THE REVELSTOKE HERALD
AND
RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

Vol V. No 171 REVELSTOKE B. C. THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1903 $2 00 a Year in Advance.

GREAT STOCK-TAKING SALE

ABOUT THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY we will commence our Annual Stock-Taking, and previous to removing to our new premises, on the Corner of Mackenzie Avenue and First street, which will be completed and ready for us in the early spring. We are desirous of reducing our stock so that the work of Stock-Taking will be somewhat lessened, and to that end we are marking down our goods to the lowest possible point and are now offering some GREAT BARGAINS as the follow- will indicate :—

GREAT BARGAINS

200 PAIRS LADIES' GENTS and CHILDREN'S SHOES 200

AT COST PRICE

These Shoes are all of the very best makes and you cannot make a mistake in making your purchases at the Cost Price Mark.

W. G. & R. Colored Shirts

Our Entire Stock of W. G. & R. Colored Shirts, soft and Starched Fronts—genuine bargains—at

One Dollar Each

A Few Pairs of Ladies' and Children's Leggings at Cost. Only a few left for choice. Call as soon as possible, while they are in stock.

Ladies' and Children's Woollen and Cashmere Hose, a large siock to chose from at Bargain Sale Prices.

FEDORA HATS

Made by Rowlock and Christy, two of the best Hat Makers in the world to-day. These Hats are all for sale at Bargain Prices.

GOCERIES AND PROVISIONS

We lead in this line. Our importations are large and always the best the market offers.

ONTARIO APPLES—A large shipment, including the famous Northern Spys, Russets, Kings and Greenings.

The Celebrated Bear Brand of Eggs.

Hay, Oats, Bran and Shorts always in stock.

C. B. Hume and Company.

Goods delivered to all parts of City. TELEPHONE No. 81

FANCY DRESS CARNIVAL

First Class Ice, Splendid Costumes, and the Independent Band Make an Enjoyable Evening

The first fancy dress carnival of the season took place last night and was attended by 300 people, the largest crowd that ever congregated at the rink. The ice was in splendid condition and the costumes worn by the fifty or sixty who dressed for the occasion were all first class and presented a gorgeous and animated appearance on the ice. The prizes put up by the management of the rink were valuable and excited much admiration. They were awarded as follows:—

Lady's costume, 1st Miss Anderson, Indian Belle, solid silver bon bon dish. 2nd, Mrs. T. Dunne, Queen of the Witches, silver mounted umbrella.

Gentleman's costume, 1st, Albert Stone, Spanish gentleman.

Best comic costume, L. Schnider, Irishman.

The Independent Band was present and rendered an excellent programme during the evening.

The management are arranging for a grand masquerade carnival to take place in about two weeks, probably on the evening of Wednesday the 28th inst., when valuable prizes will be offered for competition.

The Public Meeting.

The public meeting held in the Opera House last Friday evening, was fairly well attended. Mayor O'Brien reviewed the work of the council for past year, pointing out to the meeting that with the $500 hitherto paid the company the profit on water and light for the past three months was $3,000.

Ald. McLeod, Manning, Law, and McMahon, spoke briefly, as did also school trustees Bennett and Floyd, the latter reading the financial statement of the school as follows:—Salaries, $1110.85; janitor. $420; fuel, $224.25; rent Selkirk hall, $240; sundries, $94.03; against this a grant of $3825.90 had been received from the government, leaving a balance of $1263.83 to be paid by the city.

Other speakers were R. Tapping, W. A. Nettle and J. Palmer, the latter declaring himself a candidate for the position of school trustee.

After votes of thanks had been passed to the mayor and aldermen and school trustees for their services during the past year the meeting adjourned.

Nomination Day.

Monday was nomination day for the municipal council, and school trustee for the ensuing year. Very little interest was manifested in the affair except by the parties most interested. M. J. O'Brien was returned to the position of chief magistrate by acclamation. The following were nominated for the aldermanic board, there being a contest in ward 2 only:

Ward 1—W. A. Foote, John McLeod—acclamation.

Ward 2—T.E.L. Taylor, C. B. Hume, R. Tapping.

Ward 3—S. McMahon, W. J. Law—acclamation.

School trustee—W. A. Nettle. J. Palmer.

I. O. F.

Court Mt. Begbie installed their officers on Monday night for the ensuing year as follows:

Court Deputy, J. A. Ringer.
Court Physician, Dr. Carruthers.
P. C. R., J. E. McLean.
C. R., C. W. Mitchell.
V. C. R., J. V. Saunier.
R. S., J. B. Scott.
F. S., J. L. Smith.
Treasurer, B. F. Gayman.
Orator, F. H. Fretz.
S. J. C., and Organist, H. Floyd.
S. W., L. Schnieder.
J. W., F. P. Smith
S. B., Geo. Beavo.
J. B., Jos. Lee.

Wages Increased $20,000,000.

NEW YORK, Jan. 12.—The American railroads have been readjusting their wage schedules, and the aggregate increase of remuneration to railway employes in the United States for the next twelvemonth willl be at least $20,000,000. This applies merely to wages of trainmen. When the pay of other employes is also finally adjusted the total increase is likely to be more than twice the aggregate sum named.

Reading Matter For Camps.

To the Editor of the HERALD:

SIR: May I beg insertion of the following:

A friend in a logging camp whose letter I have, writes asking me to send the boys some old magazines for them to read during the long evenings.

Will some of the HERALD'S city readers help to make up a supply by dropping me a card telling me that I may call and get any books they will give for this purpose? Address Harry Edwards, Third street, city.

Hockey.

Although somewhat late in the season the hockey enthusiasts have at length awakened from their slumbers and got down to practice. A meeting was held on Tuesday night when the club was reorganized and the following officers elected:

Hon. President—T. Kilpatrick.
Hon Vice-Pres.—A. E. Kincaid.
President—C. F. Lindmark.
Secretary-Treasurer—W. Bews.
Manager—E. Edwards.
Executive Committee — Edwards, Wickins, Ker.

Practices will be held on Tuesdays from 7 to 8 p. m., and Thursdays and Saturdays from 10 to 11 p.m.

A team will be entered for the hockey tournament at the Rossland carnival which commences on Feb. 12th.

The Elections.

The election for aldermen in Ward 2 and for school trustee is progressing today. There is very little interest being taken in the contest. The polls close at 7:30 o'clock this evening.

Copper Dollar.

The Copper Dollar property, Fish River, which was recently acquired by an Indiana syndicate, is to be actively developed. Mr. J. A. Darragh, the manager, received a telegram on Tuesday advising him to proceed at once with the work. A contract has been let to A. Darragh who with a force of men, will, as soon as supplies are all packed up and improvements made to the mine buildings, start to drive a tunnel. This tunnel will be driven on the lead from which crosscuts will be opened at intervals. It is the intention to work a large force of men on the Copper Dollar this coming spring, the present operations being to bring things to a stage where a number of men can work with convenience and with good results. Supplies are being daily packed to the property.—Miner.

SPEAKS HIGHLY OF MR. FOSTER

Leading Liberal Organ Admits His Ability and Says His Influence is for Good.

The Toronto Globe, in discussing "Mr. Foster's resurrection," says the candidature of George E. Foster in North Ontario is frankly admitted by himself and his associates to have been undertaken in the interest of the Conservative party. "This," it says, 'is tantamount to a confession that the party in parliament cannot dispense with his general ability, his parliamentary experience and his aptitude for debate. It has apparently taken the party managers a good while to find this out; the public saw it from the first.

"It was, perhaps, inevitable that in his address he should appeal to his supporters to have a pure, gentlemanly contest, but he had good sense and good taste to refrain from any implication that Liberals are chief sinners in the practice of political corruption. If Mr. Foster will always keep on his present high ground and induce others on his own side to do so along with him, he may hope to accomplish something in the way of purification."

Curling.

The following games in the different competitions have been played this week:—

Green Curlers competition—
O' Brien 12, LeMaistre 4.
Knapp 12, Morris 10.
Walker 12, McDonald 4.
McLean 12, Steiss 3.

Calgary Brewing Cup—
Pinkham 24, Carruthers 3.
Rae 12, Graham 6.
Brock 10 McDonell 5.

Equitable Life Cup—
Rae 11, Phipps 6.

P. Burns Cup—
Pinkham 11, McRae 6
Carruthers 12, Phipps 7.

The annual Kootenay Curling Association Bonspiel takes place at Rossland next week, commencing on Tuesday. It is not known yet who will represent Revelstoke but in all probability two rinks will attend.

The annual bonspiel of the Golden curling club takes place on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesaay next and a very pressing invitation has been extended to the local club to attend. The Golden curlers have promised to visit Revelstoke this season and a special effort should be made by the local club to send at least one rink to Golden next week.

Bob Dunbar, of St. Paul, formerly of Winnipeg, broke the world's record last week at St. Paul at the Points curling competition. He made 61, the record up to date having been 60. The score is official.

The C. P. R. are offering single fare tickets to the Calgary bonspiel and return from Revelstoke. The bonspiel commences in Calgary on the 27th.

Rapid Running of Silk Train.

The train bearing eastward over the Canadian Pacific Railway the silk cargo of the Empress of Japan is routed as an "extra special," and is being pushed along at a speed that makes the regular express time appear as but a snail's pace.

The train, which consisted of fourteen cars, left Vancouver Friday morning at 6 o'clock. It reached Kamloops, 250 miles from here, ten hours and forty five minutes later. The time of the regular express for the same run is eleven hours and forty five minutes.

Revelstoke was reached at twenty five minutes past midnight Saturday, and barring a short stop for inspection, no time was lost in pushing eastward, as the train is under orders to make up all the time possible in view of the fact that the Empress of Japan was twenty four hours late in reaching this port from Yokohama.

The silk special was rushed through the mountains at better than express speed. She had the right of way everywhere, and two hours ahead of the time made by the express she sped off the division early Saturday morning. The train occupied but twenty seven hours in clearing the division, which is two hours better than passenger train time.

The Chinese special, bearing a large number of Chinese coolies consigned to foreign points, left here Friday at 12.30 p. m. She also is being run at better than passenger speed, and made Kamloops in ten hours and fifteen minutes after leaving this city.—Province.

Salmon Arm Notes.

Sealed tenders are being called for, to be opened Jan. 15, for the construction of a ditch to drain the road south of A. Merrall's ranch, and running to Salmon River.

Born.—To Rev. J.A. and Mrs. Wood, a daughter. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Wood will be pleased to learn that mother and child are doing well.—Kamloops Sentinel.

LATEST NEWS BY TELEGRAPH

The News of the World in Brief As Received Over the Wires From Every Corner of the Globe.

MAZATLAN, Mexico, Jan. 14.—Several deaths and ten fresh cases is the plague situation today. Government has cut salaries of all government officials 20 per cent and the state of Sinaloa has contributed $20,000 towards relieving distress.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—London cable to the Tribune says 'tis understood that Canada will become a keen competitor in the British iron trade. The Dominion Iron and Steel Company, with ample backing, has decided to go in for the manufacturing of constructing iron.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—7500 persons played euchre last night at a party given by the students of St. Francis College, Brooklyn, in the Fourteenth Regiment Armoury.

Two battalions of the foreign legion have been ordered to be in readiness to proceed to the Moroccan frontier.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—A bill providing for a rebate of duty on imported coal passed the House by a vote of 258 to 8.

Judge Langelier, of Montreal, has resigned because of Premier Laurier's refusal to keep his promise, that he should be transferred from Montreal to Quebec.

The Expenditure under the Pacific Cable Act, up to March 31st, is £8,044,701. Cable authorities say the amount of traffic has exceeded all expectations.

The jury in the case of Fred Goodspeed, on trial at St. John, N. B., as accessory after fact in the murder of Willie Doherty, failed to agree and were discharged.

The Toronto Globe advocates reciprocity in coal between Canada and the United States, in view of the famine in hard coal.

While a large crowd were skating on the bathing basin near the Washington monument at Washington D.C., the ice broke. Three people were drowned, and several injured.

A bill has been introduced at Washington to authorize railroads to transport coal in preference to all other freight for a period of sixty days.

An Algiers despatch says the wife of the American Consul was assualted by foot pads last night and robbed of her purse and jewels.

STOCK-TAKING SALE

CLEARING SALE! Remnant Sale! Call it what you may—the simple facts are that after such a wonderfully successful business career as we had last year, we can afford to give you

Bargains for a Month

Another object to be gained is to clear out all the odds and ends throughout the store before Stock-Taking, and as an inducement we have made considerable reductions in every department. "COST" cuts no figure in lots of cases, so don't miss getting your share of the good things.

25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT 25
On the following Lines:—Cut right in two!

Ladies' Jackets, Misses' and Children's Jackets and Furs, Children's Dresses, Dress Goods, Ladies' Lined Gloves and Mitts, Men's Overcoats, Boys' and Youths' Reefers, Flannel and Flannelette Blouses, Ladies' Tailor-Made Skirts, Etc.

We would advise an early call for first choice, as we have included in this Sale a lot of very desirable lines. They are well worth the attention of the Bargain Seeker.

Reid & Young

Bourne Bros.

Dealers in
FIRST-CLASS
Groceries

Flour, Feed
McClary's
Famous Stoves
Tinware, Graniteware
Heavy and
Shelf Hardware

Stores at
Revelstoke
Nakusp
New Denver.

Every Man the Arbiter of His Own Destiny.

William O Stinson, D.D., Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption: but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting. — Gal., vi., 7, 8.

This is a moral as well as a physical world. It is governed by moral laws. Man is a moral being, and he is subject to these laws. This does not mean that he is under the bondage or tyranny of law. There is a disposition in many quarters to regard man as the victim of seen or unseen forces, which either make or break him. There is a false teaching to-day which says there is a predetermined course marked out for each man by an arbitrary, partial power, and each individual must follow this predestined course.

Then there is a philosophy of fate and chance, and they who believe it look upon the soul as in a lifelong game of battledore and shuttlecock. Too many persons regard their lives as marbles flung out indiscriminately upon the bagatelle board of human existence. They bump against obstacles, wabble aound life's honors and go bounding and rolling toward some unknown destiny. Pathetic indeed is it to see the persons who have yielded to such teaching. Many of them have ceased to struggle and ceased to caer. Baffled, discomfited by the strange and hard experiences through which they have passed, they have lost, or well-nigh lost, their faith in human volition and divine providence. It is pitiful to see them swept along like driftwood on a river or hustled about like dead leaves in an autumn wind, victims of forces over which they cease to exert any control.

Much of modern fiction is saturated with the thought that heredity and environment are the all powerful factors in human destiny, that personality counts for nothing, that every man is the ghost of his dead ancestors, who look through his eyes, speak in his words and act in his deeds.

It is against this morbid and erroneous conception of life that we raise a word of protest and warning. Heredity and environment are not to be underrated. They are powerful factors. Nor are they to be overestimated. But I maintain that in every man there is an untainted power, something which passes from generation to generation, untouched by change, and even though it may be shut in by evil conditions and tied to a thousand evil tendencies, yet it may, and it does frequently, assert itself and show its superiority.

Man is morally free. Strip that statement of all theological sophistry and metaphysical subtlety; is it not true of every man that he has the power of moral choice? If you deny that, then it is useless to appeal to motives. You may as well close the avenues to academic honors and abolish courts of justice and penitentiaries. We preachers may as well close our churches and cease pleading with the consciences of men. Deny man's capacity of moral choice and you destroy man's personal accountability and destroy manhood itself.

Man is also under law. You admit that of man's bodily nature, but there are laws moral as well as physical. Man's physical freedom consists in an adjustment of his body to these physical laws. So man's moral freedom consists in the adjustment of his spirit to moral laws. Both physical and moral laws find their gravitating centre in God. These laws are inexorable in their operation. We talk about breaking the laws of God, but that is careless speech. We break the laws of God? No. If we do not obey them they break us. There is no more escaping the consequences of the violation of the moral law than there is exemption from a broken body if you violate the laws of gravitation.

Man is under the law of heredity. This means vastly more than the reproduction of the traits and characteristics of his parents. It means that he is not only heir to his environment, inheriting, for example, the lineaments of parents, affected by birthplace, nursing, early training, and the like, but it means that he is also inheriting himself in himself. He is reproducing his own character. He is repeating himself in himself. Each repetition of an act is intenser than the preceding. Each bad act becomes the sire of many bad acts, even as each good act becomes the sire of many good acts. In other words, he illustrates in himself the law of the harvest. "Whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap."

The harvest gathered is ever larger than the seed sown. He who sows sparingly reaps sparingly. He who sows bountifully reaps bountifully. For example, a man sows the love of money. What does he reap? Dollars and cents? Possibly; but one thing he does reap—an intensifying love of money. As the growth is ever larger than teh germ, he grows fonder and fonder of money. It is not to be wondered at if he grows covetous, becomes more and more grasping and grinding. Nor need we wonder if we see him grow miserly, until the habit of miserliness is ever becoming more and more confirmed. What is true of covetousness and avarice is also true of intemperance, indolence, scepticism and the whole trai nof moral evils.

Each man is responsible for his own character. Each man has the liberty of sowing what he pleases. The harvest that he reaps is the aggregate of his habits; that is to say, his character. Accordingly, then, if is for each man to say, whether he will be good or bad, whether he will grow better or worse. Each man is responsible for his destiny. He is responsible for his destiny because he is responsible for his character. Character determines destiny. A profound truth lies in the adage of Sallust, "Every man is the architect of his own fortune." Daily character is shaping your future destiny.

For the structure that we raise
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Take heed how you live. "Sow and act, reap a habit; sow a habit, reap a character; sow a character, reap a destiny."

No Call for Invisible Ink.

A writer for The New York Sun recently made a tour of leading retail and wholesale ink dealers and manufacturers in that city and found that none of them either made or had invisible ink in stock and all agreed that within their time there had been no demand for it. After detailing his experiences in the hunt, the writer gives several instances in which invisible ink has played an important part, and continues:—"One of the most remarkable cases on record in which invisible ink played an important part occurred in England during Queen Elizabeth's reign and resulted in the escape from London's Tower of Father Gerard, a Jesuit priest under sentence of death. All the letters were written with orange juice, the relative value of which and of lemon juice for the same purpose is carefully set down by Father Gerard in one of his later letters. "Now, lemon juice," says the priest, "has this property, that what is written in it can be read in water quite as well as by fire, and when the paper is dried the writing disappears again till it is steeped afresh or again held to the fire. But anything written with orange juice is at once washed out by water, and cannot be read at all in that way; and if held to the fire, though the characters are thus made to appear and can be read, they will not disappear, so that a letter of this sort once read can never be delivered to any one as if it had not been read. The party will see at once that it has been read and will certainly refuse and disown it if it should contain anything dangerous." As neither lemons nor oranges, pen nor ink were furnished to condemned prisoners in the Tower, Father Gerard obtained a supply of oranges through his jailer. He made a pen out of a quill. Out of orange peel he made crosses and rosaries. Then he begged for some paper in which to wrap his crosses and rosaries. He got it and next bribed his unsuspecting jailer to carry a cross or a rosary as a small present to friends outside the prison, each wrapped in paper covered with invisible writing. He received answers to his letters in the same way. Thus his escape was arranged for and he got away to safety.

The article continues:—

An irate father in London one day intercepted and read with the liveliest satisfaction this letter:

Dearest Clorinde.—By the time this reaches you I shall be en route for the Continent to travel I know not where. I, at last, realize the impossibility of gaining your father's consent to my suit, and I realize also that to remain here and not be able to see you or speak to you is more than I can bear. I do not know when I shall return. Devotedly yours, Winthrop.

One hour later Clorinde, behind locked doors and with bated breath, read with equal satisfaction the following:—

Dearest Clorinde:—
By the time this
Everything is ready
reaches you I shall be en
route for the Continent to
travel I know not where.
I, at last, realize the
impossibility of gaining
your father's consent to
my suit and I realize
also that to remain here
and not be able to see
you or speak to you is
more than I can bear;
I do not know when I shall
return. Devotedly Your
Winthrop.

The Queen as a Nurse.

Sarah A. Tooley, in an article in The Lady's Realm, entitled "Queen Alexandra as a Sick Nurse," says:—"The distinguishing qualities of the Queen as a sick nurse are the gift of silence—never more golden than in the presence of suffering—an absolutely calm and unruffled demeanor, a gentle hand, a low voice and implicit acquiscence in the medical orders. She possesses, too, remarkable power of endurance—an example of which occurred during the last illness of the Queen of Denmark. The dying Queen was so much soothed by the presence of her beloved daughter 'Alexandra' that the Princess of Wales, as the Queen then was, would scarcely leave the room, fearing to disturb the serenity of her mother's last days. On one occasion she remained fourteen hours without intermission, and only consented to take rest when the doctors became imperative in their orders to the nurses that they must persuade the 'Princess' to leave her mother's bedside. . . . There is no modern movement connected with women which appeals so strongly to the Queen as the development of the trained sick nurse; and should her Majesty, following the King's example, found an Order of Merit for twelve notable women of the empire, we fancy that Florence Nightingale would head the list. The Queen has been a gratified observer during the last thirty years of the gradual displacement of the good-natured but unskilled 'Sairey' for the trained nurse; and to-day it affords her great pleasure and satisfaction to be the representative head of the Royal Pension Fund for Nurses, and of the Queen's Jubilee Nurses."

Is Dickens Played Out?

The best answer to the question, "Is Dickens played out?" says The London Globe, is given by his original publishers, Messrs. Chapman & Hall, who have been looking into figures and taking a "box office" estimate of the author. For many years their sales of his books have averaged over a quarter of a million copies, and to these must be added the innumerable issues of the majority that are now out of copyright. So there seems every justification for the new biographical edition. As most people would guess, "David Copperfield" comes second in favor. First in favor, of course, comes "Pickwick," which is not the title of the book.

Christmas Day

Its Early ...History | Massacres by the Romans

It is a generally accepted belief that on the date that we call Christmas day Christ was born. This is questioned by some chroniclers, but the doubt does little harm, says the Brooklyn Eagle. Every one is satisfied to take this date as the nativity of Christ, and it matters little whether it is historically correct or not; one day in the year, it is believed by all good Christians, should be set aside for the celebration of the birth of Jesus of Nazareth, and the 25th of December is as good a day as any on the calendar.

It is necessary to go back to the Roman era to find the first recorded reference to a festival on the date known to us as Christmas day, so that it need not be cause for surprise if through all the past ages the record of the exact day on which Christ was born should have become lost. History tells us that the first feast to be celebrated on the 25th of December was established by Commodus, emperor of Rome, who flourished about 185 years after the birth of Christ.

After that there are many references to the meetings of the new sect called the Christians, who gathered on this day to celebrate the birth of the God Man. It is not until a century after the time of Commodus that we find a particular reference to the persecution that the Christians underwent at the hands of the pagan emperors having culminated in a grand Christmas day massacre.

Diocletian was the Roman who decided to celebrate the date by killing off a few Christians. He did so with a vengeance. The most horrible deed perpetrated during the festival was on Christmas day, when the assembled Christians, gathered in their place of meeting, were set upon and slaughtered, while the Romans looked on in great glee at the sight of antipagan people being put to death for their religion's sake.

When Rome was no longer a pagan state, the feast began to be celebrated in the Christian style, although some of the songs that were sung and some of the rites of the festival would greatly shock the strictly orthodox churchgoer of the present day. At that time there were no excursion trains to carry those who wished to take part in a public celebration from point to point, and the electric telegraph had not been thought of. Consequently those who celebrated the birth of Christ in early days did so in widely separated countries, sometimes at widely separated periods of time and according to no set programme. It was every community for itself, and no one to criticise the others for not being careful about the date.

As a matter of fact, the ancient celebration of Christ's nativity was left entirely to the discretion of the different bodies, and as every community had divergent interests the time was arranged to suit the exigencies of the case. If Christmas day happened to come upon a time when there was too much work to be done to permit of a holiday, then it would be postponed until a more suitable season. Owing to this indifference to precedents the exact date when the birth of Christ ought to be kept was hopelessly lost.

On only one thing were all the ancients agreed—namely, that the festival in commemoration of the birth of Christ ought to be the most magnificent of the year. In some cases it was kept up for days and the meaning of the festival was forgotten long before the revelers returned to their homes again.

It is interesting to observe that the custom of giving presents at Christmas time, which has survived to this day, was begun in the first days of the Christmas feast. So was the custom that is known as carol singing. The songs of today are based on the event that makes Christmas day a time of rejoicing, but at that time they were not overparticular as to the subject chosen by the singers. In fact it would be difficult to find in some of them an excuse for the singing of such ditties at a religious festival.

It is a striking feature of this Christmas celebration that from its earliest recorded history there is no sentiment in connection with it but those of kindliness and good feeling. However much the old style of celebrating Christmas might be objectionable to the twentieth century critic of orthodox tendencies who frowns at the frivolity of some of the customs, it was always a time for the better side of human nature to be exhibited and for people to take gifts to each other in a spirit of peace and good will. This kindly spirit has been maintained until all over the world today it is seen in the merry-making, the happiness conveyed by the glorious institution of Santa Claus, the steaming hot dinners presented to the poor, the frolic and the funmaking in almost every home, and the gathering together for the yearly reunion of those whom circumstances separate for the greater part of the year. May the season never cease to be famous for its power to bring out the better attributes of men and women, as it did of old!

Origin of Mince Pie.

English plum pudding and mince pies both owe their origin, or are supposed to, to an occurrence attendant upon the birth of Christ. The highly seasoned ingredients refer to the offering of spices, frankincense and myrrh by the wise men of the east to the Christ Child.—New York World.

For the Farmer.

During the winter aphides on house plants cause much annoyance, but with care and attention they may be destroyed. Make a solution of an ounce of soap in a pint and a half of water, adding a teaspoonful of ammonia water. Bottle and keep ready for use. Mix a gill of the mixture with two gills of warm water and syringe the plants, again syringing with fresh warm water an hour after, in order to rinse the plants. Do this twice a week until the aphides are destroyed.

Breeds for producing beef have been improved so as to enable a farmer to secure twice as much weight in a steer compared with 40 years ago. The average weight of an entire herd of cattle would not then exceed 800 pounds, but an average of from 1,200 to 1,600 pounds is not regarded as remarkable at the present day. Beef cattle, in addition to being improved in size, are also better adapted for the object for which they are intended, and the farmer who enters into the business of producing beef will not give much attention to the milking qualities of his cows.

Seed Testing and Its Relation to Agriculture.

The testing of seed for purity and vitality by scientific methods has been an important factor in the agricultural progress of Germany, Switzerland and other European countries. Laboratory methods for seed testing were devised by Dr. Nobbe of Tharandt, Germany, thirty years ago, since which time seed testing stations have been established in nearly all European countries and the United States. Canada has now one modern seed laboratory equipped with the necessary apparatus for testing the purity and vitality of seeds. The fact that Germany alone now maintains thirty-nine seed control stations shows that seed testing is highly valued as a means of safeguarding the interests of agriculture in that country. The results of the work that has already been done in the Dominion Seed Laboratory reveal a great need for active work in seed testing as well as persistent efforts to protect Canadian farmers and fields from the many evils that are connected with the seed trade.

Early in the spring of the present year, G. H. Clark, B.S.A., who is connected with Prof. Robertson's staff, and who is now in charge of the seed laboratory planned to make an investigation of the trade in grass and clover seeds. With the assistance of agricultural associations, institute workers and other interested persons, over five hundred one-half samples of timothy, alsike and red clover seed that was offered for sale by local dealers were procured for the seed laboratory. With each sample was enclosed a statement showing the name of the dealer, the place at which it was offered for sale, the price per pound or per bushel, and the origin of the seed.

In the seed laboratory these samples were subjected to two examinations, one for the purity and one for vitality. In making these examinations the rules adopted by the Association of American Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations were followed in detail.

Evidence of wilful adulteration was found in a few instances. One sample of alsike obtained from Prince Edward Island contained 26 pounds of seed. From sand per hundred pounds of seed. From ten to twenty per cent. by weight of sand was frequently found in samples of alsike and timothy seed. On the whole, there has not been serious cause for complaint because of low vitality. It is the large quantities and noxious nature of the weed seeds found in most of the samples that render the evils connected with the trade in grass and clover seeds of more than ordinary importance to agriculture. The number of weed seeds per pound of seeds as marketed ranged with timothy from 0 to 237,600; alsike from 90 to 120,450, and red clover from 0 to 45,505. The approximate number of seeds in a pound of timothy seeds is 1,350,000, alsike 750,000 and red clover 300,000. The weed seed, named in the order in which they most frequently occurred, consisted of foxtail, ribgrass, lamb's quarter, white cockle, sheep sorrel, curled dock, false flax, pepper grass, Mayweed, Canada thistle, common plantain, lady's thumb, pigweed, black medick, ragweed, charlock or wild mustard and perennial sow thistle.

The trade in red clover and alsike is undoubtedly the most fruitful medium for the dissemination of weed pests. The steadily increasing demand for these seeds for both the home and the export trade has encouraged their production on farms that are foul with weeds. Canada exports annually large quantities of alsike and red clover seed to European countries, where a thorough system of seed control has become established, and where only the best recleaned stocks can find a market. The screenings from these imported seeds are much in demand on our home markets and are retailed by local dealers.

There are few agricultural mercantile articles the real value of which is so difficult to judge from appearance as grass, clover and other small seeds. Competition is said to be the life of trade but fair competition in the seed trade is possible only when the seed is sold according to fixed standards of quality, or under a definite guarantee based upon a standard method of analysis. The seed trade in Canada has been passing from the hands of reliable seed houses into the hands of incompetent and irresponsible local dealers whose main business is of an entirely different character. There are far too many jobbers dabbling in the seed business and the result is that competition has been confined to prices alone. Unfortunately farmers as well as seed merchants are not acquainted with the impurities that commonly occur in grass and clover seeds, and when making their purchases are content to screw down the price and trust to luck. As long as there is a demand for cheap seed, a worthless low grade article will be offered; and until Canadian farmers have come to know that the highest obtainable quality of seed is always the cheapest, the best quality of our home grown seeds will be exported to countries where the seed trade is conducted on a more business-like basis.

F. W. Hodson,
Live Stock Commissioner.

A Friend of Thackery.

Mr. Herman Charles Merivale, lawyer, poet, author, journalist and playwright, in a book of reminiscences just issued, tells a number of interesting stories and anecdotes regarding the famous men with whom at various times he was acquainted. Of Thackeray, his great idol and close friend, he tells this:—

Once I wandered under Thackeray's wing through the exhibition of 1862, a tawdry, uninviting show of industry and ugliness, I thought. Thackeray's mind brought its own beauty to bear on it, or I should remember nothing of the hideous monster at all. As we wandered down an uninteresting street of shops, each shoppier than its neighbor, but supposed to be remarkable for something not in evidence, we met a school of little girls in grey, with very wide-open eyes, indeed, improving their harmless little minds under their mistress's guidance, in a quaint row of two-and-two. Thackeray stopped when he saw the little maidens, and they stopped, too, and bobbed.

"How many little girls are there?" he asked the mistress.

"Four-and-twenty, sir."

"Four-and-twenty little girls. They must have four-and-twenty little sixpences to buy four-and-twenty little things with."

And the procession was stayed till he had got all the change for himself and himself deposited a bright sixpence in every tiny hand. The eight-and-forty eyes grew very large and bright, and the chorus of "Thank you, sir," very sweet and general. Then the procession passed and so did we.

Matthew Arnold's was, he says, the most evenly cheerful disposition I have ever known, never in high spirits, as I remember him, and never in low. Arnold was an amusing talker on the subject of the drama, caring admittedly only for the classic. He looked upon the cothurnus as the trusest analyst of the perplexities and destinies of life, and had small sympathy, which was odd in him, with the laughing portraits of the Muse of Comedy, which had in them to him something of the nature of mere caricature, at best. The plays of Aristophanes were in reality but satire in burlesque, and even the comedies of Moliere were to him but as weaker imitations.

I saw him one day on the opposite side of the street, pacing along and smiling to himself in the way I knew so well. Amused, I went across to him and asked him what had happened.

"What is the fun?" I asked. "Have they been attacking you again in The Saturday?" For to break lances with that periodical was an amusement to both, Freeman, the historian, being reputed to be his adversary.

"Oh, no, my dear boy, no! I went to Drury Lane last night."

"Oh! to see Helen Faucit in 'Cymbeline'? Didn't you admire her?"

"Oh, not that—poor dear lady"—in his inimitable longueurs, which could not be described as a drawl—"she was charming, of course. But it's the play, you know. 'Cymbeline!' Such an odd, broken-backed sort of a thing! It couldn't have happened anywhere, you know."

A Millionaire Farmer.

A man of extravagances is the versatile Mr. Thomas B. Lawson of Boston. He once paid $30,000 for a single flower, "The Lawson Pink." He spent a small fortune building a cup defender, the Independence, which, when she could not qualify, he broke up that Boston might have souvenirs, and now, after two years' work, a thousand men have finished improving a farm worth a million dollars at Egypt, Massachusetts, which he has stocked with cattle, one animal alone—an American journalist tells us—costing $50,000. Dreamwold is the name of the farm, and it is Mr. Lawson's ambition to make the place the greatest stock-breeding station in the country, upon which should be found only the most perfect-blooded examples of American-bred stock. Particularly is this his ambition with regard to horses. He has stocked the farm with the best animals of every strain—from ponies for children to the enormous prize draught horses and racing stock. Several farms were bought and joined in one. Each inch of the place had to be gone over, and a vast number of rocks of all sizes had to be grubbed out. He could have bought much better land than this for less money than it cost him to clear this tract, but he disregarded all advice, saying: "Anyone can buy a farm, but it isn't everyone who can make one." And so the work proceeded. Each separate building had special ornamental work designed for it. Special designs were made for the iron fences, the gates and the knockers on the doors. Each detail is a thing of beauty, and costly in the extreme. When it is time to take the census there will be 250 horses, 150 dogs, 50 cows and about 2,000 hens and pigeons on the place. Mr. Lawson, who is variously known as "Lawson of Boston," "Boston's greatest tapewatcher," "the pamphlet king," has also just published a "pamphlet," a super-royal octavo volume, with rich deckel-edged paper, illustrations in color and a binding resplendent in white and gold, bearing the royal name, "The Lawson History of the America's Cup."

Had Not Noticed Her.

The following fragment of conversation was overheard in a park last Sunday morning between two well-dressed ladies:

"Did you notice that girl who looked at us so pointedly just now?"

"No, dear. Which one?"

"It was just as we were passing the Achilles statue."

"Oh! Do you mean the one in a grey Eton jacket with blue silk revers and a strapped skirt to match; a blue hat with a big bow of green velvet, pale grey kid gloves stitched with black, a pale blue silk flounced underskirt, high-heeled patent leather shoes, a spotted veil and a blue parasol?"

"Yes, dear, that was the one."

"No, then, I didn't notice her; in fact, I hardly looked at her."—Chicago Journal.

"I hear your son is reading law."

"No, sir. It's a mistake. My son is sitting in the back office, with his feet on a desk, smoking cigarettes."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Long Strike.

The strike of Lord Penrhyn's quarrymen, Bethesda, North Wales, has entered upon its third year, and according to English papers is likely to continue several months longer. When the strike was declared 2,800 men in his Lordship's quarries went out. Nearly one thousand have given in to him; about 600 remain in Bethesda and vicinity, and are partially supported by trade union subscriptions, and the rest have found worok in the coal fields and elsewhere, and will not return under any circumstances. The London Daily Mail says that there is extreme bitterness between the men who still hold out and those who have given way, and this has transformed Bethesda. "Ordinarily the district is absolutely crimeless. A sergeant and two policemen suffice to regulate its conduct. Within a radius of two miles there are thirty chapels, and not a single pawnbroker. The keenest pleasure of the inhabitants is in 'preachings' and prayer meetings. Of an evening it is hymns they sing as they march home through the beautiful lanes or up the steep mountain passes. They are deeply religious, and their behavior is usually exemplary. Now a different situation prevails. There is something like civil war in the district. Instead of two policemen, nearly one hundred and fifty constables parade the village. Occasionally these are reinforced by mounted police and a company of hussars." Outside the feud between the "bradyrs," as the men who have given in are called, and those still out, the district still remains as exemplary as ever. The strike arose because the men say they were fined for trifling offences, harried by private detectives, and had to work by the month without knowing, even approximately, what they would be paid. They demanded that these grievances be adjusted through a committee to be recognized by Lord Penrhyn. He, however, is an old and staunch foe of trade unionism, and is said to be fully determined to "smash" the Quarrymen's Union in North Wales, and to force his men into surrender. "It is a melancholy fact," says the paper quoted, "that the quarrymen commenced this struggle one hundred years ago. It is exactly a century since the men made their first attempt to get what most workmen now enjoy. They have had a whole series of strikes since then, and have achieved success once. In 1874 the late Lord Penrhyn conceded the men's demand for combination, and till his death all went smoothly."

He Was a Cab Horse.

A balky horse is an annoying creature under any circumstances, says the Youth's Companion, but the story of an incident which happened during a regimental drill raises the question whether such a horse may not simply be overconscientious.

The sun blazed down on a field of hot, tired horses and excited men, all waiting for a big, raw-boned animal to succumb to the urgings of the starter and get into line.

"Bring up that horse!" shouted one of the officers at last, his patience having given out. "You'll get into trouble if you don't!"

The youthful rider of the refractory horse looked at his officer despairingly.

"I'm as tired of it as you are, sir," he said, with dull resignation, "but I can't help it. He's a cab horse, sir; that's what he is. He won't start till he hears the door shut, sir, and I haven't got any door to shut!"

Fast Trains in Britain.

The records of fast trains in Britain are the subject of a review in The Westminster Gazette, which shows that the season of 1902 has been notable for the speed performances on the railroads. A run on the Northeastern Road, from Darlington to York, is said to be the fastest ever scheduled on a British timetable. The distance is 44 1-4 miles; time, 43 minutes; rate, 61.7 miles per hour. The next best run is on the Midland, from Appleby to Carlisle. Distance, 30 3-4 miles; time, 30 minutes; rate, 61.5 miles per hour. Third in the list is the Caledonian run, from Forfar to Perth. Distance, 32 1-2 miles; time, 33 minutes; rate, 59 miles per hour. From 1897 to 1901 inclusive this run of the Caledonian led all the rest, but it will be observed that it is distinctly inferior to this year's leader, since the distance is considerably less as well as the rate per hour. There are several longer platform-to-platform runs, in which a high speed is developed, of which the following are examples:—Northwestern, Birmingham to Euston (London), 113 miles, 2 hours, rate 56.5; Great Western, Paddington (London) to Leamington, 100 miles, 1 hour and 53 minutes, rate 56.3; London & Southwestern, Waterloo (London) to Bournemouth, 107 1-2 miles, 2 hours and 6 minutes, rate 51.1. It appears, also, that the time has been reduced on the longest run in the world—that between Paddington and Exeter. The distance is 193 5-8 miles, and the records for the last three years are: 1900, time 3 hours 43 minutes, rate 52.1; 1901, time 3 hours 38 minutes, rate 53.3; 1902, 3 hours 37 minutes, rate 53.6.

Save and Use Autumn Leaves.

Every one should just now be at work gathering autumn leaves for his stable, where they make the very best of bedding; to cover his strawberries, where they are as good as any covering ordinarily in reach; to place in his compost piles with ashes, manure, etc., where they are of great value in increasing the humus and for covering tender shrubs, roses and grapes and for banking barns and stables. These last, when removed, can be put into the compost piles in the spring. A wideawake farmer will never let a leaf be burned. He will know that nature made them to increase the soil and to protect the trees and the meadows. A hundred loads will not be too many for me. Still I would not rake leaves as thoroughly as many do. I would leave them very largely to serve as protection for the lawns. In the cities small lawns may necessarily be kept clean, but our country lawns look none the worse for the beautiful and yellow leaves that are thrown upon them by the trees. When you rake leave a fair proportion for mulching your grass. I am accustomed to draw from my neighbors, who have not learned any better than to let their leaves go to waste. They will burn them if I do not take them.—E. P. Powell, in N. Y. Tribune.

SENSATION IN QUEBEC

Wonderful Cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills Causing Much Talk

Dame Joseph Millette of St. Rosaire Tells of Her Pains and How Easily She got Rid of Them

St. Rosaire, D'Arthabasca, Que., Nov. 17.—(Special).—Among the people of this neighborhood there has been much talk of late of the numerous cures resulting from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Such diseases as Rheumatism, Backache, Heart Disease and even Catarrh have yielded readily to this wonderful remedy, and people are fast learning how important it is that the Kidneys should be kept in shape to perform their duty of removing impurities from the blood.

One of those who speak out often and earnestly of the good Dodd's Kidney Pills have done is the good Dame Jospeh Millette. She suffered from Kidney Complaint and Catarrh and is now completely cured. It is not to be wondered at that she speaks as follows:

"I suffered much from malady of the Kidneys. It settled in the loins and gave me great pain and discomfort. I took two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and am perfectly well.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills are a grand remedy for me. I give Dodd's Kidney Pills my certificate from a big heart."

Many others, once sufferers but now in good health, unite with Dame Joseph. Millette in singing the praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They have proved conclusively that no disease arising from diseased Kidneys can stand before them.

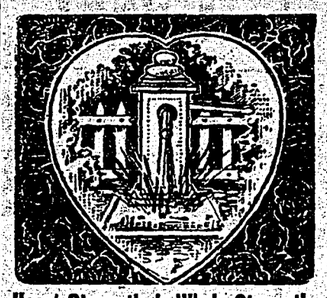
Lord Battersea told this delightful story of Birmingham hero-worship at the Liverpool Junior Reform Club the other day:—

Teacher—My child, who made the world?

Child—Joseph Chamberlain.

Teacher—No, no, my child; the world was made by a greater than Mr. Chamberlain.

Child—Then, sir, it is plain you are a pro-Boer.—London Daily Express.



Heart Strength is Whole Strength

THE blood is your life; when it stops coursing you're dead. If it half stops,

YOU'LL BE HALF DEAD.

Your pain, your weakness, your eternal weariness will all disappear if you strengthen your heart. But you may take special medicine for special trouble if you're in a special hurry. Cheer up! Don't be moping! You can be cured. Try it and for the first time you will know the true meaning of that grand old word —Health. **DR. AGNEW'S HEART CURE** renews the vigor in thirty minutes after taking the first dose. Will CURE the poorest heart and strengthen the strong man.

W. H. Medley, druggist, of Kingston, Ont., writes: "Mr. Thomas Cooke, of Kingston, purchased six bottles of Agnew's Heart Cure and says he is cured of Heart Weakness, from which he had suffered for years."

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder relieves catarrh or colds at once and cures forever.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment compels Piles to perish permanently. It gives ease on the instant. Banishes all manner of skin diseases and eruptions. The safest and cheapest cure. Price, 35c. 4

"What has he done, policeman?"

"He wouldn't move on when I told him, so I arrested him."

"But the poor fellow has lost his hearing."

"Well, mum, he'll get it before the Magistrate, so you don't need to worry."—The Moon.

This Woman is Unhappy

SHE SNORES

her breath is bad, because of Catarrh. It is a mercy to tell her that **DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER** will surely Cure her.

Some remedies are quack—Agnew's cure is quick.

Her life is in danger from Pulmonary disease, which so inevitably follows Chronic Catarrh.

This cure complete only costs 50 cts. a bottle. Relief instantly and the patient stays cured.

It not only soothes; it heals. Colds and Acute Catarrh relieved, and headache cured in ten minutes.

George Lewis, of Hollenback & Baker, Shamokin, Pa., writes: "I have used a great many Catarrh remedies and have never had any relief until I used one box of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, which cured me after I had been troubled with Catarrh for fifty years. I am 80 years old.

DR. AGNEW'S HEART CURE keeps the heart going, which keeps the nerves toned, which set stomach and liver and the whole system in order; and that's the right way and the only way to do it. 15

The Moonstone Sphinx

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson,

Author of "A Girl of the People," Etc.

"It is the young man who flung that strange person off the box-seat of the cab on my last night at the Duke of Clarence's," she said to herself. And she thought it odd, indeed, that he should be singing, masked, in a Brighton street at night.

At first, in her almost morbid fear of detection, she wondered if his presence could possibly have anything to do with her; but in an instant she had decided that this was most improbable.

She crossed to the other side of the road in order to avoid the light and the crowd, and went on her way—or what she hoped was her way—not turning to look back. The music did not begin again, and, having turned a corner which she could only trust was the right one, she found herself in a dark and quiet street.

It was very long and straight, and at each junction with another road Winifred paused and peered through her thick, improvised veil, hoping to see the name of Salt street. If it were not somewhere near she was wrong in her calculations, and would have to ask the way of someone, or be hopelessly lost. She went on thus, slowly, and could see the name she looked for nowhere. It was not late, but most of the houses in this quiet street appeared to have gone to sleep for the night. There was no sound, save the dulled murmur of distant traffic, so that a footstep coming after her seemed unnaturally loud.

It began by being just audible, far away; then grew more distinct, till it rang clearly along the pavement. What if, after all, she had been followed, Winifred thought. Somebody might have watched her, waiting his chance; and now in this dark, silent street——

She could not follow the supposition further without turning to look over her shoulder. Against her will she did it, feeling as if some power other than her own forced her head round.

The dim light that shone through a yellow window-blind in a house where the inmates were still up fell upon something bright, and struck out a gleam. It was the metal frame of a banjo; and Winifred sighed with relief. Instead of being afraid she was glad that the man was near, for if she must ask anyone to direct her she felt she would rather trust him not to betray her than a stranger.

Even supposing he recognized her, instinctively she felt that for the second time he would do what he could to protect rather than injure her.

He came on rapidly with a swinging stride, as if he were in a hurry, and passed Winifred without paying the slightest attention to the slim woman's figure in its dark, inconspicuous clothing. Just as he had gone by, however, she summoned courage to speak. "I beg your pardon," she said, meekly, "but can you tell me the way to Salt street? I'm afraid I have come wrong."

He stopped abruptly, and took off his hat, not like a seaside minstrel, but like a gentleman. "I'm going to Salt street," he replied. "It isn't far from here, but there are a couple of turns still, one to the right and one to the left. If you like I could show you."

"Thank you very much," said Winifred. "I should be glad if you would, since it won't be taking you out of your way."

They walked on side by side, but at some distance apart, and neither spoke. Probably the man fancied that if she wished for conversation on the way she would set the ball rolling. They took the two turnings, and presently entered Salt street, the masked singer announcing the fact in a businesslike tone.

Winifred thanked him with a dismissing "Good-night." Obediently, her late guide dropped behind, his occupation gone; but, apparently to the surprise of both, they met again at the door of No. 13.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Meeting.

The lady in the veil and the man in the mask stopped, and looked at each other. Then off came the man's hat again. "I beg your pardon," said he, "but I live here. Was it No. 13 you wanted?"

"Yes," responded Winifred, "I thought so. Maybe I've made a mistake. Isn't it Mrs. Purdy's house?"

"It is," he answered, "and I'm Mrs. Purdy's lodger."

"Oh!" exclaimed Winifred, "she spoke of you. She said you had been good to her sick daughter."

"I haven't been able to do very much," said the masked man. "You know her daughter's ill, then?"

"Mrs. Purdy told me."

"I don't think," he went on, "that it's right for you to come into the house. Miss Purdy's better, but——"

"I'm not afraid," Winifred broke in. "Mrs. Purdy sent me here. I—I hope I can be taken in. It would be—very inconvenient otherwise."

"Of course you can be taken in, if you're not afraid. I don't believe myself there's much danger now, but one never knows; and for your sake I wish——"

"Please don't mind," she interrupted him again. And then, hesitatingly: "I think I recognize your voice as one I have heard before."

"I recognized yours the moment you spoke," he returned. "But I thought perhaps I ought not to say so."

"As you are Mrs. Purdy's lodger, and I shall be in her house for a time," said Winifred, "we are sure to see each other's faces. And if your face is the one I think it is I feel certain you will respect my wish to let no one know that I am here."

"You may be certain of that," he answered. And, fitting a latch-key which he had taken from his pocket into the key-hole of a small, battered door in a mean little house in a row of other mean houses exactly like it, he threw the door open for Winifred to walk in.

Inside was a tiny passage, lit by a common, unshaded paraffin lamp suspended from the wall by a bracket, with a tin reflector as a background. The floor was bare, save for a narrow strip of carpeting meant to cover a staircase, and on one side of the passage were two doors.

"Miss Purdy's in that room," said the masked man, indicating the door near the front. "At the back here there's a sort of sitting-room and dining-room and kitchen all in one. Will you walk in?—and I'll light the lamp."

Winifred did walk in, and in a moment, after some fumbling with matches, darkness was turned into light. The girl saw dimly through the double folds of her fichu veil a small room, uncarpeted, and furnished only with a red-covered table, a few chairs, a kitchen range, plenty of shelves for brightly-polished tins, and cheap blue and white china. A queer old-fashioned clock, with the picture of a pastoral landscape on the door under its face, ticked with supernatural energy on a very narrow mantelpiece above the range. Hanging over this was a vilely-executed crayon enlargement of a photograph, representing a good-looking young woman dressed as a "pantomime boy."

There was hardly anything else in the room save a colored mat woven of rags, which adorned the bare floor and afforded a resting-place for a large black cat; but everything was spotlessly clean, and, despite its poverty, the poor little room contrived to wear an air of homely comfort.

Winifred's heart warmed to her refuge. Somehow she suddenly discovered that she was not as unhappy as she had been. She felt a sudden accession of courage and hope, though there was little which could reasonably account for either emotion.

The masked singer gave her a chair, and she sat down, conscious that she was faintly embarrassed in his presence. He had recognized her voice, just as she had recognized his; they knew each other, and she desired to account to him in some commonplace manner for her anomalous position; yet she did not see how to do so without revealing the actual, hateful truth.

The young man laid his banjo on the table beside his hat and began removing his mask. As he did so, with a sudden impulse Winifred's hands went up to the knot which tied the piece of chiffon at the back of her head.

Perhaps he had his secret as well as she. But he was trusting her, and she would show that she meant to trust him as well. Many wise people, knowing her circumstances, would have thought her exceedingly imprudent to do this. And doubtless she was imprudent. But she did not fear the consequences. And the veil and the mask slipping down at the same instant, the man and the girl looked into each other's faces.

The man's was pale, and his dark eyes were bright. If Winifred had possessed the slightest clue to his strong feeling she might have wondered at the light in his eyes. His expression was that which a man might wear in dreaming a wonderful dream from which he feared to be awakened. But Winifred was not in a mood for subtle comparisons, and she only realized more keenly than she had at their last meeting that his face was fine and virile, and singularly attractive in a way that she could feel without analyzing.

She wondered, nervously, if he would ask any questions; but he did not, and it seemed to her that he was making an effort to pass the whole matter off as if it were but a mere commonplace occurrence—nothing to excite surprise at all.

"I must go to Miss Purdy's door and knock softly, to find out whether she's sleeping still, or if she's woke up and wants anything," he announced. "After a fashion I'm acting nurse when the poor girl's mother's away; but she's so well again now that she can be left alone for a while, so I went out for an hour. I'll be back in a minute, and perhaps you'll let me get you something to eat or drink, if—if you're tired."

As he spoke he had been gazing at her with a wistfulness that would not be concealed. Winifred guessed that she must be pallid and weary-looking after all she had gone through, and fancied that her white face had suggested his stammering offer.

There was something curiously comforting and helpful in his manner, though he had made no offer of help or hinted his suspicion that she might need it. While he was gone from the room Winifred listened attentively to the sound of his footsteps in the passage, his low-toned conversation with the sick girl, and was glad when he came back again—a warming, protected gladness as of one who has found safe haven after storm.

"I always make myself a cup of tea or cocoa when I come in about this time," he said, when he had returned to the kitchen sitting-room. "Mrs. Purdy has given me permission, and I feel myself very much at home. Won't you have some tea? Or do you like cocoa better at night?"

"I should like tea very much, thank you," Winifred answered.

She leant back in the cheap, old easy-chair and watched him. There was something wonderfully restful about it, after all she had passed through.

He seemed to understand by instinct that she was too weary and worn to talk, and went quietly about his work.

In this little household the lumps of coal and kindling were luxuries, so the fire had not been lighted. Hope Newcome boiled the water over a spirit lamp, and before the kettle had begun to sing he cut thin, tempting slices of bread and buttered them. He knew where to find everything, and performed his self-appointed task with the skill of one who has cooked himself many a meal at times and in places when otherwise he would have had none.

There was a glass of milk for the sick girl in the next room, and when it had been carried to her the tea had stood long enough to be good. A pleasant fragrance filled the little room. Feeling like one in a dream, Winifred ate bread and butter and sipped strong tea. It was a very strange thing, but nothing on earth had ever tasted so good.

"What nice tea you make!" she said.

"Do I? I'm glad," he answered. "I used to make it for my mother."

"And my mother used to make it for me!" the girl exclaimed. Then suddenly it struck her that it was curious they two should have been thrown together again, and be talking most familiarly in a calm, everyday way, ignoring all that made each one's heart sad or anxious, and knowing absolutely nothing of one another's lives.

Yet, now that she thought of it, did this man know nothing of her life? She had told him nothing. But he had been at the Duke of Clarence's that night, and now he was here in Brighton. He might have had some superficial knowledge of her as an actress in the beginning, and possibly he had asked questions. At least, he could hardly be ignorant of her name after what he had done in her service outside the stage-door of the London theater; and if he remembered it, he must know that Winifred Gray was billed to act in "Mazeppa" to-night and after.

The blood rushed up to her face as this conviction seized her. What he had not already learnt Mrs. Purdy would probably tell him. Somehow the girl could hardly bear that he should know all the truth. It would be horrible to feel that she was associated in his mind with a man of Lionel Macaire's reputation.

Of course there was no reason why she should care what this poverty-stricken young minstrel, who masked himself and played his banjo in the public streets, thought of her, even though, whatever his outward circumstances, he was certainly by birth and breeding a gentleman. Still, Winifred did care, disproportionately, cruelly.

She was seized with a vivid desire to discover how much he already knew. All the brief, sweet restfulness had vanished with those thoughts.

"Do you know my name?" she asked, abruptly.

"Yes," he answered without hesitation. "I hope you don't mind my remembering it so well. You are Miss Winifred Gray. I couldn't help enquiring at the theater that night; and the doorkeeper told me. As for me—not that you'd be interested, still, I'd like to tell you—I call myself Hope Newcome. It's not my real name; I merely chose it because it meant something to me, for a sort of mission that brought me to England, and I shall drop it when that mission's done. But I haven't told anybody else this."

"Thank you for trusting me," said Winifred, guessing that he had told her just to show his trust, and to let her see that she was not the only one who had secrets to keep. "I can't feel that we're strangers after what you did for me that other night. I've never forgotten. But there are other things I want to ask you. Did you know that I was to have acted in Brighton? Of course, though, you must have seen the bills."

As she spoke her eyes fell and her color rose, for she seemed to see one terrible poster with a crowd about it. Perhaps he had been one of that crowd, or another like it.

"I knew, yes," said Hope Newcome, and flushed a little, for it was because he had known that he had come to Brighton. But he would not tell her that.

He could not tell her how he had been tempted that night when he had first seen her (and the whole world had seemed the brighter and sweeter for his knowledge of her) to follow and find out where she lived, merely that he might sometimes pass the house and look up at the windows.

He could not tell her of his astonishment and pain when he had read in a paper that Miss Winifred Gray had suddenly severed her connection with the Duke of Clarence's Theater. He had meant somehow to get the money for a seat on the first night of "As You Like It" to see her as Celia, but the Duke of Clarence's lost its attraction for him when he knew that she was gone.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Partners.

He could not tell her that, nor how often he had thought of her, wondering whether she were still in London; whether she were ill or well; whether she were "resting" or rehearsing for some new play of which he had missed the announcement.

He could hardly have looked her in the face to-night if she could have guessed how often he had read that she was in Brighton, he had hastily answered an advertisement in a dramatic paper requiring a banjo-player and singer of American "plantation" melodies for a negro minstrel party to open at an early date at a cheap music-hall in that seaside town. He could play the banjo well, and a very good one which he had had since his college days was still in his possession; that is, grim necessity had not yet obliged him to pawn it.

He had got the engagement, as the manager was in a hurry and ready to take almost anybody. And he had been delighted with the chance, though he would have to black his face with burnt cork every night, associate with cads and bounders, and receive in exchange for his services the sum of one pound a week.

As a matter of fact, the pound was forthcoming for one week, and no more. Business was bad, and the manager disappeared before treasury day of the second week, leaving the five members of the troupe to do as best they could.

What Hope Newcome did was to stay and help his landlady take care of her sick daughter. When his funds failed he put on a mask, which Mrs. Purdy made at his request, and went out into the street or down by the sea with his banjo, earning not only money enough to pay his way, but to provide some little delicacies for the invalid, which otherwise she would have to do without.

Unassisted, he would perhaps not have thought of this method of refilling his empty pockets, but when the "ghost" ceased to "walk" for the "Six Jolly Niggers," Clara Purdy had suggested the idea. Newcome had come to occupy the one room her mother used to let, before a cold had developed for her into serious illness, and she had not long before been earning a few shillings in the same way herself. Having no engagement for this year, she had been in the habit of going out masked, to sing popular music-hall airs, with a sweet, untrained voice, and she had thought that Hope Newcome might utilize his rich tenor and his banjo.

So he had taken her advice, and had been in Brighton three weeks. But there was very little of this which could be explained or even mentioned to Winifred Gray. And if he could tell her nothing about himself, still less could he ask her questions. He must be content for the present with the crumbs that she cared to throw to him.

And how content he was! As if it mattered what wind had buffeted her within his reach, if he were not hurt by its roughness, since here she was beside him!

"Yes, I knew you were here," he had said, simply. And the answer seemed bald and cold enough compared with the whole reality which he had in his thoughts. "I knew it some weeks ago. You were here before I was."

He had not referred to her question about the posters. But perhaps he had only forgotten to speak of them. Perhaps he had not seen those horrible new ones of which that girl at the theater had told her.

"Did Mrs. Purdy speak of me?" she asked.

"No. Not to me. Since she went to the dress rehearsal she hasn't spoken of anyone in particular at the theater; and, of course, as there's been nothing going on there except rehearsals, she wasn't at the place till then, since you came to Brighton."

Newcome might have added that he had taken the room in Mrs. Purdy's house because someone at the music-hall had told him she acted as a dresser at the theater; and that he had tried to extract from her some information concerning Miss Gray after the dress rehearsal of Mazeppa, but had not gone about it tactfully enough to get the satisfaction he wanted. But he kept this part untold.

"You must be wondering very much why I am here, instead of playing my part on the first night," Winifred said, hesitatingly, not sure yet how far she meant to go in explanation.

"I'm not thinking about that," Newcome answered. "I am only thinking that I should like to help make you comfortable now you are here."

"I simply couldn't play the part as they wanted it done," the girl faltered on. "They deceived me up to the very last, on purpose, of course, because they must have known I wouldn't do it if I had been told in time. They hoped that at the last moment they could force me to take their way. But I would not. Still, if it hadn't been for Mrs. Purdy they might have succeeded. She helped me to get away, and nobody at the theater guessed. When they found out that I was gone—as they must have long ago now—I don't know what they could have done. I suppose they sent somebody else on in my place. But I can't care much, because it was like a plot, and I had to save myself, since they were determined that I should wear—that I should play the part exactly in their way. I don't want them to know where I am. It's to be quite a secret, if it can be kept so. And, oh, I hope it can!"

"It shall be," said Hope Newcome. His firm tone gave the girl courage, and she felt a thrill of gratitude.

They were still talking together when Mrs. Purdy came home with the news of the theater and all that had happened after Winifred's disappearance.

Winifred flew down the passage to meet the old woman when her latch-key was heard scraping in the lock. She wanted time for one whispered caution before her hostess should come into the sitting-room.

"If you guess the name of the man I most want to escape from," she said, hurriedly, in Mrs. Purdy's ear, "please don't mention it to anyone, not even your daughter or your lodger, will you? I can't bear to think that people should know in what a horrible way I have been persecuted."

"If I've a thought in my mind about that, there it stays locked up," rejoined the old woman. "The name I was thinkin' of isn't known to the public as the manager of the play, and there's no reason why anyone here, anyhow, who ain't in theatrical secrets should put it alongside o' yours."

"That is what I hope," the girl exclaimed: "And now I'm so anxious to hear all you have to say. Your lodger has been very kind to me. But I've been impatient for you to come and tell me if there's any suspicion——"

"Not a jot, thanks to my lies," broke in the old woman. "I've told a pack this night, and my only hope is that I may be forgiven, as 'twas in a good cause. When I've had a peep at my girl I'll come into the sittin'-room and tell you everything."

She was as good as her word; and presently Winifred's mind was relieved for the moment of the fear that Mrs. Purdy's complicity in her act or the hiding-place chosen had been suspected by anyone at the theater.

Later, Hope Newcome had also a private word for the old woman's ear. He wanted to give up his room to Miss Gray without letting her know what he was doing, and transfer his few belongings to the store-room behind it, where a bed of some sort might be made up on the floor.

Mrs. Purdy had mentally apportioned this poor accommodation to her unexpected guest, since she herself slept in a cot in her daughter's room downstairs; but since Mr. Newcome was willing to endure inconvenience, there was no reason against it; and it was like him, that was all she had to say!

So Winifred was made comfortable at the expense of her knight, blissfully ignorant that he was sacrificing himself for her sake.

Next morning she made Clara Purdy's acquaintance, and Clara's fertile mind, alert in her convalescence, suggested a method by which Winifred's safety from pursuit might be further secured. Clara was a red-haired girl, but her tresses were neither long, curly nor abundant. One year in a provincial pantomime she had played the fairy queen, and she had worn a ruddy wig, which was an improvement upon her own hair. That wig had been preserved with care since then as an expensive "prop," which might be found useful at any time; and in going out to sing in the streets this autumn she had worn it, as being more attractive, when hanging on her shoulders, than her own rather scanty locks.

(To be continued.)

MANGER FOR HORSES.

A Simple Device Meets Many Advantages.

One thing that hinders many farmers from making a good profit on their farms is keeping scrub stock instead of good breeds. No one who has ever tried feeding a Poland China or Berkshire hog in the same pen with a scrub would need anything else to convince him of this. A good thoroughbred will simply return twice the increase for the same amount of feed that the scrub will. This is a matter of far greater importance than most people think. There is no money in scrub stock, and the sooner it is universally known the better it will be for the country. We feel and realize, says John A. Wallace, in the Farmer's Home Journal, the fact that Kentucky loses thousands of dollars each year by feeding inferior hogs. There is quite a large number of hogs now being fed in Kentucky which would not pay for half the care and feed given them.

Just why this is so is hard to explain, when we know that there is a good profit in good hogs and a good sow and bear can be bought so cheap and soon stock any farm with good hogs. A good brood sow can be bought for $15 or $20 and upon an average will bring from six to eight pigs. A good boar pig can be had for $8 or $10 and from 25 to 90 per cent of the feed now consumed can be saved thereby and this alone would buy good hogs by the dozen. Not only this but if you do not want to put an advertisement in a paper and breed for breeding purposes you could sell all your surplus pigs to neighbors at from six to eight cents per pound. We have tried several experiments with good Poland and China pigs and good scrub pigs finding from $3.50 to $4 difference per head in a year. Now, this would make a difference of from $30 to $40 in a scrub sow and a good sow in a year, when we remember that a sow will bring two litters a year.

A Manger for Horses.

A number of the breeds of hogs are now being bred for early maturity, and need not be kept till one year old to mature, but can be kept to six or eight months old and be turned off to top the market the sweetest and best bacon, and the pigs in the fall turned off to neighbors at from $3 to $5 per head at four to six weeks old, or fed for spring market, as may be desired, not forgetting that extra attention is what makes the extra profit, especially during the winter months. Now, young man, are you in the old rut, breeding that old roach-back scrub? If so pull out this fall while you yet have time to make preparations for next year by buying a bred sow or sows, as needs be, and a good boar to breed to next summer for a fall litter, and don't forget to get a good pedigree with what you buy, which will induce your neighbors to buy from you at good, if not fancy, prices.—Rural World.

Filtered Milk.

William Curry, an old north Texas dairyman, who has traveled extensively abroad, says, according to the Dallas News, that central depots where milk is received and filtered before being taken to the consumer are now a feature of several European cities.

Large cylindrical vessels are divided horizontally near their centre by compartments containing sand of three successive degrees of fineness, the coarsest being the lowest and as the milk arriving from the country is poured through a pipe into the bottom of these vessels it rises through the sand filter and is run off by an overflow pipe into a cool cistern from which it is drawn directly into locked cans for distribution.

The sand is renewed each time the filter is used. The dirt is separated from the milk, the number of bacteria is reduced to one-third and an astonishing quantity of mucus and slimy matter is removed, the loss of fat being very light.

Rapid Milking.

It is a common mistake to suppose that the faster a cow is milked the better is the milk product drawn from the udder. It is certainly not so until practice has acquired, and the muscles of the hand have been trained so that the teats may be compressed gently and without apparent effort. The pulling and hauling worries the cow, and often causes her to hold up the milk so that no one can rapidly draw it. As a rule cows should be milked always by the same person. If a change is made the cow at once discovers it and makes the milking harder.

The operation of milking, if gently performed, is a pleasure to the cow. This pleasure promotes milk secretion, so it is not an absurdidity so say that a good milker will get more milk from a cow at the same milking than an unskilful one could get, though each secured all that the udder would afford to him or her. The change from one milker to another is never made without some loss. Therefore where a large herd of cows have to be milked, and several milkers are employed, each milker should have asighed to him the cows he shall milk, instead of milking one or another indiscriminately. The cow will discriminate, even if the milker does not.—American Cultivator.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Fried sweet apples are good for liver or kidney trouble.

Pour vinegar over fresh fish to make the scales come off easily.

Beating stewed apples till fine and smooth with Dover beater, instead of rubbing through strainer. This will apply to any soft fruit.

Bedroom floors may be kept cool and frest by wiping them daily with fresh water. Microbes, moths or other insects are thus destroyed. Salt and camphor in cold water is an excellent disinfectant in bedrooms.

In rooms that lack sunlight it is astonishing to see how a strong, bright yellow color of just the right shade, introduced by means of a cushion, or chair, or hangings, will give brightness and life that are almost sunny in effect.

Parsnip fritters may be made by scraping and boiling three or more parsnips until very tender; then, having mashed and seasoned them with salt, pepper and butter, make a pint of batter, add the parsnips, and fry a tablespoonful at a time in boiling lard.

When the glass globes of the chandelier have becomed smoked and grimy soak them in hot water, to which a little sal soda has been added. Then put some ammonia in hot water and scrub the inside of the globes briskly with a stiff brush, whereupon rinse thoroughly and wipe.

One-half cupful of butter, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of sour or buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in boiling water, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, two eggs, about five cupfuls of sifted flour, or enough for a moderately thick batter. Cream the butter, sugar, molasses and spice; set the mixture on the range until lukewarm. Add the milk, then the beaten eggs, the soda, and last the flour. Beat hard for five minutes. Bake in small tins or a single cake, as perferred. It is excellent either hot or cold.

Cheese custards served with thin bread and butter sandwiches are often given as a separate course before dessert. Into a cupful of warm (not hot) milk stir one teaspoonful of cornstarch until dissolved, two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, half a saltspoon full of white pepper, a few grains of cayenne, a quarter of a teaspoonful of mustard, and salt to taste. Heat carefully in a double boiler until the cheese is dissolved. Add four eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately until light and brown. The mixture should be baked separately, for each person, in paper cases or pattypans, and eaten as soon as done. All cheese dishes should be served very hot.

New Form of Goose Culture.

A North Dakota farmer has discovered a new way of increasing his flock of geese without going through the usual formality of buying or hatching them, and yet he does not steal them. As the story goes, there is a great sand bar near the home of the farmer. This piece of land projects into the Mississippi river, but in such an exposed condition that a hunter cannot reach it without being seen. For many seasons the bar has been a favorite resting place for flocks of wild geese on their long flights to the far north. Recently the farmer in question saturated several pecks of corn with alcohol and distributed the "doctored" grain over the surface of the bar. The first flock of geese that alighted eagerly gobbled up the corn and soon became decidedly intoxicated. Some of them rolled over and went to sleep; others squawked absurdly and staggared about the bar, and still others tried to fly, but only plunged around in the air awhile and again alighted on the strip of the sand.

The farmer, who had been in hiding, watching the effect of the scheme, rushed to the sand bar and captured nearly the entire flock. He now has plenty of geese.—Exchange.

Fertile Eggs.

When a hen steals her nest and is allowed to sit, the result is usually a large hatch. When hens have been fed carefully and have produced eggs for a long time, it is folly to expect good results from setting such eggs. Nature causes the female to become "broody" when her nest is full of eggs; therefore, the first twelve or twenty eggs laid are strongly fertile, and will produce healthy chicks. The result is less satisfactory as the number of eggs increases, I have experienced this, and do not breed from my layers.

The best results are obtained by mating two or three-year-old females with yearling birds, keeping such fowls back until you wish to mate. Breeding fowls can be allowed to run at large or mated with one male; partial confinement with more than one male will lead to trouble and lack of fertility.

Do not blame your incubator or the place where you set your hens; the trouble can be further off.

Eggs that do not test strongly fertile at the end of seven days, will not give a big hatch or healthy chicks.

Thirty years of experience has taught me that the key to the situation lies in the capiton of this short letter.—D. E. Howatt, in Country Gentleman.

MEDICINAL QUALITIES.

Asparagus is very cooling and easily digested.

Cabbage, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts and broccoli are cooling, nutritive, laxative and purifying to the blood, and also act as a tonic, but should not be eaten too freely by delicate persons.

Celery is delicious cooked, and good for rheumatic and gouty people.

Lettuces are very wholesome. They are slightly narcotic, and lull and calm the mind.

Spinach is particularly good for rheumatism and gout, and also in kidney diseases.

Onions are good for chest ailments and colds, but do not agree with all.

Watercresses are excellent tonic, stomachic and cooling.

Beetroot is very cooling and highly nutritous, owing to the amount of sugar it contains.

Parsley is cooling and purifying.

Turnip tops are invaluable when young and tender.

Green neute shoots, if gathered in Spring and cooked as spinach, form a most delicate and wholesome blood-purifying vegetable.

Potatoes, parsnips, carrots, turnips and artichokes are highly nutritous, but not so digestible as some vegetables. Potatoes are the most nourishing and are fattenning for nervous people.

Tomatoes are health-giving and purifying, either eaten raw or cooked.

Chili, cayenne, horse-radish and mustard should be used sparingly. They give a zest to the appetite, and are valuable stomachics. Radishes are the same, but are indigestible, and should not be eaten by delicate people.

WISE MAXIMS

There are no elevators in the house of sucess.

The "bad boy" often makes the best man.

A man can be too confiding in others, but never too confident in himself.

A college education is a good thing, but many a graduate finds himself over trained.

Clothes don't make the man, but good clothes have got many a man a good job.

A bad man with good manners often outdoes a good man with bad manners.

If you have $25 and want a job it is better to spend $20 for clothes, $4 for shoes and the rest for a shave and a hair-cut and a clean collar, and walk to the place than go with the money in the pockets of a dingy suit.

The world depends on its school-children.

A town which has no school should be abolished.

The world is only saved by the breath of the school-children.

Even for the rebuilding of the Temple the instruction of the children must not be interrupted.

If you interrupt your studies for one day it will take you two to make up for what you have lost.

THOUGHTS OF A QUEEN

The woman who forgives unfaithfulness has ceased to love; true love does not know forgiveness.

Animals move freely in their element; man is often out of his element because he is the slave of habit.

If your wife deceives you it's your own fault.

Mistrust a man who doesn't believe in domestic happiness.

There is nothing in a man that two smart women can't worm out of him.

You, I, all of us, will throw the first stone on a woman who does what a man of honor is freely permitted to do.

A woman that is misunderstood is one who doesn't understand other women.

When a man sets out to destroy things he goes about it like a steer or bear; woman, in the same mood, imitates the gnawing mouse or the spring of a serpent.

FROM THE GOSPELS

By their fruits ye shall know them.

Be ye therefore wise as serpents and as harmless as doves.

The tree is known by its fruit.

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Neither cast ye your pearls before swine.

Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you.

Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.

Where your treasure is there will your heart be also.

Judge not.

Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them.

Many varieties of colored marbles are found on the mountains surrounding Carrara, in Italy. Two varieties of blue, dove-colored marble, known as "Bardiglio" and "Pavonzaro," are well known in the United States, the latter especially being largely used and commanding a high price.

The Salvation Army in Chicago will try something new. Its members will produce plays. Major Winchell, of Peoria, says: "I have written 'Jonah and the Whale' in six acts." Here is a chance for realism and the play, faithfully produced, ought to delight the young.

The first paper money used in this country was issued by Pensylvania in 1723. In the early part of that year $75,000 were issued on the credit of the colony, and a few months later $150,000 more followed.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1903.

Big Expenditures are Coming.

Hon. Raymond Prefontaine has repeated his former repudiation of Liberal principles and pledges, and goes it one better. His latest manifesto enjoins Canadians to prepare to meet a further increase in the public expenditure, amounting to millions. This is quite in keeping with Mr. Prefontaine's municipal record at Montreal, and shows that our newest Cabinet Minister has not forgotten anything or learned anything by his ignominious rejection from the mayoralty of his native city. He is evidently paving the way for a regular "wait until you see us next year" scattering of the people's money, and the coming budget promises to be a record breaker.

On the tariff question, Mr. Prefontaine is very reticent and has lost some of his protectionist enthusiasm. Can it be that the Free Trade section of the party are treating the Hon. Raymond to some of Mr. Tarte's medicine? Or is it part of the Liberal's double dealing fiscal policy?

A Busy Session Coming.

Parliament is booked to meet early in March. The coming session will be one of the most important since confederation, and will probably last for six months or over. Among the important questions to be considered are: The tariff, the fast Atlantic service, the redistribution bill, the report of the Colonial Conference delegates, the Railway's Commission bill, the Telephone bill, the Cattle Guards bill, the Grand Trunk Pacific bill, granting of railway subsidies for the years 1901-2 and 1902-3, and the proposal to further extend the intercolonial. From this partial synopsis it can be seen that Canada's legislators have a busy session before them.

Marvel of Mechanism.

One of the largest printing presses in the world, and undoubtedly the largest in Canada, is shortly to be installed in the premises of The Mail and Empire, Toronto.

This monster is known as the Scott Straight Line Sextuple Insetting and Folding Machine. Its enormous capacity of 72,000 papers per hour, printed, pasted, cut and folded, will enable The Mail and Empire to publish news an hour and a half later than at present.

This mammoth press is one of the most up to date and complete machines ever manufactured. An idea of its prodigious size may be gathered from the fact that it is 29 feet in length by 13 feet 10 inches in width and weighs 52 tons! It will print 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 20 and 24 pages, as required. It really consists of three presses, double width, or four pages wide, placed one above the other in parallel planes.

Each press carries sixteen stereotype plates, and is fed from a roll of paper 70 inches in width. The webs are brought together in register after being printed, and receive a longitudinal cut in the centre, making six continuous webs or sheets, the present width of the paper. The several sheets receive a fold in the centre, while on the run, and are cut off in lengths of one page, after which they are again folded to half or quarter page size as desired, and delivered from three separate folders, counted in packs of twenty-five, fifty, or any given number. This machine has been constructed with great care, and is capable of turning out a very superior class of work, special attention having been given to a perfect ink distribution.

The printing cylinders are in horizontal, parallel planes, and the rolls of paper are all at one end of the machine, while the finished product is delivered at the other.

The tensions are controlled by one lever and separately, and an index provided for the purpose, shows exactly the strain on each web of paper.

There are two ink distributing cylinders, with their several composition rollers to each plate cylinder, and the ink supply is controlled by pawl and ratchet mechanisms.

In order to produce papers of any combined number of pages, either set of printing cylinders can be run without the others, and the folders with each.

The driving gear, which is designed for electric power, is mounted on a sub-bed-plate below the floor level, and is securely fastened to the base of the machine. A slow motion with power is also provided to facilitate the threading of the webs and getting the machine in running order.

REDISTRIBUTION IN NEXT HOUSE

Measure Proposed to be Introduced by the Government in the Commons.

OTTAWA, Jan. 3.—The Minister of Justice has prepared a memorandum in reference to the coming redistribution of seats in the House of Commons based upon the census of 1900. As a result of this, Ontario will lose six members; Nova Scotia, two; New Brunswick, one; Prince Edward, one; and the Territories, two; while Manitoba gains three and British Colnmbia one.

The new parliament therefor will have 210 members as compared with 214 in the present house (including the Yukon).

The representations in the house will then be as follows:

	Present	Proposed.
Ontario	92	86
Quebec	65	65
Nova Scotia	20	18
New Brunswick	14	13
P. E. I.	5	4
Manitoba	7	10
British Columbia	6	7
Territories	4	6
Yukon	1	1
	214	210

Down in Dixie.

Just now a number of our readers are planning where they will go for the winter and no doubt the majority of them will do as they have done in the past, buy round trip excursion tickets, good for six months, to Southern Pines, N. C., and those who want to make side trips of a few weeks to Florida, Louisiana or Texas can get round trip tickets from Southern Pines to the points they desire to visit at the most favorable rates and thus save unnecessary expenses. Southern Pines is the head quarters for northern tourist. It is located in the high sand hills among the Long Leaf Pines on the Seaboard Air Line Railway, which is the most direct route between New York, Washington and Jacksonville, Florida.

We advise our readers who are expecting to make a Southern trip to write to Mr. John T. Patrick, Pinebluff, N. C., and he will send them, free of charge, printek matter that will be of much interest.

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FIRST STREET, Revelstoke B. C.

SOCIETIES.

Red Rose Degree meets second and fourth Tuesdays of each month; White Rose Degree meets third Tuesday of each quarter, in Oddfellows Hall. Visiting brethren welcome
S. D. CROWLE, President. T. B. BAKER, Act. Secretary.

LOYAL ORANGE LODGE No. 1658.
Regular meetings are held in the Oddfellow's Hall on the Third Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. sharp. Visiting brethren cordially invited
A. JOHNSON, W. M
W. JOHNSTON, Rec.-Sec.

Gold Range Lodge, K. of P., No. 26, Revelstoke, B. C.,
MEETS EVERY WEDNESDAY in Oddfellows' Hall at 8 o'clock. Visiting Knights are cordially invited.
B. VAN HORNE, C. C.
G. H. BROCK, K. of R. & S.

CHURCHES

METHODIST CHURCH, REVELSTOKE.
Preaching services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m Class meeting at the close of the morning service. Sabbath School and Bible Class at 3:30 Weekly Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30. The public are cordially invited. Seats free.
Rev. C. LADNER, Pastor.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, ANGLICAN.
Eight a.m., Holy Eucharist; 11 a.m., mattins, Litany and sermon (Holy Eucharist first Sunday in the month); 2:30 Sunday school, or children's service; 7:30 Evensong (choral) and sermon. Holy Days—The Holy Eucharist is celebrated at 7 a.m. or 8 a.m., as announced. Holy Baptism after Sunday School at 3:15.
C. A. PROCUNIER, rector.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Service every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. to which all are welcome. Prayer meeting at 8 p. m. every Wednesday.
REV. W. C. CALDER, Pastor.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.
Mass at 10:30 a. m., on first, second and fourth Sundays in the month.
REV. FATHER THAYER.

SALVATION ARMY.
Meeting every night in their Hall on Front Street.

H EDWARD
TAXIDERMIST,
DEER HEADS, BIRDS, Etc. MOUNTED,
Furs Cleaned and Repaired.
JUST EAST OF PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Third Street.

A. H. HOLDICH
ANALYTICAL CHEMIST AND ASSAYER.
Royal School of Mines, London. Seven years at Morfa Works, Swansea. 17 years Chief Chemist to Wigan Coal and Iron Co., Eng. Late Chemist and Assayer, Hall Mines, Ltd. Claims examined and reported upon.
Ferguson, B.C.

J. A. KIRK.
Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyor.
REVELSTOKE, B. C.

E. MOSCROP . . .
Sanitary Plumbing, Hot Water And Steam Heating, Gas Fitting
Second St., REVELSTOKE, B.C.

WOOD

Wood for sale including
Dry Cedar, Fir and Hemlock.

All orders left at W. M. Lawrence's will receive prompt attention.
W. FLEMING.

WHAT IS A HOME WITHOUT A
SINGER

Singer Sewing Machines are sold on easy monthly payments.

A full supply of machines needles and attachments are kept for any make of machine on earth.

H. MANNING, : MACKENZIE AVE.
Revelstoke, B. C.

GOLDFIELDS POSSIBILITIES..

If you are looking for possibilities in Estate Speculation that will double your capital, it will be to your interest to invest RIGHT NOW, before the best of the properties have been taken up.

REAL ESTATE
AT GROUND FLOOR PRICES

Are you looking for Business Lots, Residential Lots, or other Real Estate? Goldfields is the Payroll Centre and Resident Town of the Famous Fish River Free Milling Gold Camp, and has a Future unequalled by any other Town in the West.

For Terms and Particulars Write
ROGER F. PERRY, Manager, Goldfields, B. C.

A. N. Smith
Baker and Confectioner
A full and complete line of
GROCERIES
A. N. Smith
Cor. Mackenzie Ave. and Railway Street.

Jas. I. Woodrow
BUTCHER
Retail Dealer in—
Beef, Pork, Mutton, Etc.
Fish and Game in Season....
All orders promptly filled.
Corner Douglas King Streets. REVELSTOKE, B.C

Canadian Pacific Railway

Trains Leave Revelstoke Daily

EASTBOUND.... 8:20
WESTBOUND...17:30
SOUTHBOUND.. 8:10

LOWEST RATES
To all points East and West
FAST TIME

Through Cars
Standard and Tourist Sleeping Cars on all Trains

For full information call on or address

T. W. Bradshaw, Agent Revelstoke.
E. J. Coyle, Assist. Gen. Passenger Agent Vancouver.

Going South for Winter?

If you are contemplating going South during the winter of 1902 or 1903 you can get valuable information free of charge.

Write to
John T. Patrick
Pinebluff, N. C.

He can save you money in hotel rates.
He can direct you which is the best railroad route to travel.
He can direct you where to rent neatly furnished cottages or single rooms.

REVELSTOKE FURNITURE CO'Y.
THE SUPPLY HOUSE FOR NORTH KOOTENAY.
WE keep a larger and better stock than any house between Winnipeg and Vancouver. Quartered Oak Tables, Rockers, Bedroom Suites. A splendid line of Couches, Morris' Chairs, and everything a First Class House carries.
Cabinet Making, Upholstering, Picture Framing, etc.

By Royal 1848 — Warrants 1901
JOHN BEGG'S
Royal Lochnagar
BALMORAL WHISKEY SCOTLAND
By appointment to His Majesty the King, 1901.
By appointment to Her Late Majesty Queen Victoria, 1848-1900.
Revelstoke Wine & Spirit Company, Limited, Agents.

Daily Stage
TO CAMBORNE AND GOLDFIELDS FROM BEATON
Shortest and Most Direct Route to the Fish River Gold Camps.
Daily Stage leaves Beaton for Gold Camps on arrival of Boats at 12 o'clock noon, arriving at destination that same afternoon.
Stables supplied with Single, Double, Saddle and Pack Horses and Freight Teams for any part of the District.
ANDREW M. CRAIG, - Proprietor.

FREE BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS.
FIRST CLASS ACCOMMODATION.
HEATED BY HOT AIR
REASONABLE RATES.

Hotel Victoria
Brown & Querin, Props.
ELECTRIC BELLS AND LIGHT IN EVERY ROOM.
HOURLY STREET CAR MEETS ALL TRAINS.
BAR WELL SUPPLIED BY THE CHOICEST WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS .....

SIBBALD & FIELD,
AGENTS FOR
Real Estate — C. P. R. TOWNSITE. MARA TOWNSITE. GERRARD TOWNSITE. CAMBORNE TOWNSITE.
FINANCIAL— Canada Permanent & Western Canada Mortgage Corporation. Colonial Investment and Loan Company.
Insurance — Sun Fire. Caledonian Fire. Atlas Fire. Canadian Fire. Mercantile Fire. Northern Fire. Guardian Fire. Manchester Fire. Great West Life. Ocean, Accident and Guarantee. Confederation Life Canadian Accident Assurance Co. Connecticut Fire
COAL FOR SALE. HOUSES FOR SALE AND RENT. CONVEYANCING.
J. D. SIBBALD, Notary Public. CHAS. M. FIELD.
REVELSTOKE, B. C.

P. BURNS & CO'Y.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers
PRIME BEEF. PORK. MUTTON. SAUSAGE.
FISH AND GAME IN SEASON.

The Train Despatcher.

The frightful accident at Wanstead, Ont., has drawn attention to the train despatcher and his duties. When the ordinary passenger sits in a well cushioned seat in a car, and peacefully reads the latest novel while the train swiftly travels down the grades, through the cuts and around sharp curves at the rate of 45 miles an hour, his thoughts seldom ever turn to the faithful servants upon whose shoulders rest the responsibility of bringing him safely to the loved ones at homes.

Here and there, perhaps at the dead hour of night, his train comes to a standstill at a station, where there is no representative other than the ever wakeful wielder of the ticker. One minute passes, sometimes two or three, and the passenger moves restlessly in his seat; another minute passes, he jumps, walks excitedly about, and then in a domineering tone asks: "Why are we delayed in this out of the way place?" From the conductor he receives the information: "Waiting for orders." To the comfort loving passenger it is unsatifactory, and he seems quite oblivious of the danger to which he would be exposed were his train to dash madly on "without a signal from the watch tower"—the despatcher's office, where every minute is carefully counted and every mile as carefully calculated upon. He never thinks of the telegrapher who controls the signal tower; that it is from him the engineer receives his cue; that from his cool and level head, as he sits by his table, emanate the signals which bring the train out of the way of collisions and dangers. He forgets that as the engine driver peers through the dark clouds of night, his eye is ever watchful for "white" or "red" signals from the tower. He forgets that as he speeds along, the vibrations of the electric wires are ever and anon sent from the despatcher's desk to every station on the line to protect him from being hurried headlong into eternity.

Danger is on all sides, and yet the thoughts of the traveller are far from the railway despatcher who controls the signals truly by which every danger is averted.

We stroll every day into the despatcher's or the station master's office and see the telegrapher sitting at his desk holding the key lightly between his fingers, and we hear the click, click, dots and dashes and we give not a moment's thought to what it all means. There sits the operator with a chess board before his mind's eye, and on it representing men and kings are superior and inferior trains, running east and west, north and south, freighted heavily with priceless humanity. He directs their movement, he calculates their speed, and bringing them to the same point, he gives them sharp connection. He is always on the alert and in his hands are the destinies of a thousand souls. Let them err to the extent of a single moment, let them forget a single station on the line and maybe a hundred people may meet death in a deadly railway collision, so remember:

Your safety, then, not all depends,
On the man who rings the bell;
Divide your praises with telegraphers,
To them some praises tell.

Homestead entires for the calendar year euding 1902 were 22,194, compared with 9145 for 1901, or an increase of 13,049 for the year. In 1896 the Homestead entries were 1657. Estimating four of a family to each homestead this would give over 88,000 of a new population, but there were many parties who purchased their land from land and railway companies.

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 & Bookstore.
J. A. Miller & Co.
Roy Smythe's Tobacco Store.
Rink Company.

Notice.

Applications will be received until the 15th February, 1903, by the Secretary Revelstoke Hospital Society, Revelstoke, British Columbia, for the position of Resident Physician. Applicants will please state qualifications and salary expected.

Back at the Old Home.

IRVING BACHELLER, the author tells a story of having gone back after many years' absence, to his old country home in the New England States. On the ruined doorstep of the old house stood the seedy remnant of a once noble race. He wore, amongst other things, one suspender and a seedy pair of trousers. The conversation ran like this:

"Glad to see ye," sez he. "Thanks," says I. "We've heerd about you," sez he, "and they say you done noble." "Well, and how are you?" says I. "Porely," sez he. "How's that?" says I. "Jest makin' a bare livin'," sez he. "Why don't you go away?" says I. "Can't," sez he. "Why not?" says I. "Mortgaged," sez he. "That's too bad," says I. "'Tis," sez he. "You don't seem to have much to live for," says I. "Don't want to live," sez he. "You might die," says I. "Can't," sez he. "Why not?" says I. "Mortgaged," sez he.

At this point they were joined by another old acquaintance of Mr. Bacheller's—a man who for years had held a mortgage on every acre of the country-side. "So you're Paul Bacheller's boy?" he said, after scrutinizing the visitor closely. "The same," said Mr. Bacheller. "Well," said Mr. Wallace, reflectively, "if your father had kept you on the farm it would not have looked as it does now." Up to this point the unfortunate farmer who was mortgaged had taken no part in the conversation. Now, however, a strange grin came across his face.

"That's right, Mr. Wallace," sez he. "If he had been kept on the farm the farm would hev looked better, but he'd hev looked a damn sight worse."

A Phenomenon of Sleep.

He had come on her dozing in a hammock, and when she woke up she accused him of stealing a kiss. "Well," he said, "I will admit that the temptation was too strong to be resisted. I did steal one little kiss." "One!" she exclaimed, indignantly; "I counted eight before I woke up."—"Household Words."

OUR NEW PHOTO STUDIO

Next to R. HOWSON'S Furniture Store, is making both Miniature Photos and the regular larger styles. Cabinet Photos in the popular platino tones at reasonable prices. Our Mantello Cabinet is $1.00 per dozen.

Some Pretty Mountings for our Photo Broaches, Watch Charms, Lever and Dumb Bell Cuff Links, Scarf Pins, &c. These are suggested as very acceptable Christmas Gifts. I also make different sizes of Plain Photo Buttons and I copy from any Picture. Bring small children for sittings either in the forenoon or not later than two o'clock in the afternoon. Sunshine is not necessary.

HOWARD KING, PHOTOGRAPHER. Revelstoke, B. C.

GO TO **L. Schnider**

FOR YOUR

Patent Rubber Heels and Rubber Soleing

in all sizes and colors.

Boot and Shoe Repairing a Specialty

PELLEW-HARVEY, BRYANT & GILMAN
Mining Engineers and Assayers,
VANCOUVER, B.C. Established 1890

ASSAY WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS UNDERTAKEN.

Tests made up to 2,000 lbs.
A specialty made of checking Smelter Pulps.
Samples from the Interior by mail or express promptly attended to.
Correspondence solicited.
VANCOUVER, B. C.

UNION Cigar Factory

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

H. A. BROWN, PROP.

Brands:
OUR SPECIAL and THE UNION

ALL GOODS UNION MADE

WOOD For Sale.

The undersigned having contracted for the whole of McMahon Bros. wood is prepared to supply Mill wood at

$2 Per Load

Cedar Cordwood—$3.00 delivered.
Hardwood at equally low rates.

..Thos. Lewis..

Orders left at C. B. Hume & Co., Morris & Steed's, or at mill will have prompt attention.

For Sale

TWO Residences on McKenzie Avenue, with modern improvements, $2500 each on easy terms.
TWO Residences on Third Street, east, very convenient for railway men, $1800 each, easy terms.
ONE Residence on First Street, east, cash required $500, subject to mortgage.
Apply to,
HARVEY, McCATRER & PINKHAM.

RANCH FOR SALE.

The administrators of the estate of John D. Boyd deceased, offer for sale by tender the property in the Big Bend District, known as "Boyd's Ranch," also the chattel property thereon, a list of which may be seen at the office of the undersigned.

Tenders will be received up to Feb. 1st, 1903. The administrators will not be bound to accept the highest or any tender.

HARVEY, McCARTER & PINKHAM,
Solicitors for Administrators.
Revelstoke, B. C., Nov. 27th, 1902.

Land Registry Act.

Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, in Block 48, in Town of Revelstoke, B. C., Map 636 B.

A CERTIFICATE of indefeasible Title to the above property will be issued to Frank Bernard Lewis on the 28th day of February, A. D., 1903, unless in the meantime a valid objection thereto be made to me in writing by a person claiming an estate or interest therein or in any part thereof.

H. F. MACLEOD,
District Registrar.
Land Registry Office, Nelson, B. C., 17th November, 1902.

TIME TABLE

S. S. ARCHER OR S. S. LARDEAU

Running between Arrowhead, Thomson's Landing and Comaplix, commencing October 14th, 1901, will sail as follows, weather permitting:

Leaving Arrowhead for Thomson's Landing and Comaplix.....twice daily—10k and 15k.

Leaving Comaplix and Thomson's Landing for Arrowhead.....twice daily—7:15k and 12:45k

Making close connections with all C. P. R. Steamers and Trains.

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

The Fred Robinson Lumber Co., Limited

Your Winter Supply Of Vegetables . . . .

Should be your first consideration at this time of the year. I have a large stock, all home grown, including

Potatoes, Cabbage, Carrots, Etc., Etc.

Also a large quantity of first class

Timothy and Clover Hay.

Write for prices and particulars to

S. Crowie, Revelstoke, B. C.

GO TO THE
REVELSTOKE DAIRY
FOR
Pure Milk

J. G. McCallum
PROPRIETOR.

UNION HOTEL

FIRST CLASS $2 PER DAY HOUSE

Choice Brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

J. LAUGHTON, Prop. First Street.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

Write for our interesting books "Inventor's Help" and "How you are swindled." Send us a rough sketch or model of your invention or improvement and we will tell you free our opinion as to whether it is probably patentable. Rejected applications have often been successfully prosecuted by us. We conduct fully equipped offices in Montreal and Washington; this qualifies us to promptly dispatch work and quickly secure Patents as broad as the invention. Highest references furnished.

Patents procured through Marion & Marion receive special notice without charge in over 100 newspapers distributed throughout the Dominion.

Specialty:—Patent business of Manufacturers and Engineers.

MARION & MARION
Patent Experts and Solicitors
Offices: New York Life B'ld'g, Montreal; Atlantic Bldg, Washington D.C.

BELGIAN HARES

The quickest breeders and greatest money makers in the small stock line of the present day. Full bred stock of FASHODAS.

Price—$6 and $10 per pair, according to age.

THOS. SKINNER,—Revelstoke, B. C.

HOW ABOUT THAT SUIT

Of Clothes you promised yourself this FALL.

Our Fall Stock is now the most complete in B. C.

Our Fancy Goods are all new with new colors and the latest stripes.

See them before leaving your order elsewhere.

R. S. WILSON,
Fashionable Tailor.
Next the McCarty Block.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

Halifax and Gibraltar No 2 mineral claims situate in the Arrow Lake mining division of West Kootenay District.

Where located—Two miles from the head of Canyon Creek.

Take notice that I, A. R. Heland, agent for J. R. Jamieson, F. M. C. B68013; T. Mathews, F. M. C. B63111; J. B. Hall, B45992; J. L. Farwig, B72922; intend sixty days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements for the purpose of obtaining a crown grant of the above claims.

And further take notice that action under section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 3rd day of Sept, 1902, A. D.

A. R. HEYLAND.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

Londonderry, Golden Rod No. 2, Hailstorm mineral claims, situate in the Arrow Lake Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Where located—On Canyon Creek, joining the Londonderry, M. C.

TAKE NOTICE that I, A. R. Heyland, Agent for T. Mathews, F.M.C., B 63111, J. R. Jamieson, B 68013, 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 that notice that action under section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 3rd day of Sept., 1902, A. D.

A. R. HEYLAND.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:—Commencing at W. le Maistre's north west corner post near Boyd's ranch about half a mile from the Columbia river, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated the 23rd day of October, 1902.

W. le MAISTRE.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:—Commencing at J. A. Kirk's north west corner post thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains to point of commencement.

Dated the 23rd day of October, 1902.

J. A. KIRK.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:—Commencing at Peter Agren's south west corner post near Boyd's ranch on the Columbia river, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated the 23rd day of October, 1902.

PETER AGREN.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:—Commencing at Peter Agren's south west corner post near Boyd's ranch about half a mile from the Columbia river, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated the 23rd day of October, 1902.

PETER AGREN.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted at the south east corner of Kate Scott's timber claim and marked "A. Y. Anderson's south west corner post," thence north 120 chains, thence east to the west bank of Fish river, thence south following the bank of Fish river to the point of commencement.

Dated this 25th day of November 1902.

A. Y. ANDERSON.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted at the north west corner of A. Y. Anderson's timber claim and marked "R. Steiss' south west corner post," thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 25th day of November, 1902.

R. STEISS.

Notice to Creditors.

IN THE SUPREME COURT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

In the matter of the estate of Daniel Robinson, late of Revelstoke, B.C., deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of the said Daniel Robinson who died on or about the 19th day of November, A. D., 1902, are required to send by post prepaid or to deliver to Harvey, McCarter & Pinkham, solicitors for the Executors, on or before the 18th day of February, A. D., 1903, their names, addresses and descriptions and a full statement of particulars of their claims and the nature of the security (if any) held by them, duly certified, and that after the said date the Executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased among the parties entitled thereto having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice.

Dated this 18th day of December, A.D., 1902.

HARVEY, McCARTER & PINKHAM,
Solicitors for the Executors

Notice.

If the party or parties who removed the cap from a field glass at Watchman William Mackie's Cabin at the Columbia bridge last summer, will return the same to A. McRae, Postmaster, they will receive $5 reward.

THE TOWNSITE OF

..CIRCLE CITY..

IS NOW ON THE MARKET.

2oo --Lots on Sale-- 2oo

BUY BEFORE YOU SLEEP.

CIRCLE CITY is the Terminus of the proposed Railway already surveyed via the Lardeau Creek with fork to that point.

CIRCLE CITY is beautifully situated at the base of the Lardeau Pass, Galena and Surprise Creeks.

CIRCLE CITY is absolutely surrounded by Mining Properties now under Development. . . . . .

Splendid Water Power

Which will be utilized next Season by Concentrating Plants.

SEND FOR PARTICULARS AT ONCE
TO THE GENERAL AGENT,

G. B. BATHO, - - Ferguson, B. C.

ASHNOLA!!

The Smelting Centre of the Similkameen Valley. Backed by the payrolls of two gigantic coal companies and the Copper and Kennedy Mountain Mines.

Surrounded by the following resources: Coal, gold, copper, silver and a fine agricultural country. Large herds of cattle, fruit in abundance, with a climate almost southern and all that could be asked.

ASHNOLA is owned and backed by the payroll of the Similkameen Valley Coal Company, Ltd., which is a guarantee in itself of its success. The equipment and development of their coal mines, installing of water, electric light and power plants are already arranged for. The development of the Ashnola Coal Company's mine by the Eastern Capitalists who have established their payroll at ASHNOLA, makes it the coming city of the interior of British Columbia.

City of Wonder, Progress and Great Prosperity

Lots in Ashnola are safe investments. In Blocks 1 to 4 and 13 to 20 the price will be advanced 25c. per month until May 1st, 1902, and to ten per cent. in the remaining blocks. The present price is from $50 to $225 Twenty-five per cent. cash; three, six and nine months without interest.

Arrangements are already completed for Eight buildings, including cottages for the Employees of the company at Ashnola. This work will be under full headway by May 1st.

Four years ago the Crow's Nest Shares could be bought and were sold at 11 cents. Today they are quoted at $80.00. With the advent of transportation, Similkameen Valley Coal can be delivered at any point in West Kootenay or Yale as cheaply as by any other Company in Canada.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS APPLY TO
SIMILKAMEEN VALLEY COAL CO., LIMITED.
NELSON, B. C.

Do You Want to Make Your Business Pay? We Can Show The Road to Success
It Pays to Buy An Advertising Space in

The Revelstoke Herald and Railwaymen's Journal

IT HAS A LARGE CIRCULATION
IT COVERS THE FIELD IT GIVES ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE : $2.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Our Job Printing Department

Is equipped with the Latest Faces of Type, the Best of Presses and Inks, and we guarantee Clean, Neat and Attractive Work. No Job too Large or too Small.

We Print . . .	We Print . . .
Dodgers, Posters,	Envelopes Circulars
Streamers, Dates	Note Heads Pamphlets
Bill Heads Letter Heads	Books. Visiting Cards
Business Cards.	Stationery of all kinds.

Revelstoke Herald Job Room

First Street.

WITH THE POETS.

Spring.

Too well I know you, Spring, and so restrain
My foolish mind from all such flatterings vain
As "mild" and "gentle"—lest I be repaid,
Even as [illegible] of old, and flayed
This time by [illegible] hail and cutting sleet.
Insti[illegible] I pray your going may be fleet,
That so I may forget and drowse [illegible]
My weariness beneath Dear Summer's sway.

Summer.

Insufferable season of the Sun,
When will your noisy insect court take flight?
Your orchestra that rests not—day or night;
Your armies with unconquerable stings;
When will they flee—what for do they have wings?
How long before brave Autumn with a shout,
Will succor me and put them all to rout?

Autumn.

You dismal mourner, wailing by the bier
Of Summer dead, with lamentations drear,
Driving me frantic ever and anon,
With reminiscences of Summer gone.
Now mimicking her tenderest airs and tones,
Now harrowing me with horrid shrieks and groans
Were good old Jolly Winter only here,
I'd soon forget you and your evil cheer.

Winter.

Dreary immortal with mock jovial air,
You took the green earth prisoner unaware
And pinioned the trees that moan and call
To Spring to free them from your icy thrall.
You manacled the stream who tugs in vain
To loose himself from your relentless chain.
And I—my heart is sad, my lyre is dumb,
Mild, Gentle spring—Oh! will you ever come?

—Oliver Herford, in Scribner's.

HOW ROB RAN AWAY.

It is probably a low estimate when one says nine boys out of ten make up their minds at some time during their careers to run away from home.

There are various causes that contribute to the forming of such resolutions, but whatever the cause, the boy is always firm in the belief that he is not being used right, and that the only way to better his condition is to gather up such personal property as he can conveniently carry and get out into the world, where he can make a name for himself by killing Indians, or pirates, or by becoming a great detective.

Sometimes the boy resolves to become a pirate, or highwayman, and it is not always the most vicious who form such a determination. To the mind of the average boy there seems a great deal of romance in such a career.

For many weeks Rob Norton had been planning to leave the paternal roof-tree, and it must be confessed the reading of a most improbable and impossible pirate yarn had brought about this reckless determination.

Rob had made up his mind to become a pirate!

Many a night he dreamed of treading the quarter deck and roaring out his orders to his gallant crew. Many a rich prize had he captured—in his mind. He had fancied himself performing all manner of desperate and daring deeds, and had even decided he would be known as "Red Bob, the Rover of the Deep." He thrilled all over whenever he contemplated the magnificence of the title.

Working on a farm was "dead slow"—if I may be allowed to quote Rob's own definition of it. Hoeing pototoes and chasing cows his mind revolted against.

By shrewd dickering he had been able to get hold of a cheap revolver, and this he concealed under the eaves in the open chamber, where likewise nestled the pirate yarn that had so fascinated and bewitched him.

If Rob's father had known he possessed the revolver there would have been trouble, and the weapon would have been confiscated.

It was some time after he obtained possession of the revolver before Rob really settled on the time of his departure. For two or three days he had shirked about his work, and the result was he got a good "dressing down," and was told he would get another if he did not complete a certain amount of work the following day.

"I'll never do it as long as I live!" declared Rob.

But he took good care not to utter the words aloud.

That night, when all the house was still, he gathered up a few things and tied them in a small bundle, and the revolver and the wild pirate yarn were brought from their place of concealment.

A window of his chamber opened out on the sloping roof of a shed, and, holding his shoes in his hand, the boy crept silently forth.

The night was dark, as the moon had not yet risen, but Rob knew every inch of the vicinity. He crept to the lower edge of the roof and slid down a board he had leaned in a slanting position for that purpose.

"I'll never come back here again," he muttered.

Somehow, the thought did not make him feel as hilariously happy as it might. He remembered he was running away from his mother, and a hard lump formed in his throat, but he quickly choked it down.

It was beneath the dignity of a pirate to feel any regret.

He slipped over the fence into the cornfield, where he hesitated for a moment.

A light breeze was stirring, and all about him the long leaves seemed whispering, mysteriously.

The sound made him shiver, and he almost wished that he was back in his comfortable bed.

After a little time he put on his shoes and started down between the long rows of corn. The shadows were deep about him, but he saw a sheen of silvery light appearing on the eastern horizon, and he knew the moon would be up within half an hour.

He had almost reached the limit of the cornfield when, of a sudden, his heart gave a great thump, for a dark form seemed to rise before him only a few steps away.

It was a human figure, there was no doubt about that, and Rob found himself motionless with—was it fright? Could it be the bold Rover of the Deep was scared?

He did not make a sound as he sunk to the ground, keeping his eyes on that dark figure looming up before him. He remembered hearing his father reading in the weekly newspaper about a desperate wretch who had nearly murdered a man in a neighboring town, and it was said the perpetrator of the deed was still at large.

Had Rob suddenly come upon this desperado?

He began to tremble, for he really felt cold, despite the fact that the night was warm and pleasant. He hugged the ground, and longed to see the unknown move away.

But the stranger stood perfectly still, seeming to be listening with great intentness. Rob wondered if the man had seen him, and decided he had not.

The minutes dragged slowly away. The boy on the ground could hear his heart thumping vigorously in his bosom. Still the dark figure remained motionless.

Rob thought of creeping away, but he believed the man was waiting for him to make such a move.

Then he remembered his revolver. It wasn't loaded!

The weapon was utterly useless as a means of defense, for he did not even have any cartridges to load it with!

By this time Rob felt really alarmed. His teeth would chatter so he feared they would betray him.

He would have given the revolver and the pirate story, too, if he had been safely back in the house.

By looking intently at the man he could see his bristling beard sticking out around his face, and the way the fellow wore his hat was enough to indicate he was a ruffian of the deepest dye.

Suddenly Bob remembered the moon would soon be up, and the thought filled him with terror, for he now understood what the wretch was waiting for.

The moonlight would reveal the hiding boy.

Nerved by his great fear, Rob crept cautiously away, expecting to be attacked at any moment. Inch by inch and foot by foot he crawled away. It seemed that he moved with the slowness of a snail, but he knew the need of caution.

He crept every bit of the way back to the fence, and, instead of climbing over, he found a way to get through. He had changed his mind about running away that night. In fact, he had postponed becoming a remorseless and red-handed pirate.

He was relieved beyond measure when he reached the shed, and he shinned up the slanting board with agility. In at the window he softly climbed, closing it behind him, and he did not feel really and truly safe until he was in bed with the clothes pulled up over his head.

The following day Bob went out into the cornfield to see if he could find the tracks of the man he had seen. He was walking down between the rows when he suddenly came face to face with—a scarecrow!

He stopped and looked the thing over, feeling very foolish and insignificant, for he had rigged it up himself when the corn was first planted. It even wore an old hat of his upon its head, and the bristling whiskers he had seen the previous night proved to be whisps of straw.

With one blow of his fist Bob knocked it over.

But he was cured.

He sold the revolver, burned the pirate yarn, and remained at home.

Advising the Bachelors.

"Why do you not tell the bachelors how to choose wives?" asked one of them, after reading the professor's advice to the girls on the question of choosing husbands. This query is easily answered. In the first place, to label the girls who would make the best wives would be to give away state secrets. One may laugh at the follies and foibles of the sex, when, by pointing out the same, good may be done; but it would be unpardonable to give the man inside information about the sisterhood of such a grave character as that requested. A man contemplating marriage should be able to settle the question for himself. One who cannot distinguish the difference between the false and the true should remain a bachelor. Boys should not marry.

"Oh the perfidy of mankind," sighed the little Miss Dresden. "Here Mr. Timmidy has sent me a valentine with a verse beginning, 'Oh, the earth has no treasures too costly for thee,' and when I took it to the store to see what it cost they told me it was twenty cents last season; but marked down to eleven."

CHRISTMAS WISH.

I wish that good old Santa
Would travel like a show
And to his tent of playthings
For nothing let me go,
And take along my stockings
To fill in laughing glee
With all the things he fondly
Hangs on the Christmas tree.

I'd see the pasteboard camel
Wink at the kangaroo;
I'd see the china wombat
And quagga chase the gnu;
I'd see the rubber ostrich
Serenely wink his eye
To see the monkey capture
The peanut on the fly,

And then I'd see old Santa
With all his books of rhymes;
I'd grab him by the whiskers
And kiss him fifty times
And on his back go riding
Beneath the fairy dome
And with a lot of playthings
Go running gayly home.

'Tis then I think old Santa
Should up and go away
And in some other village
Put up his tent next day,
And then go on still farther,
And farther still and still
To let all lovely children
Their great big stockings fill.

'Twould then be always Christmas,
All musical with joy
And bending tree and turkey
And hobby horse and toy,
For while upon his travels
Old Santa'd scatter cheer;
He'd make a Christmas somewhere
Each day throughout the year.

—Woman's Home Companion.

WHO IS SANTA CLAUS?

Tradition Answers With a Pretty Story.

It is frequently asked, "Who is Santa Claus?" Here is a story about him that lets light upon his real character. He was bishop of Myra and died about the year 326. Among his parishioners (so runs one story) there lived a certain nobleman who had three daughters. From being rich he became so poor that there seemed to him no means of obtaining food for his daughters but by sacrificing them to a dishonorable life. Over and over again the thought came into his mind to tell them so, but shame and sorrow held him dumb. Meanwhile the maidens wept continually, not knowing what to do and having no bread to eat, and their father became more and more desperate. When St. Nicholas heard of this, he thought it a shame that such a thing should happen in a Christian land. Therefore one night when the maidens were asleep and their father alone sat watching and weeping he took a handful of gold and tying it up in a handkerchief repaired to the nobleman's dwelling. He considered how he might bestow it without making himself known, and while he stood irresolute the moon coming from behind a cloud showed him an open window. So he threw in the gold, and it fell at the feet of the father, who, when he found it, returned thanks and presented it to his eldest daughter as her wedding portion. A second time St. Nicholas collected a similar sum, and again he threw it in by night. So a wedding portion was provided for the second daughter. But the curiosity of the old nobleman was now excited. He greatly desired to know who it was that came to his aid. Therefore he determined to watch. When the good saint came for the third time and prepared to throw in the third portion, he was discovered, for the nobleman seized him by the skirt of his robe and flung himself at his feet, saying, "Oh, Nicholas, servant of God, why seek to hide thyself?" And he kissed his feet and hands. But St. Nicholas made him promise that he would tell no man.

CHRISTMAS IN THE SOUTH.

How the Day Was Celebrated In Olden Times.

Sixty years ago skyrockets, Roman candles and Chinese firecrackers were unknown in the south. The same may be said of the Christmas tree outside of the old Episcopal parishes. And still the boys of those early days made a deal of pother by the bursting of hogs' bladders and the firing of shotguns at the break of day. The morning eggnog was seldom omitted in their matutinal festivities.

The old-time negroes, the happiest yeomanry of the world, were never refused their traditional Christmas dram. There were then no poorhouses, no charity hospitals, and the benevolent machinery of these degenerate days was unknown because not needed.

Country quiltings were all the rage in the rural districts, and when work was finished the neighboring fiddler was summoned. After no little turning and scraping the swains and their sweethearts stood up vis-a-vis in two lines. At the words "Set to your partners" they footed it quite nimbly through the mazes of the Virginia reel—no stately minuet, no high-falutin german, but a rollicking movement that shook the floor until, as Burns puts it,

The roof and rafters a' did dirl.

Those were halcyon days the like of which is not seen nowadays.

Cunning.

Jimmie—But your stockin's have holes in them.

Johnnie—Sh! I'm goin' ter put a basket beneath 'em.—New York Journal.

Old English Saying.

As many mince pies as you taste at Christmas so many happy months will you have.

MENU FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

BREAKFAST.
Oranges. Grapes.
Oatmeal. Cream.
Baked Apples.
Omelet. Stewed Potatoes.
Old Fashioned Sausage Balls.
Wheat Cakes. Gems.
Coffee.

DINNER.
Blue Points on the Half Shell.
Cream of Tomato Soup.
Celery. Radishes. Olives.
Boiled Cod, Lobster Sauce.
Plain Potato Balls. Cucumbers.
Roast Turkey, Oyster Sauce.
Cranberry Jelly.
Sweet Potato Croquettes.
Peas. Boiled Onions.
Roman Punch.
Roast Duck, Nut Stuffing.
Orange Salad.
Plum Pudding, Brandy Sauce.
Ices. Cakes. Jelly.
Cheese. Wafers.
Coffee.
Bonbons. Fruits. Nuts.

SUPPER.
Lobster a la Newburg in Chafing Dish.
Mayonnaise of Celery.
Potato Croquettes. Pickled Beets.
Parker House Rolls.
Frozen Jelly, Whipped Cream.
Sponge Cake.
Tea.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Weeping willows should be painted in tiers.

The plainer a woman is the more she moralizes.

Continued cheerfulness is a manifest sign of wisdom.

To become rich without labor is the idea of most men.

Judge a man by his address rather than by his dress.

A man must feel girlish when he makes his maiden speech.

Creditors and poor relations always call at the wrong time.

It is an easy matter for a man to resist everything but temptation.

If any homely woman lives long enough she will become a pretty old one.

A writer says the only gems that are a drug on the market are gems of thought.

Many a man carries his total assets on his shirt front in the guise of a diamond pin.

Speech is silver and silence is golden—and there is more silver in circulation than gold.

The public trusts many a man with an office that his butcher wouldn't trust with a pound of bacon.—Chicago News.

The river Jordan has its origin in one of the largest springs in the world.

Howitzers are steel breechloading weapons weighing 2,500 pounds and having a length of six feet ten inches.

The shipyards of Great Britain, all working together, cound turn out a big steamship every day of the year.

Whatever the harm of sensational literature, it teaches the people to read.

Despite the defects of the American press, it holds up a mirror of the whole world's affairs. The mirror may not be the right kind, but its tendency is to lead the people to self-consciousness.

If you do not like vice and crime, change the light. If you look into a mirror and see a dirty face, do you wash the face or the mirror?

I do not want a press which shows up the virtues of humanity and not the faults; but let us have more truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

Deeds are greater than words. Deeds have such a life, mute but undeniable, and grow as living trees and fruit trees do; they people the vacuity of time, and make it green and worthy. Why should the oak prove logically that it ought to grow, and will grow? Plant it, try it; what gifts of diligent judicious assimilation and secretion it has, of progress and resistance, of force to grow, will then declare themselves.—Carlyle.

The longer we live and the more we think the higher value we learn to put on the friendship and tenderness of parents and of friends.—Dr. Johnson.

You may find two wity men, ten clever men, and twenty-foolish men before you will find one prudent—or thrifty man.—Old Humphrey.

About any art, think last of what pays, first of what pleases. It is in that spirit only that art can be made.—R. L. Stevenson.

One more good man on earth is better than an extra angel in heaven.

Man thinks he knows, but woman knows better.

It is not the wine that makes a man drunk, it is the man.

Only imbeciles want credit for the achievements of their ancestors.

Floquence is a painting of the thoughts.—Pascal.

All things come to him who makes other people wait.

The average woman has a lot more intimates than she has friends.

Women consider any brilliant man good-looking, and men consider any good-looking woman brilliant.

Whenever a woman who is carrying a fat baby meets a man leading around a little dog, she always looks indignant at him.

When a woman tells a man he ought to be ashamed of himself for doing something, half of the time it means that she would have been ashamed of him if he hadn't.

Nature never did betray the heart that loved her.—Wordsworth.

There are truths which are not for all men, nor for all times.—Voltaire.

A day for toil, an hour for sport, but for a friend a life is too short.—Emerson.

SEWING HINTS.

Always use double thread for gathering.

Always use as fine a thread and needle as the garment will allow.

When threading your needle make the knot on the end broken from the reel.

The rule for frilling is one and a quarter the length of the edge to be trimmed.

In facing a sleeve, turn it, and place the facing inside the sleeve before sewing it on.

Gathers should always be set on the right side, but never with a needle; use a large pin.

When sewing on a button place the knot on the right side of the cloth directly under the button.

In sewing a seam, put the stitches closely together, but lightly, into the cloth, being careful not to pull the thread tight, as this causes the seam to pucker.

Sunday consultations at the Paris hospitals were not well attended by the working classes, the workingman preferring to lose a day's work rather than a few of his hours of idleness on Sunday.

THINGS CHINESE.

Many Chinese temples have windows made from mother-of-pearl, found in oyster shells. The material is transparent and looks like opal glass.

The best quality of Chinese tea is very expensive and so little of it is grown that there is never any of it to export. The Chinaman knows good tea and keeps it all for his own consumption.

The Chinese think they occupy the middle of the earth, and that all other nations are merely dwelling on the edges. Their most respectful term to designate a foreigner is "the ocean men."

Millions have been spent in civilized countries in futile efforts to preserve grapes. The Chinese have known the secret for many centuries, and millions more have been vainly used in the effort to drag from them the recipe.

In northern China hot-water peddlers go about with a whistling kettle—the whistle announcing that the water is at a boiling point. When they hear the whistle the people run with their teapots and buy enough hot water for their day's tea.

A celebrated Chinese dancing master, Hung Foo-Choo, announces in a Chinese paper that he is to hold a religious service, to which he invites everybody, in honor of the 1000th anniversary of the death of his ancestor, who was the first of the family to take up the profession.

A curious industry in some of the provinces in China is the manufacture of mock money for offering to the dead. The pieces are only half the size of the real coins, but the dead are supposed not to know the difference. The dummy coins are made out of tin, hammered to the thinness of paper, and stamped out to the size required.

BACHELOR'S REFLECTIONS.

No man loves his baby at first; he has to get used to it like a baseball finger.

It always makes a girl mad to be scared by a mouse when there aren't any men around.

Any man can get any woman to marry him if he only proposes to her in enough different ways.

It is generally easiest to kiss a woman right after you have begged her to forgive you for something.

After a man has argued a certain time with a woman he is either convinced or else he is willing to admit he is.

A man judges a woman's heart by her face; a woman judges a man's face by his heart.

A woman who loves too much sometimes loses, but a woman who loves too little never gains anything worth losing.

The women have got up a new story now about a girl that was so sensitive that it made her seriously ill to be kissed.

Every girl has an idea that when she is telling a man she loves him he will see her whole soul looking at him in her eyes.

Whenever a woman sees a picture in a book of a woman kneeling at a man's feet she feels that she ought to read it herself before she lets her daughter.

As soon as a woman falls in love her complexion gets better.

If modesty was the fool-killer most women would die of old age.

There are probably a lot of women that will find heaven awfully old-fashioned.

A minister doesn't have to know the marriage ceremony by heart, for if he forgets a word the woman can always prompt him.

The only thing which would punish a woman worse than having to say what she believed would be having to believe what she said.

The main difference between a cat and a woman is that the cat has whiskers.

Any man can go into a room ful of woman and pick out the one that thinks she is "advanced."

As the women run things nowadays, nobody but an Emperor can go in good society without having to be a hypocrite.

A woman's club is a place where a woman can go and learn all about baby food, garbage and Rubinstein at the same time.

Whenever you hear a woman tell another she is sorry she read a certain book, you can make up your mind the other woman is going to read it.

Many a hero to the world at large sees a "no-account" every time he looks in the glass.

The man who talks business at home is in danger of getting well-meant but risky advice.

No man can stand on top because he is put there.

Jealousy is the flattery of love. Husband and wife should never cease to be jealous of each other.

In man's eyes disappointment in love is but a pretence for seeking amusements without love.

SOME IFS

If papa didn't have to go to work;
If mamma always could sit down and play;
If chocolates were used instead of bread;
If combs and sponges could be thrown away;
If toy stores didn't have a single clerk;
And any child could go in there and stay;
If we had Saturdays five times a week;
If Christmas came on every other day;
If grown folks loved to hear a lot of noise,
This world would be quite nice for little boys.

BRAVEST HEARTS.

"None but idiots and lovers delight
In constant repetition of the same thing."
A tiny imp of curious mien,
Arrayed in crimson slashed with green,
Came dancing o'er the hill at morn,
To where I wandered all forlorn.

And though I knew him—knew him well,
I laughed to hear each tiny bell
That tinkled on his tassled cap,
And fondled him upon my lap.

Oh, folly wise! oh, folly sweet!
A thousand times to me repeat,
The message that she sends by you;
A thousand times it will be new.

—Arthur Henry.

MAN OF ACTION.

John Desmond awoke at 3 in the morning and tossed about in his bed. Within his a fierce struggle between the brain and the heart was in progress. He employed every scheme that he was aware of to court or compel sleep without success.

Suddenly the truth dawned upon him, like a flood of soft warm light. He was in love. The love of his life, compared with which all his past loves were mere idle fancies. The battle was over. John Desmond, thirty, lawyer, athlete, man of the world, was conquered.

Being a man of action, Desmond no sooner acknowledged to himself that he really was in love with Kate Evanston than he resolved to marry her at the earliest possible day.

Kate Evanston was seated at the piano in the drawing room of Mrs. Saulsbury's beautiful home, where she was employed as companion to the lady of the house. The rich light of a middle May evening pervaded the place.

Her fingers wer softly bringing back memories of "Erminie" and other Casino delights as her thoughts traveled back over the past.

After a time she arose from the piano and picking up a number of photographs of John Desmond's friends that lay upon the table, seated herself upon a sofa with her back to the door and proceeded to contemplate each of them.

Desmond returning home early that evening let himself into his aunt's house very quietly with his latchkey, hoping to catch Kate at the piano in the middle of one of the sweet airs he had grown of late to love.

He approached the great drawing room doors and took a peep through the crevice which separated them. In an instant his heart seemed to cease beating with almost electrical suddenness, for the sight which its maddened brain encountered filled him with rage and jealousy.

With a heart of ice and lead he was about to turn to leave the house as noiselessly as he had entered when the sinking sun shot a ray of light through the room and revealed something which made the blood course faster through his body than it had ever coursed before. Then he turned away, and, closing the door very softly behind him, descended the front steps of the house and passed down the street.

Mrs. Salisbury and Miss Evanston were at their dessert that evening before John appeared. He had left word in the morning that he might be detained until a late hour, and so they had not waited dinner for him.

Mrs. Salisbury noticed that her nephew seemed to be laboring under considerable restraint and bluntly asked him the cause; but the good body's solicitude met only with evasion and she presently gave up all attempts to draw anything from him and retired early to her room, leaving John and Kate together.

No sooner had Mrs. Saulsbury quitted the dining room than Desmond turned to Kate and said:

"Miss Evanston, I'm going to ask you to do me a favor."

Kate looked at him inquisitively.

"I want you," he continued, "to accompany me on a bit of a shopping tour, I've got a peculiar mission to execute and I want your help. Will you do it?"

"To be sure. I shall be most happy, Mr. Desmond," Kate answered, "and if you'll excuse me I'll be prepared in a very few minutes."

The streets were dark by the time they left the house for the shopping quarter of the town, and Kate took Desmond's arm. They had walked for a few moments in silence when Desmond said:

"I want to explain this errand to you and no doubt you, too, will think it peculiar. As a matter of fact, I've been commissioned to arrange for the wedding of two very dear friends."

"Two couples," Kate asked, quietly.

"Why, no! only one couple; a man and a woman," John answered, somewhat puzzled at the question.

"And was she a very dear friend?" the girl on his arm asked.

"Yes; the dearest friend I ever had among women; in fact, the only woman I ever really cared for."

In a moment John was half sorry, half glad he had said this, for he felt the little hand of his companion withdraw until only the tips of the fingers rested upon his arm. "That's a good sign," he mused.

For a moment nothing was said; then Miss Evanston broke the silence.

"And didn't she care for you?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied. "She loved me and she still loves me."

Presently Kate's curiosity got the better of her judgment and she asked: "And the man—you say he's a dear friend, too?"

"Yes," replied Desmond, "the only one I ever trusted absolutely."

"And does he know that you love her and that she loves you?"

"He knows absolutely that I love her and he is mighty certain that she loves me."

Kate was now thoroughly mystified.

"And which of them asked you to arrange for the wedding?" she asked.

"He did," replied John curtly.

Kate could only say: "Well, this mission, as you term it, certainly is inexplicable."

"Oh, no, it isn't," said John. "It will all seem quite simple when the explanation comes, if any is needed. In fact, I think it will explain itself. Just you keep those eyes of your open and you'll see it all very shortly."

Presently John touched his companion slightly on the arm and drew her into the shop of the village jeweler.

"Now, I want you to pick out the kind of a wedding ring you think the bride should get," he said.

When he had paid and pocketed the plain gold band they resumed their walk down the village street and stopped at the local office of a great metropolitan daily and Desmond, leaving Kate at one side, went up to the desk and wrote out a brief notice and was about leaving with her when the advertising clerk called after him and said that he had not told him when he wished the notice inserted.

"Why, to-morrow, of course," Desmond replied.

"Now, then," said John, as they turned into a side street, "we'll go and make arrangements for the parson to tie the knot and then we will have finished our mission."

They turned into the gravel walk leading to the Rev. John Barclay's house and had just reached the vine-clad porch when Desmond stopped suddenly, as if he had but that moment thought of an important thing and, turning to Kate, who was standing close to him, almost whispered: "I want to ask another favor of you," bending his face close to hers, "I want you to let me kiss you before we go in there." And it was done in a moment.

Before Kate could recover from the perfect amazement into which John's action had thrown her he had dexterously drawn her arm through his and, leading her up the steps, had rung the door bell.

The Rev. Mr. Barclay answered the metallic summons in person and gave John a most cordial welcome, which surprised Kate, for she had supposed John an agnostic and didn't think that he numbered members of the clergy among his intimates.

"Mr. Barclay," began John, when they had entered the snug parlor, where the good gentleman's wife was seated doing some fancy work, "I've come over to-night to arrange for a wedding and I want you to perform the ceremony."

"When is it to come off?" asked the clergyman, consulting a small date book which he drew from his waistcoat pocket.

"Immediately," said John.

The Rev. Mr. Barclay cast a quiet glance at Kate.

"And who are the parties to be married?" he asked.

John took Kate's hand in his own and answered firmly: "This lady, Miss Kate Evanston, and myself."

Kate could not believe her ears. She stared at John in amazement. He hastened to reassure her.

"You're excited, my dear Kate. Calm yourself."

The whole truth had come to her. The explanation of the mysterious errand was solved. She looked into John's eyes and read love unspeakable and her own answered in kind. She went through the ceremony like one in a dream and feared it was a dream and hoped if it were she would never awaken.

The parson tied the knot and John slipped the ring which Kate had selected upon her finger and then the parson insisted upon his osculatory perquisite, and then they started for home, both supremely happy. All the way back Kate clung strongly to John's arm.

Before they had quitted the Barclay garden Kate said to Desmond: "Why did you want to kiss me before we went into the house?"

"I'll tell you," returned John, promptly. "You see, Barclay and I were classmates. I know his propensities, and I didn't want to suffer the reflection in after years that he had kissed my wife first."

When the happy couple reached their home Kate said:

"You are the most audacious man I ever met. You bought the ring and even inserted a notice of our marriage before you asked me to marry you. Tell me why you did not ask me first? How did you know I'd not refuse to marry you and make a scene in the minister's house?"

And Desmond answered: "When a man of action sees a girl kissing his picture he knows that the time for action, not words, has come, and he carries her off to the parson."

Kate blushed furiously, and pressing her face against his shoulder, whispered ever so low: "I love an audacious man."—Chicago Daily News.

Stomach to Fit.

During Sherman's "March to the Sea" rations were often scarce. One day an officer found a soldier eating a persimmon, and said to him, "Don't eat that, it's not good for you." "I'm not eatin' it because it's good," he said, "I'm trying to pucker up my stomach so as to fit the rations uncle Billy Sherman's a-given us."

The Pug—"Say, but dat new feller don't do a thing but put 'em to sleep quick."

The Mug—"No wonder! He wuz a preacher before he took to prize lightin'."

A military ball—A cannon ball.

A LOVE STORY

Love and the summer both were young
And so were man and maid,
When under leafy boughs I swung
Her hammock in the shade;
The birds in happiness above
With lyrics filled the air,
And here was Eden, here was love,
And here my sweetheart fair.

Thought I, no need of winning words
To set her heart astir;
Silent, I'll let the poet birds
Sing of my love to her.
Dumb for an hour I sat, and this
Is just what happened then—
She turned and stole a timid kiss,
Another, and again.

What did she do? Oh, nothing much
Except to laugh and say
'Twas strange that men make love in such
A very frightened way;
And think what kisses I had lost
In one hour, more or less;
But when I counted up their cost
She paid it with her eyes.

—The Delineator.

A GAME OF CHAFF.

The great house loomed darkly before the young man who paused for a moment at the iron gates. Then he stepped forward briskly and passing around the mansion rang the bell at the side door. It was almost immediately answered by a young woman who put her finger to her lips as she ushered him in.

"Please be very careful," she said. "The family is so fussy. Come this way."

She took him into an apartment that might have been the breakfast room and motioned him towards a chair.

"Can't I shake hands with you?" he asked. "It seems like quite an age since we parted."

"Thank you," she said and gave him her hand. "It was just two weeks ago to-day—if that can be considered an age."

"Thank you for remembering the day," he gravely said.

"I will admit," said the girl with a little blush, "that it was quite an episode in my life. I'd never had such an opportunity before."

"No?" he said with a slightly rising inflection. He looked at her with a curious expression. She was a pretty girl, a very pretty girl, and though her hair was smoothed into plainness and surmounted by a simple little white cap, its beauty and luster seemed brightened by this attempt at concealing them. Her gown was plain, too, and over it she wore a fresh white apron.

"Yes," she said and her inflection took the opposite direction. And she in turn looked at him. He was a man worth looking at. Well knit, well featured and well spoken. "Some men," she shortly added, "are easily deceived."

"Some deceptions are preferable to the truth," he said. "But pray go on—you have something to tell me."

"Yes," said the girl. "No doubt you have guessed it. You saw me at the seaside resort for those few days. The glamour of the place dazed you. You took appearances for realities."

"They were such charming appearances," he softly said.

"Please don't interrupt," she cried with another little blush. "You saw me with Miss Ainslie's aunt. You took me for Miss Ainslie—and I let you deceive yourself. I was only the dear old lady's companion. I am only Miss Ainslie's companion. One moment. Miss Ainslie showed me your note asking the privilege of calling. She suspected that I knew what it meant. I confessed. I told her the whole story—how I let you think me a great heiress and how I led you on. She advised me to write and tell you to call——"

"At the side door," said the man.

"Of course at the side door," exclaimed the girl. "I couldn't ask you here on the footing of the family guests. I wouldn't have asked you here at all, but Miss Ainslie counseled it. She said it was my duty to undeceive you. That is all, I think. Good night."

She stood up as she spoke the last words and moved toward the door But the man did not stir.

"The evening is young yet," he said, "and short, calls disagree with me. Pray, sit down. I, too, came here this evening to make confession. I was not the only one deceived."

"What do you mean?" she asked as she resumed her chair.

"I mean," he replied, "that I represented myself to you in what you must have regarded as a rather favorable light."

"I think," she said, "that you gave me the impression that you were a person of some prominence."

There was a little silence.

"I fancy there must be something in the air of the average resort that encourages these fanciful deceptions," he said. "We seem to long to be something other than what we really are And yet I am very glad to-night to know the truth."

"May I ask why?" said the girl.

"I was about to tell you," he replied. "You see, that as the petted heiress, Grace Ainslie, you seemed as far above me as a star. I was mad to write to you to-day. But now it's different. You are nearer my social level. I do not have to storm the bastion of wealth to reach you."

"That's rather pretty," said the girl. "And you are not disappointed?"

"No," said the man, "I am glad."

"Glad that I am a dependent instead of an heiress?"

"Glad for my own sake, yes. And now may I ask your name?"

"M-my name?" stammered the girl. "Why should I tell you?"

"Do as you please about it," said the man. "It will be easy to give you another."

"And may I, ask what yours is?" queried the girl demurely.

"A truce to names," he said. "They count for nothing to-night."

"And yet I'm foolishly particular regarding them," she said with a smile.

"You are thinking of the possible change," he thoughtfully remarked. "I don't blame you for being a little fastidious. It does you credit. You wouldn't fancy a name like Hoopenlooper, would you?"

"No," she gravely answered. "I wouldn't like any name that ran over the edge of a calling-card."

"But, after all," he cried, "it is the man, not the name."

"Then," she said, "you leave me to infer that your name is an atrocious one."

"My name is well enough," he said. "But let it go. There are other things to hold our attention. In the first place, how do we stand socially—and financially? Wait, please. I am about to tell you something concerning myself."

"Not the story of your life!"

"Not exactly. But pray do not interrupt. I am thirty-one, in good health, no serious habits, fairly good-looking, measurably ambitious and something of a favorite where I am best known. I have a comfortable situation in connection with a down town office, and there is a neat little sum lying to my credit in a certain bank. I think I might even compass the cost of a modern cottage."

"That's nice," she said. "I have a little balance on a bank book myself."

"That's nice, too," said the man. "Do you think it would cover the cost of the furniture?"

"If carefully invested," said the girl, "I think it would."

"I'm glad of that," the man commented. "I never believe in adopting the installment plan where you can raise the cash. And now be equally frank and tell me about yourself."

"No," said the girl, "I'm too much prejudiced in favor of the subject. Let's hear your opinion."

"All right," said the man; "but, of course, I'm prejudiced, too. At the same time it is a good thing to air one's prejudices occasionally. If our prejudices do not agree pray correct me from time to time. To begin with, you are beautiful. Then you are fairly intelligent. You have a nimble wit, but you have been somewhat spoiled. Eh, you don't like that? Nevertheless, it is quite evident that your employers have been too indulgent. Oh, yes, they have. And yet one who really—admired you, could overlook this—shall I say painful—defect—in time."

"Is that all?"

"All! I could dilate on your attractions until the gray fingers of the dawn beckoned me away!"

"How nicely you express yourself. I had only to shut my eyes to hear the surf beat on the shore and the band softly thrumming on the hotel piazza."

"What a lovely time we had—while it lasted. How those golden moments scuttled through pleasure's hour-glass!"

"There you go again. But we did have a lovely time deceiving each other, didn't we?"

"It was our foolish vanity that did the deceiving—our hearts were as true as steel."

"Steel is very hard, Mr. Thingamy."

"Mine is ductile steel, Miss Whatsfourname. 'Tis a heart of wax when thou art near. And your face is the only impression it bears."

"But, ah, if your heart warmed up unduly that impression would soon be obliterated."

"No, no, it is indelible. Ah, if I only knew your name how delightful it would be to make love to you."

The girl made a quick gesture of distent.

"You would take altogether too much time," she said. "I shudder to think of your verbosity if you had a three syllable name to encourage your efforts. Besides, you must remember that this is my night in."

"Your night in?"

"Yes, it's my night to have company and to receive it—or him—in this particular apartment. All the other help go out in order to leave the lucky one a clear field. My chance doesn't come again for ten days. But that will not excuse me for overdoing the present opportunity. You really must go. I fancy I hear footsteps now. Hush!"

The footsteps came down the hall. They paused and the door opened. An elderly man with a heavy white mustache looked in.

"Oh, there you are, Grace," he cried Excuse me, I didn't know you had company. Bless my soul if it isn't Warren Hayes! How are you, my boy? I didn't know Grace knew you. Helping her with private theatricals, I see. Don't let her work you too hard. There, there, I won't interrupt any longer. Glad to see you at any time, my boy."

"I'll drop in on you at the office in the morning," said Warren Hayes. "I have a little important business I want to see you about."

"All right, my boy. Any time after 10. Good night."

"Good night."

There was a little silence. The man looked at the girl. The girl looked at the floor.

"I was silently admiring the way your father says Grace," remarked Warren Hayes.

"Come," said the girl sharply, "what is that special business you have with papa to-morrow morning?"

"And here I've been openly crediting you with unusual cleverness," said Warren Hayes, with a despairing gesture. "Yet I fancy you half suspect. The fact is, Miss Grace Ainslie, alias Thingamy, that when a young woman admits her devoted admirer through the side door it is about time for papa's consent to be asked."

"You are a rude and hasty man," said the girl. "And I suppose you are just conceited enough to fancy that you will succeed with the father as well as—I mean that you hope to succeed with the daughter as well as you think you'll succeed with the father."

"Exactly," said Warren Hayes.

The girl looked at him with a little scowl.

"Well," she said, "you'll not get in the side door again."

"Oh, the front door will do," said Warren Hayes.

And then the girl softly laughed.

On Safe Ground.

"Did your husband ever make fun of your love letters?"

"Yes; but not until after we were married."

Katie the Sinner.

"Why, Jacky, open the door and let Katie in. Don't you see it's raining?" cried Jacky's mother."

"I can't, mamma," said Jacky. "We are playing Noah's ark; I'm Noah and Katie is the sinners, and she must stay out in the wet." Yonkers Statesman.

A Man of Means.

I am a man of means, possessing
God's richest gift, earth's rarest blessing—
Content to call but little mine:
Some friends; a conscience lightly laden;
With you to fondly kiss me, maiden;
And for each day a jug of wine.

—From unpublished Goethe manuscript by George Seibel in the Critic.

An Ancient Ceremony.

The London Times contains the following account of an interesting ceremony:—For the third time in a period extending over 327 years the Courts of Brotherhood and Guestling of the Cinque Ports assembled recently at Dover, the premier Cinque Port. The proceedings were of a quaint, old-world character, and were witnessed by a very large gathering. At half-past 10 the roll was called, and it was found that there were deputies present from the five ports of Dover, Sandwich, Hastings, Romney and Hythe, the two ancient towns of Rye and Winchelsea, and their limbs, namely, Deal, Ramsgate, Faversham, Folkestone, Margate, Lydd and Tenterden. Each town was represented by the Mayor in the robes of a Baron of the Cinque Ports, as worn by them at the coronation, and also by several Aldermen and Councillors in their robes. These Courts were founded over a thousand years ago, and there is evidence that in the year 1108 matters of national interest to the Cinque Ports were dealt with by them. The Speaker of the Ports this year was Mr. Stafford Charles, Mayor of New Romney, and he appointed as his chaplain Canon Page Roberts, chaplain to the Lord Mayor. The Court was formed in the ancient Maison Dieu Hall. The Court occupied three sides of a square, and a place was allotted to Major-General Sir Leslie Rundle, commanding the south-eastern district, the youngest Baron of the Cinque Ports, who received his freedom on the previous day. Behind each Mayor was his mace-bearer, many of these being gorgeously attired. The deputies having taken the oath to be true and faithful to the Sovereign and to maintain the liberties and customs of the Cinque Ports, Sir Wollaston Knocker, C.B., solicitor to the Ports, read the decrees from the Black Book of the Cinque Ports made on August 13 in the 13th year of Queen Elizabeth. According to the Black Book these decrees are to be read at each gathering of the Courts, and are a copy of those made in the third year of the reign of King Richard the Third. The Speaker of the Ports proposed a resolution of congratulation to their Majesties on their coronation, in the course of which reference was made to the position of the Ports as in all probability the most ancient recognized corporate body still in existence within the realm, and to their services in former times in providing warships for the protection and preservation of the country. The Mayor of Hastings seconded the address, which was unanimously carried. The delegates were afterwards entertained at luncheon in the municipal buildings.

In Rattlesnake Hollow.

Our esteemed fellow-citizen, J. Upham, who is ever on the lookout for any new invention that may add to the attractiveness and comfort of his cafe, recently purchased a cash register, says The Rattlesnake Hollow Gazette.

The first to see this innovation after its installation at the Redeye was Alkali Ike, one of Rattlesnake Hollow's most highly esteemed residents.

When the bartender demonstrated the wonders of the new machine Alkali was greatly impressed.

"You sure ought go down and look it over," he said to Tanglefoot Tom that same afternoon. "It's great."

"Is it hard to work?" asked Tom. "What kind of a game is it?"

"Dead easy," said Ike. "It's got a bunch of numbered plugs on it and all yer got ter do's just tap one. For example, if yer strike the one marked 25 the bell jingles and the drawer pops out with the two bits change all ready fer yer."

"Gee!"

"But that ain't all by a durn sight! There's a long paper roll up ter one side that adds up all yer punch exact to the cent."

"What y'say!" exclaimed Tom. "I'm strong for that game all right."

And off he started for the Redeye.

"Where's this here new-fangled cash game everybody's talkin' about?" Tom asked of the bartender.

"Cash register? In th' corner yonder."

"Where do I stand? Can I stand here?"

"Sure," said the bartender, with a laugh. "Guess we can trust you that far off, Tangle."

"All right. Here goes," said Tanglefoot, drawing his six-shooters.

"What in ——" but the barkeeper just had time to throw up his hands and duck.

Bang! went Tom's gun.

Ting! rang the bell on the cash register.

Then came in rapid succession: Bang, ting! bang! ting! bang! ting!

People, attracted by the noise, came running from all directions and crowded to the windows.

At last came the lull after the storm.

The bartender raised his head and peeped out cautiously.

Tom, apparently bearing malice toward none, was leaning calmly against the bar, with the revolvers still smoking in his hands.

"How was that last shot?" he asked, perplexedly. "The bell rang, and I'd be willin' t' take my oath I plugged that 50-cent button, but the drawer didn't open. Do I get it, or don't I? What's the scorin' machine say? It's a sure enough good game, all right, whatever it says."

Humor of the Hour.

The evils of intemperance are well known. The momentous question is: Will the referendum?

Schoolmaster—Now, let us have "Little Drops of Water" again, and do, please, put a little spirit into it.—Glasgow Evening Times.

A Highland woman, selling a hen to her neighbor, was asked:—

"Is she a good hen, and has she any faults?"

Reply:—"Ay, Margaret, she has got ae fau't. She lays a bit egg on the Lord's Day!"—Scottish paper.

Servant—There's a gentleman at the door who says he knew you when you were a boy.

Master—Tell him he was very kind to call. Should I ever happen to be a boy again I'll let him know!—Boston Transcript.

VELVET BEAN PLANT.

The New Forage Plant and How Best to Grow It.

As many of your readers are largely interested this season in growing the new forage plant—the Florida velvet bean—and I have had a wide experience in the culture, I want to give them some points that will be of great value to them.

When it is possible it is always better to give the growing vine support to keep pods off the ground, thus largely increasing fruitage. To do this it is a good idea to mix corn with your bean seed, and the vine will cling to the stalk, giving it the necessary support. A full, well developed crop will give you from twenty-five to fifty bushels to the acre. The green forage is eaten ravenously by all stock on your farm, but I would not continue stock on it steadily for more than a week or so at a time, owing to its fifty-four per cent. of nitrogen. A few days off to other feed occasionally would be advisable. Should you want to sacrifice your bean crop you can cut the vine up at any stage of growth, and cure it as hay. All farm stock will eat it greedily; or, what would be better, plant a field later which you could use as a green forage for a time, and finally cut and cure it as a dry fodder. A good average acre will yield you nearly four tons.

When the bean is ripe in the fall pick it, but be very careful to place pods in an airy, drying place—a scaffold is best—for fear of heat and mould. Most all your stock will eat the hulls and all, but it is better to have them ground with hulls and feed equal part of bran shorts. This is excellent feed for new milch cows, increasing the flow of milk largely.

After picking your beans in the fall you will most likely want to turn your leaf and vine under for fertilizer. You will find vine exceedingly tough and leathery, and exceedingly hard to shell, and they can only be shelled at all excepting when pods are crisp dry from exposure to sun, and even then they often shell hard. If you want to practice economy and use your muscle freely, you can shell them fairly well by placing pods in a bag and pounding them all your might with a bludgeon. In this way a good strong man will pound out six or eight bushels in a day. With us we have passed that stage, and found a better way. We have a shelter—a two men machine—made specially for the business, that is capable of turning out from five to eight bushels an hour, the bean coming through sixty-nine to ninety-eight per cent. commercially clean. This is a labor saver to us, and one we appreciate, as many of us have, as we do, from ten to eighty acres of plants to sell.

That the Florida velvet bean is the coming forage and fertilizing crop of the country there can be no question, and as a fertilizer and an upbuilder of overworked land there is nothing that begins to equal it. It has grown steadily in popular favor here, and men who commenced to grow it in a small way are now growing fifty to eighty acres. It is certainly the finest all-around forage, feed, fertilizer, and shade for the sun-parched soil that can be placed upon the farm. With us it has been on trial for several years, but it is having a broader test the coming season, as I have sent it on orders to all the States of our Union, to Honolulu, Canada, the nineteen Central and South American republics, Austria, England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Germany, Italy, Egypt and to far away China and Japan.

Midsummer "Dreams" in Horses' Hat.

Here are the "Sunshade," the "Tin Bonnet," the "Garden Hat," the "Stanley," the "Sponger," the "Izack Walton," and all the other correct things in equine headgear.

The Summer girl is not the only creature agitated about her Summer millinery. The draught horse is concerned about his, and often it is a toss up as to whose is the most weird,

Wild flights of fancy and striking originality are displayed in the headgear of the horse of the wholesale district. As for the beast whose pampered cousin reigned at the Horse Show, he cares not whether he wears a bit of wire with a cloth stretched over it, a sponge, or a "love of a thing in tulle and leghorn," just so he is protected from the scorching sun.

Gapes in Chicks.

Gapes in chicks is a disease which has existed on farms for centuries, and the annual loss of chicks from such cause is large. It seems to prevail mostly on old farms upon which fowls have ranged for years. Experiments made demonstrate that when chicks are kept on clean board floors and frequently on clean new locations they escape the difficulty. The Kentucky experiment station, after numerous experiments and comparisons, found that earthworms caused gapes in chicks, but whether there is any connection between earthworms and gapeworms is unknown. The soil and conditions favorable to the earthworm are the same for the gapeworm. On light, sandy soils, where but few earthworms are found, the chicks are seldom attacked by gapes.

THE BUFF COCHIN

A Popular Bird That Has Several Excellent Qualities

The four varieties of Cochins are very popular with breeders. They are second to the Brahmas in the meat breeds, weighing but a pound lighter than the Light Brahma. Old and experienced breeders of Cochins are pronounced in praise of their qualities as profitable fowls. They are hardy, good winter layers of rich, brown, medium sized eggs and fairly good table fowls. The chicks grow well and develop rapidly under proper care.

The buff variety is the most generally bred. Their color tone offers an attraction to fanciers that is hard to resist. Both male and female are of a

Full Feathered Buff Cochin Cock.

rich, deep, clear buff, uniform in shade throughout, except the tail, which should be a deeper buff or copperish bronze; under color same as surface color, but of lighter shade and should extend to the skin. In breeding select females as near as possible to the desired shade of buff, as free from dark or white in wing and tail and of as even a color as can be. To such females mate a cock of deeped shade, with some little black in wing and tail of deep buff of a coppery lustre. This mating will produce good results in cockerels and pullets. The heavy leg and foot feathering, so characteristic of the breed, should have constant care and attention. While the feathering should be abundant all semblance to vulture hock, or stiff feathering, should be avoided.—Farmers' Bulletin No. 51, Agricultural Dopartment.

Money in Capons.

They who wish to make money in poultry should turn their attention to caponizing. Any one with steady nerves and fair eyesight can do the work, and it is very remunerative. Begin by getting a book of instructions and a set of tools; then, after becoming acquainted with the directions, practice on dead chickens until you are expert. Learn to be quick and thorough. Chickens should be kept on short rations one whole day before the operation. It may be performed at any time after the chickens are old enough so that one may distinguish between pullets and cockerels. It does not make much difference as to the season, but I think fall is preferable. When you have learned to do the work well, you will find that you can make considerable by doing it for your neighbor, especially when they see how much more you get for capons than they can get for fowls that have not been caponized. One usually charges ten cents per fowl for caponizing.—Emma Clearwater, in Housekeeper.

Here are some tid-bits of unintentional humor from the advertising columns of the daily press:—

Wanted—Experienced nurse for bottled baby.

Wanted—An organist, and a boy to blow the same.

Lost—A valuable cane by a gentleman with a gold head, little used.

Wanted—A boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter.

Annual sale now going on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come in here.

Lost—Near High Gate archway, an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a bent rib.

"What in earth are you doing in here, Tommy?" asked his mother, peering into the darkness of the henhouse, whence had been coming for five minutes or more a series of dismal squawkings, accompanied by a loud flapping of wings.

"I am trying," said Tommy, who seemed to be doing something with a knotted rope, "to fix this rooster so his alarm won't go off before 7 o'clock tomorrow morning."—Chicago Tribune.

You Pay—You Choose.

There is no case of Rheumatism that the **Great South American Rheumatic Cure** will not conquer in a few days—acute or chronic, muscular or nervous. It gives almost instant relief and at once begins to drive out the disease, root and branch, curing in one to three days.

George England, a ship builder of Chatham, writes: "I was laid up for six months with rheumatism. I procured a bottle of SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE. In twenty-four hours I was well and have not been troubled with rheumatism since."

South American Kidney Cure speedily and thoroughly relieves and cures the worst Kidney and Bladder diseases. Relief in a few hours. 7.

A POULTRY SCRAP BOOK.

"Proper and due proportions of care in the management of poultry is worth whole pints of medicine."

"Care means a naturally warm house in winter and plenty of shade in summer."

"It also includes proper exercise, clean water, grit, charcoal and a constant warfare waged winter and summer against vermin, principally lice."

"Medicine should only be needed in isolated cases. When a whole flock is sick or out of condition something is radically wrong."

"Sick fowls should immediately be put in a place out of sight and hearing of the rest of the flock, and they alone be given drugs.

"There is no sense and often much harm in drugging a whole flock to cure a few sick individuals."

"Medicine should never be given in water which is contained in metalic vessels."

"Warm mash in the morning, so much as will be eaten up clean and greedily in five minutes, wheat oats and buckwheat buried deeply in litter for all day exercise, and parched whole corn in moderate quantities just before going to roost, for lots of eggs."

"Green bone cutters, clover cutters and mills to crush oyster shells are indispensable to up-to-date profitable poultry keeping."

"You can buy your clover cut and your grit and oyster shells crushed. But green bone should be cut at home the fresher the better."

"It seems impossible that any one should feed tainted green bones to his poultry. He had better not feed any at all."

"If it would cost him twenty-five cents a pound to burn or bury tainted meat and green bones it would still be cheaper then feeding it to his fowls."

"The farmer that buys a green bone cutter had best first buy a clover cutter. Clover he usually has in abundance the year round and what he will feed his hens will never be missed."

"But without the cutter there are a great many chances the fowls will either not get any at all or waste more than they eat."

"Buy your stock from a live poultryman. Be slow in making crosses unless you know what you are after. But never use a male for breeding that is a cross."

"Don't think that pure bred chickens need to be crossed in any way to make them better. If you are not satisfied with the kind you have or the number of eggs they lay, dispose of them and get some other standard variety."

"Whatever else you do don't think that you can improve any kind of a standard variety by crossing. Or if you like the kind you have but are getting uneasy or a sort of feeling that you ought to do something, kill off all the males and buy new blood of the same variety."

"There is much to learn by close observation of the birds in the breeding pens. Do not be in a hurry at this time to dispose of all your old hens."

"Find out the best layers, the best all round and desirable hens and hold on to them for breeders year after year."

"There is money and much profit in holding on to this kind of an old hen."

"There are mongrel hens that lay as many eggs as the most prolific Leghorn but they can not be depended on to transmit the tendency to their progeny. This is where the mongrel fails."

Feeding Bees.

An important part of successful beekeeping is knowing how and when to feed the bees. Food in some form may be required in the spring to help on a colony to full strength in readiness for the honey flow, but it is often of supreme importance at the end of the season, so that there shall be surrounding the bees food enough to serve not only for their early wants but also through the early part of the year. The best bee food at all times is certainly honey, but in its place the only substitute admissible is cane sugar, pure, except for a proportion of one six of honey, fed in the form of syrup. Quite thick syrup answers well for fall feeding, but it should be given thinner in spring to prevent the necessity of the bees having to fly out for water. Very thin syrup should not be given at any time as it is liable to ferment and cause dysentery among the bees. A good rule for making syrup is to melt three pounds of cane loaf or white crystallized sugar in a quart of hot water for spring feed, and six pounds to the quart of hot water for autumn feeding, mixing in either case one-sixth by weight of honey. In fall, buckwheat honey may be used, but care should be taken not to have much such honey left in the brood chamber in spring for fear some may be taken to the supers when work commences. This sometimes occurs especially when the colony has wintered on buckwheat honey.

A simple method of feeding is to place the syrup in a basin and place over it a thin piece of wood as a float having a few holes bored in it about the size of a finfer-end. This should be set on the top of the frames inside the hives, when the bees will soon store in the empty brood combs. They should be given enough in autumn to make their future safe—about 30 pounds to each colony in all—in time for them to have it ripened and sealed over before going into winter quarters.

HERE AND THERE

The light of the body is the eye.

In 1816 it cost 25 cents to send a single sheet by mail a distance of 400 miles. To-day a letter containing several sheets may go as many thousand miles for two cents.

Nearly 100,000 pounds of snails are sold daily in the Paris markets, to be eaten by dwellers in that city. They are carefully reared for the purpose in extensive snail gardens in the provinces, and fed on aromatic herbs to make their flavor finer.

A publishing house in St. Paul has leased a club building for its 450 employes. The dues are 10 cents a month, entitling a member to all the privileges of the club. Refreshments are furnished at cost, and storage for bicycles is provided.

The largest grape-growing region in the world is not the champagne district of France nor the sunny valleys of southern California, for western New York owns the title by virtue of fifty thousand acres now given over to grape culture.

A Chicago scientist predicts that the method of living will be so improved during the twentieth century that people will be considered young when they are 100 years old.

A number of Scottish grouse have been imported by the Canadian government from the highlands of Scotland for the purpose of stocking the provincial parks.

The Chicago Journal says: "When Sheridan road is completed it will be the only 85 mile driveway in the world that does not cross a railroad or a bridge.

The Medical Record says nothing will improve a woman's health like sweeping, baking, bed-making, dishwashing, and polishing the silver.

The heaviest man whose weight is recorded authentically was Miles Darden, of Tennessee. He weighed a little less than 1,000 pounds.

The oldest bonnet was found upon an Egyptian mummy, that of a princess who was interred about 2,000 years before Christ.

The Queen of Holland has an enormous fortune, only a part of which belongs to the crown.

Green crocidolite, or "cat's eye," is found in New Mexico.

Possibly the Chinese would take a little more kindly to Christianity, if they realized that you can believe in it without practicing it.—Puck.

The Luxembourg Museum has just bought several pictures that were displayed in the foreign section in the Paris exposition. Among these are Walter McEwen's "A Sunday in Holland," and Humphrey Johnson's "Portrait of a Woman," both from the United States section.

Lincoln's great war secretary, Stanton, was to have had a monument built to his memory some time since in his native town of Steubenville, O., but the association formed a few years ago to raise the funds has not met with any success. An effort is now being made there to revive the project.

Before the German Empire was unified an author had to obtain 22 different copyrights for a book, and a railway bill had to pass through 14 different parliaments.

The royal palaces of Bangkok form a city in themselves. They consist of several hundred individual palaces, surrounded by magnificent gardens and pagodas. Bangkok is really a city of waters. It is an Indo-Chinese Venice. More people live in floating homes on the Menam, "the Nile of Siam," and in many canals, than in permanent buildings.

PARADOXES

Sterne beat his wife and wrote well pathetically on a dead donkey.

Johnson, who was a perfect bear, wrote admirably on politeness.

An electric thrill in the grasp of her hand as you say "good night" means at least $4 left at the florist's next day.

A man never knows his friends until that "touching" period of adversity has arrived.

It's a wise speculator that knows his own broker.

In the "show" of "Vanity Fair" the woman who thinks should be given the "blue" for "performance only"—"conformation and style" don't count in her class.

Facial massage is a popular treatment for wrinkles. I know a better—contentment.

The "summer girl," like some extravaganzas, is not always gold because she glitters.

Flirtation is to love what a preface is to a novel.

Verily a kiss through a veil is like unto champagne through a straw.

He who findeth an American wife findeth a good thing—yea, and a costly.

Courtship may be termed a beau knot that marriage pulls into a hard knot, and, occassionally, a very hard knot.

SLIPS OF THE TONGUE.

An embarrassed minister gave out the first line of an old hymn in this way:

"This world is all a floating shoe."

Realizing that he had made a mistake he tried to correct the same and said:

"This world is all a shouting flee."

The congregation laughed. The dominie, reddening in the face, nearly shouted:

"This world is all a sheeting flow."

Another preacher read a notice of a church supper, of which "new doughnuts will be given." He meant due notice.

It was an English curate who said:

"Here beginneth the fifth chapter of the Duke of Bouteronomy."

TAYLOR BROS. & GEORGE
LIMITED

THE LEADING STORE

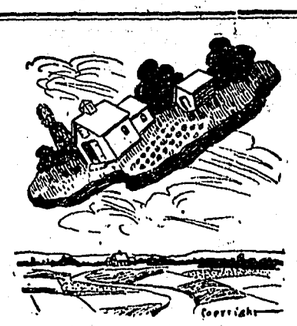
FOR

Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, House Furnishings, Etc.

FRESH GROCERIES OUR SPECIALTY

Taylor Bros. & George, Limited.

Mail Orders Solicited and Promptly Attended to.



Permit us to draw your attention to the wisdom of presenting your family with

Choice Lot

The first step toward providing for them a home of their own.

A part only of the amount usually spent on pretty but useless presents will make the first payment.

REAL ESTATE

Is the basis of all wealth, and you can now lay the foundation of your own prosperity while making someone else happy.

Call and investigate, we have other things to tell you on the subject of How to Own a House of your Own.

LEWIS BROS,
Agents Smelter Townsite

CRESSMAN'S

.... Built to Order Garments
.... For Ladies and Gentlemen

Are cut to individual measures and constructed by the most expert Tailors. Only hand labor of the very best can produce a well-shaped collar and give to the shoulders and chest the proper moulding. On this depends the fit and shape of the garment and the permanence of that shape.

OUR COATS

Will not develop those unsightly draws and wrinkles all along the shoulders and down the front which so beautifully and unmistakably adorn all the ready-made store clothes you can buy at one half the tailor's price.

Suits		Overcoats and Rainproof coats	$15 to $35
Suit from	$15 to $35	Ladies' Tailor-made Suits	16 to 75
Dress Suits we are offering at	25 to 50	Ladies' Skirts	
Trousers, all the way from	4 to 12	Ladies' Skirts	6 to 25

Ladies' Rainproof Coats.....$14 to $35

We Carry the Largest Stock in British Columbia. **J. B. Cressman, Art Tailor**

Notice.

Applications will be received until the 15th February, 1903, by the Secretary Revelstoke Hospital Society, Revelstoke, British Columbia, for the position of Resident Physician. Applicants will please state qualifications and salary expected.

PROTECT YOURSELF

FROM THE SEVERE FROST WITH A

CHAMOIS VEST

We have them to fit Men, Ladies and Children, and at very reasonable prices

—AT—

Canada Drug & Book Co

NOTES OF NEWS

—Vote R. Tapping for Alderman in Ward 2.

Thos. Downing of Beaton, was in town yesterday.

Remember the Scottish concert tonight in the opera house.

W. Bellac, engineer, Field, spent a few days in town this week.

Miss A. Scott of Kamloops, is visiting friends in the city.

Mrs. D. McCarthy left on Tuesday morning on a short visit to the coast.

Mrs. Risteen was the guest of Mrs. Chas. Wilson at Vancouver last week.

T. J. Graham has accepted a position on the staff of the Arrowhead Sawmill Co.

W. Cowan returned on Saturday from a business visit to Trout Lake City.

S. Sutherland, the well known merchant of Ferguson, spent Monday in the city.

Vic Anderson, roadmaster of the C. P. R. at Field, has been in town for a few days.

—For home grown vegetables of all kinds send your order to S. Crowle. Revelstoke P. O.

Henry Wilcox, of the Fawns Standard Mines in the Big Bend, is visiting his brother in Idaho.

The Rev. Dean Paget, of Calgary, spent a few days in the city last week the guest of his brother C. B. Paget.

The body of the young man Elliott drowned at Trout Lake about two weeks ago has not yet been recovered.

J. D. Sibbald, who is in the east on business for the past month, is expected to return about the end of the week.

Ben Reamy, one of the oldest prospectors and owner of some valuable properties in the Fish River camp, is in town.

Frank Morrison, chef at the Northwestern Development Co's. property at Goldfields, was in the city on Tuesday.

—Potatoes, cabbage, carrots, hay, etc., all grown in the vicinity of town, cheap for cash. Write S. Crowle, Revelstoke, for quotations.

J. H. M. Parker, Canadian government agent at Duluth estimates there will be 7000,000 American immigrants to the Northwest next year.

Premier Prior announced at Ashcroft that the west Yale election would be held in February and the legislature would meet in March next.

W. H. Kelly, one time a baker at Kamloops, was killed in McLellan & McFeeley's warehouse, Vancouver, on Monday, by a crate of plate glass falling on him. The deceased leaves a wife and four children to mourn his loss.

C. B. Hume & Co. have just received a carload of counter and shelf lumber for their new store.

The Independent Band has been engaged to furnish the music for the hospital ball on the 23rd inst.

The Revelstoke Lumber Company have a carload of machinery on the way for their mills at the Big Eddy.

R. Tapping has erected two opera boxes, one on each side of the stage, in the opera house. They will be in use this evening for the first time.

TO LEASE.—The Caledonian Restaurant. Apply to Mrs. Blake. The present owner is compelled to give up business owing to ill health.

E. J. Coyle, asst. general passenger agent C. P. R. at Vancouver, passed through the city on Tuesday morning on a tour of the Kootenay. Mr. Coyle is one of the best known and most popular officials on the coast.

A. Aird, a consulting mining engineer, from Glasgow, Scotland, attempted suicide by cutting his throat in the Hotel Metropole, Vancouver, on Monday night. Aird is now in the hospital and will recover.

J. M. Scott returned on Monday morning from Victoria, where he had been attending the sittings of the supreme court. Mr. Scott was solicitor for the Cowan, Holten, Downs Co., defendants in the appeal case Turner vs. Cowan, Holten, Downs Co. Judgement was reserved.

The Gavin Spence-Flora Macdonald Scottish entertainers appeared in Nelson last week, and this is what the Daily News, of that town, has to say of them: "Both performers are remarkably clever, and the program was so well arranged that it came to an end all too quickly for those present. Songs, readings and dances followed each other without any tedious waits, and in the hearty applause and insistent encores that greeted most of the selections the appreciation of the audience was testified.'

On the Sly!

Many people who deny they have a sweet tooth, buy a box of our delicious

Confectionery.

Every piece tastes like more.

We have Chocolates and Creams in bulk—**50c per lb.**

Toasted Marshmallows—**25c per box**
Chocolates in Boxes at prices ranging from **15c to $1.50.**
Also a host of other lines in Confectionery.

Walter Bews, Phm. B. Phone—48.
Druggist and Stationer. Next Hume Block

W. A. Foote, who has been laid up for the past week with a very sore throat, is on a fair way to recovery.

Mrs. Grimes, who has been spending a week with friends in the city, left for her home at Sicamous Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Geo. L. Campbell, of Victoria, is in the city visiting her brother, E. E. Ward, manager of the Molsons Bank, and Mrs. Ward.

The regular meeting of L. O. L. No. 1058 will be held in the lodge room tomorrow night. Installation of officers. All members are requested to attend.

Miss Bell, who has been the guest of Mrs. A. J. McDonell, at the Hotel Revelstoke, for the past two weeks, returned south to Grand Forks yesterday morning.

The next meeting of the Quadrille Club will be held in Selkirk Hall tomorrow night in order to avoid colliding with the Hospital Ball on Friday evening of next week.

Shortly after 8 o'clock Tuesday morning fire was discovered in the residence of W. Fleming, north of the C. P. R. track. An alarm was immediately rung in to No. 2 fire hall which brought the brigade quickly to the spot. Two streams of water were soon playing on the flames and in an hour the fire was well under control. The fire is supposed to have originated upstairs in the children's bedroom from clothing lying near the stove pipe. Considerable damage was done to the house which was insured for $500.

The Hon. Colonel Prior, Premier of British Columbia, and the Hon. W. W. B. McInnes, provincial secretary, returned from their tour through West Yale on Monday's delayed train, and proceeded to Victoria. The premier was uncommunicative on the subject of the success of his mission, but it was learned on good authority that so far the honorable and gallant colonel and his ministerial colleague were unable to induce anyone to come out as the standard-bearer of the interim government. — News-Advertiser.

Sold Their Mills.

The Fred Robinson Lumber Co. have sold out their three mills and their lumber holdings to a Minneapolis and Duluth syndicate. The new company took possession on the first of the year.

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.

Clearance Sale

We want to clear out our stock in order to make improvements in our store. It has to be made larger. We will give you a big discount on anything in our stock. Call early and get your choice.

REVELSTOKE FURNITURE CO.

Leaving Revelstoke

JANUARY 20th will be my last day in the City.

Howard King
PHOTOGRAPHER.

CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF REVELSTOKE.

General Financial Statement at December 31st, 1902.

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
Debentures—		Balance of assets over liabilities on general account	$ 791 07
Series A	$ 15,000 00	Sinking Fund	543 00
Series B	2,000 00	Roads and streets	24,714 81
Series C	4,500 00	Water and light plant and materials	62,845 06
Series E	3,000 00	New school	18,000 00
Series F	7,000 00	School grounds	3,000 00
Series G	8,000 00	Old school building	3,200 00
Series H	62,500 00		
Balance	$102,000 00		
Assets over liabilities	11,984 84		
	$113,084 84		$113,084 84

RECEIPTS.		EXPENDITURES.	
Cash on hand Jan. 1, 1902	$ 925 07	City pound	$ 61 08
City pound	25 00	Interest on Notes	264 50
Road Tax	224 00	Roads and streets construction	7,661 32
Liquor licenses	1,600 00	Roads and streets repairs	82 15
Dog tax	184 00	Civic salaries	1,663 23
Police court fines	397 00	Police department	2,086 46
Real property tax, 1899	434 00	Small pox	2 75
Real property tax, 1900	459 30	Dis. on deb	175 00
Real property tax, 1901	1,000 50	Public schools	5,455 64
Real property tax, 1902	5,792 58	Postage and telegrams	47 70
Government grant to school	3,898 75	Quarantine	40 00
Quarantine B	10 65	Fuel	150 57
Pest house	15 00	Printing and stationery	609 34
Cemetery	75 00	Pest house	25 00
Interest on sinking fund	15 91	Overdraft 1901	3,000 00
City scales $28.95, less commis'n $11.30	16 95	Office furniture	158 17
Debentures "F"	7,000 00	Election expenses	37 50
Government re new school	250 00	Patriotic celebrations	100 50
School furnaces	60 00	Health department	236 05
Trade licenses	947 50	Insurance, new school	183 60
Molsons bank on school debentures	8,000 00	Miscellaneous	242 15
Molsons bank on water and light deb.	62,500 00	Light rental	1,107 00
Molsons bank on tax arrears	2,000 00	Water and light plant	62,500 00
Molsons bank on water and light debentures for interest	577 60	Pensioners' keep	177 40
Molsons bank on 1902 taxes	7,000 00	Sick and destitute	54 75
		Fire brigade equipment	210 79
		Hydrant rental	406 50
		Voting on by-laws	3 00
		Snow service	330 02
		Fire brigade maintenance	479 54
		Drill hall lots	455 00
		Engineering expenses	1,043 75
		Fire hall No. 1	369 66
		Insurance, fire hall	120 00
		Fire alarm	155 20
		City scales	3 50
		Interest, debenture A	750 00
		Interest, debenture B	100 00
		Interest, debenture C	837 50
		Interest, debenture E	150 00
		Interest, debenture F	175 00
		Interest, water and light debenture	577 60
		Paid on loan on 1901 taxes	151 65
		Sinking fund	15 91
		New school (from general fund)	250 00
	$ 95,338 87		$ 92,237 38
		Balance	3,101 49
			$ 95,338 87

Dr.		Cr.	
Balance cash on hand	$ 3,101 49	Due to bank on notes for advances	$ 9,425 95
Due from water and light department	2,551 71	Sundry accounts due by city	61 90
Unpaid taxes, 1902	2,331 62	Balance	781 07
Unpaid taxes, 1899, 1900, 1901	2,034 10		
Due from C. P. R. for employees road tax	250 00		
	$ 10,268 92		$ 10,268 92

Audited and found correct.

B. A. LAWSON, City Auditor. H. FLOYD, City Clerk.

WATER AND LIGHT DEPARTMENT.

Balance Sheet for Three Months ending December 31st, 1902.

Dr.		Cr.	
To Capital	$ 62,300 00	By light plant	$ 18,704 88
To Canadian General Electric Co	881 62	By water plant	14,140 20
To Packard Electric Co.	288 20	By cash at bank	394 44
To McLennan & Co.	102 25	By cash at office	158 19
To Sundry Assets	10 50	By installation materials and fixtures on hand	596 79
To Profit and Loss	3,400 77	By accounts owing by customers	2,990 06
	$ 66,984 54		$ 66,984 54

Profit and Loss Account for the Same Period.

Dr.		Cr.	
To Printing and Stationery	$ 47 90	By water rates	$ 1,610 82
To Water Repairs, etc.	31 45	By tapping mains	13 50
To Salaries	1,054 98	By light rates	3,299 16
To General Expense	89 63	By meter rents	22 50
To Water Rental	28 50	By profit on installation and fixtures	419 58
To Insurance	87 50		$ 5,365 86
To Electric Repairs and Maintenance	580 90		
To Overcharges	44 23		
	$ 1,965 09		
To Balance (profit)	3,400 77	By Balance	$ 3,400 77
	$ 5,365 86		

Audited and found correct.

B. A. LAWSON, City Auditor. H. FLOYD, City Clerk.

MORRIS & STEED
GENERAL MERCHANTS

Fresh Groceries and Provisions.
Miners' Supplies and Outfits a Specialty.

Front Street, Revelstoke, B. C. Mail Orders Solicited.

SUITS FOR BOYS AT HALF PRICE

$7 Suits for $3.50. $5 Suits for $2.50.
$3.50 Suits for $1.75. $2.50 Suits for $1.25

$4 50 Frieze Overcoats for $2 25

EDWARD J. BOURNE,
Revelstoke Station. Bourne Bros.' Old Stand.

Are You Looking for Something Nobby in

FURNITURE

We can suit you in any line. We take special care in selecting the best goods at moderate prices, and, mind you, the goods we refer to below are this year's stock. They include the following:

Carpets, Linoleums, Oil Cloths, Easy Rockers, Dressers and Stands, Iron Bedsteads, Etc.

Our stock is bought to sell and when sold we know that the buyer has procured substantial goods as well as being nobby, and up-to-date. That is the kind we keep.

R. Howson & Co. Furniture Dealers, Etc
Undertaking, Embalming, Etc. Mackenzie Avenue.

Second Annual . . .

Hospital Ball

TAPPING'S OPERA HOUSE,
FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 23, 1903.

LADY'S TICKET, - - $1.00
GENTLEMAN'S TICKET, - $2.00

I HAVE IT!

The largest stock of the latest WATCHES, CLOCKS, RINGS, SILVER WARE, CUT GLASS, FASHIONABLE JEWELRY, Etc. My many years' experience enables me to buy goods at the right prices, enabling me to sell to the public at reasonable prices.

J. GUY BARBER.
WATCH REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.