euphrates nearest to the Mediterranean. Then it follows along the river to Hit, where it joins the mail route from Damascus. The journey by carriage or caravan, or a part of the way by raft, requires from twenty to twenty-five days.

THE THIRD ROUTE

from Damascus, skirting the northern edge of the desert, through Palmyra to Deir on the Euphrates, is the most interesting. Ahava is the old Babylonian city which now lies modern Hit, the Is of the Greeks, an buried in the mound beneath the modern mud huts. Hit has always been and is still famous for its hot bitumen springs. Noah's ark was smeared with pitch from Hit there is hardly a boat upon the lower Tigris and Euphrates in the construction of which the bitumen of Hit is not employed. This pure coal black substance, oozing from the ground in quantities sufficient to enrich an ordinary city, is now used as a fuel in the limekilns and shipyards. In ancient times it served as mortar for laying bricks. Every Arab who passes Hip stops at the spring and collects enough of the black tar to provide a knob at the end of a wooden stick.

Even now the banks of the Euphrates river are lined with palms and rich gardens; in ancient times, when the country was in a good state of cultivation, their route must have been through a paradise, for even now luscious melons of various varieties, large grapes, figs, dates and oranges grow in abundance. Along the reedy banks of the river the wild hog still lives; the jackal, the wolf and the gazelle come stealthily down from the desert to drink. When the exiles passed, the lion, lurking in the shrubbery, was a cause for fear but a generation ago the last lion of Babylonia was killed by the modern Nimrod of the world—

AN ENGLISHMAN.

The journey along the river presents but few difficulties. It is the spot where the modern village of Deir now stands that the difficulties of the way begin to appear. Here all vegetation ceases. The soil of the desert is not always sandy; more frequently it is a hard loam which needs but water to cover it with vegetation. Except during the months of winter the midday sun beats hotly down upon the traveller's head; at nightfall the weather moderates, and the traveller again takes heart, but lying down upon the hard ground he shivers the last hours of night away, until the rising sun gives him warmth.

Three days over the barren desert from Deir is Sukneh, a place probably as old as the inhabitants of the desert, for two large springs of sulphurous water bubble up through the ground. Two years ago, while resting for a day by the springs, I witnessed the interesting ceremony of a desert marriage, a ceremony which has probably not varied from the time of the exiles. One of the hot springs is reserved for the drinking water of the villagers; the other is the public bath, which is occupied by the male population in the morning and evening, but the midday hours are set apart for the women.

About noon the village resounded with the shrill halhal, an expression of joy produced by the palate and the sound of hallelujah of the last Psalm. Soon a group of women, bearing the bride upon their shoulders and moving with a dancing step to the time of their music, went to the spring. The bride was

IMMERSED IN THE WATER,

while the excitement of the dancing and singing increased. Then four girls, bridesmaids one may call them, burned at the four corners of the village the incense that the curling column of rising smoke might drive away the evil which would otherwise mar the happiness of the bridal pair. After the bath the bride was borne back to the village to the accompaniment of the halhal. The ceremony was completed in the evening, when the bridegroom, borne along upon the shoulders of the men was bathed in the same spring.

After rest at Sukneh the traveller fills his sheepskin with the sulphurous water and continues over the dry desert. Four days of hard march bring him to the little oasis, the beautiful spot called Tadmor, now covered by the ruins of Palmyra. The plain along the route, always bare of vegetation, is in spots strewn with black stones which, the desert Moslem says are fragments of the body of Lot.

A few years ago the Turkish Government built guardhouses there in the desert, a day's journey from each other, and sank wells. One well which I measured was sixty feet deep; its water, though slightly bitter, was preferable to the sulphur water which the exile carried from Sukneh. The garrison of one of the barracks consisted of a single Turkish soldier; for several weeks he had not seen a human being, and had become so accustomed to his life of solitude that he would give us no food, and only with reluctance permitted us to take shelter within the enclosure.

## SAILORS' TROUSERS.

### British Jack Tars Would Like a New Uniform.

The British public has so long associated the "handy man" of the navy with what is termed "sailor clothes" that it will come as a shock to learn that it is the seamen of the fleet themselves who are almost unanimous in asking for a change of uniform.

The objections to the present dress are many. However well suited it was to the day when the seaman's work lay in the direction of handling spars and sails and hauling ropes, it is not adapted to modern conditions, where the seaman is really a skilled mechanic. The baggy trousers are apt to catch in the machinery, and are really a nuisance. The open "jumper" is viewed by the men with the utmost disfavor, and it has been known to them for years by the suggestive name of "pneumonia catcher."

The uniform proposed by those who appear to express the views of the lower deck is a jacket fitting loosely and comfortably around the neck and body, with a turned-down collar, single-breasted, with five buttons; trousers to be moderately loose in the legs. The cap is to be peaked, light in weight, well ventilated, with a broad flat top, and cover for use in hot weather, which would protect the back of the neck, and get rid of the trouble caused by the difficulty of stowing the white hats of straw at present used in the navy in hot weather.

The kit advanced would cost 2s. less than the existing one, and would thus save that sum to the men, so that from the standpoint of economy there is a strong argument for the change.

Those who oppose a change argue that the uniform of the British navy has been copied by almost every power, and that therefore it must be the best. It seems to be forgotten that in the period 1870-85 the German military uniform was widely copied by various powers, one of them Great Britain, though it is not known to possess almost every possible disadvantage. It is further probable that if the British navy made a drastic change it would be quite generally followed.

The question of a change is reported to be under the consideration of the Admiralty, and it is quite possible that the present Administration, which has shown itself perfectly ready to cut away the deadwood of the past, may decide to give the men a more comfortable dress, and one which better meets the demands of service in the modern navy.

Like other trees, there is usually something shady about the family tree.

# KINGS ARE HIS FRIENDS

## TRIUMPHS OF EDOUARD DE MARTINO, ARTIST.

### When Paralysis Ended His Naval Carcer He Became a Marine Painter.

When King Edward VII. entertains one of his brother sovereigns, or in fact does honor to any extraordinarily big wig, there is a certain wizened and elderly Neapolitan gentleman living quietly in St. John's Wood whose name figures with invariable prominence among royalty's guests, says a London letter. The truth of it is the entire Buckingham Palace family adore Edouard de Martino.

The King positively pursues him with invitations to dine, the Prince of Wales teases him to make one of every yachting party proposed, Queen Alexandra finds the chevalier one of her most sympathetic gossips, while all the young royal highnesses laugh immoderately at his quips and jests. But then Signor de Martino reckons at least a dozen sovereigns, big and little, upon his visiting list, and there is no novelty for him in travelling, dining and hobnobbing with the great ones of this earth.

In the groups of distinguished Italians who during the last twenty years have made their homes and their fortunes in England, Edouard de Martino, marine painter in ordinary to the King, has scored far and away the most brilliant social and artistic success. His life from the beginning has been one of uncommon interest and a signal triumph of mind over body.

Born in Naples some sixty-odd years ago, of a good family, de Martino entered the Italian navy as a lad, having a positive

PASSION FOR THE SEA.

Never happy save when afloat, he served his country with credit until a violent illness brought on paralysis and deprived him of the use of his right arm and leg. There was nothing for it but to retire from his profession, and to the ordinary man such a blow would have meant the end altogether of his career.

Not so De Martino. In surrendering his naval position he really began his life's work, and laid the foundation for years of astonishing success.

Having but one hand at his command, and that the left one, the signor set himself diligently to develop his decided talent for painting. In art, as in all else, he was dominated by an overmastering love of sea, sky and ship.

The work of that one left hand began to be talked of, and before long his reputation showed signs of growing among naval and yachting man. Old seadogs declared that no man living could make water ripple and flow in paint to touch De Martino. His sunsets, his storms, his moonlights and his fogs were the real thing—at least they looked so to all eyes that were sailorwise.

Then as for his ships, his men of war more especially—why, the service of all countries simply swore by them. Every line, every spot of color, every smallest detail, was a positive miracle of accuracy, so they said.

At about this time the clever Neapolitan signor, like so many of his countrymen, settled permanently in London, having become a warm personal friend of the present King of England during his Continental wanderings. His big studio in St. Johns Weed was established at once as the haunt of famous folk.

Here come constant commands to join the royal family whenever an interesting cruise is on hand. For

COMPLETELY CRIPPLED

as he is, with a withered side and bent spine, this artist seems to imbibe new life the moment he sets foot on a deck.

His wit, always keen and scintillant, is apparently sharpened by salt air, and no party is dull for one moment when the gay Neapolitan is aboard. So high is his reputation for amusing that King Edward is said to smile broadly the very moment his marine painter is sighted.

Nothing entertains his friends more than De Martino's complete lack of an intelligible language. The lingo of Naples, which as every one knows is a compound of the slang of all nations, is the one tongue he can speak with anything like fluency. After that, he is equally and exquisitely funny in English, French, German and Spanish. To no one of them is he a stranger, and in all four he blunders and stumbles with a good humor and a ridiculousness that sends his listeners into spasms of laughter.

When the Prince and Princess of Wales made their colonial tour, it was stipulated that De Martino must be a member of the suite. They felt that the tedium of that long sea journey would be insupportable without him, and then King Edward wished a series of pictures to commemorate the voyage.

Even now the Princess of Wales loves to recount what wonders the signor performed on board. He seems utterly oblivious of his physical disabilities, and, notwithstanding the loss of an arm and a leg, he would swarm up the rigging in the roughest weather and take part in every bit of deck sport going.

But most wonderful of all, so she says, was that one day, when a high sea was running, she saw De Martino strapped to a plank thrust far over the ship's side, sketching vigorously with his left hand in order to make study after study of the water cut by the prow and foaming away at the sides of the vessel. He had passed his sixtieth birthday then, yet it is doubtful if any young man aboard could have matched the gray haired Italian for either

PLUCK OR ENDURANCE.

Close friend though he is of the British sovereign, it is the German Emperor who inspires De Martino to warmest enthusiasm. William II. and he are sworn friends and comrades,

Thirty-seven of the artist's pictures are hung on the walls of the royal yacht Hohenzollern, and whenever the Kaiser visits London he invariably drops in to leave an order for a new study at the St. John's Wood studio and to try to persuade the signor to go off somewhere with him for a cruise.

It is interesting to hear the painter talk of his patron. He thinks William of Germany the greatest of living men and tells many interesting anecdotes of the Kaiser in support of his views.

Nor is the King of Italy a whit less appreciative of De Martino's abilities and charm. Many studies of the Italian Navy have been bought by King Victor Emmanuel, who has decorated his quondam subject with several orders, thereby adding to a seemingly endless list of crosses, ribbons, *stars, etc., showered by royal* personages upon this favorite of fortune. Even the Emperor of Japan has purchased three pictures from him. They were painted of battleships built in England for the Japanese Navy and so delighted the Mikado that now Japanese orders have been added to De Martino's long list of honors.

In yachting circles it is very much the thing just now to seek the signor's advice in the building of smart racing boats, as well as in that of the great private palaces afloat. He has just at present the supreme oversight of King Edward's royal yacht, now in process of construction.

## TOURED WORLD ON BICYCLE.

Max Schiffler has returned to Berlin, Germany, after touring round the world by bicycle. He started in 1898, and cycled through Germany, Holland, England, Scotland, Ireland, the United States, Japan, eastern provinces of China, Australia, India, Persia, Asia Minor, the Balkan States and Austria homeward. The distance traveled was 44,000 English miles, during which Schiffler used up six bicycles. One of these was presented to him in India by Lord Curzon. Schiffler, who took photographs, says he will start on a second tour in February, covering Denmark, Scandinavia, England, the Southern American countries, Manchuria, Siberia and Russia homeward. He expects to return to Berlin in 1912.

## WARDENS ARE CONVICTS.

### Remarkable Penal Colony in Andaman Island.

The British warship Proserpine, of the East Indies squadron, has just returned to Calcutta from the Andaman Islands, and, being the first warship which had been seen in the harbor for seven years, her visit caused great excitement. These islands lie about 250 miles in a southwesterly direction from Rangoon, and, unknown to most people, comprise a huge convict settlement for natives from India and Burma, some 15,000 being quartered there at the present time.

The system of guarding the prisoners is very clever. The warders are all convicts who have been on the island some time and have behaved themselves, and risen to this rank. They are each put in charge of gangs differing from themselves—for example, a Hindu warder would be in charge of a Burmese gang. This is found to rank very well, no trouble at all being experienced, and scarcely any cases of an escape have been known.

The prisoners are exceptionally well treated, the best characters in some cases being appointed to salaried positions, and it is only the very worst behaved who are actually kept confined in the jails.

Each convict wears around his neck a piece of wood, and stamped on it is his number, date of conviction and release, and the article of law under which he was convicted. The warders only wear a small brass tally with their numbers on.

The Andaman Commission, consisting of about 40 persons, headed by Mr. Merk, chief commissioner, are in charge of the convict settlement, one company of the Liverpool Regiment of Indian troops comprising the rest of Port Blair.

The warship's visit lasted five days and was much enjoyed, a tennis tournament, dance, and visits to various places of interest being arranged for the officers, while a football match, army v. navy, and a concert were indulged in by the sailors.

## CRUELTIES IN CONGO.

### Appeal to British Government to Suppress Them.

At a meeting of the members of the General Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, held in London, England, recently, a resolution was adopted giving expression to their feelings of horror and indignation at the continued cruelties and atrocities perpetrated upon the peoples of the Congo State by representatives of the Congo Government and the various concessionaire companies.

The resolution goes on to say that they would have taken their present action at a much earlier date, but they deemed it wiser to await the report of the special commissioners; but they can delay no longer, especially in view of the fact that the evidence of missionaries and others relative to these atrocities presented to the special commissioners establishes beyond question the truthfulness of the charges, leaving no doubt that many of the worst features of African slavery are rife in large tracts of the Congo State, resulting in the depopulation of many districts, consequent upon the oppressive and cruel treatment of the natives by State servants, native State soldiers, and the representatives of concessionaire companies.

The General Committee appeals to his Majesty's Government to take such action, under the powers of the Berlin Treaty, as may bring to a speedy termination the present regime of oppression, coercian, and cruelty which now exists in so many parts of the Congo State.

# Fashion Hints.

## THE LATEST NOVELTIES.

For indoor wear very soft silks, foulards, China silk, and even silk batiste, are being made into what are called lingerie skirts, says the fashion expert of the New York Post They are washable, and are to be *commended for this quality, if* not other. White and delicate colors are usually chosen, and many of the skirts are beautified with lace and ribbon trimmings to such an extent that one feels sorry for the laundress. The object of these soft skirts is an ultra-clinging drapery effect much coveted.

A pretty novelty in petticoats is a taffeta skirt with a deep lingerie flounce. The flounce is attached to the skirt with beading and ribbon, and can be taken off to be laundered. It is made of very sheer lawn or batiste, and is naturally very much lace betrimmed. For evening wear nothing could be prettier.

For hard outdoors wear nothing is better than the jersey top petticoats, with silk ruffles. The highest priced skirts of this description have silk jersey tops; the medium priced ones have a woven cashmere top, and there is a very cheap cotton top variety which is hardly worth buying. The best of these skirts have a yoke cut on a special model, which fits the figure like a glove, and fastens invisibly on the left side of the front gore. This is a most desirable skirt, warm, and yet not too heavy. It will outwear three taffeta petticoats, since it is always possible to renew the silk flounce at small cost.

The new waist flannels are very beautiful. Checks, Roman stripes, and tartans make up the bulk of them, and the colors are bright and clear, without being over brilliant. A very good flannel at fifty cents a yard is warranted to wash without shrinking. School girls will wear flannel waists a great deal this winter, and older women will find them most convenient for morning wear. They are made on the simplest models, a favorite one being akin to the riding skirt, with a small pocket on the left side. Another pretty model has three wide box plaits back and front, and fastens invisibly.

The tailored waists in taffeta and plaid silks are very smart and dressy, and it is not hard to predict that they will push the dainty lingerie waist to the wall as soon as real cold weather sets in. Thin waists are very well in the house, but no woman who values her health and good looks will run the risk of colds by wearing them out of doors. As one trade authority puts it:

"It is amusing to hear some manufacturer give their reasons for advocating the lingerie waist for zero weather. One man was heard to say during the week that women should wear it under a golf jacket and a fur coat in midwinter. It takes a woman buyer to realize the state of the frail lingerie waist after being subjected to such usuage."

For dress occasions waists of all-over lace are again very much the thing. The rage for so-called baby Irish crochet is at its height, and waists in this lace, real and imitation, are displayed prominently in all the shops. The worst of Irish crochet is that it is imitated so well. The machine made lace does not wear very well, and it crushes out of all beauty after a little. At first, however, it is almost as attractive as the real. A form of lace waist which is seen a great deal is the bolero made up over a chiffon underwaist. These are usually accordeon-pleated. A pretty model in real Irish crochet was a short bolero trimmed around with inch wide frills of Valenciennes and rushes of chiffon. In front, where the bolero showed round tabs on the lower edge, were roses of chiffon and lace. The sleeves were elbow puffs, the cuff trimmed with chiffon and lace. The chiffon underwaist was shirred in up and down puffs

Next to Irish, Cluny and Oriental lace are popular for waists. Point de Venise with high appliqued flowers and figures, makes very elegant garments. This lace also is closely imitated. Lingerie waists in China silk, chiffon taffeta, and messaline are pretty and are most appropriate to wear with tailored gowns. Nearly all the new waists are characterized by the mitten cuff reaching to the elbow. Dressy waists have elbow sleeves.

The vogue of the elbow sleeves will probably give the fur trade a boom for the muff at least will be a necessity. Two furs which have been imitated so well that even experts, it is said, are sometimes puzzled to detect the imitation are ermine and seal. Mole is now gotten up to resemble seal very closely, while rabbit is clipped and otherwise treated to represent ermine. There is a great demand this year for white furs, ermine, white fox, caracul, and the inexpensive mufflon, especially for evening wraps.

## JUST A WISH.

There was no doubt as to who was the head of the Meekun family, to judge by a trifling passage at arms chronicled

"What are you doing with that sheet of paper, Orville?" sharply asked his wife.

"I am making a wish," answered Mr. Meekun.

"A wish?"

"A wish?"

"Yes, my dear. In your presence I shall not presume to call it a will."

## THE JUMPING EXPLAINED.

Gagley—I was just watching Markley while he was talking to you. It was so funny the way he kept jumping up and down. What did he remind you of?

Barroughs—Of the $10 I've owed him since last winter.

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"I would . . . earnestly advise them for their good to order this paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a part of the tea equipage."—ADDISON.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1906

## THE SCHOOL TRUSTEE ELECTIONS.

It is an old saying that once a lie gets a start it is hard to overtake it. In connection with the late school trustee elections for this city a story was actively circulated for some time before the election that the late chairman of the Board and another of the candidates had in view making a change in the headmastership of the public school. None who knew these men, and the high estimation in which they hold the teaching staff, believed the canard, but the story was confimed by some who ought to have known better, apart from those who circulated it for purely mischievous and personal reasons. In justice to the men affected we have investigated the charge most thoroughly and find, as we expected, there is not a word of truth in it. All who were connected with its circulation should be ashamed of themselves.

We shall be glad to show any persons interested the correspondence in our possession on the matter, proving beyond question the gross wrong done these men. Mr. Lindmark has been connected with the Revelstoke school for many years. He has rendered it excellent service. His work deserved better recognition and support in the late elections and he would have got it but for the vigorous manner in which the falsification to which we have referred was circulated to his detriment. The receiving of the $2000 grant in aid of the city schools was mainly due to his efforts.

The Attorney-general has introduced a bill consolidating and amending the municipal law, and making better provision for bylaw powers than have hitherto existed. The late city council sent in some suggestions for amendment of the existing law, and the opportunity is one which the city councils throughout the province should take advantage of to make suggestions to the government with a view to overcoming any difficulties of administration they have found in the existing laws.

The amending bill introduced by the Chief Commissioner provides that all timber cut on Crown lands must be used or manufactured in the province, and in case of this not being done the lease shall be cancelled. As an alternative provision is made that the government may seize timber which it is proposed to export and refuse to release same until such security is given as shall ensure its being manufactured in the province.

With reference to our article in last issue on reducing the electric light rates in the city, we are informed the rate at New Westminster is 12c. against 17c., the rate for Revelstoke.

## REAR-END COLLISION

### C. P. R. Freight Train Runs into Passenger.

On Wednesday night as No. 96 was on her way from Vancouver east, and nearing Kamloops, the engine broke down and the train had to be stopped for temporary repairs. A brakeman was sent back to flag against any rear trains and the repairs having been effected the flagman was called in. On starting again, however, it, was found the engine refused to work and the flagman was sent out again, but before reaching his point a freight train, with Engineer T. Sweeney in charge of the engine, came along and ran into the passenger train badly damaging the pullman car.

The result might have been serious but for the presence of mind of Conductor Risteen, who saw the light of the freight train and immediately signalled the engineer to move on with a view to lessening the shock and giving the freight train time to pull up.

The passengers paid the highest encomiums to Conductor Risteen for the action he took and which undoubtedly saved the passenger train from more serious consequences.

It is stated the peculiar circumstances of the accident are such that no one was to blame for it, but an investigation will be held by the C. P. R. officials of the Vancouver division.

## TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The MAIL-HERALD will be delivered to any part of the city, or mailed to any address within the postal union for $2.50 per annum, payable in advance. The clubbing arrangements with other papers will remain in force for those who prefer to have their subscriptions that way.

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## PROVINCIAL LEGISLATURE

Victoria, Jan. 22.—Routine work, and little of interest at that, was the order of the day in the House this afternoon, and legislation in various matters was considerably advanced. While the absence of contentiousness may make the labours of parliament appear intolerably tedious to an onlooker, there is no doubt that it is a great aid to the prompt despatch of business.

The Attorney-General introduced "An Act to consolidate and amend the 'Municipal Clauses Act' and amending Acts," which passed its first reading.

Drury (Victoria City) had given notice for a motion that an order be granted for a return showing number of timber leases granted during 1905 on Vancouver Island with names of lessees, area leased, and amount of bonus paid. Dr. King (Cranbrook) moved this motion, as Drury was not in the House.

Bowser (Vancouver) asked if the Government had any coraespondence since they took office with the authorities at Ottawa in relation to the granting of a lease of Stanley Park at Vancouver. Answered in the affirmative.

Evans (Cowichan) was troubled about one Henry Fry, a civil engineer, and wanted to know whether he was paid or employed, and if so, how much, on a new road from Cowichan station to the King Solomon mines, how much it cost, and why it was not full width. He was promised an answer shortly.

Murphy (Cariboo) wanted to know if J. P. Babcock is in the employ of the Government. Replied to in the affirmative. Then how much was he paid? $3000 a year. Oh, and did the Government give permission to Mr. Babcock to act as a member of the Fisheries Commission? They did. And how long had the fish hatchery at Seton Lake been in operation? Since July, 1903, replied the Government. Then Mr. Murphy asked how many salmon eggs had been placed in the hatchery each year, how many young salmon had been released each year, and how many men were employed this season thereat.

Now, Mr. Murphy's sudden interest in Salmon is understood owing to the locality where he resides, to be largely of an academic nature. His face, as he received full in it the tremendous volume of figures which his last three questions called forth, had the blank stolidity of a nickel-in-the-slot machine assimilating coin of the realm when business is good.

The Finance Minister moved the House be asked to grant supply on Wednesday next. Passed, thought it is hardly likely to be ready by that time.

The Attorney-General's bill to amend the General Trusts Corporation Act, 1905, passed its third reading.

The Attorney General's bill to amend the Small Debts Act passed its second reading.

The adjourned debate on the second reading of Mr. Hawthornthwaite's bill to amend the Coal Mines Regulation Act was again laid over at the Mover's request.

In reference to the adjourned debate on motion of Oliver (Delta) for return of correspondence between Government and others in regard to defective cattle-guards along line of New Westminster Southern Railway, the order was granted; the Attorney-General explaining, however, that the people who had had stock injured had taken the matter before the courts, and he did not think it wise for the Government to interfere.

JOHN'S LITTLE JOKE.

John Houston (Nelson) was in his place for the first time today, and provided a little light comedy for his fellow-members in the following manner:

The House adjourned for fifteen minutes, on motion of the Premier, to consider petitions for private bills. Dr. Young (Atlin) chairman of Private Bills Committee, moved that the time, which was up today, be extended to the 26th inst. The recommendation was adopted. He then moved the suspension of standing rules to allow petitions to be received. This was passed.

Then uprose the redoubtable John Houston. He rose to a point of order, he informed the House. He supposed it was really the Government's business to attend to it, but the only member of the Government whose ear he had was the Provincial Secretary, and, as that gentleman was absent, the member for Nelson supposed that he would have to speak for himself. That being the case, he would inform the House that he himself was chairman of a very important committee. He knew it was important, because he was on it. (Laughter) What he wished to move was that the House adjourn two hours to allow that committee to consider whether they should print the speeches that should have been made last week—but were not—by the member for Delta and the third member for Vancouver.

This most unkind cut at John Oliver's abortive attempt to discover a Kai-En Island scandal was received with roars of laughter on both sides of the House. Fortunately the member for Delta was out at the time. He does not like being laughed at, and, had he heard the member for Nelson's grisly sneer, he might have been moved powerfully to employ the arm of the flesh.

"I suppose I am oyer-ruled, Mr. Speaker," asked the member for Nelson, plaintively, when the laughter had subsided a little.

"I am afraid you are," quoth the Speaker, whereat the merriment broke out again and the incident terminated, none of the Opposition feeling like taking up the cudgels on behalf of the Delta absentee.

The House adjourned at 3 30

Jan. 24.—The House confined itself strictly to business on Tuesday. Mr. Evans (Cowichan) received

[Concluded on Page Five]

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## NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated in West Kootenay District:

Commencing at a post planted about one mile north of Halcyon Hot Springs and about ½ mile from Arrow Lake, and marked "Bert Blyth's north-west corner post,' thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains to point of commencement.

Dated January 16th, 1906.

24f BERT BLYTH.

## NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:—

No. 1. Commencing at a post planted on the north side of Smith Creek, about seven miles from Palliser River, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to place of commencement.

Located the 1st day of January, 1906.

24f WALTER NIXON.

No. 2. Commencing at a post planted on the west side of Smith Creek, about ten miles from Palliser River, thence north 40 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement.

Located the 1st day of January, 1906.

24f WALTER NIXON.

No. 3. Commencing at a post planted on the west side of Smith Creek about ten miles from Palliser River, thence 40 chains west, thence 80 chains south, thence 40 chains east, thence 80 chains north to place of commencement.

Located the 1st day of January, 1906.

24f WALTER NIXON.

No. 4. Commencing at a post planted on the west bank of Smith Creek, about nine miles from Palliser River, thence 40 chains west, thence 160 chains south, thence 40 chains east, thence 160 chains north to place of commencement.

Located the 4th day of January, 1906.

24f WALTER NIXON.

No. 5. Commencing at a post planted on the east bank of Smith Creek, about eight miles from Palliser River, thence 80 chains east, thence 80 chains north, thence 80 chains west, thence 80 chains south to place of commencement.

Located the 4th day of January, 1906.

24f WALTER NIXON.

No. 6. Commencing at a post planted on the east bank of Palliser River about six miles from the mouth and about two miles from the river, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains to place of commencement.

Located the 6th day of January, 1906.

JOHN NIXON,

24f Per Walter Nixon, Agent.

No. 7. Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Palliser River, about six miles from the mouth and two miles from the river, thence north 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence west 160 chains to place of commencement.

Located the 6th day of January, 1906.

JOHN NIXON,

24f Per Walter Nixon, Agent.

No. 8. Commencing at a post planted on the east bank of Palliser River, about six miles from the mouth, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains to place of commencement.

Located the 6th day of January, 1906.

JOHN NIXON,

24f Per Walter Nixon, Agent.

No. 9. Commencing at a post planted on the west bank of Palliser river, about six miles from the mouth, thence 40 chains west, thence 80 chains south, thence 40 chains east, thence 80 chains north to place of commencemet.

Located the 6th day of January, 1906.

JOHN NIXON,

24f Per Walter Nixon, Agent.

CREDITORS TRUST DEEDS ACT, 1901

Notice is hereby given that Frank Julian, of Revelstoke, B. C., Lumberman, by deed dated 23rd December, 1905, assigned to William H. Pratt, of Revelstoke, B. C., Banker, in trust for the benefit of the creditors of said Frank Julian all his real and personal property, credits and effects which may be seized and sold under execution

Creditors are required to send to the undersigned on or before the 31st January, 1906, particulars duly verified of their claims and of the security, if any, held by them.

A Meeting of the Creditors of said Debtor will be held at the office of Harvey, McCarter and Pinkham, Imperial Bank Block, Revelstoke, B. C., on the 12th day of January, 1906, at three p.m., for giving of directions with reference to the disposal of the estate.

Dated this 27th day of December, 1905.

HARVEY, MCCARTER AND PINKHAM, Solicitor for the Assignee.

## NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:—

Commencing at a post planted about four miles south of Cape Horn on Upper Arrow Lake and marked "Big Bend Lumber Company's north-west corner post," thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to point of commencement.

BIG BEND LUMBER COMPANY, LTD., Dated January 7th, 1905.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that thirty days after date we intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:—

Commencing at a post planted at the north-west corner of K. and S. Block 860 on the west side of Upper Arrow Lake and marked "Big Bend Lumber Company's south-west corner post," thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains to point of commencement.

BIG BEND LUMBER COMPANY, LTD., Jan. 7th, 1906. 5f16

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that thirty days after date we intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:—

No. 1.

Commencing at a post planted on the west side of the north fork of Fosthall Creek and about two and one-quarter miles above the forks and marked "Big Bend Lumber Company's Southwest Corner Post," thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains to point of commencement.

No. 2.

Commencing at a post planted on the east side of the north fork of Fosthall Creek about one and one-half miles above the forks and marked "Big Bend Lumber Company's Southwest corner post, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains to point of commencement.

No. 3.

Commencing at a post planted about one-half mile from the west bank of the north fork of Fosthall Creek and about one mile above the forks and marked "" Big Bend Lumber Company's Southeast Corner Post," thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains to point of commencement.

No. 4.

Commencing at a post planted about one half mile from the west bank of the north fork of Fosthall Creek and about four miles above the forks and marked "Big Bend Lumber Company's Northeast Corner Post," thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to point of commencement.

BIG BEND LUMBER COMPANY, Ltd. Arrowhead, B.C., Jan 23, 1906. 255 f28

THIRTY DAYS after date we intend to apply to the Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:

1. Commencing at a post planted at the north-east corner of K. & S., Block 860, and marked "Big Bend Lumber Company's South-east Corner Post," thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains; thence south 160 chains; thence east 40 chains to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post planted about one mile north from the north-west corner of K. and S., Block, 860, and marked "Big Bend Lumber Company's South-east Corner Post," thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

3. Commencing at a post planted about one mile north from the north-west corner of K. and S., Block 860, and marked "Big Bend Lumber Company's North-east Corner Post," thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; to point of commencement.

BIG BEND LUMBER COMPANY, LTD. Dec. 28th, 1906. 26 F

## NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated on the east side of Upper Arrow Lake in West Kootenay district:—Commencing at a post marked "Bert Blyth's South West Corner Post," planted about 1½ miles north of Halcyon Hot Springs and about ½ of a mile from Lake shore; thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains to point of commencement.

BERT BLYTH.

January 2, 1906.

## NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated on the east side of the Upper Arrow Lake in West Kootenay district:—

No. 1.

Commencing at a post marked "Bert Blyth's Northwest Corner Post," planted on George Boyd's eastern boundary and about 160 chains north of his southeast corner; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

No. 2.

Commencing at a post marked "Bert Blyth' South West Corner Post," planted on George Boyd's Eastern Boundary, and about 160 chains north of his south-east corner; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

BERT BLYTH.

Dec. 28th, 1905.

## NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislative assembly of the Province of British Columbia, at its next session for an Act to incorporate a company to be called "The Kamloops and Yellow Head Pass Railway Company," with power to construct, equip and operate a line of railway from a point at or near Kamloops, thence running in a northerly direction following the valleys of the North Thompson river, the Canoe river and McLennan's creek to a point at or near Tete Jaune Cache in the Province of British Columbia with all such powers as may be necessary and expedient for the construction and operation of said line of Railway and with power to purchase and develop and convey over its Right of Way, electric power, and to sell and distribute the same within the said Province of British Columbia, and with power to acquire and operate steam boats and ferries in connection with the Railway, and with power to effect a junction with any line of railway to be constructed from the south to a point at or near Kamloops, or with the Canadian Pacific Railway at that point and also with any railway coming westward through the Yellow Head Pass.

Dated at Vancouver, British Columbia, this 5th day of December, A.D., 1905.

TUPPER & GRIFFIN, Royal Bank Chambers, Vancouver, British Columbia, Solicitors for Applicants.

d14-6w

Windsor Restaurant

Mrs. H. J. Hanbury Managress.

First-Class Table. Private Dining Boxes.

Large Diningroom for Banquets, Suppers, etc.

Furnished Rooms To Let.

FIRST STREET, REVELSTOKE

G. W. THOMAS,

Doctor Veterinary Science.

Graduate Ontario Veterinary College, year 1881

I treat all diseases of domestic animals. Diploma can be seen in Bews' Drug Store. I am no fraud or imposter travelling around the country victimising the public. I have all manner of instruments for performing Surgical Operations and Dentistry on all animals. Twenty-four years practical experience.

Residence—Lower Town, Revelstoke.

LOYAL ORANGE LODGE No. 1638.

Regular meetings are held in the Oddfellows Hall on the Third Friday of each month, at 8 p m. sharp. Visiting brethren cordially invited

J. A. ACHESON, W. M
R. J. TAGGERT, Rec.-Sec

KOOTENAY STAR, R. B. P.

Meets on First Tuesday of every month, in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. ACHESON, W. P.
R. J. TAGGERT, REC.

Gold Range Lodge, K. of P., No. 26, Revelstoke, B. C.

MEETS EVERY WEDNESDAY in Oddfellows' Hall at 8 o'clock Visiting Knights are cordially invited.

J. B. SCOTT, C. C.
STEWART McDONALD, K. of R. & S.
H. A. BROWN, M. of F

Kootenay Lodge No. 15 A. F. & A. M.

The regular meetings are held in the Masonic Temple, Odd Fellows Hall, on the third Monday in each month at 8 p.m. Visiting brethren cordially welcomed

C. A. PROCUNIER, SECRETARY.

SELKIRK LODGE, NO 12, I. O. O. F.

Meets every Thursday evening in Odd Fellows Hall at 8 o'clock Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.

R. MACDONALD, N.G. J. MATHIE, SEC

RE-OPENED!

W. Fleming's

Meat Market

FIRST STREET.

Orders for Beef and Mutton, Poultry, Fish and small goods will receive prompt attention.

WOOD YARD

I have started a permanent Wood Yard on Third street. With my past experience I hope to be in a position to satisfy all requirements of customers. Dry cordwood kept in stock and supplied in any lengths at reduced prices for cash.

R. SAMSON.

Richard R. Copeland

JOBBING CARPENTER AND CABINETMAKER

Mantles, Shelving, Storm Doors,

Jobbing Promptly Attended To

Third Street East, Revelstoke

42tc

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR HOBSON & BELL

Important Notice !!

SEVEN SUTHERLAND SISTERS beg to announce to the ladies and gentlemen of Revelstoke that they have made arrangements with Walter Bews, Phm. B., Druggist, and will hold daily demonstrations for two weeks, commencing MONDAY, FEB. 5 regarding treatment of the Hair and Scalp.

They respectfully invite everyone to call and consult with them. Come and see the Long, Beautiful Hair, grown by the use of the Seven Sutherland Sisters' Hair Grower and Hair and Scalp Cleaner. Canadian Head Office, 11 Colborne Street, Toronto, J. H. Bailey, Foreign Manager.

## NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that Wong Quong is no longer Manager of the partnership firm heretofore carried on by us the undersigned as General Merchants in the City of Revelstoke under the firm name of Quong Chung Lee, the said partnership having been dissolved this day. All debts owing to said partnership are to be paid to Wong Hing Tuck at the former place of business of said firm at Revelstoke, and all claims against the said partnership are to be presented within ten days from the date hereof to the said Wong Hing Tuck by whom the same will be settled.

WONG HING TUCK
WONG QUONG
WONG WAH
MAR GEN

Witness: G. S. McCarter.

Dated this 18th December, 1905.

1j31

M. J. HENRY'S

Nurseries, Greenhouses & Seed Houses

VANCOUVER, B. C.

HEADQUARTERS FOR PACIFIC COAST GROWN GARDEN, FIELD AND FLOWER SEEDS. New crop now in stock and on test in our greenhouses. Ask your merchant for them in sealed packages. If he does not handle them we will mail 50 assorted. 5c packets of vegetable and flower seeds (our own selection, suitable for B. C. gardens) for $1.00. Special prices on your bulk seeds.

B. C. GROWN FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES now ready for spring shipment.

Extra nice stock of two and three-year Apple Trees at $20.00 per 100, $180.00 per 1,000; Maynard Plums, $1.00 each; Italian Prune, two-year, fine, $25.00 per 100; Sugar Prune, two-year, fine, $30.00 per 100.

Full list of other stock at regular prices. No expense, loss or delay of fumigation or inspection.

Let me price your list before placing your order.

Greenhouse Plants, Flor Work, Bee Supplies, Fruit Packages, Fertilizers, etc.

CATALOGUE FREE.

M. J. HENRY

3010, WESTMINSTER ROAD, VANCOUVER, B. C.

## Revelstoke Assessment District.

Notice is hereby given, in accordance with the statutes, that Provincial Revenue Tax, and all assessed taxes and Income Tax, assessed and levied under the Assessment Act and amendments, are now due and payable for the year 1906.

All taxes collectible for the Revelstoke Assessment District are due and payable at my office, situate at the Court House, Revelstoke, B. C. This notice, in terms of law, is equivalent to a personal demand by me to all persons liable for taxes.

Dated at Revelstoke, B. C., this 22nd day of January, 1906.

FRED FRASER,
Deputy Assessor & Collector,
j24-4in Revelstoke Assessment District.

Open Air Rink

W. G. Watson's open air rink is now open: Ice in good shape

SKATING DAILY.

MISS GARVIN,

TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE

Engagements accepted for At-Homes &c. Theory Lessons a specialty. Pupils now enrolled for the new year.

Alphonsus De Feo

PROFESSOR OF PIANO

Lessons 50c. Each.

Given at Mr. Dominic Gallicono, near Station.

Music supplied at "At Homes" and Dances.

FANCY CAKES AND CONFECTIONERY

If you want the above we can supply you with anything in this line.

TRY OUR WHOLESOME

White and Brown Bread Scone and Buns

Dances and Private Parties Catered To. Full Stock of Excellent Candies.

A. E. BENNISON,

Mackenzie Avenue.

If in want of Hay, Vegetables

write for prices to

L. E. Griffiths

MALAKWA, B. C.

To Trappers

Raw Furs Bought Cash Prices Paid

F. B. WELLS,

Exporter of Furs.

SEE

Wing Chung's newly imported stock of Chinese and Japanese goods

The best assortment ever landed in Revelstoke of useful and ornamental articles:

Tea services, Plates, Baskets, Cane Chairs, Handkerchiefs, Flower Pots, Umbrella Stands, Lunch Baskets, Smoking Jackets, Silk Goods.

GOLD FISH

Finest stock of candies and fruits in town.

Front Street, Revelstoke

Jas. I. Woodrow,

BUTCHER.

Retail Dealer In

BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, Etc.

Fish and Game in Season.

All orders promptly filled.

REVELSTOKE, B. C., Corner Douglas and King streets

Bankhead Coal

Egg Size Delivered $9.00

Stove " " 9.00

Nut " " 8.50

Orders left at P. Burns & Company's Office will receive most prompt attention.

F. McCarty, Agent.

## PROVINCIAL LEGISLATURE

Continued from Fourth Page.

THE ANSWER

for which he yearned, as shown in Monday's correspondence, he being informed that Mr. Fry was employed in locating and laying out the King Solomon Mines road, being paid therefor $30, that the said road was built according to his plans, with the exception of two slight deviations to avoid cost of rock work, that the total cost of the road was $1,523 54 and that its width varied from 11 to 7 feet, the latter width made in a few places to avoid expenses. Mr. Evans is now resting easily.

NEW BILLS.

The Atlin County Court Bill was read a third time and passed. The Act to amend the Small Debts Act was reported complete in Committe without amendment.

ASSESSMENT ACT.

In moving the second reading of the Act to amend the Assessment Act, 1903, Finance Minister Tatlow referred to the fact that the Act as brought in the session before last was a long one. Some amendments were made to it last session, but experience had shown the advisability of further cnanges. The purpose of the present amending Act was to make more clear the meaning of one or two sections of that measure, and to obviate the possibility of misconstruction of its intentions in other sections. There was nothing in it to raise the taxes in any way, in fact, it was as proposed decidedly in favor of the taxpayer, one of its principal provisions being that, where lands revert to the Crown for taxes, the taxpayer shall have a longer time to redeem his land.

The second section of the proposed Act, continued the Finance Minister, which dealt with real property taxation, was in order to define more clearly to what persons the lower rates of taxation shall apply. The intention of the original clause had been to help the poorer landholders by a low rate of taxation on property not exceeding $2,000 in value, but it has been found in some cases that people possessed two tracts of land in the same district, both under $2,000, yet together aggregating nearly $4,000, and that these persons had taken advantage of the smaller rate, while owners of land at $2,500 or $3,000 had to pay the higher rate. This new clause would remedy by taxing a man's aggregate holdings in one district.

The next amendment, said Capt. Tatlow, was to make clearer the rate at which income tax should be charged. It had been found on experience that the original clause dealing with this admitted of much mis construction, and the intent of the present measure was to cancel that clause entirely and bring in a new one, in which the rates of taxation were the same, but the wording so definite that the intention of the Act should no longer be misunderstood. The speaker went into extensive details showing the trouble that had arisen from misconstruing the intent of the original clause. He farther explained a couple of minor sections; one to amend a clerical error, and the other to extend the time for the redemption of land.

Hawthornthwaite (Nanaimo) approved the bill, and paid several compliments to the Minister of finance on being the right man for his office. He desired, however, to suggest the exemption from taxation of the small farmer whose holding was under $1,000.

Murphy (Cariboo) moved the adjournment of the debate.

Hon. Mr. McBride introduced an "Act for the relief and disincorporation of the Municipality of Dewdney," which passed its first reading.

LIFE SAVING STATIONS.

That the frightful loss of life in the wreck of the Pacific Coast Steamship Co.'s steamer "Valencia" on the west coast of Vancouver Island the night before last had profoundly impressed the members of the Legislature was evident this afternoon, when, on the House meeting, Mr. Manson (Alberni) moved, Oliver (Delta) seconding, a strong resolution to the Dominion Government, asking for the establishment of life-saving stations on this dangerous coast-line. Messrs. McBride and Hawthornthwaite made strong speeches in support of the resolution, which carried unanimously.

SMALL DEBTS.

On report of the Bill to amend the Small Debts Act, Parker Williams (Newcastle) moved an amendment to exempt from garnishee wages of workmen not exceeding $100 monthly.

This special piece of class legislation did not meet the unanimous approval of the House at all, although the Attorney-General lent it his support, and, after a rather warm debate, it was defeated by a mixed vote of 22 to 17, some Government members voting for it and others against it.

RELIEF BILL.

The rest of the day was devoted to the discussion of Dewdney Relief Bill. John Oliver, who has, in connection with school taxation, persistently made out himself and his constituency to be a couple of deserving mendicants, opposed the bill furiously; thereby drawing upon his head the delicate attention of Hawthornthwaite of Nanaimo, who supported the measure and seized the opportunity to make what is vulgarly known as a "holy show" of the Delta member.

Murphy (Cariboo) attempted to adjourn the debate, but his motion was defeated, and he was ruled out of order when attempting to speak.

The House finally adjourned on motion of Mr. Wilson.

THE MAN IN THE GALLERY.

## NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date we intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands.

Commencing at a post marked Bowman Lumber Co., Ltd. N. E. Corner post, 3½ miles north-west of Bannock Point; thence south 80 chains; west 80 chains; north 80 chains; east 80 chains to point of commencement.

BOWMAN LUMBER Co. LTD.

3619

NOTICE is hereby given that, 30 days after date, we intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:

Starting at a post planted at the north west corner of R. Glendenning's preemption, situated on the north side of the Columbia River about 3½ miles below Upper Arrow Lake and marked Y.C.L. Co.'s Upper South West Corner Post, thence north 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence west 16 chains to point of commencement.

YALE-COLUMBIA LUMBER CO., LTD.
Nakusp, B. C., Dec. 29th, 1905. 1273

MINERAL ACT.
(FORM F.)

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

Standard, Monitor, Yellow Jacket, Heather Bell, Denver Fraction, Contractor, Winnebago, I.X.L. Fraction, H.X.L. Fraction, Iron Hill Fraction, Iron Hill, Criterion, Black Bear, U.X.L. Fraction, Iron Chest' Butte Fraction, Downie Fraction Mineral Claims.

Situate in the Revelstoke Mining Division of Kootenay District.

Where located:—At Standard Basin, Big Bend.

Take notice that I, R. Smith, Free Miner's Certificate No. B88523, acting as agent for The Prince Mining and Development Company, Limited Liability, Free Miner's Certificate No. B88485, intend, sixty days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claims.

And further take notice that action, under section 87, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements

Dated this 24th day of November, A.D., 1905.

R. SMITH.

## NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned have submitted to the Lieutenant-Governor in Council a proposal, under the provisions of the "Rivers and Streams Act," for clearing and removing of obstructions from Jordan River, West Kootenay, and for making the same fit for rafting and driving thereon of log, timber, lumber, rafts and crafts, and for erecting and maintaining booms for holding, sorting and delivering logs and timber brought down said river, and for attaching booms to the shore of said river and Columbia River for said purposes.

The lands to be affected by said work are Crown lands.

The rate of tolls proposed to be charged are such as may be fixed by the Judge of the County Court of Kootenay.

Dated the 9th January, 1906.

REVELSTOKE SAW MILL CO., LTD.
40 m10

PATENTS Trademarks and Copyrights obtained in all countries.

ROWLAND BRITTAIN,

Registered Patent Attorney

Mechanical Attorney and Engineer.

Room 3, Fairfield Block, Granville st., near P.O

VANCOUVER, B. C.

A postcard will secure an evening appointment for those who cannot call during the day

YODO FUJI

has reopened a

RESTAURANT

on McKenzie Avenue.

Open Day and Night. First-Class Service

1571c

McKenzie and Martin

THE GROCERS

Dealers in FRUITS

OF ALL KINDS IN SEASON

Vernon, B.C

A Dealer who sells a man...

"BUCK BRAND"

Overalls

is assured of his good-will and future trade. They are Union made, and guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction and long service.

Our other lines equally as good are - - - - - - -

SMOCKS . . . . . .
UNDERWEAR. . . .
WORKING SHIRTS
MEN'S GLOVES . .

For sale retail by all Dealers.

WHOLESALE BY

Wm. J. McMaster & Sons,
LTD.,
VANCOUVER, B. C.

## NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Board of Licensing Commissioners for the Revelstoke Licensing District for a transfer of my license for the Grand Hotel, Nakusp, to Malcolm McCarthy, of Roseberry, B. C.

(Signed) JOHN HECTOR.

34jan 13

Halcyon Hot Springs Sanitarium.

Under the new management of HARRY McINTOSH, Hoffman House Rossland.

THE MEDICAL WATERS of Halcyon are the most curative in the world. A perfect, natural remedy for all Nervous and Muscular diseases, Liver, Kidney and Stomach ailments and Metallic Poisoning. A sure cure for "That Tired Feeling." Special rates on all boats and trains. Two mails arrive and depart every day. Telegraph communication with all parts of the world.

TERMS—$12 to $18 per week. For further particulars apply to

HARRY McINTOSH

Halcyon Hot Springs
Arrow Lake. B. C.

THE UNION HOTEL

W. J. LIGHTBURNE, Manager.

NEWLY BUILT AND FURNISHED
STRICLY FIRST-CLASS

THE BAR IS SUPPLIED WITH BEST BRANDS

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

ARROWHEAD, - B. C.

Galt Coal

$8.70 PER SINGLE TON.

Reduction made for large quantities. Delivered to any part of the city. Orders left at the Lawrence Hardware Store, or at Smythe's Tobacco Store, promptly attended to.

ALSO

200 Cords Wood

WELL SEASONED

$4 00 per Two-Rick Cord.

J. C HUTCHISON, FIRST ST.

Sold on 3 Months' Trial

Your money returned if not satisfied in every way.

ALWAYS READY FOR INSTANT USE

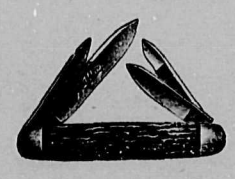
because the "Carbo-Magnetic" is *electrically tempered* and hollow ground in its own peculiar way. With ordinary careful use, it will hold its edge for years with

NO HONING - NO GRINDING

PRICES
Carbo-Magnetic $2.00
Pair in leather case $4.50
Double Concave $2.50 for heavy beards

"Carbo-Magnetic" Elastic Cushion Strops, $1.00. Free booklet "Hints to Shavers."

"GRIFFON KNIVES"



Made of "Griffon" Razor Steel. They hold an edge longer than any knife made. Full assortment. All styles,

Lawrence Hardware Co.
Limited.
REVELSTOKE B. C.

THIS BOOT is made in sizes for BOYS YOUTHS and MEN

It's a grand school boot, a splendid fall boot, a great business man's boot. It fits like a glove, and is a stylish-looking boot, too, as heavy boots go, being made from No. 1 quality box calf leather with a heavy sole, it will wear like iron. For sale by all good retail shoe men.

WHOLESALE BY

J. LECKIE CO., Ltd.,
VANCOUVER, B. C.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR
"KURTZ'S PIONEERS"
"KURTZ'S OWN"
"SPANISH BLOSSOMS"
UNION MADE CIGARS
MANUFACTURED BY
Kurtz's Pioneer Cigar Factory
1148, Cordova St., W.
VANCOUVER, - - B. C.

"Soothing and restful" is what so many women say of a hot cup of steaming Blue Ribbon Tea. It's fresh fragrance seems to tone up and calm every jangled nerve. Try the Red Label. Only one best tea. Blue Ribbon's it.

REOPENED REMODELED

Union Hotel Restaurant

Mrs. McKitrick, Manageress.

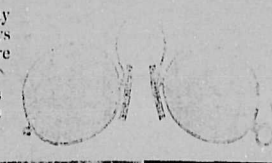
Open at all hours. Short Orders tastefully served.

Meal Tickets Issued. Rates Moderate.

GET YOUR EYES EXAMINED FREE

A large variety of Glasses always kept in stock here

Try a pair on —we guarantee a perfect fit.



If you require anything in Jewelry it is here for you.

A complete stock of the right class of goods.

J. GUY BARBER, - Jeweller, Optician

LOANS NOTARIES

SIBBALD & FIELD

HAVE

Houses and Lots

FOR SALE

IN ALL PARTS OF THE CTY

INSURANCE COMOX COAL

Scott & Potts Merchant Tailors.

Everything a gentleman wants in the line of tailoring.
Our stock is new and up-to date.
Pressing and cleaning promptly attended to.

First Street, Opposite Union Hotel, Revelstoke.

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA SUGAR REFINING CO. (LIMITED)

2 POUNDS OF EXTRA FINE SUGAR DIAMONDS

Made solely From Cane Sugar. Refined to Absolute Purity.

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

It's made from pure Cane Sugar, crystalised to resemble Rock Candy, and comes in grains that sparkle like uncut diamonds. It's concentrated sweetness is an attractive and convenient form.

Sold in 2-lb sealed packages only. Ask your Grocer

Maple Leaf Rubbers

Best to Sell
Best to Buy
Best to Wear

Styles to cover every need from fine city wear to lumbermen's or miners' footwear. They are all just as honest as the emblem signifies.

J. Leckie Co., Ltd.
Vancouver, B.C.
SELLING AGENTS.

WAH CHUNG'S

Best Firewood in the City.

Shipment of Chinese Canaries just received—Prices from $2 to $5 each

Front Street, Revelstoke

THE CITY EXPRESS

E. W. B. Paget, Prop.

Prompt delivery of parcels, baggage, etc., to any part of the City.

Any Kind of Transferring Undertaken.

TELEPHONE NO. 7.

CRESSMAN & MORRISON

The Leading Merchant Tailors

Don't order a Suit because it is cheap. Order it because it will be becoming, fashionable, durable and comfortable. The best is the cheapest. We make the best. In making a Suit we give advice when wanted and we accept advice when a customer desires to give it.

Every now and then you are confronted with the question, "Who's Your Tailor"—Cresssman & Morrison, of course.

Cressman & Morrison

CUTS HALF-TONES, ZINC-ETCHINGS THE ANGELL ENGRAVING Co 310 Hastings St W VANCOUVER, B.C.

P. BURNS & CO.

Wholesale and Retail

. . . . Meat Merchants.

Head Office, Abattoir and Cold Storage:

Calgary, Alberta

THE REVELSTOKE WINE & SPIRIT CO.

LIMITED.

Import direct from Country of origin.

WHOLESALE DEALERS ONLY.

REVELTSOKE, B. C.

HOTEL VICTORIA

(Under New Management)

ROBT. LAUGHTON, Prop., REVELSTOKE, B. C.

First-clas accommodation for travellers. Best brands of Wines, Spirits, and Cigars.

RATES $1 AND $1.50 PER DAY

FREE BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS

Central Hotel

REVELSTOKE, B. C.

ABRAHAMSON BROS., PROPRIETORS.

Newly built. First-class in every respect. All modern conveniences Large Sample Rooms.

Rates $1.50 per Day. Special Weekly Rates.

Queen's Hotel, Trout Lake, under same management

ORIENTAL HOTEL

suitably furnished with the choicest the market affords. Best Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Rates $1 a day. Monthly rate.

J. ALBERT STONE, PROP.

Queen's Hotel

COMAPLIX

Best brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Travellers to Fish Creek will find excellent accommodation at this Hotel.

CHIEF YOUNG, - - Proprietor

CITY LIVERY STABLES

Hack Service to any part of the City at all hours. Rigs equipped for Sleighing Parties. First class Single and double Rigs. Express draying and Transferring. Saddle and Pack horses for hire. All kinds of job work undertaken. Wood for sale.

STABLE AND RESIDENCE PPONE 41
HACK STAND " 27

CHAS. W. TURNROSS, - Prop.

# The Hopper's Atonement

"Hanyone kin see as 'ow you ain't used ter this kind o' life; you're too precious slow, an' y' ain't got ther nack o' nippin' 'em off sharp. Nip 'em like this, see? Nip one bloom w'ile ye're a-spottin' ther next."

The speaker was quite right; his companion was evidently unused to hop-picking; he knew none of the tricks of the labor and was quite too leisurely in his movements. Nor did he look like a professional hopper, though he was lowly and needy enough in all conscience. His face had a suggestion of refinement in spite of being red and puffy; and, although in walking or standing he had the slouching carriage of the professional loafer, there was something about his general bearing which would have led a careful observer to have decided he was of gentle birth, of good breeding, with some of the culture of high-class education still in him. And thus it would have been clear that he was one of the human wrecks of society, wrecked on the rock of apathy—a derelict abandoned by hope.

He paid but scant attention to the remarks of his companion, save when they bore on the work in hand; and then he followed the advice given him until he wearied of the extra fatigue, when he fell back into the old, leisurely, spiritless way again.

He and his partner had fallen in together on the way down from the great Metropolis; they were both alone, and somehow this fact had drawn them into an uncouth sort of friendship, a sort of tacit understanding that they would work and be together so long as their ways ran parallel. And there they were, working side by side in the long evening shadows of the avenues of hop-poles, breathing the tonic air of hops; one dead to the surrounding glories, the other asleep to them; the one in his element, the other without an element.

"Shove us that pole, pal," said the sleeper in his element. "Y' ain't getting on very fast. I think yer must 'ave been intended for a night-watchman. Pass us ther jar."

"It's empty."

"Well, Mr. Whatsyername, yer must 'ave 'ad your drop, that's all I kin s'y."

"I've got a tongue like a blotting pad to-day," the other replied. "I think I shall throw up this job; it's so monotonous."

"What's that?"

No explanation was vouchsafed, and the hoppers went on picking in silence for some moments, when the questioner started a fresh series of questions. He was as loquacious as his companion was taciturn.

"I s'y, bloke! What's yer real name? Somehow, Jimmy Nutts don't seem ter fit cher figure."

"What do you want to know for?"

"Well, we're pals, an' I told jer me name was Willieum Snells, which is right an' proper like."

"Henry Richards is my real name, if that is any good to you. Does it ease your mind at all?"

"Got any kids, an' sech like, ter keep?"

"No," replied Richards, shortly.

"No missus nor nothin' like that?"

"I have a missus, but I haven't got to keep her."

"'Ow's that—give 'er the chuck, 'ave yer?"

"Yes," mechanically. "I got down on my luck—fate played against me—nothing turned up, and, as I couldn't contrive to keep her, I thought it better to give her a chance to find a way for herself."

"I see. But ain't she bin nasty, anyway? Ain't she summoned you or waited round the pubs an' slapped you abart?"

"No," said Richards, with the shadow of a smile on his lips; "she wasn't that build of woman. Besides, it's a long time ago now. She's forgotten me."

"Y're lucky, ain't cher? Some of 'em give more trouble when they're thrown over than when they're looked arter. 'Ow long might it be since yer gave 'er the chuck-over?"

"About six years now. Shall we knock off? I'm sick of it."

"So long as that? Well, I never! Ain't yer ever met 'er an' 'ad any words?"

"No. Shall we knock off? Most of the others have."

They knocked off and took their pickings to their overseer. Then they made tracks for the neighboring inn.

"Fancy never 'avin' run up with ther missus," said Snells, deeply impressed. "That fairly takes me bref away. I know blokes what would give a month's liquor fer your luck."

"I often wonder if she is dead," said Richards, with a slight touch of interest in his tone.

"Or married?" suggested Snells.

"Or married," repeated Richards, thoughtfully.

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Snells and Richards were walking down the dusty road away from the inn. Snells was gloomily thoughtful, Richards stupidly indifferent, and perhaps a little the worse for drink.

"Don't yer like 'oppin'?" Snells inquired, in a way which suggested that the question was destined to lead to another.

"Can't say I do."

"Hever made thirty or forty pounds in a heavenin'?"

"Only at cards."

"Lor'!" exclaimed Snells. He had expected an emphatic negative, and was somewhat disconcerted by the qualification. "What would yer s'y now if I was to put yer in the way of makin' twenty or thirty pounds one heavenin'? I gen'ly do a bit of biz w'en I come down, an' I've got a fair thing on the breeze this time. Care to join me? Two can work it better'n one, I fink."

"I don't mind, if it's safe," replied Richards, apathetically. "I suppose it's housebreaking?"

"Well, some people call it that. I tells yer it's a soft bit o' biz, an' a rich bit, too, by the looks of it; an'so far as I kin see there ain't a man about the place. It's a little 'ouse 'bout a mile away frum 'ere—b'longs to a play-actress or somethin' o' the kind. There's 'er, a little girl 'bout six, I should s'y, an' two skivvies. I've made a few quiet inquiries, an' I'm told that the lady's a widow what went on the stage an' made a pot o' brass. Now, actresses alw'ys 'ave lots o' jewel'ry, so it looks like a fair lay, eh? What do you think?"

"Sounds all right. How does the house stand?"

"Got grounds all round it—in fack it's a fair treat. The nearest 'ouse is the Rect'ry, about a 'undred yards away. I got 'old o' one of the Rect'ry skivvies—a reg'lar soft sort; an' she told me a lot. The parson an' Madame Hasletine—that's her name—is very thick friends; consequent, the girl I pumped knows a lot. Madame Hasletine is gener'ly in seein' the Rect'ry people or them seem' 'er at 'er 'ouse, an' she does things stylish."

"Sounds well enough, but are you sure it's safe? I've come down in the world a long way, but I've never yet found myself in a prison, an' I don't want to start now."

"Lor' love yer, it's as safe as 'op-pickin' any day. I've done things like it afore now, an' only once was I nabbed. I'll make all the 'rangement, you bet."

Richards said nothing more, but Snells understood that he meant to stand in with him.

A night or two later Richards was asleep in a large farm outhouse which served as a sort of doss-house for himself and about a score of other hoppers, most of whom were also asleep, when Snells, who had been away most of the evening, crept into the outhouse and roused his friend by giving him a gentle thump in the side.

"S-sh! Wake up an' foller me," he whispered.

Richards watched the dim figure of his tempter pass through the half-open door with a lazy sort of interest and a weak feeling that he would not follow. But after a moment or two he got up from his shake-down of sacks and went after Snells.

"Push the door to arter you, matey, an' come on."

"Where to?" inquired Richards, in a lame attempt to make himself fancy he did not know why he had been roused.

"Were d'yer think, yer cuckoo? What did we talk 'bout the other night?"

They went down the road together silently; Snells eagerly, Richards like the weak thing he was following a magnet.

It was a beautiful night. The air was cool and full of the soft scent of flowering vegetation and ripe hops. The sky was clear, and pointed in a thousand places by brightly swelling stars. The grasshoppers, clicking in the hedges, uttered the only sounds audible with the fall of the men's feet.

"There'll be a moon soon," said Snells, when they had covered about half a mile. "We must finish before that, or there's never any knowin'."

Richards made no reply; he was not in the mood for conversation. Now that he was fairly on the road to help in the execution of Snell's nefarious plans he resented being roused from his sleep to run the risk of being caught in a criminal act and sent to prison. At the same time he considered that having begun he might as well see the affair through, since the alternative was to quarrel with his companion; besides which the chance of gaining much by very little trouble had distinct attractions. He felt, however, he had a grievance against Snells in being dragged out of sleep to encounter personal dangers.

They did not keep to the road; after going three-quarters of the journey they struck across the fields, eventually coming upon a garden wall some six feet high.

"This is it," whispered Snells. "As nice a little place as ever I saw. Now, keep yer peepers open, give me a leg over, an' I'll jest look round."

Richards helped him mount the wall and heard him drop to the ground on the other side. Then he sat down and waited developments.

After what seemed to him a long time Richards caught sight of a figure coming towards him, and he was just about to run away when the figure called to him in the voice of Snells.

"It's all square, matey," said Snells, in a stage-whisper. "I come frew a gate in the wall farver down; there's a key on the inside. Come on."

They went along, keeping close under the wall, until they arrived at the little gate Snells had referred to, which they passed through cautiously, obtaining entrance to a large, old-fashioned garden. Snells led the way from shrub to shrub, until they stood under a low window of the house.

"Now keep yer peppers open if yer never did afore," Snells whispered. "I'm goin' ter prise this winder." He took a small tool from his pocket, and in a few seconds the lower half of the window went up noiselessly.

They took off their boots and put them close under the wall; then Richards followed Snells in through the window.

"It's yer ears yer must keep open now," said Snells, holding his hand before the eye of his little lantern and leading the way into a large kitchen. "I don't 'spect there's much in 'ere, but we'll jest look round."

They collected a few trifles, such as forks and spoons, and tied them up in a handkerchief, after which they passed down a passage and entered an apartment furnished as a dining-room, where they laid hands on a few more articles of table plate and a pair of attractive bronzes.

"The jewel'ry's what I've got my nose for," said Snells, ransacking the drawer of a little writing-table. "I 'spect that's upstairs in me lady's room."

"I'm not going into any rooms where there is anyone asleep," said Richards. "This is quite exciting enough to suit my taste."

"Don't be a cuckoo," Snells replied, in a gruff whisper. "It's safe as milkin' a cow. You take this 'ere jemmy an' use it if anyone don't seem to appreciate our visit. No 'alf measures, mind yer; but no killin'. Jest lay 'em down for ten minutes. You know."

Nervously Richards followed his leader up the thickly-carpeted stairs to the first landing. Snells crept to the first door, turned the handle noiselessly, and, listening silently almost breathlessly, looked over his shoulder at Richards' white face, and smiled. Then he nodded confidently and crept into the chamber.

Richards crept in after him.

Keeping his light turned down upon the floor until he had located the bed, Snells looked round the handsomely-furnished apartment enviously. Richards did the same in a nervous, anxious sort of way, his eyes glancing at the bed every other second.

Snells put up a warning finger and crept towards the dressing-table in the big bay-window. He searched through a couple of drawers, and then beckoned to his companion.

"You stand by the bed," he whispered, "an if she wakes, clop yer 'and over 'er mouth sharp"; and he continued cramming his pockets with vasious small articles Richards could not see.

Richards crept two paces across the room and turned, his eyes attracted by a picture hanging upon the wall in full light of the lantern. His jaw dropped, his eyes dilated, and a violent shiver passed over his big, loose frame. He took a step nearer the picture and rubbed his bleared eyes.

He had seen that portrait hundreds of times before; he had sat under it at dinner, face to face with the woman he had loved and wedded, and deserted. It had then hung in the broad gilt frame it hung in now. He remembered taking it out one day and sneaking into a pawnbroker's shop to raise money on it. He remembered the pawnbroker remarking at the time that it had little or no value to anyone but himself and his relatives, and eventually lending a couple of pounds on it. He remembered sitting for the portrait and paying five-and-seventy guineas to the artist. He remembered it all perfectly; there was no possibility of his forgetting it, and he could not be mistaken.

But the pawnbroker had evidently been mistaken, for somebody had put sufficient value on it to buy it and hang it in their bedroom. . . . . In a lady's bedroom, too. A strange place for a portrait of a strange man!

He started at the significance of the idea, and a cold sweat broke out on his forehead. He turned and went to the bed-side. He leant over the bed and stared down in paralyzing amazement.

The fair-haired heads of a woman and a child lay sunken into the soft pillows; the smaller face upturned, the lips parted, and the cheeks hot and flushed. The woman's head bent slightly forward, her red lips smiling, and her thick lashes drooping over her full, still youthful cheeks.

The child was the woman's child, of that there could be no doubt. The child was also the child of the man whose portrait hung on the wall facing the end of the bed.

Richards glanced from the bed to Snells, who was then rifling a jewel-case; and a look of animal savagery sprang into his face. He crossed the room quickly and seized Snells by the arm.

"Put them down," he whispered, hoarsely. "Empty your pockets and come away at once."

Snells looked up at him in utter astonishment.

"Put them back," Richards repeated, more sternly. "Put them back I say."

He snatched some trinkets out of Snell's hands and dropped them back into the jewel-case.

"Yer brute!" hissed Snells, fiercely. "What are yer at? Drop the gauge or I'll brain yer."

"Empty your pockets, I say," replied Richards, thrusting his hand into his partner's pocket and pulling out a handful of trinkets.

Snells snatched up a jemmy which lay on the table at his side and aimed a heavy blow at Richard's head. Richards dodged the blow and snatched the tool away, flinging it across the room.

The noise of the scuffle woke the sleepers, who sat up in bed and stared in bewilderment at the strange scene.

"What are you doing here?" cried the woman, tearing a blanket from the bed and throwing it round her as she got out and faced them.

Neither Snells nor Richards could make answer; they were locked in each other's arms, swaying backwards and forwards in a desperate struggle to gain mastery over each other.

Suddenly Snells threw Richards from him and made a dash for the door. But his partner caught him by the coat, which the sudden jerk tore from his back.

Even in that moment of danger Snells had the presence of mind to recollect that all his booty was in the pockets of the coat; and he swerved back into the room and, picking up the jemmy he had lost, rushed at Richards.

Jemmy met jemmy above the two men's heads, but Richards' slipped down Snells' and cut him deeply in the cheek. With a wild howl of pain Snells renewed the attack with increased fury. He had no thought now of carrying away his booty; his only wish was to avenge himself for the traitorous conduct of his partner and the hideous, gaping wound in his cheek. He could hear someone crying out of one of the windows of the house for help. He was dimly conscious, even in the blindness of his passion, of the forms of the woman and the child clinging to each other and crouched on the bed, sobbing; and people were running up and down the stairs, doors were banging, bells ringing. But he cared for none of these tokens of increasing danger; he wanted revenge.

He aimed another blow at Richards, who put up his arm to fend it off. But the blow was too quick and heavy to be warded off, and with a groan Richards sank to the floor. Before Snells could turn towards the door, however, his antagonist had risen to his feet again. But in the moment Snells had pulled a knife from his hip-pocket, and on the blade of this Richards hurled himself. The next instant Snells was gone; hatless, coatless, and bootless, he was flying for his life over hedge and field.

Richards lay gasping and groaning upon the floor, his eyes upon his own portrait on the wall.

Gradually the woman roused herself from her terror and moved to his side. She saw his life's blood flowing from his wound and shuddered. She looked at his face and gasped.

"Harry!" she cried, falling upon her knees and seizing his hand.

His lips parted as if he were about to speak, but nothing escaped them except a trembling sigh. And he smiled painfully.

She leant over him, staring into his face as if trying to read his history since she had last seen him. And it was written plainly.

She put her arm tenderly under his head and fell forward sobbing on his breast, her tears mingling with the blood.

"Don't, Minnie," he groaned; "don't!"

But her sobs only grew the wilder, until suddenly a strange calm came over her, and she leant back on her knees and stroked the hand that grasped her wrist fiercely in mortal agony.

"If only they would come we might yet do something for you," she said, with a bewildered look towards the door.

"No, no! Keep them out, keep them out! Only you and I and—the child, Minnie. The child, Minnie! Bring her to me. My child!"

She sprang to her feet and carried the poor, pale mite to her father's arms. He kissed the little, frightened face and held up his hand to touch the mother. She seized it blindly, and, stooping, pressed it to her lips. And thus the hopper passed away in his atonement.—London Tit-Bits.

## THE GERMAN ARMY.

So much has been written by foreign critics of the faults and shortcomings of the British army that it is a relief to learn from similar sources that the armies of other nations are not any better. Recently a German military writer gave out the deliberate opinion that the army of the United States was "rotten" throughout and lacking in the essentials of an effective fighting machine. Our neighbors were naturally indignant, and not only resented the charge, but turned their inkpot guns on the German army. While admitting its perfection of organization, they find its system of tactics, as shown in recent manoeuvres, stupidly antiquated and utterly unfitted to meet the requirements of modern warfare. With gleeful satisfaction the United States press reproduces the comments on the German army of a correspondent of the London Spectator, who was present at the autumn manoeuvres along the Rhine. This observer was amazed to see the old-fashioned plan of moving troops in masses of close formation within the firing zone carried out with spectacular precision. Infantry advancing eight deep, with supports easily within effective artillery range, battalions charging with bands playing and colors flying; cavalry in squadrons galloping about under close infantry fire, artillery retiring in a manner impossible in actual battle; generals, attended by numerous brilliant staffs, riding gently to and fro in the deadliest zones, presented a martial picture indeed, but a hopelessly bad imitation of the realities of the modern battlefield. From all this it would appear that the Germans have learned nothing from the wars in South Africa and Manchuria. If pitted against a nation which had learned the lessons of those wars, the German army would be badly worsted. But bad as this outward showing is, the internal condition is worse still. The Spectator correspondent found that the officers do not trust the men. They despair of turning them into soldiers, so they turn them into automatons instead. The object of their drill and iron discipline is to hammer into a man during peace-time, not intelligence or fighting instincts, but habits of unreasoning obedience, in the hope that these habits will become a second nature to him, and in battle prove stronger than fear. Under such a system close formation is a necessity. The automatons must be kept together, for they have no personal initiative and become bewildered when out of touch with their accustomed commander. It is furthermore charged by other critics that the German officers, as a class, have degenerated, have become self-indulgent, and are given to swaggering, drinking, gambling and lewdness. The picture is gloomy and may be overdrawn, but it is a question whether the erroneous discipline is not in a measure inseparable from an impressed army and whether the tendency of armies maintained in peace time is not necessarily towards demoralization.

# About the House

## SELECTED RECIPES.

Soft Custard.—One quart milk, four eggs, eight tablespoons sugar, one-half teaspoon vanilla, salt. Beat eggs and add sugar, salt, milk and flavoring. Poach in oven twenty minutes. Test with knife; when done the knife comes out clean.

Milk Sherbet.—Four cups milk, one and a half cups sugar, three lemons. Mix juice and sugar and stir constantly. Add milk slowly to prevent appearance of curd. Freeze. This recipe is simple in two ways: It is easily and quickly made; and for evening refreshments it is more economical and is often more relished than ice cream.

Corn Starch Mold.—Three cups cold water, one and half cups sugar, juice and rind of two lemons, three tablespoons corn starch ¼ teaspoon salt, blend corn starch and sugar add to the water, boil till clear, preferably in a double boiler. Add lemon. When nearly cold beat in two whites of eggs stiffly beaten. Serve cold, with a custard made of the two egg yolks and one cup of milk; boil and flavor with lemon and sugar.

Rollo's Nut Cake.—Two cups of sugar; one cup of butter; three cups of flour; one cup of cold water; four eggs; two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; two cupfuls kernels of hickory nuts or white walnuts, carefully picked out, and added last of all. Add the water as you would milk.

Wafers—Six eggs; one pint of flour; two ounces of melted butter; one and one-half cups of powdered sugar; one cup of milk; one teaspoonful of nutmeg. Beat whites and yolks separately and very stiff, rub the sugar and butter together, and work in, first the yolks, then the milk, then the flour and whites. Bake in well-buttered wafer or waffle irons, very quickly, browning as little as possible. Roll them, while hot, upon a smooth, round stick, not larger than your little finger, slipping it out carefully when the cake takes the right shape. These little cakes are an acceptable addition to any tea or supper table, and look well among fancy cakes in a basket.

Rice Cakes.—One cup of well-cooked rice, two eggs beaten together, a pinch of salt, half a cup of milk and enough flour to make a thick batter. Drop from a spoon on a hot griddle. Serve with melted butter.

Tapioca Cream.—An old-fashioned dessert. Soak five tablespoonfuls of tapioca over night. Set aside one spoonful to be used in the clear soup. Add the other four to a quart of new milk, put on the stove in a double boiler until the tapioca is transparent. Have ready the yolks of four eggs beaten together with one cup of sugar, into which stir the boiling milk. Return to fire and let it cook (being careful not to let it boil) until it becomes as thick as custard. Remove from fire and flavor to taste with either grated nutmeg or vanilla. Turn into baking dish and add meringue made of the whites of four eggs beaten stiff with four spoonfuls of sugar, one of vanilla, and a pinch of cream of tartar. Set in oven to warm. Serve when cold.

Eggless Griddle Cakes—Use sour milk, adding one teaspoonful (level) of soda to a pint of sour milk. Stir until it foams; then add well-sifted flour, a little at a time, stirring vigorously all the while, until the batter has the proper consistency. Beat out all lumps and bake on a hot, well-greased griddle.

Graham Bread.—One egg, one heaping teaspoonful of butter, one cupful of sour milk; one-half cupful of sweet milk; one-half cupful of molasses; one-half cupful of sugar; three cupfuls of graham flour; one teaspoonful of soda in the sour milk; pinch of salt; one-half cupful of chopped raisins. Steam two hours. Bake one-half hour. Fine!

Two Simple Ices.—Make a water ice with twelve oranges, six lemons, and the proper quantity of water. Add a quart of grape juice, and sweeten rather highly. Do not freeze too hard. Another delicious iced dessert is ginger mousse. Half a cupful of sugar is first boiled with a fourth of a cupful of water until it reaches the thread stage. Whip the whites of two eggs very stiff and pour the syrup on them, whipping until the two are thoroughly mixed. A cupful of whipped cream is folded into this mixture, and a cupful of preserved ginger chopped very fine is mixed in at the last moment. Place in a mold, seal carefully, and pack in ice and salt for several hours. The syrup in which the ginger was preserved makes an excellent sauce for this mousse.

Duck or Chicken in Jelly.—Cut cold roast duck or chicken into neat pieces. Wet the bottom of a mold with cold water, pour in a little of the aspic, which should already have begun to form, arrange sliced hard-boiled eggs and dice of beet root or capers about the mold. Pour in a little of the jelly, lay in the meat, put in more jelly, and so on until the mold is full. The final layer should be of jelly. Set the mold on the ice for several hours before the contents are to be used. Garnish attractively when turned out. An excellent idea is to arrange the jelly in individual molds and serve one to each guest, on a lettuce leaf.

Beef and Potato Pie.—Some minced cold roast beef, one young onion, minced; one-half cup of gravy; some mashed potato; one tablespoonful of butter to a cup of potato; one tablespoonful of cream to same; pepper and salt, catsup, if mutton be used; make mustard for beef; one beaten egg for each cupful of potato. Mash the potato while hot, beating very light, with the butter and cream, lastly the egg. Too much attention cannot be paid to this part of the work. Fill a buttered baking dish with the minced meat, seasoned with onion, pepper, salt, and mustard or catsup; moisten with gravy, and cover with the mashed potato at least half an inch thick if your dish be large. Smooth this over and bake to a light brown.

## WHEN DAYS ARE COLD.

Since few farm homes have separate rooms for laundry work and the whole process must be accomplished in the kitchen, it is well to use as many devices for saving time and labor as possible, writes a correspondent. One of the best of these is used by a notable housekeeper and is nothing more nor less than two strips of old rag carpet sewed together and then covered with the table oil cloth. This home-made rug may be easily spread down anywhere in the kitchen and, though the mistress of the house designed it especially for washing day, its uses are manifold. It saved scrubbing the entire floor time and again and when rolled up occupies little space in the kitchen closet.

Another housekeeper has a wood box longer than usual with one end partitioned off and in that she keeps her mop, scrubbing pail and various cleaning utensils. She says she struggled for years with mops frozen stiff until she learned to keep them out of sight in the kitchen. "My mother always had a nail for the mop outside the kitchen door, and I thought I had to do the same," she said, "till I happened to see a wood box with two compartments and I wondered why I had never thought of such a thing."

A woman in a dark, old-fashioned house invented a neat little foot stool under the carpet cover of which could be slipped a hot foot stone. Thereafter she sat with her work by the window on cold days comfortable and happy because if the feet are warm the whole body will feel the glow. It was impossible to work by the stove on account of the poor light, but the foot stool made the whole room habitable for the mistress.

If you have your houseplants on a table it is very easy to make a frame to completely cover them and rest on the edge of the table. This can be constructed by any woman and needs only to be covered with old horse blankets, old woollen skirts or similar goods to insure protection on cold nights. If the weather is very severe put an extra covering of newspapers on top of the cloth and take the precaution not to water the plants till the thermometer rises.

Keep a man's coat and a small shawl on a nail by the kitchen door and in the pocket of the coat always have a pair of mittens. If, for any reason, you must be your own chore boy do not dash out every few minutes on a separate errand but don the coat, tie up your head in the shawl and set forth with the mittens on your hands to do every chore before you begin the housework in the morning. You will find the coat much better than any other wrap and the shawl is better than a hood if you cross it Dutch fashion in front and tie the ends behind, as it protects the neck.

## AROUND THE HOUSE.

Charcoal is one of the greatest purifiers of water that we have. Water or any substance allowed to percolate through it will be freed of all animal organisms or foreign particles. It is one of the best sweeteners of the breath. After a hearty meal it is a splendid thing for the stomach, if added to it is a little ginger. It is excellent with which to cleanse the teeth, for it removes fungus growth that many tooth powders fail to touch. It relieves pain caused by a burn.

For Brilliant windows take a pad of cotton rag soaked in glycerine and rub the glass all over inside. Then take a piece of clean, dry rag and lightly polish the glass until the glycerine is invisible but not entirely rubbed away. Do this when the glass is fairly warm and dry, and you will get brilliant windows, no condensation, and a great saving in the amount of cleaning.

Acids should never be employed to clean tinware, because they attack the metal coating and remove it. This refers to articles made of tinplate, which consists of iron covered with tin. Rub the article first with rotten stone and sweet oil, then finish with whiting and a piece of soft leather. Articles made wholly of tin should be cleaned in the same manner. In a dry atmosphere planished tinware will remain bright for a long period, but will soon become tarnished in moist air.

To prevent blistering in linen, which is almost always due to bad starching, but occasionally to ironing the articles when too wet, each article must be well starched through, and when about to iron it must be damped evenly, but not wet. Use a hot iron. Collars and cuffs that have to be turned down should be fixed in the proper shape immediately after each one is ironed, for then the starch is still flexible.

Mend a lamp loose in the collar with sifted plaster of paris, mixed to a soft paste with beaten white of egg. Have everything ready before wetting up the plaster and work quickly so it may set in place. With several lamps to mend, wet only enough plaster for one at a time. It takes less than five minutes to set, and is utterly worthless if one tries working it over. Metal work, apart from the glass, needs the soldering iron. Dust the break well with powdered resin, tie the parts firmly together, lay the stick of solder above the break, and fetch the iron down on it lightly but firmly. When the solder cools remove the melted resin with a cloth dipped in alcohol.

# DISEASE IS A BLESSING

## SIR FREDERICK TREVES CONTROVERTS OLD IDEAS.

### Disease Symptoms Marked by Purpose and That Purpose Is Beneficent.

Sir Frederick Treves has just delivered a remarkable address at the inaugural meeting of the session of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. His subject was "Medicine a la Mode." He said the pervailing idea of disease was something that was woeful and malignant, evil in origin, evil in intent and evil in effect.

"In the popular view," he continued, "it is held that disease is a calamity, that its end is destruction and that it is purposeless, except in one direction—that of doing harm

"Popular terms bear testimony to the prevalence of that belief. A man is said to be 'struck down' by disease as by the avenging angel. It seizes upon him as does a roaring lion. It consumes him as does a fire. The attitude of the medical man toward disease is that of an opponent to deadly influences.

"He has to combat an enemy to mankind whose every movement is dark and malicious. There is no symptom of disease that is not believed to be noxious and, as such, must be stamped out with relentless determination.

"If the patient be ill, the illness must be stayed. If he coughs, the cough must cease. If he fails to take food, he must be made to eat. And why? Because these are manifestations of disease and therefore of ill intent and to be banished.

### BENEFITS OF DISEASE.

"I hold that there is nothing preternatural in disease; that its phenomena or symptoms are marked by purpose and that that purpose is beneficent.

"Disease is one of the good gifts, for its motive is benevolent and protective. I cannot express that more precisely than by saying that, if it were not for disease, the human race would soon be extinct."

Sir Frederick Treves then demonstrated his proposition by instances. His first was that of a wound and the supervening inflammation which was a process of cure to be imitated rather than hindered.

Peritonitis, which had always been spoken of as the operating surgeon's deadliest enemy, was in reality his best friend.

The general mortality of the common disease known as appendicitis was low. This fortunate circumstance was due to peritonitis, for without that much abused ally every example or the disorder would be fatal.

Another instance given was that of a common cold, which was no doubt the so-called bacterial disease.

### MANIFESTATIONS OF CURE.

"According to popular medicine," he said, "the phenomena constituting disease are purposeless, profitless and wantonly distressful, so that the victim demands from the physician means for stamping out the trouble. These symptoms, however, are in the main manifestations of a process of cure and are so far benevolent that without them a common cold might be a fatal malady.

"Catarrh and persistent sneezing are practical means of dislodging bacteria from the nasal passages, while the cough removes them from the windpipe."

The lecturer then described the symptoms of malaria and bubonic plague, both of bacterial origin, and also discussed the question of immunity and said:—

"The success of the serum treatment of diphtheria is now beyond all question. The whole of the manifestations of tuberculosis are likewise expressions of unflagging effort on the part of the body to oppose the progress of invading bacteria.

"There are unfortunately a large series of disorders whose secrets have not yet been fathomed. One cannot fail to be met with the assertion that at least the machinations of cancer have nothing in them that are good. To that at present I have no answer. At the same time I trust I may have raised a doubt whether, so far as the disease is concerned, the workings of nature are quite so ill intending as we are disposed to consider them to be."

## ONE TO JOHNNY.

Johnny was a very dull sort of lad, his father could make nothing of him, so he determined to send him away to his uncle in the country, who he thought would be sure to sharpen him up a bit.

Johnny arrived in due course, and was shown all over the farm by his uncle, who lost no time in impressing on his mind the necessity of wearing old things out first before commencing on anything new.

Johnny seemed to take it all very quietly, and the next morning the following conversation took place:

"Now, Johnny," said the uncle, "when you have finished your breakfast I want you to go down to the meadow and bring one of the two horses I showed you yesterday."

"Yes, uncle," said Johnny; "which am I to bring—the old 'un or the young 'un?"

"Now, Johnny," said the uncle, more in sorrow than in anger, "what did I tell you yesterday? How soon you forget! Why bring the old one, of course. Always wear the old ones out first."

"Oh, well, if that's it," said Johnny, "hadn't you better go and fetch him?"

Life Insurance Agent—"My dear sir, have you made any provision for those who come after you?" Harduppe—"Yes; I put the dog at the door, and told the servant to say I'm out of town."