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THE OLD ESTABLISHED PAPER.

Vol. 9.—No. 45. UNION LABEL REVELSTOKE, B. C., FEBRUARY 7, 1903. $2.00 Per Year

AND A HAPPY

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

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VICTORIA and VANCOUVER.

C. P. R. MACHINISTS

Deputation to Gen. Supt. Marpole.

Differences Have To Be Straightened Out.

On Sunday Messrs. T. Dunn, C. J. Wilkes and J. R. Webster, of the Machinists Union, left for Vancouver to interview General Superintendent Marpole regarding the cause of the temporary strike of last week. The grevance was the appointment of a junior to the position of foreman over the heads of older employes. It appears the seniority preference in former schedules was omitted from last schedule, and on this ground Mr. Marpole contended the company had made no breach of the schedule, and that the strike was unjustified. He firmly refused to accept the representations of the deputation, who returned Thursday morning. The general superintendent's reply will be laid before the union to decide on the course of action. Many of the men are disposed to fight the matter out, and this may involve a strike of the machinists not only in the local shops but elsewhere.

A feature of this deputation was that the U. B. R. E. came into the discussion for the first time, as the machinists are also members of that organization. Supt. Marpole remarked he did not know whether he was up against the machinists pure and simple or the hybrid organization of the U. B. R. E.

U. B. R. E.

The New Railway Organization Growing Rapidly.

The new general railroad organization, the U. B. R. E. is growing rapidly in this city. Last week 25 more members were added to the membership roll. The machinists and car repairers have joined the new organisation in a body, and other orders are expected to come in.

TROUT LAKE.

W. Cowan Secured 600,000,000 Feet of Timber.

W. Cowan, who returned from Trout Lake Wednesday, reports having shut down the sawmill there for six weeks. Another 13 square miles of timber have been taken up, gving limits embracing over 600,000,000 feet. Mr. Cowan is organizing a company to operate the mill which will be entirely remodeled on a large scale, and will employ a large amount of labor, making Trout Lake City one of the most important centers in Kootenay of the lumbering industry.

ARROWHEAD.

From our own correspondent.

Mr. Fife, chief engineer steamer Rossland, returned on Thursday.

It is rumored another hotel is to be put up in Arrowhead in the near future.

Theodore Ludgate arrived in Arrowhead on Monday, but returned to Vancouver on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Irwin arrived in Arrowhead Monday. Mr. Irwin has an interest in the Ludgate mill.

Rev. Dr. Herdman, of Calgary, held service here on Thursday. Matters pertaining to the church were discussed after the sermon.

The Arm, between Arrowhead and Comaplix, is frozen over. Ice is about four inches thick. The steamer Archer has all it can do to get through. It takes about three hours to make the run.

FIRE VALLEY

From our own correspondent.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. H. Old has lost a young cow through inflammation.

The ice-breaker was attached to the steamer yesterday afternoon for the first time this season.

Fred Fraser, government agent, came in on Wednesday, 28th ult., to lay out government works. He left again Saturday.

J. R. Tweeddale has been transferred to the Imperial bank at Nelson, and left for there Tuesday.

It is probable that owing to the increase of its business the Imperial bank at Revelstoke will increase its staff.

Revelstoke shows steady improvement as a banking point. Sicamous business now comes largely to Revelstoke and several business men on lake points who used to bank at Nelson have moved their accounts to Revelstoke.

CAMBORNE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

The Rev. H. S. Solly held his usual service on Tuesday last.

In a short time the mill will be running with a capacity of 10,000 feet per day.

There are several strangers coming into camp and quietly taking stock of it. We can stand it.

This being the first mill to drop in the Lardeau district, we are most cordial in our wishes for its success, and the success of the mine.

A force of men is working at the sawmill removing the old power wheel and replacing it by a new and larger wheel. This alteration is necessary owing to the increased machinery to be placed in the mill.

The North-western Development Syndicate, Ltd., had a trial run with their new mill on the 3rd inst., putting through 100 sacks of ore. The results as yet unknown. The ore bins are nearing completion and men busy stretching the cable from the mine to the bins.

The owners of the Lucky Jack group of claims have been developing this property all winter. The owners state they are more than pleased with the work done and the satisfactory showing made. We most sincerely hope the owners will get all they are looking for to recoup them for their outlay.

An accident occurred yesterday at the above mine causing a broken wrist and other injuries to Hector Porier. It appears Porier was at work on the upper part of the bins, and in some way slipped and fell to the ground, a distance of 25 feet. Dr. Lazier is in attendance on the wounded man, who is doing fine.

The delightful weather we are getting just now is inducing those who intend erecting buildings to get in and dig. Recently the foundation for a large store and house on Wallace avenue was laid. This work is to be rushed, that the store may be occupied by the middle of March. There are now six buildings under construction. This is evidence the town is alive and the business people have confidence in its future.

At the Oyster-Criterion mine good progress is made with development work, and in the near future we expect to hear of their encountering a new vein. Should this be as rich as the veins already opened on, the success of the property will be more than ever assured. The mill and cable for tramway are on the grounds. We learn the management intend to start men at work on the tramway and mill at an early date. The millsite is an ideal one in every respect.

The Western Star Mine have a force of men developing this property. In the upper level the men are working on the vein, which is of a promising character. 600 feet below the work a crosscut tunnel is run 125 feet which is within 15 feet of the vein. Midway between the upper and lower tunnel another crosscut tunnel is extended 15 feet. When these two crosscuts tap the vein it will be a very fair test as to its value. We wish the management every success.

F. C. Green, P. L. S., is at work surveying the tramway route to the Eva mine, which will take him about a week to complete. It is expected, as soon as the survey is made, men will be put to work to get the tramway in to place. By doing this the line will be in working order by the time the mill is erected. The work at the mine is progressing satisfactorily, and in the deep tunnel recently commenced the vein is reported richer than any before seen in the mine. This is most encouraging as it assures permanency to the property.

FINANCIAL.

A petition is being signed to the legislature asking that a system of government advances to settlers in the province be arranged.

The Imperial Loan and Investment Company will start business in British Columbia and has appropriated $500,000 for investment in this province.

The Railway Passengers' Assurance Company of London, England, the oldest accident assurance company in the world, has been empowered to transact assurance in Canada.

Senator Chandler urges remonetization of silver at ratio of 20 to 1 by concurrent action of United States, Great Britain, France and Germany. His card is: "The simple and true way to enable China to pay her indemnity to the United States, England, Germany and France is for those nations to remonetize silver at a ratio of 20 to 1. Silver is the metallic money of more than half the human race and has been slowly sinking toward its value as a metal only, and not as money, as gold would so fall if it were demonetized.

A telegram furnished to the press this week by the C. P. R. stated that Canadian Northern strikers were only taken on again on signing an agreement not to become members of the U. B. R. E. The officers of the union say the despatch is without foundation and the U. B. R. E. schedules as originally presented to the management of the C. N. R. at Winnipeg on June 30th last year were signed on Friday, the 23rd ult., as a result of negotiations reopened by the Company on the 17th ult., thereby obtaining for the employees of that road rates equal to those obtaining on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

P. Donaldson, of the C. P. R. Shops, has joined the staff of the Vancouver Engineering Works.

CORONATION CHOIR

To Visit Revelstoke

Appear at Opera House Feb. 23rd.

Revelstoke is about to have one of the finest musical treats ever afforded the citizens. The Westminster Abbey Choir, composed of leading singers who took part in the Coronation of their Majesties on August 9th, will appear at the opera house on Feb. 23rd. The company is under the direction of Edward Branscombe, who is a tenor of exquisite quality and extraordinary compass. He is a recognized authority on the art of glee singing, and has been lay vicar of Westminster Abbey for ten years.

The following are some of the other members:

Madame Marie Hooton is one of England's most distinguished contraltos and is possessed of an exceptionally rich voice and charming presence.

Percy Coward, lay vicar of Westminster Abbey, and soloist at the Chapel Royal, Windsor Castle, has the finest male alto voice in England. This voice in its best form is extremely rare. Mr. Coward's notes are marvellously beautiful, without the suggestion of falsetto, rich as a contralto's and clear as a soprano's tones.

Herbert Hilton was a resident singer at Sandringham in King Edward's own Chapel for two years. He has a splendidly trained, excellently developed baritone.

The boy Sopranos include some of the finest solo boys in England. Their voices are high, sweet and clear soprano, with an added touch of richness.

Dudley Causton presents a unique novelty in a humorous musical sketch entitled "The Village Concert." His imitations of the squire, the rural soprano, the ancient tenor, the glee club and the village orchestra are quite remarkable, while his humorous conceits send the audience into shrieks of laughter. Mr. Causton has appeared before their Majesties King Edward VII, Queen Alexandra, the German Emperor and many other notable personages, and is an entertainer of the same high merit as George Grossmith and Corney Grain.

The success of the company's tour through Canada is unsurpassed. Here are some press comments on the company's tour:

Montreal Star:—"It is doubtful if such exquisite singing has ever been heard in Montreal before."

Halifax Chronicle:—"It was all perfectly comprehensible to the most ordinary ear and all exquisitely enjoyable to the most cultivated."

Halifax Chronicle:—"There must be something in the climate and voice-culture of England that produces the quality of tone in the boy Soprans. One cannot imagine the singing of an angel being more beautiful."

Cleveland Press:—"Cleveland has had a treat that should live in our memories forever. It was an entertainment as good as it was unique, a feast musically that would be hard to surpass."

Exeter (England) Times:—"Madame Hooton is undoubtedly the finest contralto who has sung at the Festivals in Exeter for many years."

Montreal Gazette:—"The boy's voices are most beautiful. Clear and pure, like a sun-kissed raindrop, they ring out without the least effort. They seem as far superior to the ordinary soprano as the diamond to the pearl."

Ottawa Citizen:—"Edward Branscombe possesses one of the finest tenor voices ever heard here."

Rochester Herald:—"Dudley Causton's humorous conceit sent the audience literally into shrieks of laughter."

Right Rev. Bishop Sweatman, of Toronto writes:—"I am quite pleased to know that Mr. Edward Branscombe and his Westminster Abbey Choir Glee and Concert Party are returning to Canada to make another tour, and have the greatest pleasure in testifying to the very great enjoyment which I derived from their concerts last year. I heard each of their two programmes, one in Toronto, the other in Montreal, and I do not hesitate to say that their unaccompanied part singing was the most genuine musical treat of its class of music that I have ever heard in this country. In addition to this I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Branscombe and members of his Choir socially on several occasions, and found them all to be cultivated gentlemen of the most agreeable and charming social manners. I shall look forward with real delight in meeting them again."

The Coronation Choir Glee and Concert Party consists of 14 voices, and gives a programme that is as delightful as it is unique. They will revive the ancient part songs, glees and madrigals that are classics in English music.

Revelstoke is the only city between Calgary and Vancouver at which the Coronation Choir will appear.

Reserved seats may be obtained at the Canada Drug and Book Co.'s store and if residents of Kamloops and other points wish to attend arrangements will be made to reserve seats for them.

Locomotive Foreman Knowdell, of Field, visited the city this week.

D. McDougall is appointed conductor, and T. Gordon engineer on the Nakusp-Slocan line.

Brakeman Johnston fell off a car at Ashcroft, owing to slipping on the ice on the roof of the car. His leg was broken. He was taken to Kamloops hospital.

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They come in pound air tight, leaded packages perfectly pure.

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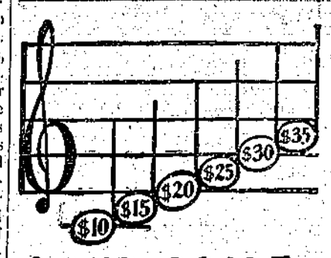

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The Kootenay Mail

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—AT—
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Phone No. 13. Revelstoke, B.C.

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TRAINED MEDICAL AND SURGICAL NURSE.
REVELSTOKE, B. C.

The Kootenay Mail

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1903.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the hospital is to be congratulated on the results of its efforts in aid of the institution, having realized over $340 clear of all expenses by the recent ball.

This is an age of the triumph of unionism. One of the oldest unions is the Typographical Union, and for the excellence of its traditions there is no union has a better record. The KOOTENAY MAIL office has been placed under the rules of the Typographical Union, whose label appears on to-day's issue of the MAIL. The KOOTENAY MAIL is the only union printing office in North Kootenay.

CITY READING ROOM.

We congratulate the mayor and aldermen on the public-spirited way in which they have taken up the question of provision of a reading room and library for the city. By the council carrying out the mayor's suggestion to furnish a site and building the citizens could easily do the rest of the work necessary to supply Revelstoke with a good reading room, library and gymnasium. The need of such an institution has never been more urgently felt in the city than this winter. What is wanted to supplement the action of the council is a good committee appointed by the citizens to carry the project through and we suggest that a public meeting be convened for the appointment of such a committee.

A SPLENDID OUTLOOK.

The coming season will see greater activity in the Lardeau than ever. The Trout Lake and Ferguson districts will be centres of much enterprise. On Fish Creek there will be extensive developments and Camborne promises to be the busiest point in the province next spring, with three stamp mills pounding out gold—two of them practically within the town itself and the other but a short distance from the townsite boundary. The attraction of Camborne is, of course, the gold ore abounding in the vicinity, and which continues to show up well under development.

CUSTOMS INSPECTION.

The complaint made by our Beaton correspondent about the quality of the coal oil supplied by the Standard Oil Company touches a matter concerning which the customs department should take immediate action. The inspection laws of the customs department form the only protection the people have against the grinding monopoly of the Standard Oil Trust. The day is not far distant when the government, as representing the people, will probably have to intervene and take from the Standard monopolies control of the coal oil supply of the Dominion.

THE A. & K. RAILWAY.

We fully endorse the sentiments expressed by the Camborne Miner in the article reprinted by us last week in regard to the A. and K. railway charter. The C. P. R. has now held this charter for many years and has renewed it from time to time. The charter will shortly expire, and should only be renewed on the company putting up heavy bonds to start construction between Arrowhead and Trout Lake within three months with an undertaking to complete the road within two years. The construction of this road is most necessary from a Revelstoke point of view. As matters stand the Lardeau railway takes from Revelstoke a large proportion of the trade that formerly attached to this city, and the completion of this missing link would not only help this city to maintain its trade interests but would promote the development of Fish Creek and the Lardeau by affording better freight facilities. Besides, it would hasten the time when the Crow's Nest road will become the great freight route between the Atlantic and Pacific, with Revelstoke as the great central depot of the Pacific section of the system.

NEW RAILWAY STATION.

From present appearances it looks as if the new C. P. R. station building required at Revelstoke is to be again delayed. If so, it is a gross wrong to the city. The present railway accommodation is utterly inadequate to the requirements of the staff and public. It is badly located, ancient, and out-of-date. The C. P. R. owns the biggest part of Revelstoke, and has already realized scores of thousands of dollars from the sale of lots here. The citizens have shown great enterprise in the erection of buildings which would be a credit to any city, while the city council, backed up by the citizens, have carried out extensive public improvements. These improvements have added immensely to the value of the real estate held by the company. Yet Revelstoke finds itself to-day with the C. P. R. deriving all the benefit from the enterprise of its citizens and lagging behind everybody else in the matter of the improvement of its city buildings. There is a strong feeling expressed among citizens on the subject and it is suggested that a public meeting be held and a petition circulated for signature pointing out to the company the sense of injustice under which this city labors as regards its railway station buildings.

THE BIG BEND.

Now that the Big Bend is brought within easy reach of transportation by means of navigation in the open season we know of no better field for the prospector and mining investor. In Standard Basin there is one of the finest surface showings of copper gold ore to be seen in this country. Above the Chief cabin on the Keystone trail there is one of the best defined fissuring and dyke formations to be found with a field well worth prospecting. Around the base of Keystone Mountain is a mineralized belt 30 to 100 feet in extent, indicating extensive mineral deposits underlying the huge limestone beds that form the summit of Keystone Mountain. From this mountain are to be seen on the north side of Downie Creek well defined leads cutting through the steep mountain slopes to a depth of a thousand feet or so, and reports go to show that extensive deposits of high-grade ore are associated with these leads. Further north, in Ground Hog Basin and the headwaters of Camp Creek are networks of quartz veins traversing the country carrying gold in quantities which fully warrant investigation. The past history of this field, with its extensive placer deposits should fully warrant capitalists in investigating this section of country. North yet for 200 miles run the pegnatite deposits carrying mica of a quality unsurpassed the world over. Here, too, is a great placer field, 14 miles square, which, with improved methods may yield rich returns to the investor. With a country of known wealth to the south and of strong prospective evidences of wealth to the north there is every reason for the people of this district to be of good cheer and to go on pushing its development and making known its resources, which are such as bless few sections of the province.

MINER AND LUMBERMAN.

A TRUE TALE OF FISH CREEK.

On Fish Creek a staid old lumberman was wending his way through the woods to which he had been long accustomed, estimating his probable cut on the quality of the cedar which shuts out the sunlight from mother earth. He minded his own business and nobody else's. Presently a well dressed, well mannered gentleman traveling from a southern state came along and entered into conversation. "I am a mine manager," said the stranger, "and have come to your country to show you how to run things. You're all asleep up here, waiting for us to open your mines, show you the gold bricks you don't know you have, mill your timber and market it while you look on, and generally to wake you up."

"Oh, you have, have you?" replied Sawlogs. "Well, when you're here awhile may be you won't think we're so slow after all."

Time passed on. The mine manager had put in a saw mill and gone into the lumber business, and looked as if he was going to wake up his neighbors all right. But he had omitted to get a title for the timber he intended to cut.

One day Sawlogs came along and found the man who was going to wake him up cutting his timber, so he had the limit surveyed to prove his claim and concluded he would wake up the mining man, so he sent him in a bill for $4.50 a thousand for the logs cut for the mill.

The mining man has changed his mind about the slowness of Canadians, and now vows they are a deal too sharp and take advantage of the innocent visitor from the south.

NAKUSP.

From our own Correspondent.

We are glad to hear Mrs. W. Scott is still improving in health.

It has been so cold this last two nights that the C. P. R. water tank here has been frozen. No water supply for engines.

Tuesday night was the coldest this winter so far. The lake had a skin of ice on Tuesday morning for the first this season.

The Yale-Columbia Lumber Co. closed down on Monday on account of ice in boom and also for general repairs in mill.

We are to have a lecture to-night in Abriel Hall, "Six Months' Life in New York," and stereopticon views by Rev. W. A. Baer, of Nanaimo.

On Monday night last the C. P. R. freight shed fell in on account of the snow on it. P. Crick, bridge foreman, and crew, are in town to rebuild the freight shed.

BEATON.

From our own Correspondent.

Mrs. J. M. Green has been ill for some time with rheumatism, but is improving during the last week.

The Beaton school house is to be reseated and turned into a reading room during the evenings as soon as a library can be procured.

The last two cold nights have made a good skating rink of Beaton lake, and the young folks are enjoying themselves immensely.

Eight new buildings have been erected in Beaton during the past summer, and from indications as many more will be put up next spring.

Our village school, for an assisted one, is in a flourishing condition. Sixteen pupils attended last month with a daily average of nearly 14.

Harry Langrell, who farms on the Trout Lake Road, lost a fine young mare the other night. It threw itself over a manger and was hanged.

Trade here is fairly good. Craig & Dickinson's teams are busy hauling to Camborne, and as Trout Lake is now frozen over freight and passengers are going in by this route.

Mr. Geo. Lux & Sons, of Evansport, are busy cutting saw logs for the Comaplix saw mill. They are dumping the logs into Fish Creek, and according to reports are making money fast.

There must be something the matter with the inspection of coal oil shipped into this district, as everyone is grumbling about it blackening the globes and being composed in part of dirty water.

Everybody here rejoiced to hear that Thomson traded off his voracious cow and that she is to leave the town shortly, so that bachelors and others will be able to hang out their clothes without them being liable to be devoured.

James Porter and partners have started an ice farm at the head of the Arm. They convey a stream in pipes on to the ice, which this weather freezes as it spreads. They intend to cut 400 tons for Beaton and Camborne.

We have probably the best toboggan slide in B. C., which has afforded good exercise and amusement during the last six weeks. Before the slide got in good condition several young men got their legs twisted, so that they tracked in the wrong direction for a few days, but they have all recovered.

The company that is to erect the new saw mill at Arrowhead has secured nearly all the timber round Beaton and for three miles up Fish Creek. During the last few days all the timber up Salmon Creek has been staked. It is proposed to remove the small jams and run all the logs from Stauber lake to Beaton down this stream, so we are likely to receive considerable benefit from the erection of the big saw mill at Arrowhead.

CAPE BRETON.

Its Mines, Iron and Steel Works, Marconi Towers.

(By Neil McLean, Cape Breton, N.S.)

Out in British Columbia one frequently hears many stories about the east. Now I will endeavor to give your western readers a brief outline of Cape Breton, its mines, iron and steel works, Marconi towers etc.

Cape Breton lies nearest to Newfoundland. One can make the trip from Sydney to Newfoundland in six hours by s. s. Bruce, which affords excellent accommodation for travelers. When I arrived in Sydney it was not necessary to tell me that I reached

A BOOM TOWN.

The evidence of this was seen on every hand. On all sides buildings were being erected, or the ground is being cleared in preparation of the laying of the foundations. The official record of the town confirms all the evidence of the boom. In two-and-a-half years the population of Sydney proper has increased from 2,500 to 15,000.

SYDNEY

Is for the most part situated on a broad peninsula of land running out into what is generally conceded to be the third best harbor in the world.

At North Sydney, across the bay, is the chief plant of the Nova Scotia Iron and Steel Company, and the coal mines belonging to this concern run underneath the sea.

Across a shallow arm of the bay, reached by a long wooden bridge, stand the foundries, works and sheds of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company. The mines of the Dominion Coal Co. stretch from that point in a southerly direction along the sea coast. The villages of the miners form the chief settlements of the districts.

Generally speaking

THE VILLAGES

are laid out on regular lines, all the streets just so many feet wide, the houses just so far apart. The houses are of good size and the miners are comparatively prosperous.

On the bleak, wind-swept promontory of Table Head, which forms the northern shore of Glace Bay (12 miles from Sydney) not far distant from the interlaced superstructure of a mine shaft, stand the four slender towers of the

MARCONI STATION.

Their four sets of wires running down to the roof of the station house in the centre. The entire slope is bare of trees and bushes.

With the smell of the damp black mud mingling with the cold smell of the salt water, the barren look of the hillside, and the heavy gray sky drifting low above the leaden stretch of sea the place presented a dreary aspect to the view of a stranger, and seemed a strange spot to find the inventor himself, living in a comfortable house, which had been built there for his convenience, just in the lee of the crest of the hill and inside the enclosure of his station.

RAIL AND STEAMER

The Grand Trunk will ask both land and money grants from the dominion.

By a leak on the C. P. R. steamer Teutonian damage to $50,000 was done to the silk cargo.

Cars will run at 110 miles an hour on the monorail line between Liverpool and Manchester.

There is talk of an increased dividend or bonus on C. P. R. stock, which has risen in consequence to 138-⅜.

A plan has been invented for enabling despatchers to communicate with moving trains anywhere on a division.

Jim Hill says the Grand Trunk should have no land or cash bonus from government for its Pacific railway.

The machinists at C. P. R. shops at Calgary struck work owing to building being badly heated, but have gone back.

The London Times says an Atlantic steamship service has been arranged to give eight days from London to Vancouver.

The strike of the U. B. R. E. on the Canadian Northern has been settled by an improved schedule being granted.

A. Shields, master loco foreman for C. P. R. at Winnipeg, has been appointed master mechanic of Canadian Northern.

C.P.R. directors have postponed till February meeting a decision on the improvements and alterations to be made during coming year.

Capt. Roman, who ran the s. s. Victoria on Trout Lake last two seasons is at Edmonton arranging to run a steamer on the Saskatchewan next season.

The C. P. R. has formed an alliance with the Great Northern. The C.P.R. will not oppose Hill building the Coast-Kootenay road, while the Great Northern will not oppose the C. P. R. building into Washington, and will hand to the Canadian road the line at Bonners Ferry.

A strike of the machinists at Revelstoke shops took place Tuesday week, the men going out at noon, on a dispute as to interpretation of the rules. That night Master Mechanic Temple met Gen. Supt. Marpole on his way through to the coast and the dispute was arranged to the satisfaction of the men, who returned to work Thursday.

The death is announced of Thomas Dormady, one of the oldest engineers of the United States, who has interesting Canadian associations. His first run was in 1850 on the old engine Rochester, formerly the "John Bull." In 1852 he came to Canada, running the first passenger train over the Grand Trunk between Hamilton and Niagara Falls.

General managers of the western railways have agreed upon a plan to effect a great reduction in operating expenses to offset the increasing price of all railway supplies and labor. The plan is to reduce speed of freight trains about 20 per cent, so that fewer but longer trains can be hauled, thus reducing cost of transportation per ton mile.

The C.P.R. intend going vigorously into the Atlantic steamship business and have secured 12 steamers. It is stated they will buy out the Beaver line.

The station agent at Newtonville accepted responsibility for the Port Hope disaster on the Grand Trunk by which a head-on collision occurred between two freight trains. A fireman and brakeman were killed, the train took fire and a fire engine had to be obtained from Oshawa to extinguish it. The damage was from $100,000 to $150,000.

POLITICS.

Dominion Parliament meets March 12th.

R. G. MacPherson, Liberal, was elected member for Burrard in succession to late R. G. Maxwell.

There is a strong desire expressed in some parts of Kootenay to see the Prior ministry have a fair chance to submit their policy.

As the result of the visit to Ottawa of Hon. Col. Prior and D. M. Eberts the prospects of a general readjustment of financial relations, with special consideration for British Columbia, are most promising.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

Rowland Brittain, patent attorney, Vancouver, reports a patent issued on a boot or shoe cleaner, to Dougald McEachern, of Rossland.

Within three or four days after the C. P. R. granted Messrs. Ludgate the lease of their mill site at Arrowhead, applications were received from three other sources for the same site.

The Enterprise Brewing Company have completed fitting up their new fire-wood sawing plant imported from the east. It is a complete affair and will enable a large amount of logs to be handled in short time.

Messrs. Irving and Theodore Ludgate came in on Monday morning in connection with the proposed big saw mill enterprise at Arrowhead, for which point they left by the south train. Some fear has been expressed that since Theodore Ludgate has secured Deadman's Island and projects a large flour and sawmilling enterprise there he may abandon the Arrowhead project, but we are assured this will be carried out as originally planned. The Arrowhead mill will probably be under the management of J. Ludgate.

M. Ireland, an experienced timber cruiser and mill man, says of the timber prospects of British Columbia: "Timber is not nearly high enough, and before two years have come around the Americans, who are nibbling around now and trying to beat down owners at present prices, will pay double for what is asked at the present time. In the course of years, long after I have passed to my reward, there will be no stick of timber in the province that will not command at least $50 an acre. Timber at the present prices is the best possible investment."

While the silver-lead industry in British Columbia is dead, in the Coeur d'Alenes it is very active. At the Morning mine a tunnel 10,000 feet long is being driven to cut the lead at a depth of 2,400 ft. It is one of the most extensive pieces of mining engineering that has been undertaken in the Coeur d'Alenes.

Kootenay Lodge
No. 15 A.F. & A.M.
The regular meetings are held in the Masonic Temple, Bourne Hall, on the third Monday in each month at 8 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially welcomed.
R. GORDON, SECRETARY.

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

A SUBSTITUTE'S PERMANENT PLACE.

Felix Livingstone was not in a good temper.

He had a fortnight's leave, which duty required him to spend with his maiden aunt in the country, while inclination strongly urged him to go up to town in order to see the girl he loved. But on this occasion duty had to be considered, for Miss Drury the aunt in question was a wealthy old lady and he was practically dependent upon her.

All things considered, however, Fate had not been so very unkind to Felix. Left an orphan at an early age, he had been adopted by his mother's elder sister, who had done her duty nobly by him. Now at the age of twenty-five he found himself a subaltern in one of the line regiments, with a handsome allowance from his aunt, and every prospect of becoming her heir. But—there is always a but in most people's lives—although Miss Drury had been more than liberal to her nephew and forebore to exercise any but a very nominal restraint over his actions, yet she had given him to understand that she meant to exert her authority in one important matter, namely, the question of his marriage.

In due course of time she intended Felix to become master of Woodlands, her beautiful old house, and since his wife would occupy her place as mistress, Miss Drury meant to limit, if not direct, her nephew's choice of a bride.

She did not approve of the modern woman, the up-to-date girl with her cigarette and her slang, her talk of golf and bridge, her contempt for needlework, and all things pertaining to domesticity. Felix could see in his mind's eye the wife his aunt destined for him—a meek and modest young woman of ultra-refined speech and appearance, and always with a piece of fancywork between her fingers—and he shuddered at the picture. Then he thought with a sudden tightening of his heart of Kitty Bellairs as he had seen her last summer at the house of a brother officer—beautiful, mischievous, high-spirited, a keen tennis player, a brilliant horsewoman, full of life and laughter. She had charmed the young man's heart out of him, and though Felix tried desperately hard to banish her from his memory, absence in this case had certainly made the heart grow fonder.

"I daren't tell Aunt Minnie about Kitty," thought the young man disconsolately. "Of course, if she knew her as I do she couldn't help—but love her, although she isn't quite her style, but I don't see how ever they are to meet, since my little darling knows no one in this neighborhood, and Aunt Min never will come up to town."

In the depths of his heart Felix was genuinely fond of the old lady, who had so generously mothered him all his life, and he was therefore rather disconcerted to find when he reached Woodlands that Miss Drury was very much perturbed and upset about something. Generally his aunt was a very dainty looking little old lady, exquisitely dressed, and the perfection of a hostess. But on this particular afternoon she greeted her nephew in an absentminded fashion, her cap slightly awry, her cheeks flushed, and her beautiful old hands trembling.

"Why, Aunt Minnie," said the young man anxiously, "whatever is the matter?"

"Oh, my dear Felix," replied the old lady, looking into his handsome face with trembling blue eyes, "I have had such a dreadful upset. Two of the housemaids are down with influenza, and now Parkins, who is quite invaluable, has declared she can hold up no longer, and has gone to bed seriously ill, I fear."

Felix gave a whistle of dismay. Parkins was cook-housekeeper at Woodlands, and the pivot upon which the rest of the household turned. She was an exceptionally good cook, and he knew that his aunt prided herself that her dinners were unsurpassed in the neighborhood.

"I would not have minded had we been alone," continued Miss Drury, "but the house is full of people, and I have a large dinner party to-morrow."

"What a catastrophe," exclaimed her nephew, sympathetically, who knew how vexed Miss Drury's orderly mind was when any household affairs went wrong. "Can't you get a woman from the village to help?"

"Of course I can, but you don't know what these village women are like, my dear Felix; dirty incompetent creatures, and as incapable of sending up a dinner as you are. No, I must just leave Susan, the kitchenmaid, to do her best, but I know I shall be disgraced to-morrow, and I do not mind so much if my guests don't have the best of everything. And to make matters worse, that greedy old Sir George is coming, and he always says he never dines so well anywhere as here. You don't know of a cook that you can recommend by any chance, do you Felix?" she asked, desperately.

This wistful appeal touched the young man's heart. As a rule, a subaltern home on leave is not the person one would naturally apply to for a cook, but Miss Drury was at her wits' ends. Felix knitted his brows and thought hard for a minute, at the end of which time a brilliant inspiration came to him.

"Look here, Aunt Minnie," he exclaimed suddenly, "don't you worry any more. I'll go straight up to town first thing to-morrow, and I'll find you a cook somehow, and bring her back with me in the afternoon."

Miss Drury looked at her nephew with tears in her eyes. "Felix," she said solemnly, "if you get me out of this difficulty you may ask me for anything in the world."

Felix was as good as his word. He departed for town directly after breakfast next morning, smiling good-humoredly at the chaff of his fellow-guests, and reappeared triumphant in the afternoon proudly escorting the new cook.

"I've brought her, Aunt Min," he announced, rushing excitedly into Miss Drury's boudoir. "She was at the Rutwens's last summer, and an unmistakably good cook she is. Blair is her name. It's a great place of luck that she was disengaged, you know."

Miss Drury went hurriedly downstairs to inspect the new arrival and to explain to her the arrangements for the evening's dinner.

"I was a little taken aback at first," she said later on to her nephew. "Blair looks so young and so pretty, and so—er—refined, but she seems very capable and fully qualified to send up an excellent dinner."

"Yes," replied Felix eagerly, "she has had a course of cooking lessons at South Kensington. I believe she is no end a swell at it."

"Really, my dear boy," said Miss Drury, looking affectionately at her nephew, "I am most touched by the interest you have shown in this domestic difficulty and the trouble you have taken. If only Blair does not falsify our expectations I shall owe you a debt of gratitude."

The dinner proved an immense success, and even Miss Drury had to confess that Parkins could not have done better. As for Sir Gregory, he chuckled with delight and went steadily through the menu from beginning to end.

"Really, my dear Miss Drury," he said when at length he was obliged to desist, "that cook of yours has surpassed herself. I don't know when I have eaten a better dinner; that souffle was simply a work of art."

Only one contretemps marred the harmony of the evening, and fortunately Miss Drury did not witness this little incident, as it occurred when the ladies had retired to the drawing-room.

Felix was doing the honors of his aunt's table when the sound of a scuffle arrested his attention, and with a hasty excuse to his guests he left the room and rushed into the passage where he found an ardent young footman trying vainly to embrace a very angry but bewitchingly pretty young woman in a white cap and apron.

"You impudent wretch," she was saying—"how dare you try and kiss me? Mr. Livingstone, help!"

Felix turned on the man in a perfect fury and dragged him away.

"John," he said, looking as if he could have killed him with pleasure, "leave that lady alone at once and clear out. Here, are your wages. Go."

The man gazed at him, dumb with surprise.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Felix," he stammered at length. "I meant no arm. I often used to kiss Mrs. Parkins. I didn't know as how Miss Blair would mind."

The cook's angry face relaxed, and she burst into a peal of laughter in which, after some hesitation, Felix joined.

"Never mind, John," she said, "I'll forgive you this once, only don't try it again. I dare say Mr. Felix will allow you to stay if you behave yourself."

Felix nodded impatiently, and the man fled to the lower regions, but it was some minutes before Miss Blair took her place at the servants' hall supper looking rather flushed, or before Felix rejoined the men in the dining-room.

Parkins' illness lasted a week, and throughout that time Miss Blair continued to charm the palates of the inmates of Woodlands. All the same, Miss Drury was rather relieved when the last day of the temporary cook's stay came, for try as she would to disbelieve the evidence of her senses there was no disguising the fact that Felix was always hanging about the kitchen on some pretext or another. That her nephew could so far forget what was due both to himself and to her, as to even carry on a mild flirtation with a servant, Miss Drury would not allow for a moment. Her horror can therefore be better imagined than described when, on descending to the kitchen the last afternoon for the purpose of paying Blair her wages, she saw on opening the door a pretty white-capped head reposing on her nephew's shoulder, while his arm was tenderly clasping an aproned waist.

"Kitty, darling," she heard him say tenderly, "I couldn't let you go away without telling you I loved you. I know I ought not to have done so, for goodness only knows when I shall be able to marry you."

"Do you think Miss Drury will be very angry?" asked the girl.

Miss Drury coughed, and at the ominous sound the guilty couple started apart and looked with dismay at the intruder.

The old lady's face had turned very white, and Felix cut the white, and Felix cut to the quick by her piteous expression, crossed the room hastily and took her hand.

"Don't look so shocked, Aunt Minnie," he said; "this is not a cook really; it is—the lady I love—Miss Kitty Bellairs. I met her at the Rawson's last summer, and fell in love with her and I knew she could cook beautifully, so when you were in such a fix I asked her to come and help. We—we thought, perhaps, you might take a fancy to her and ask her to stop."

"Are you Archie Bellairs' daughter?" asked Miss Drury, in astonishment.

"Yes," said the girl gently, "he is dead, you know, and I am an orphan—and very poor—but I—love Felix."

The old lady's eyes grew very wistful and tender as she remembered the far-off days of her youth when poverty had stood between her and the one whom she loved—Archie Bellairs.

She took the girl's hand and smilingly put it into that of her nephew.

"So do I, my dear," she said, "and I am sure you will make him an excellent wife. I shall be exceedingly glad to offer the temporary substitute a permanent place in my household."

STORY OF LORD DUNDONALD.

When Lord Dundonald entered with the mounted troops into Ladysmith, a portion of the garrison went out to welcome the relieving force, and the advance party was under the command of a young officer noted throughout the Hutsefield Brigade for his calmness of demeanor. While the relievers and the relieved cheered wildly as they met, this officer rode quietly forward, and, after saluting Lord Dundonald, said, as coolly as though it had been a mere casual greeting in Bond street, London—"Hallo, Dundonald, how are you? Pleased to see you. White is about somewhere." For sheer stoicism this wants some beating.

MOTORS IN PARIS.

Nearly 8,000 motor cars are now in use in Paris and the neighborhood, 3,800 of the cars having a registered speed of over eighteen miles an hour. The number of licensed "chauffeurs" at the beginning of the month was 13,600.

SCOTCHMEN TO THE FRONT

SOME RECORDS FROM NORTH OF THE TWEED.

Finlayson's Great Works in Finland—Sir John Aird in Egypt.

Tammerfors is about the only town in the whole of the Russian Empire which can bear comparison with a British manufacturing city. It is known as the Manchester of Finland, and is a flourishing place of 50,000 inhabitants. It has the extraordinary privilege of being permitted to import any amount of raw material and machinery free of duty. This right was granted by Alexander II. to the Scotsman Finlayson, who founded the town 38 years ago, and does not expire until the year 1906. The great works which are the center of the town, still bear Finlayson's name, and so will always commemorate the fact that it owes its

EXISTENCE TO A SCOT.

A scientific gentleman recently set himself to find what proportion of famous Britishers came from North of the Tweed. He made a list of 3,068 men of genius of the nineteenth century, and found that of these England had produced 1,754, Scotland 445, Ireland 234, and Wales 45. Considering that up to quite recently Ireland's population was considerably larger than that of Scotland, the latter country, relatively to its population, comes a good way first of the four. And at present the distribution of genius does not seem to be altering much, for not only is our Prime Minister a Scotsman, but so are the two best known figures in the Opposition—namely, Lord Rosebery and Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman.

Although Egypt has been for centuries looked on as the granary of the Mediterranean, yet so far she has grown all her crops upon only 10,500 square miles of fertile soil. It is a North Briton, who has in the past five years added 2,500 square miles of irrigated farm land to the original acreage. In all the history of engineering there never was a finer or plucklier proposal than that which Sir John Aird made to the

EGYPTIAN OFFICE OF WORKS,

in 1896. Knowing how greatly Egypt stood in need of new soil, Sir John and his friends offered to make any kind of a dam which the Egyptian irrigation authorities thought best, and not to ask for a penny until the whole work was completed and handed over to the Government.

The result is two dams holding back an incalculable quantity of water. The bigger at Philae is 75 feet high, and a mile and a quarter long. Some idea of its cost may be formed from the fact that the wages bill alone ran to £1,500 a day. The payment is to be £160,000 a year for thirty years, but considering that the value of the extra irrigation adds £400,000 a year to the exchequer receipts this bill can hardly be called extravagant.

Nor is Sir John Aird the only Scotsman who has benefited Egypt. It was a Renfrewshire man—Sir Francis Wingate—who so brilliantly finished up the task begun by Kitchener in the Soudan, and who is now Sirdar of

THAT HUGE DEPENDENCY.

Of ours. It was this enterprising officer who sent Major Peake with five gunboats up the Upper Nile to cut the Sudd, the great barrier of living vegetation which has for countless years absorbed and turned aside vast quantities of life-giving water. By his prompt action he saved Egypt from famine, for in that year the Nile flood was lower than it had ever been known to be. The cutting of the Sudd raised it once more.

Fully half the naval engineers in the British fleets, both mercantile and naval, come from beyond the Tweed. It was a Scotch engineer—Mr. John Wilson—who performed one of the most extraordinary feats known in the history of engineering. He carried a 550-ton steamer up to a height only 12,000 feet less than the top of Mont Blanc, and there put it together and launched it on a lake.

The steamer was the "Coya," the lake, Titicaca, in Peru. The difficulties of the task were appalling. The various parts of the craft, some—such as the boilers—weighing 15 tons each, had to be landed in an open roadstead, and then carried up on a narrow gauge railway, for the trucks of which they were too large and heavy. There were no workmen to be had when the pieces were at last in position on the lakeshore. Natives had to be hired, and taught riveting.

A slip had to be built on which to put the craft together, and the worst part of it all was that every European employed suffered terribly from "soroche," or mountain sickness. However, all difficulties were overcome at last, and the boat—170 feet long, and with accommodation for 90 passengers—is now running

13,000 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

The richest man in the world is an American, the second is an Anglo-German, but the third is a Scot, who was born at Dunfermline in 1837. Certainly there is no millionaire at present alive who is better known than Andrew Carnegie, nor any who makes better use of his money. In one year recently the Carnegie Steel Company made an actual profit of $40,000,000. They dig their ore on Lake Superior, a thousand miles from their works in Pittsburg, yet so cheaply and rapidly is the mining and transportation managed through the foresight of Mr. Carnegie, that within 10 days from the time the ore is dug it is finished steel. Steam shovels excavate the ore, filling twenty five-ton trucks in two and a half minutes apiece. The stuff is loaded into ships on the lake at the rate of 1,600 tons an hour. Consequently mining and transportation together cost little over three shillings a ton. Mr. Carnegie also holds the unique record of having given away nearly

$75,000,000 DOLLARS.

It was a couple of Irishmen—Roberts and Kitchener—who humbled the pride of the Boers. But it is very doubtful whether their efforts would have been crowned with success had it not been for a man who was born in Greenock in 1825. It was in 1856 that Donald Currie first established the Castle Line. They were not steamships to begin with, only sailing vessels. More curious still, they did not sail to the Cape, but to Calcutta. The South African Castle Lines first had their existence in 1872. Their largest craft were then under 2,000 tons. Today the Union Castle Line stands seventh in the world's list of great lines, with forty-eight ships, of an aggregate burden of 267,000 tons. It was Donald Currie who carried 250,000 men to the Cape within a single year.—Pearson's Weekly.

SOME CURIOUS LAWS.

Where Marriage Is a Crime and Kissing Illegal.

Last year an officer in a royal regiment was arrested for attempting to get married, in spite of the fact that he and the bride-elect were eligible for the married state, says London Tit-Bits. As it happened, however, his relatives were opposed to the match, and had recourse to a regulation which, although still in vogue, is seldom exercised, and which gives the Sovereign and War Office power to interfere in the matrimonial affairs of any officer in a royal regiment. It is, therefore, a crime for an officer thus placed to enter the bonds of matrimony against the wishes of the powers that be, and one punishable with dismissal from the army and six months' imprisonment, but whether the individual in question was faithful to his vows or not the writer is unaware.

A few months ago a young Englishman was sentenced to a fortnight's imprisonment for kissing his fiancee in the streets of Odessa. It is strictly illegal for lovers to osculate in public south of Russia, and it was only after considerable trouble on the part of the British Consul that the too-amorous youth was liberated at the expiration of three days captivity, and even then his sentence was commuted to a fine.

If you are given to political speaking it would be as well to be careful where you hold your meetings, for there is one spot where such orations are considered treason, however loyal you may be at heart. This is within the mile radius of Westminster Palace during a parliamentary session, and any one urging a Government petition in the area named can be arrested and

THROWN INTO PRISON,

the reason being that members of the House might be biased in their legislation thereby.

If you take your family with you on a holiday to France you should be very careful how you feed the baby during your sojourn. Our neighbors have made it a punishable offence for any one to give solid food to an infant under a year old, unless it has been prescribed by a medical man, and hundreds of people are prosecuted for breaking this law every year, while it is equally illegal for nurses to feed their charges from bottles having a rubber tube attached.

You must be very cautious how you treat your neighbor in Jersey, for he can have you arrested on the slightest pretext, and if he has a grudge against you can bring about such a calamity by simply giving a fictional account of your misconduct to the nearest lawyer. The latter will demand a fine, and should you decline to pay it he will cause you to be thrown into prison to await trial. Then, even if you are acquitted on the ground that the charge is unfounded, you have absolutely no claim against your persecutor though you may have suffered a couple of months' imprisonment for nothing. Similarly in Germany you must not insult your neighbor through the telephone, or he will legally claim damages for libel, because your uncomplimentary remarks may have reached other ears to the detriment of his character.

In a famous Scotch town you can be fined one shilling for throwing orange peel in the streets, or if you happen to be in Chester and omit to raise your hat when a funeral is passing, any policeman who witnesses your disrespect can arrest you, inasmuch as you are breaking a regulation of that ancient city. But an even more peculiar law forbids you to sell your body to a hospital for dissection after death. Some people do so, certainly, but they could be punished if discovered, because your body legally belongs to your relatives and to sell it makes you guilty of fraud.

THEIR BLESSINGS.

When a man begins to count his blessings he can generally find plenty to be thankful for, although sometimes he may include things which might not be regarded by other people as altogether joyous.

"I'm thinking about the wonderful progress the world has made, and how much we've got to be thankful for," said Mrs. Matthews, rocking in her old stuffed chair, with a pair of knitting needles in her hands and a placid smile on her face.

"It is wonderful," admitted her niece.

"Seems as if everything turned to good. There's lightning, now; if it hadn't been for that I never should had those fine rods on the house and barn that make me feel so safe in a thunder storm. And there's smallpox; if it hadn't been for that we never should have known the blessings of vaccination; and if there hadn't been near-sighted folks nobody would have thought to invent magnifying glasses and specs. I declare, there's a sight of things to be thankful for!"

GREAT MEN AND FAMILIES.

A careful study of the circumstances of birth and childhood of what we considered to be the fifty greatest men of modern times disclosed the fact—interesting in comparison—that the average great man was born in a family of six children, not including half-brothers or half-sisters. It was figured from the date that the chances for greatness in a child are two to one in favor of the older half of the family.

NOISY FISH.

Many fish can produce musical sounds. The red gurnard has earned the name of sea-cock from the crowing noise which it makes, while another species is called the piper. Others, notably two species of ophidium, have sound-producing apparatus, consisting of small, movable bones, which can be made to produce a sharp rattle. The curious "drumming" made by the Mediterranean fish known as the maigre can be heard from a depth of thirty fathoms.

MUSHROOM CAVES.

The annual crop of mushrooms in France is valued at $2,000,000. There are sixty wholesale firms in Paris dealing exclusively in them. In the Department of the Seine, it appears, there are some 3,000 caves in which mushrooms are grown, and about 300 persons are employed in their culture.

"LAUGH AND GROW FAT"

LAUGHTER TREATMENT IN CASES OF BRONCHITIS.

Italian Physician Says It is a Sovereign Remedy in Many Cases.

The latest is the "laughter cure," which has the merit of being rational if nothing else, for from time immemorial the effect of a good hearty laugh has been regarded as a healthy tonic for the melancholic and a restorative for the depressed.

Like other cures, the "laughter cure" is not by any means new, but that fact does not deteriorate its therapeutic value, for, after all, what is? Two thousand years ago Hippocrates, the wise old father of medicine, stated his belief in the value of laughter in counteracting disease. He also tells us that he was a firm believer in the beneficial effect of merriment at meal time as an aid to digestion.

Another ancient physician recommended a good laugh as a powerful means of desopilating the spleen, whatever that may mean, while a third writes of laughter as a mighty stimulant to the liver and a lifter-up of the heart. Coming to more recent times, Poussagrives believed mirth to be the most powerful lever of health, while Tissot claims to have cured scrofulous children by tickling them and making them laugh.

Every one knows the value and necessity of keeping the sick in good spirits and a cheerful frame of mind. Who has not heard of the man suffering from quinsy and the antics of the doctor with a batter pudding, which caused the patient such infinite amusement that he was cured on the spot? A similar story is vouched for by De Monteux, who relates the strange case of a gentleman who got rid of an intermittent fever after witnessing a performance of "Le Mariage de Figaro," at which he had fairly roared with laughter. The old proverb, "Laugh and grow fat," had doubtless some foundation in fact.

USED TO CURE BRONCHITIS.

The latest advocate of the "laughter cure" is a well known Italian physician, who a short time ago brought the subject before the Medico Chirurgical society of Bologna, and related his experiences of the remedy. The doctor stated that he had used the laughter treatment in five cases of bronchitis and other affections in which there was a morbid product in the bronchial tubes.

He based his experiments on the fact that laughter is manifested chiefly in certain convulsive and partly involuntary actions of the muscles of respiration, by means of which the air being expelled from the chest in a series of jerks produces a succession of short abrupt sounds. He therefore contended that a good laugh helped the expulsion of the secretion of the bronchial tubes, and produced a state of physical and moral well-being.

He admitted that there might be sometimes a difficulty in applying the treatment, as susceptibility to cachinnation varied according to age, temperament, education and social position. The practitioner must therefore always bear in mind these varied conditions in selecting the kind of joke suited to the patient he is about to treat. For instance, the story likely to tickle the aristocratic ear of a society dame would scarcely be calculated to induce mirth in a lady holding advanced views on women's rights.

APPLYING REMEDY.

The question of sex also needs due consideration. Women are said (by men) to be generally deficient in the sense of humor, though curiously enough they do not know it. Therefore, the method of applying the remedy to the fair sex also requires judicious and profound thought.

Care must also be taken lest the remedy be too severe, as in a case related by Rankin, in which a young lady was once induced to laugh immoderately and continued laughing for four months. In the end she was cured by hypnotic suggestion, which one would think must have proved a relief to her friends.

The question of race is another factor to take into account, for it is well known that some races—notably the Latin—require something more highly seasoned in the way of jokes to cause mirth than the more stolid and phlegmatic Anglo-Saxon. In the case of the Scots, who, judging by their capacity for absorbing Irish whisky, according to tradition are credited with an abnormal development of the cranium, the services of a surgeon may be necessary in conjunction with the ordinary practitioner when the laughter cure is applied, as this race is stated to be immune against the jape or jest without the former's aid.

WON'T CURE ALL DISEASES.

Again, the choice of a fit and suitable person to administer the cure is a matter for serious consideration as it is obviously a matter in which high scientific attainments and clinical experience do not count. In some cases it will probably be found that an ordinary person may prove more successful than the most learned medico.

The Italian exponent of the "laughter cure" warns would-be practitioners that the treatment is not suitable for all diseases, and that it should not be tried on patients suffering from heart affections, pleurisy, and peritonitis. On the other hand, in chest complaints, such as bronchitis, in nephritis, scurvy, neurosis, abscess in the pharynx, colic, kaundice, melancholia, and general depression, favorable results generally follow a course of the treatment. He claims that it promotes respiration and may supervene with a wholesale revulsive action after a state of fear, during which there has been deficient respiratory movement, together with a tendency to vaso-constriction.

Thus we may yet hear of a course of "Mr. Boggs and Archie," or a tickling under the fifth rib being prescribed by physicians who have been converted to a belief in the use and value of the "laughter cure."

INCREASE OF TWINS.

The number of twins and triplets born in Berlin has steadily risen since 1825. Out of nearly 2,000,000 children born within that period twins were born 22,441 times, triplets 229, and quadruplets three times. During the same period in London twins were born 14,000 times, triplets 75 times, and quadruplets twice.

A WONDER THEY RE ALIVE

HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES OF SOME CHILDREN.

The Many Experiences Through Which They Go With Impunity.

It has been a long standing marvel that children get a chance to grow up. Nearly any man can think back a moment over his childhood and then wonder that he ever lived through it. And when he thinks that his own child is going through exactly the same occurrences he feels like getting the clothes line and tying him up firmly and keeping him in bondage until at least his 15th year.

Some special Providence, however, seems to be given authority to keep track of Willie and Annie and see that they come out without serious injury, in spite of hair-breadth escapes.

This special Providence had to work overtime the other day to save Willie Hubert, the 5-year-old son of a dairyman living five miles from St. Paul. In this case the providence took the shape of Willie's mother with a butcher knife.

Willie was playing highwayman, an especially enticing game to youngsters of imagination and romantic tendencies. Willie was the bandit, which was the post of glory and honor. He was expected to hold up the stage coach, take all the gold watches from the passengers, and then, by a daring ride escape the sheriff's posse and make off hurling taunts at his pursuers. When played that way it is great game.

VERY EXCITING

But the chase of the youthful officials after the youthful bandit was longer and more severe than had been counted on. The zealous officials persisted until they had captured the highwayman. Then the crowning feature of the game was enacted. Willie was tried by lynch law and found guilty of highway robbery. His sentence was death, to be hanged by the neck until he was dead. That is what the judge said, and the youngsters nearly did it.

With due solemnity the young bandit, nervy and game to the last, was taken into a barn. A noose was slipped over his head, and the other end of the rope hung over a beam. Then he was strung up and tied.

Having done their duty the officials took a last look at their victim and went away and left him. One, however, thought that the family of the dead bandit was entitled to some consideration, even if he was a bandit. This kind-hearted deputy sheriff went to the bandit's home and told his mother that her son had been caught in the act of robbing a stage coach, and that his lifeless body was now swinging from one of the beams in the barn.

With a cry of terror Willie's mother grabbed a knife and ran to the barn. The deputy sheriff had told nearly the truth. There was not enough life in Willie to give his mother much encouragement after she had cut him down. He was unconscious, and several physicians worked over him for some time before he recovered.

Willie now is the hero of the neighborhood, but the deputy sheriffs do not dare to go within a half mile of his home. If Willie's mother could catch one of the deputy sheriffs she probably would flay him alive.

CAT SAVED BOY FROM DOG.

That class of accidents frequently threatens the existence of the small boy, and the boy's parents can't do much more than pray that his companions won't kill him, that he won't get drowned in swimming, and that he won't fall out of the apple tree and break his neck. Those things are to be expected and prayed against.

Several of the opportunities which Willie has to get into trouble are offered by dogs which object to having their tails pulled. Here is one case where the boy escaped this danger and Providence took an unusual form. The 7-year-old son of Mrs. George Lempher of Plattsmouth, Mo., had been sent on an errand, and while doing it he was attacked by a vicious dog. He was entirely unable to protect himself and undoubtedly would have been killed if a big family cat had not come to his rescue. She jumped on the dog's back and in three seconds had made it so warm for him with her teeth and claws that the dog was howling with pain and making a straight line for shelter. The little boy and the cat then took to the house, where the child's wounds were dressed.

IT'S A SURE CURE.

"Yes," he said, "I gave up smoking nearly a year ago, and haven't even taken a single puff since."

"It must be a great struggle for a man who has been in the habit of smoking a good deal," said the man who never had tried to stop, but was always promising himself that some day he would.

"I had smoked for twenty years," said the man who had given it up.

"Yes, I know it," returned the man who had never tried. "That's what surprises me in your case. It must have required a good deal of nerve and self-control."

"Not at all! Not at all! Merely judgment!"

"Judgment!"

"Precisely. It's very simple when you know how."

"Why, I've always understood that a man went through all kinds of torture and only hung to his determination by the very greatest exhibition of will power."

"When he doesn't understand or grasp the proper method, yes," said the man; "but if he exercises a little judgment it is the easiest thing in the world. Now, I didn't go off by myself and make a solemn vow that I never would smoke again, and then stop right off short."

"Limited yourself, I suppose, and graded down?"

"Not a bit of it. That's where all the struggle and the fight comes in. I didn't undertake to put any limit on my smoking, but a judge gave a judgment against me and sentenced me to nine months."

WHEN WE BREATHE LEAST.

Some observations carried out by Mr. Arthur MacDonald have brought to light this interesting fact, that persons breathe less when they are concentrating their minds on study or work, and also when under the influence of depressing emotion. On the other hand, we breathe more when exhilerated by pleasure and amusements.

TOLD BY OLD CIRCUS MAN

WHEN THE SHOW WAS IN WINTER QUARTERS.

The Giant Was a Great Skater, But Got on the Ice Too Early.

"He was a great skater, the greatest of all giants," said the old circus man, and one of the things that pleased him most about our winter quarters was the fact that there was, nearby, a good skating pond.

"The giant's skates, to be sure, were a little bit bigger than the ordinary. As a matter of fact the blades were about as long as scythe blades, and the straps—that was, you know, before the days of the present clamp skates—were about as big and about as long as trunk straps.

"We have settled cold weather pretty early there—we were likely to have skating by Thanksgiving, but every year, weeks before that, that giant would have his great skates out. He was a little too prompt in getting them out sometimes, as he was, for instance, the first year we stayed in these quarters.

"That year the giant got out his skates and went down to the pond and dashed out on the thin ice as fine as could be till he came to a spot over which everybody called the deep hole and then down he went. It was as if, by jiminy, he'd just skated out to do that, and he was through the ice and going down almost before anybody knew it, and then the few folks around on the banks begun to holler and scream because they expected in a minute to see him disappear entirely drawn

UNDER THE ICE TO DROWN.

"But in a minute, by gracious, he stopped going down, and then they saw him standing there in the middle of the pond, in the deep hole, with his feet apparently firmly fixed on the ground, while the water and ice didn't come up much more than about to his chest.

"Well, that gave all the people around there, for the first time, you know, some sort of an adequate idea of the giant's size. They had known before, of course, well enough, that he was something more than wonderful, but when they saw him standing with his head and shoulders clear above the surface in that danger spot, where every year pretty much, for as long as anybody could remember, somebody had been drowned, why, then they began to realize how tall he really was.

"And I don't know but what in his skating natural as it all was, he made about as tremendous a figure as he did in anything else, he did. If you could have seen him, towering high up in the air high above everybody, there, as much higher as a schooner would be than a great throng of catboats, and he leaning over this way and that, in the same way as he skated, you would have thought he was something amazing, I am sure.

"As I have often told you—the giant was a good-humored man, of friendly disposition and he didn't become any less so by any means here. On the contrary, he took part in all the games and sports on the ice, and

ENJOYED THEM ALL, TOO.

"He played hockey with a hockey stick as long as a telegraph pole and as big around as a tree, and when he played he took one side all alone and played against as many as wanted to play on the other.

"If he set out to tow a bunch of people he wouldn't have just half a dozen, or a dozen, tagging after him, but he would have two or three hundred folks, grown-ups as well as children. And so he would set off around the pond with a train of people after him as long as the tail of a comet.

"Later, the great giant took some part in the life of the town, where he was received with most friendly kindness and generally esteemed. But no role in which the giant ever appeared in all the time he was there pleased more people or pleased them more than did his gyrations on the ice, and I have no doubt that no inconsiderable share of the friendliness always exhibited to him later was first awakened by his own perfect friendliness shown to young and old alike in that early informal association on the skating pond."

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

A steam shovel had attracted a large number of spectators, including two Irishmen, who, judging by their appearance, were both temporarily out of employment.

As the big shovel at one lick scooped up half a ton of dirt and dumped it on a cart, one of the Irishmen remarked:

"What a shame to think of them digging up dirt in that way!"

"What do you mean?" asked his companion.

"Well," said the other, "that machine is taking the bread out of the mouths of hundreds of laborers who could do the work with their picks and shovels."

"Right you are, Barney," said the other fellow. "Just then a man who had been looking on and who had overheard the conversation remarked:

"See here, you fellows, if that digging would give work to a hundred men with shovels and picks, why not get a thousand men and give them teaspoons to do the job?"

The Irishmen, with the quick wit of their race, saw the force of the remark and the humor of the situation. They joined heartily in the laugh that followed, and one of them added:

"You're right, mate! The machine's the thing after all."

COSTLY HANDKERCHIEF.

The most valuable handkerchief in the world belongs to Queen Margherita of Italy. It is made of the purest old Venetian lace, and it is in perfect condition in spite of the fact that it was made in the fifteenth century. It is probably worth $10,000 or $15,000.

SOCIETY CATS.

Trained cats are the latest fad of French society women. Fashion decrees that the animal must be "educated" entirely by its owner, and several of the best known women in Parisian society are giving an hour a day to training their pets.

A TOWN WITHOUT POLICE.

Berkley, a "delightful flower-be-decked town" in California of 20,000 inhabitants, does not possess a solitary policeman, and has no need of one. No alcoholic drinks whatever may be sold within a mile of the outside limits of the town.

ABYSMAL DEPTHS

OR BLINDFOLD ON THE BRINK OF PRECIPICES

CHAPTER VIII.

It was six o'clock on a fine, bright evening at the latter end of September; I had been walking the streets since ten that morning, making a last effort to obtain employment. I might as well have asked those I applied to for their purses. Where had I been last? To whom could I refer for a character? I had never worked before — I knew no one who could give me a character. Their manner changed; they looked upon me as a suspicious individual, and I could perceive that watchful eyes followed me until I was clear of the premises. I had made up my mind that I would return to Martha's no more. I could no longer endure being a burden upon a stranger. I had read in a scrap of old newspaper that day of a suicide that had been committed in the Regent's Canal. I felt a morbid curiosity to see the spot which had been described as being within the precincts of the park, where the canal is crossed by a bridge that leads in the direction of Primrose Hill.

I wandered past the grounds of the Zoological Garden; and, looking over the palisades, saw a group of laughing children mounted on the back of an elephant. I lingered there for some moments, until my heart filled with bitterness. I wondered whether the suicide had looked over those palisades, and seen merry-faced children disporting themselves, and if so, whether this contrast with his own misery had given the final impetus to his resolve of self-destruction.

Once more I dragged my weary limbs along the road, meeting happy-looking couples and well-dressed people at every step, but no one like myself. It seemed as though all the misery had been swept off the face of the earth, and I alone had been forgotten. I passed the first bridge, and the second, just beyond a portion of the hoarding that separates the park from the banks of the canal was broken away. Upon that spot I threw myself down and gazed upon the dark, sluggish waters of that gloomiest of streams.

The evening was chilly, the park was nearly empty — even the loiterers were slowly dispersing, and I should be left alone under the dark shadow of the trees.

The old fascination of the river came upon me with redoubled force. I had tried every means to live—all had failed. I must either end it in this way, or die of lingering starvation.

Then I began to picture in my mind the finding of my body the next morning; how it would be dragged out of the water by hooks, how they would search it for papers, or other means of identification. But they would find none. Then they would stick up notices — "Found Drowned" — upon the boards at the police stations, with the descriptions of dress, stature, marks, apparent age, etc. But no one would ever recognize the description, unless poor Martha should happen to see the bills, and I should be buried, and the world would never miss me. Wretched and despairing as I was, there was a pang in that thought. The tears were streaming down my face, and unconsciously I was sobbing aloud.

Suddenly I was startled by a light touch upon my shoulder, and a soft, woman's voice sounding in my ears.

"What is the matter; are you ill?" it said.

I turned round, and half rose from my prostrate position. The sun had set, and gray shadows were veiling the daylight; the thick, heavy trees darkening it yet more where I lay. My eyes were blurred with tears, and I could not see distinctly; but I was sensible that a woman dressed in black was kneeling beside me. She started back, half-fearfully, as I moved; but, something in my face seemed to reassure her, for the next moment she again advanced. I brushed away my tears, rose to my feet and looked at her.

She seemed about twenty; her figure very slight, a sweet, pale, melancholy face; and light, golden hair that fell in natural ringlets down upon her shoulders. While I looked a thrill ran through me. Was I dreaming? Had my troubles affected my brain? No, it was she! It was the face which many a time had haunted me.

My eager looks again frightened her.

"I heard you sobbing, and I thought you were ill," she said, timidly. "Is there anything I can do for you? If not, pray pardon my intrusion."

She drew further away from me as she spoke.

No; I could doubt no more. That soft, musical voice, that had haunted me in my sleep — whose tones had never ceased reverberating in my soul from the hour in which I had first heard them — was still the same, although the face and form had grown older.

"Do you know," she said, speaking suddenly, "that I thought you were going to throw yourself into the canal, and that was why I spoke to you? Your eyes were fixed with such a strange look upon the water, and you were moaning so sadly."

I did not answer; but I shuddered. Already the thought of my meditated crime terrified me. The despair was lifted off my heart in the last few moments, and life seemed worth preserving after all.

"But for you I should now be lying in the bottom of that canal!" I answered in a low tone, and my tears fell fast. They relieved my sudden revulsion of feeling.

"And I have saved you from such a wicked deed. It makes me so happy to think so!" she murmured.

"The life that you have saved shall henceforth be devoted to you!" I cried, ardently.

"But why did you wish to drown yourself?" she asked.

"Because my life was so wretched, so unendurable — because I have no friends, no employment, no hope!" I answered, mournfully.

"I have no friends," she answered, in a sad voice; "but I have never wished to destroy myself; it would be so wicked."

"Oh, I will never think of it again!" I said, eagerly.

"You say you have no occupation; perhaps you are poor—want money? I will give you some; it will not be much, but —"

Her purse was already in her hand; but that I could not think of—not from her.

"Oh, no, no; indeed I do not need it," I said, hastily.

"But if you have no friends and no employment, you must want money. I can spare it, indeed I can. I give away a good deal. It will please me so much if you take it."

This was said in such a simple, pleading tone, so unconscious of offence that it could not have mortified the most sensitive delicacy. But I could not accept. "Please not to ask me; I cannot take it," I said.

She put back her purse into her pocket, with such a disappointed look that I felt guilty of having pained her.

We walked on until we came to a street of small, pretty houses.

"I live there," she said, pointing to one which appeared to have been recently built. "I am late to-night; Mrs. Wilson will wonder where I am."

"And shall I not see you again?" I said mournfully.

"You shall come and see me, if you like," she said innocently; but added, next moment, in a doubtful tone, "I do not know what Mrs. Wilson will say about it. Perhaps it is wrong. She knows all these things so much better than I do."

My countenance fell, and she observed it, for she went on in a compassionate tone: "But it is hard to have no friend — no one to speak to, and no employment. I am so much better off than you! I have a good kind friend to talk to, and to be good to me, in Mrs. Wilson; and then I have plenty of work. You shall come and see me, and I'll coax her to be good to you."

"When shall I come?" I asked, eagerly.

"Not to-morrow, for I shall be very busy; but the next day. Are you quite sure you will not take anything?" and again she drew out her purse.

"I was quite sure." She looked exceedingly disappointed, and my heart reproached me, but I could not.

It was now quite dark. I could have lingered there all night, listening to her voice, gazing upon her face. But she held out her hand. I pressed it, and we parted.

But I could not quit the street. I lingered about a long time, until lights began to appear in the bedrooms of the houses. Presently I fancied that I saw her shadow reflected upon the blind of the upper room of the house into which she had vanished; it appeared only once, and then the light was put out, and then only did I begin to think of returning homeward.

Not a very easy task, considering I was in a totally strange neighborhood. But, by dint of repeated inquiries, I arrived at Rackstraw's Buildings a little before eleven.

Martha was quite uneasy for I had never before been later than ten o'clock. I told her I had lost my way when I left Regent's Park.

"Why, you don't mean to say you've been wandering about ever since? Why, wherever could you have got to? How flushed you look! Whatever have you been doing? I never saw you look like it before."

"Why, Silas, old boy, you look as if you'd been imbibing!" laughed Josiah Cook, who, with Mr. Montgomery, was eating his supper at the table.

"You measure his corn with your bushel, Mr. Fitzwalton," retorted Martha, testingly. "But I must say that Master Silas does look somewhat queer. But it wonderfully improves him."

I tried to eat, but the food was dry and tasteless in my mouth. I was over excited, and I felt much as I should imagine a man would feel who was intoxicated. I was conscious, however, that Mr. Montgomery had again scanned me with the same scrutinizing gaze that had made me so uncomfortable the first morning I met him. I had scarcely seen him or Josiah since. I was usually out before they were up in the morning, and in bed before they returned from the theatre at night. They were unusually early that evening, and I was unusually late.

"You can write a round, plain hand, can't you, Mr. Carston?" at length said Mr. Montgomery.

I answered that I could.

"Then you're just the man I want. I can give you some copying to do. The pay is small, but a little, perhaps, may be better than nothing until you get something more profitable to do."

I need not say how eagerly I jumped at the unexpected offer. The nature of the work was to copy some parts from a manuscript drama.

"I'll show you how to write the cues, and all that sort of thing, to-morrow morning. Mind, they're in a hurry for them — you must get them done as soon as possible. I can't copy now; my hand shakes too much, and I make so many mistakes, leaving out words, and sometimes whole lines, and mixing up one part with another."

"Yes; the bottle has done its work!" cried Josiah, tragically, holding up and pointing to a gin bottle.

"At least, it has something to work upon, which is more than it will find in your head," sarcastically remarked Mr. Montgomery.

I went to bed that night with a light heart. I should rise the next morning to earn my first money. She was the good angel of my destiny; she had saved my life, and hope had at last dawned upon me. I fell asleep thinking of her, and her image followed me throughout the night. Eagerly did I await the rising of Mr. Montgomery next morning.

"He takes a great interest in you," said Martha. "He's always asking me if you've got anything to do yet, or any prospect, and he drops in other sly questions now and then. Mr. Fitzwalton seems to have told him all he knows."

It was eleven o'clock before I sat down to my work. I soon understood what I had to do, and set about it with a hearty good will.

"There! didn't I tell you, Master Silas, that when things come to the worst they're sure to mend?" cried Martha.

"You did," I said, pressing her hand; "I was a heathen to doubt it."

She little knew how fatal that doubt had like to have become. When Josiah and Mr. Montgomery returned at night, my task was completed.

(To Be Continued.)

THE PLAYWRIGHT'S STORY

Syd Percival and I were chums from boyhood. We studied at school together; we made our choice of professions together, and through the first weary years of struggle on the provincial stage we managed to stick pretty closely to each other. Then Sydney's talent began to assert itself. He was a born actor, whilst I was an indifferent one at the best, and he soon left me far behind. He got to London and began to be talked about as the coming man.

Meanwhile, I jogged along and eventually, mainly through Sydney's influence, obtained a footing in the West-end theatres. Soon after this I married a sweet little woman who had often played leading lady to my leading part in the provinces. With our joint salaries—for she was then playing in London—we managed to run along pretty comfortably, and for a time, I believe, I was the happiest man on earth.

Sydney Percival, who was a bachelor, was always sure of a welcome to our humble little home, and he was a constant visitor there. Now, for years I had entertained a desire to become a playwright. As an actor I felt myself a failure, but I had dreams of victory in the other direction.

As a culmination to many previous efforts I had at last written a play which I felt sure, if I could but get it accepted, would bring success. Ethel was as excited about it as myself, and urged me to get it read as quickly as possible. We were discussing its chances when Sydney came in, and I gave it to him to look over. His face lit up with genuine pleasure when he had read it, and he said it was certain to go.

Well, I sent it to manager after manager, but invariably with the same result. It was always returned with the same little note of polite refusal, and at last I sent it out no more. It was a great blow to me. I had expected so much from it. I had grown so attached to the idea of its success, and had built such castles in the air that when my castles fell, to the ground it hurt me more than I would own.

In trying to hide my disappointment I grew strangely morose, and so unlike my usual self that I caught Ethel's eyes fixed on me wonderingly more than once. About this time vague suspicions began to take root in my mind, nothing definite at first, but just the first faint glimmering of what was to become, to my morbid and misanthropic mind a vast certainty. As I have said, Sydney Percival was a constant visitor to our little flat.

At this particular time my wife was playing in the same company as himself. One day I fancied I detected a glance which passed between them, indicative of a secret understanding. I had seen them whispering together. I called to mind a great deal of late, and once, just after my great disappointment—the refusal of my play—when I, in my bitterness, railed against Percival's luck in gaining a leading position upon the London stage whilst I was neither lucky as an actor nor successful as a playwright, I remembered how warmly she had insisted upon the injustice of my thoughts, and how she seemed to resent my half-disparaging remarks about Percival.

As the days went on my suspicions became stronger and stronger. I detected a secret meaning in every look and thought I could fathom a subtle understanding in each sentence that passed between them.

No one knows what I suffered at that time. The horror of my suspicions overwhelmed me. I grew so unlike my usual self that I believe Ethel was half afraid of me at times.

The climax came one day. I had come in softly from the street. As I neared the door of the sitting-room, which was slightly ajar, I heard voices—my wife's and Percival's. I stopped dead. They had not heard me; my wife was speaking. "We must persuade him to go to some quiet, little spot, away from the world, for a change of air and scenery. Some place where he will hear no news. Then we can mature our plans. Oh, I feel certain of success; what a surprise it will be for him. He must not know of our plot; that would spoil everything."

Then Percival's voice broke in:

"He shall not know. He cannot suspect. I wouldn't have him find us out for the world. If you can persuade him to go to your relations at that quiet little village on the Cornish coast, it would be splendid. Get him to see a doctor. Tell him you fear his health is breaking. The doctor is almost sure to order him a change of air and scenery. Then will come our opportunity."

I waited to hear no more. I went out noiselessly and staggered along the street like a drunken man. Here, then, was the thing brought home to me in its very hideousness. Got rid of me! Ha! ha! Me a poor fool—deceived, deluded, discarded. Deceived no longer! I was up to their plotting and planning. I would be even with them.

Blindly, madly, muttering incoherently, I stumbled along until I found myself in Hyde Park. I sank on a seat, and tried to think. I could not. My head seemed whirling round, my brain on fire. I retraced my steps and reached home again. Home! The bitter mockery of it. I entered and found Percival awaiting me. The sight of him calmed me instantly.

"Tempest, old man," he began, "I do wish you would exert your spell on me again. Those confounded neuralgic pains have come on badly, and I don't want to give up. Just hypnotize them away for me, and once more earn my everlasting gratitude."

Now, I must mention that as a hobby I had taken up the study of hypnotism some years before, and had acquired considerable power in that direction. Percival suffered at times from neuralgia of a very pronounced type, and once he laughingly suggested that I should try my skill on him and charm away his pains. I did so, and to my delight succeeded in inducing a hypnotic sleep, during which I suggested to him that on waking the pains would be entirely gone. The experiment was a distinct success, and I had treated him once or twice since.

I placed him in an easy comfortable position now, and very soon he was under my influence. When, at last, he sank back, my heart gave a great throb. Here was my enemy, my underling, in my power entirely at my mercy. My head began to whirl again. The memory of my wrongs surged up and maddened me, and then—then a fiendish plot began to develop in my disordered brain, and gained ground with terrible insistence. My one thought—would my power over him be sufficiently strong? I knew not; but I would try. Yes, my turn had come! They should both suffer. I pulled myself together, and in calm, decisive tones addressed him thus:

"To-night when you are playing Bernard to my wife's Millicent, in the last scene of the second act, you will forget that you are only acting a part and will strangle her in real earnest. You understand. I command you to strangle her in very truth. Answer me!"

"I understand," he said, in dreamy tones.

"You will remember nothing of this when you awake. I will count. Then I shall bring him out of the sleep.

"Thanks, awfully, old man. I feel as fit as a trivet now," he said, as he shook himself, and now I must be going."

He was gone, and I—I paced the room with great strides and panting breast, like a wild beast yearning for its prey.

My wife came in before going to the theatre and putting her arms round my neck kissed me adieu (One! Yes—little they knew!) Oh, if my power was strong enough! It was; it must be. Who the dupe now?

Yes, I would go! A horrible fascination drew me towards the house where so terrible a tragedy was to be enacted. I went, and placed myself where I could see, without being observed myself.

The curtain was rung up for the second act — one scene—two—and now the last. She came on, and the house rose at her and cheered itself hoarse. She surpassed herself. Then through the secret panel at the back came Percival as Bernard, the discarded lover. With passion in his voice he pleaded to her—in vain.

"By Heaven!" he cried, "if you cannot be mine in life at least nothing shall part us in death."

He seized her in his arms and planted one wild, frantic kiss on her lips, and then—then—his fingers coiled round her slender throat, and they swayed downwards together.

How I trembled. I almost fell. The house was quiet,—so quiet. They did not know what I knew. They saw only the make-believe. I—as my eyes were rooted to the spot where that grim struggle was going on. My head seemed bursting, and my vision was getting blurred. I remember stumbling forward and being caught by someone, and as I fell my eyes still riveted on the struggling figures, I saw something big and swift fall from the flies, and strike the head of Sydney Percival. Then came a blank; I knew no more.

* * * * * * *

The first thing I became aware of was the sound of subdued voices, and they seemed a long way off. I did not open my eyes, but lay, in a half dreamy state, listening to the murmur of the voices. As I became more conscious I discovered I was in bed, and very weak. At last I opened my eyes on a darkened room. Turning my head over a little, I saw two figures seated at one side of the bed. They heard me move, and one of them bent over me and met my glance.

"Thank Heaven!" she said. "The crisis is passed. He is saved."

It was my wife. She kissed me, and I felt the hot tears drop on my face.

"You must keep very quiet, dear," she said. "You will soon get stronger, now." "How long, I asked, in a whisper, "have I been here?" "Six long weeks," she replied, "but you will soon be yourself again, now."

She went from the room, and left the other woman, whom I found to be a nurse, by my side. Then, and then only, came the recollection of that awful night, and the causes that led up to it. I cannot describe my sensations at that moment. The one fact that stood out before all others was that Ethel was alive—my plot had failed. Then I remembered the falling object which, descending from the flies, had struck Sydney Percival.

The nurse, seeing my restless condition, gave me a sleeping draught, and once again I sank into unconsciousness. The days went on, and grew to weeks, and I began to leave the bed and get about the room. I had said nothing to Ethel of what so occupied my mind. I could not broach the subject; but trusted to time to make all things clear. She, bless her, was the very embodiment of gentleness and loving solicitude.

During all that time Sydney Percival did not come nigh, and his name never passed between us.

I was rapidly approaching convalescence, and was nearly fit to leave the sick-room, when a thought suddenly struck me one morning. During the few weeks I had been conscious I had not seen a newspaper.

I resolved to ask the nurse for one, and did so. Try as I would, however, I could not induce her to get me one. Ethel seemed to be very busy just now, and I saw little of her; and when I did, the sight of her sad, sweet face put all else out of my head. One evening Ethel had bade me an even fonder farewell than usual, ere she went to the theatre. The nurse had run out for a few minutes to make some little purchase. I was restless, and walking to the window I drew aside the blind and looked into the street.

As I stood there I heard the newsboy calling out the main items of news in the evening papers. A sudden resolution took possession of me. I went downstairs to the street door and, waiting for him to come along, bought a paper.

I had barely glanced at it when I started up with a sudden cry; what was this?

"To-night Mr. Sydney Percival, the deservedly popular actor, will commence his career as actor-manager, when he will produce at the Colosseum Theatre a new five-act play by Mr. John Tempest, a new playwright, entitled, 'The Awakening of Harold.' Mr. Sydney Percival himself takes the part of Harold, and Mrs. Ethel Tempest will play Beatrice."

Then followed a list of the cast, a synopsis of the scenery, and comments by the writer.

The paper dropped from my fingers. Good heavens! What did it mean? My play—my great effort that I had staked so much on—to be produced to-night, and by Sydney Percival. I was as one suddenly bereft of reason. I glanced at the clock. The hand was just pointing to eight. Hastily gathering up a coat, hat, and muffler, I rushed downstairs—all my weakness gone in the whirl of excitement which possessed me. My feet carried me swiftly along, and I reached and entered the Colosseum. I went in and took up a position where I was not likely to be seen and recognized from the stage. The curtain had just gone up, and the play was proceeding.

How I hung on every line and greedily watched every gesture, noted every accent. The first act was over, and a round of applause brought the curtain up again and again. Act after act went by whilst I sat there in a frenzy of excitement. How they acted—those two! I had never seen anything like it, and the audience rose at them after each act.

* * * * * * *

At last the fifth act was on in which occurred the great scene of the piece. The house the silent as death. I sat as one entranced. Ah, it was over!

Then burst out the applause that knew no stinting. Again and again the principal actors came before the curtain. I could see that Percival was making a speech, but could not hear his words. All I had ears for was the cry of "Author! author!"

Someone came and explained that the author was not present, but still the cry rang out. Full five minutes went by, still came the cry of "Author!" I turned to leave and was passing out when I felt my arm grasped and a voice, which I dimly recognized, said —

"By Jove, Tempest, old man, they said you were not here. Come along, we shall never get the people out else."

He led me along, half-dazed, to the back of the stage. I saw my wife and Percival as in a mist, could just discern their start of surprise, and then I was before the house listening to the applause of the people I could not see. For a mist shut everything from my vision, and a merciful unconsciousness fell on my poor, dazed brain, and even as they clamored wildly for a speech I fell prone upon the stage. When I came to myself, Ethel and I were alone; she had a cab waiting, and together we entered it and drove home.

We entered the little sitting-room, and my wife, Heaven bless her, put her arms around my neck, sank on my breast and shed tears of joy.

Something had come to me during that quiet drive home; some little voice which seemed to impress upon my consciousness something of the truth, and which made me very, very sad. I tried to disentangle her arms from my neck.

"Don't touch me, Ethel. I am not worthy. You do not know what a wretch I am—what, but for an accident, I might have become."

"John," he said, "I know all; and it makes no difference. Percival knows, too, and you may still count him amongst your dearest friends. Think no more about it. Let the past go; the future looms up brightly before us from to-night."

In my ravings during the weary weeks of brain fever I had disclosed the hideous secret, and had explained the occurrence which almost ended in a tragedy, and would have done but for a piece of wood falling from the flies and striking the head of Percival, rendering him unconscious.

This, then, was the secret understanding between them—the plot which I had so vilely misinterpreted! They had resolved to produce my play, Percival being confident of its success. He resolved to take a theatre under his own management, and produce it with Ethel in the cast. They did not wish me to know anything of it until success had been assured, and so desired to get me away where I should be little likely to see any theatrical news. It was to be produced on my birthday, and was to be a glad surprise.

Next morning Ethel came in with a great bundle of dailies. We glanced them through. The critics were unanimous in their praise of my play, and predicted for me a brilliant future. I looked at Ethel. Her face was radiant with joy, and later, when Percival came in, and greeting me with a hearty handshake said, in that earnest way of his, "I'm so glad, old man," I felt too full for words, and could only stammer, brokenly, "Heaven bless you both, and forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive," said Percival. "Think of it no more."

And between us three the subject has never been spoken of again.—London Tit-Bits.

LIABILITY TO DEAFNESS.

A French surgeon says that men are more subject to aural diseases than women and that out of every seven middle-aged persons there are two who do not hear as well with one ear as with the other. In every thousand children under fifteen years of age four show symptoms of some ear disease, and six a marked deficiency in hearing power. The liability to disease increases from birth to the age of forty, and then begins gradually to decrease as old age advances. Out of the total number of cases subjected to surgical treatment, it is estimated that about 53 per cent. are cured, and 30 per cent. permanently relieved.

A prominent man was chaffing a certain town councillor the other day about the doings of the council, and said: "I'd sooner put up as a candidate for a lunatic asylum than put up for the town council." "Well, you'd stand a much better chance of getting in," drily responded the town councillor.

The light of the full moon is equal to half that of a single wax candle placed at one foot from the observer.

Biggest Savings Bank

Shillings by the Million Roll Into the British Post Office Savings Bank.

"It is a poor week with the King or his son when they don't have a corner-stone to lay or an institution to open," says a recent London letter. Having laid more corner stones than any other man living, the King could probably perform that ceremony blindfolded and make an appropriate little speech for the occasion without once taking his mind off some matter of sport in which he probably happened to be interested.

But His Majesty is a painstaking man, and not at all bored with really important matters of government, and it is safe to say that the King was interested mightily in a corner-stone on which he had to dab mortar with a silver trowel a year or two ago, for the structure whose beginning he thus honored is the home of the biggest savings institution in the world, the British Post Office Savings Bank, in which more than 40,000 persons a day make deposits by unusual methods.

The institution has grown astonishingly since it was established in 1861, and has served as a model for similar government savings banks in nearly every country in Europe, which, without an exception, have proved a success.

It took more than half a century of bills and arguments and debates to persuade parliament to make so radical an experiment. At first the plan was regarded as rank socialism, and caused far more discussion than the plan parliament is now considering to establish a public telephone service under the control of the postoffice department. A year after operations began 180,000 accounts had been opened. Between 1875 and 1880 the average number of accounts was nearly 2,000,000. To-day the total number of open accounts is

OVER 8,000,000,

with an average of $80 standing to the credit of each, and the total amount on deposit being about $700,000,000, for which every depositor has direct government security.

It is this astonishing growth that compelled the postal department to move its bank out of the grim building it occupied in Queen Victoria street, where it had for a neighbor the international headquarters of Gen Booth's Salvation Army, to a five-acre home out at West Kensington, where it had for a time Barnum's circus for a next door neighbor.

Although the new building is the largest bank building in the world, money is neither deposited nor withdrawn there, and probably a large proportion of the depositors never so much as see the place. The actual money changing is done over the counters of 13,300 little postoffices all over the United Kingdom, and the big new building is devoted to the army of clerks and bookkeepers required to keep the accounts and attend to the tens of thousands of letters that pour in each day.

Not one of these letters bears a stamp, for the government makes no charge for carrying letters connected with its banking department, and will take infinite pains to correspond with a boy in the northermost town in the kingdom who wants to place as small a sum as one shilling in the hands of the Postmaster-General, even if, as frequently happens, he wants to draw it out again a few days later. And when that boy has saved as much as a pound he gets interest on it at the rate of 2½ per cent.

Aside from the comfortable knowledge that the bank can't break, unless the government goes to smash, the chief beauty of the postal savings bank is

IT'S SIMPLICITY.

You can open an account with shilling at almost any postoffice in the land—and in London, for instance, there is a dingy little postoffice with two or three girl clerks every few blocks. Except in the busiest streets, these postoffices consist of one little bare room, or even one corner of a shop, yet in almost all of these unimposing pens you can do an astonishing amount of business, for each is not only a postoffice, but a public telegraph station, from which you can send a message to Victoria or to St. Petersburg, if you want to; a message station where you can get a blue-coated boy to do an errand for you at sixpence that would cost half a dollar in Toronto, and a banking house where you can deposit or withdraw money or buy government stocks without a letter of introduction, and without being known to a soul in the place, providing you have followed a few simple rules. Not only this, but you can get your life insured there, or buy an annuity, for these are recent additions to the government banking department.

There are five young women in the postoffice around the corner from my house, and without aid from a man they transact all this seemingly intricate business from 8 in the morning till 8 at night in a room so narrow that the counter running down the center of it gives the girls scarcely room to pass each other behind it, and the customers scarcely room to pass each other in front of it.

It is a dull hour indeed when the public part of the room is not so crowded that the three or four messenger boys who are in attendance do not have to dive and squirm when they want to reach the door. Yet the women never seem flustered and I have not heard one of them

MAKING A MISTAKE;

a marvel that is explained only by their long experience, the care with which they are marked for promotion and the simplicity of the rules under which they transact so multifarious a business.

A stranger coming into this little postoffice and expressing a desire to open an account is asked to fill out a blank giving his name, address and occupation, gets a depositor's book, in which he writes his name, pays in his money, and has the sum recorded in his book. That is all there is to it, except that in the course of three or four days he gets by mail a further receipt from the head office. He may make his next deposit in an office at the other end of the kingdom, if he wishes to do so. It doesn't matter where the money is paid in.

When he wants to withdraw the money he has to send to the central department, in a free envelope, a notice of withdrawal, which he can get without charge at any postoffice. The central office sends back a warrant, which he presents with his deposit book, at any postoffice. He signs the warrant in the presence of one of the clerks, and the handwriting is compared with his own signature in his deposit book, and the money is paid. If he is in a hurry for his money he can get it in two or three hours from the time he asks for it by means of the telegraph.

No one is permitted to deposit more than $250 in one year, and interest is not paid on a larger total of deposits than $1,000. A deposit book may not be used as a security for a loan, and a deposit in the postal bank may not be attached.

THE PATERNAL CARE

with which the big John Bull looks after the infant department of his savings bank is almost funny. Two means are provided for the saving of children's pennies. One is the penny bank and the other is the stamp card. The latter is most in use because it's so simple. The infant economist buys a stamp with each penny saved and pastes it in place on one of the forms shown here. When he has saved 12 pennies he sends it in, and the government looks after the shilling as gravely as if it were a million sterling. Schoolmasters whose pupils want to patronize this plan are provided with stamps on credit for the purpose, regardless of the appalling amount of bookkeeping required to record the fact, that His Majesty's government has lent to John Smith three shillings worth of stamps, that he has paid ninepence on them, that one shilling threepence is now overdue, and that the remaining shilling will be due one month hence. Where the school is big enough the Postmaster-General even takes the trouble to send around a clerk to make the collections.

Equal pains are taken with the penny banks, for which a trustee, usually the school teacher, makes the combined deposits. The government supplies rules for the management of such banks, by which the children go through about the same form for banking their pennies with the teacher that the elders do for banking their shillings with the postoffice. The government even supplies at cost such cash books and ledgers for the use of these penny banks and carries deposit books, cards, cash books and ledgers back and forth from the central office free of charge. If the penny bank is patronized sufficiently well the government even goes so far as to print the name of the little institution on its books and cards.

WITHOUT CHARGE.

In addition to all this banking business, one can invest in government stock through the postoffice to a total of $2,500. The stock can also be sold through the postoffice. The same department also provides life insurance and annuities up to $500 at the lowest rates.

The prodigious success of the postal savings bank played havoc for a while with the other savings banks. Since the postal bank was established in 1861, 421 of the private savings banks have been closed, and there are only 239 left in the United Kingdom, but most of these are said to be in a prosperous condition, and the decrease is thought to have stopped altogether. In most cases the accounts of the depositors in the banks that went out of business were transferred by agreement to the postal bank without loss of interest.

The prodigious increase in the business of the postal bank and the pains taken with small depositors require 3,000 clerks at the central office, and in the old comparatively small building in Queen Victoria street they were packed like sardines. A glimpse down the great rooms where the warrants are written and examined each room, with its countless clerks, would indicate that more bookkeeping is done in those two rooms than perhaps in any others in the world.

Yet, in spite of the great expense the postal savings bank has turned over to the government $8,500,000 in profits since it was started.

THE COMPANY'S REASON.

An amusing extract from a Belgian paper gives the following incident:

A woman whose husband had lost his life in a railway accident received from the company ten thousand francs by way of compensation. Shortly after she heard that a traveler who had lost a leg had been paid twenty thousand. The widow at once put on her bonnet and shawl and went to the office of the company.

"Gentlemen, how is this?" she asked. "You give twenty thousand francs for a leg, and you allowed me only ten thousand for the loss of my husband!"

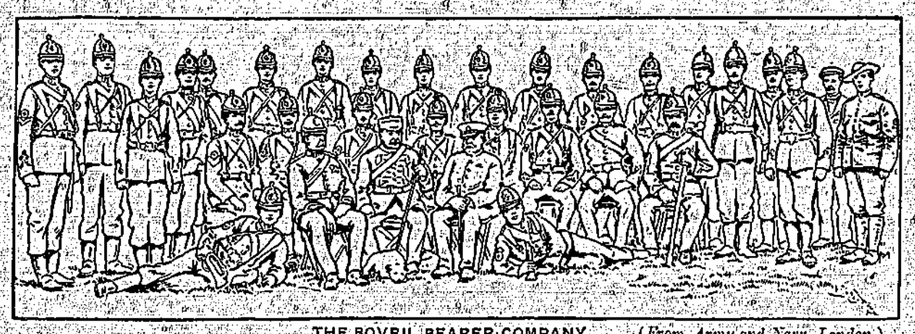
"Madam," was the reply, "the reason is plain. Twenty thousand francs won't provide him with a leg, but for ten thousand you can get a husband."

BRITONS WED BOER WOMEN.

Britons making South Africa their home are marrying Boer women. Two of these unions have just taken place at Port Elizabeth. The bridegrooms were stalwart members of the South African Constabulary and the brides genuine Boer maidens, who, with their imperfect knowledge of the English language, had some difficulty in getting through the marriage service. But this little hitch was overcome, and the girls looked happy as they drove away in their wedding carts. The vehicles were decorated with yellow ribbon, the ex-Free State color, while the horses were adorned with red, white and blue.

Wife (who has a severe cold, to husband, about to start for his place of business) — "Plese stop at the beat barket, Charles, and order sub beat for didder." Husband (who also has a cold) — "What kide of beat do you wad, Bary?" Wife — "Ady kide of butted will do."

Patriotic Action of a Well Known Business Concern.



THE BOVRIL BEARER COMPANY. (*From Army and Navy, London.*)

London, Dec. 22.—Acting on the authority recently given by the War Office to form bearer companies for field hospital work as independent units attached to each Volunteer Brigade Bovril Limited, the well-known makers of army rations, and concentrated foods, have just formed a company of their own employes for service with the Fourth, or City of London, Brigade of Volunteers. The company was inaugurated by Major-General Sir Arthur Turner, C.B., R.A., who complimented the men in the highest terms on their smart and soldierly appearance, and spoke of the enthusiasm, patriotism and promptitude with which they had responded to their country's call for better equipment in this most important branch of the service. The new company has just been inspected by Colonel W. L. Gubbins, M.B., the principal medical officer for the Home District, accompanied by Captain Douglas, V.C., R.A.M.C., at its headquarters in Holborn Town Hall. The full strength of the Bovril Bearer Company was on parade, under command of Surgeon-Captain A. C. Tunstall, and was put through company and stretcher drill by Surgeon-Major R. E. Wilson. The men were also examined very closely by Colonel Gubbins upon "first aid," and the various modes in the treatment of the injured. At the close of the review, Colonel Gubbins, remarking that he was not given to flattery, praised the new company for its equipment, drill, and general knowledge of field and hospital work. He closed by saying that he expected to be able to report the organization, after the next annual inspection, as one of the best Bearer Companies in the Home District.

A GIRL OF GRIT.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS

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(CONTINUED.)

"Now, I've nothing to say to you. I don't know you, and I don't want to know you, and you may go to the devil your own road as soon as you please."

And without waiting for more he brushed past me, pushing Savory aside and saying:

"I must go up to his rooms. There are some papers up there I want. Show the way, please," and he ran up stairs.

Of course I followed. I was as much enthralled about Captain Wood as he was. Besides, I felt it due to my self, my nest and position as one of your most trusted agents to call this overbearing British to account.

The new visitor, General Sir Charles Collingham, as I presently heard he was called, was the first in the room, and he went straight to the bureau or escritoire, at which I expect Captain Wood did his writing business. The general fell upon the papers and turned them over with much haste and excitement. Then he turned to Savory and said in the same peremptory tone:

"Where is the dispatch box from my office sent here last night? I don't see it. Fetch it, will you?"

"But it went to the captain this morning, Sir Charles, with his portmanteau and other things."

"Great powers! How could it when you don't know where he is?"

"If you will permit me to explain," I here put in, although I wonder I went on, for I saw clearly on his face that he thought me an interfering nonentity altogether beneath his contempt. But as I told my story his manner changed, his look of utter incredulity and amazement gave way to one of absorbed interest, and by the time I had finished he had thrown himself into the nearest armchair with a loud and prolonged whistle, an evident let off to his disturbed feelings.

Then he sprang to his feet and walked up and down the room like a madman, talking to himself aloud:

"It's not possible. It's too preposterous. I cannot, ought not, to believe it. But yet, by the Lord Harry, strange things do happen."

Then he pulled up short and faced me as if I were a criminal and a tough.

"I suppose you are to be trusted? Who and what do you call yourself? You haven't dreamed all this? You weren't drunk last night?"

"I am a water drinker, Sir Charles Collingham, and take it from choice hot, according to my physician's rule," I replied severely. "You, I conclude, from your title, are a British army officer, but I do not consider you are a gentleman to make such aspersions."

"Come, come, don't lose your temper. I never do—it's a mistake—in business, and you haven't told me yet who you are and what you have to do with Captain Wood."

The shortest way was to give him one of my cards. He was not unacquainted with the name of Saraband and said so courteously enough. Indeed, he became now so civil that, judging him to be really a person of importance, I gave him a brief outline of the plot to which we believed Captain Wood had fallen a victim.

"You think it is the money, do you? Nothing else?" he asked sharply.

"Why, what else could there be?"

He hesitated for a moment, but said at last:

"I'm not at liberty to tell you exactly. They are confidential matters connected with the service. But there might be reasons to induce designing people to carry off Captain Wood and hide him for a time. He possesses certain information of the highest value to— Well, I must not tell you. But the disappearance of these papers, of the dispatch box, in short, supports me in that view."

"There are public grounds, then, for instituting a keen search for Captain Wood."

"Very much so, indeed, and we must instantly call in the police. I shall go at once to Scotland Yard and set the detectives in motion."

"Guess I've been there already, and they only laughed at me."

"By George, they will not laugh at me. Why, this might become a cabinet question. If those papers have fallen into the wrong hands, there may be the devil of a row. Wood or no Wood, I must have them back this very day, and I can't stop talking here."

"One minute, Sir Charles. My—our interest in Captain Wood is hardly second to yours. Anyway, they are identical. It would be best, I submit, to work together."

"Quite so. That is very sensible. Have you any plans? What would you propose?" He was as sweet as milk by this time.

"Well, obviously, one thing presses urgently. A descent should be made by a posse of police upon that house in the Strathallan road."

"In any case there shall be no more delay. Here, you, sir!—this was to Savory—"hail the first cab. I'm off to Scotland Yard. Will you come with me?"

"I'd rather meet you, Sir Charles, out yonder, for I suppose you'll go yourself with the police?"

"Certainly. I shall possibly ahead of them, so au revoir."

"Stay, Sir Charles. I had forgotten this letter which came an hour ago. It is addressed to Captain Wood, and it might throw some light on this mysterious affair. To be sure, it is in a woman's hand, but I was just about to open it when you appeared. Do you think I dare?"

"By all means. Every scrap of intelligence is of the utmost importance now. I'll do it. I can settle afterward if necessary with Captain Wood."

So he broke the seal, opened the letter and instantly burst into a loud, cheery laugh.

"Oho, Miss Frida, so you have not been long in coming to an understanding with our man of many millions! Read it," he said, and he handed me the letter. It was headed "273 Hill street" and was signed "Frida." There were only a few lines:

"What has become of you? I thought we were to see you early, before luncheon. I have been simply furious. Now I am frightened. Something must have happened. It cannot be that you have already forgotten—last night!

"Reckon I know what she means by 'last night,' for I heard their parting at the door of the house in Prince's Gate."

"Where no doubt they had been billing and cooing," added the general. "But she is entitled to know what has happened. You had better go round by Hill street on your way to Barnes. Enough said. I'm off."

We soon started, Savory and I, in a second hansom and at the man's suggestion took the dog.

"He'll surely find the captain," said Savory, "if there is any sort of scent," and the dog seemed to understand his business, for directly we reached Hill street he was the first inside the house and raced up stairs in a businesslike way and evidently quite at home in the place.

By and by he came down again, followed by about the brightest, smartest and sweetest young creature I had seen since my last Sunday walk on Fifth avenue after church.

It's not in my line to say what she wore, but I think it was a tailor made

"Of course you are from Captain Wood? This is his dog."

garment, and it fitted her like a glove. All I could see were her flashing eyes and the red lips apart as she tackled me sharply.

"Of course you are from Captain Wood? This is his dog. What have you to tell me? Quick! Explain. Where is he himself?"

"I wish, madam, I could tell you that for certain, but I cannot. The fact is the captain is"—

"Here! Step in here." She opened the door of a room, showed me a chair, then took her stand on the hearthrug, with her arms behind her back, and said:

"Let me have the whole story or as much as you know of it. Make haste, please."

She still stood erect and fearless, showing great mastery over herself, as I told briefly and quickly all I knew. Except that the color came and went, that her cheek was now crimson, now blanched a creamy white, that her eyes glittered with the tears she still resolutely kept back, this brave child suffered no sign of emotion to escape her at the peril of her lover.

"Well, what have you done?" she asked imperiously. "What do the police say?"

I began to explain.

"Tut, tut! Let us have no excuses, no beating about the bush. You have known this—let me see—more than 12 hours, and yet my—my friend, Captain Wood, is still there where you say they took him."

"Where I believe they took him."

"This won't do at all, Mr.— I don't know who you are or what you call yourself—Snuyzer, an American detective? Ah, well, Mr. Snuyzer, I shall now take this matter in hand. We've got to find Captain Wood—at least I have whether you come into the business or not."

"I shall be sorry to be left out, miss, but there are others besides us have taken it up now. I've seen a British general, Collingham by name."

"Yes, yes, I know. Willie's—I mean Captain Wood's chief, at the intelligence. I was just going to send to him. He is a man of great influence and importance, a man of the world, who knows his way about. He has been told, then? What is he doing?"

"Working the police. He will take a mob of them down to where I traced the captain. I am going on to meet them there."

"Then I'll go too. Wait here, please, while I put on my hat," and she rang the bell. "When the man comes, tell him to bring my bike around. No; I'd better take you with me. Order my pony cart. Say it must be at the door in ten minutes from now."

In less than ten minutes she came down stairs dressed for driving and buttoning on her gloves.

"Come, sir," she said brisker and sharper than ever. "I cannot easily forgive your previous dilatoriness, but we must try to make up for lost time. Here is the pony cart, and we will take the dog."

When we reached the Strathallan road, to my deep chagrin the boy Joseph was not there, nor was he to be seen anywhere near or far. Now, I could have staked my life on little Joseph Vialls. He was a London lad who had seen much in his short life on shore and afloat, for although I had picked him off a crossing on account of his quick tongue and bright ways he had been to sea on Thames lighters right round the coast. Now I was training him to our business. He took to it naturally, knew what was expected of him and was not the sort to be fooled into quitting his post or going off on fandangos on his own account.

Miss Fairholme turned on me like a tiger when we drove past the house and back still without a sign of Joe.

"Get out of this cart and go and ring the bell," she said fiercely. "The sooner we get inside that house the better. Make haste, please."

I hammered at that door and hung on to that bell till I woke all the echoes of that dead-alive suburb. No one came. There was not a sign of life within. Presently the police came up, and the general, who had been cruising about on his bicycle, joined miss outside. They all stopped there, talking to her a bit, and I judge they were hesitating to act, arguing it out with the general, who was very fierce and positive, ordering them about short and sharp, but doing little good till missy took up the running. But she soon sent them flying in after me and came with them. One of the constables ran around to the back, where he found a strip of garden with a low wall. He was over that like a flash and in through the scullery window. Half a minute more and we heard him unchaining the front door. Then we all trooped into the entry and ran through the house, some high, some low, but none of us finding anything. There was not a scrap of furniture nor the signs of any occupancy that we could see.

But miss, she also hunted, halloing on the collie dog with a "Go look, Roy," worry, worry, worry, which drove the beast nearly mad. He hunted and quested through the house with a short, snapping bark, as if he was rounding up a sheepfold, and it was he, marvelous animal, who led us into the basement, into a sort of cellar between the front parlor and the kitchen. Here he raced round and round like a thing possessed, yelping furiously. The place was all black darkness. No windows, not a glint of daylight. But some one struck a match and lit a bullseye, and we could make out what there was there. One big, long table, a kitchen table, with seats on each side, and at the end a strange thing that told its own story.

THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR IS NOW INVADING MANY HOMES.

It Strikes Young and Old Who Are Physically Weak and Predisposed to Disease.

Paine's Celery Compound

Fortifies the Body, Cleanses the Blood and Gives Strength to Resist All Attacks.

That mysterious visitor, "Grip," is now invading many homes and striking down the young and old who are weak or predisposed to disease. It is now well known that the disease spreads rapidly to the various members of the households into which it has been introduced. It accords with the theory of infection, also, that the disease has usually attacked the persons liable to infection. Dr. Richard Sisely, in his book on "Epidemic Influenza," says the disease is almost entirely propagated by infection.

In past winter seasons it has been fully and happily demonstrated that Paine's Celery Compound is a tower of safety when Grip is prevalent. When this scientific and health-giving medicine is used, it strengthens the nervous centres of all the vital organs, it purifies the blood, regulates digestion, gives a healthy tone to the whole system, enabling young and old to feel secure from the ravages of disease. Weak, nervous, dyspeptic and ailing people will find in Paine's Celery Compound a true protector and shield from the dangers of "grip." A trial of one bottle will banish all existing doubts.

E. WATERSON

Bricklayer and Stonemason

P. O. Box 191. REVELSTOKE, B. C.

All lines of Mason work undertaken. Estimates given for buildings, etc.

SEE

Wing Chung's newly imported stock of Chinese and Japanese goods. The best assortment ever landed in Revelstoke of useful and ornamental articles:

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

Finest stock of candies and fruit in town.

Front Street, Revelstoke

Jas. I. Woodrow,

BUTCHER.

Retail Dealer in

BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, Etc.

Fish and Game in Season.

All orders promptly filled.

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

Moscrop Bros.

Sanitary Plumbing, Hot Water & Steam Heating.

Second Street, Revelstoke

For first-class leather write

B. C. Leather Co.

Vancouver, B. C.

British Columbia Agents for the celebrated "PENETANG" Sole Leather, Cut Soles and Heel Pieces.

Harness Leathers, Bridle, Saddle and Skirting Leathers, Laces and Latigo Leathers, Upper Leathers of all kinds.

Manufacturers of Closed Uppers of all descriptions.

Shoemakers' Tools and Findings, Saddlery Hardware, Hides and Oils.

Two thousand Deerskins Wanted.

Catalogues and price lists on application.

PATENTS Trademarks and Copyrights obtained in all countries.

ROWLAND BRITTAIN,

Registered Patent Attorney

Mechanical Engineer and Draughtsman, Bank of B. N. A. Buildings, Hastings Street

VANCOUVER, B. C.

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

WRAPPING PAPER AND PAPER BAGS.

The Kootenay Mail has been appointed agent for one of the largest Canadian Paper Mills.

Wrapping papers in rolls or flat, and paper bags of all weights and sizes supplied to order printed or unprinted.

Kootenay Mail, Revelstoke.

To Trappers

Raw Furs Bought

Cash Prices Paid

F. B. WELLS,

Exporter of Furs.

A PRIZE

$5.00 Reward is Offered

by the KOOTENAY MAIL to the paid up subscriber who first names

The Most Effective Advertisement

appearing in our columns during the month of January, 1903. That advertisement will be considered the winner which receives the largest number of votes.

The contest will close on February 10th.

Competitors will please clip out the attached ballot paper, fill it in, and address to the KOOTENAY MAIL OFFICE, Revelstoke, marking on the top left corner of the envelope "Advertisement contest," so that it may not be opened till the date of closing the competition.

The result will be announced in our issue of February 13th.

COUPON:

I hereby vote for the advertisement of .....

.....appearing in the KOOTENAY MAIL of January ....., 1903, as in my opinion the most effective advertisement in your columns.

Name.....

Address.....

E. B. EDDY'S

PARLOR MATCHES

"KING EDWARD" 1000s.
"HEADLIGHT," 500s.
"EAGLE," 100s and 200s.
"VICTORIA."
"LITTLE COMET."
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Are the best that can be bought

Don't experiment with other and inferior brands.

USE EDDY'S

UNION HOTEL

J. LAUGHTON, Proprietor,

REVELSTOKE, B. C.

This hotel is now open for the accommodation of the travelling public. It is the most conveniently situated hotel in the city, being at the corner of First Street and Connaught Avenue, in the heart of the business portion of the city, convenient to railway station and post office.

First Class Accommodation and Table.

Best Brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Central Hotel,

REVELSTOKE, B. C.

ABRAHAMSON BROS., PROPRIETORS.

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

Rates $1.50 per Day Special Weekly Rates.

Queen's Hotel, Trout Lake, under same management.

KOOTENAY HOUSE

COMAPLIX

Is Now Open for Business - The Best House in Town.

Well Furnished - Good Table.

Best Brands of WINES, SPIRITS and CIGARS kept in Stock.

W. HAMILTON, Proprietor.

ORIENTA HOTEL

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

J. ALBERT STONE, PROP.

One Block from C P R Depot and Steamboat Wharves

Re furnished and Re-modeled Rates $1.50 to $2 per day

Hotel Leland

Corner Granville & Hastings Streets,

R. DOWSWELL, Proprietor, - Vancouver, B. C.

Just Remodelled and Refurnished with all Modern Conveniences.

QUEEN'S HOTEL

Rooms in Suites with Baths, and Toilets attached, flowing Hot and Cold Water, Inside Toilets on each floor, Gas Lighted and Steam Heated Throughout.

J. C. GREENE, Proprietor, - GOLDEN, B. C.

QUEENS HOTEL

COMAPLIX

J. H. YOUNG, - - - Proprietor.

Best brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Travellers to Fish Creek will find excellent accommodation at this Hotel.

GRAZING REGULATIONS

For Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and the Railway Belt in British Columbia.

Leases for grazing purposes are issued for a term of twenty-one years, and the rental is at the rate of two cents an acre per annum, payable half yearly in advance.

Lands included in a grazing lease may be withdrawn for homestead entry, sale or railway purposes, but no rental is charged on such lands from the date upon which they are withdrawn from the lease.

A lessee of grazing lands is not entitled to the hay thereon, but he may, upon application to the agent of Dominion Lands, obtain each year the first permit to cut on his leasehold whatever quantity of hay he may require for his own use, free of dues, the department reserving the right to issue permits to other applicants.

Applications for grazing leases should be made to the Secretary, Department of the Interior, Ottawa.

P. G. KEYES,
Secretary, Department of the Interior.

TIME TABLE

S. S. "Archer" or S. S. "Lardeau."

Running between Arrowhead, Thomson's Landing and Comaplix, commencing Oct. 11th, 1901, will sail as follows (weather permitting):

Leave Arrowhead for Thomson's Landing and Comaplix twice daily at 10k. and 15k.

Leave Comaplix and Thomson's Landing for Arrowhead twice daily at 7.15k. and 12.15k.

Making close connections with all C. P. R. trains and boats.

The owners reserve the right to change times of sailings without notice.

THE FRED ROBINSON LUMBER CO. LTD.
F. ROBINSON,
Managing Director.

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS

Royal Mail Lines.
Cheapest Route to the Old Country.

ALLAN LINE—From St. John.
Corinthian Dec. 11
Pretorian Dec. 20
Parisian Dec. 23
Bavarian Jan. 3

DOMINION LINE—From Boston.
Merion Dec. 10

DOMINION LINE—From Portland.
Colonian Dec. 20
Californian Jan. 3

BEAVER LINE—From St. John.
Lake Megantic Dec. 11
Lake Champlain Dec. 19
Monterey Dec. 26
Lake Ontario Jan. 2

AMERICAN LINE—From New York.
Kensington Dec. 9
Philadelphia Dec. 16
St. Paul Dec. 17
New York Dec. 24
Philadelphia Dec. 31

RED STAR LINE—From New York.
Finland Dec. 6
Vaderland Dec. 13
Kroonland Dec. 20
Zeeland Dec. 27

WHITE STAR LINE—From New York.
Teutonic Dec. 10
Cymric Dec. 12
Oceanic Dec. 17
Majestic Dec. 24
Celtic Dec. 26
Germanic Dec. 31

CUNARD LINE—From New York.
Umbria Dec. 13
Lucania Dec. 25
Etruria Dec. 27

CUNAR LINE—From Boston.
Ultonia Dec. 13
Ivernia Dec. 27
Sylvania Jan. 3

Passengers ticketed through to all parts of Great Britain and Ireland, and at specially low rates to all parts of the European continent. Apply to nearest railway or steamship agent or to

T. W. BRADSHAW, Agent, Revelstoke.
W. P. E. CUMMINGS, Pacific Agent.

Does Your Food Distress You?

Are you nervous?
Do you feel older than you used to?
Is your appetite poor?
Is your tongue coated with a slimy, yellowish fur?
Do you have dizzy spells?
Have you a bad taste in the mouth?
Does your food come up after eating with a sour taste?
Have you a sensation of fullness after eating?
Do you have heartburn?
Do you belch gas or wind?
Do you have excessive thirst?
Do you notice black specks before the eyes?
Do you have pain or oppression around the heart?
Does your heart palpitate or beat irregularly?
Do you have unpleasant dreams?
Are you constipated?
Do your limbs tremble or vibrate?
Are you restless at night?
NAME.....
Age..... Occupation.....
Street number.....
Town..... State.....

If you have any or all of the above symptoms you probably have Dyspepsia. Fill in the above blank, send to us, and we will mail you a free trial of PEPSIKOLA TABLETS—unquestionably the surest and safest Dyspepsia cure known—together with our little book—"Advice to Dyspeptics." Regular size Pepsikola Tablets, 25 cents, by mail, or of your druggist.

AGENTS WANTED.

THE LAXAKOLA COMPANY,
45 VESEY STREET NEW YORK.

SANTAL-MIDY

Standard remedy for Gleet, Gonorrhœa and Runnings IN 48 HOURS. Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

Is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 ladies. Safe, effectual. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all Mixtures, pills and imitations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, $1 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, $3 per box. No. 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of price and two 3-cent stamps. The Cook Company Windsor, Ont. Nos. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

No. 1 and No. 2 are sold at Trout Lake by F. T. Abey, and at Revelstoke by W. Hews, J. A. Miller & Co. and Canada Drug & Book Co. Druggists.

Before. After. Wood's Phosphodine,

The Great English Remedy. Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. *Six packages guaranteed* to cure all forms of Sexual Weakness, all effects of abuse or excess, Mental Worry, Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt of price, one package $1, six, $5. *One will please, six will cure.* Pamphlets free to any address.

The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont.

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE is sold in Revelstoke by Canada Drug & Book Co., J. A. Miller & Co. and W. Hews and by Frank T. Abey at Trout Lake, Druggists.

We are not Looking for a Prize

but we want to tell you if you would cure that Cough and Cold on the Chest get a bottle of

White Pine and Tar

Only 25c

Made especially strong for ourselves.

CANADA DRUG AND BOOK CO. LIMITED

REVELSTOKE

MARRIED.

CALLIN-BERGER—On the 5th inst., at the residence of H. G. McSorley, by Rev. W. C. Calder, Joseph Callin, of Revelstoke, to Miss Annie Berger, of Illecillewaet.

BORN.

FERGUSON—On the 28th Jan., at Victoria, B. C., to Mr. and Mrs. A. Ferguson, a son.

LOCAL & GENERAL.

C. P. Price brought in over 40 martin skins this week.

Vernon beat Revelstoke hockey team by two goals to nil.

J. E. Wood is the successful tenderer for school furniture.

The Chinese had a great night on Wednesday, closing their New Year celebrations.

H. Poirier, who was injured at Goldfields, was brought to the hospital Thursday by Dr. Lazier.

A. F. Rosenberger is organizing an annual excursion of American investors to British Columbia.

$344.75 was realized from the Hospital Ball, under auspices of the Ladies' Aid. The total receipts were $422.75; expenses $78.

The cost of the snow services this year is heavier than usual in the city, having run into $140 for December, and $121 for January.

Official returns of the Ontario Prohibition vote are: For, 199,749; against, 103,542; total, 303,291. Total names on list, 596,934.

On Sunday evening at Methodist church Rev. C. Ladner preached a memorial service of the late A. N. Smith. Mrs. Dent sang beautifully the solo "Hope."

Last year the Dominion government spent $4,993.64 on dredging the Columbia river above Golden, $13,958.30 in improving narrows on Arrow Lake, $1,968.29 on Duncan river.

Venezuela has refused the British-German proposals for settlement of two-thirds 30 per cent customs receipts, United States, France, and all other claimants to be allowed one-third.

The men employed at Mr. Hyatt's logging camp on Canoe river came in last night and reported that J. Russell had died of pneumonia and they had buried him there. The camp will be shut down till spring.

E. C. Fromey has finished the plastering of the Laborers' Co-operative Company's building at Golden. The Star says: The work has been done in a first-class manner and reflects great credit on Mr. Fromey's plastering abilities.

At a meeting held Friday the following officers for No. 1 fire brigade were elected for the year: Chief, Chas Abrahamson; assistant chief, T. Corley; sec.-treas., Chas. M. Field; engineer, William Abrahamson; captain hose, S. Needham jr.; captain hook and ladder E. Waterson.

In the course of the discussion on the question of a public library for the city at last meeting of the council, Ald. McLeod suggested that a communication should be sent to Carnegie asking that he assist in the project. The mayor objected to this course, stating the conditions imposed by Carnegie would impose a serious burden on the city, and he was opposed to that, considering rather that if the city gave a site and building the citizens could do the rest.

The annual meeting of the Board of Trade was held Thursday, when the following were elected officers for year: G. S. McCarter, president, C. F. Lindmark, vice president; H. Floyd, secretary-treasurer; Messrs. O'Brien, Kilpatrick, Ward, Lewis, Sibbald, Haggen, Phipps, Fraser, McCarty, executive. It was decided to endorse the silver-lead proposals and to circulate a petition to the C. P. R. asking for a new station.

At the meeting on Monday to appoint officers and delegates for local branch of the Mining Association the following were appointed Officers: President, W. Cowan, vice, E. A. Bradley; sec.-treas., J. A. Kirk; committee, Messrs. Wells, Holten Scott, Haggen, Kellie, Kincaid, Hume, Johnson, Woodrow, Brown, McCarty, Saunderson, Kilpatrick, Lindmark, McCarter; delegates, Messrs. Haggen, McCarter, Scott, Johnson, Brown.

COMMERCIAL.

The Minister of Customs proposes to increase fees for bonded warehouses.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Hay and firewood promptly supplied by S. D. Crowle.

Prices of rubber boots and shoes will be advanced.

You can save money by insuring with H. N. Coursier.

J. H. Clements, of Ashcroft, is opening a drug store at Kamloops.

Webb's Best Chocolates in ½ lb and ¼ lb. boxes, fresh, at Canada Drug and Book Co.

Travellers visiting Revelstoke will find the best accomodation at the Central Hotel, Abrahamson Bros. Props.

The Enterprise Brewing Company have firewood cut to lengths for sale in any quantity.

Visitors to Camborne should take A. Craig's stage from Beaton. Quickest route, best service.

To keep out the cold get a Chamois Vest. The Canada Drug and Book Co. have them all sizes.

Fill your cellar with your winter supply of vegetables fresh from my ranch.—S. D. Crowle.

Fine Stationery in Note Paper and Envelopes and Writing Pads. Large shipment opened at Canada Drug and Book Co.

When you come to Revelstoke hail the Central Hotel bus to take you to a good hotel. Abrahamson Bros Props.

The Crow's Nest Coal Co. have decided to close their stores, so as not to interfere with the business firms in the coal towns.

When you want to get to Camborne in speed and comfort, look out for A. Craig's stage line when landing at Beaton.

Advertising is like preaching; you have to keep continually at it, and must use the KOOTENAY MAIL if you want the best results.

Try Long's Champagne Ale, and Dublin Stout, brewed at the Kootenay Brewery. Orders addressed to P. O. Box 243 will be delivered free.

An easy way to earn $5 is to decide on the most effective advertisement appearing in the KOOTENAY MAIL. For particulars and coupon see our advertising columns.

The success of the KOOTENAY MAIL as an advertising medium, due to its wide circulation, is extraordinary. An advertiser rushed into our office the other day with the request to cancel his advertisement as he had sold out every pound of the goods he advertised and was still receiving orders from all over the country. He knew the advertising value of the MAIL and got results.

On the 10th inst. The Breeders' Advocate, a Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock paper published at Petrolea, Ont., purchased The Canadian Poultry Directory, a similar publication of Woodstock, Ont. The two papers will be amalgamated under the heading of The Breeders' Advocate, and published at Petrolea. This will add nearly 1,000 to The Advocate's circulation, and will materially benefit those interested in the fancy. Sample copies mailed for the asking.

CHURCHES.

PRESBYTERIAN.

As the result of visit of Dr. Herdman, the mission districts are to be reorganized. It is intended to cut Arrowhead off from the main line and constitute a new district. A meeting was held at Arrowhead on Thursday at which Rev. Dr. Herdman attended. Messrs. Donovan, Livingston and Pitblado were appointed a committee of management. The new mission district of Arrowhead will be in charge of an ordained minister, and will comprise Nakusp, Fire Valley, and Beaton. Nakusp promised an annual subscription of $200, and liberal support is accorded from other points. At the meeting the arrangement proposed by Dr. Herdman was endorsed on motion of Mr. Armstrong, seconded by Mr. Pitblado.

A Presbyterian church will be built at Arrowhead.

A Presbyterian church will be erected at Rogers' Pass.

Rev. Mr. Parr will probably be moved to Clinton and an ordained minister appointed to the mission district along the main line.

The necktie social which was arranged for the 16th will take place on the 17th to meet the convenience of Rev. Mr. Gould, of Salmon Arm, who will assist with his magic lantern.

The Presbytery will meet in this city on Feb. 18th.

ST. PETERS CHURCH.

The Altar Guild proposes getting up a tea in aid of the fund.

POULTRY BREEDING.

Gold Nugget Poultry Yard.

S. L. Smith, of the Gold Nugget poultry yard, Penticton, offers through our advertising columns bargains in Golden Buff, Orpingtons and Golden Buff Leghorns; also eggs for setting from the best strains. The fowls he offers for sale are comparatively new breeds, especially the Orpingtons, originated by Wm. Cook & Sons of Orpington House, London, Eng. The highest price ever paid for any one bird in the world was $750.00, and that was paid a few months ago for a Golden Buff Orpington.

Mr. Smith's pen was started last summer and cost a big sum.

There are no other of these breeds in the interior of B.C. The strong points for these birds are:

1st. They are the greatest layers from Dec. to March of any breed—being very hardy and suited for a cold country.

2nd. In size they are larger than Rocks and begin laying in 7 months.

3rd. Their beautiful color. The males are very handsome rich Golden Buff, and their skin colored legs and bodies are free from dark pin feathers when dressed—an important item for fastidious tastes.

USE ROYAL CROWN SOAP

The Best in the World.

Mail us 15 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, and in return we will mail a beautiful Picture size 16x20; or for 25 Wrappers your choice of over 100 books. Drop us a post card asking for a catalogue of premiums to be had FREE for Royal Crown Soap Wrappers. Address

The Royal Soap Co., Vancouver, B.C. Limited.

Social and Personal

Mr. Cowan left for Trout Lake Monday.

Mrs. Caley returned from the coast Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Agnew left for the East Tuesday.

E. A. Bradley went to Smith Creek on Monday.

G. S. McCarter returned Tuesday from Golden.

W. Kirkup is expected in Revelstoke daily from the East.

Mr. P. Hooly has been confined to his home nursing a sore hand.

Mrs. Coursier gave a large progressive euchre party this afternoon.

Gold Range Lodge, K. of P., are giving an "At Home" on the 25th.

T. J. Foley and Cory Menlienick were visitors to the city Wednesday.

C. B. Hume returned Thursday from a combined business and pleasure trip east.

Mrs. S. F. W. Gainer N. and A. Hillier left Wednesday for Snohomish, Wash.

Fred Robinson will leave next week for the coast, where he intends remaining some time.

Mrs. Pettipiece is returning home, having benefitted immensely by her stay at the coast.

E. Corning leaves the Southern States beginning of March on his return to Revelstoke.

Mrs. W. D. McCarthy returned on Thursday from the coast, where she underwent an operation.

Mrs. Moe returned from Nelson this week and is selling out her furniture with a view to settling in Spokane, where her son resides.

W. R. Reid & Young, leaves to-morrow for Toronto, Montreal and other eastern points, to make the firm's purchases for the coming season.

The many friends of B. A. Lawson were glad to see him about again on Tuesday after having been confined to his home for a few days with an attack of lumbago.

On Thursday evening Mrs. Bolton held a ping-pong evening, to which about fourteen were invited. Miss Fraser was the victorious one, winning a lovely bunch of carnations.

T. Steed, of the firm of Morris & Steed, returned on Sunday with his bride, having been married while in the East to Miss Beaton. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Steed a long and happy wedded life.

On Thursday J. Callan, the well-known C. P. R. engineer, and Miss Berger, the survivor of the Rogers Pass snowslide fatality, were united in marriage by Rev. W. C. Calder at residence of H. McSorley.

B. R. Campbell, formerly proprietor of the KOOTENAY MAIL, again joins the staff of this office, entering on his duties next week. Mr. Campbell's many friends will be glad to see him back again in the city, as he is an active bandsman and allround athlete and prominent fraternal society man.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. H. J. Bourne gave a euchre party in her house on McKenzie avenue. Those present were: Mesdames Scott, McCarter, Skene; Mesdemoiselles Fraser, Peter, Spurling, Anderson, Temple, Richardson, J. and J. Orr, Higenbotham, M. Buck, Grant, M. Bourne; Messrs. Skene Scott, G. Skene, Anderson, Foster, Pinkham, McDonald, Miller, G. Barber, Kerr, Baker. Miss Jean Orr and Mr. Baker carried off the prizes, one an atomizer and the other a cigarette case. After an enjoyable little dance the guests said Goodnight.

ATHLETICS.

FOOTBALL.

All-Canada defeated Cambridge by 14 to 6.

CURLING.

CALGARY BREWING CO.'S CUP.

Pinkham beat Rae 18-10.
Pinkham beat Brown 15-7.

There was great excitement at the rink on Monday night when the final in the above event was played and Mr. Pinkham was warmly congratulated on his victory over such a formidable opponent as Mr. Brown.

BURNS CUP.

Brown beat Graham, 19-5.

GREEN CURLERS.

Walker beat Coursier, 12-4.

METAL MARKET.

Copper, New York, electrolytic 12 to 12¼; London £52:15s.

Lead—New York, $4.05 to $4.10; London, £11 10s to £11 11s 3d.

Silver—New York, 47¼.

Get your Job Printing done at the MAIL Office.

GOOD, CLEAN DOMESTIC COAL

—AT—

LEWIS BROS.

Your patronage solicited.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To EDITOR KOOTENAY MAIL

SIR,—The enclosed letter has just been received by me from Robert Tapping, an aspirant to municipal honors in Revelstoke. On perusing this the electors of Ward 2 will no doubt feel that they made a grave mistake in not availing themselves of his valuable services.

Yours truly,
J. H. ROBINSON.

Revelstoke, B.C., Jan. 19th, 1903.

Mr. J. R. Robinson, Hotel Keeper.

Dear Sir, as you Delt out Liquor on Jan. 15, there by Breaking the Law by so doing, and as my teamster Got the worse for drink disorderly and abusive and failed to drive the people to the pooles and were as it is attributed to, be the chief cause of me being defeated on Jan. 15, therefore if I do not be elected as Alderman in Ward 2, in due time to fill the seat if Vacated in case of T. E. L. Taylor failing to be Sworn in, in due time I notify you that I Shal Lay a complaint against you in order to uphold my Standing in this City and put down corruption.

R. TAPPING.

WARNING TO ELECTORS.

Editor KOOTENAY MAIL:

DEAR SIR,—Allow me space in your paper to mention a few remarks about the late election. First am I to be laughed at by every body in town? Even school children laugh at me. Am I funny-looking, or what? I am sorry if that's so.

Mr. Editor, there is something wrong, very wrong. What is it that I was not elected to the office I was seeking? I have been in the city for years. I always have conducted myself, kept a garden, and a wife and a big family, and the niecest wife in the town too, mark that. If I don't be elected in Taylor's place I shall burn the opera house down and quit the town for ever, and ever, Amen.

I don't see why the people in this town can't see that I am not a fit man even for mayor. If I had stayed in Winnipeg I could have been mayor their years agoe, in fact I had been asked to take it, but as I had so much to do at the time being I declined.

I have been taken in many a time in Revelstoke. People must think I am off my head. There is not a man that will say it to my face. They will call out to me when I am in the opera house, "Tapping," "Tapping," "Tapping." Can you see any thing in that name? Well I can't.

Thanking you for your valuable space,

Yours truly,
ROBERT TAPPING.

EVA MINE.

Issue of New Prospectus.

The Calumet and B. C. has issued an excellent illustrated prospectus of the Eva. It estimates 520,854 tons of ore in sight, of an average value of $3 a ton, or $1,562,562. W. B. Pool says of the Eva: "I have been on the "Eva" property, have sampled and assayed it thoroughly and consider it a first-class, bona fide Free Milling Gold Proposition.

On the strength of what I saw on the "Eva" group I purchased the adjoining property, the Oyster-Rossland group for $93,000 spot cash."

THE MINES.

G. Attwood, M. E., of London, England, whose firm has the management of the Nettie L. and Silver Cup mines, is on a visit to the mine.

Supt. Runiens, of the Standard, reports the low level No. 4 tunnel in 300 feet, with another 100 feet to drive to strike the ore chute from the Commander claims.

On the Nettie L. there is a force of some sixty men employed with a like number at the Cup. Both mines are shipping steadily about 100 tons a week between them.

The Fairview Corporation, which are opening a new shaft on the Stemwinder mine, have struck at 60 feet from the surface very rich ore, averaging $9.50 a ton.

Subscribe NOW for the Mail.

REVELSTOKE

SKATING RINK.

SKATING EVERY EVENING FROM 8 TO 10 O'CLOCK.

Band Every Wednesday Night

ADMISSION 25c.

SEASON TICKETS.

Ladies..... $3 00
Gentlemen..... 5 00

TICKETS FOR SALE AT
Canada Drug & Book Store,
J. A. Miller & Co,
Roy Smythe's Tobacco Store.
Rink Company.

FIREWOOD FOR SALE

Firewood in any quantity cut to required lengths. Orders will receive prompt attention.

ENTERPRISE BREWING CO.

FOR SALE.

From four to five tons of first class onions of the best quality; also carrots beets and potatoes. For prices apply

THE MANAGER,
THE RANCH,
Monte Creek, B. C.

BREEDING FOWLS FOR SALE.

A few Golden Buff Orpingtons and Golden Buff Leghorn cockerels for sale cheap for next 30 days.

Eggs for hatching in season.

S. L. SMITH,
Penticton, B. C.

TENDERS

SEALED TENDERS are called up to Feb. 10th next, for the purchase of the Kindergarten building, situated on the northwest corner of the School House block, facing Second street. Each tender is required to be accompanied with $10.00 deposit (marked check) as a guarantee of good faith to be forfeited in case of withdrawal of tender. Highest cash or secured tender will be awarded the purchase, and deposits of rejected tenders returned. Address

MRS. H. N. COURSIER,
City.

A Well Regulated Jewelry Store

is as well worth a visit as an art gallery. The Jeweler and Silver Smith's Art is one of the oldest and finest; its productions among the most exquisite. Such things are not artistic they are little value.

J. Guy Barber's

DO YOU WANT $65 PER MONTH WITH QUICK ADVANCE?

If so learn telegraphy.

The C. P. R. engaged another Pitman's College graduate at $65 per month.

Good operators in demand.

College specially fitted with instruments.

Begin at once. Constant practice. Fees—Monthly.

Pitman's Business College.

Opposite Hotel Vancouver.

F. H. TORRINGTON, Musical Director.

HIGHEST MUSICAL EDUCATION.

EXAMINATIONS—Manitoba, the Territories and British Columbia, July, 1903.

Send for Calendar and Syllabus, 12 and 14 Pembroke st., Toronto.

KING EDWARD VII

SCOTCH WHISKY

EXTRA SPECIAL

A ROYAL SCOTCH

Distilled by

Grenlees Brothers

on the Estate of the Duke of Argyle, Argyleshire, Scotland.

Lawrence A. Wilson Co. Ltd.

Agents, Montreal.

UNION ..CIGAR FACTORY..

BRANDS

"Our Special" & "The Union."

H. A. BROWN PROP.

REVELSTOKE, - - B. C

OPERA HOUSE, REVELSTOKE

Monday, Feb. 23

THE CORONATION CHOIR

Glee and Concert Party

composed of Leading Adult Singers who took part in the Coronation of Their Majesties at Westminster Abbey, on August 9th, will appear as above assisted by

MADAME MARIE HOOTON

the eminent Contralto of London, England, and

MR. DUDLEY CAUSTON, the Famous Entertainer.

The Greatest Musical Treat Ever Accorded the People of the West

RESERVED SEATS $1.00

BOXES, (party of eight) $7.50 Each

Body of Hall, 75c; Galleries, 50c.

Reserved seat plan will be opened at Canada Drug and Book Company's store on Monday, Feb. 9th. Don't fail to book your seats early if you do not wish to be disappointed.

For Sale

TWO Residences on McKenzie Avenue, with modern improvements, $2,500 each, on easy terms.

TWO Residences on Third Street east, very convenient for railway men, $1,300 each easy terms.

ONE Residence on First Street east, cash required $600, subject to mortgage.

Apply to

HARVEY, McCARTER & PINKHAM.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

NOTICE.

Banner and Iola Mineral Claims, situate in the Lardeau Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Where located: On Lexington creek.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Wm. F. Deveruex, acting as agent for Wm. B. Clark, Free Miner's Certificate No. B67081, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 9th day of January, 1903.

WM. F. DEVERUEX, P. L. S.

NOTICE.

TO DELINQUENT CO-OWNERS.

To Alex. Smith, J. Riley, J. O. Piper, J. Pesento, Fred Jacobson, J. J. Cole and Jim Davis, or to any person or persons to whom he or they may have transferred his or their interests in the Portland Mineral Claim situated on the south side of Cariboo Creek in Arrow Lake Mining Division of West Kootenay:

You and each of you are hereby notified that I have expended four hundred and ten dollars in labor and improvements upon the above mentioned mineral claim, in order to hold said mineral claim under the provisions of the Mineral Act, and if within ninety days of the date of this notice you fail or refuse to contribute your portion of such expenses, together with all costs of advertising, your interest in said claim will become the property of the subscriber, under section 4 of an act entitled "An Act to Amend the Mineral Act 1900."

(Signed) M. E. KING.

Rossland, B. C., February 7th, 1903.

TAX NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, in accordance with the Statutes, that Provincial Revenue Tax, and all assessed Taxes and Income Tax, assessed and levied under the Assessment Act and amendments, are now due and payable for the year 1903. All taxes collectible for the Revelstoke Assessment District are due and payable at my office, situate at Court House, Revelstoke. This notice, in terms of law, is equivalent to a personal demand by me upon all persons liable to taxes.

FRED FRASER,
Assessor and Collector,
Revelstoke Assessment District.
Revelstoke Post Office.

Dated at Revelstoke, B. C., January 9th, 1902.

WANTED

TO LET, FURNISHED—House near Court House, rent $30 a month; coal furnace and all modern conveniences. Apply Kootenay Mail.

WANTED—A smart, intelligent boy as apprentice to the printing trade. Apply at Kootenay Mail office.

WANTED KNOWN—Five roomed house and furnished rooms near station to let. Apply to R. Tapping.

WANT TO PURCHASE South African land scrip. Apply to Kootenay Mail office, Revelstoke.

WANTED TO SELL—Two houses and lots at rising town of Camborne; each property will let for $15 a month; price on each property $500. For particulars apply at office of Kootenay Mail.

WANT TO SELL—One of the best hotels in Kootenay; good man can clear $5,000 a year. For particulars apply at office of Kootenay Mail.

START A PAYING BUSINESS.—Become independent and be your own BOSS. A new mail order business, can be conducted by anyone, anywhere; $15 to $30 per week easily. Enclose stamp for particulars of our marvellously successful plan. Ed. Leonard, Dundas, Ont.

A Warning!

To the parties who are in the habit of taking wood from my wood yards at night without authority, I beg to warn them of the consequences should I catch them at it.

W. FLEMING.

WOOD FOR SALE

Dry Fir and Birch

Cut by machinery to required size.

All orders left at W. M. Lawrence's or the Kootenay Mail office will receive prompt attention.

W. FLEMING.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for special license to cut and carry away timber from the lands described as follows:

TIMBER BERTH NO. 1.

Commencing at a post planted on the west side of Downie Creek, below Beaver Meadows, about 3½ miles from the mouth, running south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

THOMAS MEREDITH.

Dated Jany. 30th, 1903.

TIMBER BERTH NO. 2.

Commencing at a post planted on the west side of Downie Creek, about 5 miles from the mouth, running 40 chains north; thence 160 chains; thence 40 chains south; thence 160 chains west to point of commencement.

THOMAS MEREDITH.

Dated Jany. 30 1903.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for special license to cut and carry away timber from the lands described as follows:

TIMBER BERTH MARKED "H. Mc."

Commencing at a post planted about 2 chains east of Railway Creek, St. Leon Hot Springs, West Kootenay, Upper Arrow Lake and northeast of its mouth about four and a half miles, southwest corner; thence east 80 chains; thence north 40 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains to place of commencement.

HERB. McCORMAC.

NO. 2 BERTH MARKED "H. Mc"

Commencing at a post planted east bank of Railway Creek Upper Arrow Lake and about six miles northeast from its mouth; southwest corner post; thence east 40 chains; thence north 160 chains; thence west 40 chains; thence south 160 chains to place of commencement.

HERB. McCORMACK.

Dated November 22nd, 1902.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend applying to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for the permission to cut and carry away timber from the lands described as follows: Beginning at a point on the west bank of the Columbia River, about 40 miles south of Nakusp at a post marked "O. Drolet's southwest corner," running north 160 chains, thence east 160 chains, more or less, to the bank of the river, thence following the bank of the river southwesterly to point of commencement.

O. DROLET.

Nakusp, B. C., Dec. 12th, 1902.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the lands described as follows: Commencing at a post marked A. V. Anderson, planted at northwest corner of J. W. Thomson's pre-emption claim, near Beaton, thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

A. V. ANDERSON.

Dated Jany. 26th, 1903.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands Commencing at a post marked "W. Robertson's N. W. corner," about 2½ chains W. of the Columbia river, about 6 miles N. of Burton City; thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains to point of commencement.

W. ROBERTSON.

Nakusp, B. C., Dec. 15th, 1902.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated in the Big Bend district in West Kootenay: Commencing at a post planted on the west bank of the Columbia River about 6 miles northerly from Big Mouth Creek, and marked "John Russel's southeast corner post," thence west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains to point of commencement.

JOHN RUSSELL.

Dated this 5th day Jan., 1903.

Tenders for a License to Cut Timber on Dominion Lands in the Province of British Columbia.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Timber and Mines Branch, Department of the Interior and marked on the envelope "Tender for Timber Berth No. 229," to be opened on the 25th February next, will be received at this Department until noon Wednesday, the 25th February, 1903 for a license to cut timber on Berth No. 229, situate in the Province of British Columbia on the Easterly side of the Beaver River, commencing at a point on said River 2 miles up stream, in direct distance, from where said River is intersected by the Upper or Southern boundary of T. B. 40, Block 1, being the upper boundary of T. B. 328, thence up stream 3 miles in direct distance with a depth of 1 mile on the Easterly side of said River, containing an area of 3 square miles, more or less.

The regulations under which a license will be issued, also printed form of tender and envelope, may be obtained at this Department or at the office of the Crown Timber Agent at New Westminster.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank in favour of the Deputy of the Minister of the Interior, for the amount of the bonus which the applicant is prepared to pay for a license.

No tender by telegraph will be entertained.

PERLEY G. KEYES,
Secretary.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, January, 17th, 1903.