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OCT 17 1904
VICTORIA, B. C.

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Established April 8, 1899; Whole Number 227. MOUNT PLEASANT, VANCOUVER, B. C., SATURDAY Oct., 15, 1904. Sixth Year, Vol. 6, No. 27.

Subscribers are requested to report any carelessness in the delivery of "The Advocate."

Changes for advertisements should be in before Thursday noon to insure their publication.

Local Items.

The McCuaig Auction and Commission Co., Ltd., next to Carneige Library, Hastings street, buy Furniture for Cash, Conduct Auction Sales and handle Bankrupt Stocks of every description. Satisfaction guaranteed. Phone 1070.

:o:

Messrs. Smith & Forrest, lately from Manitoba, have bought the Feed and Grain business of Mr Wm. Duthie and will continue at the same stand.

:o:

The Ladies' Aid of Mt. Pleasant Methodist Church held a Social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Kinch, Seventh avenue, west, on Thursday evening. There was a large attendance and a pleasant time was passed.

:o:

THE ADVOCATE is always glad to receive items of social, personal or other news from its readers. Send news items to the office or by telephone, B1405.

:o:

Mr and Mrs. W H. Wood, Sr., left on Friday for their old home in Scarborough, England, and will be away about six months. Mr. Wood has rented his home corner of Quebec and Thirteenth avenue to a Mr. McGraw and family from North Dakota.

:o:

As the long winter evenings are now here, many are wondering whether there will be any Literary and Debating Societies organized this winter. There is room for two or more such societies on Mt. Pleasant. Literary clubs when properly conducted are the means of many delightful social reunions during the long winter evenings.

:o:

Read the New York Dental Parlors advertisement in this paper, then go to New York Dental Parlors for your work

:o:

Harvest Thanksgiving Services were held at St. Michael's Church on Sunday last, the Rector, Rev. G. H. Wilson, conducted the services both morning and evening. The church had been appropriately and artistically decorated, and the music was special, the Timms Orchestra assisting with fine effect.

:o:

By telling merchants they saw their advertisements in THE ADVOCATE our readers will confer a favor and help the paper greatly.

:o:

Mr. Barnes, Organizer for the Canadian Order of Chosen Friends, arrived in the City on Thursday. At the regular meeting of Council No. 211a in Oddfellows' Hall, Thursday evening Mr. Barnes was tendered a warm welcome. After the business meeting the ladies served refreshments and the evening was spent pleasantly.

:o:

The big Conservative Rally at the City Hall on Thursday evening was the opening of the Conservative Campaign, and was one of the largest attended meetings ever held in the City Hall. The speeches were enthusiastically listened to. Mr. Geo. H. Cowan made a splendid speech as did the candidate Mr. R. B. Ellis, and W. J. Bowser, M.P.P., and A.H.B. McGowan, M.P.P.

:o:

Amalgamation Sale.—We have cut off one-third of the price on all footwear. Youths' Hand-made Shoe $1.45; Youths' Shoes (broken sizes) $1.00; Men's Shoes, regular $5, now only $3.50; Men's, regular $3 to $4 Shoe, now only $2 50. R. MILLS, 18 Cordova street and 540 Granville street.

:o:

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Cooke of Sixth avenue, east entertained a large number of friends at a most delightful whist party on Wednesday evening. There were twelve tables and when the playing ended Miss Rear was winner of the ladies' prize and Mr. Bob Crawford of the gentlemen's prize, while Mr. Alex. Mowatt was awarded the consolation. Dainty refreshments were served during the evening.

:o:

Any one having friends or knowing of strangers visiting on Mt. Pleasant will confer a great favor by informing "The Advocate." Telephone B1405.

:o:

Mrs. Marion B. Baxter, Deputy Supreme Commander of the L O.T.M., will be in Vancouver on Monday. At 2:30 p. m., Mrs. Baxter will address the members of the Order in O'Brien's Hall; she will explain the change in rates and give an account of the business transacted by the L. O. T. M., at their late Convention in Detroit. All members of all the Hives in the City are urgently requested to attend on Monday, 2:30 p.m.

:o:

Before starting on a shopping tour, look over the advertisements in the ADVOCATE.

:o:

Mr. Miller of Ninth avenue, is having a new residence built on Nineteenth avenue.

NEW YORK DENTISTS.

IF YOU WANT GOOD WORK DONE—WORK THAT WILL LOOK WELL, WEAR WELL, and GIVE YOU THE BEST OF SATISFACTION—call on the NEW YORK DENTAL SPECIALISTS.

We are competing with the best Dentists in the profession. Wherever first-class Dental work is spoken of you hear the NEW YORK DENTISTS used in connection. WE ARE THE ORIGINAL PAINLESS DENTISTS. OTHERS TRY TO IMITATE OUR METHODS, evidently without success, which is shown by the DAILY INCREASE IN OUR PRACTICE. Our painless methods are our own and can not be used by others.

A written protective guarantee for 10 years given with all work done by our specialists.

147 Hastings St., E. Vancouver, B. C.
Opposite the Carnegie Library. Telephone 1566.
Office Hours: 8 a. m., to 9 p. m.; Sundays 9 a. m., to 2 p. m.

The Mt. Pleasant "Advocate" on sale at all the Newsdealers in the city.

:o:

Mr. Wm. H. DeBon of Tenth avenue, east, is spending ten days at Harrison Hot Springs.

:o:

The Municipal Council of South Vancouver will meet this Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

:o:

Mrs. S. Faed who has been visiting her mother Mrs. (Dr.) Lawrence left for her home Innisvale on Tuesday.

:o:

The Misses Reed are building a new residence on Seventh avenue, between Westminster avenue and Quebec street.

:o:

The City Grocery delivers groceries every day on Mt. Pleasant; 'phone 286

The Woman's Auxiliary and the Daughters of the King of St. Michael's Church are preparing for their annual Bazaar.

:o:

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Brehaut—nee Miss F. Morrison—returned this week from their honeymoon trip spent in California.

:o:

Amalgamation Sale.—All genuine goods; new and stylish. We have simply cut off about one-third of the prices. Ladies' $3 to $5 Shoes, now only $2.50; Ladies' $2.50 to $3.50 Shoes, now only $1.50; Misses' Shoes only 95c; Boys' School Shoes $1.90.
R. MILLS, 18 Cordova street and 540 Granville street

:o:

Mrs. H. J. Foote, R. K. of Alexandra Hive, L. O. T. M., returned on Monday from a three months visit to friends in Winnipeg and Ontario

A whole lot can be said on paper.
But last year we sold a lot of
APPLES
This year we will sell a great many more, for we are now buying BY THE ORCHARD and selling BY THE BOX The advantage is to the buyer.
Order at once. Good keepers, good eating, good cooking.
In any quantities.
J. P. Nightingale & CO.
Westminster & Seventh Aves. Mt. Pleasant. Tel. 1360

I. O. F.

Court Vancouver, Independent Order of Foresters, met in regular semi-monthly session on Monday evening in Oddfellows' Hall, the Chief Ranger, W. H. Taylor presiding over a fair attendance of members. After the secret work of the Order was finished the members enjoyed several addresses given by Bro. Geo. Howe of Court Burrard, Bro. Menzies, formerly of Chemainus but now a member of Court Vancouver, Provincial Organizer, Bro. Jas. Irvine, Bro M. J. Crehan and Bro. W. R. Owens. A challenge for a debate was sent to Court Burrard, to take place at Court Brockton on Thursday evening Oct 27th, on the subject: "Am I My Brother's Keeper," Court Vancouver affirmative and Court Burrard negative. The team chosen to meet Court Burrard consists of Bros. Menzies, M. J. Crehan and J. C. Rolston. This debate will undoubtedly draw a large crowd of Foresters. A program was arranged for the next session of Court Vancouver—Monday 24th—which promises to be very entertaining, Bros. Abernethy, Irvine, Crehan and Owens taking part.

Court Whonnock No. 1661, I. O. F., will give a dance and social in the school house, Whonnock, on Saturday Oct 15th. An invitation is extended to all Foresters and their friends. Court Whonnock is one of the most prosperous Courts of B. C.

See When Your Lodge Meets

MONDAY.

The 2d and 4th Mondays of the month Court Vancouver, I. O. F., meets at 8 p m.

TUESDAY.

Mt. Pleasant Lodge No. 19, I.O.O.F. meets at 8 p. m.

THURSDAY.

Vancouver Council No. 211a, Canadian Order of Chosen Friends meets the 2d and 4th Thursdays of the month.

FRIDAY.

Alexandra Hive No 7, Ladies of the Maccabees holds its regular meetings on the 1st, and 3d Fridays of the month

Rev. John Reid of the Congregational Church, Tacoma, and formerly the popular pastor of Knox Presbyterian Church, Cordova street, was visiting in Vancouver this week.

:o:

TENDERS WANTED.

TENDERS WANTED for clearing, grading and fencing West Vancouver School Gounds, containing one acre of land. Apply to Secretary, J. BRYANT, corner Westminster and Nineteenth avenues.

:o:

For local news subscribe for THE ADVOCATE only $1 for 12 months.

HEATERS
The season has arrived when you will be asking yourself: "Where shall I go to find the BEST Heaters for the least money."
Ask your friends and they will tell you FLETT, Mt. Pleasant, has the best you will find in the city.
OUR PRICES are always right.
J. A. FLETT,
Mt. PLEASANT HARDWARE STORE. Tel. 447.
W. R. OWENS, Manager.

Good Dairy Butter
20c per pound.
Creamery Butter
1-lb. prints 25c.
H. O. Lee, 2425 Westminster Ave.
'Phone 322

Our Fall Stock is Now Complete
Every department has something new to show you and at prices that will suit every economical buyer.
Blouses of every styles and color from the 50c flannelette to the finest silk.
Flannelette Blouses in dots and stripes in sky-blue, cardinal and navy; special for 50c each.
Ladies' Cloth, 54-in., fine finish; regular $1.25 and $1.50, special for $1.15 yd.; Granite Cloth, 44-in., all-wool; regular 65c, sale price 45c yd.; Dress Goods, in fancy mixtures; regular 65c, sale price 45c yd.
A. ROSS & CO., 30, 32 and 34 Cordova St. Telephone 574.

MOUNT PLEASANT Central Meat Market
Cor. Ninth Ave., & Westminster Rd. Telephone 984.
Wholesale and Retail
Dealers in all kinds of FRESH and SALT MEATS. Fresh Vegetables always on hand. Orders solicited from all parts of Mount Pleasant and Fairview. Prompt Delivery.
Woodrow & Williams. Frank Trimble, MANAGER.

King's Market
2321 Westminster Ave.
Mt. Pleasant.
E. H. Peace, Proprietor.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Meats of All Kinds. Tel. A1206
Vegetables and Poultry in season.
Prompt Delivery.

Subscribers who fail to get "The Advocate" on Saturday morning please notify this office. Telephone B1405

"MEET ME IN THE RED ROOM."

Beautiful New Waistings AT HALF-PRICE
560 yds. of Beautiful Silk and Wool and All-wool Fancy Waistings; over twenty different patterns in the assortment and an exquisite variety of colorings, navy, cerise, old rose, red, cream and black grounds with silk embroidered Persian stripes; also all-wool French Flannel Waistings in pink, navy, red, green and black grounds with stripe and polka dot patterns. Most of them are 42 inches wide. Regular values 65c, 75c, 90c. TO-DAY
35c a yard.

Unusual Skirt Values
Here's an event that will gladden women's hearts, for it presents an exceptional opportunity to buy Walking Skirts at little cost.
Regular $6.00 Homespun Skirts....$3 95
Regular $10.00 Black Tweed Skirts....$6.45
Regular $12.50 Cheviot Mixture Skirts..$7.50

Surpassingly Low Prices on Petticoats
Made of Black Sateen in splendid qualities, attractively made Built to wear and give satisfaction. Special prices are $1.35, $1.50, $1.75, $2.25
WOMEN'S $1.15 FLANNELETTE GOWNS in pink and blue neatly trimmed. Extra well-made, pretty and comfortable. To-day 75c

Stark's Glasgow House
New Store, 170 Cordova St.
Corner of Cambie Street

BIRTHS.

OLMSTEAD.—Born to Mr. and Mrs. O. Olmstead, Ninth avenue, east, Oct. 9th, a daughter.

:o:

The Epworth League progam on Monday evening will be "An Evening With Scottish Poets." On Monday 24th, a "Handicap Social" will be given by the League at the Parsonage. It is probable that a challenge for a debate will be sent at an early date to the B. Y. P. U., of Mt. Pleasant Baptist Church.

:o:

If you know any items of Mt. Pleasant news—Social, Personal or any other news items—send them in to "The Advocate," or by telephone—B1405.

:o:

BEAMAN—MACHIN.

The wedding of Mr. Herbert Beaman of Kamloops, formerly a well-known resident of Vancouver, and Miss Elsie Machin, daughter of Mr. E. Machin, librarian of the Carnegie Library, took place at Christ Church on Wednesday afternoon. There was a large attendance of friends of the bride and groom. Rev. C. C. Owen, Rector of Christ Church, performed the marriage ceremony.

:o:

THE ALEXANDRA
ELECTROLYSIS PARLOR of Hairdressing, Manicuring, Facial Massage and Scalp Treatment for Ladies and Gentlemen. Superfluous hair, warts and moles removed by Electrolysis.
Valuable information given to every lady patron on "How to take care of yourself."
Skin Food for building up the wasting tissue. Orange Flower Cream to prevent and heal sunburn.
MADAME HUMPHREYS, 589 Granville street.

Mount Pleasant Fish Market
2311 Westminster ave. cor. Seventh ave.
ALL KINDS OF Fresh, Smoked, Salt and Canned Fish for sale. Poultry and Eggs bought and sold. Game in season. ORDERS left at the shop Promptly attended to. DAST & LAWRENCE, Props.

Full Line of Fancy and Staple
GROCERIES
Prices to compare with any.
J. P. HALDON
Cor. Westminster ave., & Dufferin St.

Lawn Grass Seeds
Clover and Timothy Seeds,
Pratt's Poultry and Animal Foods,
Pratt's Lice Killer,
Holly Chick Food, Beefscraps, Etc.
FLOUR and FEED.
S. KEITH Corner NINTH avenue & WESTMINSTER ROAD.
Telephone 1637.

If you miss THE ADVOCATE you miss the local news.

What's New in
Overcoats
Everything. You never saw so much newness in the wardrobe.
Styles are new: not extreme nor radical, but distinctly different from those of last year.
Patterns are different, too—and very attractive in their novelty and exclusiveness.
Fit-Reform fabrics are selected with the nice discrimination that assures them being sanctioned by the Canadian gentleman.
Aren't you ready for one?
$12.00 to $25.00
FIT-REFORM.
THOS. FOSTER.
333 Hastings St. Vancouver, B C.
Mail Orders promptly attended to. Self-measurement Blanks and Samples sent on application.

FANCY
CHOCOLATES
Bought at a Snap. Sold at a Snap.
Regular 40c, NOW 25c per pound.
The City Grocery Co.
Tel. 286. Westminster Ave. & Princess Street.

THE BEER With Out a Peer.
Cascade
Brewed right here in Vancouver by men of years and years and years experience, and a brewery whose plant is the most perfect known to the Art of Brewing. Is it any wonder that it has taken a place in the hearts of the people which no other beer can supplant? Doz., quarts $2. Doz., pints $1.
Vancouver Breweries, Ltd.
Vancouver, B. C. Tel. 429
For Sale at all first-class Saloons, Liquor Stores and Hotels or delivered to your house.

Dress Goods
Millinery
Our stock of Dress Goods in Costume lengths is very complete and exceptionally exclusive We have a large variety of hopsacks with spots and mixed patterns, which are exclusively our own patterns in Vancouver.
The same can be said of our good Tweeds.
Our Dressmaking Department under the management of Miss Ventress is giving our customers and ourselves the best of satisfaction We give you an estimate on your dress. No matter what style you want. We carry the best linings that can be had and positively guarantee a fit
MILLINERY.—In trimmed Millinery our stock is very much up-to-date. We have what you want. If we have not we can make it on very short notice.
THE OLD KENNEDY STAND
303 Hastings street.

McTaggart & Moscrop
DEALERS IN
HARDWARE
RANGES, STOVES and GRANITEWARE.
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,
344 Carrall St., Vancouver, B.C.
Templeton Block.

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Royal Crown Soap Wrappers
Return 12 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers and we will send free your choice of 30 pictures. Or for 25 wrappers choice of 150 books. Books and picture lists on application.
The Royal Soap Co., Limited,
VANCOUVER, B.C.

—AT—
Norton's Grocery
PRICES ARE RIGHT. COME and inspect our Stock of FRUIT, VEGETABLES & GROCERIES.
Westminster Rd., and Walter St. (301)

Cut Glass
This department is alive with elegant specimens of Cut Glass.
And it is so arranged one can give you a view of the glass by daylight and in an instant switch on the Electric light so as to give you the night effect.
Then we have almost everything you'd care to have—that is, everything that is in favor these days.
Prices running from 75c up to $20 00 and more.
The best makers in the world are represented.
Trorey
THE JEWELER.
Corner Hastings and Granville Sts.
Official Watch Inspector C. P. R.

Advertize in the "Advocate."

For Local News Read THE ADVOCATE

ALICE of OLD VINCENNES

By MAURICE THOMPSON

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Beverley, greatly handicapped by the fact that the fresh scalp of a white man hung at Long Hair's belt, had exhausted every possible argument to avert or mitigate the sentence promptly spoken by the court martial of which Colonel Clark was the ruling spirit. He had succeeded barely to the extent of turning the mode of execution from tomahawking to shooting. All the officers in the fort approved killing the prisoner, and it was difficult for Colonel Clark to prevent the men from making outrageous assaults upon him, so exasperated were they at sight of the scalp.

Oncle Jazon proved to be one of the most refractory among those who demanded tomahawking and scalping as the only treatment due Long Hair. The repulsive savage stood up before them stolid, resolute, defiant, proudly flaunting the badge which testified to his horrible efficiency as an emissary of Hamilton. It had been left in his belt by Clark's order as the best justification of his doom.

"L' me hack 'is head!" Oncle Jazon pleaded. "I jes' hankers to chop a hole inter it. An', besides, I want 'is scalp to hang up wi' mine an' that 'n o' the Injun what scelped me. He kicked me in the ribs, the varmint."

Beverley pleaded eloquently and well, but even the genial Major Helm laughed at his sentiment of gratitude to a savage who at best but relented at the last moment for Alice's sake and concluded not to sell him to Hamilton. It is due to the British commander to record here that he most positively and with what appeared to be high sincerity denied the charge of having offered rewards for the taking of human scalps. He declared that his purposes and practices were humane, and that, while he did use the Indians as military allies, his orders to them were that they must forego cruel modes of warfare and refrain from savage outrage upon prisoners. Certainly the weight of contemporary testimony seems overwhelmingly against him, but we enter his denial. Long Hair himself, however, taunted him with accusations of unfaithfulness in carrying out some very inhuman contracts, and, to add a terrible sting, volunteered the statement that poor Barlow's scalp had served in his turn in the place of Beverley's.

With conditions so hideous to contend against, Beverley, of course, had no possible means of succoring the condemned savage.

"Him a-kickin' yer ribs clean inter ye, an' a-makin' ye run the gantlet, an' here ye air a-tryin' to save 'is life!" whined Oncle Jazon. "Wy man, I thought ye hed some senterments! Dast 'is Injin liver, I kin feel them kicks what he guv me till yit. Ventrebleu! Que diable voulez-vous?"

Clark simply pushed Beverley's pleadings aside as not worth a moment's consideration. He easily felt the fine bit of gratitude at the bottom of it all, but there was too much in the other side of the balance. Justice, the discipline and confidence of his little army and the claim of the women and children on the frontier demanded firmness in dealing with a case like Long Hair's.

"No, no," he said to Beverley, "I wou'd do anything in the world for you, Fitz, except to swerve an inch from duty to my country and the defenseless people down yonder in Kentucky. I can't do it. There's no use to press the matter further. The die is cast. That brute's got to be killed and killed dead. Look at him—look at that scalp! I'd have him killed if I dropped dead for it the next instant."

Beverley shuddered. The argument was horribly convincing, and yet, somehow, the desire to save Long Hair overbore everything else in his mind. He could not cease his efforts. It seemed to him as if he were pleading for Alice herself. Captain Farnsworth, strange to say, was the only man in the fort who leaned to Beverley's side, but he was reticent, doubtless feeling that his position as a British prisoner gave him no right to speak, especially when every lip around him was muttering something about "infamous scalp buyers and Indian partisans," with whom he was prominently counted by the speakers.

As Clark had said, the die was cast. Long Hair, bound to a stake, the scalp still dangling at his side, grimly faced his executioners, who were eager to fire. He appeared to be proud of the fact that he was going to be killed.

"One thing I can say of him," Helm remarked to Beverley—"he's the grandest specimen of the animal—I might say the brute—man that I ever saw, red, white or black. Just look at his body and limbs! Those muscles are perfectly marvelous."

"He saved my life, and I must stand here and see him murdered," the young man replied with intense bitterness. It was all that he could think, all that he could say. He felt inefficient and dejected, almost desperate.

Clark himself, not willing to cast responsibility upon a subordinate, made ready to give the fatal order. Turning to Long Hair first, he demanded of him as well as he could in the Indian dialect, of which he had a smattering, what he had to say at his last moment.

The Indian straightened his already upright form and by a strong bulging of his muscles snapped the thongs that bound him. Evidently he had not tried thus to free himself. It was rather a spasmodic expression of savage dignity and pride. One arm and both his legs still were partially confined by the bonds, but his right hand he lifted, with a gesture of immense self satisfaction, and pointed at Hamilton.

"Indian brave; white man coward," he said, scowling scornfully. "Long Hair tell truth; white man lie!"

Hamilton's countenance did not change its calm, cold expression. Long Hair gazed at him fixedly for a long moment, his eyes flashing most concentrated hate and contempt. Then he tore the scalp from his belt and flung it with great force straight toward the captive governor's face. It fell short, but the look that went with it did not, and Hamilton recoiled.

At that moment Alice arrived. Her coming was just in time to interrupt Clark, who had turned to the waiting platoon with the order of death on his lips. She made no noise, save the fluttering of her skirts and her loud and rapid panting on account of her long, hard run. She sprang before Long Hair and faced the platoon.

"You cannot, you shall not kill this man!" she cried in a voice loaded with excitement. "Put away those guns!"

Woman never looked more thrillingly beautiful to man than she did just then to all those rough, stern backwoodsmen. During her flight her hair had fallen down, and it glimmered like soft sunlight around her face. Something compelling flashed out of her eyes, an expression between a triumphant smile and a ray of irresistible beseechment. It took Colonel Clark's breath when he turned and saw her standing there and heard her words.

"This man saved Lieutenant Beverley's life," she presently added, getting better control of her voice and sending into it a thrilling timbre. "You shall not harm him; you must not do it!"

Beverley was astounded when he saw her, the thing was so unexpected, so daring and done with such high, imperious force. Still it was but a realization of what he had imagined she would be upon occasion. He stood gazing at her, as did all the rest, while she faced Clark and the platoon of riflemen. To hear his own name pass her quivering lips in that tone and in that connection seemed to him a consecration.

"Would you be more savage than your Indian prisoner?" she went on; "less grateful than he for a life saved? I did him a small—a very small—service once, and in memory of that he saved Lieutenant Beverley's life, because—because"—she faltered for a single breath, then added clearly and with magnetic sweetness—"because Lieutenant Beverley loved me and because I loved him. This Indian Long Hair showed a gratitude that could overcome his strongest passion. You white men should be ashamed to fall below his standard."

Her words went home. It was as if the beauty of her face, the magnetism of her lissome and symmetrical form, the sweet fire of her eyes and the passionate appeal of her voice gave what she said a new and irresistible force of truth. When she spoke of Beverley's love for her and declared her love for him there was not a manly heart in all the garrison that did not suddenly beat quicker and feel a strange, sweet waft of tenderness. A mother somewhere, a wife, a daughter, a sister, a sweetheart, called through that voice of absolute womanhood.

"Beverley, what can I do?" muttered Clark, his bronze face as pale as it could possibly become.

"Do!" thundered Beverley. "Do! You cannot murder that man. Hamilton is the man you should shoot! He offered large rewards, he inflamed the passions and fed the love of rum and the cupidity of the poor wild men like the one standing yonder. Yet you take him prisoner and treat him with distinguished consideration. Hamilton offered a large sum for me taken alive, a smaller one for my scalp. Long Hair saved me. You let Hamilton stand yonder in perfect safety while you shoot the Indian. Shame on you, Colonel Clark! Shame on you if you do it."

Alice stood looking at the stalwart commander while Beverley was pouring forth his torrent of scathing reference to Hamilton, and she quickly saw that Clark was moved. The moment was ripe for the finishing stroke. They say it is genius that avails itself of opportunity. Beverley knew the fight was won when he saw what followed. Alice suddenly left Long Hair and ran to Colonel Clark, who felt her warm, strong arms loop around him for a single point of time never to be effaced from his memory; then he saw her kneeling at his feet, her hands upstretched, her face a glorious prayer, while she pleaded the Indian's cause and won it.

Doubtless, while we all rather feel that Clark was weak to be thus swayed by a girl, we cannot quite blame him. Alice's flag was over him. He had heard her history from Beverley's cunning lips. He actually believed that Hamilton was the real culprit, and besides he felt not a little nauseated with executing Indians. A good excuse to have an end of it alf did not go begging.

But Long Hair was barely gone over the horizon from the fort, as free and as villainous a savage as ever trod the earth, when a discovery made by Oncle Jazon caused Clark to hate himself for what he had done.

The old scout picked up the scalp which Long Hair had flung at Hamilton and examined it with odious curiosity. He had lingered on the spot with no other purpose than to get possession of that ghastly relic. Since losing his own scalp the subject of crown locks had grown upon his mind until its fascination was irresistible. He studied the hair of every person he saw as a physiognomist studies faces. He held the grewsome thing up before him, scrutinizing it with the expression of a connoisseur who has discovered on a grimy canvas the signature of an old master.

"Sac' bleu!" he presently broke forth, "Well, I'll be— Look'ee yer, George Clark! Come yer an' look. Ye've been sold ag'in. Take a squint, ef ye please!"

Colonel Clark, with his hands crossed behind him, his face thoughtfully contracted, was walking slowly to and fro a little way off. He turned about when Oncle Jazon spoke.

"What now, Jazon?"

"A mighty heap right now, that's what. Come yer an' let me show ye. Yer a fine sort o' ecjit now, ain't ye?"

The two men walked toward each other and met. Oncle Jazon held up the scalp with one hand, pointing at it with the index finger of the other.

"This here scalp come off'n Rene de Ronville's head."

"And who is he?"

"Who's he? Ye may well ax thet. He wuz a Frenchman. He wuz a fine young feller o' this town. He killed a corp'ral o' Hamilton's an' tuck ter the woods a month or two ago. Hamilton offered a lot o' money for 'im or 'is scalp, an' Long Hair went in fer gittin' it. Now ye knows the whole racket. An' ye lets that Injun go! An' thet same Injun he mighty nigh kicked my ribs inter my stomach!"

Oncle Jazon's feelings were visible and audible, but Clark could not resent the contempt of the old man's looks and words. He felt that he deserved far more than he was receiving. Nor was Oncle Jazon wrong. Rene de Ronville never came back to little Adrienne Bourcier, although, being kept entirely ignorant of her lover's fate, she waited and dreamed and hoped throughout more than two years, after which there is no further record of her life.

Clark, Beverley and Oncle Jazon consulted together and agreed among themselves that they would hold profoundly secret the story of the scalp. To have made it public would have exasperated the creoles and set them violently against Clark, a thing heavy with disaster for all his future plans. As it was, the release of Long Hair caused a great deal of dissatisfaction and mutinous talk. Even Beverley now felt that the execution ordered by the commander ought to have been sternly carried out.

A day or two later, however, the whole dark affair was closed forever by a bit of confidence on the part of Oncle

She pleaded the Indian's cause.

Jazon when Beverley dropped into his hut one evening to have a smoke with him.

The rain was over, the sky shone like one vast luminary, with a nearly full moon and a thousand stars re-enforcing it. Up from the south poured one of those balmy, accidental wind floods sometimes due in February on the Wabash, full of tropical dream hints, yet edged with a winter chill that smacks of treachery. Oncle Jazon was unusually talkative. He may have had a deep draft of liquor; at all events Beverley had little room for a word.

"Well, bein' as it's 'twixt us as is bosom frien's," the old fellow presently said, "I'll jes' show ye somepin' poorty."

He pricked the wick of a lamp and took down his bunch of scalps.

"I hev been a-addin' one more to keep company o' mine an' the tothers."

He separated the latest acquisition from the rest of the wisp and added, with a heinous chuckle:

"This 'n's Long Hair's!"

And so it was. Beverley knocked the ashes from his pipe and rose to go.

"W'en they kicks yer Oncle Jazon's ribs," the old man added, "they'd jes' as well lay down an' give up, for he's goin' to salervate 'em."

Then, after Beverley had passed out of the cabin, Oncle Jazon chirruped after him:

"Mebbe ye'd better not tell leetle Alice. The pore leetle gal hev hed worry 'nough."

CHAPTER XXII.

AND SO IT ENDED.

A FEW days after the surrender of Hamilton a large boat, the Willing, arrived from Kaskaskia. It was well manned and heavily armed. Clark fitted it out before beginning his march and expected it to be of great assistance to him in the reduction of the fort, but the high waters and the floating driftwood delayed its progress, so that its disappointed crew saw Alice's flag floating bright and high when their eyes first looked upon the dull little town from far down the swollen river. There was much rejoicing, however, when they came ashore and were enthusiastically greeted by the garrison and populace. A courier whom they picked up on the Ohio came with them. He bore dispatches from Governor Henry of Virginia to Clark and a letter for Beverley from his father.

The letter to Beverley from his father was somewhat disturbing. It bore the tidings of his mother's failing health. This made it easier for the young lieutenant to accept from Clark the assignment to duty with a party detailed for the purpose of escorting Hamilton, Farnsworth and several other British officers to Williamsburg, Va. It also gave him a most powerful assistance in persuading Alice to marry him at once, so as to go with him on what proved to be a delightful wedding journey through the great wilderness to the Old Dominion. Spring's verdure burst abroad on the sunny hills as they slowly went their way. The mating birds sang in every blooming brake and grove by which they passed, and in their joyous hearts they heard the bubbling of love's eternal fountain.

Our story must end here, because at this point its current flows away forever from old Vincennes, and it was only of the post on the Wabash that we set out to make a record. What befell Alice and Beverley after they went to Virginia we could go on to tell, but that would be another story. Suffice it to say, they lived happily and long, and died at last, not immediately one after the other, but within a few years of each other, or at least somewhat beyond threescore and ten, and left behind them a good name and numerous descendants.

How Alice found out her family in Virginia we are not informed, but after a lapse of some years from the date of her marriage there appears in one of her letters a reference to an estate inherited from her Tarleton ancestors, and her name appears in old records signed in full, Alice Tarleton Beverley. A descendant of hers still treasures the locket, with its broken miniature and battered crest, which won Beverley's life from Long Hair, the savage. Beside it, as carefully guarded, is the Indian charm stone that stopped Hamilton's bullet over Alice's heart. The rapiers have somehow disappeared, and there is a tradition in the Tarleton family that they were given by Alice to Gaspard Roussillon, who after Mme. Roussillon's death in 1790 went to New Orleans, where he stayed a year or two before embarking for France, whither he took with him the beautiful pair of colechemardes and Jean, the hunchback.

Oncle Jazon lived in Vincennes many years after the war was over, but he died at Natchez, Miss., when ninety-three years old. He said with almost his last breath that he couldn't shoot very well even in his best days, but that he had upon various occasions "jes' kind o' happened to hit a Injun in the lef' eye." They used to tell a story as late as General Harrison's stay in Vincennes about how Oncle Jazon buried his collection of scalps with great funeral solemnity as his part of the celebration of peace and independence about the year 1784.

Good old Father Beret died suddenly soon after Alice's marriage and departure for Virginia. He was found lying face downward on the floor of his cabin. Near him on a smooth part of a puncheon were the mildewed fragments of a letter which he had been arranging as if to read its contents. Doubtless it was the same letter brought to him by Rene de Ronville, as recorded in an early chapter of our story. The fragments were gathered up and buried with him. His dust lies under the present Church of St. Xavier, the dust of as noble a man and as true a priest as ever sacrificed himself for the good of humanity.

In after years Simon Kenton visited Beverley and Alice in their Virginia home. To his dying day he was fond of describing their happy and hospitable welcome and the luxuries to which they introduced him. They lived in a stately white mansion on a hill overlooking a vast tobacco plantation where hundreds of negro slaves worked and sang by day and frolicked by night. Their oldest child was named Fitzhugh Gaspard. Kenton died in 1836.

There remains but one little fact worth recording before we close the book. In the year 1800, on the Fourth of July, a certain leading French family of Vincennes held a patriotic reunion during which a little old flag was produced and its story told. Some one happily proposed that it be sent to Mrs. Alice Tarleton Beverley with a letter of explanation and in profound recognition of the glorious circumstances which made it the true flag of the great northwest.

And so it happened that Alice's little banner went to Virginia and is still preserved in an old mansion not very far from Monticello, but it seems likely that the Wabash valley will soon again possess the precious relic. The marriage engagement of Miss Alice Beverley to a young Indiana officer, distinguished for his patriotism and military ardor, has been announced at the old Beverley homestead on the hill, and the high contracting parties have planned that the wedding ceremony shall take place under the famous little flag on the anniversary of Clark's capture of Post Vincennes. When the bride shall be brought to her new home on the banks of the Wabash the flag will come with her, but Oncle Jazon will not be on hand with his falsetto shout, "Vive la banniere d'Alice Roussillon! Vive Zhorzh Vasinton!"

THE END.

Perils of the Lumbermen.

A crew of seven men were loosening timbers from the rocks above a great cataract on the River Des Quinze. The nearer they worked to the head of the rapids the more imminent grew their peril. At last the cautious steersman, a half breed named Poison, refused to venture further the lives of his crew. The foolhardy foreman ordered him out, stepped aboard and took Poison's steering paddle. Out from the bank they shot swiftly and down the steep incline. All went well until they wished to turn their boat beside the rocks that blocked the timber when to their consternation the speed of the boat slackened. Managing to point her bow up stream, they rowed with all their strength. For some seconds she never moved. Surely the demon of the rapids had caught them. With pounding heart and panting breath they tugged with all their might and main, but to no purpose. Inch by inch, with increasing rage, he drew them until at last with a deafening roar he hurled them, boat and all, like a javelin, into the very depths of the gigantic caldron of boiling foam.—Arthur Heming in Scribner's.

Fateful Order to Halt.

In less than half an hour my troops would have swept up and over those hills, the possession of which was of such momentous consequence. It is not surprising, with a full realization of the consequences of a halt, that I should have refused at first to obey the order. Not until the third or fourth order of the most peremptory character reached me did I obey. I think I should have risked the consequences of disobedience even then but for the fact that the order to halt was accompanied with the explanation that General Lee, who was several miles away, did not wish to give battle at Gettysburg. It is stated on good authority that General Lee said some time before his death that if Jackson had been there he would have won in this battle a great and possibly decisive victory. I cannot vouch for the truth of this statement, as I did not hear it; but no soldier in a great crisis ever wished more ardently for a deliverer's hand than I wished for one hour of Jackson when I was ordered to halt.—General John B. Gordon in Scribner's.

The Unknown Man

By Troy Allison

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Stanley wondered how it had happened, who she was and all about it.

The letter had dropped out of the library book that he had hastily selected on his way home. The sheets of paper were unfolded, and the letter commenced in a way that made him think he had as much right to read it as any one else. It was a love letter; undoubtedly the whole heart of the woman was in it, but it commenced "Dear Unknown Man." Before he read it he thought some silly schoolgirl had put it in the book with the intention of getting up a flirtation, but he realized that it was a letter a schoolgirl could not have written.

This woman was tired and disappointed. She had evidently expected more than she had found and through some whim had written all her disappointment and heartache to the only person that could fully understand it—her ideal man.

There was a longing for an understanding and for a sympathy that the known men had never been able to satisfy. Stanley could imagine that she had relieved a spell of despondency by putting her thoughts on paper on the same principle that he talked to his dog or smoked an extra cigar. The thing he could not understand was that a woman capable of such depths of intellect and feeling should have had so silly an impulse and put the letter in a library book.

There was no name or address—at least she expected no reply.

He got up from his easy chair and walked to the window. A cold, drizzling sleet beat against the pane, and the electric lights from the street turned the night into a ghastly gray.

His dog had followed him and stood with his fore paws on the window ledge.

A sudden, furious blast striking the pane made the dog rub his head against his master and whine his desire for companionship and affection.

"Are you lonely, too, old fellow? Two old bachelors like us, living in a flat, ought not to expect to be gay. You ought to be glad that you are not out in the storm, you ungrateful wretch." He stroked the dog's head and thought of the loneliness expressed in the letter he had just read.

"By Jove, she knows the real article. It must be the lonely in a crowd feeling. She seemed to be a society woman—the monogram on her paper didn't indicate a poor girl working for her living."

He went back to his chair before the fire and wondered if it would be possible for him to locate her. He fancied he would like to meet her and study the woman, aided by his knowledge of her inner thoughts as expressed in the erratic letter.

Suddenly he threw away his cigar with an expression of satisfaction, "Sherlock Holmes might have solved it in less time, but he couldn't have thought of an easier method of finding her."

The next morning at the library the woman in charge gave Stanley the attention that his looks always won from women.

"The book was last returned by Joan Ransdell, 2008 Massachusetts avenue. I am sure it will be very kind of you to return anything that you found in it. Very few people would trouble themselves to that extent."

Stanley kept the letter in his pocket, and if his acquaintances could have compared notes during the next few days they would have thought that he was suffering from a mania that took the form of an acute desire to learn if his auditor knew a certain Miss Joan Ransdell.

He himself had only been in the city a few months after an absence of several years. He thought she must be a newcomer, and the address given carried out his idea that she was not among the working class.

It was a week before he met a mutual acquaintance. Then Jim Dent repeated his question: "Know Miss Ransdell? Certainly I do. She takes dinner with us tonight. Do you want to come, old man?"

When Stanley was getting into his evening clothes, he carried on his usual conversation with the dog: "Don, old chappie, I'm going to see her tonight. We are going to solve a problem. Be good, old fellow, and don't get lonely, and I'll tell you about her when I get home."

He brought a rug from the bedroom and put it in front of the grate. The dog looked on knowingly and then lay down on it to take the ham bone that his master always left as a special treat when he went out to dinner. The pretty waitress in the cafe had a habit of coaxing the elevator boy to give the nice bones to the nice dog that belonged to the nice man on the fourth floor.

Don beat the floor with his tail in satisfied approval while Stanley put on his overcoat, patted him on the head and went out.

When he came in that night the dog heard his step and met him at the door.

He put on his dressing gown and slippers, sat down before the fire and took the dog's head between his knees and the palms of his hands before he spoke.

"She's all right, old boy. If I hadn't read that letter I should never have believed that she was lonely. I don't see how such a beautiful woman could be lonely, do you?"

The dog whined a reply that the master evidently took to mean that he really did not see how it could be possible.

"She's tall and slender and gray eyed, Donald, and she is about twenty-eight years old. She has slender, white hands with lots of rings, and she had on a flimsy black dress that trained after her on the floor. I generally hate to keep jumping to avoid those trains, Donald, but I swear I would make a jumping jack of myself forever to stay where I could see those eyes. I'm going to call tomorrow. If you were a man you could go with me and see her smile. Well, old brute, maybe you'll be a lucky dog some day."

As the weeks went by they reached a state of friendship that permitted Don to go driving with them in the trap.

"Old fellow," he said that night, "you've seen her, you've seen her smile, to say nothing of her gray eyes. You know we never liked women, but you don't think I'm a fool to ask her what I intend asking her tonight, do you?"

The dog whined a low melancholy tone that perhaps had a touch of jealousy in it.

"There's only one thing that worries me," he continued meditatively, "how could she have put that letter in the book? I don't believe she intended to do it, Donald, do you?"

* * * * * * *

Joan happened to have on the flimsy black dress when he asked her. Its soft trailing length lay on the white fur rug as she sat by the open fire.

Stanley had forgotten there was ever such an ailment of loneliness in the world. If any one had asked him to name all the elements in nature he would have answered, "One element, happiness, composed of Joan, black dress, white fur rug and light from a lamp with a pink shade."

"When are you going to write me your second love letter, dear?" he asked.

Joan looked surprised.

"Happiness and excitement haven't caused your mind to wander, have they, dear boy?" she asked in astonishment. "I haven't written the first one yet."

He took from his pocket the letter to the "Unknown Man."

"Here's the first," he said, and laughed at her confusion when she looked at it.

"John, I'm so glad you found it. I've been in a constant state of mortification for three months about that letter. I left it in the book while I went for a drive to take away a blue headache. Mother knew I had finished the book and sent it to the library before I returned. Didn't you think it awful when you found it?"

He wrapped the fluffy black train around her feet so that the fear of it would not keep him at an unreasonable distance.

"Darling," he said, sitting on the arm of her chair, "I was seized with a feeling of most abject humility. My greatest desire was to be 'The Unknown Man.'"

Brief Poets of Japan.

Japan is a land of poets as well as of artists and soldiers, but the Japanese poets have the great merit of brevity. They almost invariably adopt the form of poem known as the "hokka," which always consists of exactly thirty-one syllables, arranged in five or six lines.

These poems are usually devoted to an exposition of some delicate beauty in nature. One called "Kokoro ate ni" —"The Frost's Magic"—is a good example. Freely translated, it runs like this:

If it were my wish
White chrysanthemum to cull,
Puzzled by the frost
Of the early autumn time,
I would try to pluck a flower.

The Japanese poets seldom rhyme, and they do not often write love songs. One of the latter, "Akenureba," is reminiscent of Shelley's "Good Night." It may be translated:

Though I know full well
That the night will come again,
E'en when day has dawned,
Yet, in truth, I hate the sight
Of the morning's coming light.

Russian Brides.

One of the most interesting sights in Russia is the exhibition of would be brides, which takes place annually at Klui, near Moscow. On the festival of the Epiphany (Russian style) all the young women who wish to get married in the course of the year are mustered in a long row in the principal street. In order to make themselves attractive to the young men who come to see and admire them they don nearly everything in their possession. Not only do they put on their best clothes, but also a lot of curious old family trinkets, including sometimes valuable scarfs, cloaks and furs, and they even bring with them their bed linen and other articles of their wardrobe. A procession is formed, and on their way to the church the young men approach the would be brides, engage them in conversation, and if the young people think they suit one another a formal visit is paid to the parents.

A Worm Controlled by the Moon.

Samoa, Viti, New Zealand and the Gilbert islands are the natural habitat of a vermicular oddity in the shape of a worm whose every action is controlled by the phases of the moon. By the islanders it is called palolo or mbalolo, a Fijian name having reference to the coincidence of its movements with the moon. These "moon eyed" creatures of the lower order only make their appearance at spawning time, usually on the very day of the last change of the moon in October, but only when that change is a last quarter. Should this change not occur during the last days of the tenth month and fall at the beginning of November, then another lunar month will intervene before they come from their hiding places. Palolo was first scientifically described by Dr. J. H. McDonald in 1857.

Why Englishmen Like Punch.

Mr. Sydney Brooks, writing in Harper's Weekly, gives some of the reasons why Punch has so strong a hold on the affections of the British public and why it fails to appeal to Americans. The great virtue of Punch, he says, is its seriousness, in which opinion there will be many on this side of the water to agree with him. The great fault of the American comic papers, it appears, is that they are not serious enough. They are always making jokes. Punch, on the other hand, evades these mistakes, "because it is really not a humorous, but a critical journal. The American comic paper is like the professional funny man at a party. You listen and laugh for a while and then you want to murder him."

Leading a Double Life.

"Klymer has a farm a short distance out in the country, hasn't he?"

"Yes."

"Then what is he practicing medicine in town for?"

"He has to do it to make money enough to pay what he loses by his farming."

FISH FOOD NOT THE BEST.

Many Fallacies About a Diet on Sea Products Are Extant.

It is doubtful whether any given food in common use contains constituents which have a selective action, so to speak, on the property of ministering to one part of the body more than another. As a rule, when a food is assumed to have specific reparative properties—as, for example, a so called brain or nerve food—the fact really is that such food is easily and quickly assimilated to the body's general advantage; in a word, in such a case repair quickly overtakes waste and a real purposeful nutrition and restoration are accomplished. The administration of such elements as phosphorus or iron in medicine is, of course, a different matter, but these elements are evenly distributed in the materials of a daily diet.

It is often stated that fish is a food which ministers particularly to the needs of the brain, because it contains phosphorus. As a matter of fact, fish does not contain more phosphorus than do the ordinary meat foods, and it certainly does not contain it in a free state. The notion that fish contains phosphorus had no doubt its origin in the glowing phosphorescence of fish in the dark. This phosphorescence is due not to phosphorus at all, but to micro organisms. The belief, therefore, that fish is a brain food is just about as reasonable as the idea that because a soup is thick and gelatinous "it will stick to the ribs" or as sensible as the celebrated advice to Verdant Green to lay in a stock of Reading biscuits to assist his reading.

Fish, of course, is excellent food, partly because of the nourishing nature of its constituents and partly because of its digestibility. But it is in no sense a specific for brain or nerve. —London Lancet.

A HOUSE DIVIDED.

The Reason a Planned Goose Dinner Was a Failure.

Most persons have had the experience of walking with a friend out of step and trying to shift just at the moment when the friend also makes the attempt. This is an instance of thwarted harmony much like that which appears in a story told by a London journal of an elderly couple. They were childless and had never been united by the bond of other lives linked with their own. So they were always in a state of well bred disagreement.

On the subject of meals they disagreed thoroughly, and each usually suggested a dish for the Sunday dinner which the other did not approve. One Saturday the man came home from market with a basket.

"You needn't worry about tomorrow's dinner any more, Maria. I've got it."

"And so have I, George. You were so undecided"—

"Undecided! I told you what I wanted."

"Well, I mean you didn't decide as I did. So I bought a goose."

"Why, so have I. I told you I'd like a goose."

"Well, now we are agreed for once anyway."

"Yes, and I suppose we'll have cold goose and stewed goose for the next two weeks."

They relapsed into their usual silence.

Sunday forenoon the wife asked, "Do you want a little quince in the apple sauce with your goose?"

"Your goose, you mean?"

"No, I don't. It seemed so absurd to have two geese in the house that I sent mine to Aunt Jane."

"What! I sent mine to Uncle Joe!"

The Old English School.

Colonel Anstruther Thomson, an aged Englishman, says in a volume of reminiscences that at a school which he attended as a boy the students were regularly dosed twice a year. "We were marched up to Carmalt's desk two and two. Two glasses of a horrid compound of bark were on the desk, and an usher stood on each side. We had to drink the dose, turn to the usher and put out our tongues to show that we had swallowed it! This was charged in our account: 'Wine, 5 shillings.'"

Widows In China.

According to the laws of good society in China, young widows should not remarry. Widowhood is therefore held in the highest esteem and the older the widow grows the more agreeable her position becomes. Should she reach fifty years she may, by applying to the emperor, get a sum of money with which to buy a tablet on which her virtues are named. The tablet is then placed over the door of the principal entrance of her house.

Mistake of a Blind Boa Constrictor.

A boa constrictor that was nearly blind was once found to be contentedly swallowing a blanket for dinner instead of a rabbit, which was also within reach, and it was only with great difficulty that it was forced to disgorge this singular article of food. A snake's tongue is therefore not an organ of taste, nor is it, as many think, a sting; it is more probably a delicate organ of touch.—Chambers' Journal.

Where She Felt Worst.

A little girl came to her mother one morning and said, "Mamma, I don't feel very well." "Well, that's too bad," said mamma. "Where do you feel worst?" "In school," was the prompt reply.

Easily Acquired.

Hyker (reading)—A physiognomist says that men who are impulsive and aggressive usually have black eyes. Piker—That's right. They are reasonably sure to get 'em sooner or later.

A Dance Cure.

Dr. Bishoff of Valdivia, Chile, describes the hard work of the mining peons, who carry 150 pounds of ore in bags strapped to their shoulders while they climb up hundreds of feet on ladders, often consisting only of notched trees. They toil without a recess from 6 a. m. to 4 p. m. and might seem to be in need of all the rest they can get, but before supper prefer to take the strain out of their muscles after a fashion of their own—viz, dancing vehemently to the sound of a fiddle for an hour or two or even longer if their lady friends happen to muster in force.

MOUNT PLEASANT ADVOCATE

VANCOUVER, B. C.

OUT OF WORK.

Tragedy of Unemployment to the Man Who Is Aging.

The tragedy of unemployment deepens in the case of those men who are visibly aging, passing prematurely into that condition when society has neither use nor regard for their services. The development of the modern city life in its feverish thirst for gain sucks up the activities of the young. Work can always be found for the children. But the man of forty has already become suspect. At fifty there is evidently stretching before him the bleak old age of the unwanted poor. The despairing clutch of the aging at any degrading occupation which before they would have scorned is one of the commonest and pitifulest sights of modern life. I think of those whom I have known, those who dye their hair to keep the appearance of youth, the applicants for positions, their efforts toward respectability, the ink lined coat, the shabbiness concealed, the attempt, always so grotesque and ineffective, to strike the right note between a dignity that will command respect and an eagerness that will become a mere mendicant pleading for aid.

I remember one with a record of over thirty years' consistent service, exhibiting hands twisted and gnarled with disease, who shuffles daily through his work with the help of kindly comrades, fearing each day to be detected. Though the work itself is an agony, the one panic fear is not that he shall be compelled but that he shall be forbidden to continue. I think of others tucked away out of sight in the recesses of tenement dwellings, flung aside from the active machinery of the world, who "cannot quite bring themselves" to join the unemployed processions or solicit a promiscuous charity of the crowd, who cling to the desperate hope that one day the cloud will lighten, the miracle happen that some one will be found desiring their services. This is in no austere and frugal community, with difficulty supporting its children, but amid wealth pouring into its borders beyond the dreams of avarice and such luxury and vain display as can only be paralleled in the later days of Rome.

Guarding the Mouth.

Remember the disgust which overspreads the faces in a railroad car when a woman was seen to give her poodle a drink from the public drinking glass. No one else touched it during that trip, but it is more dangerous and not less disgusting to drink after human beings than a dog. Fortunately most disease germs die easily, and it is chiefly by the quite direct means of contact just suggested that the contagious diseases pass from one to another. If we put nothing into the mouth except what belongs there, we might ride in a car with a diphtheria patient and run no chance of catching the disease. Disease germs do not fly about seeking whom they may devour. The matter of protection is largely in our own hands.—Good Housekeeping.

Hopeless Case.

The forgetful man was stepping jauntily along with a smile on his cheerful face when he was accosted by a friend.

"Look here," said the man. "Why in the world are you carrying two umbrellas?"

"Why, let me think," said the forgetful man. "Oh, yes, I know how it happened. My wife wanted me to get her umbrella that's been mended, and she thought I'd better bring along mine to remind me, it being a pleasant day, and then I thought I'd better bring two in case I stepped in anywhere and happened to forget one of them."

Trapped In Armor.

Trying on ancient armor is not always an agreeable experiment, judging from the experience of a French artist. He had bought a quaint old helmet and put it on his own head to judge the effect. Unfortunately he touched a spring, the visor shut down suddenly, and, being alone in the studio, he could not free himself from the mediaeval head covering without help. At last he ran into the street, where his appearance created considerable amusement till a charitable passerby managed to set him free.—Hour Glass.

An Odd Globe.

A great globe ornamented with the map of the earth carved in stone decorates the estate of an eccentric Englishman at Swanage. It stands overlooking the sea and is visible for quite a distance. One may walk about it and study it in detail. The plain surfaces, such as the oceans, lakes and deserts, are decorated with Scriptural texts, which are supposed to apply especially to the locality they occupy.

A Short Story.

Chapter I.—"I think you are just the bestest, goodest husband in all the world!"

Chapter II.—"I wonder how much she wants?"

Chapter III.—"And he gave it to me without fussing a bit. I wonder what he has been up to?"

Fathers and Sons.

Descanting on the changes in life and work brought about by time, a farmer said, "When I was young I used to think my father had na muckle sense, but my sons look on mysel' as a born ediot!"—"Reminiscences," by Sir Archibald Geikie.

Summer Whooping Cough

The children seem to catch whooping cough easily in the summer time when it is always so much harder to get rid of.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

will cure them quickly. There is no injurious drug in it and it is pleasant to take.

At all druggists, 25c., 50c. and $1.00 a bottle. 401

WHEN SICKNESS COMES.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Should Be Used to Bring Back Health.

Sickness comes sooner or later in the life of everyone. Many who for years have enjoyed the best of health are suddenly seized with some one of the numerous ills of life. Most of the ills result from an impoverished condition of the blood; thus if the blood is enriched the trouble will disappear. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have had a greater success than any other medicine in the world in curing sick and ailing people. These pills actually make new, rich, red blood, strengthen every nerve in the body and in this way make people well and strong. Mr. Alphonse Lacoussiere, a well known young farmer of St. Leon, Que., proves the truth of these statements. He says: "About a year ago my blood gradually became impoverished. I was weak, nervous, and generally run down. Then suddenly my trouble was aggravated by pains in my kidneys and bladder, and day by day I grew so much worse that finally I was unable to rise without aid. I consulted doctors, but any relief I obtained from their medicine was only temporary, and I began to despair of ever being well again. One day I read an article in a newspaper praising Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided to try them. I got six boxes, and before they were all gone my condition was so greatly improved that I knew I had at last found a medicine to cure me. I continued the use of the pills for a while longer, and every symptom of my trouble was gone, and I have since enjoyed the best of health. I think so much of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I am never without them in the house."

It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new blood that they cure such diseases as anaemia, rheumatism, kidney and liver troubles, neuralgia, indigestion and all other ailments due to poor blood. But you must get the genuine bearing the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere, or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Their Views of It.

He—Did you see the pleased expression on her face when I told her she didn't look any older than her daughter? She—No; I was looking at the expression on her daughter's face.—Detroit Free Press.

Strange to say, in Asia and Africa, where grass will not grow, the most beautiful flowers and shrubs flourish to perfection.

The Business Man.

"Don't you think he rather likes me?"

"Oh, well enough to consent to your marriage to his daughter, but I don't think you'd better try to borrow any money from him."

Limit For a Friend in Need.

A friend in need is a good thing, sometimes, but I always make the limit $5.

CHILDHOOD DANGERS.

How the Heavy Death Rate Among Children May Be Reduced.

The death rate among infants and young children during the hot weather is simply appalling. For example, in the city of Montreal alone in one week, the death of one hundred and six children was recorded. Most of these deaths were due to stomach and bowel troubles, which are always alarmingly prevalent during the hot weather, and most, if not all, of these precious little lives might have been saved, if the mother had at hand a safe and simple remedy to check the trouble at the outset. As a life saver among infants and young children, Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home. These Tablets prevent and cure diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera infantum and all forms of stomach trouble. If little ones are given the Tablets occasionally they will prevent these troubles and keep the children healthy. The Tablets cost only 25 cents a box, and a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the home may save a little life. They are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug, and may be given with safety and advantage to a new born babe or well grown child. If your dealer does not keep the Tablets, send the price to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and a box will be sent you by mail post paid.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

It Dates Only From the Middle of the Last Century.

Some forms of spiritualism have had followers from remote antiquity. In the Levitical law we find the injunction, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," and throughout Old Testament history there are frequent references to this subject, while demons, pythonesses, sibyls, augurs and soothsayers have their places in the secular annals of mankind.

In its modern form spiritualism dates only from the forty-eighth year of the last century, when, at the house of a farmer of Hydesville, in the state of New York, the spirit of a peddler who had been murdered there some five years previously was said to produce certain unaccountable rappings and disturbances in the room occupied by little daughters of the house.

An investigation by the neighborhood followed, and, to quote the words used by Farrar in his pamphlet on the subject, "it soon became evident that an organized attempt was being made by the denizens of the spirit world to establish a method of communication with mankind."

From that time spiritualism spread rapidly, and by the year 1871 the number of its supporters was variously reckoned at from 8,000,000 to 11,000,000.

Another Brute.

Wife—Ever so many women are becoming artists.

Husband—Yes; it is a business in which they can talk while they work.

Time and Money.

The counterfeiter was in prison for ten years.

"What are you doing here?" asked a visitor.

"Passing time."

"Ah, what for?"

"Passing money." And the visitor passed on.

GAVE HIM A START.

The Way Mark Twain Helped a Young Doctor to Win Fame.

"A certain prominent New York physician owes his start to Mark Twain," said a New York magazine editor, "and I saw him get it. It was many years ago, and the then young physician had just hung out his shingle. Mr. Clemens knew him quite well, and so did I, and we both believed that he had the real stuff in him, but the people hadn't learned of him yet, and his office was empty. One day Mark was in my place talking when a banker of social and financial prominence came in. Incidentally he mentioned the fact that his physician had died the night before with heart disease and he needed his services that very minute. Mark at once suggested that he give our friend a trial.

"'What kind of a man is he?' inquired the banker.

"'None better, I should say,' responded Mr. Clemens. 'He has never lost a patient.'

"'That sounds good enough. Give me his address, and I'll go to see him.'

"When he had left the office, I looked at Mr. Clemens inquiringly.

"'Oh, that's all right,' he said with a sly smile. 'I said he had never lost a patient.'

"'He never had one to lose, did he?' I asked reprovingly.

"'Of course not, but it wasn't necessary to say that.'

"As it turned out, the humorist was right, because the young fellow handled the banker's case with success and it was the kind of an introduction he needed."—Reader.

PEASANT WOMEN IN JAPAN.

They Not Only Do the Housework, but Plow the Fields.

The sewing in the kimono consists of one small and one long stitch, a species of artistic basting. There is reason in this, for whenever the kimono is washed it is ripped to pieces. This is perhaps why the Japanese, who bathe daily, wear such dirty clothes, while the Chinese, who bathe sometimes, wear such clean clothes. The kimono strips are dabbed up and down without soap, scrubbed with a brush and are ironed by drying them carefully on boards. One of the sights of a town are these boards, with their strips of silk leaning against the sides of the houses.

The peasant women not only do the housework, but out of door work as well. Like the coolies, they wear trousers and stand knee deep in the slush of the rice paddies, guide the water buffaloes at the plow or bind up the straw to dry on the trees. This is the Japanese idea of a haystack and makes the trees look as if they were wearing skirts.

One of the novel sights is the old women mowers, clipping the lawns with scissors as neatly as a lawn mower and stopping now and then to gossip over their tea. Both in China and Japan the tending of silkworms is not only done by women, but is regarded as an elegant duty. In China each year the empress inaugurates it ceremonially, as the emperor does the spring plowing. In each country the other important industry—the tea growing—is largely in the hands of women.

Two Strange Ailments.

Aphasia, or the loss of memory or comprehension of speech, is a queer complaint. A man who had forgotten his sister's name always referred to her as "that other woman." A person apparently otherwise in perfect health will substitute the name of one article for another totally different in the most ludicrous way.

Amusia is a form of aphasia which prevents the patient from remembering music. One amusiac, unconscious of the oddity, sang the "Marseillaise" throughout to the syllables "tan, tan, tan." On the other hand, another aphasiac, also a Frenchman, could speak but a single word, but could sing the "Marseillaise" correctly.

Pastimes In Japan.

In Japan to get up parties to behold the freshly fallen snow or the cherry blossoms or the maple trees in their autumnal glory or to go to the flower shows is as de rigueur as are our dinners, cotillons and theater parties. Mushroom hunting is a fashionable pastime, while in the house harp playing, verse writing, embroidering and tea drinking are the most absorbing occupations. The most pretentious entertainment is the tea ceremony. It is very formal, and there is much elaborate performance connected with it, difficult for a foreigner to comprehend.—Good Housekeeping.

Not What She Expected.

Mr. Ferguson put on his slippers and threw himself on the lounge. "It's so delightful to be at home again," he said. "I think I never appreciated it more than I do tonight."

"It's delightful to hear you say so, George," cooed Mrs. Ferguson.

"Yes; those confounded new shoes have tortured me nearly to death today!"

Ready Made.

Barnes—Howes was quite indignant when he heard what you were about. He says you can't make a fool of him. Shedd—Of course not; but I can direct public attention to what is already in existence.

There are two sides to every question. The man who hears only one side and believes it is easily fooled.—Schoolmaster.

The mind ought sometimes to be amused that it may the better return to thought and to itself.

A Philosopher.

Rivers—What do you do when you wake up in the night with jumping toothache? Brooks—I try to be thankful it isn't galloping consumption.

Trying to Forget It.

Mifkins—Hello, old man! What do you think of that cigar I gave you last night? Bifkins—Don't ask me to think. I'm trying to forget it.

Let those who complain of having to work undertake to do nothing. If this does not convert them, nothing will.

JUSTIFIED IN WHAT HE SAYS

Why J. J. Perkins Owes his Life to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Doctor Had Given Him up and he was Hopeless and Destitute Before the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy put Him on His Feet.

Tyndall, Man., Aug. 8.—(Special.)—When a man has had kidney disease; when the doctor has given him up; when that man takes Dodd's Kidney Pills, begins at once to recover and is soon a well man, that man is surely in a position to say that Dodd's Kidney Pills saved his life.

That is the experience of Mr. J. J. Perkins of this place. Speaking of his case Mr. Perkins says:—

"For two years I was troubled with my kidneys, and at last became so bad that the doctor who was attending me gave me up and said I was incurable.

"I continued to grow worse. I was unable to work, and was becoming destitute when to please a friend I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"The first box did me so much good I felt like a new man, and after taking five boxes I was completely cured."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the kidneys, and cured kidneys cure Dropsy, Rheumatism, Heart Disease and all other diseases resulting from impure blood.

Wife—John, did you mail that letter I gave you this morning? Husband—Of course I did. Wife—How provoking! I wanted to add a postscript. Husband (producing the letter)—Well, here it is. Why didn't you tell me that in the first place?

There never was and never will be a universal panacea, in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other We have, however, in Quinine Wine when obtainable in sound, unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquilizing the nervos, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses through the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame and giving life to the digestive organs which naturally demand increased substance—result improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman of Toronto have given to the public their Superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate and, guaged by the opinion of scientists, the wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

Official figures compiled and revised by the New York city police fixed the number killed in the General Slocum disaster at 1,020.

I was cured of painful Goitre by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
BYARD McMULLIN.
Chatham, Ont.

I was cured of Inflammation by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
MRS. W. W. JOHNSON.
Walsh, Ont.

I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
J. H. BAILEY.
Parksdale, Ont.

A scientist says that a man's body is fully 90 per cent. water. Of course this percentage doesn't apply to a Kentucky man.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

The discovery of Sheelite in British Columbia recalls the statement made some time ago that every mineral substance in the world is represented in that Province.

THEY NEVER KNEW FAILURE.—Careful observation of the effects of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills has shown that they act immediately on the diseased organs of the system and stimulate them to healthy action. There may be cases in which the disease has been long seated and does not easily yield to medicine, but even in such cases these Pills have been known to bring relief when all other so-called remedies have failed. These assertions can be substantiated by many who have used the Pills, and medical men speak highly of their qualities.

Since 1840 the world's production of meat has been increased 57 per cent and grain 420 per cent.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

When you give a dollar present to a friend don't butt your feelings against a wall by asking him to guess; he will say 75 cents.

It is worth 10 cents to clear your house of flies, and one packet of Wilson's Fly Pads will do it.

"Ah, professor," exclaimed the conceited young man, "I wish I knew as much as you do." "You would know more than I," replied the crusty old professor, "if you only knew as much as you think you know."

A bushel of flies have actually been killed by one packet of Wilson's Fly Pads. No other fly killer compares with Wilson's.

Bank records show some surprising things about "good" men.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Bear-baiting, prize-fighting, and cock-fighting have one by one been put down by law, but we still allow people to place their lives in jeopardy for the delectation of sensation-loving spectators.

There are very few cleansing operations in which Sunlight Soap cannot be used to advantage. It makes the home bright and clean. 1B

"THREE FISHERS."

The Incident Which Moved Kingsley to Write the Poem.

Charles Kingsley wrote the "Three Fishers" as a result of the many sad sights he had seen at Clovelly. One day of horror in particular lived in his memory, a day, as he described it, "when the old bay lay darkened with the gray columns of the waterspouts, stalking across the waves before the northern gale, and the tiny herring boats fleeing from their nets right for the breakers, hoping more mercy even from those iron walls of rock than from the pitiless howling waste of spray behind them, and that merry beach beside the town covered with shrieking women and old men, casting themselves on the pebbles in fruitless agonies of prayer as corpse after corpse swept up at the feet of wife and child, till in one case alone a single dawn saw upward of sixty widows and orphans weeping over those who had gone out the night before in the fullness of strength and courage." These scenes lived ever in his mind.

But the "Three Fishers" was written as a result of one of the strangest incidents in the stormy career of the preacher-author. In 1851 he preached a sermon in a London church on "The Message of the Church to the Laboring Man." At its close the vicar rose and denounced him. Bishop Blomfield forbade Kingsley to preach again in his diocese until, having read the sermon and seen its author, he withdrew the edict. The same night upon which he delivered his discourse Kingsley went to his home weary. There had nearly been a riot in the church. Sick at heart, he retired to his study. When he reappeared he handed to his family his immortal song, "as though it were the outcome of it all," as his wife said.

None is a flatterer, but the most upright of all parasites, for she frequents a poor man's flat as well as the palace of his superior.—Shenstone.

A Mean Bank.

"Madam, you've already overdrawn your account."

"What's that?"

"You haven't any more money in the bank."

"The idea! A fine bank, I think, to be out of money because of the little I've drawn! Well, I'll go somewhere else."

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

Removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, sweeney, stifles, sprains; cures sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save $50 by the use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known.

Miss Fitz-Jones (to Smithers, who has claimed first dance)—"You're quite an early bird, Mr. Smithers!" Smithers (making big attempt at something gallant)—"Ah, yes. Bah Jove! and I've caught the worm, too!"

Catarrh for twenty years and cured in a few days. Hon George James, of Scranton, Pa., says: "I have been a martyr to Catarrh for twenty years, constant hawking, dropping in the throat, pain in the head, very offensive breath. I tried Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. The first application gave instant relief. After using a few bottles I was cured. 50 cents.—1

Jimjones—"I met a ghost last night and it spoke to me." Samsmith—"What did it say?" Jimjones—"Haven't the least idea. I'm not familiar with the dead languages."

A man in trouble is apt to discover that his friends are not as friendly as they might be.

Two Years Abed.—"For eight years I suffered as no one ever did with rheumatism; for two years I lay in bed; could not so much as feed myself. A friend recommended South American Rheumatic Cure. After three doses I could sit up. To-day I am as strong as ever I was."—Mrs. John Cook, 287 Clinton street, Toronto.—2

"I don't want to be too easily won," she said. "Naturally," he conceded. "So, if I say 'No' now," she went on, anxiously, "you won't get cross about it and never ask me again, will you?"

"Bobby, won't you kiss me?" "Naw." "Well, Bobby, may I kiss you?" "Yes, if you kiss me easy on top of the head."

"Thought it meant death sure."—Mrs. James McKim, of Dunnville, Ont., says of her miraculous cure from heart disease by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart: "Until I began taking this remedy I despaired of my life. I had heart failure and extreme prostration. One dose gave me quick relief and one bottle cured me. The sufferings of years were dispelled like magic."—2

Rector's Wife (to villager)—"Well, Tompkins, I hope you like the new curate." Tompkins—"Yes, ma'am, thank you, we like him very well—(pause)—but I don't think he's as fluent as we had a right to expect, seeing as his father was a hauctioneer."

A modern weapon in the battle for health.—If disease has taken your citadel of health, the stomach, and is torturing you with indigestion, dyspepsia and nervous prostration, South American Nervine is the weapon to drive the enemy from his stronghold "at the point of the bayonet," trench by trench, but swift and sure, it always wins.—4

She—What do you think of young Joblot's engagement to Miss Pinkleigh? He—Oh, I don't know. He might do a good deal worse. She—Yes, and I'm sure he will—if he marries her.

"How much your little boy resembles your husband," said the cunning politician. "I've always heard," she replied, "that people grow to look like those they are much with, but this is quite a remarkable case. We only adapted the dear little fellow last week."

The Typewriter—You told me you was going to raise my salary last week, sir. The Boss—I know; and I did raise it, but I expect to have a very hard time to raise it this week.

Although the sea covers three-fourths of the earth's surface, it does not provide in the same proportion for man's wants. Only about three per cent. of the people in the world gain their living directly from the sea.

The house in Raleigh, N. C., where President Andrew Johnson was born has been purchased by the Colonial Dames and will be fitted up as a Presidential museum.

Automobiles made for the German army haul five to eight-ton loads through hilly country.

A franchise has been granted to build an electric road from Merced, Cal., along the Merced River into the Yosemite Valley to reach the Yosemite National Park.

People are never so careless as when they have a big lot of explosives around.

THE DRUGGIST RECOMMENDED IT.

Because He Knew of Scores of Severe Cases of Piles that were Positively Cured by

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

The writer of the letter quoted below suffered dreadfully from itching protruding piles for six years.

Like hosts of others, he was only disappointed with the many treatments he tried, until his druggist told him of what Dr. Chase's Ointment was accomplishing as a cure for this wretched ailment.

Mr. G. W. Cornell, who is with the Shaw Milling Company, St. Catharines, Ont., writes: "In justice to suffering humanity I write to tell you of the world of good I obtained from the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. For about six years I was the victim of itching and protruding piles and was in dreadful agony day and night. Doctors were unable to help me and I could get nothing to relieve the suffering. I was about as miserable a creature as was to be found on the face of the earth.

"One day my druggist, Mr. A. J. Greenwood, advised me to try Dr. Chase's Ointment, which I did, and obtained relief from the first box and complete cure with the second. My trouble was caused by heavy lifting, and I consider that Dr. Chase's Ointment would be cheap at fifty dollars a box, in view of the good that it did for me. A feeling of sympathy for others similarly affected prompts me to give this testimony."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

Are You Building? If so, use

EDDY'S IMPERVIOUS SHEATHING

The Best Building Paper Made.

It is very much stronger and thicker than any other (tarred or building) paper. It is impervious to wind, keeps out cold, keeps in heat, carries no smell or odor, absorbs no moisture, imparts no taste or flavor to anything with which it comes in contact. It is largely used not only for sheeting houses, but for lining cold storage buildings, refrigerators, dairies, creameries, and all places where the object is to keep an even and uniform temperature, and at the same time avoiding dampness.

Write our Agents, TEES & PERSSE, Winnipeg, for samples.

The E. B. EDDY CO., Limited, HULL.

FARMERS will find it to their advantage to consign their GRAIN to

ROBERT MUIR & CO., Winnipeg

WHO pay highest prices and make prompt returns. Advances made on consignments. Correspondence solicited. Established 1886. Reference—Union Bank of Canada.

The British Admiralty has just issued a compilation of statistics showing that the navy of England is built and maintained at a lower rate of cost in proportion to the effectiveness of its fighting strength than that of any other first-rate power.

A MAGIC PILL.—Dyspepsia is a foe with which men are constantly grappling but cannot exterminate. Subdued, and to all appearances vanquished in one, it makes its appearance in another direction. In many the digestive apparatus is as delicate as the mechanism of a watch or scientific instrument in which even a breath of air will make a variation. With such persons disorders of the stomach ensue from the most trivial causes and cause much suffering. To these Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are recommended as mild and sure.

Vaccination is now compulsory in France during the first year of life and revaccination during the eleventh and twenty-first years.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Clocks have been put inside the trams in Cracow for the convenience of the public.

The Cheapest Fly Killers made are Wilson's Pads and they are sold everywhere. Beware of imitations.

A Wisconsin judge declared void a contract between a labor union and a firm by which the latter agreed to employ none but union workmen.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other powders, as it is both soap and disinfectant. 34

The men, rebelling because they are not pictured as Madonnas, are beginning to have their pictures taken with the baby, leaving the mother at home.

It pays to buy the best, and Wilson's Fly Pads are the best fly killers made.

Here is what happens when you invite a friend to supper to proudly show the first radishes from your garden: "Why, that's nothing," he will say, "I had radishes from my garden two weeks ago."

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer One Hundred Dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

It has been demonstrated again that you cannot treat with contempt that which human experience has taught to be true.

There is only one genuine Fly Pad; that's Wilson's. Avoid poor imitations.

"Of course," remarked the very young man who knows it all, a woman's 'no' always means 'yes'." "Perhaps it does," replied the man with the scanty hair; "but I'm right here to tell you that her 'yes' never means 'no.'"

It is a question which troubles a woman the more through life—her heart strings or corset strings.

A headache may be relieved by adding a little lemon juice to your tea instead of milk.

Dead men pay no doctor bills.

An expert is a man who doesn't get confused when cross-examined.

As fast as some men make opportunities others grab them.

BLAIR'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

TESTIMONIAL from the late SIR SAMUEL BAKER, the famous Nile Explorer.

"Newton Abbot, Devon. Dear Sirs—I have delayed my thanks as I wished to test the effect of Blair's Pills by a sufficient interval of time.

"For ten years I had suffered acutely from Gout and life had lost its attraction owing to the uncertainty of health and sudden visitations of the enemy which prostrated me for months, or weeks according to the virulence of the attacks.

"Blair's Pills have rendered me immense service, as I no longer fear an attack of Gout.

"For the last twenty months I have been comparatively free, as one or two attempted visitations have been immediately stamped out by the assistance of Blair's Pills.

"Truly yours (Signed) Saml. W. Baker.

Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal and Toronto; The Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg; and Martin, Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg.

"Oh, shame!" cried the neighbors,
"she's playing again!"
What harm? The poor widow was lonely.
She found the piano a solace, and then
She was using the black keys only.

A MERRY HEART GOES ALL THE DAY.—But one cannot have a merry heart if he has pain in his back or a cold with a racking cough. To be merry one must be well and free from aches and pains. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will relieve all pains, muscular or otherwise, and for the speedy treatment of colds and coughs it is a splendid medicine.

"No ma'am," said the hobo who was figuring on a handout, "I ain't no reg'lar tramp. I wuz a sailor t'ree years ergo, but me ship got wreckt an' I wuz washed ashore." "And it's a safe bet," retorted the unsympathetic female, "that you ain't been washed since."

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints incidental to children teething. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indiscretion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

The Romans had a god of boundaries, Terminus. His statue was a post set in the ground to mark the limits of fields.

Be sure you're wrong; then back up.

Wanted None of His Art.

At a dinner in London, Theodore Watts-Dunton said: "It isn't generally known that Turner, the painter, and Dr. Augustus Pritchard once lived together for a year in Cheyne row. The painter and the physician had a fine garden, and they took a good deal of pride in their flowers. But the garden gate did not work well, and one day Turner, because it wouldn't open, pettishly gave orders that it be nailed up. It was thought that this odd act would enrage Augustus Pritchard, but, on being told of it, all he said was, 'Oh, well, I don't care what Turner does to the gate, so long as he doesn't paint it.'"

Colds.

Every one knows when he contracts a cold on the chest. Not so with cold in the kidneys and bowels. The kidneys, however, are the weak point in many men and women nowadays, and they may be well protected by wearing a roll of white flannel, which should be about a foot wide and go twice around the waist for winter and once for summer. Try it, reader, if you have any tendency to bladder or kidney trouble.—Exchange.

W N U No 493

Mt. Pleasant Advocate.
(Eastablished April 8, 1899.)

MRS. R. WHITNEY, Publisher

OFFICE: 2525 Westminster avenue. ENGLISH OFFICE—30 Fleet street, London, E. C., England Where a file of "The Advocate" is kept for visitors.

Tel. B1405.

Subscription **$1 a year** payable in Advance.
5 cents a Copy.
Notices of Births, Marriages, and Deaths published free of charge.

For all City Advertizing, also South Vancouver Municipal advertizing consult THE ADVOCATE.

Vancouver, B. C., Oct., 15, 1904.

MT. PLEASANT'S ADVANCE.

The street improvements made this year by the City are now being appreciated as the rainy season starts, cement sidewalks and new crossings, and grading on many streets and avenues add to the appearance of said streets and convenience of citizens—not that there is not more to be desired, but that already accomplished helps the Hill. The new I. O. O. F., Hall now being built also adds to Mt. Pleasant's importance. The new comers who are buying property on the Hill are acting wisely as values are steadily advancing and the population growing. With first-class grocery stores, dry goods stores, biggest brewery in B. C., markets, the largest bakery in the city, hardware stores, postoffice, fine school, five churches, a local newspaper, and a progressive, prosperous community Mt. Pleasant is certainly an independent and important place.

"The world is learning that no class can isolate itself as far as certain physical matters are concerned, sanitation, for example, and the more enlightened even now understand that all the members of the community should, as a matter of self-interest, concern themselves about the well-fare of the less fortunate members. Often it is to the business advantages of private firms to encourage the immigration of a low grade of foreigners, and while these special interests reap the benefit of the low wages these foreigners will work for, the community at large has to pay the court expenses for the jailing of a number of them, and their bills for the support of their children in schools and institutions and hospitals. Those who import the foreigners consider their duty to them and the community is fulfilled when they pay them the stipulated wages. Is that a just view to take of the matter from the standpoint of the community, to say nothing of the workers?"—Ex.

MT. PLEASANT CHURCHES.

BAPTIST.

Seventh avenue, between Westminster avenue and Quebec street. SERVICES at 11 a.m., and 7:30 p.m.; Sunday School at 2:30 p.m. Rev. A. W. McLeod, Pastor. Residence 489 Sixth avenue, east.

METHODIST.

Corner of Nint and Westminster avenues. SERVICES at 11 a. m., and 7 p. m.; Sunday School and Bible Class 2:30 p.m. Rev. A. E. Hetherington, B. A., B. D., Pastor.

Parsonage 123 Eleventh avenue, west. Telephone B1249.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Junction of Westminster avenue and Westminster road. SERVICES at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday School at 2:30 p. m. Rev. Geo. A. Wilson, B. A., Pastor. Manse corner of Eighth avenue and Ontario street. Tel. 1066.

ST MICHAEL S, (Anglican).

Corner Westminster road and Prince Edward street. SERVICES at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m., Holy Communion 1st and 3d Sundays in each month after morning prayer, 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 a. m. Sunday School at 2:30 p. m. Rev. G. H. Wilson, Rector.

Rectory 372 Thirteenth avenue, east. Telephone B1799.

ADVENTISTS.

Advent Christian Church (not 7th day Adventists) corner Ninth avenue and Westminster road. Services 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m., Sunday School at 10 a. m. Young peoples' Society of Loyal Workers of Christian Endeavor meets every Sunday evening at 6:45 o'clock. Prayer-meeting Wednesday nights at 8 o'clock.

Young Peoples Societies.

SUNDAY.

Loyal Workers of Christian Endeavor meet at 15 minutes to 7, every Sunday evening in Advent Christian Church, corner Ninth ave. and Westminster Rd.

MONDAY.

Epworth League of Mt. Pleasant Methodist Church meets at 8 p. m.

B. Y. P. U., meets in Mt. Pleasant Baptist Church at 8 p. m.

TUESDAY.

The Y. P. S. C. E., meets at 8 p. m in Mt. Pleasasant Presbyterian Church.

R. H. Kneeshaw, well and favorably known as a Magnetic Healer and Massenist, can be consulted at 2821 Westminster avenue. Office hours: 1 to 5 p.m. Nervous and functional derangements a speciality. No medicine. No knife.

—:o:—

FOR RENT.—Seven-roomed house, 42 Thirteenth avenue, beautifully situated, all modern improvements; apply W. H. Wood, Sr., 62 Thirteenth avenue.

Boundaries of Vancouver Electoral District.

The constituency of Vancouver, as defined by the Redistribution Act of last session of Parliament, comprises the electoral district of Vancouver City and the municipalities of South Vancouver and North Vancouver, and all that portion of the Provincial electoral district of Richmond which lies east of the following described limit: Commencing at the northwest corner of the Provincial electoral district of Dewdney, thence in a straight line south-westerly to the mouth of the Squamish river at the head of Howe Sound, thence in a southerly direction along the Squamish river at the head of Howe Sound to Burrard Inlet; thence in an easterly direction along the northerly shore of Burrard Inlet and in a northerly direction along the westerly shore of the North Arm of the said Burrard Inlet to the northerly extremity of the said North Arm.

Woman's Realm.

IT should be remembered that, whatever the extreme mode may be, there are always some styles that are moderately plain, and these are not only more economical and sensible, and easier to make, but in better taste.

The warm materials used for house and shirtwaist dresses are much the same as during the summer, with the addition of a few of heavier weight. Etamine is again in favor. Voile has been in constant use ever since it was introduced. A new stuff with some of the qualities of both, called etamine voile, is now seen in the shops and will be very satisfactory, especiallp in black and-white mixtures. Albatross yields so easily to plaiting, shirring or draping that it can not be omitted from any list of materials This is a silk year, and silk shirtwaist dresses will be worn till late in the fall. Next to them is lustre and in dust-shedding quality are the mohairs and Sicilians. For cold weather, canvas-cloth, tweed, cheviot and velvet will be the materials in greatest favor.

The colors prevailing are dark blues, greens and reds; browns; black-and-white mixtures; checks, and gun-metal gray. White is popular for house dresses. The new shades are sapphire-blue, raspberry-red, a new and rather startling red, and a yellowish-brown Orange will be much used in accessories on some shades of brown, and on cream color and white.

The trimmings preferred this season are embroidery, braids of many kinds—usually the exact shade of the dress—buttons, pipings, stitch straps of the dress-material and of silk. Real lace, and even some of the good imitations, will be used—one might as well say, will always be used—on elaborate gowns, and to a limited extent will be used on silk shirtwaist dresses worn at matinees, teas, et cetera. Frills of lace are very beautiful in the sleeves of the Louis coats, and in jabots for the fronts of the same, and on other dressy wraps.

BOTH long and half-long coats are assured of maintenance in the list of fashions. The favorite tailor designs for long, loose garments, having a deep yoke in front, cut into one piece with the fronts of the two wide flaring sleeves, while in the back, the same idea is carried out, avoiding the effect of seams that show at all, as those upon the edge of the shoulders and upon the outer lines of the sleeves, are so pressed that they almost disappear. Seven or eight buttons of good size may fasten the entire fronts if need be. A turnover collar and side hand pockets on the fronts with roomy openings, and turned back flaps, suffice, with gimp, braid, or stitching, for yoke and sleeve-edge finish. This is the desirable coat style for travel, coaching or motoring, with cloths in single colors, as very dark blues, browns, grays and light beige shades, as well as tawny tones, which are a little more novel. It is a matter of choice whether a hood is attached, but customarily the coats are not finished with them.

ENAMEL buttons in gay colors take the lead. They are fitly in vogue to harmonize with the bright colors in cloths and silks, which they are to assist in trimming. The diminutive is quite as important as any, and holds its place among the costliest gradations. Bronze metal in buttons, treated to the high polish surface of gun metal is a capital cloth trimming, practically and ornamentally. Mixed metals, and jet and gold, jet and silver, jet and steel as well cut steel are prominent among the choicest buttons, large and small offered for the season. Dull gold buttons have a beautiful finish this year.

A CONFIDENTIAL CHAT.

"It's perfect nonsense, Bessie, for you to talk of being laid on the shelf. Why, it all depends on yourself. Forget your worries, your aches and ailments; do as I did, take plenty of out-of-door air, cultivate happiness by not allowing your mind to dwell on the trifles and the worries of life. I sent fifty one-cent stamps to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., for his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser,' and found it contained much useful information about the care of my health, about physiology, anatomy, and everything a woman should know. I then decided to write Dr. Pierce and tell him all about my ailments. I received such a nice, carefully considered and confidential letter, in reply, giving me advice about my diet, exercise and all. This advice is free to everyone and I wonder you don't write him at once. It didn't take me many months to regain my good looks. Ever since I was fifteen I have suffered untold agonies periodically but now I am free from pain, worry and bad temper. Occasionally I took Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets—this for the complexion, and to stimulate the liver. Then I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription three times a day for those womanly weaknesses I told you about. That's my secret of beauty. It's the easiest thing in the world to be happy and keep one's good looks. Look at the thousands of women who have been made well by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription; look how they keep their good looks. Dr. Pierce offers $500 reward for any case of Leucorrhea, Female Weakness, Prolapsus, or Falling of Womb which he cannot cure. All he asks is a fair and reasonable trial of his means of cure."

Furniture
Cheapest House in the City.

Bedroom Suits, Bed Lounges, Couches, Linoleums, Carpets, Extension Tables, etc., etc.

Easy Time Payments Arranged.

W. J. WATERS, Manager.

Grocery Dept.

We carry a first-class line of Groceries and Fresh Fruit, and we sell at THE VERY LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE FOR CASH. A trial will convince you WHAT WE SAY IS TRUE.

S. T. Wallace
Westminster avenue & Harris street.
Telephone 1266
Mail Orders Promptly Filled.

Advertising is the education of the purchaser of the merits of different that which adds to his comfort and amconsumer. It informs the prospective goods and brings him into touch with plifies his happiness.

THE ADVOCATE is the best advertising medium where it circulates. Tel. B1405

Gems of Thought.

Never strike sail to a fear.—Emerson.

Have you something to do tomorrow? Do it today.—Franklin.

Disappointment is not sufficient reason for discouragement.—Emerson.

"True greatness lies not in never failing, but in rising every time we fall."

"Good qualities, like good steel knives, grow dull of edge unless they are used."

To do great things, a man must live as if he had never to die.—Vauvenargues

"Your grip on success depends largely on the other things you are willing to let go."

True religion is to do good, and be good, and seek diligently after truth.—Pierson.

When charity begins at home it frequently acquires very domestic habits.—Browne.

Fortune's ladder was made to climb, and it is not considered lucky to spend one's time walking under it.

Let a man overcome anger by love, let him overcome evil by good; let him overcome the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth!—Buddha.

The discovery of what is true, and the practice of that which is good, are the two most important objects of philosophy.—The New World.

A man's "religion" consists not of the many things he is in doubt of and tries to believe, but of the few he is assured of and has no need of effort for believing.—Carlyle.

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable; and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages, with open heart, to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the commonplace.—Wm. Henry Channing.

Telephone Numbers of Local Ministers and Doctors.

B1799—Rev. G. H. Wilson, (Anglican).
1066—Rev. G. A. Wilson, (Presbyterian).
B1249—Rev. A. E. Hetherington, (Methodist).

B1405—"The Advocate." 790—Mt. Pleasant Drug Store.

Mails leave Mt. Pleasant Postoffice at 11 a.m., and 8 p. m.

Argyle House

Some Big Reductions

Ladies' Undervests and Drawers,	worth	75c	for	50c each
Ladies' Flannelette Night Dresses,	"	$1.25	"	90c "
" " " "	"	$1.75	"	$1.25 "
Ladies' Wrapperette Wrappers	"	$1.50	"	$1.00 "
" " "	"	$1.75	"	$1.25 "

White Quilts, full size, worth $1 25 for 90c each.

Remnants of Dress Goods, Flannelettes, Wrapperettes, Etc., at a big discount.

Ladies' very pretty White Handkerchiefs open-work border, worth 15c for 10c each

Children's White Wool Coats, very prettily trimmed with bearskin and other fancy white materials, worth $3.50 for $2.50 each.

Boys' Heavy All-wool Stockings, worth 35c for 30c each

1 doz. pieces White Tape, worth 10c at half-price 5c a doz.

4 doz. Safety Pins for 5c.

J. HORNER, 400 Westminster Ave. Opposite Carnegie Library.

Famine in Gujerat.

It is with heavy hearts that we make an effort to lay before the people of the home lands the great want and distress that is again impending in this part of India.

The rains seemed to break with their usual copiousness in June, and until the end of July there seemed to be every prospect of a good year. The people spent all their wealth, and in many cases borrowed money also, in sowing their fields. But the monsoon ceased entirely and all the grain crops have been a complete failure. Agriculture is the only resource of the people of Gujerat, and a failure of the rains means loss to all and starvation to the poor.

On Tuesday, August 30th, a Conference was held near Ahmedabad, at which were present a number of the Missionaries from each of the Societies laboring in Gujerat. The need of making some timely effort to meet the emergency was felt to be so urgent that a Famine Committee was appointed to frame an appeal to the home lands on behalf of all Gujerat, and each Missionary was urged to represent the needs of his section to the Government officials.

We are stationed at a small town called Mehmedabed, 300 miles north of Bombay. Our missionary efforts extend over a "taluka" or township that has a population of 100,000. In this "taluka" there are 300 baptized Christians besides a larger number of candidates and persons interested. The Christians will be our first care but we shall have to help many others of various castes and religions. Donations should be by bank draft or postoffice money order, to

Walter M. Turnbull,
Alliance Mission Bungalow,
Mehmedabad, Gujerat, India

Sept. 2d, 1904

Japanese Love Song.

What the hawk-moth says to the rose,
With no one there to see,
And only the blossom knows—
That would I say to thee.

As the dew by the petals pressed
And held from the world apart,
Thus would I seek thy breast,
And lie in thy fragrant heart.

Like the sun at whose bidding bold
The earth no more is numb
And the buds of life unfold,
Would I to thy presence come.

The moth in the musky gloom;
The dew in the petalled close;
The sun with his call to bloom;—
'Tis I, oh sweet my rose!

—Edwin L Sabin

A noted American anthropologist gives the blonde but six centuries of life upon earth. Even less analytical persons have noticed that in England, the home of the golden-haired, the blonde has been growing scarcer, and the same fact is noticeable in this country. So pronounced is it that a scientist has written a monograph on the subject The brunette is said to have more vitality than the blonde. The blonde type of adults and children are more susceptible to the defects of city life; degenerating more rapidly under the drains of bad air, bad sanitation, late hours, and dissipation. The blonde type is also easily modified by the prevailing type of a country; if that is dark-skinned, dark-eyed, and dark-haired, the blonde is absorbed by it.

For Sale: Fine Piano, beautiful tone, nearly new; will sacrifice, a bargain; cash or easy terms. Apply "Piano" this office.

City of Vancouver.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that a Court of Revision for the final revision of the Voters' List will be held in the City Hall on Tuesday, October 25th, 1904, at 10 a. m.

All parties who have made application to have their names placed on said list are requested to be present.

THOS. F McGUIGAN,
CITY CLERK.

Vancouver, B. C., Sept., 14th, 1904.

HIS HONOUR the Lieutenant-Governor in Council has been pleased to direct the publication of the undermentioned tariff of tolls to be paid by all persons using the Fraser River Bridge at New Westminster.

Adults, each way (Or eight tickets for 25c.)	$.05
Children over 5 & under 12, each way	02
Single rig or waggon, loaded or unloaded, including driver, each way (Or 8 tickets for $1.)	15
Double rig or waggon, empty, including driver, each way (Or 8 tickets for $1.)	15
Double rig or waggon, loaded, including driver, each way (Or 6 tickets for $1.)	20
Cordwood and shingle bolt waggon, including driver, round trip	25
Milk vans, round trips (Or 12 round trip tickets for $1.)	10
Saddle horse and rider, each way (Or 12 tickets for $1.)	10
Cattle, horses, pigs, sheep and calves, per head, each way	05

By Command.

FRED'K. J. FULTON,
Provincial Secretary.

Provincial Secretary's Office,
29th September, 1904.

WHY GO Down-town For Your GROCERIES

when you can do as well at home? We have—

Coffee at 40c and Tea at 30c that are worth 50c.

Fine Sardines at 10c a tin.

Also very good Eggs at 30c a doz

Give Us a Call.

W. D. Muir

RING UP 'PHONE 443. Mt. Pleasant

New MILLINERY
In Trimmed and Ready-to-wear.
Also Children's Headwear in endless varieties.

Blouses, Wrappers, Dress Skirts, Underskirts. Full line of Ladies' and Children's Hosiery. Children's Bearskin Coats, very reasonable. We have everything kept in a firstclass Dry Goods Store.

W. W. Merkley
BURRITT BLOCK
Westminster Avenue, Mt. Pleasant.

THE CONQUERER.

(Rev. Robert Brown.)

He slept one day and dreamed success was his,
He stood above the crowd—a master mind,
And willing hands upon his brow did bind
The laurel wreaths of glorious victory.

He waked, the glow was in his cheek, the fire
Burned like a flaming glory in his eye,
He lifted up his hand and swore to die,
Or win the substance of that phantom fame.

The dragging years still found him at his task,
A will of iron urged him on his way;
The sirens lured him but he would not stay,
The land of promise was the goal of life.

He trod the rock-strewn path with bleeding feet,
Met disappointment's frown and flung it back,
And knit his muscles firmer with the wrack
And ruin of his plans and scorned to yield.

Some called it luck, he called it by no name,
Some called it genius, brightest gift of God,
He knew it only by the name of plod,
That slowly lifted him above the crowd.

That lifted him until one day he stood
Upon the shining summit of his dream;
The far off, glorious peak, which then did seem
So high, was underneath his feet at last.

And standing on its topmost crag he knew
The hard-won goal was his because he used
The talents which God had given him, nor abused
The sacred trust by hiding them in sinful ease.

Grand Haven, Mich.

Good Underwear.

If there was any such thing as one best Underwear we'd have it.

But what's best for Brown may irritate Jones, so we have a number of bests, in Natural Wools, Merinos, Cashmeres and Heavy Elastic Ribbed Wool.

Underwear from 50c a garment up to five times that much, but our Underwear at $2.50 to $3.50 a suit is the popular kind—the kind that nine men out of ten wear.

We invite you to come and look.

A. E. LEES & CO.,
THE CASH CLOTHIERS. FLACK BLOCK.

WANTED FRESH EGGS for which we will pay the highest prices.

IN STOCK

A good assortment of Staple and Fancy Groceries, Fruits and Provisions **at lowest Cash Prices.** A trial order solicited.

Andrews Bros.,
2315 Westminster Ave. 'Phone 938.

Jack's Shaving Parlor.
Westminster Ave., next Glasgow House
John Gillman, Proprietor.
THREE CHAIRS, and a first-class Bath Room is run in connection with the Barber Shop—give this place a trial.

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CITY SCAVENGER.
Orders promptly attended to, night or day. Charges moderate.
Office: 37 Hastings street, west,
Telephone Number 479.

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Ring up
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Telephone 987
or call around at the SIGN WORKS, 314 Homer street.
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KEELER'S
DAHLIA SHOW
1000 Plants and 300 Varieties to select from. THE LARGEST COLLECTION IN THE PROVINCE. Now is the time to choose your colors while in bloom, for spring planting.
Also a choice lot of CUT FLOWERS for sale at Wholesale Prices.

Chas. Keeler
DAHLIA SPECIALIST.
NOTE—Street Cars pass my place.
2784 Westminster Ave. Mt. Pleasant.

If you want to know what is happening on Mt. Pleasant read THE ADVOCATE—$1 a year, 50c for six months.

SOCIETIES
Which Meet on Mt. Pleasant

I. O. O. F.
Mt. Pleasant Lodge No. 19 meets every Tuesday at 8 p. m., in Oddfellows Hall Archer Block, Mt. Pleasant.
Sojourning brethren cordially invited to attend.
NOBLE GRAND—O. G. Kenny.
RECORDING SECRETARY—Thos. Mackay, Heather and Eighth avenue.

I. O. F.
Court Vancouver 1328, Independent Order of Foresters meets 2d and 4th Mondays of each month at 8 p. m.
Visiting brethren always welcome.
CHIEF RANGER—W. G. Taylor, 227 Keefer street, City
RECORDING SECRETARY—W. H. DeBou 578 Tenth avenue, east
FINANCIAL SECRETARY—M. J. Crehan 314 Princess street, City. Telephone

LADIES OF THE MACCABEES.
Alexandra Hive No. 7, holds regular Review 1st and 3d Fridays of each month in I. O. O. F., Hall corner Westminster and Seventh avenues.
Visiting Ladies always welcome.
Lady Commander—Mrs. Fitch.
Lady Record Keeper—Mrs. Mary A. Foote, 339 Ninth avenue, east.

CANADIAN ORDER OF CHOSEN FRIENDS.
Vancouver Council, No. 211a, meets every 2d and 4th Thursdays of each month, in I. O. O. F., Hall, corner Seventh and Westminster avenues.
Sojourning Friends always welcome.
W. P. Flewelling, Chief Councillor.
Miss A. Chambers, Recorder, 2228 Westminster avenue. Tel. 760.

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Wire Your House
for Electric Light.

Of course all new houses ARE wired, and have the Electric Light, but there are some old ones left without it.

INSTALL IT NOW and save your eyesight and your money.

No Lamps to clean.
No smell of coal oil.

Your children can't upset it, and it will not explode.

British Columbia Electric Railway Company, Ltd.